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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Congress of the Federated European Sections of the Theosophical Society, which was held last year at Amsterdam, proved so delightful a gathering that it was enthusiastically decided by the International Committee of the Federation of European Sections to repeat the experiment at the earliest opportunity. The next Congress is accordingly to be held in London, on July 8th, 9th and 10th, at the Empress Rooms, High Street, Kensington. In the programme of the Congress, in addition to the departmental meetings for the hearing of papers, speeches and discussions on Theosophical subjects, and a number of social gatherings, there are to be included Music, an Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, and a Dramatic Performance at the Court Theatre. Indeed, to judge by the preliminary sketch of the programme of some sixteen pages which we have before us this Congress promises to be one of the most ambitious ever attempted by the members of the Society.

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THE main object of the gathering is of course the promotion of that spirit of co-operation, without which Theosophy, as the most

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The Main Object of the Gathering      potent leavening of thought and feeling known to us, cannot work-together for righteousness. Positive sympathy and ordered synthesis—in the widest meaning of the terms—are its watchwords, not merely negative toleration or haphazard syncretism. The realisation of this ideal is to be promoted not only by the development of the feeling of international comity on the common ground of religion and science and philosophy, without distinction of race or creed or caste, but also by extending a warm welcome to arts and crafts as excellent means of giving expression to much that words cannot adequately explain. The Beautiful is co-eternal and co-equal with the True and the Good in the right synthesis of Wisdom, and it has been too much neglected by us in years past.

But let us not be over-ambitious; the ideal is so dazzling that its true realisation is yet far off. That realisation is not for the present Theosophical Society, no matter how strenuously it may labour; it is the task of all that is best in humanity, and the main lesson we have to learn is not to parochialise this greatness, but to strive by every means in our power to break down the walls of separation which race and creed and caste are for ever raising; to try in all ways to realise that we are true citizens of the world; not by sectarian attacks or self-righteous denunciations, but by growth in sympathy and the conviction that all things have their proper place and value in a world of order, that there is a Reason in things, had we but head to see and heart to feel. The world needs an interpretation of its mystery, and man a reader of his riddle.

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Now it stands to reason that all things must work together if this right and truth and righteousness is in any way dimly to be foreshadowed. All can help, each in his own way, as all may see by studying the preliminary sketch which has been just issued by the International Committee, and which can be obtained from the General Secretaries of the Federated Sections. All things have their proper value in any work of real co-operation. It is true that "*l'argent ne fait pas le bonheur*," but as a witty friend remarked: "*mais comme il y contribue!*" If money does not con-

The Bread and Hyssop of the Feast

stitute happiness in the abstract, yet in a work where things physical have to be considered as well as things spiritual, it certainly is a potent contribution towards the happy outcome of the enterprise. The expenses will be heavy and the undertakings will be to a large extent dependent on the amount available of that excellent thing in due proportion which in excess has been characterised as "filthy lucre" and the "root of all evil." There are some short-sighted folk who think that undertakings of the Theosophical Society should be entirely apart from all considerations of £ s. d.; they should presumably be nourished with air alone! But Theosophy is like man; to exist here man must not only be nurtured by "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," but also by bread, if indeed that also is not one of the chief "words" from the Source of Wisdom. Give then bread for the feast, and hyssop too, as in the banquets of the old time Therapeuts; and with bread and hyssop for the body, the delights of the soul will doubtless be poured forth in greater abundance.

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IN the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*, Sir Oliver Lodge contributes a trenchant criticism of Haeckel's naïf materialistic monism which leaves that far-vaunted theory in materialistic circles a sorry and sick patient in the hospital for the insufficient. Speaking of the Adam and Eve myth Sir Oliver writes as follows:

Sir Oliver Lodge's  
Creed

The truth embedded in the old Genesis legend is deep; it is the legend of man's awakening from a merely animal life to consciousness of good and evil. . . . Man was beginning to cease to be merely a passenger on the planet, controlled by outside forces; it is as if the reins were then for the first time being placed in his hands, as if he was allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate and destiny, and to take over some considerable part of the management of the world.

The process of handing over the reins to us is still going on. The education of the human race is a long process, and we are not yet fit to be fully trusted with the steering gear.

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THAT there are a Reality and a Reason in the universe independent of human imaginings is the basis of the creed of this man of science

There is a Reason  
in Things

who has already dared so much in the cause of true free thought. And so the President of our youngest university concludes his combat with the veteran Goliath of crude materialistic Philistinism with these weighty words:

No one can be satisfied with conceptions below the highest which to him are possible: I will not believe that it is given to man to think out a clear and consistent system higher and nobler than the real truth. Our highest thoughts are likely to be nearest to reality; they must be stages in the direction of truth, else they could not have come to us and been recognised as highest. So also with our longings and aspirations towards ultimate perfection, those desires which we recognise as our noblest and best: surely they must have some correspondence with the facts of existence, else had they been unattainable by us. Reality is not to be surpassed . . . by the ideals of knowledge and goodness invented by a fraction of tself; and if we could grasp the entire scheme of things, so far from wishing to "shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer the heart's desire," we should hail it as better and more satisfying than any of our modern imaginings. The universe is in no way limited to our conceptions: it has a reality apart from them; nevertheless they themselves constitute a part of it, and can only take a clear and consistent character in so far as they correspond with something true and real. Whatever we can clearly and consistently conceive, that is *ipso facto* in a sense already existent in the universe as a whole; and that, or something better, we shall find to be a dim foreshadowing of a higher reality.

That is my creed, and, optimistic though it be, it seems to me the only rational creed for a man of science, who, undeterred by any accusation of dualism, realises strongly that our entire selves—our thoughts, conceptions, desires, as well as our perceptions and our acts—are all

but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

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WE are delighted to have chanced on a little book which gives us just the information about Būshidō, or the "Knightly Way" of the present flower of Far Eastern humanity, that we would most desire as an introduction to the spirit of the Japanese nation. It is called *Bushido, the Soul of Japan, an Exposition of Japanese Thought*, and is written by Professor Inazo Nitobe, A.M., Ph.D., a Japanese gentleman who is not only a lover of Bushido, but exceedingly well read in Western literature. It was first published in Philadelphia, then at Tokio, and may be obtained from Simpkin,

More about  
Bushido

Marshall & Co. It has also been translated into German. Dr. Nitobe is eminently fitted to look on the matter from an impartial point of view, and to make every allowance for and meet the requirements of Western readers, for he has married an American wife, and is a member of the Society of Friends, and has apparently lived in Germany and France as well as in America.

The scope of his little treatise, which is worthy of the closest study, may be seen from the following headings: Bushido as an Ethical System; Sources of Bushido; Rectitude or Justice; Courage, the Spirit of Daring and Bearing; Benevolence, the Feeling of Distress; Politeness; Veracity or Truthfulness; Honour; The Duty of Loyalty; Education and Training of a Samurai; Self-Control; The Institutions of Suicide and Redress; The Sword the Soul of the Samurai; The Training and Position of Woman; The Influence of Bushido; Is Bushido Still Alive?—; The Future of Bushido.

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AN old colleague has sent us a striking passage in Dante which apparently suggests that man must return to his earthly body in order to progress in knowledge. It is

? Palingenesis  
in Dante      founded on the legend that this happened to

Trajan at the prayer of St. Gregory the Great, and is made to account for the fact that Dante, to his great surprise, meets the Roman Emperor in the Heaven of Jupiter. The literal translation of the passage (*Paradiso*, xx. 106-117) runs as follows:

He from Hell came back unto his bones, and this was the reward of living hope,—the living hope which put power into the prayers made to God to raise him up, that his will might be moved.

The glorious soul returning to the flesh where it abode awhile, believed in Him who had power to help, and, believing, kindled into such a flame of Love that at the second death it was worthy to come into this Joy.

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AN Irish correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (September 9th) vouches for the accuracy of the following strange story—strange,

that is to say, to those who are not familiar  
Repercussion      with psychic phenomena, but clearly a case of  
repercussion. We have ourselves personally

known the case of a lady who not unfrequently woke up in the morning with signs of bruises and scratchings as though she had violently dashed against rocks or torn herself through brambles, or had been attacked by some wild animal. These marks passed away rapidly. In the case appended below it is not stated how long the effects of this astral repercussion lasted.

As the result of a peculiarly vivid dream, Mr. Charles E. Stanley, B.A., of Erin Villas, Newcastle, Co. Down, is suffering from the effects of what appears to be severe sunburn, and he is anxious to learn if any similar case has been recorded, and if any adequate scientific explanation can be put forward.

Mr. Stanley, in relating his almost weird experience, says: "I am thirty years of age, a student, and very pale-faced. Having been confined to my rooms in the city of Belfast by severe literary work for some months, I paid a flying visit to Newcastle on Monday last, when the little town was deluged with rain and the sun obscured.

"I remained indoors all the evening reading, and retired to bed about eleven o'clock. During the night I dreamt I was lying on the sea-shore in a strange locality, and that the sun was shining with intense heat, so much so that I felt my face and hands actually being burned. In my dream I remember thinking what a tanned face I would have after lying so long exposed to the glaring sun.

"The dream passed away, and in the morning I arose and commenced to shave. What was my astonishment, on looking in the mirror, to find my face and neck literally tanned dark brown, my nose in a parboiled condition and the skin broken, my forehead covered with freckles, and my hands also tanned brown and freckled.

"The experience made me uneasy, and accordingly I spoke to a doctor who was staying in the same house. He said I was badly sunburnt by exposure. I explained I had not been in the sun for a single hour for months, and that I arrived in Newcastle in a deluge of rain, at the same time mentioning my dream.

"He was amazed, and said it was the most remarkable case he ever knew, but he believed the force of imagination had in my dream affected the skin and caused the sunburn and freckles.

"The doctor asked me to write to the Press, as the case is a most remarkable one. I may add I am a total abstainer, and am free from any disease or skin affection."

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THE Western world is just now learning many things from the Far East; perhaps the most striking lesson it has yet received

The Spirits of the Dead has been given in the person and in the simple words of Admiral Togo. What can be more

direct or more natural than the words of this great Bushi addressed to his late comrades in arms at a commemorative funeral service of a number of officers and men who fell while serving under him before Port Arthur? What can be more simple and yet more convincingly real than the report delivered by their Admiral to the living spirits of the dead?

“As I stand before your spirits I can hardly express my feelings. Your personality is fresh in my memory. Your corporeal existence has ceased, but your passing from the world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty, by virtue of which the enemy's fleet on this side of the world has been completely disabled. Our combined fleet retains the undisputed command of the seas. I trust that this will bring peace and rest to your spirits. It is my agreeable duty to avail myself of the occasion of my presence in this city, whither I have been called by the Emperor, to report our successes to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence for the attainment of so great a result. The report is rendered most humbly by me in person.”

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WHAT is a vague belief in the immortality of the soul, or the conviction of spiritualism in the personal survival of bodily death, compared to a solemn public function of this kind, in which a whole nation takes part as a most natural and simple thing?

In Memory of the Dead

The same idea, but from a vaguer and more general standpoint, was insisted upon by Dr. de Beaumont-Klein in an address on “The Memory of the Dead,” delivered to the Positivist Society on the last day of the old year, at Essex Hall, from which we quote two sentences. (See report in *Morning Post*, January 2nd.)

As they looked in thought down the long avenue of time and saw the multitudes whom no man could number, and from whom they had come, they realised the truth of Comte's words, that humanity was made up in reality more of the dead than of the living. How much did they not owe to the great minds of the past? Would it not be better to hold communion with them than to spend so much time on the ephemeral literary productions of the day? . . .

They had met that night to hold communion with those true representatives of their race who had toiled and suffered not for themselves alone but who, by their faithfulness and love, had built up the past of humanity.

They honoured the glorious company of the sacred dead, the thought of whom was their strength and safeguard in weakness.

The Theosophist can fortunately combine the two views, which are mutually complementary, and realise not only that the living past is ever round us, but also that the material past of the race is actually in us, in our very bodily structures,—felt by all in impulses, and habits, and tendencies, and realised by a few in actual consciousness.

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IN the December number of *Nature Notes* there is a delightful dog story, contributed by Harriet E. Olive, which the writer thinks may be cited as an evidence of a dog being sensitive to the psychic power of man, an opinion which many of our readers will doubtless endorse. The story runs as follows :

A Dog Story for  
Psychical  
Researchers

I was visiting a relative at one of the Colleges at Oxford. On the evening of which I write, a guest at dinner expressed a complete scepticism with regard to thought-reading. Our host then proposed that during the evening we should make some experiments. Accordingly, later on when we returned to the drawing-room, each of us in turn left the room while those who were left behind decided, in the softest whispers, what he should do when called to return to the room blindfolded. I must now state that throughout the evening there lay on a large rug in front of the fire two dogs, both sleeping soundly, one a large St. Bernard, furthest from the fire, and in front of him, between his fore and hind-legs, a little fox-terrier close to the fender. Towards the end of the evening our host was blindfolded for the second time, and before he was led back into the room, with signs and the lowest whispers we decided that he should find his way to the little fox-terrier, lift him up and place him on a little occasional table that stood near the centre of the room. Neither of the dogs showed any sign of consciousness while this passed. Our host re-entered the room, and made his way, when left alone, a few steps in the right direction of the table, but then stopped and put out his hand as if uncertain. At that moment the fox-terrier moved, and began to whine and become distressed and excited, then he leaped over the St. Bernard and made his way, whimpering and grovelling, to his master's feet, and made little leaps up his legs, barking and whining. His master stooped down and patted him, saying: "Fox, what is the matter?" In so doing he moved forward, nearing the table, while the dog got more and more excited and barked loudly. At last his master touched the table, and then took up Fox as if to quiet him, and placed him on it. Then Fox showed the greatest joy barking loudly and leaping up and down, while we clapped our hands. It seemed very remarkable to me.



which was intended to revolutionise thought in various unexpected directions. He was a very well-known, much-applauded, and generally respected person.

He was talking to a guest who was less applauded because he was held to be soberly commonplace ; nevertheless he too was generally respected, for he did nothing in particular, whether of good or evil, and was known to be very rich, and growing richer.

He listened to his host, but an observant person would have noticed that he often glanced at the secretary.

When the host proposed a stroll before luncheon, he rose ; he was silent till they were on the terrace ; then he said carelessly :

“ That man of yours Dexter is a steady-looking fellow.”

“ O yes ; he’s steady and shrewd too, I believe him to be a good fellow in the main. Not quite reliable as regards money matters some years ago. However, he was young, and he paid the penalty. I gave him a fresh start, and I’ve never repented it. I think in these matters by-gones should be by-gones.”

“ Quite so,” said the guest.

The host had a “ carrying voice ” ; it “ carried ” into the room where the secretary sat.

He had finished the letters ; he was sorting and arranging the MS. of the world-compelling pamphlet, before proceeding to type it. The writer was a religiously disposed man and a church-goer ; he liked to preface his pamphlets with a motto, generally a text. This one was a text ; it ran : “ Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.”

He was an excellent man ; but he never stopped to think whether he was in the habit of making a catalogue of his past offences to his listening friends and new acquaintances, or whether he would like to know that they did so on his behalf.

There was once a converted heathen who was much cleverer than those who converted him. He told the bishop of the diocese that he and his fellow converts were in the habit of gathering together to make public confession of their sins.

“ An excellent discipline, doubtless,” said the good bishop, “ but such public confession must be painful.”

"By no means," said the simple penitent. "Because we do not confess our own sins, but each others'."

The bishop mused on the childlike simplicity of the convert ; but—was the former heathen as guileless as he sounded ?

The secretary heard the words of his employer ; his hands began to shake. Presently he dropped the MS. and sat staring out of the window. It was seven years since he had "paid the penalty," seven solid years of dull drudgery and loneliness, and they were still discussing it, and his "fresh start."

He sighed ; picked up his pencil (he was numbering chaotic scraps of a very badly written MS.), let it slide to the carpet, rested his arms on the table, and his head on his arms, and sighed, and sighed, and sighed again ; a sigh sadder than a sob, because it spoke of a greater weariness, and a more utter depression and spiritlessness.

The door opened ; the guest appeared ; he shut the door quietly and stood looking at the secretary. At last he said softly :

"Dexter !"

The man started and sprang up ; his eyes looked nervous and ashamed.

"That's all right !" said the other. "I only want to tell you what I've been leading up to for days. You knew I'd been leading up to something ?"

"I thought you were. I don't know what it is."

"I should not have come in here when I was supposed to be writing letters, and talked to you, unless I had been trying to size you up. I shouldn't size you up unless I wanted you for something."

"Want me ! For what ?"

"I'll tell you."

The guest sat down in the bow window, and began to talk in a low voice. It does not matter specially what he said ; it was a plan of action which a man of fair repute could only have told to one whose reputation for honesty was smirched. It was a very creditable scheme from the point of view of a skilful speculator and financier who was not particular about his methods.

"My name must never appear," he said, "though of course

I am the backer of the concern. If you will run the thing for me, as your own, you understand, then—I will make it worth your while. I don't mind, to speak quite frankly, broaching the matter to you, because my reputation stands high, and I can back it with a big cheque. If you were to say I had spoken to you thus, you would not be believed, if I denied it. You would be thought a blackmailer, that is all."

"I suppose so. I'm not likely to tell anyone. I don't talk much; and I should only get into fresh trouble if I talked of this."

"Yes. You're quiet and shrewd. I've watched you a long time. Your life here is a dog's life. You are ticketed as the man—who was found out. Now there's very little risk in this; practically none. For if the thing fails I don't think the law can touch you. Of course, your reputation would be gone; but then you've damaged that already, and he doesn't forget it, any more than you do, does he?"

"He does not. Naturally."

"If it succeeds, and I think it will, then I will give you enough of the proceeds to give you a real 'fresh start' in America. My name will never appear; it will never be traced who paid you the money; you will simply reserve a sum agreed on between us. That's tempting to you, isn't it? It means freedom, and a clean record in another country. That's tempting?"

"I think so. Will you give me twenty-four hours to think it over?"

"As long as you like, in moderation."

"It's only I feel rather played out and tired, that's all. I funk at anything that is fresh; anything that needs thought and smartness."

"Ask for a holiday; rest, and think it over."

So the man asked for a holiday, and was granted forty-eight hours; not more, because there was haste to produce the world-moving pamphlet.

He thought he would walk five miles to the Forest, and live two days and nights in solitude under the open sky. He started in the dark, with a knapsack strapped to his shoulders.

It was dawn when he reached the Forest, and crossed a stretch of heath, whence the sea could be smelt, salt and pungent ; and the island, too, could be seen, lying, indigo-blue, in the clear distance.

It was a very clear dawn, as clear as crystal, and sights and sounds and smells had a bell-like clean-cut purity, that struck the soul at first hand, so that one hardly realised the perception of them came by way of the body. There was a winding ribbon-like road, which crossed the heath after it crept out of the thick forest, and along it a red-painted mail cart went. Behind the cart ran an old dog, lured neither to the right nor to the left in his steady following. The cart clattered over a railless wooden bridge which crossed a slow stream in which water-grasses waved ; there were two moor-fowl swimming on it, and its banks were shining with water forget-me-nots.

He passed the mail cart and crossed the bridge ; then he reached the woods and left the road. He wanted a quiet place in which to think ; he had brought with him, in his knapsack, bread and cheese and apples—enough food for two days. He walked down a turf path, climbed a gate, walked through two straight pine avenues, and gained the “open forest,” a great silent glade, solemn and wonderful in the breathless waiting of dawn.

Here companies of rabbits were feeding ; here were huge spring-flushed oaks, twisted thorns, delicate birches glowing with the marvel of young leafage. Here, too, was gorse ablaze with the fire of God, and on the topmost twig of a larch, outlined against the sky, was a thrush, a-quiver with a passion of song, telling a marvellous secret of the Heart of things as only those can tell who do not understand the uttermost meaning of their speech.

He had walked through the place looking at nothing until now ; he had an important decision to make. But now he stopped as though a great hand had gripped him, and stared at the bird with his eyes half shut. It was so clear ; he could see the little feathers a-tremble at its quivering throat, as the notes bubbled up like drops of bright water from a well of joy.

He stared and listened till the thrush flew away.

He came to a little grove of holly trees ; and there, on the

round circle of oozing wood, where a great tree had been felled, he lay down, and ate some bread and an apple. Then he went to sleep, and when he woke it was noon; the glade was a marvel of dappled shade and shine.

There was a blue tit swinging on the holly bough above him; and a fox was trotting demurely through the fern a few yards away. It was all sacredly, wonderfully still. The place taught nothing, said nothing; it was in itself—what it was. That was all.

He heard a quick patter of rain; and the leaves shone with diamonds; he watched them a-glitter in the sun, when it shone forth again. A drove of shaggy, cream-coloured cattle came by, crashing through the tangle, and passing the little grove of hollies, all a-shine in the sun, where he lay.

When they passed he rose and wandered down a turf alley till the pines hid the wide stretch of the open forest; then he lay with his face hidden on the great cushions of the moss; and listened, half unconsciously, to the silence,—the wonderful sounding silence—of the wood.

There was a big beech tree near; it blazed with the green fire of spring; at its foot were the shining, sticky brown sheaths that once shielded the young leaves. The oaks were pink, they were as rosy as the dawn sky when he reached the Forest. From the wood—only he was too tired to rise and seek them—he could smell some late primroses yet lingering on the sweet wet earth, from which the young grass sprang. He heard a wood pigeon's slow sleepy note a-purr from a little grove of larches. Presently, with a strong beat of blue-grey wings, the bird flew between him and the sky. Then a jay swung silently from the pines and perched on a bough above him; the conscienceless bird chuckled, and preened his feathers; a tiny blue black-barred wonder fluttered down on the man's chest.

Lying so, he could see the straight, stiff stems of the uncurling bracken, quite differently from the fashion in which they are seen when they are looked at from above; they stood rank by rank, straight, stiff, and green, with their little brown cowed heads bent like monks in prayer.

There was a much bigger life than his, unfolding its affairs

there in the wood; and it made no turmoil or fuss about it; it lived and reasoned not; it kept the commandments because it was not aware they were apart from itself. And what were the commandments of the wood? Certainly they were kept, whatsoever they were, for the place was full of beauty and of rest.

The shadows grew long; it was time to eat some bread and cheese; he ate some, and drank from a little stream. It struck him he had not been thinking of the things he came there to think about; but after all he should probably accept the offer, and he was very tired. He had not realised before how much he was over-worked. To-morrow he would think. In the meantime he would walk through the darkening pine avenue, and see the dusk, like a purple-robed giant, stalk over the land.

He walked on and on; the pine walks were unending. Each walk was cut and crossed by another vista of mystery; and always there was some hint of wonders veiling unseen marvels. Sometimes a milky-white bush of blackthorn; sometimes a little stream; sometimes a circle of great dead oaks like frosted silver, all ringed about by frost-bleached grass, through which the new green blades were pushing, and walled by dark pines, touched by the little sticky buds of spring growth. Sometimes there was a pool of water shimmering in the shadow of the trees, set about with rose-pink blossoming bog-myrtle, and white bog-cotton, and wonderful little flat leaves shining like emeralds.

But at last he reached the gate. Beyond the gate was a stretch of green heather; and thereon forest ponies feeding, and cows with sleepily tolling bells. On it, too, great raised mounds; bracken and heather-clothed barrows, where rabbits burrowed in the grave of some long-dead fighter. To the right was a curved line of woods that seemed to be made of dusky red and green jewels. Before him was the island glowing like sapphire; in the foreground on the open barren heath was a little dark wind-twisted pine, clear cut against the sky; and the sky ablaze with the colour that is the parting blessing of the Lord of Light.

It was a pale sky of dream-blue; in the west it shone with crimson and orange flame, fading into green like a breath of some

secret mystery of tenderness, and pinks like a dream of the love of God ; and a violet so faint, pure and holy that the heart quivered at the sight of it. Colour that speaks the tongue of the Gods, when thought falls dead, and the sound of speech is mere hollowness.

When the colour faded big purple clouds began to drift up over the pale yellow sky, until it was all a wonderful thick purple-blue darkness, in which sounds were both clear and muffled ; far away sounds were clear, and sounds close at hand were muffled and eerie ; pale milk-grey lights began to slide through the darkness.

There were no stars ; only the warm dark sweet-smelling half-silence. He could not see a yard before his face, and yet he felt the darkness was a big far-reaching space about him.

There was a dry ditch among the pines ; it was full of yellow-brown pine needles. He lay down there, and heard the noises of the night ; the snapping of twigs, the rustle of little night prowling beasts. Once a badger stole by ; once a night-bird shrieked ; the owls called hoo-hoo in the branches. Once there echoed a cry of pain and fear through the wood ; the death shriek of some tiny citizen. Once a night-jar purred in the tree above his head ; and once the magic of the nightingale trembled through the warm dark air in a limpid river of sound.

At last he slept ; and he woke to a wild rush of rain. The wood was full of pale cool light ; the pine needles dripped ; he heard the gurgle of a hurry of water in the ditch beyond the gate. He got up ; the livid greenish-purple clouds were rushing across the sky ; the island was veiled in a white mist of rain ; the forest ponies galloped for some scant shelter ; some of the herd turned disconsolate noses from the rush of waters ; some squealed, and kicked, and bit at each other ; others endured in meekness. A big ants' nest near the gate was flooded ; pools stood in the heather ; and a heap of cream-white foam swirled on the brown water in the ditch.

Light wisps of cloud fled across the background of livid green-purple. He stood under shelter of the trees and watched the storm.

It passed ; the clouds flew sea-wards ; the sky grew a pale

even grey ; then a cool soft wind began to blow. The east grew faint pink, then yellow-grey ; then a long line of light quivered over the heather. The new day had come. The birds were stirring and singing ; the rabbits hopped out to feed ; a stoat darted across the track ; and the clang of a cow-bell echoed across the moor.

He found the slowly moving stream he crossed yesterday ; there he bathed ; then he ate some of the food he had brought with him. Finally he walked down a path of silver-grey sand, skirting a wood of oaks.

It waxed very warm and still ; there were no clouds ; the air shimmered over the heather ; white and little brown butterflies skipped over it ; the island was veiled in a soft white haze with violet shadows in it. Snakes slid out into the open to sun themselves ; the air was full of slanting gleams of gossamer and little drifting lives of insects that lived a day and never knew the night.

He sat among the pines, and saw the brown lizards and the squirrels ; and watched the golden lights flit over the dry pine-needles ; the boles of the trees shone red, and in among the far-off oaks was a mist of pale green.

In the afternoon he walked through the oak wood over dry leaves of last year, and cushions of bright emerald moss, set with scarlet, purple, and orange fungi.

At sunset he stood by a little clearing ; it was near a ranger's cottage. He could smell wood smoke, and see its swaying blue column rise above the thatched roof covered with stoncrop and little ferns. Here were rows of hives where lived the bees whose soft, organ-like drone he had heard mingling with the 'cellos of the pines.

The sky was less brilliant than it had been the night before ; it was bluish-white, and the long slender clouds on the horizon were violet and pink. The sky grew paler and more pale ; the silver of the evening star glimmered out, a tiny point of light. The pines were very dark ; they looked black against the sky ; a bat flickered above them.

He walked over the moor to the shore ; he saw the ghost-white of the foam, and heard the rush and draw of the tide

on the smooth pebbles. The moon was up when he walked back.

This night he did not try to sleep; not because he was worried or thoughtful; he had not thought all day, and he did not think all night.

It was very still and cloudless, and the moon was full; when it set the sky was solemnest blue; the stars and the white fire made the mystery of space more wonderful. It was one of those nights which are living symbols of largest patience; of breadth that includes all things, of silence whose root is the wisdom that knows, and cares not that it knows; of that mighty indifference that is indifferent because of its tenderness rather than its coldness. A night sky that was a symbol of a Holy Catholic Church of the entire universe; not tolerant—because, after all, tolerance is a little, narrow, patronising invention of man's aggressive superiority. That which is all-inclusive is not tolerant; it is omnipotent, omniscient, Alpha and Omega; the first, but also the last.

He did not think of these things; he never mused on such matters; he did not think at all that night, nor notice anything particularly. He sat under the sky, his hands clasping his knees; he was not sleepy, because to be out of doors two days and nights after a life spent chiefly within walls is apt, quite naturally, to cause wakefulness.

He saw three shooting stars slide through the blue heart of the night. At dawn he saw a fox, a vixen, and four little furry creatures with sharp bright eyes; they played together, and rolled in the heather without fear of man. He began wandering through the wood looking for bird's nests; he found four before the sun rose.

When it rose he began to walk back, for the forty-eight hours' holiday from the world-compelling pamphlet was ended.

He reached the house at seven o'clock; had a bath, dressed himself, ate a moderate breakfast, and began to open and arrange his employer's letters. That was at 8.30.

At 9 o'clock his employer's guest, on his way to breakfast, looked into the library. He nodded, came in, and shut the door.

“ Good morning, Dexter,” he said. “ You’ve got back, I see. I suppose I know your answer ? ”

“ No, I believe you don’t ; for I think I’ll go on here.”

“ You don’t mean that ? ”

“ I do.”

“ Afraid ? ”

“ No.”

“ Moral scruples ? ”

“ No.”

“ What then ? ”

The other hesitated, because he really did not know the answer. At last he said :

“ I have my Sundays free. And I think I should miss the Forest if I went away. I haven’t any other reason—that I know of.”

L’ ENVOI

Power of the wave and the light,  
 Power of the wind and the dawn,  
 Fanned by the strength of thy breath,  
 Man’s soul is born.

Power of the song of the lark,  
 Power of the gold of the corn,  
 By perfume, and silence and speech,  
 Man’s soul is born.

Power of the whispering rain,  
 Power of the day when it dies,  
 By magic of sunset and dusk,  
 Man’s soul doth rise !

Powers of the stars and the night,  
 When singing and sighing shall cease,  
 By the unknown span of thy rest,  
 Man’s soul knows peace !

MICHAEL WOOD.

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*Zen* is the Japanese equivalent for *Dhyāna*, “ which represents human effort to reach through meditation zones of thought beyond the range of verbal expression.” ? Hence *dzyan*—and “ Stanzas of *Dzyan*.”

## MORE ABOUT ATLANTIS

SOME criticisms having been made upon F——'s allusion to Herodotus, in the paper on Atlantis in the last issue of this REVIEW, I must explain that the misunderstanding arose out of my own question. I asked :

“ Is it true that Herodotus states that the last portion of Atlantis disappeared 900\* years before his birth ? ”

As T—— and I have not been together lately, I had to write to F——, telling him what had been said. This is his answer :

“ I certainly am an idiot to mistake Herodotus for Plato, but the ancient traveller mentions many things that I have read of in other works of his, and in some more recent incarnations. You see, my dear T——, I have not the Pope's mantle of infallibility ! And that is why I am shy of speaking on subjects I have not *recent personal knowledge* of. I would stake something, however, that Herodotus *does* mention Atlantis. Unfortunately, I get mixed as to the present state of ancient literature, and cannot recall what is now preserved or not. Can you understand ?

“ Until I have become part of absolute knowledge I am always liable to make mistakes, and in recalling things *read*, I cannot be more certain than you would be. Only I know Herodotus *does* speak of Atlantis in his Travels, and mentions the Egyptian records—*because he told me so himself*. And that is why I mentioned him in so casual a manner ; for, being an initiate, I knew how much the priests had misled him, and was, to tell the truth, rather angry with their excessive care for ecclesiastical mysteries.

“ Beyond that which I *know* as a *personal* fact I own to a small opinion of Herodotus, and certainly I never should consider the Travels as a trustworthy book of reference. However,

\* Presumably a mistake for the 9,000 years mentioned by Plato.—EDS.

I must be more careful and look up your present remains of the classics.

“Tell the Editor I never intended to allude to Plato’s version of this catastrophe. I do not remember it at all; but then Plato was not a favourite study of mine. I am very sorry to have spoken without first explaining completely everything. Only as Herodotus bragged so much of what he had extracted from the Egyptian priests, I naturally thought he had written it in his book, and I believe it is or was there after all, even if you have not saved it from oblivion.

“Really I am not, nor ever was, a great reader, but I lived always in the centre of things, and generally am most averse to philosophy. I told you *that* long ago, my dear T—, I can’t stand long-winded dissertations on subjects one knows nothing about.”

[Next Friday.] “I hope I made myself clear as to Herodotus. I remember perfectly my meeting him and the week we spent together in Egypt, but I can’t remember when I last read his book. I think it was the time of St. Francis. I read it as soon as it came out; but that is too long ago, I can’t remember a word of it.”

On December 9th, just after the issue of the REVIEW, but before T— had seen it, F— of his own accord reverted to Atlantis, and said as follows:

“The article is very well arranged, and it is not at all too long or prosy. I am surprised to see what I have told you of old Atlantis. No doubt many are anxious to contradict out of their *own* experience, and we shall have much chatter on the subject. Remember that each soul looks on a civilisation as he himself found it, and each individual personality has a separate point of view.

“Therefore it is difficult to get the descriptions to match each separate memory, more especially as Atlantic civilisation covered a large period of time, and it is useless for a man in Rome of the twentieth century to read a description of Rome in the time of Nero. Rome of the Christian martyrs and Rome of the Borgias will hardly tally as a description of Rome under the influence of Pius X.”

On December 16th, T—— still being absent, wrote at F——'s dictation the following to the criticisms of Mr. Scott Elliot, which I had sent to F——, begging him to answer them.

“E—— wishes me to answer certain criticisms, I will do it, but for her sake only.

“Very curiously and strangely the facts that I thought to have made quite plain are confused in this article.

“Atlantis was a very long-lived civilisation, but I can only speak of the time when I lived in the Divine City as one of the rulers. Let us do things in order.

“First. Never did I intend to include the general mass of the people of Atlantis in my description of the Divine City and its inhabitants. I thought I had completely made that clear. Only those who were able to pass the most complicated and severe tests, and to prove their right to be numbered with the *Supreme Race*—shall I term it so?—were admitted into the life of that extraordinary city. The town itself, if I can call it a town, which was indeed beautiful beyond the power of man to describe, was a *Sacred City*, so sacred that it was forbidden to even the higher castes of the ordinary Atlanteans to approach the gateway. Once a year the highest among the inferior people were allowed to stand afar off, and to bring their offerings to a certain spot, beyond which it was death for the unauthorised uninitiated to pass.

“Certainly there are tales of the times when the Holy Ones ruled the still earlier civilisation of that wonderful land; but, as I said before, I cannot myself tell you about this and so I am silent.

“Of course I am forced to give you broken and mutilated statements, for my power of communication is limited, and, as I have often said, the words I write are not equivalents of my thoughts, but they are the nearest and best way in which I can express my meaning. How can anybody imagine that I could say that all Atlanteans had the Power! But the rulers of the Sacred City were not accepted unless they could prove their power over the so-called ‘natural forces’ in far more wonderful ways than the simple truths I have spoken of.

“I told you that there are several actually living who are

masters of such wisdom, but they are not at all in the same condition as the lords of Atlantis. I do not remember anything of the disgusting blood food, certainly none who lived in the Divine City, during my existence there, fed on it actually; but in an *esoteric meaning* it is perfectly true, for they *lived on life itself*, if I may so express it.

“Now I have not expressed myself clearly enough, so I will recapitulate.

“My account of the Atlanteans refers simply to a certain select number of rulers and priests who were absolutely apart from the rest of the civilised community. Beneath the nucleus existed innumerable other grades and castes who were more or less under the control of the ‘Wonderful Ones,’ the Lords of Power. The highest and more or less initiated caste of priests who lived as ‘regulars,’ let us say, in the outer world, served as a medium of communication between the Lords of Power and the lower world.

“These priests had colleges and were severely trained, each in their degree and order of development; and to such a pitch had the inner wisdom been utilised that no man was ever suffered to adopt a wrong line of life. His talents were all noted, infallibly checked down and utilised for the general good of the people and for the Lords of Power.

“These ‘under-studies,’ as it were, carried on a direct line of experiments under the surveillance of the Higher Powers, and much in our present animal and vegetable world is the result of their experiments. Only this useful good work had nothing to do with the studies in that place, which for want of a better name I call the Divine City, and *there*, I repeat it, *no* animal was allowed to enter. The aura of such creatures would have disturbed the entire life of the community. I repeat that when I spoke to you, I did not imagine it was necessary to explain that which I said referred only to the highest order of Atlanteans.

“Now as to ‘Herodotus.’ I can only give my former explanation. I have only once read some of his writings, and that in the middle ages. By the merest chance a MS. fell into my hands, but I never completed my study, and my memory of this is of the faintest. On the other hand, I remember well a

week passed in company of the great traveller, and an animated discussion we had on the subject of Atlantis, with the difference that I, an initiated priest, knew perfectly that the dates he had obtained from my colleagues were absolutely false, and this 'alteration' of truth I always disliked, though forced to conform to it by my oath and position.

"As far as my memory goes Herodotus spoke much of his interest in that subject, and I naturally thought it was from his books that the story was drawn. I have never read anything of Plato, and absolutely retain my prejudice against the man because of his having profaned the mysteries, by revealing sacred knowledge to the vulgar, even if he was right. This is my reason, and a very personal one, in which I expect no other soul to follow me. It is an old story now, and the reason for my mistake sounds almost as far-fetched as the blunder itself.

"But please remember that I have often told you that I am not infallible, and only guarantee my account of what I have myself experienced. I knew some knowledge had survived, and also that it was a fairly precise account of what had happened, and through your question and my memories considered Herodotus to be responsible for the legend. He is not; but this mistake does not alter my power of reporting such facts of Atlantis as I myself witnessed, though it will make me very careful to be caught no more in fault, and to be less negligent in accepting whatever question is put before me, even by you.

"I don't think I can give you any more complete details of our lives in the long vanished Divine City. Navigation of the air and all kindred subjects were poor expedients compared to the wonderful power possessed by the great Lords in the Divine City, to whom it was a natural thing to pass through rock and stone, to enter shut doors and to transfer themselves from one place to another.

"I dare not and I must not say more of these marvellous beings. Only remember that once they left the Divine City, a thing that happened *very rarely*, these lords took upon them the general disabilities of humanity, and would as soon have exercised their marvellous gift in the public view as the King of

England would wear his crown and robes of state in ordinary life. Outside the charmed circle the common life went on *differently*, but in its way as *usual* as that of the present day.

"These experiments of the Great Ones made as little difference to the general existence as a great war makes in our own civilisation. It was only in the end that the blow fell.

"In all my remarks I referred entirely to the life we ourselves shared, and the crimes we ourselves tolerated, and did not consider it necessary to define my position more clearly. To quote my critic :

" 'The only district dealt with is that of the central city, and that at a time when it was entirely dominated by the black magicians.'

"The central city is not quite what I mean, it is rather the Sacred Divine City, home of gods and men, that I speak of, and it was this land of beauty and glorious humanity that I cannot refrain from regretting, although it deserved a million times its dreadful fate and the punishment which finally fell upon it and its children.

"Some day I will tell you more, but for the moment I am very much occupied with important matters. If it were only possible for us to communicate in some more certain manner—but that is impossible, and so I make the best of it.

"One word to the Editor :

"All spiritualistic communications are not reflections from other minds, but are often mere rubbish projected into a medium's consciousness by elemental and astral shells. But there are some *real* entities even in this most uncertain means of communication, and in spite of 'Herodotus' I think I may fairly claim to be the exception which proves the rule.\*

"I regret I cannot devote my time to giving a clearer version of my reminiscences of Atlantis ; but there is far too much to do just now, and though I would speak, I cannot always find an audience, or count upon a secretary. If, however, we meet in the astral, I shall be pleased to express my thanks to the courteous

\* This is thought by our contributor to have reference to a phrase of mine in a letter in which I said, referring to the Herodotus muddle: "All of this is very interesting as a study of the complex nature of combinations of different consciousnesses."—G.R.S.M.

and amiable critic for the pains he has taken to control my poor remarks.”

I do not change or add anything to F——’s statements, being myself too ignorant on the subject. I can only say that, though he has written to me on a great many different subjects, some of which I am very conversant with, I have never yet found that he gave me false information, or, if some little inexactitude slipped in, he has corrected it the next time we wrote. He often illuminates historical subjects with the most interesting and explanatory sidelights, and is one of the keenest and most far-sighted politicians I have ever come across.

E.

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## “THEOLOGIA GERMANICA”

A MYSTICAL WORK BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE MIDDLE AGES

ALTHOUGH the Reformation swept much of the deeper religious teaching out of the English Church and Protestant Europe, it was Luther himself who rescued from oblivion this most beautiful and occult treatise, the translation of which is now before us. Occultists, or aspirants to occultism—using the term in its widest meaning as that of investigating and mastering the deeper truths, in all religions or philosophies, pertaining to the wonderful divine-human nature in each of us—eagerly read a volume of this kind, for they find, each according to the measure of his intuitional powers, priceless truths within its pages; stated indeed in religious phraseology, and revealing themselves, as all such must, through the form of the moment, but being of that which is behind form and time.

In this short paper we are forced to select only such brief passages as seem to us among the more remarkable, in the hope that they will appeal to those who may never read the entire book, but who, by these few fragments of true wisdom, may yet, as it were, come into touch with the unknown author, and his teaching of some four hundred years ago.

The foundation of a Christ-like life has often been discoursed on, but very seldom, it is to be feared, laid in those to whom its essentials are expounded ; hence when we read the well-known words of the Master in the Gospel, in answer to the aspirant, “ Go, sell all thou hast, give to the poor, and follow Me,” we feel a sense of unreality about them, as if they did not quite fit the present age, and its complicated relations, manifold desires, and lack of simplicity in tastes and habits. Yet something of this kind is called for from the man who steps out of the multitude to become the pioneer of a higher stage for all.

Thus “ we must refrain from claiming anything for *our own* ” (p. 14), as says our author, and a teacher of our own day has also insisted that we are only *stewards* of all that the Law brings us ; which does not by any means apply *only* to *material* possessions. “ The poor ” are also those less well equipped, by reason of their youth of soul and ignorance, for the great struggle of life than ourselves. The “ selling ” is the renunciation of personal claims in any object, in the sense of being confined to our own enjoyment of them. We share, as discretion tempered by love directs, with the younger souls around. By withdrawing that grasping hand, and ceasing to fear diminution of our goods in whatever form, we come to see that they are held in trust for the common weal.

“ When we do this, we shall have the best, fullest, clearest and noblest knowledge that a man can have, and also the noblest and purest love, will and desire ” (p. 15).

And what else is that but the sure way to “ entering into union with Him,” which is spoken of (p. 25), the truth proclaimed of all mystics in all tongues ?

“ And as soon as a man turneth himself in spirit, and with his whole heart and mind entereth into the mind of God which is above time, all that he hath ever lost is restored in a moment ” (p. 26).

Even so we may be certain that in the beatific vision of the One we name Master, we embrace all those other lives and presences whose passing from mortal vision has wrung our hearts full sorely. There can be no remembrance of loss once even we have entered *consciously* into that Plenum which surrounds

us always. "But to know these things the man must withdraw into himself, and learn to understand his own life, and who and what he is" (p. 27). Walter Hilton, another such writer living long before, has said the same.

Over the portal of the temple at Delphi the inscription ran "Know Thyself"; and one and all the mystics bear witness to this essential discovery, this coming "face to face." Outer teaching, outer action, will not of itself accomplish this second birth.

"All the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought or shall ever work in or through the creatures, or even God Himself with all His goodness, so far as these things exist or are done *outside* of me, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist, and are done, and loved, known, and tasted, and felt *within* me" (p. 31).\*

There are many degrees in such self-knowledge, and the intervals between them are those of blankness and loneliness, in which the soul is left empty and so made ready for the next revealing; and then we "faint and are troubled." What a short time it takes the life to forget the one truth enforced at every stage, that God moves in all, in the dark as in the light,—nay, it would almost seem more truly in the dark than in the light, by reason of the awe that enwraps the soul, testing its weakness, showing it in that particular sense the very majesty of its own nature which it shrinks from in fear.

Yet "Christ's soul must needs descend into hell, before it ascended into heaven. So must also the soul of man" (p. 35)—that soul which is the very Christ in the travail of its infancy whereof St. Paul wrote so wisely and well. And well is it here said that nought but the true, the inner peace of heart shall avail against this travail. It seems sometimes as if a longed-for joy of earth's giving would satisfy a craving felt; but we pour such again and again into the void only to find that the old hunger is renewed; and be that fulfilment whatsoever it may, so long as it comes from the form side of things, the satisfaction will, must, fail at last. Intellectual delight endures longer than material, spiritual the longest of all; but even this has an end, though High

\* The italics are mine.

Ones and Holy have dreamed it eternal. “The joys of Svarga wither and they [the Svarga-dwellers] return ”\* said the Avatâr Shri Kriṣṇa.

“ There are three stages, first the purification, secondly the enlightening, thirdly the union ” (p. 47).

Hilton speaks of them as four,† but the numbering is a minor matter with which we need not concern ourselves. The Occultist speaks of four Great Initiations, or Gates, to be passed by the aspirant, namely, a series of successive awakenings or rebirths in the Inner Life of Man.

“ The enlightening belongeth to such as are *growing*. . . . The union belongeth to such as are *perfect* ” (p. 47). From the union is born that yet more subtle stage of unity in which the soul and its Maker are no longer even the two united, the two still faintly apparent, but in very truth the One Life “ in which we live and move and have our being.”

We now come to a remarkable passage in which the author goes a step further than many religious mystics who rest content with the duality of good and evil, and do not seek to probe further, perhaps because unconscious of the fact, which a higher truth reveals, that these are one in essential being. Yet there is surely not a Christian in existence who, if he thinks at all, would hesitate to assert the superiority of his God to the “ Prince of Darkness,” and the ultimate triumph of that God in the conflict, the Armageddon of such age-long duration. Else what is to be made of such verses as this : “ Then shall the Son himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all ” (I *Corinthians*, xv. 28) ?

Here the statement is clear, unequivocal, “ *all things*,” Devil included. Annihilation of any being is impossible as well as unthinkable, hence there is some reconciliation, some unity hinted at. Again turning to the author of the *Theologia* we find : “ In truth *no being* is contrary to God or the true Good ” (p. 178). And elsewhere : “ The Devil is good in so far as he hath being ; . . . now all things have their being in God, and more truly in God than in themselves ” (p. 188).

\* *Bhagavad Gītā*, p. 9 (tr. Annie Besant).

† *The Scale of Perfection*, p. 219.

Those who are untrained in really consecutive thinking and meditation on such matters will perhaps not understand the statement, and will either refuse to approach a "sacred mystery," or else be repelled. Yet, if religion is to persist, the development of the intelligence must not be ignored, and religion must evolve with the nations whose destiny it shapes and to whom it means so much. Reverence unaccompanied by intellectual development can become a potent means of limitation. But this will not always be so. The era of enlightenment, the coming of that "Desire of Nations," for which we are humbly striving to prepare, will give the new impulse forward which must be shared by all. Never has the Overlooker of nations failed us, and even now what wondrous unveiling may tremble on the limits of our little lives?

Returning, then to our treatise, in the first pages of which it was remarked that the Gospel command seemed hardly applicable to our too intricate and artificial lives, we meet that command, supported by a wise saying which concludes the seventeenth chapter: "Yet outward things *must* be, and we must do and refrain as far as is necessary; especially we must sleep and wake, walk and stand still, speak and be silent, and much more of the like. These must go on so long as we live" (pp. 98-99).

In those many isolated utterances of His, the Great Master would assuredly intend them to be taken as referring to the particular occasions to which He applied them, and not to be elevated into a general law, dragged out, as they often are, from the context and not considered in relation to other statements which might throw light on them. They are twisted into conclusions probably as far from His intention as it is possible to imagine. But it *is* possible, though occasionally requiring profound knowledge and insight, to see in each assertion the necessity for its enunciation on a *particular occasion*, and at the same time, having allowed for mistakes and mistranslations, to construct all these teachings into a most beautiful and harmonious fabric which forms the body of the True Christian Church. Of such a Church, such a Body, it may truly be said as is here said of the individual: "The *inward* man standeth henceforth immovable in this union, and God suffereth the *outward* man to be moved

hither and thither from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right" (p. 99).

The Life of the Master Jesus is the "inward man," nameless, changeless; the outward form,—how has it not been buffeted, persecuted, assailed throughout the centuries, encircled by That which it seems to enshrine, for all the assaults on the Body of the True Faith fall on the Founder and are felt by Him, and Christ is indeed hourly crucified anew. The buffetings endured by Him in His Sacred Person were symbolic of the persecutions the Church was to be subject to, necessary for the bringing out of the Divine Life more and more, a Life exposed, as all such, from its very infancy to cares and dangers, which ever attend the dawn of the new spiritual movement, a movement watched over by its Unseen Guardians, suffered to be tried and tested to the very foundations, in order that the Faith might stand throughout long ages, a refuge of the souls of men; yet never allowed to be overwhelmed, never destined to be so, even when that mighty Armageddon shakes the world, that conflict spiritual and material in which the loyalty of nations shall be proved.

In a man made a partaker of the Divine Nature, in a nature such as this, there is a thorough and deep "humility," referred to by Hilton in the *Scale of Perfection* (pp. 25-26). By such humility is not meant an injurious strength-sapping self-depreciation, but a proper recognition of capacities and limits, a firm assurance, when comparing ourselves with those above us, that we shall stand where these now stand in due time, according to the measure of our own efforts and aspirations, now and always intensified by those higher ones whom we love and revere. Realising this future possibility in looking forwards, and realising in looking backwards the stages we have grown out of, now trodden by so many around us, an identification takes place between ourselves and these in which there is no room for pride or self-reproach, but where each stage is beheld as natural and proper in its own time. All these failings, all these achievements lived through by those around us, by the higher in a higher stage, by the lower in a lower, *are our own*. We do not exist apart from these other members of humanity, we are bound to them by our past failings as well as by our future endeavours. Thus humility

becomes the centre of unity, and we no longer fluctuate between the extremes of pride and self-abasement.

“He who hath truly felt or tasted it can never give it up again”—that is the Christ life of which this state is one aspect (p. 135). We might multiply such assertions from many authors; they do not conflict with each other, they corroborate. One of them tells us, in speaking of the first faint realisation: “And after that first momentary glimpse he is never again quite as he was before.”\*

After a period—of which this stage forms a prelude—that stage which is the closing one in human evolution is spoken of: “And where there is such a union, the outward man is surely taught and ordered by the inner man, so that no outward commandment or teaching is needed” (p. 141).

In the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, Shri Kṛiṣṇa proclaims a similar truth: “All the Vedas are as useful to an enlightened Brâhman as is a tank in a place covered all over with water” (p. 33).

Now there is a time in spiritual evolution when the seeker eagerly grasps the great truths in all scriptures and philosophies, when they stand out for him from their framework as jewels in a setting. The corresponding brilliancy in his own soul is beginning to glow, else they would pass unnoticed though present. He relates them to similar teachings recorded in the form he is most at home in—for the moment; he is alive to them when they fall from the lips of the speakers on such themes. But after a while he reads less, and realises more in himself, learning as it were to speak his own soul’s language, his native tongue, turning more to that than to the speech of another, however fair. Then it is that the star of union is beginning to shine, and he becomes enlightened, and less and less in need of outer revelation. It is inevitable that in this progress he will feel moments of loss, which even the turning back for a while to the outer revelation cannot banish. “For he who thus loseth his life shall *find* it” (p. 152). “Give up thy life if thou wouldst live,” commands the *Voice of the Silence*, one of the most exquisite Eastern mystical teachings ever given to the world. And in the *Theologia* it is said: “God can be known only by God” (p. 163).

\* Annie Besant, *The Outer Court*, p. 13.

This then is the price of "knowing." But wherefore?—it may be asked. Here let us remember that God "so loved the world" that He gave it a gift. That gift was His own Life bound in the limited form of man, bound in the limited form of the whole world, the universe itself—the eternal sacrifice of Vishvakarman, the Father, who is said "to sacrifice Himself unto Himself."\*

But who shall gauge or guess that state where Eternal Loneliness and Eternal Fulness blend? He who would reach It and become one with It has to face the Loneliness and the Fulness, both in turn, to be filled to overflowing, yet to be bereft of all human companionship, sympathy, and affection.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, on the Cross of Calvary, the Mighty Mystery was pictured for us. Shall we think that such a Sacrifice is finished; shall we dream that such a picture has faded? If so, we think as those who fear to lose themselves in the wider Life, which is Love, or rather perhaps to *find* themselves, for Life and Love are One.

And we must have the confidence of Love, the true Reverence which is impelled ever onward into the height as into the depth, yet always and only seeking the Heart of God. For only as we know Him can we grow into His Image, only as we become Him can we share His Sacrifice, and make our poor recognition of its unimaginable beatitude in doing for those below us something of what has been done for us. And it is here emphatically said, as emphatically as it is proclaimed in higher spheres, that "although we may know much *about* God, if we have not love we will never become *like* Him" (p. 159).

Once I heard one who taught me much speak of it, and the words rang out like some majestic pæan of angels, stirring the very souls of those listening: "The Flame is the One that unites all to Himself; . . . if you would enter it must be by Love, perfect and undefiled. Unite with that Flame of Love that made the worlds, with Him who is Love." This it is which maketh a man remain steadfast and endure to the end. To this the "noble army of martyrs" beareth witness, liberating "spiritual energy," which might perhaps be interpreted by its

\* *Secret Doctrine*, i. 289; ii. 640.

companion truth of the Eternal Sacrifice in which the sins of the world and the pains arising from them are borne and remitted. For if our pains become heavier—and they do so become as we advance along the Path, it is because we are learning to bear for others weaker than ourselves. The increased tension of our inmost lives acts as a magnet, drawing thereto the world's sum of pain—ever increasing *personal* pain; for the disciple seeks to identify himself with the world, not to stand apart from it and shield himself from suffering; and to identify ourselves with others means that we “mourn with those who mourn, rejoice with them that do rejoice” in a very true sense, while possessing a little fuller vision, which we pay for by that increased individual suffering, and apply to the benefit of others, a vision which enables us to be not only compassionate but strong.

But the consummation is passing fair, and is thus set forth by our author :

“And even as in truth all beings are one in substance in the Perfect Being, and all Good is one in the One Being, and so forth, and cannot exist without that One, so shall all wills be one in that one Perfect Will, and there shall be no will apart from that One” (p. 178).

“When somewhat of this Perfect Good is discovered and revealed within the soul of man, as it were in a glance or flash, the soul conceiveth a longing to approach unto the Perfect Goodness and unite herself with the Father. And the stronger this yearning groweth, the more is revealed unto her, and the more is revealed unto her the more is she drawn toward the Father and her desire quickened. Thus is the soul drawn and quickened into a union with the Eternal Goodness” (p. 214).

A fitting close indeed to a most illuminating revelation, as far as *words* can reveal, of some of the treasures on the Path, the Mystic Way which many of our humanity have trodden, and to which these Forerunners testify for evermore,—a Way ever open to those who are ready to accept the watchword of the old mystics: “Know, dare, will, and be silent,”—a Way which sooner or later must be followed by all seekers after God. For it is by the stages of this Path that the wandering Son returns to Fatherhood and Home.

EVELINE LAUDER.

## THE WAY OF ART

AH, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears  
 To-day of past Regrets and future Fears:  
*To-morrow!*—Why, To-morrow I may be  
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

WHILE all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

WALTER PATER, *The Renaissance*.

THIS Way of Art is not, in the writer's opinion, sufficiently recognised in the Theosophical Society. For its own sake (*i.e.*, Theosophy's) it would surely be well to make more use of such a strong force as this worship of Beauty, and power of ensouling it, form-limited though it may be, which is known as the Way of Art.

For surely the divine creative faculty of the Artist "makes for righteousness," as much as ethical precept or scientific discovery.

After all, what is Art but the human quest for the Divine? The Artist's lifelong devotion to his Ideal, his unwearied application to the form-side, whether that medium be marble, music, pigment, or poem, are not these qualities most necessary in the refashioning of man in the likeness of his Creator? "This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those things that are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," or "Apollo," or "Diana," what matters the *name*? It is the quality of enthusiasm that counts.

We have Plato defining the ideal life as "a series of harmonious moments, in which the mind obtains its right without interfering in the affairs of others, but leaving them to do as they will." So the Christian has his phrase, "Duty for Duty's sake," and the Artist, likewise, "Beauty for Beauty's sake." The Saint uses the thorn-crown'd Christ, the Artist the mysterious illusive priestess of Beauty; their meaning is identical, it is only the outward symbols that differ.

The Artist realises the essential, this indwelling presence of Deity; he would have us make every moment a note in that chord whose resolved harmonies are Perfection. This is the inner meaning of "Art for Art's sake," of "the Art which comes to you frankly professing to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake"; and what higher ideal can man set before his vision?

Eternity is a gold circle, Time, the jewels with which it is set. We, Artists, who "love delights" (far from "scorning" them!) yet "live laborious days"; we make of each moment a monument, a prayer, a poem; a symphony, a statue, and thus our life too is a series of efforts towards apprehension of That which is, in Itself, beneath all mystery, above all knowledge. Thus, the Way of Perfection is as worshipful as the most devout Miserere ever sung by kneeling monk; for it is the constant consecration of every force of emotion and intellect in the service of the imaginative reason.

In the Artist's evolution, lethargy is the only sin, for that leads to somnambulism of the soul, fatal to all true vision. For the soul, asleep, walks amid misty clouds of its own penumbra; it sees truly when, lifting burning gaze, it beholds God in the Figure on Calvary, and in the mystery written on Monna Lisa's face.

Beauty is the reflection of the sweet Heart of Things, as the Universe is the expression of His Mind; true, he who would ever apprehend the full radiance of this Heart, must study the working of the Mind. So the ideal Artist is he who kneels at the feet of the Veiled Priestess, praying always that one day the beatific vision of Perfection may be granted.

Art is the Music, in whose mysterious message we may one day find the mystic Secret of this intimate relation between

**Nature and Man. Is not this the last word of the "Music of the Spheres?"**

The Artist is the Voice crying in the wilderness, the heavenly messenger of that so dumbly pathetic Humanity. The quintessence of all "the Music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard." The Melody may be woven of sound, of stone, of poem—what matters the medium? Do you think that the messages of Michael Angelo and Beethoven differ in meaning, because one spoke through marble, the other through music? Can you not feel that it is the same?

For in man there dwells the Mystery of Ocean, its seething turbulence, the dark strife with all the Powers of the Storm; in man, too, tabernacle those

Voices of the Wandering Wind  
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.

The gardens of man's heart are full of the red roses of pleasure, the purple passion-flowers of pain; his myriad thoughts are the innumerable foliage of the forest, proud and free.

And when the cup of his soul runs over for gladness of creative joy, it is Spring that dawns far, far within the hidden depths of the Spirit-world; the sap of imagination stirs; red rises the Sun in the heart of such an one; his powers unfold, he is learning to pronounce the Creator's word, "Let there be Light."

The Artist, then, is he who holds up to man the Mirror of Divinity. Can he, then, be less than the Sage? Shall we make him "a little lower" than the Saint and the Scientist? Has he not a Way wherein, as much as theirs, lies truth and life?

Seeing, then, that the Good, the True, the Beautiful, are but three modes in which finite minds approach and may even apprehend somewhat of That which is Infinite, is it not just to affirm that they are a trinity, of which "none is afore or after the other"?

And it may be that, when the Way of Perfection leads down to that "Path of Sorrow which the Saints have trod," it will be at long last, when the deep desire incarnates in the Artist's Soul, that he too must

Worship the Lord, in the Beauty of Holiness.

L. NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

## ELECTRONS AND CLAIRVOYANCE

THE discovery by J. J. Thomson and others of particles of matter or electrons whose mass is only one-thousandth of that of hydrogen, may appear to some in contradiction to the information as to the constitution of the atom which has been obtained from occult sources. According to the latter a chemical atom of Hydrogen consists of eighteen separate bodies which are the smallest that can exist on the physical plane; hence a body whose mass is smaller than this will belong to the astral plane.

It is interesting, therefore, to find (Rutherford's *Radio-Activity*, p. 110), that the mass above given is only the *minimum* mass, and that under certain conditions the mass is much greater. One of the most startling of recent discoveries is that the mass of an electrically charged body varies with its velocity, and that by approximating this velocity to that of light, the mass of the body can be made as great as we please. To quote Rutherford's own words:

"For velocities varying from zero to one-tenth the velocity of light the mass of the electron is practically constant. The increase of mass becomes appreciable at about half the velocity of light, and increases steadily as the velocity of light is approached. Theoretically the mass becomes infinite at the velocity of light, but even when the velocity of the electron only differs from that of light by one part in a million, its mass is only ten times the value for slow speeds."

It is at these slow speeds that the electron has a mass one-thousandth of that of Hydrogen. At one part in a million less than the velocity of light its mass would be one-hundredth of Hydrogen, and by slightly increasing the velocity further its mass could be brought into accordance with occult observation. The velocities of these electrons when separated from the chemical atom are in the case of Radium one-third to nine-tenths the velocity of light. But when within the atom the velocity is probably greater since it rapidly diminishes after the separation. It is quite possible, therefore, that the electron when forming a constituent of the chemical atom may have a mass of about one-eighteenth of the mass of Hydrogen.

The prevailing theory in scientific circles is that all molecules of matter are built up of these electrons, which move within the molecule with a velocity of the same order as that of light, and this is in general accord with occult observation. But if such be the case the amount of energy latent in matter is tremendous. The energy confined in a single ounce of matter would require more than twenty figures to express it in the usual scientific unit, and if suddenly released would exert a force equal to the explosion of millions of millions of tons of gunpowder. A mass of gunpowder the size of Mont Blanc or even Everest would release less force on explosion than is contained in a single ounce of matter if these modern theories be true. Is it possible that by turning his thoughts inward the Yogî obtains some control of these forces? If so, his powers may become of the same order as that said to be possessed by "Faith," which we are told is able to remove mountains and cast them into the sea?

It is well, perhaps, that the secret of these forces is so carefully kept.

G. E. S.

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## AN IDEAL

ONLY to give, eternally to give,  
 As one who, having all, seeks no reward,  
 Who, needing nothing, fears not punishment.  
 To be—while life and death beneath me flow,  
 To be—in an infinity of rest,  
 Abode of power, point of a timeless life,  
 To be—within the eternal Present safe  
 Where every fibre wakes to life and love.  
 Receiving all, to know no want or fear;  
 Perceiving all, to know no void or blank;  
 Renouncing nothing, to have gathered all  
 Into the focus of one brilliant ray;  
 By strength of every faculty to gain  
 Foundation strong whereon to plant my feet.

X a-i.

## THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM P. 443)

[X. M.] BUT now the question as to deathlessness or as to death must be discussed.

The expectation and the fear of death torture the multitude, who do not know true reason.

Now death is brought about by dissolution of the body, wearied out with toil, and of the number, when complete, by which the body's members are arranged into a single engine for the purposes of life. The body dies, when it no longer can support the life powers\* of a man.

This, then, is death,—the body's dissolution, and the disappearance of corporeal sense.†

As to *this* death anxiety is needless. But there's another [death] which no man can escape,‡ but which the ignorance and unbelief of man thinks little of.

ASCLEPIUS. What is it, O Thrice-greatest one, that men know nothing of, or disbelieve that it can be ?

TRISMEGISTUS. So, lend thy ear, Asclepius !

\* *Vitalia.*

† This passage is quoted in the original Greek by Stobæus, in his *Florilegium*, 120 [119], under the heading "Of Hermes from the [Sermons] to Asclepius." It runs as follows in Gaisford's text (Oxford ; 1822), iii. 464 :

"Now must we speak of death. For death affrights the many as the greatest of all ills, in ignorance of fact. Death is the dissolution of the toiling frame. For when the 'number' of the body's joints becomes complete,—the basis of the body's jointing being number,—that body dies ; [that is], when it no longer can support the man. And this is death,—the body's dissolution and the disappearance of corporeal sense."

The directness and the sturdy vigour of the Greek original has clearly lost much in the rhetorical paraphrasing of the Latin translator.

‡ *Necessaria.*

## XXVIII.

When, [then,] the soul's departure from the body shall take place,—then shall the judgment and the weighing of its merit pass into its highest dæmon's power.

And when he sees it pious is and just,—he suffers it to rest in spots appropriate to it.

But if he find it soiled with stains of evil deeds, and fouled with vice,—he drives it from above into the depths, and hands it o'er to warring hurricanes and vortices of air, of fire, and water.

'Twi'x't heaven and earth, upon the waves of cosmos, is it dragged in contrary directions, for ever racked with ceaseless pains;\* so that in this its deathless nature doth afflict the soul, in that because of its unceasing sense, it hath the yoke of ceaseless torture set upon its neck.

Know, then, that we should dread, and be afraid, and [ever] be upon our guard, lest we should be entangled in these [toils].

For those who do not now believe, will after their misdeeds be driven to believe, by facts not words, by actual sufferings of punishment and not by threats.

ASCLEPIUS. The faults of men are not, then, punished, O Thrice-greatest one, by law of man alone?

TRISMEGISTUS. In the first place, Asclepius, all things on earth must die.

Further, those things which live by reason of a body, and which do cease from living by reason of the same,—all these, according to the merits of this life, or its demerits, find due [rewards or] punishments.

\* Ménard here quotes a couple of lines from Empedocles (c. 494-434 B.C.), cited by Plutarch, but without giving any reference. They are from the famous passage beginning *ἔστιν ἀνάγκης χροῖμα κ. τ. λ.* (369-382), of which the following is Fairbanks' translation. See Fairbanks (A.), *The First Philosophers of Greece* (London; 1898), p. 205.

"There is an utterance of Necessity, an ancient decree of the gods, eternal, sealed fast with broad oaths: Whenever any one defiles his body sinfully with bloody gore or perjures himself in regard to wrongdoing,—one of those spirits who are heir to long life (*δαίμων, οἷτε μακροίωνες λελάχασι βιοίῳ*),—thrice ten thousand seasons shall he wander apart from the blessed, being born meanwhile in all sorts of mortal forms (*φυνόμενον παντοῖα διὰ χρόνον εἶδεα θνητῶν*) changing one bitter path of life for another. For mighty Air pursues him Seaward, and Sea spews him forth on the threshold of Earth, and Earth casts him into the rays of the unwearied Sun, and Sun into the eddies of Air: one receives him from the other, and all hate him. One of these now am I too, a fugitive from the gods and a wanderer, at the mercy of raging Strife."

[And as to punishments] they're all the more severe, if in their life [their misdeeds] chance to have been hidden, till their death. For [then] they will be made full conscious of all things by the divinity, just as they are, according to the shades of punishment allotted to their crimes.

## XXIX.

ASCLEPIUS. And these deserve [still] greater punishments, Thrice-greatest one ?

TRISMEGISTUS. [Assuredly ;] for those condemned by laws of man do lose their life by violence ; so that [all] men may see they have not yielded up their soul to pay the debt of nature, but have received the penalty of their deserts.

Upon the other hand, the righteous man finds his defence in serving God and deepest piety. For God doth guard such men from every ill.\*

Yea, He who is the sire of all, [our] lord, and who alone is all, doth love to show Himself to all.

It is not by the place where he may be, nor by the quality which he may have, nor by the greatness which he may possess, but by the mind's intelligence alone, that He doth shed His light on man,—[on him] who shakes the clouds of error from his soul, and sights the brilliancy of truth, mingling himself with the all-sense of the divine intelligence ; through love of which he wins his freedom from that part of him o'er which death rules, and has the seed of the assurance of his future deathlessness implanted in him.

This, then, is how the good will differ from the bad. Each several one shall shine in piety, in sanctity, in prudence, in worship, and in service of [our] God, and see true reason, as though [he looked at it] with [corporal] eyes ; and each shall by the confidence of his belief excel all other men, as by its light the Sun the other stars.†

For that it is not so much by the greatness of his light as by

\* Compare the fragment quoted in Greek by Lactantius, *D.I.*, ii. 15, and by Cyril, *C.J.*, iv. 130.

† *Astris.*

his holiness and his divinity, the Sun himself lights up the other stars.\*

Yea, [my] Asclepius, thou should'st regard him as the second God, ruling all things, and giving light to all things living in the cosmos, whether ensouled or unensouled.

For if the cosmos is a living thing, and if it has been, and it is, and will be ever-living,—naught in the cosmos is subject to death.

For of an ever-living thing, it is [the same] of every part which is ; [that is,] that 't is [as ever-living] as it is [itself] ; and in the world itself [which is] for everyone, and at the self-same time an ever-living thing of life,—in it there is no place for death.†

And so he‡ should be the full store of life and deathlessness ; if that it needs must be that he should live for ever.

And so the Sun, just as the cosmos, lasts for aye. So is he, too, for ever ruler of [all] vital powers, or of [our] whole vitality ; he is their ruler, or the one who gives them out.

God, then, is the eternal ruler of all living things, or vital functions, that are in the world. He is the everlasting giver-forth of life itself.

Once for all [time] He hath bestowed life on all vital powers ; He further doth preserve them by a law that lasts for evermore, as I will [now] explain.

### XXX.

For in the very life of the eternity§ is cosmos moved ; and in the very everlastingness|| of life [itself] is cosmic space.¶

On which account it\*\* shall not stop at any time, nor shall

\* *Stellas.*

† The text of this paragraph is very corrupt.

‡ That is, the Sun.

§ *Æternitatis*, doubtless *αιώνος* in the original Greek,—that is, the *æon*.

|| *Æternitate* ; *æon* again.

¶ Lit., the space of cosmos.

\*\* *Sci.*, cosmos.

it be destroyed; for that its very self is palisaded\* round about, and bound together as it were, by living's sempiternity.

Cosmos is [thus] life-giver unto all that are in it, and is the space of all that are in governance beneath the Sun.

The motion of the cosmos in itself consisteth of a two-fold energy. 'Tis vivified itself from the without by the eternity,† and vivifies all things that are within—making all different, by numbers and by times, fixed and appointed [for them].

Now Time's distinguished on the earth by quality of air, by variation of its heat and cold; in heaven by the returnings of the stars to the same spots, the revolution of their course in Time.

And while the cosmos is the home‡ of Time, it is kept green [itself] by reason of Time's course and motion.

Time, on the other hand, is kept by regulation. Order and time effect renewal of all things which are in cosmos by means of alternation.

[XI. M.] All things, then, being thus, there's nothing stable, nothing fixed, nothing immoveable, of things that are being born, in heaven or on the earth.

Immoveable§ [is] God alone, and rightly [He] alone; for He Himself is in Himself, and by Himself, and round Himself, completely full and perfect.

He is His own immoveable stability. Nor by the pressure of some other one can He be moved, nor in the space [of anyone].

For in Him are all [spaces], and He Himself alone is in them all; unless someone should venture to assert that God's own

\* *Circumvallatus et quasi constrictus*. Compare with this the idea of the Horos or Boundary in the æonology of "Them of Valentinus," as set forth by Hippolytus (*Philosophumena*, vi. 31):

"Moreover that the formlessness of the Abortion should finally never again make itself visible to the perfect æons, the Father Himself also sent forth the additional emanation of a single æon, the Cross [or Stock *τὸν σταυρὸν*], which being created great, as [the creature] of the great and perfect Father, and emanated to be the Guard and Wall of protection [lit., Paling or Stockade—*χαράκωμα*, the Roman *vallum*] of the æons, constitutes the Boundary (*ὄρος*) of the Plerōma, holding the thirty æons together within itself. For these [thirty] are they which form the divine creation." See *Fragments*, p. 342.

† That is, the æon.

‡ *Receptaculum*.

§ That is, changeless.

motion's in eternity ;\* nay, rather, it is just immoveable eternity itself, back into which the motion of all times is funded, and out of which the motion of all times takes its beginning.

## XXXI.

God, then, hath [ever] been unchanging,† and ever, in like fashion, with Himself hath the eternity consisted,—having within itself cosmos ingenerate, which we correctly call [God] sensible.

Of that [transcendent] Deity this image hath been made,—cosmos the imitator of eternity.

Time, further, hath the strength and nature of its own stability, in spite of its being in perpetual motion,—from its necessity of [ever] from itself reverting to itself.

And so, although eternity is stable, motionless, and fixed, still, seeing that the movement of [this] time (which is subject to motion) is ever being recalled into eternity,—and for that reason time's mobility is circular,—it comes to pass that the eternity itself, although in its own self, is motionless, [yet] on account of time, in which it is—(and it is in it)—it seems to be in movement as all motion.

So that it comes to pass, that both eternity's stability becometh moved, and time's mobility becometh stable.

So may we ever hold that God Himself is moved into Himself by [ever-] same transcendency of motion.‡

For that stability is in His vastness motionless; for by His vastness is [His] law exempt from change.§

That, then, which so transcends, which is not subject unto sense, [which is] beyond all bounds, [and which] cannot be grasped,—That transcends all appraisalment; That cannot be supported, nor borne up, nor can it be tracked out.

For where, and when, and whence, and how, and what, He

\* That is, again, in the *æon*.

† *Stabilis*.

‡ *Eadem immobilitate*. The whole is an endeavour to at-one the "Platonic" root-opposites "same" (*ταὐτόν*) and "other" (*θάρερον*)—the "Self" and the "not-Self," *sat-asat, ātmānātman*, of the Upaniṣhads.

§ Lit., motionless.

is,—is known to none.\* For He's borne up by [His] supreme stability, and His stability is in Himself [alone],—whether [this mystery] be God, or the eternity, or both, or one in other, or both in either.

And for this cause, just as eternity transcends the bounds of time; so time [itself], in that it cannot have bounds set to it by number, or by change, or by the period of the revolution of some second [kind of time],—is of the nature of eternity.

Both, then, seem boundless, both eternal. And so stability, though naturally fixed, yet seeing that it can sustain the things that are in motion,—because of all the good it does by reason of its firmness, deservedly doth hold the chiefest place.

### XXXII.

The principles of all that are, are, therefore, God and  $\alpha\epsilon\omicron\nu$ .†

The cosmos, on the other hand, in that 't is moveable, is not a principle.‡

For its mobility exceeds its own stability by treating the immoveable fixation as the law of everlasting movement.

The whole sense,§ then, of the Divinity, though like [to Him], in its own self immoveable, doth set itself in motion within its own stability.

'Tis holy, incorruptible, and everlasting, and if there can be any better attribute to give to it, ['t is its],—eternity of God supreme, in truth itself subsisting, the fullness of all things, of sense, and of the whole of science, consisting, so to say, with God.||

\* Compare the hymn in the Poimandrés collection.

† Or, eternity.

‡ Lit., does not hold the chief place.

§ Presumably the cosmos, or sensible God, as one.

|| *Consistens, ut ita dixerim, cum deo.* Is there possibly here underlying the Latin *consistens cum deo* the expanded form of the peculiar and elliptical  $\pi\rho\sigma\ \tau\omicron\nu\nu\ \theta\epsilon\omicron\nu$  of the Proem to the fourth Gospel (the *cum deo* of the Vulgate)? This was explained by the Gnostic Ptolemy, somewhere about the middle of the second century, as "at-one-ment with God," in his exegesis of the opening words, which he glosses as: "The at-one-ment with each other, together with their at-one-ment with the Father" ( $\eta\ \pi\rho\sigma\ \alpha\lambda\lambda\eta\lambda\omicron\nu\varsigma\ \alpha\mu\alpha\ \kappa\alpha\iota\ \eta\ \pi\rho\sigma\ \tau\omicron\nu\nu\ \pi\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho\alpha\ \epsilon\nu\omega\sigma\iota\varsigma$ ). So that the first verse of the Proem would run: "In the Beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was (one) with God; yea, the Logos was God. He was in the Beginning (one) with God"—? *consistens cum deo.* See Irenæus, *Ref. Om. Hæc.*, I. viii. 5—Stieren (Leipzig; 1853), i. 102; also *Fragments*, p. 388.

The cosmic sense is the container\* of all sensibles, [all] species, and [all] sciences.

The human [higher sense consists] in the retentiveness of memory, in that it can recall all things that it hath done.

For only just as far as the man-animal has the divinity of sense† descended; in that God hath not willed the highest sense divine should be commingled with the rest of animals; lest it should blush for shame on being mingled with the other lives.

For whatsoever be the quality, or the extent, of the intelligence of a man's sense, the whole of it consists in power of recollecting what is past.

It is through his retentiveness of memory, that man's been made the ruler of the earth.

Now the intelligence of nature‡ can be won by quality of cosmic sense,—from all the things in cosmos which sense can perceive.

Concerning [this] eternity, which is the second [one],—the sense of this we get from out the senses' cosmos, and we discern its quality [by the same means].

But the intelligence of quality [itself], the "whatness" of the sense of God supreme, is truth alone,—of which [pure] truth not even the most tenuous sketch, or [faintest] shade, in cosmos is discerned.

For where is aught [of it] discerned by measurement of times,—wherein are seen untruths, and births [-and-deaths], and errors?

Thou seest, then, Asclepius, on what we are [already] founded, with what we occupy ourselves, and after what we dare to strive.

But unto Thee, O God most high, I give my thanks, in that Thou hast enlightened me with light to see divinity!

And ye, O Tat, Asclepius and Ammon, in silence hide the mysteries divine within the secret places of your hearts,§ and breathe no word of their concealment!

\* Or, receptacle.

† That is, the divine or higher sense, connected with memory in its beginnings and with "reminiscence" (the Pythagorean *máthēsis*) in its maturity.

‡ That is, cosmos.

§ Lit., breasts.

Now in our case the intellect doth differ from the sense in this,—that by the mind's extension intellect can reach to the intelligence and the discernment of the quality of cosmic sense.

The intellect of cosmos, on the other hand, extends to the eternity and to the gnosis of the gods who are above itself.\*

And thus it comes to pass for men, that we perceive the things in heaven, as it were through a mist, as far as the condition of the human sense allows.

'Tis true that the extension [of the mind] which we possess for the survey of such transcendent things, is very narrow [still]; but [it will be] most ample when it shall perceive with the felicity of [true] self-consciousness.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

## IN THE MASTER'S SHADOW

A TRUE EPISODE

SEO-CHUN-SENTZÉ,

*October 22nd, 1904.*

THE morning had been radiant,—one of those early mornings that seem to glorify Manchuria above all other lands,—the sky a blaze of the deepest blue, the earth beneath a glory of gold, nature lovely everywhere. But alas! in an hour or two, how unlike the morning was the day!—for it was the tenth day of the battle of Mukden. The booming of cannon began to be heard, now here, now there, and soon from every point on the horizon.

The serene brow of Heaven itself took on clouds of wrath as it were, reflecting the rage of the hosts in the battle below, as they hurled on each other hatred from their guns.

The guns and the hate alike, however, were both of artificial making; so that, even while surveying the horrors of the fight,

\* That is, presumably, the supercosmic gods; what the Gnostics would have called the "æons."

the statue of the Master, in a little shrine near by, beneath the shadow of a "luch" tree, could truthfully wear its accustomed smile. It was an image of Him who, searching into men's deepest hearts, alike in the great far country, and in the near beautiful land, knows that the inmost souls of heroes such as these are unable to hate each other.

A few steps from the Buddha's shrine stood the tents of the Russian Red Cross, the hospital sent to the battlefield by the nobility of the land of the Tzar. A Sister of Mercy had just come out of one of the larger tents, when her attention was attracted by the gesticulations of a Chinese driver who ran towards her.

"Madam, Madam," he cried in his broken Russian, "wounded come, many come; *djiben* is!"

"Is what, Huntai?"

"*Djiben*," he cried excitedly.

She suddenly remembered that they had thus deformed the name of Japan.

So there were some wounded enemies coming, enemies no longer,—the greater sufferers for thus suffering among a stranger race. She turned at once to go. The cart was dragging itself slowly into the yard at that very moment. . . .

A pale face, very young, though scarcely refined as the faces of the higher classes, big black, astonished eyes, under the white bandage compressing a ghastly wound in the head. . . . Limbs paralysed, and manifestly for life! . . . .

Oh, the pity of it! He loved his country; and as he is brought in, the Russian men about him, who worship theirs, feel their hearts going out towards that boy. The golden precept, "Love your enemies," seems at this hour an easy matter.

He looks at the Russians. Though lying helpless on his litter, and pale with pain, his mind is still busy. These tall men and women, nearly all as dark as himself, how many hateful things he has heard of them! They are fiends these people, he believes it with all his soul. And yet, and yet, as they stand there, or lift the other wounded from the litters, placed on the Chinese *arbas*, everyone smiles kindly at him. They have not the look of fiends at all!

But his throat is parched. He is burning with fever. In

spite of his pride he almost groans. Lonely indeed he is among them, for surely they cannot understand so much as his pleading for a draught of water.

"*Atama-ga itamimas?*"\* asks a kind voice at his side.

He starts at the sound of his own beloved tongue. Do they actually speak his language? "*Sae*" (yes), he murmurs.

"*Midsuo?*" † asks the Russian again, and turns for a cup of cooling drink.

The hospital attendants now approach to lift him into the tent. They look at the Japanese uniform. "The Guards," one says. He is of the battalion which has fallen to the last man. "And none fled?" "None." "Heroes!" "Heroes!" say the Russians all around.

With a chivalrous gesture the young soldier, who had addressed him, bends his tall form down to the wounded boy, and, taking off his hat, stretches out his hand.

"*Molodetz!*" (Brave one!), he exclaims, "We are friends here, are we not?" And his hand seeks caressingly the hand of the prisoner.

The young Japanese looked up, stared, and then, understanding, amicably pressed with such strength as he had left, the offered hand of the Russian.

All around looked their approval. The Sister turned away to hide tears; and lo! over the Master's shrine, and over the clouds, the first star was shining in the East.

#### A RUSSIAN.

\* "Does your head ache?" † "Water?"

RECTITUDE is the power of deciding upon a certain course of conduct in accordance with reason, without wavering;—to die when it is right to die, to strike when to strike is right.

Rectitude is the bone that gives firmness and stature. As without bones the head cannot rest on the top of the spine, nor hands move, nor feet stand, so without rectitude neither talent nor learning can make of a human frame a Samurai. With it the lack of accomplishments is as nothing.—BUSHI APHORISMS.

## CONCERNING THE SPORTSMAN

*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

FROM time to time there bursts forth in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW what sounds uncommonly like the bitter wail of somebody's Lower Quaternary which is being goaded by its Higher Triad along the path of virtue that it doesn't want to tread. Memory furnishes several examples of this phenomenon, and the January number brings to light the last variety in the shape of a defence of the sportsman. The defence is said to be called forth by attacks in Theosophical literature, violent and frequent, for they are described as "endless anathema," and we are told that "month after month the thunders of the prosecuting counsel alone are heard."

Notwithstanding what the market reporter might call a fair-to-middling acquaintance with the literature issued in connection with the modern Theosophical movement, the above statement caused considerable surprise, and much cudgelling of memory failed to produce evidence of these monthly thunders directed upon the unhappy wight who figures as Colonel Thornton's client. One recalls H. P. B.'s caustic remarks in an old *Theosophist* article\* anent the tame pheasant *battue*, and Mrs. Besant's general treatment of the subject of our relation to the lower kingdoms in *Man's Place and Functions in Nature*, also Mr. Leadbeater's cursory references to slaughter for sport in *Glimpses of Occultism*, and elsewhere, but neither memory nor some search has brought to light any such tremendous condemnation as the writer of the article under consideration would have us suppose repeats itself *ad nauseam* in our literature.

I fall back, therefore, on the rebellious Lower Quaternary theory to explain the extraordinary sensitiveness which can

\* *Have Animals Souls?* reprinted as a *Theosophical Sifting*.

magnify such condemnations of "sport" as *have* appeared into the "endless anathemas" which have harrowed the feelings of the defender of the sportsman. In support of such a theory the article itself offers a conclusive paragraph, for the writer admits: "Of course I do not dispute that a time must come when he [man] has learnt all that sport can teach him, and he needs a gentler, more delicate school; but it seems to me that his own nature tells him when that time has arrived, and he requires no denunciations from without to guide him."

Precisely. It is exactly when a man begins to think the time has come for him to put away childish things that outside suggestion pricks him most. Up till then denunciation or suggestion alike pass him by—his withers are unwrung. Nothing annoys us so much as accusations which go home. The bitterest reproaches move us not when undeserved.

But there are one or two things which, as Colonel Thornton has raised the discussion, may as well be said on the general question.

In the first place the sportsman, as carefully defined by his advocate, appears to be a very *rara avis* indeed. For mark: "He matches his nerve, his skill, and his wits against the instinct, the cunning, or the brute force of the animal he hunts, the essence of the contract being that the conditions should be equal, or, preferably, the advantage on the side of the hunted."

All this would be very fine indeed, if—it were *true*. But is it? I suppose we might find here and there cases where those conditions were fairly represented, in the wilder life of Africa, India, or America, let us say—but even there, as Seton Thomson has so ably shown, the odds in the long run are always in favour of the rifle. Willingly we may concede that if the conditions were such as Mrs. Steele has described in her vivid story of the *Keeper of the Pass*, they would justify the description of the sportsman above laid down.

There, indeed, are conditions to develop courage, self-reliance, any amount of good qualities if you will, when the naked Pathan faces the night with no weapon but his spear to meet the man-eating tiger of the hills. But these are *not* the conditions of modern sport in the mass. The man "who learns

to face a tiger" is the exception and not the rule, and I venture to think that Colonel Thornton cannot find a single paragraph written against such a man in the whole range of Theosophical literature. But there are ways *and* ways of facing a tiger, and the ever-memorable lady with the umbrella and the Pathan with his spear would, in my opinion, compare to great moral advantage with the sahib in a howdah, or up a tree, armed with large bore breech-loader.

What *has* been condemned, where condemnation has been made, is the degradation of making slaughter into sport. Making a game, a pleasure, an entertainment, of the wholesale slaughter of innocent and harmless creatures. Breeding them in fact to have the pleasure (?) of afterwards mangling and destroying them. Surely this delusion of the desirability of so-called sport is the most extraordinary of any that has blinded the moral sight of civilised man. What is it in reality that Colonel Thornton asks us to admire?

Stroll through the woods on a game preserved estate in spring and you find hen-coops galore, each with its clucking barn-door fowl with her brood of young pheasants—scores of them. Go in September and the wood is swarming with tame pheasants, literally less scared by people and dogs than I have often seen a yardful of domestic poultry. Then in October you may watch the carnage. All the rag, tag and bobtail of the nearest village howling, shouting and clattering through the woods as beaters, and the sportsmen (?) standing or sitting while the birds are driven up in clouds to be killed (or wounded) as fast as guns can be loaded and discharged with the assistance of the keepers. But Colonel Thornton assures us: "His [the sportsman's] aim is not the destruction of the greatest amount of life with the least exertion to himself"!

Or take another "sport." In many places in the home counties the following (or worse things) can be seen, as I saw them from my own door a very few months ago. Howling and shouting disturb the quiet of the countryside, men and women on horseback clatter about the lanes and across the fields, scattering cows and sheep in all directions, fences are broken, gates left open, gigs, phaetons and landaus with horses in a lather tear

about the roads and a grand commotion reigns supreme; all because somebody's buck hounds are harrying a poor miserable creature which, as it passes within a few yards, looks like an underfed calf and travels about as fast, a few feet ahead of the nearest hound. Indeed the specimen I saw found temporary refuge on the lawn of a neighbour who, with caustic politeness, offered the hunt one of her calves "to be going on with." I didn't see any signs of "austerity" or "cleanness of life" as a necessary concomitant of *this* sport, and neither courage nor even "the *germs* of virtues which crown the Adept" were at all in evidence.

Or perhaps it is a fox whose "instinct, cunning and brute force" is matched against twenty-six dogs and anything from thirty to a hundred men and horses. A fox which may, or may not, have been bagged and turned down (like the poor deer out of a cart), but, in any case, has been encouraged to breed solely in order that he may afford joy in his "breaking up" and his bleeding tail (euphemistically called a brush) adorn the saddle of the hardest rider. "Lo! the poor [scalp-hunting] Indian"! how often has the pathos of the missionary drawn pennies from the pious to effect his conversion regardless of the fact that he is engaged in fostering the germs of virtues, etc. . . . Or a timid hare is chivied over miles of country and finally torn in pieces for the amusement of young gentlemen from Eton who are being trained to display all the virtues of manliness and humanity in order to govern an empire! Not the true Kshattriya but a pseudo variety can be thus produced.

But it needs not to pile Ossa on Pelion—blood sports as pursued in this country, not counting pigeon shooting, which even Colonel Thornton condemns, are emphatically *not* calculated to elevate and develop a man's better nature. I do not say that cross-country riding is not a wholesome pursuit for the improvement of a man's nerve and temper, on the contrary I think it is, but it can be just as well developed, nay better, by following a well-laid drag. Hockey, polo, football, any athletic game in reason is a first-rate developer of fitness and self-restraint, but the introduction of slaughter is precisely the element that degrades and taints any sport.

As to the fate of the sportsman on the astral plane, about

which Colonel Thornton seems to hold, or have gathered, some peculiar views, as also of his own possible actions thereon, I speak *not* as one having authority, but I really don't think that the "unpopularity of sport in Theosophical circles" has any connection with it. What I should be inclined to credit my brethren in the Theosophical Society with as a reason for disliking sport, is that they have evolved beyond the point of the very possibility of being in the slightest degree amused, or entertained, or pleased, by participation in the unnecessary shedding of blood. I can conceive of slaughter, whether of men or animals, becoming under some circumstances a duty, even for the Theosophist, but that educated, intelligent, and, yes I admit, often *not* unkindly men can find a *pleasure* in mere killing remains an enigma which even arguments based on the *Bhagavad Gītā* do not begin to explain.

What the prophets of one venerable religion thought on this question may be gathered from the two verses here appended :

"If anyone knowingly and intentionally kill a harmless animal, and do not meet with retribution in the same life either from the Unseen or the earthly ruler, he will find punishment awaiting him at his next coming."—*Desatir : Book of the Prophet the Great Abad*, v. 75.

"Without kindness to harmless animals and self-mortification, none can arrive at the angels. Such abide beneath the sphere of the moon, and by virtue of their little self-mortification [self-restraint], following their own fancies, liken what they see to other things, and thus come to act wrong."—*Ibid.*, v. 137 and 138.

EDITH WARD.

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WHEN others speak all manner of evil things against thee, return not evil for evil, but rather regret that thou wast not more faithful in the discharge of thy duties.

When others blame thee, blame them not ; when others are angry at thee, return not anger. Joy cometh only as passion and desire depart.—BUSHI APHORISMS.

## PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS

THE following suggestions are not to be taken as theories, not even as analogies, but merely as vague parallels. They are not for the purpose of proving anything, but merely suggestions, by which the mind may be helped in building diagrams, which, again, must only be looked on as jumping-off places on the shore of the unknown.

From the scientific point of view this is perhaps only barely justifiable, and, if this should meet the scientific eye, I hope the reader will remember that the suggestions are only for those others who have not so much diagram material to hand.

By nature a scientist, though by trade belonging to one of the least exact branches, the writer would be sorry if his use of scientific facts, which he regards as precious material, not to be used lightly for castle-building, should hurt the feelings of scientists. He has for them all a most sincere respect, so long as they stick to their chosen last and content themselves with saying, "We have never yet seen this," not "This cannot be."

No question more difficult of mental comprehension can, from the very nature of things, possibly be found than that concerning the beginning of all things, and the gradual evolution of "spirit" and "matter." While then I hope that no one will be so thoughtless as to fancy that the following suggestions in any way represent what really happens, still they do in a way represent what *might happen* in a similar case on the *physical plane*.

Suppose a little see-saw, on which, over the point of suspension, rest three balls. To all appearance their presence makes no difference to the system. Take them all



away; the see-saw does not move. Put them all back; it does not move. They are "unmanifest." If, however, ball 1 for any reason starts to roll in the direction of the arrow, the see-saw at once moves. The weight of ball 1 becomes manifest. At the

same time the weight of ball 3 manifests itself negatively, while ball 2 remains unmanifest.

As regards "negative manifestation,"—suppose only ball 1 were present; as it ran out it would cause such movements of the see-saw as we could show were rightly due to the ball's weight, which we could determine. If, however, ball 3 were in place, the manifested weight of ball 1 would be less than in the other case by the amount to which it was counterbalanced by ball 3. Balls 1 and 3 are "relatively manifest."

If we could get rid of friction and suchlike physical impediments, we might without much difficulty imagine such an arrangement as that ball 1, on getting to the end of the arm, would run back again—returning into the unmanifest. It may there either push ball 3, so that ball 3 starts off and does a similar journey, or it may itself repeat its experience. It is "unmanifest" only while passing through the neutral point—the "*laya*" point.

From this experiment we get a conception of a matter which it is impossible to comprehend, but which cannot be disproved, *viz.*, that a *part* only of the unmanifest may become manifest, without involving what is sometimes treated as a logical deduction, the whole of the remaining portion being at once manifest by contrast (negatively).

Suppose we imagine—quite unjustifiably, but it is the only course open to us—that the first results of manifestation are particles, infinitely small, infinitely subtle, moving in all possible ways, very rapidly, but all exactly similar. It can be shown mathematically that, in such a case, as the result of collisions between the particles, some of which we may call fortunate and others unfortunate, in the course of time the fortunate particles will have robbed the unfortunate ones of a great deal of their energy. Simply put, some will be moving very fast and powerfully, others will be sluggish and impotent; and between these groups there will be, under certain conditions, a gulf. The two groups will not tail off into each other, but they will still both be composed of the same sort of particles, as particles. This at least gives us an illustration of how material, the same all through at the beginning, can become separated by its own action into what we may *name* (nothing more) "spirit" and "matter."

Suppose a pendulum hung by a spring, in such a way that, while it swings, it also bobs up and down. If such a pendulum is gently let down into a dish of water the swing will be gradually stopped, while an eddy will be set up in the water which will surround the pendulum-bob and enclose it. This surrounding cocoon is a "*tattva*"—the pendulum being the "*tanmātra*." The up and down movements will also produce a different set of eddies, and the two sets will combine and interlace after the manner of a Lissajou figure.



If, instead of the water, we could imagine some kind of mixture, one component of which could be moved only up and down, one only laterally, and one in both directions equally, we should see that the resulting network of eddies will not be a complete picture all through of the Lissajou figure, but that, mixed up with a complete one, there will be portions, complementary portions more or less, of others, due to the stuffs which are limited in their capacities for disturbance. These portions may not seem in any way connected when viewed individually, but if we can get a view of the whole, we can see their relations.

These different *tattvas* might, *e.g.*, be heat and electricity as we know them on the physical plane. The *tattva* is the eddy or directions of movement, not the stuff of which the eddy is formed. It is the Cheshire cat's grin.

The pendulum-bob here represents "spirit" in its action, though it is unfortunately a very gross example.

Suppose again—a rather less gross image—an atmosphere filled with floating particles of different sizes and weights. If we make a vortex ring travel through this atmosphere, and quite leave out of consideration the internal composition of the ring,—as it goes through the atmosphere, rotating all the time, it will drag round with its moving surface some of the particles, though only to a very slight extent.

The smaller and lighter will be dragged first, and afterwards the heavier. One can thus mentally picture the ring as passing along with a skin of fine particles round it, moving as it does; outside this skin, or mixed up with it, a skin of larger ones, and so on. This would not actually happen, for as a physical experi-

ment it would be the air which would be dragged, and it would move the particles, but in the case we are considering there is no "solvent" between them. The skin would not be made of a permanent collection of particles; a particle would be struck by the spinning ring, would have a slight similar rotation imparted to it, and at the same time would be knocked away, so that round the ring there would be rather a "skin of influence." The great majority of the particles in this skin would have received a slight spin from the ring, or be just going to do so. But though these particles would always be changing, moving away and being replaced by others, the skin would remain, just as one sees the skin of hot air over the ground in summer, though of course it is made of quite a different lot of air each moment.

This, too, is a very crude example. Still if in the light of these two suggestions together we think of the descent of "spirit" into "matter" we may get a kind of idea of what happens.

The swiftly moving "spirit particles" mentioned above move in all possible directions—or rather, perhaps, let us say, spin round on all possible diameters. They enter the atmosphere of mixed sluggish particles, *which are exactly the same particles as the spirit ones and differ only in their movement.*

(Here for a moment our parallel must become even vaguer and less of a parallel than before in order to enable us to "take a short cut"—if one may mix the metaphors.)

These particles, by reason of their "misfortunes," will be spinning feebly, not on all diameters, but some on one, some on another, some on several.

Our "spirit particle" will first influence the more subtle ones, those with several axes, sorting them out so to speak according to the number of ways of rotation of which they are capable; and so on with the others. When those with only one axis of rotation have been influenced, the physical plane is reached, and the "spirit particle" will be surrounded with various "sheaths" composed of particles of different complexities of rotation.

The "spirit particle" in its sheaths is not yet an atom. All this is æons before the evolution of the first atom. In the atom we must imagine a similar result, arrived at in a similar way, but for

each of the particles, above mentioned, must be substituted a whole system of "spirit particles" and their sheaths.

The "spirit particle" differs from the pendulum-bob and the vortex ring in an even more essential way than in its "grossness." It has in its early beginning robbed its less fortunate neighbours of so much energy that its movement is practically indestructible. It can never be stopped from springing and moving by the "friction" of its sheaths. Still they hamper its movements and keep it from spinning so happily and light-heartedly as it could "in its own place."

But, perhaps, it might be, that it feels some compunction for the way in which it was permitted by fortune to rob its neighbours of the energy which has enabled it to experience such an existence, so inconceivably more complete and more complicated, both in movement and axes of rotation, than had ever been experienced or could ever have been experienced if it had remained one of the common herd. The only atonement it can make for this is not to try to escape from its sheaths, but to remain within them, so that by its spinning it may influence, and by its example gradually train, all the other particles till they too can enjoy what it has once enjoyed, but has renounced for their sakes. So that at last they all spin together on all possible axes.

And here again the mathematical result mentioned above gives our imaginations a hint. It says that after a still greater lapse of time all the particles will have become again alike in their movements, and that all the energy which had been manifested as external movement will be gathered up inside the particles as internal movement which is heat, and which, perhaps, if we carefully avoid all odious comparisons, we may think of for the moment, and in this connection only, as exaltation of consciousness. And then perhaps something else happens.

W. X.

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LEARNING without thought is labour lost ; thought without learning is perilous.—CONFUCIUS.

## SOME REMARKS ON "THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY"\*

IN an appendix to a short essay on the Platonic theory of *psychē* published in the Dutch review *Theosophia* (November, 1904), I offered some criticism on the views expressed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* on Greek psychology. As *The Key* largely makes use of exoteric data I think my remarks may interest English Theosophists, the more so, as I have been able to trace to their source nearly all the references, which *The Key* quotes without exact documentary indication. Perhaps it is but fair to preface that I am not a Theosophist.

1. In the section on "The Septenary Nature of Man" (p. 63), *The Key* says: "Plato speaks of the interior man as constituted of two parts—one immutable and always the same, formed of the same substance as Deity, and the other mortal and corruptible."

This is indeed, as to the words, substantially the theory of the *Timæus* (xxx. ; 69 c). It should be remarked, however, that the term *part* is apt to be misunderstood, as has been pointed out by Mr. Arthur Hind in his fine edition of the *Phædo*. In speaking of the "mortal part of the soul," Plato means that part of the functions of the soul which arises from the union of the soul with the mortal body. It will be well to keep this in view, in order to avoid extra confusion in treating of a problem already intricate enough from its own nature.

*The Key*, however, refers, on p. 64, not to the *Timæus*, but to the *Laws*, as appears from p. 78, where the same quotation occurs. This quotation from the *Laws*, however (Book x., ch. viii. ; 897 B), is doubtful evidence, as the passage treats more of cosmic forces than of psychic functions. On this point the *Timæus* is to be preferred as a document.

2. On pp. 65 and 66, *The Key* contends that Plato acknow-

\* Third edition, chapters vi. and vii.

ledged the septenary nature of man; he is made a follower of Pythagoras, and to this philosopher is ascribed a theory of a threefold division of soul into *nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos*.

This division is ascribed to Pythagoras by Diogenes Laërtius (viii. 1, 30). The German scholar Zeller, however, in his famous *History of Greek Philosophy* (i. 416; iii. 90), states his conviction that the notice of Diogenes cannot be regarded as giving an authentic Pythagorean document. Diogenes Laërtius refers to another compiler, called Alexander, and this Polyhistor drew his information probably from a Neo-pythagorean book of a late date, confusing together Pythagorean, Platonic and even Stoic traditions.

*The Key*, moreover, is not accurate in stating that the quotation from Diogenes gives *phrēn* and *thumos* to man and animal in common; *phrēn* (properly *phrenes*) belongs to man only, *nous* and *thumos* to both man and beast.

(Of the passage of Plutarch, quoted on p. 65, note, and the remark on Pythagoras on p. 78, I have not been able to find the original documents.)\*

3. On p. 66 *The Key* contends that Plato acknowledged the following seven elements as constituting the nature of man: *to Agathon*, *psuchē*, *nous*, *phrēn*, *thumos*, the *eidōlon* and the *physical body*. The following remarks, however, should be made:

a. The meaning of *to Agathon* and the relation of *to Agathon* to the essence of man are still matters of discussion.

b. It is not permitted to take *psuchē* as one part of man, and *nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos* as other parts, nor is this permission gained by the remark that *psuchē* is to be taken "in its collective sense." *Nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos* are perhaps parts of the

\* H. P. B., who knew no Greek, is here manifestly quoting from someone—from whom I do not know—who ought, in this case, to be put in the pillory in her place. He, whoever he was, was a romancer of the first order, for the reference must be to Plutarch, *De Placitis Philosophorum*, iv. 4: "Πυθαγόρας, Πλάτων, κατὰ μὲν τὸν ἀνωτάτω λόγον διμερῆ τὴν ψυχὴν. τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λογικόν, τὸ δὲ ἄλογον. κατὰ δὲ τὸ προσεχὲς καὶ ἀκριβὲς, τριμερῆ. τὸ γὰρ ἄλογον διαιροῦσιν εἰς τε τὸ θυμικόν, καὶ τὸ ἐπιθυμητικόν. (I take the reference from a note to the text of Diogenes Laërtius, by Meibomius (Amsterdam; 1692), which happens to be the only text of Diogenes I have on my shelves.) Plutarch simply says that Pythagoras and Plato divided the soul (i.) in a twofold classification—(a) rational, and (b) irrational; and (ii.) in a threefold—the irrational being further subdivided into the passional and desiderative.—G. R. S. M.

soul, of *psychē* herself, but certainly not parts of man in addition to soul.

c. *Nous* and *thumos*, as has been pointed out in 1, are *not parts\** of *psychē* properly so called, but *functions* of *psychē*; *nous* is *psychē* acting as pure *psychē*; *thumos* is *psychē* acting in its connection with body.

*Phrēn* is not a term of Platonic psychology. However, it can be given perhaps to the *desiring part* of the functions of *psychē* in connection with body, if a short term is needed,

d. *The Key* gives no documentary evidence for the assertion that Plato regards the *eidōlon* of the Mysteries as a part of man. The *Phædo* (xxx. 81, c, d; comp. *ibid.* lvii., 108, A, B) makes mention of a *phantasma* and contains even the word *eidōlon*. This *eidōlon*, however, is not a new part of man, but *psychē* itself, engrossed and contaminated by earthy elements. Perhaps one could give the name *eidōlon* to these earthy elements, but certainly Plato does not do so, and nowhere does he make mention of this material *eidōlon* as existing *without psychē*.

e. To conclude: even with a liberal spirit and while admitting the term *parts*, one cannot ascribe to Plato's theory of man a division into more than *six parts*, *viz.*, to *Agathon*, *nous*, *thumos*, the *desiring part*, the *eidōlon* and the *mortal body*. One may have doubts moreover on the *Agathon* and the *eidōlon* as constituent parts of the list.

4. The quotations on p. 78, Book X., of the *Laws* are to be found in chaps. vii. and viii., 896 B, 896 2, 897 A, B). In 1 some words have already been said about these quotations. It can be added, that the reading of the final phrase is doubtful, as it seems, however, not the *soul*, but the *mind*, that is called divine.

5. On p. 65 *The Key* says some things about Anaxagoras which are not to be found among the exoteric data.

Anaxagoras, we are told, got his term *nous* from the Egyptian *Nout*; this, however, can hardly be exact, as the word *nous* existed many centuries before Anaxagoras, and he only endowed it with a more philosophical meaning.

Moreover, we are *not* taught by the documents, that Anaxagoras regarded man as an emanation, a *logos* of deity; nor is the

\* They are, however, repeatedly *so called* in classical literature.—G. R. S. M.

distinction between *noumena* and *phenomena* introduced by him, nor did he profess the theory on mortality and immortality recorded in *The Key* as his view. The terms *nous autokratēs* and *archē kinēseōs* are to be found in the exoteric documents.

6. The quotations from Plutarch on pp. 66-68 of *The Key* are taken from the essay *On the Face in the Moon's Orb*, chap. xxxviii., and contains speculations, a mixture probably of popular belief and traditions from the Mysteries. In some lines the reading is defective; the text has lost some words, which *The Key* adds by interpolation, apparently guided by the Latin translation.\*

Though the quotations may be of great Theosophical importance, they add little to our knowledge of the great thinkers of antiquity.

7. In *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 148, 149 (quoted by Annie Besant in *Karma*, p. 74) is said :

“Following Plato, Aristotle explained that the term *στοιχεῖα* (elements) was understood only as meaning the incorporeal principles placed at each of the four great divisions of our cosmical world to supervise them.”

It should be understood that there is not the least exoteric evidence to support this assertion. Neither the writings of Aristotle nor those of Plato contain one single line which can be cited in favour of the quotation. The perhaps pseudo-platonic dialogue *Epinomis* makes mention of demons inhabiting the elements; these demons, however, are *corporeal* and are *not* called *στοιχεῖα*; the *Timæus* goes not even so far. The exactness of the quotation cannot therefore rest on exoteric evidence.

CH. M. VAN DEVENTER.

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It may perhaps be of some assistance to Dr. van Deventer and to others who would test H. P. Blavatsky's ability by the canons of scholarship only, to bring the matter into saner perspective. Let us start with one or two preliminary facts.

H. P. Blavatsky knew no Greek (ancient Greek we mean, for it is on record that when young she could hold her own with modern Greek *gamins*); she knew no Latin (though it is recorded

\* H. P. B. knew no Latin either.—G. R. S. M.

that she was good at Neapolitanese). She had been to no university. She was the despair of her governesses; not that she was stupid, but that when wanted for lessons, she was, to use scriptural language, “found not.”

There are two sides to H. P. B.’s writings: (i.) the controversial; in which she attempted to support her contentions by anything she found in any book which in any way agreed with what she believed to be the inner facts of man and nature. In this she took what she found, as it appeared to her; she had no idea, nor had she any means, of testing the translations or second-hand quotations from classical authors which she so frequently used. Reliable writers and flimsy scribblers, serious scholars and ignorant cranks, she quoted with delightful impartiality. It was all in “print”; all equally good ammunition for her voracious blunderbuss. This was one side of her—a most provoking and chaotic side, not seldom a scarecrow of incongruities calculated to frighten any respectable scholastic though or rook not only out of the field but almost out of his wits.

(ii.) But there was another side. Let me put this in the form of a question. Supposing you had from your childhood seen as much of the unseen world as you did of the solid physical we all bark the shins of our normal senses upon; supposing the invisible side of things was as real to you as the visible is to almost everyone else; supposing you had been used to analyse things from this point of view, and knew others who did so, and found out that there was great wisdom in that within sense of things, and felt yourself in many strange inexpressible ways filled full of this inner energy and life; and supposing further that although physically “uneducated,” in the way of science and scholarship, you found yourself, hardly knowing why or how, a sort of bridge between this invisible and the visible, and not only so, but in contact with those on the unseen side of things who were anxious to communicate some part of a great idea, and in contact on the visible side with many who desired to know something of the mystery of the unseen,—you, as I say, being no scholar, and not knowing quite how it all was, or what was expected of you, being, moreover, frequently yourself as astonished as the rest when told of things heard or seen in

the unseen, or dictated therefrom—what, I ask, would *you* have done ?

We know what H. P. B. did, and we see the result of her labours in the Theosophical Movement. She accomplished a great work, a work that no scholar could have even attempted—for scholarship must in the nature of things use up most of its energies on details and *minutiae*.

Taking, then, these facts into consideration, what must we think of the energy and ability of the soul of this brave-hearted woman ? Working in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, cruelly handicapped by the lack of all technical training—she nevertheless scores point after point against the science and scholarship of her day with strange acumen and insight. Many of these contentions of hers are now accepted, others are being rapidly adopted ; much, on the other hand, of what she wrote controversially was ephemeral and inaccurate. But above and beyond all this,—not to speak of the wonderful power she had of making the dry bones leap together, and of infusing radiant life into what was previously an inanimate corpse,—she was the means of making known the amazing fact that what materialistic science had thought long dead and buried, what it had contemptuously deemed the fantastic dreams of superstition and primitive culture, was gloriously alive, and triumphantly articulate once more, and not only so, but that the memory of it had not passed from the hearts of men, and that many had still ears to hear, even though few as yet had eyes to see as she did.

G. R. S. M.

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THE Way is the Way of Heaven and Earth ; man's place is to follow it. Therefore make it the object of thy life to reverence Heaven. Heaven loves me and others with equal love ; therefore with the love wherewith thou lovest thyself, love others, make not man thy partner but Heaven, and making Heaven thy partner do thy best. Never condemn others ; but see to it that thou comest not short of thine own mark.—SAIGO.

## MENTAL DELUSIONS

**WHEN** in the pages of this magazine several writers had discussed the question of revelations, private and otherwise, it was presumed that the discussion was over, for each had said his say and retired to let the Theosophic public be the judge and arbiter. But no; with a "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," Dr. Wells returns to the charge. If the present writer too returns to take up the discussion, it is because Dr. Wells has chosen to drag in names, and put the matter on to the repugnant platform of personalities. Surely it is possible for us, as students of Theosophy, to argue and discuss ideas for what they are worth, without turning a philosophical discussion into a controversy?

On reading Dr. Wells' last contribution, "Astral Illusions," one wonders why he is so free with his epithets—people "who should have known better," "innocent pupil," "those who have yielded to the temptation to deliver their whole thinking over to an infallible authority," and so on. It certainly is a politic thing to abuse your adversary, especially when you are having the worst of the argument; but perhaps after all Dr. Wells is only humorous. Many, however, will have grave doubts as to the propriety of such attempts at wit in a magazine devoted to philosophical discussions.

Here I hope I shall be pardoned for lapsing into the first person for a time. Dr. Wells seems to imagine that when I wrote in reply to him, I was then attempting to make a defence of Mr. Leadbeater, my "individual teacher," and his views. Now it is quite true that in this life of mine Mr. Leadbeater has done more for me than a parent does for a child; and whatever there may be of good in me is due almost wholly to his care and help. My love and gratitude for all that he has done for me is more than I can say. Nay, to Dr. Wells himself I owe my sincerest thanks for much material help given to enable me to continue my studies

years ago. But why should it therefore be supposed that what I wrote was to uphold Mr. Leadbeater, or against Dr. Wells? They are both my friends; but loyalty to friendship has nothing to do with discussions concerning Truth and how she may be found. In my article Mr. Leadbeater's name never occurs, nor is there any need for it; my remarks apply every whit to Dr. Wells himself and the revelation of Theosophy for which he is striving. I discussed the subject of revelations on general lines and on broad principles; and I am fairly convinced that none but the learned Doctor, ruminating over this matter that looms so large before his mind's eye, would put the personal construction on that article that he evidently does.

Dr. Wells complains that none of the writers that have dealt with the subject, "who should have known better," took up the point that certain new ideas are being embodied into "Theosophic Orthodoxy" without sufficient examination. If they did not discuss this point, it was because what was important from their point of view was not the discussion of these details of Theosophic study, but the whole attitude and trend of Dr. Wells' arguments. Far more important than whether certain statements were reasonable or not, is the question, "Is our knowledge of Theosophy to be considered a revelation, with which all subsequent ideas *must* be in accordance?"

Had Dr. Wells put his difficulties on to the impersonal platform of ideas to be discussed, and then to be accepted or rejected, there would have arisen a keen intellectual analysis from which much benefit might have been derived by all concerned. But instead Dr. Wells chose to put the matter differently, crying out, "You are trying to demolish *my* Theosophy, and you are unorthodox." It was against this tone of the articles that the writers *per contra* protested.

Dr. Wells calls his article "Astral Illusions." To some the ideas in it would almost seem to be the result of mental delusions. He reiterates the same points as before. He finds that some ideas of late contradict—what? the old ideas? No, the learned Doctor's *interpretation* of the old views. This is what Dr. Wells does not realise. For instance, he says: "From earliest times we have been taught that on that plane men actually *make* their

surroundings, that apparent facts change with every thought of the beholder." *We?* It is presumed that Dr. Wells speaks for himself only, for there are many of us who have *not* been so taught. Taught? Rather, have drawn our own conclusions from statements found in books. Just because a statement is made in the books that on the astral plane a man can surround himself by the creations of his own mind, Dr. Wells jumps to the conclusion that *everybody* on the astral plane must do so, and it is a world of illusions, wholly ignoring the other statements that describe that part of the astral plane which is the real and the same for all, and which is no more changed by each man's thought than is this physical world—all that astral world round us here at hand, the counterpart of the visible, and the fuller expression of it.

A similar unwarranted conclusion is drawn from a statement of Mr. Leadbeater's that "in all cases the early death of a child is a benefit and not a disadvantage." Dr. Wells imagines that this puts a premium on baby-farming. Everyone but he would have seen that Mr. Leadbeater is thinking of children whose deaths take place naturally; but it required Dr. Wells' imagination to body forth the spectre of baby-farming.

Dr. Wells further deprecates what he calls the attempt to "materialise the spiritual," and holds that statements concerning the astral world have "no relation to our present normal life at all." He is at perfect liberty to think so; but there are those to whom these statements are intensely vital, and it is just this attempt to materialise the spiritual that appeals to them in Theosophy. For Theosophy, as they understand it, shows that the invisible worlds are not worlds wholly strange and new, absolutely out of touch with our known experience; nor are they illusory, but worlds with definite laws to be cognised by the human mind, wherein life is intensely real, far more than life on earth. It is this presentation with arguments appealing to human reason, that gives them some rational faith, if not more, in the existence of life after death.

If it is in these ways that Dr. Wells holds that the new ideas contradict the old, then frankly there are many who do not agree with him. To them the newer ideas amplify and explain

the old, but do not contradict them hopelessly as Dr. Wells declares. He asks, "Does it fit into the old—is it in harmony with what we have received?" (Has not "received" a certain theological atmosphere about it that seems odd in a Theosophical discussion?) Many will have no hesitation whatever in answering—Yes. Dr. Wells says—No. It is then one personal conviction against another. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*. Is it therefore incumbent upon each to rush upon the house-tops and call heaven and earth to witness that others do not agree with him?

This same point is put differently by Dr. Wells when he says there must be a "continuity of knowledge." But to not a few there never has been a break in the continuity. When Newton formulated the laws of motion, he had theories as to the transmission of light; from his time on the laws of motion have received unvarying confirmation, while his theory of light has been rejected. Now that chemists begin to realise that the atomic theory of the elements has to be revised in accordance with recent discoveries, has the science of Chemistry been upset thereby? Is there a discontinuity in scientific knowledge because one "received" theory is abandoned for another?

When then some declare that they see no discontinuity in their knowledge of Theosophy, it may be that they are yielding to the "temptation to deliver their whole thinking over to an infallible authority"; but that to them the new ideas do illumine the old is a fact that will be obvious to Dr. Wells himself.

But, furthermore, many a student of Theosophy would stoutly oppose even this idea of a continuity of knowledge, if by that is meant that all opinions must fall into line with a body of teaching which we postulate as gospel truth. The scheme of science, religion and philosophy that goes now by the name of Theosophy is to many only the most reasonable scheme presented to the world *so far*; but if at any time there should be offered some other scheme more reasonable than Theosophy, one that explained better and fuller the problems of life, and especially some problems not explained by Theosophy, such as the seeming necessity of evils and suffering as incentives to evolution, if it should be more in harmony with our intellects and intuitions, then, though all the Masters of Wisdom themselves

were to declare that the new ideas were false, many a student of Theosophy will say with St. Paul in Myers' poem :

Not though with one voice, O world, thou deniest,  
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Nor will those who accept the new and reject the old cease thereby to be true Theosophists. Theosophy is the Divine Wisdom of things seen and unseen ; hence to them the erroneous ideas of the past were not the truths of Theosophy which they seek, as are the newer and the more rational theories.

In conclusion, it certainly may be that those of us who do not agree with Dr. Wells on this matter are wrong ; and if he is anxious to convince us of our error he is quite welcome to do so. He can write charmingly, and we all enjoy reading his articles. But in the meantime, will he try to believe that we are not hypocrites when we say that we *are* trying to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good ?"

C. JINARĀJADĀSA.

## FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

### "THE SIMPLE LIFE"

THERE are perhaps few moments when the intricate complexities of our modern life are so tangible on the surface of things as in times of election. High principles are at clash with venal interests ; personalities are confounded with theories, with ideals, with laws of nature ; each unit tears off what portion pleases him of the dazzling web of politics, and waves this meaningless fraction as a flag. An American election especially constitutes an almost indistinguishable whirl of passions, because of the excitability of its voters, because of the diversity of its considerations, and because of the immediate material influence of its issues. And yet the book that was being sold by the thousand during all the driving heat of the recent American election was a little brochure by Charles Wagner, called *The Simple Life*.

Wherein lies its appeal ? What constitutes the power of this short book, which could command attention under such fevered circumstances ? Its message is an old one : that the

best way to render thought fruitful, simple, really conformable to our destiny, is to have confidence and hope, and to be kind; that the duty we should set ourselves to perform is the duty that lies nearest to us; and that the highest inspiration is love. "My aim is this," says the author, "to make men think about unostentatious goodness; above all, to make them love it and perform it."

The form in which this message is delivered is neither original nor arresting. The style of the book is characteristic of the nationality of the author, who is a native of Alsace, and in mind a Frenchman; it is simple, persuasive, logical. The position is mapped out with an admirable accuracy, and illumined with a clear light; but the emotions are never stirred. The book might indeed almost belong to any age, so little do the perplexing and all-absorbing problems of "this strange disease of modern life" enter into its pages. In England the exponents of the simple life are concerned principally with the attack on machinery, accounted by so many thinkers the primary factor in these conditions of complexity; they are upholders of hand labour, they aim at reviving peasant industries. Idealists like Mr. W. B. Yeats foresee the time when we shall of our own accord destroy all the paraphernalia of manufacture, and Mr. H. G. Wells, in the *Fortnightly*, anticipates the day when better conditions will make the products of machinery beautiful. But M. Wagner ignores this whole burning question; and when he would give us an example of the evils of modern civilisation, we are told that: "At the home of the Blanchards everything is topsy-turvy. . . . Mlle. Yvonne is to be married Tuesday, and to-day is Friday. Callers loaded with gifts and tradesmen bending under packages come and go in endless procession." In view of the problems affecting the daily life and happiness of millions, the theme seems a little local.

But it gives the key to M. Wagner's position. It is with the home that this writer is concerned, with the individual conscience, with the unit. "The great desideratum of our time is the culture of the component parts of society," he says, "of the individual man." When he touches on the unscrupulous use of the power wielded by the Press, he offers in mitigation of the

evil this advice: "Be men; speak the speech of honour." When he deals with the terrible problem of poverty, he bids each one get to know a few poor families intimately, and act to them the part of a brother, with the moral and material aid it is his to give.

This is practical; it goes to the root of the matter, if only we can have immeasurable patience. But men are impatient, and waiting is slow; heroic souls desire a quicker perfection; we have teachers like Tolstoy, terrifying in their grandeur and inconsistency, advocates of a return to voluntary poverty, socialists, anarchists, each claiming to possess the secret of the way to a simple life. M. Wagner will have none of these extremes; there is no flash and clash of swords in his ordered parterre. He takes the middle way, and all his statements are moderate. Of Love, for instance, he says: "Healing, consoling, tender to the unfortunate, even to the evil, love engenders light beneath her feet. She clarifies, she simplifies." We do not put beside this the immortal glory of the words of Thomas à Kempis, but listen to Fiona Macleod. Love, she writes, "is at once the little shaken flame in a single heart, and the shoreless fire of immortality." There is glow in this, and passion and infinite perspective, and beside it the passage from *The Simple Life* seems timid and colourless. We could pick out many other parallel passages; we could quote Emerson on Riches, and Borrow on Nature, to show how the thought we find in this book has been made incandescent in the alembic of an intenser enthusiasm.

Wherein then lies its overwhelming appeal? We answer: "It persuades." Its appeal lies in the sharp contrast it offers to the violent energies, the clashing interests, the flaring methods of the age. This contrast is due in part to the nationality of the author; he belongs to the Old World, and has the patience induced by contemplating a longer stretch of horizon. And though no nation has fought more nobly for Ideas and for Ideals than the French, yet to the French mind any unrestraint in literature, any ecstasy of mood even, is regarded with suspicion.\*

\* Surely a too hazardous generalisation? D. N. D. should read Kipling's story of the "lyric prose," of "M. de C." in "The Bonds of Discipline" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) as an amusing introduction to seeing the other side.—EDS.

M. Wagner's calm and balanced periods mark his book out alike from the tawdry sensationalism that is so current, and the burning altitudes of remote thinkers. To those tired and jaded with fruitless speculation, he offers peace: the peace of near things. "Simplicity," he says, "is a state of mind." To those made hopeless by the immensity of modern problems, he offers a solution simple enough for a child to understand. Many have lived so strenuously that the great emotions, the fiery appeals, exhaust them; they need the tender hand to lead them home. This book makes no excursions into the wilderness, no leaps in the dark, yet the little plot of home it treats of, peculiarly sacred to French sentiment, is walled by mystery, and contains within itself an infinite world, the world of spirit.

"There is a secret and inexpressible joy in possessing at the heart of one's being an interior world, known only to God, whence nevertheless come impulses, enthusiasms, and daily renewal of courage, and the most powerful motives for activity among our fellow-men."

#### "THE MASK OF APOLLO"

The particular shape which visions assume is peculiar to the time and country in which they appear,—is in fact local and accidental; but the purity, the aspiration which makes these manifestations possible varies not at all in kind, but only in degree, and the selfsame spiritual fire shapes the faint materialisation, whether it be into the Burning Bush of Moses, into the Shining Graal of Chivalry, or into the St. Michael that flamed before Joan of Arc.

So the stories in this little book,\*—stories akin to visions,—take upon themselves the colour and the form of various countries and of various times; but the selfsame impulse has projected them forth, the selfsame spirit animates their movements, the selfsame teaching whispers behind their words. Two of the stories deal with Apollo in early Greece; the scene of two is laid in India, and of one in Ireland; the Cave of Lilith is anywhere and everywhere, and in "The Story of a Star" the writer speaks out of the lips of a Magus of old Persia. The Shadowy Power

\* *The Mask of Apollo and other Stories*, by A. E. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

behind is now Zeus, and now Brahma, and now Angus Oge. Yet we pass from age to age with no sense of shock, for he who writes remembers that "in the Ever-living yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are words of no meaning." And it can matter to us but little in which country we are, for what is space any longer when we read how "the Great King of Glory entered the golden chamber, and set himself down on the silver couch, and he let his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of love: and so the second quarter, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, did he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure."

The little stories are unequal, for the shaping power has not always the same creative force. Though there is not one without its measure of charm, yet sometimes we get a certain thinning out of effect by iteration, as in "The Meditation of Ananda." But where the inspiration has had full sway, A. E. touches heights that very few have reached. Criticism stands abashed, dazed, helpless, before "The Story of a Star."

Criticism after all can only concern itself with mediocrity; it has no words simple enough to bestow upon works of extreme simplicity, and can only say that they are simple; it has no words sublime enough to characterise the sublime. Where shall we find the language to speak of this little tale, a mere five pages in all? The writer here seems to have made words achieve the impossible,—to have framed out of them, though Browning doubted this capacity of language, "not a fourth sound, but a star." We can only think of one passage in our literature comparable to this story in infinity of imagination, and that is the passage in which Fiona Macleod describes the vision of the man who after a hundred years spent in the search of knowledge is granted one minute of insight. Yet though the same dazzling range overwhelms us in both descriptions, A. E.'s conception is the more stupendous, his language the more imbued with spiritual fire.

It is the Birth of a Planet that the Magus witnesses, heralded by music. "Avenues and vistas of sound! They rushed to and fro. They poured from a universal stillness quick with unheard

things. . . . And now all around glowed a vast twilight ; it filled the cradle of the planet with colourless fire. . . . At the centre a still flame began to lighten ; a new change took place, and space began to curdle." Later we learn how he saw the imagination of nature visibly at work, and at last of the coming of greater powers upon the planet. "To tell you but a little I have many times to translate it ; for in the first unity with their thought I touched on an almost universal sphere of life, I peered into the ancient heart that beats throughout time ; and this knowledge became changed in me, first into a vast and nebulous symbology and so down through many degrees of human thought into words which hold not at all the pristine and magical beauty."

But we who have not seen the vision find in his words indeed that pristine and magical beauty, and did space permit, would quote other passages illustrative of it. For one pregnant sentence room must be found. Lilith the enchantress is speaking of Dante. "I was the Beatrice who led Dante upwards," she says ". . . I captured his soul with the shadow of space ; a nutshell would have contained the film."

In one passage, A. E., speaking of the chimes he hears pealing from some dim and vast cathedral of the cosmic memory, says "the peace they tolled became almost a nightmare." So, often, when we open the books of some Eastern scripture, we shrink terrified before its immensities ; we feel the overwhelming presence of a world too vast, too vague, too sublime for our weakness to support. Therefore many a solution of the teaching has been prepared for our undisciplined and unaccustomed minds ; but too constantly these interpretations obscure, misinterpret, misunderstand. Now each of A. E.'s stories is a tiny commentary on the Ancient Wisdom, but written by one who has entered deep into its spirit, and who has retained the fulness of its sanity. Human tenderness is the keynote to the book ; not inaction, not fruitless meditation is advocated, but effort—"the truest wisdom is to wait, to work, to will in secret." The ascetic Ananda, seeking for Brahma, and finding only the great illusion as infinite as Brahma's being, learns at last the secret of the true, how the Vision could be left behind and the Being entered. "Love, a

fierce and tender flame, arose; pity, a breath from the vast; sympathy, born of unity. This triple fire sent forth its rays"—through Ananda's world, as through this little book.

D. N. D.

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## THE HOUSES OF RIMMON

THERE are, it may be, so many voices in the world, and none of them is without significance.—1 *Cor.* xiv.

To know only one religion and its cult is not to know that thoroughly. One cannot surely isolate a religion any more than one can set apart a branch of natural science, *e.g.*, botany—and then, refusing to study any other collateral science, geology, or inorganic chemistry, tie oneself down to a set of books with these self-imposed blinkers on, and assert that as specialists we must know more than others possibly can do.

Many now believe that the study of a universal religion may be regarded as a science, though a science as yet in its infancy. Its aim is to read unanimity under superficial divergency whenever and wherever possible.

Ethnic considerations have been so far held largely responsible for the great external variations, and these have been spoken of as "fundamentals," the "deeply rooted causes," the "very soul of the nation"; but we must go deeper even than this, to find the root of all racial life in the mysterious heart of Mother Earth herself, source of all faiths, one for all, in all ages and in all lands.

And for the student of this Earth-religion, as apart from racial cults, there are, there should be, no Houses of Rimmon, no churches where people are worshipping the wrong God, or worshipping anything in the wrong way.

Personally I have always had a great contempt for the individual who went and bowed himself in the House of Rimmon, and then thought he improved matters by mentioning it in his prayers and asking to be forgiven. If there were such a thing as a House of Rimmon for me I should certainly not enter it, it would be an unpardonable sin, a sin against the higher self.

But in these days of Theosophical leanings, Houses of Rimmon are or should be disappearing.

Many strange festivals are being kept in temples to us unfamiliar and strange. Many shrines are being visited in this present month of February, each and all full of a significance of their own to the hands that tend them.

An eclectic, all-the-world-over calendar of feasts and fasts does not, however, exist at present. Many festivals are difficult to locate as to their dates, because of the varying systems of chronology which obtain, especially among Oriental nations.

The time when "things began" is accurately known in China, and the hour of the birth of the first "*human* Emperor" is, I believe, seriously discussed; but their years are more or less out of all keeping with ours.

The Muhammedan year consists of twelve lunar months, and moves therefore continually back through our seasons.

Their festivals are out of all harmony with agricultural pursuits in consequence; they are lacking in that "hearth and home" character which is so general in those religions whose root was not only in a race but in a "fatherland."

The world of Islam is at present celebrating the "Greater Bairam," a general pilgrimage undertaken by many thousands of the Faithful to commemorate the Flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina A.D. 622, the year I A.H. Tradition says that he found the Jews celebrating their safe flight from Egypt with their festival called the "Feast of Weeks" (June 9th this year), and determined that his safe deliverance should also be an annual festival.

The Jews, however, have a calendar more in harmony with the solar year; so the two feasts only coincide occasionally. There are no feasts of note for them this month.

The "fatherland" element gives some curious correspondences between races separated in their life not only by space but by time,—as between the old, old Roman rites of the Lupercalia (which were purificatory) and the Parentalia (propitiatory) of Februarius, the last month in the Julian calendar, and the Japanese rites of purification and ancestor-worship in this early spring season.

The Ides of Februarius, Dies Parentales, were devoted to worshipping the Di Manes, the dead ancestors. This was kept as a general holiday in ancient Italy exactly as in old Japan. In both lands the dead to be propitiated had been well cared for since their departure, and were still members of the family.

In Japan it is not uncommon to hear a mother addressing admonitions and moral maxims to the soul of a dead child for many years after she has lost it. The power of the dead to help varies according to the time they have spent in the celestial regions. In ancient Rome the Parentalia were practically a renewal of the burial rites.

The chief Shintō feast in Japan this month is that of Inari, the rice-god, god of many names and countless attributes—glorified house-god, house-keeper, farmer, and merchant; glorified family-doctor who heals everything from hearts to children's dolls.

The healing is accomplished by means of "people-shapes" (*hitogata*), little men and women cut out of white paper. You buy one for every member of the family from the priests; then, after they have touched the body of the person they belong to, while he or she is reciting a little Shintō prayer, they are brought back to the temple and burned with Holy Fire. This averts all physical evils for the whole year.

Inari is also called the fox-god, for in this time of the year foxes have to be propitiated by offerings of their favourite foods, beans, rice and corn, otherwise their power for mischief will work in all sorts of inconceivable ways. Foxes can make themselves invisible or take any shape they please; a few years ago, in order not to be behind the times, they caused phantom trains to run on the Tokkaido railway, so says Lafcadio Hearn, and this greatly confounded and terrified the engineers of the company.

But space does not allow of even a cursory survey of the literature connected with Inari-foxes, nor indeed with the subject of Shintō festivals and their survivals. *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, or *The Evolution of the Japanese*, will give general readers an idea of the fascination of the subject.

ECHO.

## FROM MANY LANDS

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

### FROM FRANCE

THE classes and lectures at Headquarters are well attended. Our General Secretary, Dr. Pascal, is just now visiting the south-west, and will deliver two public lectures at Bordeaux on the "Law of Karma."

The advantage of strengthening the feeling of fraternity, and increasing hearty intercourse between members of different nationalities in the Theosophical Society, is self-evident, and as many English people spend the winter and spring on the Riviera, in French Switzerland, or in Northern Africa, it would be well if they would make a practice of visiting the Theosophical Lodges or Centres, thereby strengthening them. Needless to say such visitors will always be welcome.

In Nice, they could call on Mrs. Burnett, Villa Burnett, Avenue Desambrois, where the Vidya Lodge meets; in Montreux, they should communicate with M. J. D. Reelf, 3<sup>1</sup>, Rue St. Leger, Geneva; in Mustapha (Algiers), M. Mélian, Rue du Parc; and in Tunis, Dr. Liron, 27, Rue de la Commission, will give all help and information.

There is now to be seen a strong interest in Theosophical study amongst officers of the French army, and we are constantly enrolling fresh recruits. This is partly the result of the very useful and discreet step, taken last year, of sending two or three copies of the best books to a number of military and naval libraries.

As an instance of the spread of Theosophical ideas outside the Society may be quoted the novel, *Sur la Branche*, by Pierre de Coulevain, in which the author (a lady, it is said) discusses many interesting problems of life in a truly Theosophical way.

The most notable fact in the scientific world is the enquiry undertaken last month by the *Revue Scientifique* concerning the existence of the "N" Rays. Responses were made by various authorities, some of whom deny the existence of the rays, while some accept their existence as a fact. It would seem that the differences of the lighting of the phosphorescent screen (zinc sulphuret) which are due to the presence of "N" rays, are not observable by everyone. One observer may see something, another nothing (some kind of clairvoyance or special accommodation of the eye being probably required); and if it were not for the well-known authority of M. Blondlet, auto-suggestion would doubtless be spoken of. Perhaps the most suggestive reply is that of M. Lucien Poincarné, who could not see the rays; he says: "I must be included among those who do not see the rays, but that does not permit me, in any case, to deny their existence."

To determine the question the only way is to find some method of registering the rays, by means of photography or otherwise, and it is to be hoped that soon there may be made known some decisive test which all may reproduce. Such a demonstration would be of great interest to the Theosophical student, for the demonstrated existence of these "N" rays would prove scientifically the existence of some kind of clairvoyance, some being able to see the rays, whilst others cannot.

#### FROM GERMANY

The chief item of interest in the month's work in the Section is the formation of a new Branch at Karlsruhe.

The increasing energy of Theosophical work in Germany goes hand in hand with increasing opposition. The attacks come chiefly from some representatives of the Church, who warn their flocks against what they call "the ghastly death-grin of Buddhism," or the audacity which proclaims the identity of Theosophy and a higher Christianity; and from some representatives of the monistic philosophy, who find "absurd the idea of a plurality of principles in man and nature."

In his lectures, Dr. Steiner often cites the words pronounced by

Mr. Balfour at the British Association about the nature of consciousness. For in the statement that the atom is "condensed electricity" he has referred, although from a respectable distance, to a fundamental occult truth. But materialistic science is approaching more and more the borders of Theosophy. Dr. Raoul France, the well-known investigator in Munich, is working on this line.

For the Theosophist a valuable and interesting addition to the sum of German scientific thought has appeared in the *Blatt des Weimarischen Landesztg.* (Dec. 1st, 1904), in an interesting article by Dr. Kurt Rudolf Kreuzsner on the latest investigations in plant-life made by Dr. Gottlieb Haberlandt, the great authority in the domain of the anatomy and physiology of plants. Dr. Haberlandt, in a lecture at this year's Natural Science Convention held at Breslau, was able to demonstrate, as the result of systematic work carried on during many years, that plants as well as animals possess genuine sense organs. Dr. Kreuzsner, in his article, gives a brief sketch of the history of natural science, contrasting the earlier centuries, when differences were everywhere sought, with our own time, with its monistic interpretation of the universe. Only 250 years have passed, he tells us, since the great Descartes regarded man as alone endowed with soul. Linnæus had to admit that animals grow, live and feel, and to-day biology, on the declaration of its leaders, claims a soul for plants also. Indeed more than one scientist to be taken quite seriously, Kreuzsner says—although this may call forth a smile from some amongst us—believes that to this plant-soul must be accorded the attribute of immortality.

By a long series of investigations before Haberlandt, it had been established, first, that plants displayed a nerve reaction similar to that in men and animals. Next that, although the plant did not possess a central nervous system (it has no need for such, being rooted to the ground), it nevertheless possessed something corresponding to nerve channels, so that no fundamental difference existed between it and the animal. It only remained to be seen whether sense-perception was concentrated in definite organs.

This was the point whence Professor Haberlandt started in his investigations. Some years ago he discovered that plants have a special organ for the stimulus of the force of gravity. This organ displays remarkable agreement with one found in many lower animals and at one time regarded as the hearing (auditory) apparatus, but latterly recognised as the organ of gravitation (*Schwerkraftorgan*).

By methods of reaction to light Haberlandt has now discovered (and this was the subject demonstrated at Breslau), that a great number of plants, although not all, possess an organ for the perception of light (*Facettenorgan*), very like that to be found in many of the lower animals and which may be briefly designated as the *plant's eye*. This eye is situated in the papillary epidermis of the upper side of the leaf. Definite cells are in some way arranged on the veins of the leaves so as to concentrate the light exactly like a lens.

It is uncertain whether other organs will be discovered for the perception of taste, smell, etc. But from the foregoing sufficient proof is afforded, Kreuzschner thinks that plants also have their psychical functions—a soul which has arisen out of the mechanism of the living protoplasm.

#### FROM HOLLAND

The most noteworthy recent event in the Dutch Section has been the appointment of the new Librarian, Dr. W. H. Denier van der Gon. Until now the Sectional Library has been under the care of a Librarian, who, on account of her manifold duties in other departments of work, has not been able to devote the necessary energy to the management of the Library. Dr. van der Gon, however, will be able to give nearly the whole of his time to this special work, and it is hoped that under his direction the Library will be far more useful than it has ever been, and that it will be able greatly to encourage deeper study among the members. A new room in the Sectional building has been devoted to the purposes of a reading-room, in addition to the room already in use. A new catalogue is being prepared, being rendered necessary by recent important acquisitions of books.

The Dutch Publishing Society is now publishing a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's book, *The Other Side of Death*, whilst a translation of Mrs. Besant's new book, *A Study in Consciousness*, is to be published in a few months. This book has aroused very great interest in Holland, and is being studied in all the Branches, either in classes or by the individual members.

A very encouraging sign of the growth of the Dutch Section is the publication of a Sectional magazine, bearing the title *De Theosophische Beweging* (*The Theosophical Movement*). Up to now the Section has had no official organ for the publication of official documents. The Dutch monthly, *Theosophia*, used to have a column recording the

chief events of Theosophic interest, both within and without the Dutch Section; this has now been omitted, and the new magazine (sent gratuitously to all members of the Section) serves both as a vehicle for official communications and as a means of keeping the members in touch with the chief facts of Theosophical work that go to make up the history of the Theosophical Society. It is expected that in this way it will contribute greatly to the growth of the feeling that we are, everyone of us, the constituent parts of a mighty unit. Moreover, the new magazine will open its columns for the discussion of points which may interest the members. The Editor is Mr. A. J. Cnoop Koopmans, the Assistant Secretary of the Dutch Section.

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## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

A SMALL party of the Tibetan Mission on the return journey came back *via* Gartok (510 miles from Gyantse and 200 from Simla). This part of Western Tibet has been practically unexplored previously, and it is said that the concession in respect of Gartok will prove of greater importance than the concession in Eastern Tibet, owing to the impulse it will give to pilgrimage from India. For, as the *Times'* correspondent of December 20th writes :

A New Route to  
Manasarowar

Kailas and the Manasarowar Lake, and the regions around the sources of the Indus, Sutlej, and Tsangpo, are sacred places in the eyes of the Hindu devotee, and these lie on the road to Gartok, and only a short distance from the frontier. There is said to be an easy, though lofty, pass called Sipu Lekh close to the tri-junction of British, Tibetan, and Nepalese territory, which offers direct access to Kailas and Manasarowar, and it is anticipated that this and other adjacent routes will be much frequented by pilgrims now that intercourse between the two countries is to be opened up.

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THIS is of importance for many of our colleagues in India. But perhaps some of our readers will peruse with greater interest the description of Shigatse and of the Tashi Lama and the cordial welcome extended to the officers of the Mission by the officials of the real spiritual chief of Tibet.

Shigatse and the  
Tashi Lama

The Gartok party . . . . arrived at Shigatse . . . after

what is described as a delightful journey through richly-cultivated and highly-irrigated valleys. Villages lay dotted thickly over the slopes, every house and hamlet being surrounded with trees. The harvest had been very good and was being got in, and affairs looked prosperous in this part of Tibet. On nearing Shigatse the British officers were met by a deputation of Lamas and laymen, who extended to them a cordial welcome and entertained them with refreshments laid out in tents by the roadside. The streets of the town were filled with large crowds, who gazed with much surprise at the first Europeans seen at Shigatse since Turner's visit 120 years ago. Captain Turner, it may be remembered, was Warren Hastings' envoy to the infant Tashi Lama, the reincarnation of the former Pontiff, who had received George Bogle, the first envoy, in such a friendly way. The plain of Tashilhunpo, which is perfectly level, is encompassed by rocky hills on all sides. Towards the north it narrows, leaving only room for the road and the river. A rock, crowned by the fortress of Shigatse, commands the pass. The position is clearly described by Turner. As he looked southward from his apartment he could see, in front, the road leading to Bengal and Bhutan; on his right ran the roads to Ladak and Kashmir, as well as that by Tingri Maidan to Nepal, and in that direction lay also "the mines of lead, copper, cinnabar, and gold," while on his left were the roads to Lhasa and China. Far away to the north stretched the territory of the Taranath Lama, bordering upon Russia and Siberia.

. . . . .

On the present occasion the reception of the Englishmen was of a pleasing character. The officials could not have been more courteous or hospitable, and the populace were most friendly. The two parties were lodged in a nobleman's garden, and Captain Steen, of the Indian Medical Service, was called upon to minister, from morning till late at night, to the sick of Shigatse and the surrounding parts. Rich and poor are said to have sought his good offices, the fame of Captain Walter's skill at Lhasa having spread far and wide. The British officers describe the monastery of Tashilhunpo as far finer than anything at Lhasa, its circumference being two miles. Turner says it is a large monastery consisting of three or four hundred houses, the habitations of the Gylongs, besides temples, mausolea, and the palace of the Sovereign Pontiff, in which is comprised also the residence of the Regent and of all the subordinate officers, both ecclesiastical and civil. Its buildings are all of stone, none less than two storeys high, flat-roofed, and crowned with parapets.

On October 16th Captain O'Connor, accompanied by all the Europeans, paid an official visit to the Tashi Lama, who is at present, by virtue of the decree of the Emperor of China, the head of all the Churches owning the supremacy of the Dalai Lama. The Tashi Lama is a young man of twenty-three years of age, with a pleasing address and owning the reputation of being both pious and able. He received the Englishmen with respect and

regard, and impressed his visitors most favourably. On the night of their arrival the lamasery was brilliantly illuminated in memory of some great Lama of the past, and, curiously enough, this date coincided with the date of Captain Turner's arrival, October 13th, 1783, a fact considered by the Lamas to be especially propitious. The monastery contained some wonderful tombs and was far more richly decorated than any of those of Lhasa.

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THE following important statement is extracted from the Report of Sir W. Ramsay's speech at the Annual Dinner, Society of Chemical Industry, New York, September 8th, 1904, in its *Journal* for October 15th, 1904, p. 926. Sir William referred to:

On the Track of  
the Atom

Another body which had recently been born—only about two months ago. He went on to relate the circumstances that had led to the discovery of that body, and stated that experiments were now in progress to try which of certain suppositions were correct, and it appeared to him that they were on the brink of a discovery of the synthesis of atoms which would themselves decompose, and possibly into the ordinary well-known elements, and in this way prove to be the ultimate sources of those elements.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

### HOW THINGS BECOME AND WHAT WE MAY BE

The Art of Creation: Essays on the Self and Its Powers. By Edward Carpenter. (London: George Allen; 1904. Price 5s. net.)

By the title "Art of Creation" Mr. Carpenter would have it understood that his object is "to consider by what process or method things are made to appear and exist in the world," seeing that, he adds, "in the latter part of last century we looked upon Creation as a process of Machinery; to-day we look upon it as an Art."

It is not often that we read through a book of this kind with pleasure and sustained interest, for the matter is hedged round with such stupendous difficulties, not only in the matter of it but also generally in the manner of stating the problems, that few writers come through the ordeal with even a slight modicum of success. It is therefore very high praise when we say that we have read Mr. Car-

penter's book with great pleasure, and can heartily recommend it to our readers as a valuable contribution towards a right view of just those main problems which confront all men, and which more insistently force themselves on the notice of those who have set their feet upon the path of self-knowledge.

Mr. Carpenter at once wins the sympathy of his reader by his own deep sympathy with all that lives and breathes, and by his truly catholic interest in all things human, natural, and divine; he also wins his reader's confidence by his manifest awareness with regard to the objections which can be brought against some of his positions, and by indications of acquaintance with the present state of thought on these subjects. He has skilfully steered his bark between the Scylla of dogmatic assertion and the Charybdis of backboneless indecision, and, above all, he shows clearly in a thousand ways that when he speaks of the larger consciousness which lies before man as the next stage of his pilgrimage, he speaks of a "theoria" of which he has himself some experience.

It would be long to go over his treatise, essay by essay, and to point out the innumerable points on which he will find nearly every Theosophist in general agreement with him. In brief, his book is a valuable contribution to Theosophical literature; and if he by chance should not care to have it so labelled, it is by no means an uncomplimentary characterisation of his labours, when we tell him we use the term for lack of one better to describe that tendency in thought and feeling which aims at initiation into the depths and heights and breadths of experience.

Perhaps the most valuable subject of which Mr. Carpenter treats is the immense importance of the human body as the summation of the experience of the race—the past that is ever present with us. Very different is this view from that of the old-time mysticism that taught us to neglect the body and to regard it as that which was set against the soul as an enemy, instead of being a most potent partner in the unification of things. His view of the gods as apparitions of the race life, apparitions of intense reality and not illusory empty phantoms, deserves close study, and will be found to throw much light on the past and also on the present. On these lines a new anthropology ought to be worked out, very different from the dry bones of modern dessicated cataloguing of myth and folklore.

Before concluding with a fine quotation, we would point out that of minor errors of detail, the most patent is the attributing the

“Blessed Songs” of Kṛiṣṇa to the *Rāmāyāna* cycle instead of to the *Mahābhārata* collection.

Speaking of the Christ body,—the true body of humanity, the next stage in separated man’s pilgrimage,—Mr. Carpenter writes :

“This body, in fact, is the expression and grows out of those great creative feelings of which I have just spoken. Through Love it becomes a body built into the lives of others, and positively sharing their organic life and vitality. Since Faith and Courage inspire it, it is well based, firm to stand the shocks of Time and Accident ; extending its domain over the elements ; incorporating in itself the sea and the wild creatures, and so unafraid of them ; surrounding Chance and taking it captive. Its consciousness of immense Extension in time and space indicates its ethereal character ; its consciousness of Power indicates its strongly material composition ; its consciousness of Knowledge, the penetrating subtle quality of it, . . .—a body built of swift, far-extending ethereal elements, subtle and penetrating, yet powerfully massive and material ; closely knit in itself, not easily disturbed or dislocated, enduring for æons ; yet sensitive in the highest degree, and twining its nerves and fibres through all creation—sharing the life of all creatures.

“Of that body, woven like Cinderella’s robe of the sun and moon, who shall speak ? ‘Lo! the rippling stream, and the stars, and the naked tree branches deliver themselves up to him. They come close ; they are his body ; and his spirit is wrapt among them ; without thought he hears what they and all things would say.’ When on the striving, bewildered consciousness, in the maze of the second stage [the normal human], suddenly the apparition of the body dawns, no wonder there is a transformation and a transfiguration. ‘Behold I show you a mystery!’ says Paul, ‘in the twinkling of an eye we shall be changed.’ And Fra Angelico in his little cell at San Marco saw even the same mystery, and in simple vision pictured it out of his own soul upon the wall—the transfigured Christ, luminous, serene, with arms extending over the world.” G. R. S. M.

#### SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

‘Studies in the Bhagavad Gītā : Third Series: The Path of Initiation.  
By the Dreamer. (London: The Theosophical Publishing  
Society ; 1904. Price 1s. 6d.)

READERS of the “Dreamer’s” preceding *Studies in the Bhagavad Gītā* will welcome this third instalment ; the more so, as the book before us

while showing some advance in treatment, co-ordinates and focusses the whole series. In the first and second volumes the connecting thread was occasionally allowed to escape from sight. In *The Path of Initiation* details are more carefully subordinated to the mass; we are not so much led off on side issues.

Taking as his text the Third and Fourth Discourses of the *Gîtâ* the author gives us a clear and comprehensive presentment of the object, the necessity, the method and the culmination of the Great Quest,—clear, as far as any map of “those high countries” can be clear, for this is emphatically not a book for the hasty reader. But the student who will follow out the trains of thought therein suggested, and who can correlate with them the results of his studies in other branches of occult study, should find this little treatise an aid alike to breadth of view and definiteness of thinking. The treading of the Path is here considered in relation not so much to practice—the student should reduce the theory to practice for himself—as to the reasons for such practice; and we are taken up to regions where thought tends to become somewhat nebulous.

The “Dreamer’s” arguments will impress even those who think differently, and those of a devotional nature will find themselves completely at home.

Particularly good are Chapters II. and VI., upon “The Triplicity of the Centres” and “Initiations,” in which the author indicates the relations between the *chakramas* and the Cosmic Powers. His theory of the multiplication and division of centres of consciousness and the throwing-up of unassimilated karma, as the cause of alternations of personality (though perhaps not so complete an explanation as he seems to think) is especially interesting in view of the attention just now excited by these and similar phenomena.

There is a good deal of repetition in the book; though from the abstruseness of the subject perhaps this is not entirely unnecessary.

The numerous printers’ errors *are* unnecessary. We would suggest that for the next edition the proofs should be corrected with more care. Such a misprint as “the indiscreet Brahman” is apt to jerk the reader to earth from his loftiest flight.

We are glad to note the author’s protest against the cry of “unreality.” It is not by looking on our environment as non-existent that we shall learn so to deal with it as to reach That behind it which alone gives it its reality. As this book sets forth, “Man winneth not freedom from activity by abstaining from action.”

A. L.

## A "GNOSTIC" CLERIC

The Message of Archdeacon Wilberforce. By a Member of the Congregation of St. John's, Westminster. (London: Wellby; 1905. Price 6*d.* net.)

THIS intelligently written appreciation of the work of the Archdeacon of Westminster will be read with special interest by Theosophists. For not only is the subject of the appreciation a "Gnostic" in things Christian, but the writer of it is one of our own colleagues, Miss Charlotte E. Woods. The highest side of the preacher is made known to us in the following fine passage:

"Universalise the Christ; the Christ whom you would monopolise and fence off with credal anathemas; the Word of the Father is the monopoly of no age, nation, sect, definition. He is the vital element through which all that is has its being, 'the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' the common spiritual energy which has striven for expression in all the great historic religions of the world. He is the love force immanent in matter and in men, whose purpose it is slowly to transfigure the dust of human generations into a temple of imperishable beauty for the habitation of the Eternal when the confusion which now perplexes us shall have passed for ever. Is not this the lesson from Christ's rebuke to the narrowness of the religion of Israel, and from His sublime prophecy of the brotherhood of all races and religions, when many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven? . . . Will it perchance be said of us: Many spiritually minded heathen sit down in the kingdom, and you, for all your orthodox creeds, and correct ceremonials, and intellectual knowledge, and stern denominational damnation of all who cannot see eye to-eye with you, shall be cast out? What mean these scathing denunciations, this branding of men who differ as to methods as infidels, that we hear? God only knows one kind of infidel, and he is not the doctrinally inaccurate, but the unfaithful orthodox—the man who knows the Lord's will, and does it not, he is the *infidelis* who will be beaten with the many stripes. . . . Meanwhile we can universalise the Christ by enlarging our sympathies for all sorts and conditions of men; . . . we can force ourselves out of the narrow, cramping, social and religious circles which are pinching us into meaner souls every year we live; . . . we can turn faith into action, creed into conduct, orthodoxy into activity."

A burst of true humanism indeed; for it is thus that the spiritual body of the Christ is formed in us, and therefore we say to the preacher "*Macte virtute esto!*" and wish him health and strength to continue his much-needed mission.

G. R. S. M.

#### THE FAITH OF ISLÂM

The Religion of the Koran. By Arthur N. Wollaston, C.I.E.  
(London: The Orient Press; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

THE most recent small volume of "The Wisdom of the East Series" is taken up with a brief introduction in which the most salient points of the general faith based on the declarations of the Korân are well brought out, and with a number of extracts from Palmer's translation of what every Mohammadan must consider *the* Book of all books.

It is a useful little compilation, and should be very serviceable as a first step towards a knowledge of the externals of one of the great world faiths, for those who have not the time, or opportunity, or application, to study a larger volume.

G. R. S. M.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH

THIS is a reproduction, by a very interesting process, of a crayon sketch by a worker of the St. Mâhel Workshop, Bushey. The artist has left the picture unnamed; but it incarnates the very spirit of religion clothed in form. The technique is masterly; and the effect of light and shade is striking. It will appeal to mystics chiefly because it is full of an illusive meaning, and charged with a baffling power.

The shadowy figure of this "priest of the mysteries" stands in flowing robes, with mitred head, six faint lights hang wreath-like about his neck; a seventh, more brilliant, is cherished in his clasped hands above his heart; custodian of the wisdom masked in form, he stands the apotheosis of the Priest—the archetype of priesthood. His eyes are closed and his thought is fixed upon his inner vision.

The original is a picture which is not readily forgotten and the reproductions are very good. They are executed by Mr. Way, the famous reproducer of Mr. Whistler's pictures.

G. S.

(May be obtained of the Theosophical Publishing Society, price 2s. 6d.)

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, December. "Old Diary Leaves" is mainly occupied with the wedding of Prince Harisinhji's daughter; but we must rescue the Colonel's note as to the death of Mr. Judge. "In an Executive Notice I said: Mr. Judge's services to our Society, from the beginning and until the date of the secession of last year, were conspicuous for their value, and the zeal and practical judgment which were displayed throughout his work. It behoves us all to keep in mind his many good deeds, to bury our private grievances out of sight, and to express to his family and our respected late colleagues our regrets for their crushing bereavement." When we remember the outrageous violence of the language which had been and continued to be heaped upon the President-Founder by these very people, this noble attitude should not be passed over or forgotten. Next we have the conclusion of Capt. C. Stuart-Prince's very readable discussion of the case of Mr. Rider Haggard's dog; Miss McQueen's "Faith as a Propelling Force in Evolution"; Mr. Leadbeater's "Ancient Mysteries"; the conclusion of Miss Kofel's lecture on "The Svastika and other Symbols"; Mr. Fullerton's paper headed "Infidelity" is concluded; and the very important study of "The Course of Philosophical Enquiry," by P. V. Rangacharya, is advanced a farther stage. Good news is given in the Supplement of the continued progress of the great Temperance Movement in Ceylon.

*Theosophy in India*, December. In "Seeker's" paper, "Evil is Good in Becoming," we are taught to realise three conditions: i. That man does not belong to the Earth; ii. That evil is the heritage of the Earth, and when one does not belong to it, evil is not his companion in Eternity; iii. That evil is phenomenal, and lasts as long as the body lasts; but the body being a transient vehicle of life, evil, its companion, is also transient. "Theosophy in its Application to Practical Life"; "Some Aspects of Hinduism"; and Miss Judson's "Zoroastrianism" form the most important of the remaining contents.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, December, has an interesting selection of articles, the most serious being a lecture comparing the *Zendavesta* and the *Rig Veda*, by Judge Pestanji Dorabji Khandalevala.

*East and West*, December, well keeps up its position—an Indian magazine fairly alongside of the best of our English monthlies. Rama Prasad Chanda's disproof of the origin of caste from racial distinctions, now concluded, has most interest for us.

*The Vâhan*, January. Here the Correspondence is of more interest than usual, comprising a letter from Mr. C. H. Hinton himself in reply to a criticism on his last book; two short notes on Mohammedanism, in one of which A. L. B. H. furnishes us with an enumeration of the Moslems present at prayers in the Liverpool Mosque—naturally not without a member of the great family, Gholam Smith; and more as to Music. The questions are as to the survival of memory in Kâma Loka and our recollection of our friends when we meet "on the other side."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, January, devotes much of its space to some important questions and answers.

*Revue Théosophique*, December. The translations for this month reproduce Mrs. Besant's "Original Sin," Mr. Leadbeater on "The Occult Aspect of Music," and the conclusion of Mr. Mead's "Apollonius of Tyana."

*Theosophia*, December. In the "Outlook" we find the welcome news that the Dutch translation of *The Light of Asia* is coming to its fourth edition. H. v. Ginkel continues his elaborate study of the Great Pyramid; Mrs. Besant furnishes the material of three papers, "Dharma," "On Moods," and "The Pedigree of Man"; Fiona McLeod's "Fisher of Men" is also given; and Chr. J. Schuver contributes a "Meditation for New Year's Eve."

*Théosophie*, January, in its enlarged shape finds room for a paper by R. A. on the Astral Plane, and a portion of an extensive study of "Theosophy and Art," by J. D. Ros. The Questions and Answers continue to be a useful addition to its contents.

*Der Vâhan*, December, opens with a paper on "Love to all Mankind" by Mme. von Schewitsch. R. Schwela's "Meditations on the Eight-fold Path" are concluded; as also Dr. Drew's study of "The Religious Relation." *Old Diary Leaves* furnish material for another article, Mrs. Besant's paper in our November number is given in a full abstract, and the translation of her lecture "Man the Master of his Destiny" is completed.

*Lucifer-Gnosis*, November, is an interesting number and has several articles somewhat more approaching to what we English call "light reading" than is usual with it, though still serious enough. I spoke last month of the value and importance of Dr. Steiner's own contribution, of which we have a farther instalment; L. Deinhard's "Sketches from Modern Spirit Life," and the anonymous "From the Âkâsha Chronicle" should also be mentioned.

*Sophia*, December, has a varied and interesting table of contents—"Planes of Consciousness," "Odic Force," "The Terror of Death," "Connections between the Celtic Monuments of Brittany and Savoy," "The Disciples of Sais," and "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan"! Anyone who cannot find something to his taste must be hard to please.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, December, contains, in addition to some shorter original papers, an extract, "Irregular Psychic Development," from Mr. Sinnett's *Growth of the Soul*.

*Theosophic Messenger*, January. Here we have a capital article entitled "A Plea for Business Methods," from which we take one word: "Another resolution which we earnestly recommend to all who desire to avoid mistakes is, always *read* letters before replying to them!" But we think that in recommending a German magazine our own two magazines, *Der Vâhan* and *Lucifer-Gnosis*, should have had the preference to outsiders, however good they may be.

*South African Theosophist*, November. Mr. Wybergh's valuable paper on "The Ascetic Spirit" is concluded. There are, of course, points on which we, who look at Asceticism from another side, might differ from his conclusions; but we prefer simply to recommend it to the careful study of any of our readers who are interested in the matter.

Also: *Theosophy in Australasia*, from which we take a neat statement of our doctrine of heredity: "We are *not* like our parents because we are their children, but it is because we were like our parents *previous to birth* that we became their children"; *La Iniciacion* (Cuba); and *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Of other magazines we have to note *Broad Views*, for January, in which we are glad to see Mr. Sinnett is reprinting his Theosophical story, *United*, which has been long out of print and out of reach. The paper on the Indian National Congress should be carefully weighed—especially by the many of our readers who do *not* agree with it; and there seems quite a lively dispute arising as to the educational value of clerical headmasters, on which much more remains to be said.

The *Occult Review*, No. 1, January, The Editor has introduced what is to us a novel practice—that is, of criticising in what corresponds to our "Watch Tower," the articles which follow. It may be convenient for idle readers, but we don't think that we should like it for ourselves. The most enjoyable paper is that in which Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, half serious and half in jest—with a solemn face and only a

slight twinkle in his eye—lays down the doctrine that the only way to get Occultism received by Society is to make it understood that it *pays!* Any critic who took him *quite* seriously, and began to “rebuke him to his face” would show a lamentable lack of the sense of humour; but also one who did not feel that Mr. Schiller was touching playfully on a real weak spot in our system would fail in another way. There *is* in all our teaching and writing a real defect of bringing our systems “down to dots,” as Hans Breitmann would put it—a want of application to everyday life which is (after all) not so badly typified by “making it pay.” In *money* of course it should not be made to pay, but there *is* a meaning in his words well worth noting. David Christie Murray is pleasing as well as edifying on “The Soul’s Future,” and his amusing picture of the ghost dying down by degrees into its *own* ghost, and so on, *ad infinitum*, has more foundation in the Esoteric Doctrine than he perhaps guesses. Mr. A. E. Waite is poetical in praise of the “Life of the Mystic”; Mr. W. Gorn Old opens a series upon “Stellar Influence upon Human Life,” which we wish we were learned enough to criticise.

Also received with thanks: *Modern Astrology*; *La Nuova Parola*, with curious specimens of music (and not bad music either!) composed in ecstasies of devotion and of love; and photos of the gracefully draped lady in the act of inspired composition; the *American Notes and Queries*, coming back to life after Pralaya, with a long and characteristic list of magazines, mainly of the ten-dollars-the-series-of-lessons type, but to one of which our friends may like to know “Damodar K. Mavalanker is a contributor” (!); and the *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

The November number of *Central Africa* has been sent to us for the sake of a very curious article headed “Yoga Christianity,” dealing with the Swami Dharmananda and his view. It is quite natural, though to an outsider absurd, that his grand Indian tolerance should be claimed as something Christian. I say absurd, for the writer forthwith proceeds to show it is *not* Christian. The author says, “I would yet point out . . . one hidden danger. Perhaps it is best expressed in the Swami’s own words. Speaking to Hindus and Mohammedans he says: ‘Have you monopolised God? Why should it be considered improbable that God in His Divine Mercy should have also spoken to the Israelites? Does God speak to one nation or for one season only?’ Deeply sensitive as he is to the vital truths of Christianity, there underlies his teaching at least a suggestion of that

spirit which, in Pagan lands, imperilled the Church of the early centuries. To the Catholic, Christianity remains not as *a religion* among many, but as *the religion* above all." The Anglican clergyman who wrote this has put his finger on no hidden danger, but an open secret. Does he suppose he is likely to "convert" the Hindu, with what I have called his grand tolerance of *all* religions in their time and place, to *his* sectarian exclusiveness? The Hindu Swami is not so easily drawn *downwards*. "Does God speak to one nation or for one season only?" Is the author so blind as not to see that is said against *him* also?

W.

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UNDER the heading "Telepathic Prayer," we have received a cutting, unnamed and undated, but which we should think comes from *The St. James' Gazette*, giving an interesting story of the late war, which has been so prolific in similar incidents.

The "Efficacy of Prayer"

A remarkable story of the Boer War was told by the Rev. J. H. James, of Yeovil, at Hanley Tabernacle Church. During the struggle in South Africa, he said, a father prayed daily for his son, who was at the front. One night, moved by a strange impulse, the elder man felt constrained to remain in prayer until the morning. The next mail brought news of what had happened that particular night. The son was on that date taken out of hospital, where, unknown to his father, he had been down with enteric, and placed in the mortuary among the dead.

The hospital doctor, however, was possessed by a peculiar uneasiness, and could not rest. Going to the nurse who had ordered the removal of the body, he asked if she was sure the patient was dead. Notwithstanding her assertion to that effect, the doctor proceeded to the mortuary, to find that, after all, there was still breath in the supposed dead body. The patient was taken back to hospital, and eventually recovered.

