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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE offer our cordial congratulations and a hearty welcome to our new contemporary *Buddhism*. *Buddhism* is an illustrated quarterly review of some 200 quarto pages, "Buddhism" excellently printed and illustrated, published at 1, Pagoda Road, Rangoon, under the auspices of the International Buddhist Society (Buddhasāsana Samāgama), and edited by Bhikkhu Ānanda Maitriya. The annual subscription is 10s. 6d., and the price per copy 3s.

The new quarterly is essentially an organ of propaganda designed to make known to the Western world and English-reading public the traditions of the sweet Good Law, preached some twenty-five long centuries ago by the Truly Enlightened One—the Way that led and leads those who walk steadfastly therein to the ceasing from sorrow and the consummation which He called Nibbāna. It goes without saying that no readers will scan the pages of *Buddhism* with greater interest than students of Theosophy, and this not because as a body we have any special tendency to Buddhism rather than to Brāhmanism or to Christianity, or to Zoroastrianism, but because we desire to learn from

all men who have a living faith in the tradition of any great teacher or teachers what they have to say for themselves about the fundamentals of that tradition.

* * *

Now it is a somewhat remarkable fact that it is not very easy for us in the West to learn what the living members of the great

Eastern faiths have to say of their respective
 "Converts" religions as solutions of the world problem.

Language is a great difficulty, and even when this has been overcome, it is seldom that we come across a book by a born believer of these great traditions written from a point of view easily understandable by the *modern* Western mind. There are such books and most valuable they are, but they are rare. For the rest we have to depend mostly on the work of Occidental scholars who can see a religion only from outside; it is an object of study, mostly of criticism, rarely if ever the occasion of genuine inspiration. There is, however, another source of information, which is growing rapidly in volume. Westerners become converts to Buddhism, or some form of Hinduism, to Mohamadanism, to Bâbism, to Mazdaism. Converts, as we know, are not unfrequently far more enthusiastic than born believers; being Westerners, moreover, and therefore brought up in a propagandist environment, they are active and strenuous to justify and expound the new faith that is in them. The editor of *Buddhism* is a convert, and has chosen the name Ânanda Maitriya doubtless to denote the comfort and happiness that the teaching of the Good Law has brought to him, and the love and compassion that urge him to share with all the spiritual goods he has drawn from the treasury of the Dhamma.

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At least half the first number of *Buddhism* is written by the graceful pen of this indefatigable Bhikkhu. In this first number

The Women of
 Burma he tells us, and tells us very ably, his conviction—he of course says it is *the* Buddhist tradition—with regard to the fundamentals of the

faith. This is, it goes without saying, exceedingly interesting, for in it we have the view of Buddhism which has appealed not only to a thinking Western mind but also to the heart of a lover

of his fellows. We shall therefore devote a few paragraphs to considering some of the main statements made by Mr. Bennett. But before doing so we would call attention to the pleasant poem by Sir Edwin Arnold on the Golden Temple—Shwe Dagon—saddened, however, by the piteous lines :

Needs must I therefore listen, though I lie
Stricken and blind and sorrowful.

And from the rest of the contents we would specially select a thoughtful and learned article by Mrs. Rhys Davids on "Buddhist Ethics," and a paper, or rather story, by Mrs. M. M. Hla Oung on "The Women of Burma," which is of great interest as showing what a Burmese woman thinks of the status of women in that sunny land, and of the comfort of her religion—a faith that makes no distinction between the sexes even in the priesthood. It is a simple story far removed from the infinitely subtle complexities of modern Western life; a life strenuous in some ways, but naturally all unsuited to the "Sturm und Drang"—the clash and turmoil of battle in which we—souls born into Western bodies—are fated to work out our task for the great building of the future.

* * *

WITH regard to the main contributor, the editor, we must remember in the first place that Ânanda Maitriya writes from the standpoint not only of an enthusiastic convert, "The Faith of the Future" but with the conviction that "Buddhism stands unrivalled, nay, unapproached, amongst the great Religions of to-day," and that it will be the "faith of the future." Ânanda Maitriya bases this conviction mainly upon what he considers to be the agreement of the fundamental position of Buddhism with that of Modern Science. This Science, he says, has "rightly" concluded that "those beliefs which aforesaid constituted the Religions of the West have, in their fundamental doctrine of creation—whether creation of these worlds or of our human souls—no foundation save in the imagination of their promulgators." And he continues :

When the underlying deduction of Science, that the Universe consists of Phenomena, the resultant of the action of definite Laws, and that all talk of a Noumenon behind such Phenomena is but a vain echo of early animistic

beliefs, but an expression of our own ignorance, comes home in its tremendous fulness to the minds of the Peoples of the West, then in proportion to the acceptance of that great generalisation, there will be, there can be, no more adhesion to any form of religious Belief which maintains the existence of a Supreme Noumenon behind all Phenomena, a Lawgiver behind these Laws, of a Hand whereby these worlds are made.

* * *

THE only form of religious belief that will stand this onslaught, in the opinion of Ânanda M., is the form of Buddhism he claims to be the right doctrine. We are always delighted to see a man state his position clearly and without any equivocation. Here is the fundamental position of our editor in a nutshell.

No Noumenon
behind Phenomena

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and without any equivocation. Here is the

“There is no Noumenon behind Phenomena.”

This is of course the absolutism of not-knowableness; here there is no question of agnosticism, in the sense of a philosophical not-knowing, but of a positive denial. There is here no philosophic doubt, no holding the mind in suspense.

“There is no Noumenon behind Phenomena.”

We do not of course suppose that Ânanda M. has used the metaphors “Lawgiver” and “Hand” otherwise than as simple figures of speech, for we are not here discussing the normal ignorance of the unlearned, or the naïve anthropomorphism of the un-instructed. Though we do not *know* what “Noumenon” really is, yet we have some *idea* of its meaning; we have occasionally read a little philosophy. “Noumenon,” put it as vaguely as you will, stands for “reality,” whatever we severally may mean by real.

Now surely Ânanda Maitriya is not going to start his propaganda of the Good Law and of “Right Views” by challenging all comers to a hollow logomachy. Why cannot he take Noumenon as synonymous with God, or the Good, or the Self, or Brahman, or Nibbāna, and sympathise with his brethren of other faiths in their striving after the Real instead of trying to show how Nibbāna is none of these things, but ever so much better.

* * *

WHERE Ânanda M. makes his preliminary error is in thinking that this is scientific; that he has on his side Modern Science,

Sectarianism and therefore the thin edge of the wedge, as he imagines, wherewith to split to pieces the rock of ignorance upon which all religions except *his* Buddhism are founded. Modern Science has proved no negation of the kind and with every year is growing wiser and more humble. We are rapidly convalescing from the fit of braggadocia of some twenty years back. Ānanda M. is out of touch with the signs of the times in things scientific in the West.

Now the general impression created by a man who argues against a Noumenon behind Phenomena, is that there is nothing behind phenomena ; whereas the positive side of the tradition of the Buddha is that there *is* Nibbāna. Were it not for this *positive* element of doctrine, there would be no goal for the striver, no basis of ethic for the men of sorrow. It is the mark of sectarianism and not of Buddhism—if by Buddhism we are to understand the teaching of a true Master of Wisdom—to say that Nibbāna is not Brahman; to refuse, as does Ānanda M., to use the Sanskrit term Nirvāṇa, when the *Gītā* in speaking of Brahma-Nirvāṇa denotes one and the same Reality as that denoted by the vernacular Nibbāna. Has Ānanda M. never heard of a Jīvanmukta? These distinctions of terms, these quarrels as to superiority of attainment in knowing, are the dangerous playthings of pupils and not the serious and saving business of Masters. What difference, may we ask, is there between “self-analysing reflection,” which is the method of winning towards the Reality of Nibbāna, and Ātmānātmaviveka, “the discrimination between the self and not-self,” which is one of the methods of attaining to the Reality of Brahman ?

* * *

AND this brings us to the *bête noire* of Ānanda M., who in this eagerly follows after Professor Rhys Davids in using a term which is not only discourteous and uncharitable, when applied to high beliefs, to over-beliefs, but deliberately false when applied to the tenets of philosophical Brāhmanism, of whatever school, with regard to the reality called the Ātman, or to any form of truly theosophical thought. “Animism” is a term used by anthropologists and folk-lorists for the crude notions and superstitious

The *Bête Noire*
“Animism”

suppositions of "primitive men." To apply this term to the beliefs and the strenuous mental analysis and spiritual disciplining of sages and philosophers is an insult. It is just because we students of comparative Theosophy believe that the Buddha was in truth and fact a Master of Wisdom, that we refuse to believe that He insisted on any narrow dogmatism about fundamentals which are beyond the possibility of any but a Master's knowing. Even when we meet with such sayings as that which directs us even with regard to the utmost limits of consciousness to declare: "This is not Mine; this am I not; this is not my Self"—it is not to be supposed that this was taught by the Buddha to prove that there was *no* "I," no "Self"; but rather to encourage His Bhikkhus to ever greater and greater efforts to realise the true "I," the true "Self"—the Noumenon of noumena—as it really is, and to transcend not only the most transcendent phenomena of "I"-ness or "Self-hood," but even the noumena of these phenomena. *This* Noumenon is not "an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie," or a material soul hidden in a body as a needle in a bundle of hay.

* * *

AGAIN, is it not absurd to characterise the belief in the Self as "animism," when Buddhism has ever taught the existence of "gods"—of disembodied entities? Why, in the very magazine before us, we have what is practically an apologia by Ânanda M. for the Burman's belief in Nats!

We are better than our Creeds

What again about the Buddhist notions of hell? What indeed about the whole scheme of Punarjanmam, or Palingenesis (if you object to the term reincarnation as "animistic"), and of the Siddhi or psychic power of remembering such past births? What remembers? Analyse it all away to distraction if you please; splutter over "animism" if it suits you; but practically if we are nothing but a "concatenation," a "nexus," a "continuum" *only in appearance*; what is the good of it all? Why any Good Law? Why love for the brethren? Why peace unto all beings? We are bold to say that if this negative trend of thought is carried too far it becomes an insult to the reason of things; if really carried out to its logical conclusion it would dry

up the fount of ethical endeavour. But, thank the Divine Economy, we are better than our creeds. In the West we have many pure and simple Annihilationists slaving for the good of the race ; proving daily by their acts that they are greater than their opinions, giving the lie by their positive lives to the negation of their intellect.

ANOTHER *bête noire* of Ânanda M.'s is esotericism, in this following enthusiastically after the late Professor Max Müller. Here

again we ask the question what is "esotericism" ? Are we content to fight over words solely? There are two kinds of "esotericism" —an artificial and a natural. Artificial esotericism is dependent on the principle of withholding knowledge which in the judgment of the possessor it is not wise to hand on. Of this principle we may approve or disapprove according to our knowledge and experience of human nature. It is an open question ; and all we *know* is that the withholding of knowledge is generally deeply resented by the modern Western world, which *believes* that no knowledge of any real good to the world can be held back by a true lover of his fellows. And here we are met with the saying of the Buddha : "I have preached the Truth without making any distinction between esoteric and exoteric doctrine : for in respect of the Truth, Ânanda, the Tathâgata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher who keeps some things back." On the other hand it is handed on of another Master of Wisdom that He taught the people in parables, but to His disciples He explained these dark sayings apart.

Now for students of comparative Theosophy, who are not compelled to follow one tradition only, but who gladly accept the

great saying of the Buddha that they are to receive nothing but that to which their reason gives assent, as one of the boundaries of the

" Esoteric Buddhism "

Good Path, these contradictory traditions are not necessarily mutually exclusive. They have first to enquire : Were these things said and done by the Buddha and by the Christ respectively ? And if so, were they intended for their times only, or for all time ? In fact they have to make up their minds here and now, whether they

approve or disapprove of the principle of esotericism? Here there is no question of approving what has been proved by experience to be the dangers and imperfections of many known "esoteric" methods; it is simply a question for each of us: Is it wise to say all to everyone? Ānanda M. says: Yes. Nay further, he says that the Buddha laid this down as an infallible rule. The answer to this is: What is the good of trying to explain the calculus to a Board School infant? The truth is that not only a wise teacher but ordinary common-sense tells us that there is a *natural* esotericism. And why a Buddhist who is studying the problem of the nature of ignorance should object so furiously to the term, we cannot for the life of us imagine, except that a certain famous book was (in our opinion unfortunately) called *Esoteric Buddhism*.

* * *

SINCE then we have had books entitled *Esoteric Brāhmanism* and *Esoteric Christianity*. Of course those who disapprove of the opinions of the writers of these books can turn round and say: What you say is not Buddhism, nor Brāhmanism, nor Christianity. And the answer to this is, presumably: Quite so; for we are talking about the ever-present truths which the great teachers imparted, but which in the forms of the traditions which have come down to us are now in many ways greatly altered from the original teaching. We believe from our own studies in comparative Theosophy, and from our own teaching, that we see in the obscurity of the traditions traces of what we consider to be the great truths of general religion, philosophy and science, and this point of view we call "esoteric." We are sorry if the word is ill-chosen; but after all, when all is said and done, we believe that the Buddha, and Kṛishṇa, and the Christ had really much to teach, and did teach much, that is not recorded of them. It is a pity that the very imperfect records of these great teachers are dwelt upon more than the truths they came to teach; that the men have been regarded as the originators of the Truth, rather than the Truth of the men. In brief, we believe in the "inner voice," in a "natural esotericism," and we admit that

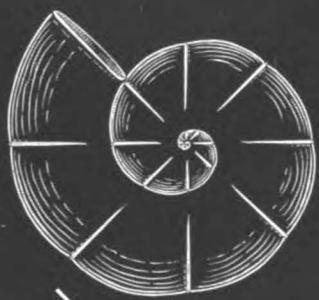
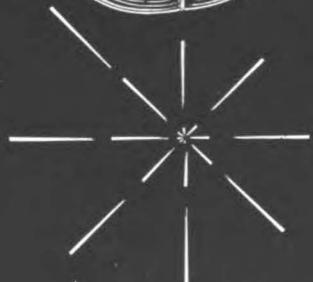
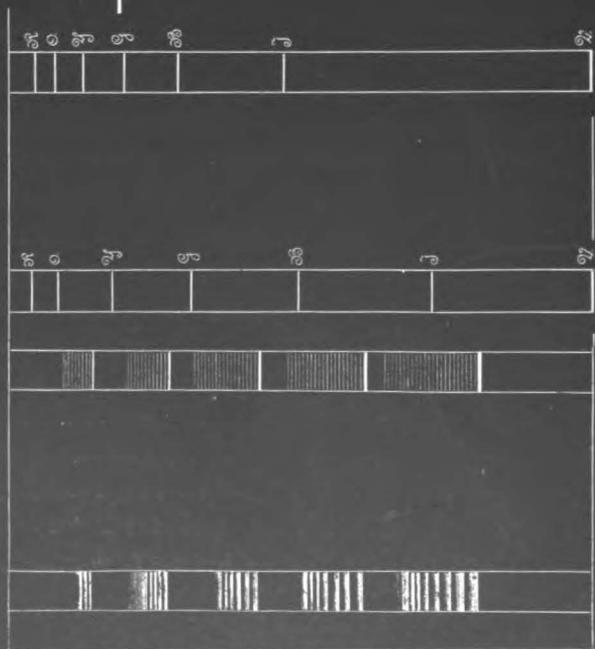
The Man or
The Truth

(CONTINUED UNDER "FLOTSAM AND JETSAM," p. 276)

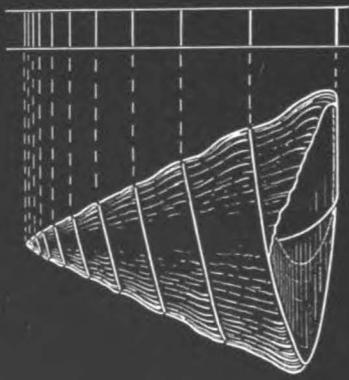


Carbon
Printings

Directional Dispersion



Print of Sphenoptera fronds (Muller's Sphenoptera, Fern)



SOUND, THE BUILDER

(CONTINUED FROM p. 168)

IN the previous article we dealt with an analysis of the vibrations of sound-producing bodies and of sound itself as an audible effect. The resulting spaced number-scale, whether taken from vibrating segments or from the "spectrum" of a note and its harmonics, presents certain essential features which we find clearly reproduced in the spectra of the chemical elements. If audible sound is a replica, in a certain sense, of the primordial Sound, the three "series" traced in the spectra of the chemical atoms may well be taken as evidencing the work of the triple Sound that fashioned them and that furnished their indwelling life. We seem to be dealing with something more than a merely apologetic analogy.

The involution of life into matter and the "creation" of the latter, plane after plane, have been described by reference to the tanmâtras and tattvas of the ancient science,* and it is possible to picture to the mind something of the principle that governs the successive aggregations of smaller units into larger, and of these larger into units larger still, and so on. In the reverse direction, the physical atom is described as comprising the substance and the life of the astral atoms, within which are, correspondingly, the matter and the life of the next finer atoms, within which again are the still higher, and so on up to the Sound-vibrations of Âkâsha which originated the entire movement. With this in mind, "fluted" spectra shew an interesting appearance. Some elements (and many of the stars) shew spectra whose lines are curiously grouped into beautiful "flutings," and those of Carbon are reproduced in the accompanying plate—unfortunately, of necessity, in plain white. This complex of

* *Evolution of Life and Form*, p. 127.

vibrations represents the "life" of a Carbon atom. Viewed as a whole it consists of five groups of flutings (Orange-Yellow; Green; Blue; Indigo; Violet; in upward order) and these are spaced, as groups, "harmonically." Each group-unit, however, consists of a well-marked series of flutings disposed as a light-note with its harmonics, and all five are involved in the Carbon atom. But, further still, each individual fluting in each group is itself a finely-graduated series of lines, with *its* individual "fundamental" and *its* harmonics subtly shading off into invisibility. Carbon plays a curious leading part in organic life, seemingly acting as a principal channel for the organising forces of the second life-wave; and this adds to the interest of tracing the Sound-principle expressed in the exquisitely-shaded flutings, which themselves are aggregated into harmonic groups, which again are disposed Sound-wise in the building up of a chemical Carbon atom. In this Carbon spectrum we have the triple Sound, singing a five-fold Chord, which is as complex in its wealth of subtle overtones as it is exquisite in its symmetry, and in these respects it curiously symbolises the triple Life pervading the five planes of our manifested system.

In one form or another we have traced signs of the Sound that built our chemical atoms, and now we can turn to such evidence as spectra afford of the characteristic "notes" of various simple and compound bodies. This evidence is to be found in the "irrationality" of prismatic spectra, obtained by passing light *through* the substances to be examined. If a beam of white light is passed through a prism of, say, glass, it emerges from the opposite face of the prism broken up, or sifted out, into the familiar Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet of the spectrum. But these colours are not given equal space in the spectrum so produced; they are more or less huddled together at the Red end and more or less stretched out at the Violet end, and this constitutes the "irrational dispersion" of prismatic spectra. Leaving out of account the few substances which yield quite anomalous spectra with the above colour-order more or less inverted, etc., etc., we may take this irrational dispersion to be typically represented by our illustration, wherein the horizontal lines mark the centre of each colour-space and the crowding of

the R., O. and Y. is contrasted with the undue spreading of the B., I. and V. Two different degrees of this irrationality are illustrated and we see that their spacing accords with that of our Note with its harmonics; they may be likened to two notes of the same pitch but of different quality—*i.e.*, involving different harmonic-series. No two substances disperse the light in precisely the same way; but each substance has its characteristic dispersion, whether we test prisms of glass of different density, or natural crystals, or gases or liquids or solutions in thin prism-shaped glass "bottles," or flakes of metal so thin as to be translucent. Each has, as it were, its own kind of note. *Why* this should be so is a sufficiently complicated question* involving consideration of the lengths of these various light-waves, the size of the molecules of the substances in question, the vibrations of these molecules and their possible effect upon the ether, etc., etc. The gist of the matter is that these various dispersions follow, in some way or other, from the molecular constitution of these different substances. No two are constituted alike and no two disperse light alike. Each has a characteristic something in its constitution or its "life" or its build, or make-up, which accounts for the harmonic spacing of its particular dispersion. And as all disperse after the fashion that we have called a "Sound-spectrum," *i.e.*, duplicating a fundamental Note and its harmonics, all must be built sound-wise, compound substances and chemical atoms alike. Sound not only moulds the forms but gives the life within them, adapting each to the other. Hence as Mendelejeff's Groups stand for typical chemical and other properties in orderly progression, so do salts derived from each Group present typical crystalline forms of progressive angular variation. And Mendelejeff brought all these physical and chemical *qualities* down to a number-system as "periodic functions" of the atomic weights. Truly, Sound, Light and Number lie at the root of all.

Accepting these harmonic spacings as indicative of the nature of audible sound, we may find this sound-principle exhibited in the structure and proportions of many familiar objects. On the basis of the ancient science it has been explained that

* Reference to the appendix to Lecture II. in Sylvanus P. Thompson's *Light Visible and Invisible* may be useful.

certain stages are successively reached in the building of the higher forms of matter. For instance, a given measure of the moulding energy which first appears as *Ākāsha*, the Sound, describes or outlines the plan of the newly-arising Form, thus giving the basic lines upon which the Form is to be built. This having been determined, there follows a filling-in of the "mould" so given; the details are completed, the boundaries are filled in to the appointed shape, and the Sound has wrought another Form—another "note" of its triumphant Harmony. As this is said to take place in each instance around definite centres or vortices of active energy, it is interesting to essay the arrangement of a series of these graduated spacings around a common centre. Such an arrangement is shewn in the next illustration on the plate, wherein we involve radially or vortically around a given centre a series of graduated lengths or rods. Our "harmonics," thus disposed, present the curious "star" here drawn; and this may be taken to give the basic lines, the "mould," of a Form that is to be. The next stage is to complete certain details, to fill in the boundaries, and the appointed shape is then shewn in the familiar shell-form following. The various shapes of such shells obviously follow from the *quality* of the Sound that builds them; from other harmonics would arise a different form. The segments of the spiral boundary naturally produce a second series of graduated distances which are dependent on the first. And in the conical shell next pictured we see a third series of harmonics arising from the elevation of its whorls. The three "series" of such a shell counterpart the three "series" of an atom. Three "notes" go to the building of atom and shell alike, and the colour-Life of the one and the music-Form of the other proclaim the triple Sound in each.

Passing from inorganic life and shell-shapes we may refer to the next illustration shewing the habit of the Brittle Bladder Fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) as a type of the "harmonics" met with on every side in the region of botany. To the right we see the spacings of the pairs of leaflets, scaled as from the straightened frond; this is the "series" of our frond, considered as a whole, which could obviously be represented by an appropriate number-formula. But each separate leaflet is also built sound-wise and

would, on examination, shew its individual "note"; and, further still, each serrated subdivision of every leaflet pipes its tinier note anew. We are but recapitulating, in this "spectrum" of a fern, the particulars noticed in the flutings of an atom. The light-spectrum of Carbon shews all lines parallel, and if we similarly parallel the harmonics of our fern they make very satisfactory groups of "Carbon flutings." The harmonics of the lower pair of leaflets, each of which must express the harmonics of its serrated subdivisions, are here worked out by way of making the idea clear. We see the Sound in-wrought to every detail, and then involved upon itself again and again for the building of the larger and more complex Form.

Our shells and our fern are but typical examples of what is constantly met with in nature's works. The shells of molluscs present but a small selection of the wondrous sound-shapes revealed by the microscope among the *Foraminifera*—shell-forms of a varied and delicate beauty surpassing all imagination. These spirals and spacings appear again in the disposition of buds and leaves in plant-life, and their geometric arrangements are classified by the botanist under appropriate number-series. The imbricated scales of fir-cones—or of reptiles, or fishes—are spiralled and graduated much as are shells. Yet all these sound-forms follow from the disposition of the cells of which they are built, and the building is Sound-wise in the organic world as we find it in metal or liquid or glass or in the atoms which give foundation for them all.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

By oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers; by oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself, no one can purify another.—DHAMMA PADA.

JACOB BÖHME THE THEOSOPHER

IN view of the present tendency among some of our fellow-labourers to revert to the older methods of Spiritualism, it may be well for us to readjust the balance of our disturbed minds by studying afresh the writings of the earlier Theosophers.

Foremost among these stands Jacob Böhme, or Behmen, as most of his English editors, and notably his distinguished disciple, William Law, prefer to write his name. A small volume republished in 1901, edited by Bernard Holland, contains besides the *Dialogues of the Supersensual Life*, under which title the book appears, some "Select Sentences" from Böhme's *Regeneration and Christ's Testaments*, also an admirable Preface by the Editor, giving a sketch of Jacob's life and a few judicious words as to his general teaching. For as Mr. Holland says, "the greater part of Behmen's works could not be recommended save to those who had the time and power to plunge into that deep sea in search of the many noble pearls which it contains."

The late Mrs. Penny, herself an able and devoted expositor of Böhme, once told the present writer that though she had been studying him for five-and-thirty years, she had by no means sounded all the depths of that well of knowledge. Next to Mrs. Penny's books, now rare, comes a work by Dr. Franz Hartmann, containing a Life and a digest of Böhme's writings. Of course a real student will prefer to tackle Böhme at first hand, but he will find him a hard nut to crack. The German is rather archaic, and the early English translations equally so, though this cannot be said of the paraphrase by William Law, who is the source of most of the English books on Böhme. The keynote of Böhme's teaching may be said to be Regeneration, or the calling forth into active life of the Divine seed dormant in man, in contradistinction to the natural forces which sprout only too prolifically

at the contact of "the world, the flesh and the devil." This, it may be said, is the aim and end of all religions. True; but is it not also apparent that in our complex civilisation (so-called) the many side-issues which enlist our ambition, our vanity and our selfishness, the one thing needful is lost sight of, and the good seed choked by thorns and briars and beef and beer?

Each new expositor therefore of this vital truth, by presenting it perchance in some light not perceived by us before, is a real benefactor to the human race, and as Western Theosophers are few and far between, it is perhaps no superfluous advice that we should pay some heed to those we have. If only for the comparison of methods, the study is an interesting one and well within the "objects" of the Theosophical Society.

The form of the chief part of this little book is very simple, that of a dialogue between a disciple and his master. There are three of these dialogues, and a fourth between a "poor Soul that had wandered out of Paradise" and come into the Kingdom of this world, and the devil. In this latter discourse is shown the difference between mere sensuous knowledge which leads astray and into every kind of illusion, and the knowledge of this Christ, which leads to Divine Light. This difference is often a very subtle one. Many imagine when they are dealing with supersensual forces, that these forces are necessarily divine, when they are far more often demoniac. This is the error of the ordinary Spiritualist, and now seems to be advocated by some Theosophists. A little more and mediumship will again become rife amongst us.

Saint-Martin, another great Theosopher, constantly warns the enquirer into occult matters to beware of mediumship, and surely sufficient evidence is now forthcoming to convince the tyro of the fact of psychic survival without incurring the dangers incident on re-proving the proved for himself. In certain cases experiments may be advantageous, but such a course cannot be indiscriminately recommended. Madame Blavatsky frequently raised the voice of warning against it, as much in the interest of the mediums as of the enquirers. But to return to our study of higher things.

Böhme teaches, in common with all great masters of the

spiritual life, that man's great enemy is his lower will, which must be laid down or given up before the Higher Will of God can work in his heart. When this becomes sovereign in him, then man will rule as by right over all Nature, but not if he *begins* on the outer plane, for this will bring him on to the level of outward nature. The more he cultivates his lower will-power, the more will he become a danger to himself and to his fellow-men. Instead of letting the "ape and tiger die," the ape and tiger will in time become rampant, especially the tiger. In the words of Böhme, "if thou wilt be like All Things thou must forsake all things; thou must not extend thy will to possess that for thine own, or as thine own, which is *Something*, whatever that *Something* be. For as soon as even thou takest *Something* into thy desire, and receivest it into thee for thine own, or in propriety, then this very *Something* (of what nature soever it is) is the *same* with thyself; and this worketh with thee in thy will, and thou art thence bound to protect it and take care of it, even as of thy own being. But if thou dost receive *no thing* into thy desire then thou art free from all things, and rulest over all things at once, as a Prince of God. . . . Which when thou shalt, with Grace, have attained to, then with thy Body thou art in the World, as in the properties of outward Nature; and with thy Reason under the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; but with thy *Will* thou walkest in heaven, and art at the end from whence all creatures are proceeded forth, and *to* which they return again."

Pondering on these teachings, written some three centuries ago, one is led to reflect whether, in spite of all the aids to learning, cheap printing, free libraries, and higher criticism, we are one single step forwarder than in the days of old. Must we not still lament with Wordsworth, who wrote early in the last century, "plain living and high thinking are no more"? Perhaps the want of plain living is the cause of our lack of high thinking. The excessive complexity of modern life wellnigh precludes all possibility of sustained study, except perhaps in the realm of science, where specialising is an acknowledged necessity if excellence is to be attained. The race for wealth, the lust of having whatever we see our neighbours have, the desire to know a little of everything, without knowing everything of something,

the fear of singularity, are all antagonistic to that greater simplification of life which is the necessary condition of a place of peace.

Only in the monastic life, now, as of old, is this to be found. One who should now lead the life of an anchorite would be accounted mad. And yet—why should it seem strange or impossible? It can only be because there is no unity of thought or ideas, no common ground on which men will agree to meet. Even in the broad field of philanthropy, or of the education of the young, each has his own scheme, denunciatory of every other. The Catholic Church has the greatest variety in unity, besides being the most comprehensive of bodies. But even there much is excluded which, to some, it seems most desirable to include; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that more is included than some would wish to subscribe to. It is the eternal balancing between less or more—the lower will against the higher; and the question as to what is higher, and who is to decide it—the old question, in fact, of authority *versus* private judgment. Only when we begin to sight the pinnacles where lies the eternal snow, are we glad to lay down our puny judgment and to call for a heavenly guide. The silence of the upper air is oppressive; we reach out our hands for help, and say to Him whom we have trusted—in Dante's words—“*Tu Duca, tu Signore tu Maestro.*”

Many of us are driven to be hermits. But the trail of the serpent of modern civilisation is over even the hermitage. We cannot escape from it altogether. But we need not despair. Böhme says that man always possesses the faculty of return or regeneration through submission to and union with God. What that means each one must find out for himself, even if the search continue all through life. Sainthood is not achieved in a day. The nearest road to it is Love. “*Dilige, et fac quod vis.*” Love and then do what you will, said the great Augustine.

If this be an age of degeneration, as some writers assure us, it must also be the precursor to one of regeneration, since the process of inbreathing and outbreathing is always going on. The divine nature in man came out from God and must return to Him, and the more helps we can get from those who have deeply

meditated on this mystery, the sooner we shall reach our goal. And all the great Masters teach this one truth, that our own hearts have the key of Life and Death, that Reason is the lesser light, is, as Böhme puts it, "a mere Beholder of the wonders of happiness, or forms of misery, which the right or wrong working of the Heart" brings about. "*Mali mores sunt mali amores*"; again we quote from St. Augustine, whose own experience was the secret of his profound knowledge of the human heart.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 118)

BUT are we not wandering from the path laid out for this discussion? Does that path lead, indeed, from the hospital to *kâma-loka*? If we are considering the results of sin on the physical plane, where shall we fix the limits of our survey? In other words, what are the confines of that physical plane? We have become familiar, not only as Theosophical students, but from current scientific literature, with large extensions which have been made in recent years to the domain of natural science, extensions which are too familiar now to need that I should dwell upon them. The new words, expressive of new conceptions, in scientific discussions, and the words and conceptions, equally new to the Western World, which the Theosophical movement has brought into such general use, in the literature and journalism of the day, bear evidence that those about us who are doing any thinking, whether in the laboratory of the scientist, in the library of the student, or in the busy life of the man of affairs who has not forgotten the duty and practice of thought (and there are many such)—that all these have stretched their conception of the physical plane of existence to include departments or planes of nature far more subtle and remote than those open to the observation of the unthinking mass of men. For those who

have thus accustomed themselves, in interrogating nature, to look beyond that which is immediately present before them, it will not be difficult to accept the Theosophical view as to what may be regarded, for the purpose of this discussion, as the physical plane of nature, since wherever matter exists in form adapted to give expression to kârmic results, we may fairly say that we have to do with the material result of kârmic causes. Karma does not operate upon the superior levels of existence, where there is no "matter" to give expression thereto. But the astral plane does furnish abundant material for putting forth into expression kârmic results, which may frequently be regarded as secondary causes; and so intimately is the astral plane of life related to that which is commonly called the physical plane, that it would appear that the operations of karma are as the threads which the shuttle carries from one side of the loom to the other, in this case binding together what are, in a sense, opposite or complementary phases of life, the physical and astral planes, into a firm web of continuous existence. With this natural, indeed necessary, extension of our field, we will endeavour to form some idea of the possibilities of affecting Karma therein, in the manner suggested by the "Lord's Prayer."

I made brief reference heretofore to the use of the human organism as a "resonator—to receive, multiply and send forth again into the world inharmonious vibrations, disturbing to its peace." It may be useful to dwell upon this thought more fully, because of the great practical importance of the operations referred to, and of the direct relation we establish with the physical and astral planes, upon which we seek to point out our modifying influence upon karma.

First of all I beg to call attention to the operation of a resonator, strictly upon the physical plane. Those who are not familiar with this interesting phenomenon should give heed thereto as furnishing a clue by which one can interpret operations on the astral plane closely resembling these. All tones produced by musical instruments are largely the result of using resonators of some form; the most familiar, perhaps and most easily examined is the violin. The catgut string stretched from one fixed point to another and set in vibration in the usual manner would produce

very little tone provided the fixed points were strictly non-resonant or not attached or related to some resonant substance. The art of the violin maker is shown in constructing a form of highly resonant materials to which the strings are attached, and to which the vibrations set up in the strings by the passage of the bow across them are communicated. The more full and perfect this communication is, the more completely the whole body of the violin, front, back and sides, takes up the initial vibrations and from all its broad surfaces sends forth the magnified tones, in volumes which at first appear quite disproportionate to the initial impacts. The sounding-board and related constructions of the pianoforte have the same purpose. Separated from their resonant connections the strings of the piano would give forth tones poor indeed. Even the harp, one of the oldest forms of musical instruments, depends upon the resonant frame which supports the strings, for nearly all its volume of tone. The organ, which presents in its construction the greatest variety of effects, does not produce these varied and beautiful tones without making use of secondary causes. The vibrating column of air is the primary cause in each pipe within the organ-case, but that vibrating column depends for its effect largely upon its enclosing case, of metal or wood, and varied in form as required by the special effect sought to be produced.

Man is more nearly comparable to the organ than to any other musical instrument, on account of the great variety of tones he is capable of producing in the astral atmosphere, if I may push the simile so far. There is, however, something more here than a mere simile, or analogy; we have good reason to believe that the operation of the laws of vibration on the astral plane of nature is fairly comparable with the operation of the same laws as we see them in the case of the violin, the pianoforte, and best of all in the case of the organ. For the foundation of this belief we must go to personal experience; the appeal must be made there, whence each one will receive his own answer; but one may be allowed to point out, in a general way, the relation to the laws of vibration of certain phenomena quite commonly experienced, but not so commonly understood.

An angry word or look passes from one to another; what

follows? Again, the appeal must be to experience, for I do not wish to put forward a theory in the air, but to consider with each one who may give these words attention, what follows, in our own experience, after we have received the word or look of anger or contempt? I feel sure that I answer for the great majority of humanity when I say that we generally think about the matter—sometimes philosophically, but more often, much more often, quite otherwise. The note of anger is quickly taken up by the chords which are attuned thereto, which vibrate in unison with that note, so that it is communicated by sympathy and extends far and wide through the astral body, until a profound disturbance too often results, which is reflected in an angry countenance, a flushed face, perhaps some bitter words, and surely hard and bitter thoughts. Yes! thoughts—thought-forms, actual and material potencies rushing out into the astral atmosphere, seeking some place in which to lodge anger and hatred, to waken in some other instrument those same tones, to carry disharmony out into a world already heavily burdened with disharmonies, to throw a little more of the weight of blind passion and impotent wrath upon the weary and heavy-laden ones around us.

But whom shall I blame for all this, for I am the one who suffered this trespass? I did not originate it. He, my enemy, did this thing. He fastened this insult or disgrace upon me, and I did . . . nothing. Let the blame rest upon him and let him reckon with karma for all the consequences. This is generally what most people conclude. If, however, I have correctly interpreted the meaning of Jesus' teaching in this connection, his first words to those who came to him were that they should forgive such a trespass. Now what does the word forgive mean? Here it is not possible to refer back to originals. We do not know, and, apart from occult sources of information, will probably never know, what the words originally used were. When we find the Gospels they are in Greek, and we may be almost absolutely sure that the discourses of Jesus were not spoken in that language. From the Greek we have again another translation into English, and the word "forgive" appears, a very old English word with an undoubted meaning. I must, accordingly, take the words of the revised version as I find them, and seek for the meaning of

this word first of all, if I would seek to reconcile it with karma. Happily the word is not an obscure one, nor is it one of doubtful interpretation. I question if any English dictionary would show an important variation from the generally accepted signification of the verb "to forgive," which is "to pardon, to overlook or remit, as an offence or debt." If there is anything of which we may be tolerably sure in the use of our native tongue, it is that "to forgive" does not mean to declare that an offence or debt has been expiated or paid, and that the offender or debtor is therefore discharged from any further liability on that account. When the criminal has served the term for which he has been sent to prison, and the same law which locked him up now lets him out, this action of discharge from further penalty can by no possible stretch in the use of the English language be called an act of forgiveness.

Can I then pardon, overlook or remit this trespass which has been committed against me, in such wise that my act extends to and includes the kârmic consequences of it? If I can at once forgive the act of trespass and nullify its power to bear fruit as evil karma attaching to the actor, I have, it seems to me, accomplished something noteworthy, as affecting the karma of the race; and if one could spend his life in that attitude towards all the trespasses, great and small, committed against him, one could, I think, make a noticeable impression upon so much of humanity as might have been brought into our immediate environment. Illustration may be carried too far, but in this matter of the action of vibratory thought-forms upon the astral plane, I am convinced that there is no such inherent difference between the laws of nature upon the various planes of manifestation as will forbid us to seek in those laws, as we see them in operation around us, hints and suggestions of their behaviour upon the next plane, so closely related to and, indeed, interwoven with this one.

Let us now go to the piano and note these pedals, commonly called loud and soft, and consider for a moment their mode of operation. Above the wires are a series of mufflers or dampers, normally resting upon the wires. When a note is struck upon the keyboard, we have two quite different actions: (1) the

hammer rises from below and strikes the wires, and (2) the corresponding muffler or damper is raised, to permit those wires only which have been struck to vibrate freely. When the finger is raised from the key, the damper descends and again rests upon the wires and the vibration is stopped. If the foot is placed upon the loud pedal, the whole line of dampers is raised from their position, leaving all the wires free to vibrate, and when a note or chord is then struck upon the keyboard, and the corresponding vibrations are set up, not only do the wires directly affected sound, but they arouse sympathetic vibrations in all the wires which are attuned to the same or a related pitch, thus greatly increasing the volume of sound produced. On the other hand, the soft pedal acts in a reverse manner preventing any but a very partial vibratory response to the blow of the hammer.

Now let us suppose that some clever mechanic contrives an arrangement so perfect in its operation, that absolutely all vibratory response by the wire to the blow of the hammer is checked, no tone whatever would result, and we can indulge our fancy to the point of imagining that even the blow of the hammer should be noiseless. I can conceive that it might be possible so to rule and govern the chords within the human breast that they should refuse absolutely to respond to the impacts of the trespasses of their fellow-beings, and should refuse absolutely to receive the vibrations, directed against them, of anger, jealousy, hate, of all the ignoble passions, thus refusing to permit them to awaken within the precincts of one's own citadel and holy place the sounds of selfishness, passion, cruelty and desolation.

This could not be accomplished by any isolation of one's self possible in human society, or desirable if possible, but by keeping those chords within, attuned to quite a different pitch. I believe this to be clearly within the possibility of achievement by means of earnest and persistent effort, and that it would become, for many persons at any rate, a much easier task if the conditions were fairly well grasped by the understanding and made familiar by frequent dwelling upon them. When one clearly recognises how very practical a matter this is, how it becomes a question whether one's inner life is to be open to every chance or intentional attack upon its peace, or whether

one can at once defend one's own citadel and knock the intruding foe promptly on the head, cutting short his evil career then and there, it becomes anything but a visionary speculation.

The English-speaking people are distinguished for their practicability. For mysticism they do not seem so well adapted as some other races ; but they have the gift of seeing clearly the practical advantages or disadvantages of any proposal, and I am confident that when the possibility of the exercise of control, at least to a degree, over the forces making for the reverse of righteousness in the world, is made known, and presented in a simple and practical way, with copious illustration from other operations of nature, men in our own and kindred lands will be quick to see the advantages of such a course of action. Respecting a matter of such wide application as this, we must endeavour to think not only with our own faculties, but with the minds of those around us, and I believe that a large majority of our own and kindred peoples need that a clearly defined and not too complex plan of operation be presented to them in such a way as to command their favourable consideration, before they will consent to make any serious efforts for the amelioration of existing conditions for themselves and for humanity at large.

The Christian world has listened for many centuries to the words of the great teacher, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you: that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust"; but for the great majority, I may perhaps say for all but relatively a very few, this was and has remained a hard saying, and the Christian world, I mean of course the generally so-called Christian world, has not been distinguished for any peculiar excellence in the direction of the forgiveness of the trespasses which man continues to inflict upon his fellow-men. The Catholic Church has unremittingly taught the nations of Southern Europe the "Pater Noster," but we gather that in those regions the right, one may even say the duty, of private revenge for wrongs committed is the generally accepted conviction of the mass of the people. It would seem possible to find the reason, or at least a reason, for the continuing influence

of this conviction upon the conduct of men who in those lands as well as our own daily repeat the Lord's Prayer.

It would appear from our brief examination of the subject that there was and is a real distinction between the forgiveness of trespasses, including the general attitude toward offences of all kinds inculcated by Jesus, and on the other hand the higher stages of progress in spiritual development, of which also we have clear intimations in other portions of his discourses. But when the Catholic organisation took possession of the religious consciousness of the early Church, we see that a sweeping change was made in the application of both divisions of this early teaching. The forgiveness of a brother's trespass was not regarded by the Catholic Church as an act of beneficence, directed to that brother's welfare and acting upon the evil force which he had put in motion, to the end that that force should be neutralised, the evil overcome by good, and the offender's evil karma by so much lifted from his future; but, quite contrarily, the act of forgiveness was held to be a transaction with the Church for one's own benefit, to the end that the one offering the forgiveness was enabled to claim the various "indulgences," remission of his own evil karma which had accrued, and of which the justice of God demanded the expiation by means of physical suffering in this life or in purgatory. It is true that these indulgences were often claimed for the benefit of others, more particularly for souls in purgatory, but the fact remains that the indulgence was based not upon the act of forgiveness but upon the so-called treasury of the Church, the superabundant merits of Jesus and the Saints, a deposit in trust, upon which the hierarchy could draw their drafts, as they do to this day. We can, however, trace the possible origin of the theory and practice of indulgences by referring back to some more or less general conviction in the earliest Church that man can by acts of forgiveness effect results in the general direction indicated in this discussion.

It will be observed that this substitution of an artificial interpretation of the doctrine of the forgiveness of trespasses operated in the same manner as did the similar perversion of the original doctrine of the at-one-ment, for which was substituted the orthodox doctrine of the atonement. The two doctrines, in

their perverted form, while their nominal acceptance was compelled by the Church, seem never to have had that influence upon conduct which would have resulted from a natural, wholesome and sincere conviction of their truth. We may say that however much the Christian world has been imposed upon by the Church, in this and other ways, yet it has been saved from complete subjection to priestly authority by the saving grace of common-sense. The Sicilian is a most devout Catholic, but that has nothing whatever to do with his relations with the Mafia.

I know of no one direction in which Theosophy can be of more practical use in the world than in spreading abroad information, in intelligible and acceptable form, as to the physical basis upon which rest the convictions now widely prevalent as to the value of thought-power in affecting the physical and astral results of offences which man commits against his neighbour. The lands are full of one form or another of what is called "new-thought," some varieties of which are especially prominent. Everywhere about us are minds eager to receive illumination, and can we blame them if we observe that much that passes for illumination, but which is certainly of a very doubtful order, is gladly received.

The highest intelligence may well strain its capacities to the utmost in its endeavour to grasp the full sweep of the Ancient Wisdom, without reaching a full answer to all of the questions which come thronging in, as plane after plane of existence is shadowed forth, too often for our bewilderment; but it is obvious that these higher problems can only be solved satisfactorily by the development and use of the higher faculties of the truth-seeker. The less ambitious or less developed intelligences, which constitute the great bulk of humanity of the grades immediately surrounding us, are neither competent to tread those paths nor desirous; and yet they stand in need, in great need, of a rule of life which shall give them an intelligible reason, intelligible to the understanding which they possess, for putting daily into practical operation the many teachings of Jesus which point to the obliteration of the false personality so far as it receives, dwells upon, magnifies and sends out again the myriad vibrations of what we call evil.

Having dwelt upon them elsewhere I will not now refer to the passages in the synoptical gospels which bear the construction which I have put upon them, and seem to me to bear that construction only; nor will I re-state that feature of the argument which is, perhaps, of the profoundest interest, the fact that the forgiveness of sins upon the kârmic planes and the modification of karma are, apparently, *a human activity*, a power and privilege appertaining to each and every one of us. When no longer regarded as an ecclesiastical possession, this power of forgiveness takes on a new interest, and when full belief in his capacity for this beneficence is part of every man's daily consciousness, the evil karma of the world will be greatly modified.

In a so brief discussion, I have confined it to a consideration of the offences committed by others, not forgetting that the "Pater Noster" says "and forgive us *our trespasses*, as we forgive those who trespass against us." I am not prepared to offer any suggestions as to the exact way in which the changed conditions which a man may effect in the karma of those around him, react upon himself and modify his own personal karma; and yet by an act quite as much, I hope, of scientific common-sense as of faith, I fully believe that such a reaction must take place. May I, in the regrettable absence of any personal intuitions or revelations, be permitted to turn to the old Catholic doctrine of the "treasury of the Church," out of which demands for the temporal punishment of offences could be met? May we not believe that this doctrine, so available for the Church as a source of power, was built up by the Church Fathers of the period of organisation and centralisation out of the materials furnished by an earlier teaching to the effect that it was possible for men to "lay up" for themselves "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal"? That every human being could by a life of loving beneficence and forgiveness establish what we may without irreverence call a credit with the Lords of Karma, sufficient to cancel the running indebtedness which, not being perfect, they were daily incurring? May we not believe that something of this sort is true? That a life spent in earnest effort to lighten "the heavy karma of the world"

will not miss some share in the sweeter influences thus made to prevail? We are told that "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

It is to the humble-minded and not very learned men and women, first and most of all, that the beauty and great power for good of forgiveness, pure forgiveness free of any thought or after-thought of self, should be taught. Their theory of life must be a simple one, comprised in a few plain propositions, easily understood of the people; and what simpler or more efficient power for uplifting the toilers of the world than the power of love—love applied and made efficient, not dwelling apart from human affairs as a mere sentiment? He who forgives sins in the manner herein considered will and can do it only by the power of disinterested love, for no other power can so control the conditions within himself as to make the desired outward action possible. That this action is practicable for each and every one, those of us who have reached middle life can surely testify, for which of us has lived so poor a life that into it has not come one moment when

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight?

I would that this knowledge of the power of love to forgive sins and to blot out the karma attaching thereto might be the possession of these simple ones of whom I have spoken, for the reason that so little more than this is needed to fill their lives. Contemplating those simple lives, with the burdens and sorrows resting upon them, one must be hard of heart indeed not to be moved by compassion and to seek in some degree to lighten their darkness. We may well believe that this one truth alone, which the Theosophist can intelligently put before them, would greatly help the conditions of the poor. Possibly such as these might for a time not require instruction in more complex truths. As a certain one of our own poets has said:

So many gods! So many creeds!
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs!

HORACE L. CONGDON.

CREATOR AND CREATION*

[A LETTER] OF HERMES THE THRICE-GREATEST

Unto Asclepius good health of soul !†

1. SINCE in thy absence my son Tat desired to learn the nature of the things that are, and would not yield to me to hold it over,‡ as [natural to] a younger son fresh come to gnosis of the [teachings] on each single point,—I was compelled to tell [him] more, in order that with greater ease he might pursue their contemplation. I would, then, choosing out the chiefest heads of what was said, send them in brief to thee, explaining them more mystic-ly,§ as unto one of greater age and nature's knower.
2. If all things manifest have been and are being made, and made things are not made by their own selves but by another; [if] made things are the *many*,—nay more, are *all* things manifest, and all things different and not alike; and things that are being made are being made by other [than themselves];—there is some one who makes these things; and He cannot be made, but is more ancient than the things that can. For things that can be made, I say, are made by other [than themselves]; but of the things that owe their being to their being made, it is impossible that anything should be more

* See in the last two numbers "The Over-Mind" and "The Mind to Hermes," and also the series of translations and essays which appeared in this REVIEW from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† εὖ φρονεῖν. I do not know the exact meaning of this expression. Everard translates "to be truly wise"; Parthey, "recte sapere"; Ménard, "sagesse"; Chambers, "to be rightly wise." I would suggest that εὖ φρονεῖν was the form used among these disciples of the inner way for the usual χαίρειν. Instead of wishing one another happiness, they wished each other wisdom, good thought, right thinking, good health of soul.

‡ Sci., till thy return.

§ That is to say, more fully and profoundly, as to one more advanced in the mystic science.

- ancient than them all, save only that which is not able to be made. But He is both supreme, and one, and only truly wise in all, as having naught more ancient [than Himself]. For He doth rule o'er both the number, size and difference of things that are being made, and o'er the continuity of their making [too], and o'er its energy. Again, things makeable are seeable; but He cannot be seen. For for this cause He maketh,—that He may not be able to be seen. He, therefore, ever maketh; and therefore can He ne'er be seen. To comprehend Him thus is meet; and comprehending, [it is meet] to marvel; and marvelling, to count oneself as blessed, as having learnt to know one's own true sire.
4. For what is sweeter than one's Father dear? Who, then, is He; and how shall we become acquaint with Him? Is it not right to dedicate to Him alone the name of God, or that of Maker, or that of Father, or even [all] the three;—God for His power, and Maker for His energy, and Father for His good? For that [His] power doth differ from the things which He doth make; [His] energy consisteth in the making of all things. Wherefore we ought to put away verbosity and foolish talk, and understand these two—the made and maker. For that of them there is no middle [term]; there is no third. Wherefore in all that thou conceivest, in all thou hearest, these two recall to mind; and think all things are they, reckoning as doubtful naught, nor of the things above, nor of the things below, neither of things divine, nor things that suffer change or things that are in obscuration.* For all things are [these]
- 5.

* τῶν ἐν μυχῷ. I do not know what is the exact meaning of this expression. Everard translates "things that are in darkness or secret"; Parthey, "quæ sunt in abdito"; Ménard, "dans les profondeurs"; Chambers, "those in secrecy." I suggest that the technical term *μυχός*, signifying generally a shut-in or locked-up place (*conclave*, as Damascius translates it), is to be referred, along the line of Platonic and Pythagorean tradition, to Pherecydes. Porphyry (*De Antro Nymph.*, c. 31) tells us that the synonyms "*μυχοί* (chambers?), recesses (or pits), caverns, doors, gates" were used by Pherecydes as symbolical expressions to signify "the *geneses* and *apogeneses* of souls," whatever these terms may mean exactly. The "birth" and "decease" of a soul, in this connection, presumably mean its coming into the world of genesis out of the womb of the World-soul, and its reception back again into the bosom of the great Mother. If this be so, our text would seem to indicate that things are in two states,—in a state of change (that is in the active condition), and again in a passive condition, in the state which Indian philosophers call *laya* or *pralaya*. See for the *μυχοί* of Pherecydes Sturz's *Pherecydis Fragmenta*, pp. 43 ff. (Leipzig; 1824).

twain, maker and made, and it's impossible that one should be without the other ; for neither is it possible that "maker" should exist without the "made," nor "made" without the "maker," for each of them is one and the same thing. Wherefore it's no more possible for one from other to be parted, than self from self.

6. Now if the maker is naught else but that which makes alone, simple, uncompound, it needs must do this [making] to itself,—to which the making of its maker is "its being made."* And as to all that's being made,—it cannot be [so made] by being made by self ; but it must needs be made by being made by other. Without the "maker" "made" is neither made nor is ; for that the one without the other doth lose its proper nature by deprivation of that other. If, then, all things have been admitted to be two,—the that which is being made and that which makes,—[yet] are they one in union,—the that which leadeth and the that which followeth. The making God is that which leadeth ; the that which is being made, whate'er it be, the that which followeth.
7. And do not thou be chary of things made because of their variety, from fear of attribution of a low estate and lack of glory unto God. For that His glory's one,—the making of all things ; and this is as it were God's body,—the creation. But by the maker's self naught is there thought or bad or base. These things are passions which accompany the making process, as rust doth brass and filth doth body ; but neither doth the brass-smith make the rust, nor the begetters of the body filth, nor God [make] evil. It is continuance in the state of being made that makes them lose, as though it were, their bloom ; and it's because of this God hath made change, as though it were the making clean again of genesis.
8. Is it, then, possible for one and the same painter man to make both heaven, and gods, and earth, and sea, and men, and all the animals, and lifeless things, and yet impossible for God to make all things? What monstrous lack of understanding ; what want of knowledge as to

* γένεσις.

God! For such the strangest lot of all do suffer; for though they say they worship piously and sing the praise of God, yet by their not ascribing unto Him the making of all things, they know not God, and, added unto this not-knowing, they're guilty even of the worst impiety to Him—passion to Him attributing, or arrogance, or impotency, ignorance, or jealousy. For if He doth not make all things, from arrogance He doth not make, or not being able, or as not knowing, or as being jealous,—which is impiety [to think].

9. One passion hath God only—Good; and He who's Good, is neither arrogant, nor impotent, nor [yet] the other things. For this is God—the Good, which hath all power of making all. And all that can be made is made by God,—that is, by [Him who is] the Good and who can make all things. But would'st thou learn how He doth make,
10. and how things made are made, thou may'st do so. Behold a very fair and most resemblant image—a farmer casting seed into the ground, here wheat, there barley, and there [again] some other of the seeds! Behold one and the same man planting vine, and apple, and [all] other trees! In just the self-same way doth God sow immortality in heaven, and change on earth, and life and motion in the universe.* These are not many, but few and easy to be numbered; for four in all are they—God and His making—in which are all that are.

NOTES

Although this little treatise is one of great beauty, it must be confessed that the way in which the writer in § 7 extricates himself from the dilemma he has created by postulating God as both the Good and the All, is at best but a pleasant device. It is true he states that he has explained these things more mystically to “Asclepius” than to “Tat.” But it is to be supposed that there was a still more mystic teaching, in which the “problem of evil” was squarely faced, but which was reserved for a higher degree of instruction, when the initiate had reached such a grade

* *Lit.*, in the all.

of self-illumination that the revelation of this highest mystery would be fraught with no danger, owing to the perfect purification of the inner nature—a degree from which there was no falling back, no more “going out.” This stage is presumably the attainment of that sublime spiritual state which is free from the necessity of fate or genesis, in which there is “nothing more to learn” of this world-process, the summit of the Gnosis, which the Buddhist philosophers call Nirvāṇa.

G. R. S. MEAD.

KARMA AS A SPECTRE

KARMA, that comprehensive Sanscrit word that we have taken into our vocabulary in its oriental form, because our own English language is not rich enough to translate it, that concise full-bodied term that holds in itself such depth of meaning that the brain sometimes halts and surrenders before it, has unfortunately taken many in a grip almost as inflexible as that of the Arab word “Kismet.”

“My Karma!” they say, amid sighs and groans, as they bend to let the dread thing pass over them. Karma is to these a spectre whose gaunt form lurks in covert ways to seize upon them unexpectedly and torture soul and body in a malign clutch, and whose inexorable character pre-denies any diversion of purpose. But let us boldly face Karma and see what it is.

Karma, broadly speaking, is a term that represents sowing and reaping, past, present and future; one reaps past Karma in the present and sows future Karma in the present. And the harvest is a harvest of thoughts, feelings and actions. This is the simplest way of defining Karma and one that will serve the present purpose in full. Extending over these three planes, thought—the mental plane, feeling—the astral plane, and action—the physical plane, Karma has such a wide range that even though it be playing the part of a spectre on one plane, it may simultaneously be appearing as a compensating angel on another.

We must try to realise that we are really living on three planes at once, not functioning consciously—few are yet at that point—but, nevertheless, while functioning normally on the physical plane, giving a great deal of time to oblivion of the physical plane in emotional thinking—which is being on the astral plane, or lost in studious thought—which is being on the mental plane; wherever consciousness is, there the man is. It is seldom that Karma takes the phase of a spectre on the three planes at once. Now if this fact were only grasped more clearly we would not feel ourselves slaves to Karma, culprits under a tyrant, but free men able to vacate, as it were, the field pounced upon by the spectre and go off at will to other fields, go perhaps to the field where smiles the compensating angel.

By vacating the field I do not mean that we are to run away from duty, on any plane. We most certainly should stay and work out the debt to the law on whatever plane it may fall, but man, the higher consciousness, is free to rise where he will, and like the all-penetrating ether, cannot be held by any material barricade. Consciousness may rise serenely to the buddhic plane where love and peace are unaffected by lower conditions, while the lower form faithfully accomplishes its work on lower planes.

The harvest of Karma has been sown by ourselves, and whether sown ignorantly or knowingly we must do the reaping. And it is this reaping that frightens and dismays, for men say: "We do not know what we have sown in the past, we do not remember"; and they tremble before the awful possibilities and cringe under the heavy actualities of the self-sown harvests.

Man, the free spirit, the spark of divinity, frightened by the spectre of his past, forgets that he is a creature of light, that he has wings with which to raise himself above harassments, whether of thought, feeling or action, forgets that he, the divine, is slave to nothing above or below, that he is invincible, imperishable, light of light, master over the illusion of circumstances. To quote *The Voice of the Silence*, "Alas, alas, that all men should possess Âlaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that possessing it, Âlaya should so little avail them."

Truly, there is escape from everything, from every sting and

torture, from every heavy burden. Man, the spirit, is not bound ! Man, the spark of life eternal, is above past, present and future, is above all detail of existence ! He, ever, anywhere, at any time, is all life, all love, all intelligence. He can rise above thought, for he is all thought, he can rise above feeling, for he is all feeling, he can rise above action, for he is all action. All is accomplished in him, and therefore all is peace in him.

This is the thought to grasp and hold and carry with us as we work our way through the maze of illusion woven by the lower self: "I, consciousness, here, now, have all that I want or need, for I am all."

If we could only realise the force of this thought we should have an open sesame to every closed door, and no spectre Karma would have any power over us. And the first step towards the gaining of this is faith, faith to repeat it, to try to effect it, to believe it, feel it, be it, to carry it like an inextinguishable light above all turmoil, outer or inner, and keep our eyes fixed upon it, knowing that this light cannot go out, and that as long as we see it we are it. And quickly upon this faith that we are it, will come knowledge that we are it, for the response of spirit to spirit is at once and plentiful. And swift upon knowledge will come power, power to believe, to know and to be. Then what will matter the turmoil, the clearing away of the débris of our past ? Patience will accomplish all. The higher self, taking the lower self in a firm grasp, will guide it out of disorder, as a tender mother guides a wayward child, lovingly, patiently, unerringly. This is a promise and a fact, what we need is more faith.

To go back to the spectre Karma, one important thought in regard to it is, that to tremble before it and emphasise its weight is to show ingratitude, for it is evident that we would suffer doubly under the same circumstances if the teaching in regard to Karma had never been placed before us and we were wrestling in doubt and ignorance as to the cause of suffering. To possess a knowledge as to the cause of suffering is a blessing so great, that if we only stop to think of life without that knowledge we are quickly brought to a sense of humility and thankfulness.

Now let us make a practical analysis of a given case of

Karma and demonstrate the assertion that Karma as a spectre rarely appears on the three planes at once. The case which I will cite is authentic, which increases its value as evidence.

A lady of refinement, broken in physical health, was soreduced in circumstances that she had to live in a cheap lodging house. The house was so old and poorly kept that it was permeated by offensive odours, overrun by vermin and frequented by inmates whose "auras" were far from purifying. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the inmate of the room directly over hers to spend the night in *delirium tremens*, breaking the furniture and pounding the floor and walls in a way that suggested his probable appearance below, which appearance was further suggested by the fact that his bedroom window at no great height overlooked the balcony on which her window opened. Broken in health, unable to procure employment, on the verge of starvation and with this gross environment, Karma, relative to her state of evolution, could hardly appear more maleficent. And yet loving influences from helpers on the higher planes made themselves felt, recognised faces of guardian friends appeared in visions at night, and while Karma seemed to hold a demon-like grip over material circumstances, sleeping hours revealed a different state of affairs.

Now the point of the story is simply this. Helpers were there, loving, capable helpers, giving spiritual aid, sustaining the higher nature through the lower ordeal, filling in with gold, as it were, every little chink that might be filled without interfering with Karma, and helpers, no doubt, instrumental in the help that came on the physical plane. In this case, memory registered some of the transactions on super-physical planes and proved that concourse with pure and powerful souls was the compensating angel aspect on one plane while the spectre Karma dominated the lower.

From these proofs we are justified in the inference that helpers are at hand in every case. That though the physical brain may not register what takes place, we are all positively guarded, guided and instructed, and that it lies with us to profit by or discard the help given. And the way to profit by it is firmly to grasp the belief that it is given, to hold on by faith to this belief, and to insist upon a receptive brain through all events, as far as

strength of will is able to maintain it. And this receptive brain is far easier to maintain than may at first appear, for we make difficulties by non-comprehension. Non-resistance is the keynote to a receptive brain, flexibility, elasticity are other words for giving a clearer meaning.

We all know the peace that follows giving in after struggling to maintain a false position, for in great or small degree we have all had experience in this way ; we know the blessed relaxation that succeeds the adjustment of strained relations with friends ; we can recall exactly the sensation in the brain ; and that state of the brain is a state of non-resistance, a state of receptivity. That is the state that we are to learn to maintain habitually, a continued giving in to higher influences. That state is the true interpretation of Vairāgya, the "indifference" that we are counselled to cultivate, and that is as far removed from callous indifference as the sweet out-breathing of a rose is from the repelling chill of a frosty wind.

But this state of non-resistance does not imply non-resistance to misdoers, non-resistance to circumstances. We may be called upon to make a very firm resistance to people and to things in order to maintain what appeals to us as right ; but if the inner state of non-resistance to the higher influences of love, peace and wisdom is maintained, the outer resistance will be no more trying than resistance to a sweep of wind or an out-going tide. It is really very easy to cultivate this giving-in attitude of the brain. It can be done instantly, under any circumstances, and is really the easiest possible thing to do. An energetic mental resistance is ten times as hard to maintain and ten times as ineffective. We take pains to gather thought up into a hard knot and keep it focussed at a steady point, when we take a stand in active affairs, and exhaustion follows reaction, while if we would simply innerly give in to love, peace and wisdom, the same outward stand would cost us scarcely anything.

If we would only cultivate the habit of looking for the compensating angel, we should not crawl and quiver so much in the presence of the spectre Karma. But the tendency is to fix the gaze upon it, to see the rough, disturbing factor, and overlook the subtile pacifying comforter. Disagreeable Karma would lose half

its weight if we only had the habit of giving our first attention to picking out the wholesome grains from the harvest that has come in. But we don't do this. We see evil much more quickly than good, because we are afraid of it. We look at the harvest of weeds and thorns and stamp its ugliness upon our brains, while the rarest flowers and choicest grains lie scarcely noticed in the midst, and we cry "hurt" like children after the pain of a blow is over, and pay little attention to those who try to soothe and heal us.

Now suppose that Karma on the physical plane subjects us to deprivation, to disagreeable surroundings, to unattractive companions, can we not turn to the astral plane and find the compensating angel? Our emotions need not be subject to torment unless we allow it; the astral man may vibrate to an entirely different atmosphere, may roam contented in fair places, at peace with loved ones. To realise that we are anywhere with anyone on any plane is to be there, and we all know that thought and feeling can be so entirely abstracted from physical surroundings that reality for us is not at the location of the physical body. We often come back from this subtle realisation to a sense of unreality in surrounding objects, and if we would only maintain this impression and cling to what we were lost in as reality, we would be free, not bound.

One of the best examples that I know of is the psychic condition of a happy lover whose consciousness is always with his beloved; who, lifted into this subtle state of consciousness, is happy anywhere, among all men. Remember it has been said "Love is of God, and he who loves is of God and knows God." Commonplace as the example may seem to be, it holds within itself a mighty truth, for the nearer we come to the great truths the simpler they appear. The all-absorbing love of the lover of one becomes in the wider sweep the love for all seen as one, and the intensity of joy in one will be later the intensity of joy in all as one.

But, again, I do not counsel a selfish running away from duty, from those who need us, only a saving of surplus energy from lower things. We must remember, too, that magnetic influences are forceful just as well as other forms of physical

energy, and that if the inner man is happy those magnetic waves pass out and encompass all things within their circuit, influencing them to become like themselves. We are often surprised at our power of calm, of goodwill, at moments of outward disturbance, and we too often give ourselves credit for self-control and charity, when if we could only look with the subtle sight, we would see the faces and hear the voices of loving and more advanced friends whose strength is sustaining us. The compensating angel is always to be found, and oftentimes it wears the familiar guise of one whom we know on the physical plane.

If Karma the spectre appears on the astral plane and we suffer through our emotions, we may look either on the physical plane or the mental plane for the compensating angel. We may go one way or the other, transfer consciousness to either plane. And if we try to do this, if instead of adding a surplus of emotional suffering to the kármic debt of suffering that must be paid, we deliberately analyse the case, mark the "for" and "against," and take advantage of the "fors," we will be surprised to find how many things are in our favour. It is a good thing to sit down with paper and pencil and check off advantages and disadvantages; make an inventory of what we have in our favour on the physical plane and what on the mental plane. The result will be surprising and will go a long way toward lessening the severity of the emotional Karma.

This is a good plan, because otherwise we overlook precious compensations and pay a double debt of sorrow. We cannot tell just what the measure of kármic debt is, and we are justified in reducing suffering as much as possible; what clings to us in spite of our efforts will probably be measure in full. There is no better escape valve for emotional suffering than to turn one's attention at once to another who is suffering, and that other is always near at hand. One can get so well into the habit of this that he will do it automatically, and find that his first impulse after an emotional eruption is to go to some fellow-creature and lift his burden.

As a rule, men divert their sorrows more quickly than women. It is a masculine characteristic to set intellect to work in another direction; woman, being more emotional, is apt to

brood upon her sorrow and carry it with a feeling of dutiful necessity.

How often do we go through charming physical surroundings with a sad inappreciation of them because of an emotional burden lying heavy on the heart. It would be so much wiser to ask: "Has the sun ceased to shine?" If not, then, "neither must the sun of my heart cease to shine." We have a duty to some small world of our own, just as has the sun to its great world, and that is to shine. And we who know the influence and wide range of human magnetism fail doubly if we do not think of effect upon others as well as upon ourselves.

One may perhaps find it less easy to transfer consciousness to the mental plane than to the physical; the majority will find it so, but that depends largely upon individual tendency. Not long ago, a prominent writer stated that any sorrow could be forgotten in an hour by absorbing interest in a book. For him, that was probably true, and fortunately so, but to less well-trained minds such a statement appears as a cold-blooded untruth. However, that exemplifies a way of escape to the mental plane.

It has been told that the young wife of a Bráhmán, at her husband's death, turned her attention to mathematics and became one of the greatest mathematicians that the world has ever known.

Some of our greatest poets have culled their master-pieces from the most crushing sorrows of their lives. That which is written with the heart's blood appeals to other hearts and lives, for it bears the stamp of truth. Those who can wield the pen find that their sorrows pass when they have been put upon paper; an escape valve to nervous force has been opened and tranquillity supervenes. One of the reproaches made to George Sand was that she put the love tragedies of friends connected with herself into her books; but who knows how much of her own sufferings went in also?

Write with thy heart's blood, when 'tis writ,
None will gainsay the truth;
Write boldly, say the thing that is,
Life's stamp will bear thee out,
So none shall doubt thee.

Let us turn our sorrows into poems, into stories, into sermons, into lectures, if we can, and so ease our souls. Other souls will profit by them; men will read with pleasure what we have written with pain, for that pain and pleasure are one sensation is evident when we see happy people deliberately choosing to read of sorrows and to sing songs of death and disappointment.

It is seldom that the lesson of the pain is not clear to us as we write. Sorrow, anger, passion shake us by their currents; they are all varying forms of one force. We can escape from one or the other in the same way, to the degree permitted by astral Karma, and we must try to escape by worthy ways to other planes, for force may be better utilised than in over-paying astral debts. We do not, unnecessarily, resign our bodies to blood-sapping insects, and no more must we resign our souls to vitality-sapping elementals. Then let us go open-eyed into other planes in search of the compensating angel and, if our vision is not always clear enough to see it, we may perhaps feel its presence; but always we shall be helped on one plane or another, whether we know or not.

But how shall we escape from the spectre Karma on the mental plane? There are so many ways that they crowd together like one luminous, musical thought. There are all the esthetic arts to turn to; there are poetry, music, painting, sculpture. If one is not able to practise them, he may read, hear, see these things, and if circumstances shut him out from this, he may go direct to nature, where the artist in any line goes for his inspiration. He may find the compensating angel in having facilities for this kind of escape. He may open up his soul to a noble emotion and put himself at the feet of an ideal, although his mental environment may be repugnant to his normal consciousness. Many a mother finds the compensating angel in her child, for truly, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall come forth strength. A vast throng of babes have played the part of white-robed angels and saviours in the tragedies of mind, and, if they have been instruments in so high a service, let us poetically forget that in our "manuals" they are classified as "animal."

Mental Karma may pin us where we hear low thoughts, or where we are in intimate relations with people physically and

morally clean but of inferior mental ability. We may be shut out by Karma from conscious intercourse with minds of our own calibre and repine in loneliness in the midst of uncongenial companions. It may be our Karma to hear revered ones slandered and our holiest conceptions ridiculed, and we writhe under this form of the spectre more than under any other. Mental Karma may place us under one of intellect inferior to our own, where we will be obliged to refrain from exercising higher ability and follow instructions. If one has evolved faculties, mental Karma may subject him to the trying ordeal of knowing the hidden thoughts and conditions of other minds, and, where these are relative to oneself, Karma is a spectre often hard to face. We don't think enough of this when we carelessly let our thoughts slip out begrimed toward those whose faculties we know to be evolved; if we did we might avoid many an unnecessary mental pang to the devoted ones in advanced ranks, who though willing to bear are yet sensitive human organisms.

Sometimes Karma as a spectre does appear on the three planes at once, that is as far as consciousness is able to register. A man stricken by bodily illness, deserted by one whom he holds dear, and subjected to coarse mental environment, might serve as an example of one in the grip of a threefold Karma. But we must remember that Karma begins and ends in the lower mind, for the higher mind, the intellect that is part of the Divine Trinity, is not affected by change. It is part of the unmanifested and is always free, pure and powerful. Karma comes into effect with manifestation and Divine Man is above the manifested universe. The Divine Ego shines always above the lower self, as does the sun above the clouds, and just as one may stand upon a high mountain in the light of the sun and watch a storm below, so one may stand in the light of his Higher Self while the lower self is in the grip of disturbing forces.

And it is easy to rise to the Higher Self if we would only believe it so. I do not say that it is easy to hold firmly to the Higher Self, for that only comes as a result of habit, but it is easy to give in, to be non-resistant to the Higher Self, to relax the brain and give in at once, again and again and again, until one gets in the habit of giving in. It is only habit that needs to be acquired

and all habits are acquired by small repetitions. One's consciousness may be carried away from the non-resisting attitude, and be whirled in the lower whirl time after time, but at any moment it may relax and slip out into the Higher Self if it only will.

The Higher Self is so near that one need but let himself go freely to be in it, and if he will only remember to let consciousness go from time to time, he will soon find the gaps between the times shortening and a continuous habit gradually sustaining him. We must rid ourselves of the idea of distance and take refuge in the Higher Self as a child takes refuge in the arms of its mother. The Higher Self is all life, all love, all intelligence, and if we try to realise it as that trinity we shall not make the mistake of lapsing into unguided passivity but only into a healthful, intelligent peace, always present, if we will but relax and glide into it.

Our spectre Karma is only a spectre. It may accost us in hideous form, envelope us in a malign atmosphere, but it has no power over the Divine Man in us, and we may walk through it as one walks through forms of mist, powerful to disperse, purify and govern if we have but faith in ourselves, in the divinity in us.

It is no evidence of lack of sensitiveness to get the best of every circumstance, to get, as it were, on the top side of everything, and we do this invariably by holding to the highest in us. Outwardly, we may look like the vanquished, but inwardly we shall be conquerors of power. There is strength to be won from every trial and we must try to get the enduring essence of good out of every experience. The soft side of things for us must be the spiritual side, and that side is nearer to us than any other; we have only to give in to it and it is with us, to relax in it and we are at rest.

Let us then bear in mind that the worst that Karma can do is to hedge us in by trying and bewildering circumstances on one plane or another, but that it cannot bind the Immortal Thinker in us. If one is strong enough, he may scatter the illusive barricade and shake himself free on any plane, for the only power that the lower may have over the higher is that of illusion, never of reality. The strong soul is bound to find a way of escape, and though its lower vehicles may be bruised in the effort, the im-

mortal power will have been asserted and the knowledge of this will stamp itself on memory to awaken again in presence of another kârmic crisis.

The spectre Karma is only a masquerading player in our lives and his tawdry garments cannot deceive the True Man dwelling in us. Like little children, our lower selves may fear and fret in face of him, but as loving parents calm and reassure the little ones, so our Higher Selves are ever able to dispel the illusion of circumstances if we will but listen and obey.

In the light of the Higher Self we look back over past experiences, as men look back over the troubles of childhood, and recognise the power making for our growth and progress under trials that loomed up as spectres at the time. And little by little we realise that every trial is but the forcing onward of the lower self by the Higher and that it is the child-like clinging and rebellion of the lower self that causes the fear, the doubt, the agony. And little by little we come to understand that we never stand alone, that while the unrecognised spectre of our past darkens the way before us, the loving arms of invisible helpers hold us steadily, leading us forward, encouraging us to pass fearlessly through the illusion that to their clearer sight has no power of harm.

It is well to believe in oneself, to go forward with the courage of self-confidence, but always, we may rest assured, we go forward—as do self-reliant little children—secretly watched and guarded by more advanced ones, whose trials were once as ours, and whose footprints marked the same road that we are treading now.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

ACCORDINGLY, O Monks, as respects all Form . . . all Sensation . . . all Perception . . . all Tendencies . . . all Consciousness whatsoever ; past, present or future, subjective or objective, gross or subtle, mean or exalted, far or near ; the correct view in the light of the Highest Wisdom is as follows :—“ This is not Mine ; this am I not ; this is not my Self.”—MAHĀ VAGGA.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 152)

THE BIRTH OF EMOTION

EMOTION is not a simple or primary state of consciousness, but is a compound made up by the interaction of two of the aspects of the Self, Desire and Intellect. The play of Intellect on Desire gives birth to Emotion; it is the child of both, and shows some of the characteristics of its father, Intellect, as well as of its mother, Desire.

In the developed condition Emotion seems so different from Desire that their fundamental identity is somewhat veiled; but we can see this identity either by tracing the development of a desire into an emotion, or by studying both side by side, and finding that both have the same characteristics, the same divisions, that the one is, in fact, an elaborated form of the other, the elaboration being due to the presence in the later of a number of intellectual elements absent from, or less markedly prominent in, the earlier.

Let us trace the development of a desire into an emotion in one of the commonest of human relations, the relation of sex. Here is desire in one of its simplest forms; desire for food, desire for sexual union, are the two fundamental desires of all living things—desire for food to maintain life, desire for sexual union to increase life. In both the sense of “moreness” is experienced, or, otherwise stated, pleasure is felt. The desire for food remains a desire; the food is appropriated, assimilated, loses its separate identity, becomes part of the “Me.” There is no continued relation between the eater and the food which gives scope for the elaboration of an emotion. It is otherwise in the sex-relation, which tends to become more and more permanent with the evolution of the individuality.

Two savages are drawn towards each other by the attraction of sex, a passion to possess the other arises in each, each desires the other. The desire is as simple as the desire for food. But it cannot be satisfied to the same extent, for neither can wholly appropriate and assimilate the other; each to some extent maintains his or her separate identity, and each only partially becomes the "Me" of the other. There is indeed an extension of the "Me," but it is by way of inclusion and not by way of self-identification. The presence of this persisting barrier is necessary for the transformation of a desire into an emotion. This makes possible the attachment of memory and anticipation to the same object, and not to another object similar in kind—as in the case of food. A continuing desire for union with the same object becomes an emotion, thoughts thus mingling with the primary desire to possess. The barrier which keeps the mutually attracted objects as two not one, which prevents their fusion, while it seems to frustrate really immortalises; were it swept away, desire and emotion alike would vanish, and the Twain-become-One must then seek another external object for the further self-expansion of pleasure.

To return to our savages, desire-united. The woman falls sick, and ceases, for the time, to be an object of sex-gratification. But the man remembers past, and anticipates future, delight, and a feeling of sympathy with her suffering, of compassion for her weakness, arises within him. The persisting attraction towards her, due to memory and anticipation, changes desire into emotion, passion into love, and sympathy and compassion are its earliest manifestations. These, in turn, will lead to his sacrificing himself to her, waking to nurse her when he would sleep, exerting himself for her when he would rest. These spontaneous moods of the love-emotion in him will later solidify into virtues, *i.e.*, will become permanent moods in his character, showing themselves in response to the calls of human need to all persons with whom he comes into contact, whether they attract him or not. We shall see later that virtues are simply permanent moods of right emotion.

Before, however, dealing with the relation of ethics and emotion, we must further realise the fundamental identity of Desire

and Emotion by noting their characteristics and divisions. As this is done, we shall find that emotions do not form a mere jungle, but that all spring from one root, dividing into two main stems, each of these again subdividing into branches, on which grow the leaves of virtues and of vices. This fruitful idea, making possible a science of the emotions, and hence an intelligible and rational system of ethics, is due to an Indian author, Bhagavân Dâs, who has for the first time introduced order into this hitherto confused region of consciousness. Students of psychology will find in his *Science of the Emotions* a lucid treatise, setting forth this scheme, which reduces the chaos of the emotions into a cosmos, and shapes therein an ordered morality. The broad lines of exposition followed here are drawn from that work, to which readers are referred for fuller details.

We have seen that Desire has two main expressions : desire to attract, in order to possess, or again to come into contact with, any object which has previously afforded pleasure ; desire to repel, in order to drive far away, or to avoid contact with, any object which has previously inflicted pain. We have seen that Attraction and Repulsion are the two forms of Desire, swaying the Self.

Emotion, being Desire infused with Intellect, inevitably shows the same division into two. The Emotion which is of the nature of Attraction, attracting objects to each other by pleasure, the integrating energy in the universe, is called Love. The Emotion which is of the nature of Repulsion, driving objects apart from each other by pain, the disintegrating energy in the universe, is called Hate. These are the two stems from the root of Desire, and all the branches of the emotions may be traced back to one of these twain.

Hence the identity of the characteristics of Desire and Emotion ; Love seeks to draw to itself the attractive object, or to go after it, in order to unite with it, to possess, or be possessed by, it. It binds by pleasure, by happiness, as Desire binds. Its ties are indeed more lasting, more complicated, are composed of more numerous and more delicate threads interwoven into greater complexity, but the essence of Desire-Attraction, the binding of two objects together, is the essence of Emotion-Attraction, of

Love. And so also does Hate seek to drive away from itself the repellent object, or to flee from it, in order to be apart from it, to repulse, or be repulsed by, it. It separates by pain, by unhappiness. And thus the essence of Desire-Repulsion, the driving apart of two objects, is the essence of Emotion-Repulsion, of Hate. Love and Hate are the elaborated and thought-infused forms of the simple Desires to possess and to shun.

THE PLAY OF EMOTION IN THE FAMILY

Man has been described as "a social animal"—the biological way of saying that he develops best in contact with, not in isolation from, his fellows. His distinctively intellectual characteristics need, for their evolution, a social medium, and his keenest pleasures—and hence necessarily his keenest pains—arise in his relations with others of his own species. They alone can evoke from him the responses on which his further growth depends. All evolution, all the calling out of latent powers, is in response to stimuli from without, and, when the human stage is reached, the most poignant and effective stimuli can only come from contacts with human beings.

Sex-attraction is the first social bond, and the children born to the husband and wife form, with them, the first social unit, the family. The prolonged helplessness and dependence of the human infant give time for the physical passion of parentage to ripen into the emotion of maternal and paternal love, and thus give stability to the family, while the family itself forms a field in which the various emotions inevitably play. Herein are first established definite and permanent relations between human beings, and on the harmony of these relations, on the benefits bestowed by these relations on each member of the family, does the happiness of each depend.

We can advantageously study the play of Emotion in the family, since here we have a comparatively simple social unit, which yet affords a picture in miniature of society at large. We can find here the origin and evolution of virtues and vices, and see the meaning and object of morality.

We have already seen how sex-passion evolves, under stress

of circumstances, into the emotion of love, and how this love shows itself as tenderness and compassion when the wife, instead of being the equal mate, becomes helpless and dependent, in the temporary physical inferiority caused, say, by child-bearing. Similarly, should sickness or accident reduce the husband to the temporary physical inferiority, tenderness and compassion will flow out to him from the wife. But these manifestations of love cannot be shown by the stronger without evoking from the weaker answering love-manifestations; these in the condition of weakness will have as their natural characteristics trust, confidence, gratitude, all equally love-emotions coloured by weakness and dependence. In the relation of parents to children and of children to parents, where physical superiority and inferiority are far more strongly marked and persist for a considerable period of time, these love-emotions will be continually manifested on both sides. Tenderness, compassion, protection, will be constantly shown by the parents to the children, and trust, confidence, gratitude, will be the constant answer of the children. Variations in the expression of the love-emotion will be caused by variety of circumstances, which will call out generosity, forgiveness, patience, etc., on the part of the parents, and obedience, dutifulness, serviceableness, etc., on the part of the children. Taking these two classes of love-emotions, we see that the common essence in the one class is benevolence, and in the other reverence; the first is love looking downwards on those weaker, inferior to itself, the other love looking upwards on those stronger, superior to itself. And we can then generalise and say: Love looking downwards is Benevolence; Love looking upwards is Reverence; and these are the several common characteristics of Love from superiors to inferiors, and Love from inferiors to superiors universally.

The normal relations between husband and wife, and those between brothers and sisters, afford us the field for studying the manifestations of love between equals. We see love showing itself as mutual tenderness and mutual trustfulness, as consideration, respect, and desire to please, as quick insight into and endeavour to fulfil the wishes of the other, as magnanimity, forbearance. The elements present in the love-emotions of superior

to inferior are found here, but mutuality is impressed on all of them. So we may say that the common characteristic of Love between equals is Desire for Mutual Help.

Thus we have Benevolence, Desire for Mutual Help and Reverence as the three main divisions of the Love-Emotion, and under these all love-emotions may be classified. For all human relations are summed up under the three classes: the relations of superiors to inferiors, of equals to equals, of inferiors to superiors.

A similar study of the Hate-Emotion in the family will yield us similar fruits. Where there is hate between husband and wife, the temporary superior will show harshness, cruelty, oppression to the temporary inferior, and these will be answered by the inferior with hate-manifestations characteristic of weakness, such as vindictiveness, fear, and treachery. These will be even more apparent in the relations between parents and children, when both are dominated by the Hate-Emotion, since the disparity is here greater, and tyranny breeds a whole crop of evil emotions, deceit, servility, cowardice, while the child is helpless, and disobedience, revolt and revenge as it grows older. Here again we seek a common characteristic, and find that Hate looking downwards is Pride, and looking upwards is Fear.

Similarly, Hate between equals will show itself in anger, combativeness, disrespect, violence, aggressiveness, jealousy, insolence, etc.; all the emotions which repel man from man when they stand as rivals, face to face, not hand in hand. The common characteristic of Hate between equals will thus be Mutual Injury. And the three main characteristics of the Hate-Emotion are Pride, Desire for Mutual Injury, and Fear.

Love is characterised in all its manifestations by Sympathy, Self-Sacrifice, the desire to give; these are its essential factors, whether as Benevolence, as Desire for Mutual Help, as Reverence. For all these directly serve Attraction, bring about union, are of the very nature of Love. Hence Love is of the Spirit; for sympathy is the feeling for another as one would feel for oneself; self-sacrifice is the recognition of the claim of the other, as oneself; giving is the condition of spiritual life. Thus Love is seen to belong to the Spirit, to the life-side of the universe.

Hate, on the other hand, is characterised in all its manifestations by Antipathy, Self-Aggrandisement, the desire to take; these are its essential factors, whether as Pride, Desire for Mutual Injury, or Fear. All these directly serve Repulsion, driving one apart from another. Hence, Hate is of Matter, emphasises manifoldness and differences, is essentially separateness, belongs to the form-side of the universe.

We have thus far dealt with the play of Emotion in the family, because the family serves as a miniature of society. Society is only the integration of numerous family units, but the absence of the blood-tie between these units, the absence of recognised common interests and common objects, makes it necessary to find some bond which will supply the place of the natural bonds in the family. The family units in a Society appear on the surface as rivals, rather than as brothers and sisters; hence the Hate-Emotion is more likely to rise than the Love-Emotion, and it is necessary to find some way of maintaining harmony; this is done by the transmutation of Love-Emotions into virtues.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE KING OF THE FOOLS

THERE was once a tributary king who held his power under the sovereign sway of that great legendary ruler of whom I have so often told. This king, though he was a tributary monarch and held office under one greater than himself, was yet a very strong man and a mighty soldier. He extended his rule greatly; he conquered province after province and drew them under his sway, till he acquired a great territory within the limits of the wide continents governed by the High King. The men who owned the rule of the tributary monarch were very diverse; he ruled them justly, but severely, after the fashion in which he governed the race from which he sprang, the kingship of which he inherited from his father. He was a man of stern temper, rigid mind,

great purity of life, and stainless honour ; the counsellors who surrounded him were like unto him, for those who were not like minded were swiftly dismissed.

It was the custom of the race that son should succeed father on the throne ; sometimes the offices of ruler and high priest were combined, but more commonly the second son of the king became chief priest. The second son of this tributary king of whom I tell, was like unto his father in temper of mind ; he was less a soldier than a priest, nevertheless he shared the king's rigid disposition, strong will, and high soberness of life. Now these qualities were apparently lacking in the heir apparent ; so that many men, especially the chief councillor, a man of great gifts, who was the special friend of the younger prince, wished that he, rather than the older, might succeed to the throne at the death of the king. But this might not be, save for very grave cause, while the elder lived ; and should he die, his young son, a child but two years old, would follow him.

The heir was a young man of comely person, genial temper, and gracious bearing ; but he was thought to be idle, pleasure-loving, and, it was whispered, lax of life. Those by whom he was surrounded were of manners very different from the courtiers of his father, who were the noblest, proudest, and most virtuous of the land. The prince loved beauty ; he was a patron of the arts ; he loved travel ; he desired to know concerning the men of other nations, and their ways of living and thinking ; these were matters of no moment to his father, who troubled himself only about what concerned him ; those with whom he concerned himself he caused, as far as possible, to live and think as he saw fit they should do. The prince neglected the established methods of worship and went after strange gods ; he loved luxurious living, ease, mirth, delicate food, and good wine. He sought the witty, rather than the pious ; he went among the people as one of themselves ; he was free of speech and careless ; and in all these ways he gave much offence to his father, who asked him sternly the reason of his idle behaviour. The prince replied he had nothing to do save to be idle ; therefore he sought to do it as comfortably and advantageously to himself as possible.

Hearing this the king frowned, but after he had reflected

awhile he smiled ; partly because the prince was smiling at him and partly because he thought his son's conduct was due to the fiery energy of a strong soul ; for such natures often give cause for disapproval in their youth, because of the surging within them of a great and ungoverned force they are unable to understand. The king, therefore, hoping great things of his heir, sent him to be viceroy of a country which had been recently conquered, consisting of many provinces and different races.

There the prince drew around him men of very diverse kinds, both just and unjust ; very patient with them was he, very courteous and kindly ; but he did not force the people along the path traced for them by the king his father ; who after awhile sent messengers to him, saying he disapproved of his rule, and of many of the men who surrounded him, and were by him established in offices of state. The prince answered that he did not question his father's greater wisdom, but he could not mould himself thereto ; wherefore he was recalled in disgrace, and peacefully returned to his former life of idleness and gaiety.

Two years later the king died, and his son ascended the throne amidst the acclamations of the people, and the hidden fears of the councillors of the late king. The new ruler could not be said to neglect his duties, but his rule was very different from that of his father. Moreover his outward habits remained unchanged, and gave offence to many. He was thirty years old when he became king ; his young son was six years of age ; his wife, a princess of violent and turbulent temper, had fallen into bad health ; her physicians believed her life to be drawing to a close, and on her death it was likely that difficulties would ensue with the land of her birth, which was governed by her brother. A great cause of disquiet to the high priest, and to the chief councillor, lay in the fact that the king appeared to look with no great disfavour upon those who were careless, over-luxurious, and profligate ; these he drew around him, and attached to his person ; people began to whisper that birds and beasts flock together after their kind, and the same law holds good in the world of men.

The king seemed to be quite unconscious of the offence he gave ; he went among his courtiers, gracious and sunny of bear-

ing alike to the virtuous and the vicious ; it was impossible to say which of the twain he preferred. The virtuous and industrious, who were well aware of their excellent parts and high deserts, were greatly offended ; for a prince, said they, who greeted with equal courtesy a pious priest, a learned professor, a distinguished statesman, and a man who spent his days in sloth and his nights at the gaming table, was a ruler who displayed a serious lack of moral discrimination. It never occurred to them that a man could perceive inwardly more than he revealed outwardly ; for no sooner did these people perceive aught, than they instantly made a great stir, and proclaimed it, and judged it after their kind ; and thereupon they set up a standard of action in accordance with their own natures and inclinations, and strove to make all others guide themselves thereby ; and if they failed they held them to be unworthy and inferior persons. This was especially the case with the chief councillor, the friend of the high priest, who judged the king very severely.

“ He is incapable,” said he, “ of understanding my meaning and purposes ; our aims and standards differ.”

And he spoke in such a manner that all perceived the king’s spiritual and mental condition to be in a parlous case. One thing however was noted concerning the new ruler which was not ill ; the newly conquered peoples, hitherto held by force, began to be held by liking for their king ; they began to see in him not a great dominant force, but a persuasive and cohesive influence. They perceived him as one struggling and oftentimes defeated, like themselves ; thus the humanity of the king rather than his power touched them, and the divers provinces began to be welded into a huge nation ; till the statesmen said among themselves that the kingdom was too great for so small a king.

One summer night the king wandered in the palace gardens after a feast. He was alone ; he had dismissed his attendants ; the night was hot, and the king was tired, for he had been sitting in council all day. He went down a quiet walk fenced by clipped hedges of pungent smelling evergreens ; statues gleamed here and there through the dusky leafage ; at the end of the walk was a fountain, its basin full of water-lilies, and fringed with water-

grasses ; stone benches were set around it, backed by the walls of the sweet smelling hedges. The moon was bright, and at the fountain's verge the king saw a man who was stooping to drink ; as he drew near this man heard him, and sprang up. The king saw a certain notorious thief, who, a year before, had been sentenced for theft, and was newly released from prison. When he saw the king he would have fled, but the king raised his hand, and cried softly and persuasively :

“ I pray you ! I pray you ! Do not go. Under the sun I am your king. Under the moon I am your suppliant and your host. I wish for knowledge.”

The man stood still in very surprise at this greeting. The king sat down at the fountain verge ; and the man, at his bidding, sat on a bench hard by. The king dashed water from the fountain on his brow, and he said :

“ Truth to tell I have unwittingly drunk more wine than enough, and my brain is dull and heavy. This was great folly in me ; but I hold that you, who are yourself not overwise in certain matters, will know how to forgive me. Give me knowledge. Why do you live as you do ? For I remember that you might have lived an upright life among your sober and honest kindred.”

The thief laid certain sentiments before the king befitting the royal ears ; the king sighed gently, and he said :

“ Alas ! Alas ! I, a sinner, hoped for knowledge from a fellow-sinner ; but lo ! you are too high and noble of precept for me to follow you.”

Then the thief, who was a young man of good wit, laughed, and forgot he talked with the king ; and he began, wherefore he knew not, to wish he were an honest man, and fitter to hold converse with his ruler, who sat smiling in the moonlight on the fountain verge ; he unfolded the fact that he did indeed marvel at himself, and wish at times, though not always, that his life were otherwise ; but he said he found the only honest work he could do was dull, and the life he led was much more interesting ; for, said he : “ The work to which I was set in my youth was very hard, ill-paid and monotonous toil ; and I was ambitious of ease and excitement. By the life I lead my wits are sharpened and I am better paid.”

“Herein,” said the king, “lies a great scandal and a shame to me; that any man in my realm should find theft more profitable and pleasing than honest work. I am greatly in your debt for having shown me this; and I shall strive to remedy the matter.”

Thus they sat together and talked for some time; at last the thief took courage and asked the king plainly how it befell that he would talk thus to such as he.

“For,” he said, “as I talk with you I perceive that you, the king, do not hold me in such scorn as those of meaner condition do.”

“There may herein be many reasons,” said the king. “Firstly, I have neither need nor temptation to steal; secondly, I can afford to lose if you should rob me.”

“I shall not rob you,” said the thief, with indignation.

The king smiled:

“Forgive me,” he said. “I have been unwittingly discourteous. I beg your pardon. Let me go on with what I was saying. Thirdly, being of an uncovetous, unambitious nature it is likely that under any circumstances this sin would be far from me, wherefore I hate it less, because I need not fear its power upon me. Fourthly, I am not yet convinced as to the relative sinfulness of sins.”

“I do not think I understand you,” said the thief.

“Thus it is,” said the king. “You are a thief. I in times past have drunken too freely; indeed I should have done well to have drunk less to-night. One of my chiefest courtiers, a man no longer young, leads a very profligate life. Yet another is good-humoured, easy, pleasant—and selfish; no men save those who are cursed to live with him think him to be a sinner at all. Among my councillors is a man highly esteemed, but he has a very sour temper, and is a grievous curse to his family; and there is yet another who never fails to impute evil intent to those whom he doth not like or with whom he doth not agree. Three hours this day I spent in undoing the mischief he wrought, and the unwitting deceit he practised. I had rather he took my purse, or for that matter, my crown.”

The thief nodded, and expressed much sympathy with the king.

“ Now these two councillors hold themselves above the profligate and the drunken ; and the profligate and drunken hold themselves—the Gods know why !—above the thief. I freely own to you I do not understand the grades of sin. I marvel whether the profligate and the thief who struggle with their sins and fail, are not less sinful than the ill-tempered man who struggles not at all, or very little ; and if all three struggle and do not conquer, I wonder whether they stand not level in the eyes of the clear seeing.”

The thief listened with attention.

“ Freely I admit,” pursued the king, “ that these be all sins, alike foolish and mischievous, and we who practise them are sinners ; but which of us is the worst, I do not know. Since my own sins are frequently not altogether displeasing to me, I regard them more leniently than I do yours ; but herein is neither right reason nor justice.”

“ Among my fellows,” said the thief, much interested, “ there are some who do not grieve for their sins at all ; nor, I think, perceive them to be sin, unless they be taken by the guardians of the city, and haled to prison and punished.”

“ I believe,” replied the king, “ that these are dull scholars, but simple men ; and by no means so evil as you and I.”

“ This I think too,” answered the thief, “ but I am glad I am less stupid than they, though more sinful.”

“ Truly,” said the king. “ You are perhaps right, in so far that you have shorter school-days ahead of you than they. These men of whom you speak take my gold, and their injury to me is seen by the dullest ; wherefore I, and others, strive to make plain to them their sin and swiftly they learn their ill-doing. But this my councillor, of whom I spoke, a man highly esteemed and held in honour, hath by his evil temper and harshness darkened and made bitter the lives of his wife and his young son, and on the heart and brain of the boy he hath wrought an injury that will not fade with years. But since his injury to them is little seen, no man strives to make plain to him his ill-doing, though it is greater in its consequences than that of the thieves, thy fellows. Therefore he will learn slowly ; he will do much harm, and reap most bitter fruit, because his sin is subtler, and works in subtler realms ; namely

in his soul and the souls of his son and his wife, who wax, the one harder and bitterer, and the other more fearful and timid, day by day. Surely this man is as sinful as thou art ; yet my father and I have honoured him openly, while we have punished thee ; and men who would pass thee in scorn, seek for his notice and favour. Who shall answer me as to the degrees of sin ? ”

The king mused, and drew his hand slowly through the water ; he had spoken very earnestly ; the thief gazed at him like one held and drawn despite himself.

“ I have asked myself what is the place and function of the fool,” pursued the king, “ whereby I mean the sinner who sees and knows his sin and cannot leave it. For I take it that we sinners are all great and pitiful fools.”

The thief seemed to dissent ; thought awhile, and nodded :

“ It is so,” he said. “ I had not perceived it till now.”

“ What place then have we ? ” said the king. “ Thou and I ? I have weighed the matter, and sought the place and function of folly, sin and ignorance ; it seems to me that our place and office is to be slain in fitting time and place. *In fitting time and place*, I said—not before.”

The thief feared, as well he might, till the king looked at him and smiled. Now the king’s smile was of such a nature that neither man, woman, child, nor beast beholding it could fear.

Only the splashing of the fountain was heard and the leap of a gold fish in the basin. The thief slid from the bench to his knees, and he kissed the hand of the king ; then he said :

“ When you perceive the fit hour will you tell me ? ”

“ It will also be my own hour,” replied the king.

The next day the sage and virtuous were scandalised and amazed by finding the king had admitted the most notorious robber of the city among the company of his soldiers, and had even taken him into the band of those who were specially attached to his person.

The thief was by no means a man worthy of respect, nevertheless he now refrained from dishonest dealing, and towards the king he showed great loyalty, and a reverence unshared by the more estimable. This was but natural ; for the thief was neither

so keen to perceive, nor so greatly dismayed at other people's faults, as were those who were not thieves, but only selfish, dissolute, evil of thought, ill-tempered, jealous, slanderers, harsh in judgment, greedy, or practisers of other venial and innocent errors.

In the third year of the king's reign the queen consort died ; and shortly afterwards the king, her brother, made war on his brother-in-law, thinking to gain the land and the guardianship of the little prince. He had hitherto refrained for his sister's sake, but now he sent a great army of men of evil knowledge to invade the country ; for he knew his brother-in-law as a man easy tempered, idle, and luxurious, rather than a great leader and hardy soldier like the late king his father.

Now, as has been said, the king drew magnet-like the hearts of the least worthy of his people ; the idlest and most profligate loved him and would follow him whithersoever he would lead them ; therefore when, hearing of the march of the men of evil knowledge upon the land, he sent forth his summons for fighting men, these reckless, idle folk, gamblers, libertines, and pleasure lovers, sunk in sloth and luxury, flocked in and gathered to his standard with the tried and true soldiers, the lovers of their country.

Now, moreover, arose a state of affairs upon which the invading king had not reckoned ; for he calculated upon a condition of anarchy and rebellion among the newly conquered peoples of the realm ; but it came to pass that men who had sullenly borne the yoke of the conqueror, his father, and obeyed with treachery in their hearts, came in gladly and ranged themselves under the banner of the more genial and kindly son ; so that all the defensive power of the land was gathered to one point to await the king's bidding.

Many, seeing his power with evil-doers, with rebels, and with men of alien race who were secret traitors, blamed him ; for they said a king worthy and high and fit to rule would be loved by the good, and feared and hated by the evil and rebellious. Those who were weak in evil because they were also weak in good, were louder in blame than those who were weak in sin because mighty in righteousness,

While this great army was encamped without the city till the king should have held council with his chief captains, the high priest held a solemn service of prayer; thither went the king, the councillors, the great captains, and the noblest and most pious of the people. When the prayer and humiliation were ended the chief councillor wandered without the city to the great camp, and saw the idlest and most dissolute of the land, who had gathered at the king's bidding, shouting, singing, laughing, and drinking his health; and he saw with deep disgust and anger, that the king himself was going on foot among them, speaking to all, and drinking of their wine; he felt deep wrath that the king, fresh from that solemn service of intercession for the country and the host, should go lightly to and fro, and did not rebuke these men, nor exhort them to soberness in the face of a great national danger, nor bid them join with the rest in prayer.

The councillor left the camp and returned to his house alone; his heart cried within him:

“Cursed is the land that has such a ruler to lead its armies and sit upon its throne!”

The thing seemed to him the more grievous because the king held almost absolute power (subject always to the High King) and ruled in deed and not in name only. He climbed to his housetop and sat thereon in great gloom; he watched the stars, and the glare of the camp fires without the city. As he sat thus he became aware of a man of great stature, clad in the armour of a warrior, standing upon the housetop by his side. He was amazed, for there was no entrance save from the room below, the door whereof he had barred that he might give himself undisturbed to mournful forebodings. He sprang to his feet, crying:

“Who, and what manner of man art thou? Art thou a spirit, or a sorcerer, or man of evil knowledge?”

The stranger replied:

“No evil knowledge is mine; and I am a man even as thou art. I am the Regent appointed by the High King to rule this land in his name, until the young child be of age to sit upon his father's throne.”

The councillor was glad, for the man's bearing was very noble; and he thought the weakness of the king had caused the High King to depose him, and set a Regent in his place. But he saw reproof in the Regent's eyes, and asked :

“How have I done amiss ?”

The Regent said :

“Think not evil of thy ruler, thou who standest beside his throne and shouldst make strong his arm. If thy thought be true, thou shalt but increase the evil; and if false thou shalt make more hard thy own path; and thus in either case the paths of all men shall be made more hard to tread. This prince's work and his purposes are wholly unknown to thee. I come to show thee this man, and the high priest his brother, as they are. For it is said a man verily is as he desires to be; and he oftentimes seems to be that which he was in the days that are past. Thou thinkest this king is not a fit ruler, nor a worthy servant of the High King. O man of little wisdom! reflect on this; if the High King shall wait till he find among you a ruler for this people fit to know all his counsels, a worthy servant for a lord so great, the people shall go unrulèd and he unserved for ever. But the King casts his eyes on the greatness that shall be rather than on the littleness that is; and for this reason thou, even thou, standest among the councillors of this land. Of many weak and foolish ones, both of those who think themselves strong, and those who know themselves weak, the King chooses the man the nature of whose weakness and whose strength shall best serve the needs of the time. For the High King knows the needs of the past, the present, and the future. Behold! he seeth the whole, and dost thou judge the remnant? as well, O foolish man! judge the richness of a land by a few grains of sand clinging to the bare foot of a child who traversed it in the darkness. Guard thou thine own steps; make clean thine own heart! Leave thy ruler to answer to him to whom he giveth tribute of that which is committed to his charge.”

The councillor was silent. The Regent said :

“Plants there be that grow and flourish in the heat and drought; while others love the shade and the splash and drip of rain. The first would perish should the rain test their strength,

and the second die of the rays borne by the first. Neither man nor plant may judge of alien struggles nor of alien needs. Canst thou measure the greatness of a sin whereto thou art not tempted? Or canst thou gauge a virtue which thou canst not practise?"

Upon the councillor fell a great shame and sense of his own slightness of mind and narrowness of heart. The Regent spake further and said :

" There was once a prophet at the High King's court, and he spake a prophecy before he passed to an unseen land ; he said there should dwell in this country certain men of royal lineage who knew not of their high estate, but should stray far from the land of their birthright ; and to them should come one disguised who should recall them to the knowledge of their royal birth and lead them on a path of great glory, whereon these wanderers should learn, every man, that his were the rights and powers that belong to the king, and may by no means be lost by him ; and it is in my mind that the hour whereof he spake is at hand ; and this your ruler he who shall, all unwittingly, fulfil the prophet's word."

The counsellor fixed his eyes in bewilderment upon the Regent of the King ; as he did so he felt a change in his soul ; a new consciousness dawned within him, which was at once like and unlike his own ; he perceived his life to be blent with that of the royal high priest, his friend. He felt comparatively little change from the thoughts and motives he was wont to feel ; he perceived and approved the excellent desires and worthy ambitions of the second son of the late king. They were even as the councillor's own aims ; stronger and more unswerving, but the same. Moreover, they were such as might well have been expected from his conduct. The man as he was and as he seemed to be were much alike, though not precisely similar. There was little incongruity ; he could not do all he would, but he did very little that he would not. Here and there he felt temptations assail him, but they were weak ; the things wherein he erred were matters which he saw as objects of legitimate desire rather than as temptations ; following them he was led into action which wrought evil he seldom perceived, or understood to be evil.

The Regent said gently :

“ Wilt thou now know thy ruler as he is? Through me thou canst do so. Wilt thou know him as the High King knows him ; as he knows himself while he lives and moves among men ; and as men such as thou know him ? ”

As he spoke the councillor was amazed by the sudden sweep of a, till now, unexperienced power. He felt a great breadth of vision dawn upon him, of which he had never dreamed ; aspirations so mighty, longings so pure and glorious, desires so high and selfless that he lived in a world of the Gods. He became aware of a great and compassionate knowledge of men in their weakness and ignorance, their ill desires and childish cravings ; he felt the yearning of a great ruler over his people, a strong longing to serve and guide them according to their diverse needs and capacities, and an exceeding tenderness for their sufferings. This was the man as he was. On a sudden there dawned on him the knowledge of the man as he felt and knew himself in the world wherein he lived and breathed in daily life ; he felt and pitied a grievous burden of thwarted aspirations ; he felt the mighty flood of noble longing dash itself almost in vain against the wall of the past that ringed the present closely round, and fashioned a bitter bondage for the striving soul within ; and he saw the past fashion itself into a mask which veiled the present from those who stood by, and watched the man as he seemed. Thereupon he felt also a great compassion arise in him ; much sympathy and love for this fettered soul, honour for a greatness which was beyond and above his own, and therewith an unspeakable reverence for the inner hidden mystery of being which lies forever veiled within the sacred temple of the sinner's soul as in that of the saint. So smitten was he with awe of the great holiness of the spirit of the man that it was long before he realised he stood alone on the housetop beneath the starlit sky. He leaned on the parapet and looked at the stars, and over the sleeping city to the temple, where through the wide-flung doors he saw the light that burned upon the altar ; thence he looked towards the flickering fires of the camp where the men were shouting, laughing, and singing still ; and he perceived not clearly which of these three fires was the most holy and beloved in his eyes.

In the morning he went forth to the council chamber whither the great nobles, councillors and generals assembled to hear the royal will. The councillor came into the throne room, and there he saw the king seated, smiling and careless of bearing. The councillor bowed himself at the steps of the throne ; as he bowed thus he did that which he had never done ; for, unseen save by the king himself, he laid the hem of the royal robe humbly and tenderly to his lips. As he rose his eyes and his ruler's met ; he saw tears were in those of the king.

Then the king rose, and standing on the steps below the great golden canopy of the throne of his fathers, spoke his will.

He bade the greatest, wisest and strongest, men of repute, great captains, and tried soldiers of the king his father, remain in the camp that ringed the capital round ; but the idle and profligate, the luxurious, extravagant and careless young men of the wealthy and noble classes, the turbulent who had been a danger to the state, in short, the least worthy of all his subjects, he bade follow him ; that, under his personal leadership, they might engage the enemy in battle. And the notorious thief, who was swift in action and quick of wit and eye, he sent forth as his chief scout to find the whereabouts of the invading force.

A great wave of wrath and rebellion swept the council ; there was silence because no man could trust his speech. The king turned his eyes in mute appeal to the great councillor who commonly opposed him. The councillor, his eyes fixed on the ground, and in a voice less condemnatory and chill than of old, said :

“ Will not his majesty, of his good pleasure, unfold to his servants his purpose in this matter ? For this action of his majesty, if I may venture to speak my thought, is hard to be understood by those unhonoured by knowledge of the reasons which guide him.”

The king's eyes were full of gratitude to the chief councillor ; he spoke quietly and with a humility and patience such as was never known in the king his father ; it sounded strangely from the lips of one clad in the royal robes, his brow girt with the crown, and in his hand the sceptre of his power.

“ I know,” he said, “ that you, my best and noblest, have

not loved, because you do not honour me ; but the baser sort have loved me, because their aims were less noble, and they could love where they did not honour ; I have drawn them to me, so that the Throne is loved by them ; for I have rejoiced as they rejoice, and sorrowed as they sorrow, and sinned and failed as they sin and fail ; I have known what it is to repent ; to strive once more after uttermost failure ; and yet again to fail and do the thing I would not, even as they ; and thus I have understood divers sorts of men, and they have understood me."

Silent still were the warriors and councillors of the king ; they thought bitterly of their ruler as they stood in his presence with outward courtesy and humbleness of bearing. The king sighed ; he paused awhile and knitted his brows ; then he smiled patiently and spoke again.

"I see," he said, "you are angry with me. You think I wreck the country to honour those I favour. Behold ! the lips of the dying speak truth ; men hold sacred their words, and obey their lightest commands as the command of God. Those who oppose this great host must lose many lives ; the loss must needs be heavy. A great day dawns for this land ; the Regent of the High King shall come and strongly grasp the sceptre when it falls from my dead hand, and guide my young son to a higher path than that which I can tread. I desire, O my people, that the Regent of the King shall find our mightiest men, our noblest citizens, ready to do his bidding. But I, your king, and these my foolish followers, are fit for the work we take upon us this day ; namely to die—fighting these men of evil knowledge. Life we have dishonoured by reason of our weakness and our folly ; death we shall not dishonour, and herein we also shall serve the High King, our lord and master ; and, dying, we shall remove from the country the danger with which our lives threatened it. When I came to rule you I knew I was not as my father was, nor was I a man of austere life, nor pious as my brother. But it was the law I should succeed, and I took on me this burden, less lightly than ye believed. I drew the weaker and more sinful to me, and wrought on them so that they will follow me on the way I purpose to tread ; and willingly they will die, seeing that by death rather than life they may serve their king. Most gladly

would I have been such as ye could have honoured ; but the past had power on me, and I failed. Therefore I fashioned of that past a power whereby I might draw to me these men, whose present is like unto it. I made them a willing weapon for my hand, and we will meet the men of evil knowledge and on us their strength shall spend itself. In a great battle shall we fight and fall ; they shall ring us round, and we will slay them and be slain by them till all of us are dead ; but we shall break their power and so destroy them that the remnant shall fly before the advancing hosts of the Regent of the King. So from our death shall victory spring. I have known since the day ye set me on the throne of my father I did but hold it for a little space for another who should come after me, wiser, stronger and purer than I. Since I might not hold the land by my strength, I held it by my weakness till my hour should strike."

Thus he ceased to speak, and the men who heard him knelt and kissed his feet and went out one by one ; they went forth sadly, thinking of the many times they had reviled him. Only the councillor remained, to whom came clearer light, so that he saw awhile as the High King perceived whose will it was the king should sit awhile upon his father's throne.

This man knelt before the king and said :

"Suffer that I too die with thee."

The king smiled and shook his head ; he said :

"Not so. We who have little to give, give as we may. It is not well when a man doth that which is not his to perform."

Thereat the councillor gazing on the king said :

"Not as subject to ruler, but as man to one grievously wronged, I speak : Forgive me !"

The king looked at him humbly and as one puzzled ; he replied :

"I thank you. Think as little harshly of me as may be ; for my faults which offended you were unwilling, and all that was in me to do, I did."

Thereat the councillor marvelled, perceiving how a man may be veiled and hidden from himself.

When the sun sloped towards the west, the thief returned and brought word where the enemy lay. At early dawn the king

and the great host of the foolish and sinful marched in silence over the ashes of the dead camp fires. For these men, having laughed and jested, eaten and drunk their fill, were now done for ever with laughter and jest, with food and wine; and the flare and glow of their camp fires had burnt themselves out and perished. Silently they went, save for the people's weeping, and the dry dust from the trampling of their feet hid them and their king.

On the third day there came to the city certain peasants bearing a dead man covered with a soldier's cloak, and bade the people bury him, as he desired, without the city gates; they brought news that the king's host was slain, and the remnant of the men of evil knowledge had fled before the Regent of the High King. Also they told how the thief was slain striving to save the life of his master, the king. And on the seventh day the Regent of the High King, with his host, entered the capital, surrounded by the noblest of the land, and on his right hand rode the high priest and the chief councillor. The people sang and rejoiced because an age of gold had dawned. But the Regent checked his horse beside a grave which was without the city, like a faithful sentry guarding the gates; upon it lay the sceptre of a king. The Regent lifted it; and from his helm he unbound the laurels of his power and glory and laid them on the grave of the man who offered to his people all he had, both of his weakness and of his strength.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE seeds of our own punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin.—HESIOD.

REASON cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

CHRISTIANITY AND THEOSOPHY :

A CLERICAL DIALOGUE

Scene : The New Curate's Study

Persons : The Vicar (A), and his New Curate (B)

A. Well, Mr. B, I hope you have got nicely settled. I see you have got your books shelved.

B. Yes, but not quite arranged yet. I shall be glad when I can get back to them.

A. I daresay. You appear to have a good selection. Have you invested in any new books lately ?

B. Just a few, Sir. Would you like to look round ?

A. Thanks! A rather unusual selection ! "Theosophy !" "Ancient Wisdom !" Are you interested in Theosophy ?

B. Well, somewhat ; at least as an enquirer. One hears so much of it nowadays, you know.

A. I can't say I have, but what I have heard has been against it. I understand it is so opposed to religion, and to Christianity especially. Isn't that so ?

B. Nothing of the sort, Sir, excuse me. That is quite a misapprehension.

A. Well, but that is the general impression amongst Christian people, I believe.

B. That may be so. I used to have the same impression myself, till I read and knew more ; but it's a great mistake, Sir. Have you read any of its literature ?

A. I can't say I have ; but I have been told by those who have, that it is so.

B. That may have been the early attitude of some individual Theosophists. If so, it was certainly a mistake. But I don't see why it should have been, if I understand it aright. From

my own knowledge of it, and the express claim of some of its leaders, it should be the exact opposite.

A. Indeed! Do you mean to say it is a friend of religion, then?

B. Certainly I do. I am disposed to regard it as the greatest, truest friend and ally true religion has. It tends to substantiate its main position and teachings, to elucidate and confirm its chief doctrines.

A. In what way? Pray explain.

B. Well, you know, Sir, that during the last generation and still to-day, Materialism in thought and life has held a great sway, especially in the West. This is no doubt due largely to the busy commercial and worldly spirit of the age; but also to the rapid advance of Physical Science. And owing to that as well as to the advance of Criticism, there has been a great unsettlement of religious faith throughout Christendom; and Christianity, as well as Religion in general, has been on its defence against repeated assaults.

A. That is true. But what has Theosophy to do with it?

B. Well, Sir, in a word,—by intervening between the two combatants, Science and Theology. By Science of course we understand Physical Science; but Theology we believe is a Science too. Physical Science, as such, has exclusively to do with the outer material world; but Theology is essentially a *spiritual* Science, which has to do only with the inner and spiritual side of things, their life side. The one, in the hands of the materialists, is made a sufficient explanation of the universe; the other is, or should be, a spiritual explanation and interpretation of the material world itself, the interpretation of things which we have in the Bible, and in other sacred scriptures of the world. These two Sciences, the Physical or Materialistic, and the Spiritual, are therefore in direct opposition. And in the conflict, Theology, Biblical or Ecclesiastical Theology, has by no means remained unaffected. That is to say, the Bible, the great source of Western Theology, has been read and interpreted somewhat differently on all such matters.

A. But where does Theosophy come in to help?

B. I was going to say. By finding a common ground for

both. In the danger that seemed to threaten Theology, and with it all religion, Christianity included, it has intervened, claiming to have in its possession facts and truths which contradict or modify many of the theories and conclusions of Science; and which at the same time, by enlarging and spiritualising Theology, substantiate its main position and teachings. It is itself, in fact, a Science and a Theology in one, a Science deeply spiritual, and a Theology rational and scientific. Its system embraces both spheres, giving them larger meanings, putting them into their proper relationship, and so in reality providing a common ground of reconciliation and unity.

A. That is a great claim, and I should say a difficult task. If it can be done it will be a splendid achievement.

B. Yes; because it is so sorely, so urgently needed; and surely there *must* be some means by which it can be effected, some ground of reconciliation if one or the other is not wholly to go.

A. True; but you surprise me in what you say about Theosophy. I have always thought it had chiefly to do with magic, with occult phenomena, a kind of sorcery and jugglery, in fact.

B. Certainly not. That is the popular idea, the side that strikes the popular eye; and the side most evident, and which arrested most attention, on its first introduction. But what of that? Has not every great religious and spiritual movement been heralded and surrounded with similar phenomena? What about the miracles, the wonders of the Bible, of the times of Jesus and of early Christianity? And yet, no more than these are religion and Christianity, are other phenomena Theosophy. This is the side of the movement put forward and accounted of the least by Theosophists themselves. It is something far more than these things.

A. Yes, if what you say is true, and is what is implied by the name itself. I suppose it claims by this, to be a body of Divine Truth or Wisdom, a kind of philosophy?

B. Just so; and a complete philosophy of the universe, embracing every side and department of nature and life. As I have said, it is Science and Theology in one—Science spiritualised, deepened and filled out so as to absorb purely Physical Science,

becoming a Science of things and all things, profounder far and more comprehensive than that of the Materialist, taking account of remoter, unseen causes and forces, looking at all things, not from without, but from within; and at the same time Theology broadened out to include the Science not only of God, in the usual sense, in Himself, and as the Author of all things, but as in intimate relation thereto, immanent as well as transcendent, indeed as that very spiritual or life side of the world, the Substance, of whom it is a manifestation, if not the one Sum of all, the great "All in all." Instead of having a separate Science of God, of the world and of man, merge them into one, or broaden the first, Theology, into a Science that shall include the others, a Science of God as the one great Reality, the spiritual Origin and Destiny of all things and beings "of whom are all things," and "for whom are all things," and you have Theosophy. Science, one and comprehensive, becomes Philosophy, a spiritual philosophy of all things. Knowledge becomes Wisdom, and Wisdom Divine, the Wisdom of God, the Source and Sum of all Wisdom, Power and Bliss, and that is Theosophy, properly and adequately understood.

A. Well, that certainly puts it in a very different light, and makes it a subject worthy of enquiry and study at least, and I see you have made a study of it.

B. Yes, to some extent, for my own information and satisfaction. I have simply read up about it much as you or I would any other system of philosophy recommended as worthy of knowledge, from which something might be learnt. Various such systems, like those of Plato, Hegel, Kant, Spinoza, etc., are taught and studied in our Schools and Colleges, and even in our Divinity Halls. Whether as intellectual discipline, or moral training, or as bodies of useful truths, they are patronised and enforced. And here is one that claims and promises to embrace and supersede all, eclectic it may be, and thus unifying them all, but certainly more religious, spiritual and practical than any of them. And it seems to me we ought, and should do well at least to acquaint ourselves with its teachings and aims. We need not adopt it *in toto*, nor accept this or that teaching. That, neither the Society itself, nor any true Theosophist, requires.

Not blind faith, not reliance on any outside authority, but fair enquiry, personal investigation is all that is asked. Surely, like any other theory or philosophy of this world, of life, and of religion, it merits a fair and patient hearing.

A. Decidedly so; that would seem the duty, especially of all leaders of religious thought, of theologians and preachers, if such is its distinct character and aim.

B. That is all I contend should be the reception accorded to this latest comer into the field of religious and philosophic thought. As a philosophy it claims to be more comprehensive in its sweep than any; its insight more profound, and yet, withal, its tendency and aim pre-eminently spiritual; it therefore seeks to deepen or to replenish with fuller, richer spiritual meanings every form of religious and scientific faith. Such meanings we all know have been, and always tend, to a greater or less extent to be lost sight of, in both scientific and religious creeds, and the aim of Theosophy would seem to be to restore them to view; and I must say, it seems to me to succeed in a wonderful fashion, lighting up old creeds and doctrines with hints and suggestions, and furnishing the mind with a satisfactory rationale of them. But whilst it is thus essentially a philosophy, its temper, at least in some of its best and leading representatives, is intensely reverent and devout, and its attitude to religion itself, and to all forms of religious faith, not only tolerant, but respectful and sympathetic, and that is much more than you can say of some ethical and philosophical systems we, as Christians and clergy, are required to study in our schools and colleges.

A. I am glad to hear you say so. As a philosophy, then, it is not put in the place of religion, dispensing with its necessity, as is so often done?

B. No; it is rather religion made philosophical and rational, and so far necessitated and established. You must have religion before you can have a philosophy of it. Religion is undoubtedly a necessity to man, the religion of worship, reverence, devotion to God, as a condition of all spiritual advancement. That, it seems to me, is the great mistake that some Theosophists make, who come out of or hold themselves aloof from Churches and religion, as though it were not necessary, in some form or other, to

refine, uplift, and spiritualise mankind. Religion is the very poetry, and the noblest poetry of life, a poetry that, like all other that is true, is full of and founded on philosophy, on Truth. It is Truth vitalised, warmed, creative, Truth touched by devotion into living force, into inspiration to a life of service, glad and free, surely the noblest poem, the richest symbol and expression of Truth. Such a religion, like "a good poem, goes about the world offering itself to reasonable men, who read it with joy and carry it to their reasonable neighbours," to use the words of Emerson.

A. I quite agree with you as to the value and necessity of religion in general. But surely the religious spirit, or the spirit of religion, must assume some outward forms of creed and worship, and draw its devotees together for organised fellowship and instruction ?

B. That is so; and I contend that Theosophy, rightly regarded as the essential Truth of religion and religions, is or should be most friendly thereto, and all true Theosophists not only devoutly religious in spirit, but, under some form or other, associated with others for mutual helpfulness and service.

A. Undoubtedly. But is that so ?

B. I fear not in all cases. And yet the majority of them I should say are found in various religions, and there is no reason why all should not continue to belong to one or another, and be its most wise, spiritual and saintly members.

A. Does that apply to Christianity as much as any other religion ?

B. Certainly, Sir, why not ?

A. Because I had an idea that Theosophy was essentially an Oriental growth, largely Buddhistic, and that it depreciated and even assailed Christianity.

B. Nothing of the sort, Sir. That would not be true Theosophy which favours and respects one form of religion to the exclusion or even disparagement of another; but which recognises, appreciates, and embodies the essential truths of all forms. Its very idea and name belie that. There is a *Christian* Theosophy as much and as true as any other. All that is truth in Christianity, and in any other form of religion, Buddhism, Moham-

medanism, etc., is Theosophy, and must coincide, for Truth is *one*. None of us surely will deny the existence of a measure of Truth in any or all the great religions; nor that something of error has crept into them as they are held and taught by their respective Systems or Churches, and as they are popularised for, and understood by, the many. But errors, perversions, corruptions are one thing, and their substantial truth is another.

A. Then is there nothing distinctive and superior in Christianity? Some reason why you and I should be Christians rather than anything else?

B. Yes, there I am at issue with Theosophists generally. Personally, of course, I think there is, as probably many of other religions do of theirs, a something that fits it more to be the religion of mankind and of the future. But that need not prevent one fully appreciating all that is good and true in others; nor make a Theosophist, as such, assail Christianity any more than Buddhism; but only any errors, presumptions or perversions, real or supposed, of the Church or the Churches. That could only be done, if at all, in the earlier days of Theosophy, in misunderstanding or mistake. Christianity, as a system, embodying all essential religious truth, and in a mode better fitted for future universality, can afford to await, and will stand all possible assaults made upon anything but the imperfections and perversions of Churchianity.

A. Then one can be a Theosophist, and still be a Christian?

B. Most certainly, if a *true* Christian. A Christian Theosophist, I take it, simply means one who seeks a profounder and more spiritual understanding of his own religious doctrines, forms and mission; and who also seeks a personal realisation of that deeper, more real life which created and inspired them.

A. You distinguish between Christianity and Churchianity, then?

B. Yes, Sir! Churchianity, or the Christianity of the Church, *contains* the truth, and the Christianity of Christ is the truth.

A. I agree that the Church, as she is, is *not* all she might be in many ways, and perhaps in her teachings.

B. If so, then pure *Christ* Christianity, relieved of all

human accretions of error, mere accidentals, it is the aim of the Theosophist, and should be the aim of every Christian Theosophist, loyal only to Truth and to Christ, to discover, and at all costs restore. By a keen discernment of what is purely temporal and local in Christian *forms* of truth and worship, the result of a wise discriminating study of the New Testament and all other early Christian records, and of his own spiritual insight or intuition, the fruit of spiritual culture and experience, essential Christianity may one day clearly emerge, fair, symmetrical and complete, as permanent as it is old. And so Theosophy is and will prove to be the real and best friend of true Christianity and religion.

A. I hope it may be so. If that is really its honest aim and mission, it certainly merits a patient hearing and unbiassed study.

B. Well, that is all it asks. And it confidently waits for the results of all criticism and enquiry into Christian origins and scriptures, and for the growing spirituality of men, to substantiate its claims. At any rate it seems to me that as Christian ministers we ought to acquaint ourselves with it at first hand, be Theosophical Christians ourselves, free to reject what we cannot see our way to accept in the teachings of others, discover and form, if need be, our own Theosophy, ever comparing notes with one another, and with the Theosophists of other religions, holding to our own discoveries and convictions, until compelled to accept, if at all, the conclusions of others.

A. That seems a fair and proper attitude.

B. It is just the question of *attitude*, Sir, that I have been discussing. I am content if that is fair.

A. Well, if I thought I could derive the intellectual or spiritual profit from its study that you speak of, or any better understanding of our own Christianity, I would not hesitate to undertake its study.

B. That, Sir, is what I have found it myself; most suggestive and illuminative on all sorts of subjects, the world history, human nature and life, religion, and most helpful in my understanding of the Bible, and especially the New Testament. And whilst rejecting or suspending some of its tenets, till further proof should convince, it throws a valuable light on many a problem, points more clearly the inner and spiritual way of the

soul's progress to God ; and therefore I incline to regard it, at any rate in its complete and Christian form, as that body of truth, that Divine Wisdom, to which mankind must more and more approach and ultimately arrive, as he progresses in his investigations and conquest of every sphere of knowledge, and in his understanding of the Christian religion.

A. Well, I am glad to have had this conversation, and shall certainly have another chat with you about it soon.

CLERICUS.

MATRIMONY *versus* CELIBACY

THE American public seems to be greatly concerned of late over the question of matrimony, and celibacy is being roundly denounced by numerous good people who have the interests of humanity at heart, and think that destruction stares us in the face unless we speedily return to the "good old days" when women were only mothers, "great glad mothers, proud mothers of dozens, indeed twice ten." They look round at what seem to them signs of degeneracy, and attribute such conditions to the fact that a few men and women have developed the intelligence to realise that they were not created solely for breeding purposes.

That anyone can for a moment seriously consider the idea of the state controlling this matter by law, is too absurd and puerile to be believed of this most progressive nation on earth ; and yet, incredible as it seems, it is a fact. We actually have the legislature of New York considering a Bill to tax unmarried people ; and a Pennsylvania legislator has introduced a Bill proposing a ten dollar prize for each additional child born to mothers of from nine to fifteen children. Verily we are a brilliant people ! What an irresistible inducement it would be to the mother of nine, to continue the performance at ten dollars a head !

But, to be serious ; while we all know that none can live to

himself alone, and that each must bring his gift to the world, there are many who are better fitted to give something else than they are to give children ; and I think it a sign of progress that they have the wisdom to know it. The greatest gifts to the world, the master gifts that have made evolution possible and sent the world flying along the upward path, have not come from those whose ideal was merely to reproduce themselves. Reproduction is assuredly one of the holiest functions of life ; but it is not the *only* holy function, and it is not the most important for everyone. Just because it is holy, and very important, is no reason why all should attempt it ; but rather it is a sufficient reason why no one should be forced into it, by law or even by public opinion.

Teaching, for instance, is a divine work. It is as absolutely essential to the life of nations as is reproduction ; but no sane person would advise that for this reason all men and women should be teachers, whether or not they had the gift and the training for this great work. The fact that a woman is a woman does not by any means imply that she ought to be a mother. What a sad loss it would have been if some of the women we know, whose work has changed and bettered the lives of millions, had been bound up in the limited interests of their own children.

But it may be argued that all women who fail to perform their duty as mothers are not doing any great work of universal value ; that it is against the selfish woman who fritters away her life for her own pleasure, and the man who cares more for dissipation and luxury than for anything else in life, that the anathema is hurled. Very well, then ; but why not let well enough alone ? Surely the woman whose highest ambition is to make a fashion-plate of herself, and the man who loves his ease and pleasure better than he does humanity, are *very poor material* from which to re-vitalise the race ; and the greatest good they can do the world is to die childless. It seems to me we have special cause to bless and commend them for this course. The world is already badly overstocked with this kind of people ; and when they cease to multiply, there is indeed hope.

Would it not be much more desirable, if it were possible, to

prevent ninety-nine out of every one hundred marriages? Think of the hordes of physically and mentally diseased, and spiritually dead people who diligently propagate their kind. Is it any wonder that thinking men and women have concluded that to work for such a change in social conditions as shall raise the quality, and make a decent life possible for those already born, is infinitely better than recklessly to dump into existence more thousands to wallow in the mire their predecessors have left?

However, there is no cause for alarm. Nature always adjusts her own affairs, if left alone. All our troubles come from trying to graft our petty little schemes upon her all-sufficient, self-executing purposes. It would be as reasonable to think we could produce Edisons by forcing all men to study electricity, as that we can produce the kind of parents the nation needs by forcing people to marry. Should the mother go to her work of building a form of life, and guiding its pilgrimage through a new world, with less ardour, love and singleness of purpose than the scientist goes to his work? What a spectacle it would be to enact a law compelling Edison to delve into the marvellous secrets of electricity! Is it his duty to study and invent? No, it is a living impulse, which he can never escape until he escapes life itself. Neither is it any woman's duty to be a mother unless the object involved appeals to her at least as strongly as the scientist's work appeals to him. When it does, rest assured no law will be needed to force her into motherhood.

After all, when we examine the situation more critically we may find that there are just as many *true* marriages as ever; and that the falling off is caused by the influences that have made for a broader, saner life for women, so that they are no longer forced to marry for a living—indeed, have found this the most unsatisfactory of all ways of making a living. Nor do they any longer marry, as many have in the past, to avoid being called an "old maid." In fact, that expression is never heard now from the lips of a well-bred person; and in another generation it will be as obsolete as its human origin now is. Woman has discovered that while wifehood and motherhood are sacred and beautiful, there are other things equally sacred and beautiful; that even in their highest perfection they are not all of life, by any means, and

that in some cases and under some circumstances they debar her from vastly more than they can give ; that before her stretches a great ocean of life, bounded by no limits but her own consciousness, and her ability to *live* in the deepest, truest sense a life that is one with the immortal life of humanity, because she is free to sound its depths and rise to its sublimest heights.

For this reason we no longer see the pitiful spectacle of girls marrying "*anybody*, O Lord, *anybody!*" as the only alternative to eking out a purposeless existence as an unwelcome appendage in the home of another. And so the number of marriages has apparently decreased ; but this is merely an illusion. The real marriages have not decreased, and never will. It is only the buying and selling that has decreased, and may it speedily reach the vanishing point.

This very fact, that women have taken the privileges naturally belonging to them as part of the human family, and which enable them to shape their own lives as they choose, with the same freedom that men exercise in this regard, has been deplored as a potent cause of the decline in the sale of marriage licenses. There is no question but that this is the principal cause. But I see nothing deplorable in it. It will never stand in the way of a true marriage. It will instead greatly facilitate such, because anything that widens the individual horizon tends to perfect every relation entered into.

When only those men and women marry who can supplement and aid each other in every way, because they are physically, mentally and spiritually harmonious, because they are travelling the same path, and see the same ideals beckoning them from out the future's portals, then indeed will their union shed a radiance over the world that will heal the ills of hatred ; and saviours of men will be brought forth, instead of the soulless beings with puny bodies and feeble intellects who are born into the discordant homes created by the mismated couples whose lives have no normal relation to each other.

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
 Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet ;
 Those who love each other shall become invincible,
 They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

ALICE G. HERRING,

THE SUNSET LAND

A NATURE STORY

IT is a quaint old-fashioned little spot. They call it the "Rose Garden," but lilies grow there too—the tall Madonna lilies. They come up, some singly, some in clumps, behind the rose bushes, standing out in shining contrast against the trellis work, where the crimson rambler has wandered at will. The rambler has all the south and east side of the garden to itself, and is wonderfully proud of its gorgeous colour—how it bristles with self-conscious vanity, as it glances over at the sombre hedge of clipped yew, which bounds the north side. There is an opening here, and through the dark green arch you can see an avenue of Irish yews, whose sober tints seem but to enhance the brilliancy of this veritable sun trap. There is another exit to the west, through a rustic archway, which supports a perfect snowfall of white clematis. Honeysuckle, "traveller's joy," and the profuse hop have formed a hedge on either side, but the clematis has the archway to itself, and makes a truly graceful frame for the grand expanse of scenery beyond. For the garden is on a hill, and through this flower doorway one can see the vale below, with its river winding like a silver thread among the hay fields, and far, far away the eye rests on a range of mountains, blue and hazy in the mists of a summer's day.

The garden is full of life—life in its varying forms. The acacia tree in the centre waves her graceful foliage and laughs at the miniature fountain, who tries unceasingly to reach those green boughs, but he never succeeds, and tumbles back upon his rockery with a petulant splash. The whole air is filled with the life of the flowers, filled with their fragrant breath. And there is the bird life—hear the peaceful cooing of the wood pigeon from his shady resting-place, the twittering of the swallows, the occasional liquid note of the blackbird, and the distant "yaffle" of the

woodpecker! Hear, too, the busy hum of the insect life—the crickets chirp from the grass, happy in the very consciousness of being; the bees flit to and fro, joyous in their work of gathering sweetness; the butterflies dart full of gladness from place to place, for the sun is warm and bright, the roses are fragrant, and the world is very gay. And besides all this, there is yet another order of life—that of the nature spirits, those ethereal beings who dwell among the flowers, and woods, and in all beautiful places. People call them fairies, but very few believe in them, because they have never seen them, and it is only children and those who are still children at heart who are wise enough to believe in the things they cannot see. The majority of mankind seek to bind the whole great universe by their own petty horizons, and they live their little lives, and pass into Eternity no wiser than they were the day of their birth—nay less wise, for they think they know much, and that is always a backward step.

Most of the flowers are unconscious of this ethereal life about them; the fairies swing on their leaves or scatter their petals on the grass, but they think it is the wind, and the silvery laughter they take to be the ripple of a distant waterfall. But the Lily knows better, he who stands there in his pure untarnished beauty by the old grey sundial. He has never sought to explain what he cannot understand; he has passed long hours contemplating the deep blue dome of the sky, and lost in its infinitude he has forgotten the lesser things about him. Thus has he learnt much. There have been times even when glancing from above back to his own earth, the curtain has been raised for him, and he has looked on the world of nature spirits, beautiful, wonderful, and always happy.

The Rose does not understand him when he is in these moods, but she does not mind, for in all moods he is the grandest and loveliest being in all the world to her, and as long as she is near him nothing else matters in the least. She is a red rose, a deep, crimson red, and down in her heart there burns a flame—the flame of love.

The Lily loves her too, and therefore he tells her of the things that have come to him in the silences, of the beings he has seen. And she listens, understanding little. To her, the

material world about them, with its colours, its sounds and its scents, is very sweet, as long as he is there to share it with her. But he likes to talk of the other things, and so she lets him ramble on, for to see him happy is bliss.

The sun is setting. The snow-white archway of clematis frames a glorious picture. The silver river has changed to molten gold, and all the land is touched with golden red. The mountains, hazy no longer, stand out, a deep purple blue, against the crimson glory of the sky—and the crimson mingles with the gold, and the gold merges into violet, and the violet fades away into a tender turquoise.

The Lily sees it all, and the beauty takes him out of himself, and he is silent with an intense joy. But the Rose is sad. For her the sunset only means the close of a day, and she loves not the night, for, save when the moon shines, the darkness hides her Lily. At last she breaks the silence.

“Why do you love the sunset?”—she asks—“I like the sunrise best, for that is the dawn of a new day. But you are always happier at this hour. I do not understand it.”

“You will understand some day, little Rose”—replies the Lily—“you will know then that the hour when our lives go forth into the great glory is more beautiful, more wonderful than the hour in which we came, when our lives first dawned on this little garden. My Rose, when that day comes will you go with me into the Sunset Land?”

“Where you go, I shall follow. But must we leave this garden?”

The Rose is startled; it has never occurred to her that they shall ever go away.

“Have I not told you about the beings I have seen, who are the spirits of the flowers?”—says the Lily—“and have you not understood that we and they are the same, only they are free and we are imprisoned? We shall be free as they some day, when our lives leave the flowers, whom they now sustain. People will then say we are dead. But we shall be more alive then than we ever were before. And we shall fly together into the great glory behind the hill, into the golden light of the Sunset Land.”

But still the Rose does not understand. Surely this garden is a very happy place, she thinks. The known is, to her, better than the unknown.

* * * * *

“ You beautiful Lily, you lovely Rose! Now which of you shall I take to cheer my sick sister? Which of you is the sweeter? ”

The young girl bends over them, and the Rose, in an agony of terror at the thought of being parted from her love, holds her breath—but the Lily gives forth of his sweetest, and the air is filled with perfume. It is not that he loves less, but he has understood the meaning of sacrifice, even to the surrendering his heart’s delight. And so he is taken.

“ Do not fret, little Rose : it is not for long. I will come for you, and we shall go together into the Sunset Land.”

These are his farewell words, ere the girl bears him away, and they pass through the dark archway into the avenue of yews. The sun still shines, the fountain dances, and all things in the garden go on as before ; but to the Rose it seems as though night had come down—a night in which there is no moon, and which no dawn will disperse. . . .

Some days have passed, and a change has come over the Rose. Her Lily is with her no longer, but she has his words, and dwelling upon them hours at a time, she has begun at last to understand. The garden world has no joys for her now, but she loses herself in the infinitude above, and in the silences she learns.

“ When will he come and take me to the Sunset Land? ”—she asks, and even as he longed for freedom and the golden glory, so does she.

By degrees her beauty fades, her petals are limp and some of them are shrivelled.

“ Will he know me again? ”—she wonders. And deep down in her heart Trust, the soul of Love, makes answer :

“ Yes, he will know you, for you are his,” and so she waits.

. . . .

Once more it is the sunset hour. Through the arch of

clematis she can see the glowing landscape, and the sky ablaze behind the western mountains.

Someone has entered the garden.

"So you, too, are dying," says the young girl, and at her touch the rosy petals fall to earth. They lie at her feet, a shrivelled handful; while up in the sick room a Lily droops his head and dies.

But through the snow-white arch two nature spirits are passing, free and happy, into the Golden Glory of the Sunset Land.

CECIL LYLURN.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

(CONTINUED FROM p. 200)

when anything is written and published it is no longer "esoteric." Finally, if there is no tradition of esotericism in Buddhism, we should like to know how Ânanda Bhikkhu accounts for the three treatises which H. P. Blavatsky printed under the general title *The Voice of the Silence*? The late Professor Max Müller was unable to answer this question when challenged to do so; what has Ânanda Maitriya to say on the subject? Perhaps he had better settle the dispute of Hfnayâna with Mahâyâna before he asserts that he alone is in possession of "Right Views."

* * *

BUT indeed we did not take up our pen to fight for a grudging esotericism or for an animistic self or for a despicable noumenon; we desire peace with our brother and not a sword. We too love the Teacher of Nibbâna, even as we love the Bringer of the Good News and all Their Brethren the Sons of God. Let only Ânanda Bhikkhu be content to respect the way his brethren of other faiths describe *their* Summum Bonum and then he will have no cause to complain that unthinking critics call *his* Nibbâna annihilation. We are all striving for the One Desirable, even though one of the ways thereto be the making of desire to cease. The Faith of

the Future will be neither Buddhism, nor Brâhmanism, neither Mohammedanism, nor Judaism, nor Christianity, but a truly Catholic Realisation of the True Humanity, the idea of ideas, the model, type and exemplar of our god-hood, some small portion of the greatness of which, of the infinite variety of which, has been shown forth in the imperfect records of the doings and sayings of the world-teachers, world-rulers, and world-helpers. In so far as *Buddhism* may serve to make this divine universalism familiar to the world, it has our sympathy and thanks, our good-will and our love; for this, we believe, was the Dharma of the Tathâgata, this the Good Law that those who thus walk have ever taught.

* * *

OF no little interest for the student of the comparative history of religion is the discovery announced by Mr. Arthur Evans in his remarkable report of the latest excavations

The Cross in
Pre-historic Greece at Knossos in Crete on the site of the "pre-historic" Minoan palace. This discovery is no less than the use of the cross as a religious emblem in the far-off days of "Mycenæan" Greece, and is set forth in *The Times'* report of September 16th of the proceedings of the recent meeting of the British Association, as follows :

The investigation of the cause of a slight depression in the pavement of a store-room immediately north-east of the east pillar room had led to a discovery of extraordinary interest. Beneath the pavement and a small superficial cist belonging to the latest palace period were found two spacious repositories of massive stonework containing, in addition to a store of early vases, a quantity of relics from a shrine. These had evidently been ransacked in search for precious metals at the time of reconstruction, but a whole series of objects in a kind of faïence like the so-called Egyptian "porcelain," but of native fabric, had been left therein. The chief of these was a figure of a snake goddess, about 14in. high, wearing a high tiara up which a serpent coiled, and holding out two others. Her girdle was formed by the twining snakes, and every feature of her flounced embroidered dress and bodice was reproduced in colour and relief. A finely-modelled figure of a votary of the same glazed material held out a snake, and parts of another were also preserved. The decorative fittings of the shrine included vases with floral designs, flowers and foliage in the round naturalistic imitations of nautilus and cockles, rock-work, and other objects, all made of the same faïence. The central aniconic object of the cult, supplied in the formerly discovered shrine of the Double Axe, was here a marble cross of the Orthodox Greek

shape. The cross also occurred as the type of a series of seal-impressions, doubtless originally belonging to documents connected with the sanctuary found with the other relics.

In the discussion which followed, Professor Flinders Petrie observed that : "The most important discovery in Crete was, in his opinion, that the cross was used at such an early date for religious purposes, and that it had been carried into another and much later religion." But perhaps after all there is no need to express so much surprise about so plain a matter. The cross is one of the most primitive and simple of all emblems and symbols, and its discovery on the site of archaic Knossos proves—nothing we did not know before.

* * *

IN the July number of *The Dublin Review* there is a long article on "Modern Spiritualism : its History and Physical Phenomena."

As was only to be expected, the reviewer concludes his summary quite orthodoxly ; he writes :

As Catholics, we can consistently admit the possibility of preternatural signs or false miracles, offered in support of a false revelation. But leaving aside the feeling of something worse than irreverence and profanity, when Our Divine Redeemer is spoken of as the Great Occultist, it is only the very extravagance of unreason to class such exhibitions with the signs and miracles recorded in the simple Gospel narrative. The physical phenomena of Spiritualism, admittedly frivolous, when not vulgar and degrading, are exhibited in darkness or semi-darkness, often beneath tables screened from the surface to the floor [?], from within cabinets or behind curtains, and even under these and other conditions laid down by the medium, a failure has often to be condoned if he declares there is present some unfavourable or inharmonious influence. They have been rivalled, if not surpassed, by mere conjurers, and are as wide apart as is conceivable from the miracles of our Blessed Lord, worked without effort, openly in the light of day, in the midst of crowds of friends and enemies, endless in variety, stupendous in their effects, controlling by a single word the forces of nature, and in all their details and circumstances replete with instruction, shining revelations of God's wisdom and almighty powers, as well as of His compassion and love.

It is not necessary for us to remark on the absolute statements made by "D. R." concerning physical phenomena, it is enough to say that he follows Podmore absolutely ; we can, thus,

only whisper softly to ourselves: "We wonder what a Podmore would have made of the greater miracles referred to?" Has "D. R.," moreover, ever read the *Gospel of the Infancy*? When, further, our author says that for millions of minds Spiritualism "has destroyed the last vestiges of faith in the chief doctrines of Christianity," we should prefer ourselves to say "in the dogmas of the Church, not in the teaching of Christ."

* * *

THAT, however, Mr. Podmore is not taken as an infallible guide by other R. Catholic writers may be seen from the fact that in the course of a review of Myers' *Human Personality*, by the Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J., in *The Month* for October, the following paragraph

occurs:

Telepathy and telesthesia (with all respect to Mr. Podmore) are as undeniable as telegraphy; the subliminal, by whatever name we call it and however we represent it, must be reckoned with; apparitions of the dying and dead are as well authenticated as thousands of psychic phenomena which science accepts when she has a pigeon-hole ready for them; the illusions and impostures of witchcraft, palmistry and necromancy thrive on occasional facts that must be called preternatural as long as scientific bigotry refuses to consider them and by enlarging its categories to bring them within the bounds of a more adequate schematisation of Nature. What does it all mean, except that Psychology is hardly yet born; that its old-world time-honoured categories and forms are altogether inadequate to contain the heaped-up matter with which new methods of enquiry and observation are feeding it to repletion; that the old bottles are bursting right and left, and that the cellar is ankle-deep in new wine.

* * *

In a report of an article on "Korean Sympathies with Russia and the Russians," published in the Russian *Church Magazine*, from the pen of the Archimandrite Khrysanoff, Superior of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Korea, *The Times'* (October 13th) Odessa correspondent writes:

The Archimandrite states that Korea undoubtedly contains a number of "baptised" natives, though he confesses that in spite of most careful investigation and cross-examination these christianised Koreans "refuse to admit their membership of any Christian body." As an argument in support of his contention that many Koreans have been received into the Orthodox Church, he points to the frequency with which Christian names are met with in Korea, and declares that, though the Korean bearers of these names

stoutly deny having been baptised, there is no doubt that they received these names from their Russian employers simultaneously with the performance of the baptismal rite.

How edifying! No; I'm no Christian—says the Korean. Oh! but you've been baptised anyway—says the Archimandrite. I haven't—retorts the Korean. You're another—triumphantly declares the Archimandrite. You're down on the labour rôle as "Ivan," and *that* proves it. This looks perilously like "compassing sea and land"!

IN *The Monist* of last July (p. 628) is the review of an important work by Professor Ludwig Busse entitled *Geist und Körper, Seele und Leib*; from it we take the following

The "Soul" pronouncement of the Professor as of special interest to students of Theosophy.

Only when the development of a group of cells assumes definite form, the psychic element appears; it does not come as a property or a product of matter, or the forces of matter, nor as a summation or interpretation of atoms, nor as their inner aspect; *it comes as something quite new*; it is conditioned by the formation of this world of bodies, but it cannot be explained from it.

It is "Heaven and Earth kissing each other," and what that *means* exhausts science and philosophy and religion. "He said: 'Increase and multiply.'" This applies to hypotheses as well as to other things; and no one can say the commandment has been disobeyed.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

DEUS EX MACHINA

New Conceptions in Science: With a Foreword on the Relations of Science and Progress. By Carl Snyder. (London: Harper Brothers; 1903. Price 7s. 6d.)

NOTHING is of greater interest to students of Theosophy than to watch the rapid advance of physical science and therewith an entire revolution in many notions which were but lately held to be fundamental facts in physical nature.

Physical science in all its divisions is busily crossing the frontiers of the Borderland, and the ancient static view of matter is giving place in every direction to dynamic conceptions. In other words—though of course the mechanical physicist would strenuously deny this—science with every day is drawing nearer and nearer to what we term the “life-side” of things. It is of course impossible for any but a specialist in several branches of science accurately to follow the latest researches of the patient and laborious scrutinisers of nature’s mysteries in their very delicate operations in the marvellously equipped laboratories of modern physical research; but it is very desirable that all who take a really intelligent interest in human affairs—and surely this ought to include every member of the Theosophical Society?—should have at least a general bowing acquaintance with the advanced positions of modern research into the nature of things physical.

Mr. Carl Snyder’s *New Conceptions of Science* will admirably serve this purpose; it is clearly written and should be understandable even to the most profane of ordinarily intelligent laymen. In it we have the latest discoveries of this pre-eminent age of discovery passed in review, and share the enthusiasm of Mr. Snyder as triumph after triumph of human industry and ingenuity pass before our eyes.

Mr. Snyder is not only an enthusiast, he is an apostle preaching the (for him) only true Gospel of Humanity, Science with a capital S. It is hardly necessary to add that our author is a materialist of the mechanical school, and further to add that precisely on this account he can rejoice in the contemplation of his deity—the machine—with a keener joy than the philosopher who is haunted with the suspicion that there may after all be other views of the nature of things, as valid for humanity as the mechanical one.

That, however, the mechanical view is legitimate for one aspect of things as they are, is very true, as Mr. Snyder points out when he insists that this age does not differ from previous periods of human culture in the fact that men have now any better brains than in the past; it differs from them solely in the fact that by means of instruments and machines we have supplemented to an almost incredible extent our senses. These delicate instruments can register, weigh and analyse matter sometimes a million-fold more accurately than our normal senses; we respond to one octave of vibration only; our instruments respond to many octaves. Hence our enormous advance beyond the ancients in our knowledge of the composition and nature of the physical universe.

Mr. Snyder, unfortunately, nowhere throughout his work shows the slightest acquaintance with the enormous mass of facts of human experience which go to prove that man has in himself the means of registering the sensations of states of matter beyond the normal physical. Physical instruments alone, he says, register accurately; the senses are dull and clumsy and most inaccurate means of observation and with them alone no science worthy of the name can be built up. It may be so; it may be that the future is destined to invent instruments whereby even the psychic unseen world shall be made plain to all, even as the physical unseen is being made familiar to the schoolboy; but however far instruments may be perfected, it is allowable to believe that the mind of man will reign supreme above all instruments, and that in final analysis mind alone can know mind.

It is somewhat the mark of an illiberal, not to say unscientific, view contemptuously to condemn the recent careful researches into psychic phenomena as the "childish fancies of childish minds," as Mr. Snyder does with such self-satisfied assurance, and in this we cannot follow him; on his own ground, however, he is a very well-informed *cicerone* for those who have not sufficient training to digest and summarise the information for themselves, and we have therefore great pleasure in bringing his useful compilation before the notice of our readers. Copies can be procured from the Theosophical Publishing Society.

G. R. S. M.

A BOOK OF CLEAR-SEEING

The Light Invisible. By Robert Benson. (London: Isbister & Company, Ltd.; 1903. Price 3s. 6d.)

ONE of the most charming books which has passed through our hands for some time—is the unhesitating verdict of the reviewer on this volume of sketches by Mr. Benson. The stories are supposed to be told by an aged priest to the narrator. We do not say "supposed" in any sense with regard to the tales themselves, for, whoever told these visions, whoever wrote them down, spoke or wrote truth. They are sketches of things seen with the open spiritual vision of a fine nature, and the sketching is done with a skilled and sympathetic touch. Each story conveys a lesson, is pregnant with meaning, and no real student of Theosophy could read these pages without the keenest appreciation of their truth and message. The book contains no weird sensationalism, and there are no "high-falutin" imaginings, big with the personality of the would-be seer or idle dreamer, but the

brief records of flashes of vision vouchsafed to a humble-minded disciple of the Master Jesus, who profited by the lessons of life they were meant to teach him, and who found the same difficulty in expressing the inner realities in terms of the outer world as has beset the seers of all ages.

The Theosophist, perhaps more readily than the ordinary reader, will recognise the hall-mark of truth which the stories bear, for he will see in each an illustration of some one or other of the statements relating to the worlds invisible with which the more systematised writings of our own clear-seers have familiarised him. There are some fifteen sketches and so much that is good that it is not easy to select for special notice in the limited space at our disposal; besides tastes differ so greatly in these matters. But among those which struck us most, as illustrating facts of the unseen worlds, we should place the story of "The Watcher," which tells how, as a boy of eighteen, the seer, armed with his first gun, shot a thrush in pure wantonness and saw the gloating visage of some elemental creature watching the body of the slain songster—a sight which brought knowledge and repentance. The story of "The Bridge over the Stream" suggests explanation of some curious problems in karma and lifts the veil for a moment from that inner world where invisible helpers are at work doing the will of the Ruler of the World in fashions which seem strange indeed to our beclouded eyes. The seer, then old in years, is witness to what is called an accident. Some children on a bridge, a runaway horse, himself too far away and infirm to avail.

"Then this is what I saw. Somewhere behind him [the small boy in danger] over the parapet of the bridge there was a figure. I remember nothing about it except the face and hands. The face was, I think, the tenderest I have ever seen. The eyes were downcast, looking upon the boy's head with indescribable love, the lips were smiling. One hand was over the boy's eyes, the other against his shoulder behind. In a moment the memory of other stories I had heard came to my mind—and I gave a sob of relief that the boy was safe in such care. But as the iron hoofs and rocking wheels came up, the hand on the boy's shoulder suddenly pushed him to meet them; and yet those tender eyes and mouth never flinched, and the child took a step forward in front of the horse, and was beaten down without a cry. . . . When the cloud of dust had passed, the little body lay quiet in the road, and the two girls were clinging to one another, screaming and sobbing, but there was nothing else.

I was as angry at first as an old man could be. I nearly (may He forgive me for it now) cursed God and died. But the memory of that tender face did its work. It was as the face of a mother who nurses her first-born child, as the face of a child who kisses a wounded creature, it was as I think the Father's Face itself must have been, which those angels always behold, as He looked down upon the Sacrifice of His only Son."

"In the Convent Chapel" and "Over the Gateway" are also stories with true and beautifully told lessons, while "The Blood Eagle," "The Traveller," and "Poena Damni," bring forward a more weird element, reminiscent of those days when the world was younger and the elemental forces less shut off from the race of men.

E. W

"THE MEDIATORS"

The Mediators. By Rosamund Temple (Mrs. Laurence Oliphant).
(London: Offices of *Light*, 110, St. Martin's Lane; 1903.
Price 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is one it is hard to speak of. Any book written by our author we must treat with respect. The daughter of Robert Dale Owen, who married Laurence Oliphant in his declining years in self-sacrificing devotion, to aid him in carrying out what he conceived to be his mission, and whose services were in actual fact but the devoted nursing of him in his brief last illness, is entitled to every consideration at our hands; and yet, what can we say of her work, but that we can make neither head nor tail of it? It is not even such a work as *Sympneumata*, where through all the curious modifications made in bringing the vision down to the physical plane it was impossible to doubt that a vision there *was* before the writer's spiritual sight, and that a true one. In the present case the words are English, the sentences duly constructed, and yet (it may be our stupidity which is in fault) we can trace nothing but word spinning. Mrs. Temple, like so many philosophers before her, has framed a system of the world out of words, and words only; and (again like them) is satisfied that the ingenious framework is the system of the Creator and all others mistaken. All we can do is to take off our hat, and leave her to enjoy it; we cannot undertake to criticise or even to summarise. We feel, in short, in turning over the pages, like our friend Echo in the last number of the REVIEW—as if we had got into

a new world—an “astral” world, where “things are not as they seem,” though there are, as far as we can see, *no* “visions about.” But we humbly acknowledge our unworthiness. May she find many who *can* understand her, for we are quite sure her meaning (if it could be got at) is good and self-sacrificing—even as herself.

A. A. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, September. “Old Diary Leaves” have only the continuation of the Judge affair. One passage of the President’s speech at the Indian Convention, 1894, is of more than passing interest. The Colonel says: “Equally well known is it that persons, otherwise accounted sane, are liable to hallucinations which make them sometimes mistake their own fancies for spiritual revelations, and a vulgar earth-bound spirit for an exalted historical personage. At this moment, I have knowledge of at least seven different psychics in our Society who believe themselves to be in communication with the same Mahatmas and doing their work, who have each a knot of disciples or adherents about them, and whose supposed teachers give orders which conflict with each others’! I cannot impugn the good faith of any of these sensitives; while, on the other hand, I cannot see my way to accepting any of their mandates in the absence of satisfactory proof of their genuineness.” Next come Mr. Leadbeater’s lecture on “Invisible Helpers”; Miss McQueen’s “The Life Side,” concluded from last month, which gives many valuable reflections on the change made in our ideas as to the state after death, persecution, war, and other evils by looking at them, not from the side of the physical form destroyed or injured, but from that of the indwelling life which passes on into higher forms in due progress of evolution undisturbed; Mrs. S. G. Currie translates a lecture by L. Revel entitled “Religious Traditions and Esoteric Traditions”; Miss Kofel discourses on “Recent Notes on Science and Theosophy,” giving many illustrations from the latest scientific utterances to show how far science itself has moved from the materialistic point of view of H. P. B.’s time. W. A. Mayers concludes his highly appreciative study of the “Imitation of Christ,” and an interesting number ends by an abstract of a lecture in Tamil given before the Madura Branch, by P. Narayana Iyer, on “How to study Upanishads.”

Prasnottara for September does credit to the new editor. It opens with a lecture by Hirendra Nath Datta on “The Mystery of Creation,”

not less interesting for the wise warning in its first sentence that the audience were "not to expect an unfolding of the mystery underlying Creation." It is not for any of us to give *that!* Miss Edger continues her study of the Zoroastrian Gâthâs, and Mrs. Besant's lectures on Mr. Myers' book and Miss Arundale's paper on "The Conception of Soul" are also continued. A summary of Reviews and Magazines, somewhat in the style of our own, forms a regular feature of the magazine.

Theosophic Gleaner, September, in its editorial expresses a very legitimate exultation that it has lived to begin its thirteenth year. During its twelve years' life it has circulated much useful instruction, and we wish success to its appeal for more subscribers. J. J. Vimadlal gives some "Thoughts on Man"; G. E. Sutcliffe a paper on the "Fourth Dimension," founded on the habitual confusion of two dimensional space with an exceedingly thin slice of three dimensional space, which is the only thing we can really conceive—an error which vitiates all his conclusions. The other articles, original and selected, make up a good number.

The Dawn, for August, has many interesting and important articles. It Satischandra Mukerjee, M.A., B.L., would leave the question of the abstract desirableness of castes, and discuss the more practical point of the advisability or otherwise of keeping up the extravagant separation in every detail of daily life which caste is now supposed to entail, his study would be of real use. It is not likely that Hindus will agree to *abolish* castes, but they may perhaps be won to recognise the essential brotherhood of all their fellow countrymen more practically than at present they do.

Other Indian magazines not received.

The Vâhan, October, continues the subject of its own possible improvement with various letters, one a long and important one from the Editor of this REVIEW. In the "Enquirer" is a very valuable answer by B. K. to a question as to the result on our next lives of the continual but not entirely successful struggle against evil habits in this; whilst a question as to the lawfulness of using medicine to cure someone else's illness we may have, as the enquirer thinks, taken on ourselves is an illustration of the curious recrudescence of old Christian ideas which seems just now taking place amongst us. I should like to suggest to those who have any saving sense of humour to try to imagine the wretchedness of the unlucky man's life whose friends insisted on bearing his karma—vicariously suffering for him—"taking on

them his morbid bodily conditions and mental grief"! F. Nietzsche is quite right; all this means simply the enjoyment of their own superiority to the sufferer, and they would take care to let him feel it!

The Lotus Journal for October has a feast of good things; amongst the rest the beginning of an account of the Central Hindu College, by Prof. Arundale, and the notes of Mrs. Besant's "Development of the Spiritual Life," whilst Miss Ward gives some pretty illustrations of "Sound Pictures," and Miss Mallet continues her valuable "Outlines of Theosophy for our younger Readers."

Bulletin Théosophique, October, gives the programme for the coming season at the Paris Headquarters, newly opened; a list of lectures and receptions which speak of a numerous and enthusiastic staff of helpers, as well as of the devotion of the Secretary and his older companions. They have our best wishes; if they can win over Paris, they have the world!

Revue Théosophique, September, begins with a biographical article on Mrs. Besant, signed with the well-known initials A. B. C., and giving a reproduction of a very good portrait. In addition to translations we have a further portion of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and an article on "Atlantis," by Mrs. Judson. Answers to questions are furnished by C. W. L.

Theosophia, September, has an important editorial on the work of the opening session. In addition to reproductions and translations from Mrs. Besant and Michael Wood, there is a long and serious study on the ever-recurring subject of "Karma and the Forgiveness of Sins," by Chr. J. Schuver, chiefly from the point of view of the R. Catholic Church.

Der Vâhan, October. The conclusion of the review of Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death*, ventures to think children would be better left without even the Theosophical explanation of death, until their elders understand it better; and gives a delightful translation of the dialogue between the Enthusiastic Lady and the Medium into German cockney talk. Then follow the notices of *The Theosophist* and this REVIEW, the questions from *The Vâhan*, and the continuations of Mr. Sinnett's "Animal Kingdom" and Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

Luzifer, for September, is an excellent number. The editor's paper on "Initiation and the Mysteries" we hope to see in English; the continuations of Mlle. v. Sivers' biography of Mrs. Besant, Herr Deinhard's review of Myers and Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's "Ideal of Life" are all good. The most important part, to our mind, is the

notice of the German translation of Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, in which the editor undertakes to fill what has been hitherto a serious gap in our literature, criticism as distinguished from mere panegyric.

Sophia, August, has a refreshing touch of life about it—something which is more than a mere piling up of dead articles to fill its pages, not to be defined but to be felt. From a numerous set of book reviews we find that Dr. Encausse's (Payus') *Occultism* does not find favour by reason of the curious partiality which makes him omit all mention of our own Society in his enumeration of the tiniest societies called or supposed to be "occult."

We have also *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, August to September; *South African Theosophist*, September, with some interesting specimens of Kaffir Lore, in which, as in so many such cases, Theosophy sees something not entirely "superstition;" *Theosophy in Australasia*, August in which there call for mention, a lively and interesting "Outlook" and a noticeable "Musing of a Jew (?) during a recent visit to Jerusalem"; the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* for September, in its literary contents cheerful enough but ending with the lugubrious summary "Donations received—Magazine Fund, Nil; Propaganda Fund, Nil; For Section Expenses Nil; for Miss Edger's travelling expenses, Nil; and the September number of the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, Semarang,

Also received: *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *La Nuova Parola*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Light*; *The Conservator*; *Anglo-Russian*.

☞ *The Paradox of Pain, a Study in Spiritual Alchemy* is a little book by F.T.S. (London: Elliot Stock & Son, 4½d.) whose previous work, *The Christian Life*, we have before noticed. In four chapters on "The Mystery of Pain," "The Eternal Law of Righteousness," "Through Pain to Peace," and "The End of Pain," the author has put together many considerations which will help his readers to take the troubles of life with intelligent comprehension instead of blind submission, and in time to rise above them, and to every effort of this kind we must wish God-speed.

The Law of Sacrifice, by our colleague, Mr. W. Scott Elliot, is the title of the last *Transaction* of the London Lodge, but comes to us too late for further notice this month.

W.