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THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXVII OCTOBER 15, 1900 No. 158

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE sky around us does not brighten as the year begins to wane, and the new century is likely to be ushered in amid heavy storm-clouds. But those who follow the teachings of the WISDOM see in all this rending of forms but the growth of the life within them, as the bursting of the seed means that the young plant is thrusting out rootlet and growing point. So we may live in quiet content, however the storms may rage around us, knowing that no life can perish, that no good thing can really be destroyed. We can only lose our forms, we cannot lose ourselves, and the Good Law worketh unchangeably to the goal of peace and joy for all.

Storm and Growth

* * *

MR. ROBERT H. FRYAR, of Bath, has issued a copy of the famous Isiac Tablet, which many students will be glad to possess. It may be remembered that Dr. Wynn Westcott published, some thirteen years ago, a monograph on the history and occult significance of the Isiac Tablet, which was in the Museum of Torquatus Bembo, and copies of which have been issued from time to time,

The Isiac Tablet

from the year 1559 onwards. The original Tablet passed through many vicissitudes during the stormy Middle Ages in Italy, and finally came into the hands of the King of Sardinia. It is now in the Turin Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Mr. Fryar has had made a re-drawing of the Tablet, and this is now printed and accessible to the public.

* * *

Magic or Cunning?

A VERY interesting account of the Fire-Dance of the Navahoes, a tribe of North American Indians, appears in the *Wide Wide World Magazine*, plentifully illustrated. The writer, Mr. G. Wharton James, was in friendly relations with the leading shamans (priests) of the tribe, and he was invited to a great medicine-dance, held for the healing of a sick Navahoe. Nine days were spent in various ceremonies, and on the tenth a huge pile, 250 feet in diameter, was built of old and inflammable tree-trunks. As the sun went down the chief shaman took his post and began chanting, and as he sang a number of men came silently forward and built a circular fence round the wood-stack. Within this the crowd gathered, and at eight o'clock some twenty singers and drummers entered the circle, and as they began to sing and beat their drums, the stack was fired. Then about a dozen nude men, smeared all over with a white substance, rushed forward, yelling, carrying each a wand tipped with eagle-down. They went twice round the fire with much gesticulation, and then made desperate efforts to light the down on their wands at the blazing stack, now burning furiously. They were driven back by the heat over and over again, but at last one, and finally all, succeeded in setting the down alight; when it had burnt away, the man blew at the charred fragments and rubbed them between his hands, and his wand was again down-tipped. After various other performances, a small round mirror, representing the sun, was brought in, and a plank being set on end (unsupported), and the basket with the mirror placed at its foot, the mirror, at the command of the chief shaman, came out of the basket, climbed slowly up the plank and down again three times. Other clever performances followed and then came the final fire-dance, in which the naked white-covered men, carrying bark torches, lit

their torches at the fire, and then raced round it for some half-hour, the torches sending "out long streamers of fire, which beat upon the arms and bodies of those behind." Each runner struck the man in front of him with the flaming brand, and they rubbed them over their bodies, and this continued till the torches burnt out, each man dropping his torch as it expired and running out of the circle. Mr. James says: "I have myself personally examined the priests directly after the ceremony and on the following day, and neither burn, blister, nor smell of fire was upon them." We have here a variant of the fire-ceremonies found scattered over the earth, another of which was described in these notes as seen in Benares by the writer in 1898.

* * *

Religion and National Life

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, some time since, published in the *Daily Mail* an interesting account of an interview he had with the Marquis Ito, whom he calls the "maker of modern Japan." The Marquis declared that the Japanese were not becoming denationalised:

We are developing possibly, but only on the lines of our own ancient civilisation. We are most anxious to preserve our historical continuity, and we are far too patriotic ever to dream of such a thing as denationalisation. We don't blindly admire your Western civilisation, though had it been imported here in its abstract essence without the connecting influence of concrete Europeans it might have weakened the national spirit. But we see for ourselves what the Europeans can be, and we hesitate to adopt their civilisation wholesale. You send us missionaries who tell us we are very immoral. Possibly; but what about the lives of many of the English merchants and tourists who come here? I can assure you pure-living Japanese deeply resent their mode of life.

His interviewer, however, commented on the effect of western civilisation on Japanese religion, and the Marquis said:

I think most of the educated Japanese prefer to live by reason, science, and the evidence of their senses. I myself regard religion as quite unnecessary for a nation's life. Science is far above superstition, and what is Buddhism or Christianity but a superstition, and therefore a source of weakness rather than of strength to a nation?

But then came a remarkable admission:

I do not regard Japan's almost universal atheism as a source of danger

to the community. Right living is the best creed. There is one point, however, in our new civilisation on which I have long felt great uneasiness, and that is that the lessons of reverence and duty towards parents and seniors taught so carefully by Confucianism will be lost to the rising generation, and so they may effectually be a serious source of danger to the community, for no religion is taught at all in our schools.

Surely so shrewd a man as the Marquis Ito should trace the connection here between cause and effect. Japan is becoming atheistic, and, says Mr. Blathwayt of his view of the rising generation:

In this the Marquis Ito is right, for nothing can be imagined more hopeless than the condition of young male Japan. Insolent, insubordinate, and altogether odious is her rising manhood, and in the boys' schools and colleges, strikes, rebellions, and lock-outs for the most absurdly trivial reasons are of almost daily occurrence. Japan's chief source of danger, her gloomiest outlook for the future, lies in her rising manhood.

These phenomena are not peculiar to Japan; they are found everywhere in the wake of secular education, and result from the withdrawal of the training which inculcated reverence, obedience, filial piety, as essential parts of a religious and manly life. Happily for Japan, there is now a revival of the Buddhism that the Marquis Ito regards as a superstition, and it will restore to modern Japan the virtues of which she has been despoiled.

A. B.

* * *

A very early Fresco of the Christ

IN *The Dublin Review* for July there is an interesting paper on "The Catacombs of Syracuse," by Mr. A. F. Spender. One of the most recent "finds" is of particular importance. In the most antique portion of the Cassia catacomb there was discovered, less than four years ago, by Dr. Führer, a most remarkable fresco, and said to be without analogy in the whole of early Christian art.

On the left of the picture is the figure of an Orans with outstretched arms; on the right is a remarkable male figure of much larger proportions and exhibiting a series of most interesting peculiarities. The attitude is altogether unusual. He is seated on a red carpet on the ground, with the feet together and the knees wide apart, in fact, like a Turk, save that the legs are not crossed. He is dressed in a long robe, held up by a girdle, stretched tight over the knees and coming down so as to cover the feet. A kind of large collar with barbaric ornamentation covers shoulders and

breast, and, above this, a narrow red tie with ends hanging loose. The head bears out the strange impression made by the figure. The face is oval, the forehead low, the hair reddish brown; the eyes stare straight out of the picture, while the highly-arched brows are of a distinctly Chinese type. Most curious of all are the ear-rings, two rings of gold, depending one from the other, on either side.

Führer well sums up the attitude and appearance of the figure in saying that it has a Buddha-like appearance. But the sacred symbols that surround it leave no doubt that it is intended for our Lord. The left hand holds a palm branch, the right supports a glass chalice by the stem. The chalice is partly filled with red wine, and above is an exceedingly large circular host marked with the cross. To the right is a bird, carrying a twig in its beak, in outline like a dove, but with brown and yellow plumage. The background of the picture is filled with immense rosebuds, green creepers and leaves.

It does not seem to us that the symbols necessarily indicate the figure as that of the Christ, though the experts seem to have no doubt on the point. The fresco is indubitably very early Christian, and the recovery of this graphic link between primitive Christianity and the East is of great archæological importance to students of the origins. The authorities seem more than puzzled what to say on the subject.

* * *

Nietzsche

It is not likely that many of our readers will know how great a loss to the world is involved in the recent passing away of Friedrich Nietzsche, without recovery from the cloud which had of late years overshadowed his brilliant intellect. Certainly no one would learn it from the miserably inadequate and prejudiced notices of his death in the English papers. And this is natural enough, for he was the deadly enemy of the Philistine, and hated the English as the extreme of that type. It is not easy to characterise him, and the old-fashioned souls who tried to extract from his writings a "System of Philosophy" which could be compressed into an answer to an examination-question, made a sad failure of it. Perhaps the best way to give an idea of him is to liken him to Carlyle—with the wide education and culture which Carlyle lacked—a German philosopher instead of a Scotch elder; but yet, fundamentally, much the same. He denounced—what did he *not* denounce?—the worship of the

new German Empire, the much-glorified German system of education, the condition of society, the Socialists who try to mend it, the philosophers who undertook the teaching of the world, Wagner who made music for it, and much more. But the one grievance out of which all these issued was no new discovery of his, but one which has forced itself upon all real observers as a thing either to be laughed over, as by H. Heine and Beranger, or prophesied against, as by Carlyle—that, spite of all progress of science, men are growing smaller and smaller, in soul even more than in body, as the years go by. And from this outworn modern race, its vices and virtues alike unfit for greater souls, he looked up—forwards—to the Uebermensch—the Higher Humanity—to come.

* * *

The Uebermensch

By virtue of this hope, clouded with uncertainty and every way mistaken in his working out of it into detail as it was, he yet belongs distinctly to *us*; and *we* must not be angry with his faults nor gloat over his madness as do the Philistines; he is our brother in the ranks. Like the philosophers about him, he knew nothing of the Higher Ego whose developing power has to replace the dying energy of the Kâma Manas—the only mind Nietzsche knew. Hence he (like Carlyle, once more) fell under the spell of the lower *brute* energy, and dreamed of his Uebermensch as a Frederick of Prussia, a Cæsar Borgia, on a larger scale, his ideal society one like the Roman Republic, with an aristocracy of great families and a people of slaves; ready to welcome the great vices, since only with them could come the great virtues for which he longed. That men should be great—for good and evil—was the highest he could imagine; and this he hoped to obtain by some process, not very clearly pictured, of artificial selection or the like. But, all the time, he knew, though he would not confess it even to himself, how vain was any hope thus to turn back the downward course of nature, and ill-health of mind and body fell on him. The final shock was the horrible idea, first hinted in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, that we return to life again and again, to go over and over again, in the minutest detail, our previous lives, with no change and no progress,

for ever and ever; and *that* way madness lay! Who can wonder?

His writings are the work of a young man who has not yet come to his mental balance; full of food for thought, stirring and delightful to those whose nerves are strong enough to stand them, but interesting (like much of Keats' work, to take a closely corresponding example) mainly for their splendid promise of a maturity, alas! never attained. They are voluminous pamphlets, as was said of Ruskin's works, but a judicious selection would make a book well worth reading. Such a selection should begin and end with his favourite saying: "*Humanity is something which must be transcended.*" Can we Theosophists not forgive much to a writer who knows *that?*

* * *

Jewry

WE regret to find from a cutting that our respected contemporary, *The Jewish World*, labours under the impression that in our introduction to the article by Mr. Moses Levene on the Talmud we "expressed sentiments the reverse of complimentary to the Jews." Probably the grievance lies in the quotation from H. Heine. It is very likely that theological odium of a baptised Jew may to this day hide from the orthodox Hebrews what a Gentile cannot for a moment miss, the intense love and pride with which Heine clung to his race by every fibre of his heart-strings, and which (to a thoughtful reader) echoes from every line he wrote of them. Incredible as it may perhaps seem to *The Jewish World*, there is no man who has said or done more to make his race respected, and (as far as possible) admired by the intelligent classes of the Gentile world. Theosophists have nothing but good feeling for the Jews; we respect them as the almost unmixed survival of an older and tougher race than our own, a race which was in its glory at a period of evolution when the maintenance of separate individual and corporate life at all hazards was practically the only virtue existing. That H. Heine should express his conviction (a conviction which we share) that this toughness of fibre and simplicity of aim will continue to be the Jewish virtue, and that when all the later races have run their course and vanished, there will still be Jews in full vigour of life

and ready for business (the two are synonymous; to a Jew life *is* business) is certainly not, to *our* mind, "the reverse of complimentary to the Jews." But is *The Jewish World quite* sure it knows by virtue of what qualities the Jew deserves the respect we accord him, and what compliments *are* his rightful due?

* * *

Coincidence!

THOSE who remember a story published in this Magazine a few years back, which had for its subject the simultaneous suggestion of the same story to two separate writers by the occult influence of the same spirit—in this case that of a living man of unusual power as a black magician—will be interested in the discussion which has recently been raised in the newspapers, by the nearly simultaneous bringing out of two very similar plays in circumstances which preclude all suspicion of copying one from the other. An extract from a letter by Mr. Herman Merivale, published in *The Standard*, may suggest that it cannot be long before some such explanation of "coincidences" will be imperatively called for:

> Meditating on the strange problem, I concluded at last that there are more things in heaven and earth than have ever been noticed before. Look at the two Nell Gwynns bursting into simultaneous bloom. The lady of that name has been dead some years, and her spirit never took to this activity till now. I have just met her in a third shape, with Mr. Frankfort Moore. It must be—I feel sure it must be—a mystery of the bacillus, requiring scientific rather than critical observation, which is brought to birth simultaneously in two or three places at once, like Benjamin Franklin in Mark Twain's essay, and has thus impregnated, out of pure "cussedness," four different minds, all employed on the same business, at the same time.

That these matters are (in Mr. Merivale's words) "a mystery requiring scientific rather than critical observation," is growing fairly clear, and his half-jesting attribution to the "bacillus" only covers a very natural unwillingness to be the first to originate anything so shocking to the vulgar scientific mind as the suggestion that there must be some hidden intelligent, not to say human, agent, who in such cases "inspires" the writers with the thoughts they had supposed their own private invention. This, we are assured by our teachers, is not unfrequently the case; and those whose imagination is not equal to the "bacillus" may find this explanation possible, and even not improbable.

ON PRE-EXISTENCE

[*The following essay is translated from the Swedish by Mrs. M. Haig. Professor Viktor Rydberg was a well-known man of letters, a doctor of philosophy of the Universities of Lund and Upsala, and a man universally revered for his pure and lofty character.*]

In Eastern lands from time immemorial the doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul—or re-incarnation—has been perfectly familiar, and it was absolutely a religious belief amongst the Egyptians and Persians, the neighbours of the Jews. This doctrine was also a well-known philosophical tenet among the Greeks and Romans, acknowledged by the different schools of thought, and most probably proclaimed in the teaching of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

In the time of Jesus the doctrine had attained a greater extension and influence than had ever been known before, especially amongst the masses of people over whom the Roman power and Greek culture had extended. Philosophy had long ere this entered upon a phase which gave it a preponderatingly theosophic stamp. The same tendency towards the mystical and the religious which had carried thought into those channels which are known as the Alexandrian, the Neo-pythagorean and the Neo-platonic schools, was already deeply rooted in the minds of a large majority, with whom pre-existence was a common, fundamental teaching, and its influence in the instruction of the world was felt to be far greater than any that had preceded it.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, and giving due importance to the fact that the life of the Jewish peoples was for centuries in continual contact on the one side with the Persians, and on the other, with the Greeks, it seems permissible and only natural to take for granted that the doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul was accordingly not unknown to the

Jews in the time of Jesus. I think we might venture to set up this hypothesis even if those sources through which we are enabled to study more closely the connection of the teaching with the Jewish conceptions of it, were looked upon as doubtful. But fortunately in this case we are not forced to defend on merely hypothetical grounds. However meagre these sources may be, they are ample for our purpose, and show us clearly that according to New Testament research we may gather the well-attested fact, that the doctrine in question was not only well-known, but was a universally prevailing idea with Jesus and his Apostles, and their countrymen. It was openly preached in their synagogues and taught by all the Jewish schools and sects who believed in the immortality of the soul.

Let us first turn to the Jews of Alexandria, for to them must be given the foremost place in our remarks on this subject, seeing that the speculative elements which are to be found in the New Testament are the most nearly related to the Jewish Alexandrian Theosophy; further because the latter exercised by far the most powerful influence upon the numerous Jewish colonies in the Grecian and Roman world, even extending its influence as far as the Jews in Palestine.

Pre-existence is a basic teaching in the Jewish Alexandrian Theosophy, and if I here refer to Philo, the contemporary of Christ—born in a priestly family about twenty years before Him —I do so because he was the chief exponent of this particular school.

According to Philo, the spirits, or souls, of men do not originate in the world of the senses, but come rather from the world of ideas existing in the Divine Logos; they are emanations from God, Spirit of His Spirit; they are said to be particles of the Heavenly Being, who is one with the Logos.

Of these spirits, says Philo in his work *De Gigantibus*, some descend into bodies, whilst others have no desire to come into contact with any part of the earth, but choose rather to remain holy and pure, their only desire being to serve the Father. These are directed by God to watch over mortals. But the first-mentioned, cast into the body as into a stream, are overwhelmed by its eddies and sink. Some among them are fortunate enough

to withstand the pressure; they emerge from the depths and mount, in time, back to the source from which they proceeded. Such souls have devoted themselves to wisdom, and from the beginning to the end have striven to throw off the fetters of the bodily existence—or "die to the flesh"—and so again become partakers in that eternal spiritual life, in the birthless and the imperishable.

It is, moreover, to be remarked that the Jewish Alexandrian Theosophy was not regarded by its promoters and adherents only in the light of a philosophical conception of things, or merely as a speculative system. It was to them the true Mosaical religion, represented in its truest and purest spirituality, cleansed from the carnal elements and ideas, which, according to a too liberal interpretation, had previously been infused into it. About one hundred and sixty years before the birth of Christ the Alexandrian Jew, Aristobulus, had already called attention to certain so-called Orphic poems, alleging that the Greek poets and philosophers, particularly Plato, had derived their wisdom from an extremely ancient translation of the books of Moses. The golden sayings of Plato were, in their eyes, but recovered wealth, a repaid loan; and the teachings which they gathered and appropriated were considered as belonging originally to the Mosaic revelation. This conviction essentially contributed to the fact that the Jewish Alexandrian Theosophy was not confined exclusively within the limits of any one particular school, but that it was given out freely to the masses. According to Philo, we find that its professors fought and wrestled mightily in the synagogues, using the allegorical interpretation of the Scriptures as a weapon, partly against those too strictly liberal adherents whose crude anthropological conception of God was an abomination, a degradation of revelation; and also against scepticism, and that contempt for ceremonial law, which contact with the Greeks had instilled into many of the Jews. The numerous ships which left the harbour of Alexandria often carried with them some of its teachers, so that theosophical views became known, and were disseminated far and wide in the synagogues of most of the coast-towns with which this great world mart and centre of civilisation stood in connection. One of these was Tarsus, the birth-place of Paul, and we may

take it for granted that this apostle, who subsequently became the most renowned messenger of Christianity, had already in his youth become familiar with the teachings of the Jewish Alexandrian School—particularly as Gamaliel, the learned teacher at whose feet he is reported to have sat, had, according to the testimony of the *Talmud*, himself imbibed much of the Greek (Alexandrian) wisdom.

The Jewish sect called Therapeutæ, of whom Philo writes with much veneration and wonder, had their head-quarters in Egypt, but according to the same authority they travelled far and wide, spreading themselves out over many lands. These Therapeutæ based their teaching and mode of living entirely in consistence with their belief in the doctrine of the soul's pre-existence. The same thing may also be alleged respecting that famous sect of Palestine Jews known as Essenes, whose spiritual affinity with, and attraction to, primitive Christianity have been the means of securing for their opinions an important significance. Josephus, in his *De bello Judaico*, ii. 8, remarks in justification of their austere and pure manner of life: "For they have this firm belief, that the body alone is perishable, that only the bodily (physical) elements are subjected to destruction; the soul is deathless; from purest ether it descends to earth, and for a purpose takes up its abode in a body, as in a prison. As soon as the bonds of the body are loosed, the soul rejoices in its freedom from the long thraldom and re-ascends."

Again, Josephus, in his reminiscences of these Jewish wars, gives us an instance showing that in his time a popular belief in pre-existence was common in Palestine. Josephus, who was a commander in Northern Galilee, had with forty of his comrades taken refuge in a cistern after the fall of Jotapata, a mountain fortress which he had defended. As their retreat was discovered, his followers, rather than fall into the hands of the Roman power, wished to kill one another, but Josephus, by the following reminder, restrained them from so doing: "Do ye not remember that all pure spirits who are in conformity with the Divine dispensation, live on, in the loveliest of heavenly places, and in course of time they are again sent down to inhabit sinless bodies; but the souls of those who have com-

mitted self-destruction are doomed to a region in the darkness of the underworld?"

As a reasonable certainty we must acknowledge that it was neither the time nor the place to put before his fanatical Israelitish followers a new and unheard-of doctrine. So that the success of Josephus in influencing their decision depended entirely upon the fact that he thereby recalled to their minds an undoubtedly accepted and well-known religious conception.

In further considering the subject of pre-existence it may be asked: "If this belief were so well-known in the time of Jesus, is there no trace of it to be found in the New Testament? and again, how can it be regarded in connection with the New Testament conception of God and the world, as represented in the epistles of Paul?" The belief in pre-existence was upheld in connection with the marked inequalities or dissimilarities in the external conditions of men's lives, as evidenced in the world of sense, and through it they sought for a solution of these. Some people are born amid wretched surroundings and can with difficulty earn a livelihood, whilst others are nurtured in the lap of luxury, and have enough and to spare. Many appear in the world with defective and mis-shapen bodies, in sad contrast to their brother mortals who are perfect and beautiful in form. In order to be able to explain and justify this inequality, which seems to be at variance with the justice of God—or, in other words, to be able to regard these inequalities in outer conditions as resting upon a moral basis, and emanating from causes determined by the beings themselves, it was assumed that the souls of men had more or less abused their freedom, before they were born on earth. This assumption was the cause of *two apparently divergent conceptions*, both having their mutual ground of belief in pre-existence. One of these conceptions, which was eventually accepted and developed by the most renowned thinker and writer of the older Church—Origen—presupposed that souls which are relatively free entities, could, even in a purely spiritual form of existence, commit sin. This abuse of their freedom, for which in the world of sense they were punished, has, according to this teaching, previously happened in the *world of ideas*. The second conception, on the

other hand, was based upon this assumption that the relation, or connection, with the lower forms of matter—that "union with the flesh"—if not absolutely the *reason* for the possibility of sin, is nevertheless a proof of its existence. This connection exists already in the embryo—for, when the soul is, it is, as a soul, a responsible being, and from its first contact with matter it receives a provocation to sin; so, in such case as the soul finding itself in an imperfect or deformed body, a sin must have existed from the beginning, even in the mother's womb, developing in the phase of the "*union with the flesh*"—seeing that the *punishment* which is evidenced by the defective body must be the effect, the retribution—but the *sin*, of which the punishment is the fruit, must have occurred before. It is with a similar opinion that the author of the *Book of Wisdom* makes Solomon say: "That because he was a good spirit—or soul—he was placed in an unpolluted body." It is presumably the same conception to which Josephus inclines when he reminds his fellow-sufferers that: "The pure souls who act in conformity with the Divine dispensation, will, in due course of time, again descend to dwell in sinless bodies." The same belief meets us in the ninth chapter of S. John's gospel, when the disciples of Jesus put to him the following question concerning the man who was born blind, whom he had healed: "Master, who had sinned, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind?" It follows of necessity that the disciples must have believed in the possibility of the soul of the blind man having sinned in a previous birth and therefore merited punishment. Another hypothesis which was a prevailing belief in the time of Christ, was, that the souls of the dead could return from Hades, and through a natural conception, or in some other way, could be again clothed in bodies to undergo another earth-life. This belief contained the germ of the doctrine of transmigration, which in the most fantastic forms comes to us through some of the writers of the Middle Ages, and Josephus relates that such a doctrine was rife among the Pharisees in Palestine before the destruction of the Temple.

The doctrine of pre-existence takes for granted a world of ideas and a world of the senses, and finds this assumption justified in the New Testament. It assumes the archetypal form in the

ideal world and its image or reflection in the sense-world, the archetype and its image being related to one another as the spiritual to the carnal; the same assumption is found in S. Paul's favourite doctrine of the heavenly and the fleshly Adam.

The feeling of the unsatisfactoriness of the world of the senses, the yearning of the creature to free itself from the bonds of corruption and perishing forms, the struggle in humanity between the spiritual and the fleshy—all this points to the one explanation which the doctrine of pre-existence alone offers. The history of human life in all its phases becomes through this belief an intelligible development, from its pre-existent stages passing through the school of liberty in the world of sense to its realised progression in the conditions of the after life. Belief in such a condition, in the hope of personal immortality, can attach itself consistently only to the teaching that the source of the soul is in a higher world which is beyond all time and space.

VIKTOR RYDBERG.

IT is an ennobling thing to think that God is more in the soul of man than he is in aught else outside of Himself. They are happy people who have once got a hold of this glorious truth. In particular, the blessed Augustine testifies that neither in the house, nor in the church, nor anywhere else, did he find God, till once he had found Him in himself. Nor had he need to go up to heaven, but only down into himself to find God. P. 48.

AFTER my vow of perfection I spake not ill of any creature, how little soever it might be. I scrupulously avoided all approaches to detraction. I had this rule ever present with me, that I was not to wish, nor assent to, nor say such things of any person whatsoever, that I would not have them say of me. And as time went on, I succeeded in persuading those who were about me to adopt the same habit, till it came to be understood that where I was, absent persons were safe. Pp. 56, 57.

LET no one weary or lose heart in prayer because of aridity. . . . I have great pity on those who give way and lose all this [success after years of discouragement] through not being taught to persevere in prayer. It is a bad beginning, and very prejudicial to proficiency in prayer, to use it for the gust and consolation that a man receives at the time. I know by my own experience, that he who determines to pray, not much heeding either immediate comfort or dejection, he has got into one of the best secrets of prayer. P. 71.

"Some Selected Passages" from S. Teresa.

Santa Teresa, by ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

A CHILD'S TRAGEDY

THERE is a very familiar saying that "the child is father to the man." It is true, but by no manner of means *all* the truth. If it were fully understood that the child *is* the man—that he comes into the world a soul already formed and shaped by many previous lives—no mere blank paper to be inscribed with such characters as may please the parents who have given him a fresh body, or the teachers to whom what is politely called his education may have been entrusted, much pain and waste of time and power would be saved to him. The very word "education" ought to have taught us better; all we can do for the child is, as the word signifies, to *draw forth* the good which is in him, whilst we discourage the evil; but we cannot put into him what is not there. It is only the man himself who, by long effort, an effort which has often to be maintained steadily life after life, can do this; it is no task for nurse or schoolmaster.

Looked at from this point of view, a child's moods and tempers are not to be simply laughed over as things he will grow out of as he grows older; they are often rehearsals in little of the greater tragedies (perhaps after all *not* greater) of his future life. A quite young child has his ideals hidden away in the recesses of his heart, where neither mother nor nurse can penetrate, nor care to try; and many a parent, as in the little story I have to tell, quite unconsciously destroys his child's heart's dream, and wonders how it is he is so sulky and so cross—never thinking that he has been as God to the innocent child who knows no other; never imagining the desolation of the little creature when his God, like Dagon, comes down from his pedestal and smashes himself on the doorstep and there is nothing more left for him (so it seems) in earth or heaven.

Is this altogether too grandiloquent a statement of a little

child's little troubles? Those who have forgotten their childhood may think so; but if you remember that there is the grown man's heart wherewith to suffer planted in the childish breast, the more sensitive because shut in with the ignorance which belongs to the yet unformed and undeveloped child's brain through which he has to gain his experience of a new and untried world, I think you will sympathise with my doubt whether the utmost sorrow of the grown man is always greater. Never again can the outlook be so blank—the solitude so complete—the utter hopelessness of finding comprehension and sympathy so pathetically evident.

Let me try to picture the child whose experiences I desire to reproduce. What he was, and by what devious ways he had arrived at the stage of his English birth—who shall say? Possibly already a solitary by long habit—one who had learned passion and the woe in which it ends; one who had in silence and solitude gained the power of self-repression; and who now had to learn command over self in the still more difficult surroundings of ordinary life. Anyhow he was emphatically an Idealist; and yet this word may be misunderstood unless I add that, notwithstanding, his nature was of the simplest, purest, matter of fact; no recollections of past lives, no sweet dreams of other worlds than the one in which he lived ever entered his brain. He was quite unlike the interesting children of whom we read in these later times—for I am speaking of sixty years ago—and perhaps this lack of the internal resources of more imaginative minds made his trial harder. He lived quite alone with an adoptive "papa" and "mamma," who, themselves a childless couple, had much affection for but little understanding of the queer little waif karma had entrusted to their care. In those simpler days a parents' duties were only to teach the child—the child's were summed up in the formula "to be a good boy," supplemented with the further charge that "little children should be seen and not heard." I am not quite sure that the pendulum has not swung a little too far the other way now; the young people of the present day have many more pleasures than we had, but there were in the old school certain valuable bits of moral training which modern youth misses; patient endurance, sacri-

fice of our pleasure for that of our elders and superiors, delicate thoughtfulness for the feelings and wants of others, and the like, which do not come by nature into a boy's mind. These were well hammered into *our* generation, and I cannot help thinking the process was a salutary, though painful one, and that childhood is the best time for it. After all, as Browning's Bishop Blougram says, the world is "Rome or Paris, *not* Fool's Paradise," and a child's education for many years yet to come must be one which shall fit him to meet that world like a man, shall accustom him to be knocked about and used with the most profound unreason, and teach him to take it bravely, and with no foolish outcry, and make the best and the most that can be made of it, under the circumstances. But to be brought up under the illusion that the world *is* Fool's Paradise, and to find out our mistake for the first time when, at eighteen or twenty, we have to go out into it, seems to me not a thing to be desired. However this may be, my little hero was allowed no illusions of the kind, but had to sit quiet not to disturb his papa, and so on, with much less damage to his present or future than may now be believed. It was not *there* the shoe pinched. I have said he was not an imaginative child, in the usual sense of the word. Neither was he a precocious or inquisitive child. "Mamma" and the God she duly taught him were Providence and everything else, and it never occurred to him to doubt the infallibility of one or the other. He never consciously thought her perfect, for such an idea had never entered into his childish brain. He felt himself in the presence of a world far bigger than he could expect to comprehend for many years to come, and, having no companions with whom to exchange thoughts upon it, was content to learn what he could and wait for the rest; his best reward when he had been "good" to be permitted to cuddle up to his mamma and with childish ecstasy to whisper, "Dear, dear mamma, I *do* so love you!"

But to this optimism there was one curious limitation; an unreasoning, instinctive horror of everything which seemed to transgress the narrow round of his child's world. All children, I think, have this horror of a mask—the thing which *should* be alive but is not—the *unnatural* fixity of the pasteboard features.

But with him this terror of the unnatural (as he saw it) had many more objects; a man walking on stilts, and (above all) Punch and Judy would be enough to throw him almost into convulsions; and, this, mark you, not in the least from *personal* apprehension—not the least taint of fear as to what the unknown might do *to him* ever mixed with the pure agony of the presence of the Unnatural. In later life, when tempted to laugh at the curious complications into which mediæval casuists have wrought the conception of things "*contra naturam*"—sins against nature—the recollection of his childish horrors has often come back to explain the feeling of those childish times. In the frightful nightmares which are (thank Heaven) peculiar to childhood, the same thing stood out; far beyond the customary terror of diabolic visitations, endless climbing of staircases, or falling down wells, and other such *material* dangers, was one where he had to pass down an endless passage, close set with doors on either side, every door wide open, knowing that behind *one* Something was waiting! *Something*—never more definite than that! To have had the least idea of *what* the Awfulness was which awaited him behind that door would have robbed it of all, or almost all, its terror. I never myself had the slightest sense of the fear so many children have of the dark, and so cannot speak with certainty; but I fancy that this must be a feeling much of the same kind—that they have lost their world and are alone with the unknown; or, as I say, the unnatural.

Perhaps a word about his parents may make this clearer. I have spoken of the character that the soul brings with it from its previous lives—the character which the Ego has shaped and trained for himself life after life, or has left carelessly to the dealings of chance and fate, as more often happens at this stage of the development of humanity. Of the shaping of this we can know nothing, unless perchance those who are able to read the records of the past should be good enough to give out to us some fragments of it—a piece of knowledge as useful to a thoughtful mind as the knowledge of the future would be mischievous. But of the shaping of the physical body and brain which the Ego has deserved in the course of that past—his only means of learning his lesson from the world, and of laying the foundation of an im-

provement in the next life before him; the body in which he enjoys the fruit of his past goodness, and whose faulty condition is the penalty of his past failure—of this, that which the scientist calls heredity will give us some idea. It is a difficult subject for a son to touch upon; "it is an ill bird which fouls its own nest" is an old proverb which expresses the feeling everyone of generous nature must have about it; and that both father and mother have been long dead does not make it easier. But unless we clearly understand that, for some reason unknown to us, karma relentlessly required the child to be born with just the complex of warring elements within him which his actual parentage furnished, and no otherwise, we shall hardly understand how that parentage came about. For there could hardly be two souls, each good in its way, more utterly different in every fibre of their nature than were that father and mother. The clergyman had joined them, but they certainly did not belong to that other and far smaller class of those whom God has joined and who *cannot* be put asunder. From the father the boy inherited a scholar's tastes and habits, with the addition of some which his grandfather had had, but which (as so often happens) had skipped one generation to revive in the next. A strange, and (for a scholar), almost unaccountable *limitation* of mind—a very early and complete *crystallisation* of all his views of religion and life, may have had some connection with his son's youthful horror of the unnatural, which I have attempted to describe. Nearly all men thus "crystallise" at some point of their lives; their power of mental assimilation ceasing, and leaving them to live for the rest of their lives on whatever they may have gathered before petrifaction set in; but this case was unusual. The mother was of quite another make. Her stirring, energetic, vigorous mind found at that time no food amongst the decent mediocrities of her surroundings. She was one born at least fifty years too soon, and had to pay the natural penalties. In the year 1900 she would have been a leader in all the women's movements, honoured, and (so it seems to me) beloved by all; but in the early half of last century, in a Dissenting family in a quiet country town, all she could do was to fret her soul over the horrors of the Calvinistic creed and the banalities of her un-

lovely and unspiritual family life, until first reason and then life gave way altogether.

This, even overstrained, mental activity her son (as is usually the case) inherited from her, and with the father's scholarship should have made something better of his life than he did, *but*—. You remember the opening of the old fairy stories: the Prince is born, and all the good fairies come round and promise every possible good gift. Then, alas, comes in a rage the wicked old fairy they hadn't invited; and she says: "All these gifts he shall have—I can't hinder that: *but* he shall never be able to put any one of them to any practical purpose!" It was another portion of his paternal heredity which played this part. His father's family was an old and worn-out stock; the father himself had done his share in dissipating the scanty remains of nervous energy and life which had come down generation after generation in ever-diminishing volume to him; and what was left for his child was lamentably below the average—a defect deeply marked in his whole career, and indeed the key to the understanding of his whole life trouble.

All this was, of course, entirely unknown to the child himself at that time; but the brief statement of it may help to explain the solitary nature which saw everything and brooded over it in silence; not alive enough to be stirred to *action*, one way or the other; but yet wide awake to see and feel, even the more clearly —as in the grim stories of those who have watched helplessly in cataleptic trance the preparations for their own burial.

Such was the boy's preparation and his mental attitude when what I have ventured to call his Tragedy befell. The prologue may seem a needlessly long one for what was after all but a trifling matter in itself—only the being sent to bed early for some presumed fault, but one which he knew he had *not* committed. But it was his first knowledge of *wrong*, and tragic enough for him. Shall I be putting too great a strain upon my reader's belief if I say that not a thought of the injustice to himself, of indignation against his parents, was mingled with the poignancy of the sorrow with which he sobbed himself to sleep that night? And yet it was so; such ideas as these had hardly yet grown up in his infant mind—the one suffering was the wounded love-

loyalty; SHE had been wrong—unquestionably wrong; there was no denying it, and (as in Mrs. Browning's ballad) "He rose up straightway, and saluted Death and Sin." His whole world had come down bodily, in one great crash; that the fragments had wounded him in their fall was the least harm done. What was left him? There was nothing that could be mended by speaking, had it come into the solitary, brooding child's mind to speak, which was of all things the least likely. He *loved* her, as much as ever—she had meant no harm, nor been conscious of doing any; but henceforward he must stand alone—she might be wrong again, and again!

And it was such a little child, left alone and shivering in the dark and the cold! It is easy for you to say as you read, that he had been making a God of his mamma, and it was time he learnt to live his own life; but *that* is surely a man's trial, not a child's! There was no change in his outward life. His parents were the only world he knew, just as before; he lived in their life; loved them, perhaps better than when they had been perfection in his eyes. The struggle of love to overflood the weaknesses of the beloved, of which Festus speaks so beautifully in Browning's "Paracelsus," is instinctive, long before we can give an account of ourselves. But *within* there was something broken; the clinging ivy shoot was torn from its holding and waving helplessly in the breeze; *he* was changed utterly. He did not in any way understand what had come to him—for that he was too young; there was only a vague feeling, a consciousness, that betwixt him and his surroundings a "crevasse" had opened—a gulf all invisible to mortal eyes, but as impassable as that of which Lazarus spoke to Dives in the parable. And so he shrank more and more into himself, and became a moody, incomprehensible creature, crying in lonely corners for no discoverable reason, summing up his trouble to himself that "nobody understood him." In time (but this belongs to another chapter) he learnt to laugh at this and wonder why he should have imagined anybody could want to understand him, and what there was to understand, but this is a young man's conceited ignorance. If only someone *could* have looked at him and understood him, and given him wise counsel and help, how different might not his life have been!

There is, I fancy, nothing so unvaryingly recurring in the development of a child's life as this sense that "no one understands him." It seems to me the first sign of the dawning consciousness of his entirely separate existence, his independent Self. The earlier condition I have been trying to describe—what is it but a sort of being partially merged into the parent; not very far removed from the half separate, half common existence of the different zoophytes of a single mass of coral; or the "budding" of a polype, before the bud is finally divided from its source and set free for its own separate life. All children must thus, sooner or later, be driven from the home to live their own life; and if the parent is not furnished with the instinct which stirs the bird to make this clear to her offspring by actual stroke of beak and claw, the Lords of Life find other ways. The separation of parent and child, complete on the physical plane at birth, is not made thus early on the higher planes; and possibly this furnishes the true explanation of the mystery of mother-love, and of its suffering as the child becomes a separate individual, and the invisible bond of union is severed. In this light we may see that the special trouble of our little hero was *not* that he had come to be conscious of an inner life which no one, not even his mother, shared with him or could understand—*that* was a necessary step in his life as in all others—but simply that this spiritual birth had been a premature one, and the new world far too hard for his tender soul's infancy.

With this trouble came to mix itself, in due course of years, the great stirring up of all the fountains of life which breaks upon a lad when first the emotions of sex spring up. To him this came mainly as an intensification of all that had already divided him from the world about him. With no boy-acquaintances to vulgarise—nay, to bestialise—the Great Passion in his soul, as boys will; but also with no wise elder friend (as a father should be, but how seldom is!) to give him light as to what was going on within him, he had to pass through this crisis—the great awaking of the Animal Self—alone and in profoundest ignorance of everything concerning it. In his case the working of the new brute-life coursing like fire through his veins ran (as you might fairly expect from a born Idealist) to the lust of the eyes and the

pride of life, rather than to the lower physical, which is the most obvious and ordinary manifestation. Its first action on his spiritual life was utterly to abolish and wash away all the religious devotion to his elders' God and the reverence for the elders themselves which his early mishaps had left him. There came a "break" in that life, just as in his voice; the old childish religion was gone, as the childish treble; now, he had none. Of his future religion all you could say was, as of his voice, that it would be certainly something quite different from the old, if it ever returned at all; and in the meantime, the less you tried it the better. Even this statement fails fully to express the attitude; for the first time in his life there was *antagonism* to everything about him. The child's humility was gone too—no longer was his life a mere part and parcel of his elders; he stood alone, and his interests and desires were quite different from theirs. This is the characteristic school-boy attitude, and here again I venture to deprecate the hasty condemnation passed upon it by amiable enthusiasts. It *is* indeed to be regretted when the parents' selfish desire for their own comfort gives *reason* for such a feeling in their children's minds, but even in the most united households the time must come when the young bird stretches his wings for independent flight. The attitude of a healthy, vigorous youth, full of the fire of the new life and untaught as yet the virtues which in later times will be knocked into him in conflict with his equals is, and ought to be, something not quite enjoyable to the mother, who fain would keep him her child still. He is hard, selfish, careless of others—true; but these, for him, are the virtues of his state. With these qualities the young Englishman goes forth to open the world—his oyster; love, family affection, advancing age, will soften the hardness and teach consideration in course of years, but now he must be a fighter, ready to give and take hard blows.

The disadvantage which a child such as I have been trying to describe suffers from his peculiarity is that his energies are not dissipated in this safe, though ungracious, way. It is not, perhaps, to his *discredit* that all this inner uprising is kept safely hidden in his breast and his habitual silence covers it all from the unobservant eyes about him, but it is unquestionably a mis-

fortune. The old horror of the unknown, of what might follow the breaking up of the habitual life, in itself so unloved and uncared for, mingles with the desire to do something to requite the love of his elders, the *bond* of which is still more fully felt as the *separation* becomes clearer to his mind; and he continues the course mapped out for him with the sense that it is required of him by that most inexorable of laws, "Love the *debt*," but with the full consciousness that it is not *his* life. The fragments left of his religion encourage this as a "sacrifice" (and what Idealist is there who can resist *that* here?), and thus the intention of Nature is frustrated. "The child has come to the birth, but there is no strength to bring forth."

In another paper I may perhaps give some account of his surroundings as a student for the Dissenting ministry, and of the difficulties he found in preaching a doctrine, of whose *truth* he had indeed no doubts at that time, but which furnished him with a Gospel *so* simple that it had, to his feeling, neither comfort for the sorrowing nor enlightenment for the perplexed. Or have I shown him so *entirely* unlike other children that no one cares what he felt?

EREMITA.

IN using the name *love* we may take it in the sense either of *Eros* or of *Agapè*, for we may regard as divine both the passionate longing after the good and beautiful, and also that giving up of self into the power of another, by which the diverse are made one, and the faulty are drawn towards perfection. P. 36.

CREATION is, if we weigh and endeavour to paraphrase the obscure and scattered utterances of Scotus, a self-revelation of the principle of all things to the intelligence which is itself divine. "In the beginning" stands in the Vulgate *In principio*, and this is taken, not by Scotus alone, but by many of the Fathers acquainted with Greek philosophy, as equivalent to *in Verbo*, in the Eternal Word. Creation is, in fact, the thinking out of a thought, and all that has been written on the subject by canonical or uncanonical, but yet weighty authorities, may be interpreted in accordance with this conception. P. 38.

WHAT creation is to God, that is thought to man. P. 128.—*Studies in John the Scot.* ALICE GARDNER

INDIAN HYMNOLOGY

Hymn to Durgâ

O Devî! Thou that in Thyself unitest
The might of each and all the gathered Gods!
That from the fount of Self this universe
Outpourest! Ambika! our little mother!
Thou whom the Gods and Ṛishis all adore,
We bow to Thee in love! from evil guard us!

O Thou whose might, matchless and measureless,
Ananta, Brahmâ, or e'en Hara's self
May not describe, O Chandika! be Thou
Bent on the good of all the worlds. Destroy
All evil fears that may encompass us.

Thou art the affluence of the virtuous home;
The poverty that strikes th' abode of sin;
Thou art the wisdom in the hearts of those
That have achieved intelligence; Thou art
The good man's faith; the modesty of those
Well-born. We bow to Thee! guard Thou the world.

This glorious and illimitable form
Of Thine, how may we limit in vain speech,
Or how describe the prowess that consumed
The race of Asuras, or tell the deeds
In battle that out-do all other deeds
Of all the races—Asuras and Gods?

Thou art the Primal Prakṛiti—the ocean
Of the three Guṇas, whence take shape and rise
These endless clouds of worlds—the ocean vast
Whose shores Hari and Hara have not reached.

Svâhâ Thou art, whose invocation bears
Fullness of satisfaction to the Gods
In all the sacred sacrificial rites.
Men call Thee Svadhâ too, for Thou conveyest
The same contentment to the Pitṛis too.

Thou that observest vows unthinkable
By mortal men—Source of Deliverance!
Thou art the Vidyâ whom the sinless ones,
The Munis that have seen the truth of sense
And senses' object, serve unceasingly,
Goddess most high! for gain of lasting peace.

Thou art the Shabda wherein lie enshrined
The stainless words of Ṛik, the holy hymns
Of Yajush and the music of the Sâma,
With its Udgitha-sweetened Pada-pâtha.
O Devî of the Triple Scripture! Thy
Right hand is Tillage and Thy left hand Trade,
Lightening the wants and pains of all the world.

Thou art th' intelligence beneath whose gaze
The heart of every science lies unbared.
Thou art the Durgâ! Raft, companionless,
Whereby alone the wise may hope to win
Beyond the hard-crossed ocean of Saṁsâra!
Thou art the Shrî, whose single dwelling-place
Is in the heart of Kaitabha's arch-foe,
And Thou art Gaurî too, whose constant home
Is with the Lord, whose forehead wears the moon.

Great is our wonder that that wondrous face
Of Thine, so sweetly-smiling and so pure,
So beautiful, so tender, paling all
The full moon's glories with its golden glows—
Great is our wonder that it should be seen
By Mahisha, and he should still retain
The wrath in e'en his heart to strike at it!

Greater our wonder yet that he should see
The flame of wrath upon Thine awful brow,
Like the moon rising red in sky of brass,
And not be scorched to ashes! Who may stand
In angered Yama's presence and still live?

O Devî! be Thou gracious—so Thou bringest
Utmost prosperity to all the worlds.
Be Thou not wroth—they live no more, they lose
Themselves, the hapless ones, that make Thee wroth,
As even now Mahish' and all his kin.

They only are the honoured in the land,
They are the wealthy, they th' illustrious,
They only never fail in all their duties,
They are the happy, theirs the happy wives,
The happy children, happy serving-folk,
Whom Thou dost favour—Thou! sole source of good!

Days after days add to their deeds of merit,
Days after days spread wider their good name,
Days after death bring them the joys of Heaven.
In all three worlds, Devî! Thy grace bears fruit.

Remembered in the hour of fear, Thou drivest
Away all cause of fear. In hour of peace,
If imaged in the placid mind, Thou bringest
Vision of perfect Truth. Who else save Thee
Dispels the pains of dire distress and dearth!
What other heart than Thine, O Blessed Mother,
Is ever moist with pity for all life?

Surely, Thou suff'rest these to live in sin
For a brief while, that, being slain, they bring
Joy to the harassed worlds, themselves attaining
The height of Heaven, being slain by Thee.

That Thou didst not the race of Asuras
Reduce to ashes by one glance of wrath
Is owing only to Thy wish that they,
Thy fated foes, should also, cleansed of sin
By the harsh touch of weapons that destroy
Sin with the body, gain high Lokas. Thus
Compassionate art Thou to those that sin.

The lightning-flashes of Thy circling sword,
The flames out-blazing from Thy shining spear,
Should surely have themselves destroyed the eye
That looked on them in anger, were it not
That those same eyes also beheld Thy face,
Made of the rays ambrosial of the moon.

Thy time-old way is sternly to repress
The evil ways of evil-minded men.
Unthinkable Thy form is and unmatched
By any other; and Thy might is greater
Far than the might of those who did o'erpower
The Gods themselves in war. And yet withal
Thou showest such compassion to Thy foes.

With what can we compare Thy might in war,
With what Thy beautiful yet awesome face!
In Thee alone we find in all three worlds,
War's cruelty enshrining heart of Peace.

Through the three worlds Thou spreadest peace by slaying
Those that disturbed their peace. Them too Thou sendest
To Svarga consecrated by Thy hand.
Our fears are over, and we bow to Thee
In love and deep obeisance lowly bending.

A HINDU STUDENT.

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION

WHILE we sit over our spiritual accounts, complaining of the increasing complexity of life, shifting the constituents of a never-varying total in the hopes that we may stand well with time as well as with eternity, and that the Self of spirit may come to terms with the self of matter—phrases from the old monastic Rules recur again and again to our minds and rebuke us with their uncompromising simplicity. "For this are parents, country, dignities, riches, delights of this world and all pleasure condemned, to wit—that perpetual purity of heart may be retained."*

"That which is not eternal is nothing, and ought to be accounted as nothing." All the things of time will not balance with the eternal for all our haggling. People will deny themselves anything in this age except their time and their hold on the day. Yet S. Anthony left everyone to live in the desert, and when people followed him for his healing gifts and his instructions, he left his hut and went further up into the desert.

He did nothing. He got above the sense of Time, and there "waited for the Lord." He had discovered something more valuable than his own idea of time. Once he was heard to cry out in the early morning: "Why dost thou hinder me, O Sun, who dost now rise to withdraw me from the splendour of the true Light?"†

This must be wrong, people say now-a-days, it is such waste of time—yet the result of his inaction and his vigils has lasted 2,000 years. Many among us have a lurking conviction that the world is unprofitable and that all our work is beating the air in a great measure, but this must be forgotten at all costs, and so

* Abbot Moses: *Concerning the End and Scope of a Monastic Life.* Cass. Coll. i.

† Abbot Isaac: *On Prayer.* Cass. Coll. ix., cap. 31.

we throw a frenzied and fictitious importance into more and more trivial things. We talk of giving our whole time to others, generally because we have really no use for it ourselves. If we find ourselves alone, the sense of responsibility weighs heavily upon us and we rush back to the society that we affect, or the club we sit about in, to get rid of the imminent danger of thinking.

There is in all the old Orders this dominant "*motif*" of the denial of the value of time. It is not stated in these words, but it is taken for granted; it is a *sine quâ non* in monastic minds. They admit no possibility of compromise on this point. They treat time with contempt, disposing of it rather than working in it. They make it absurd by parcelling it out among the minutiæ of a monotonous *régime*, which brings them nothing to show at the end of the year—nothing but a certain detachment, an estrangement, and perchance the liberation of the soul. They never "worked to time," as people boast of doing now, and they treated the worldling as we should a thief who is sent to us to reform. We do not tell him to steal a little less; we tell him to stop stealing; a man who steals once a year is a thief. He must not bargain with us and say that it is a very complicated thing being honest in these days. There is nothing complicated about it. He has only to *stop stealing*.

Holiness is too simple for the age. The one humiliation, so-called, that men cannot endure to-day is to realise that *their* measure of time is not the true standard, that all work done by the clock is far less than it appears to be, when measured by the standard of the soul's time. There is a laughter of the Gods to which we dare not listen.

"For was, and shall be, are fragments of Time with us and of a fading nature. But He always is, and so doth He name Himself, speaking to Moses in the mount. For He, containing all in Himself, hath a Being neither beginning nor ceasing, as a certain ocean of Essence, immense and boundless, exceeding all conception both of time and nature, represented with the mind alone, and that but very faintly and obscurely."*

We are materialists even in our abnegations: we speak of

* S. Gregory Nazianzen: *Concerning Divine Contemplation.* Orat. xlii.

giving up our money or our food, but God wishes only for our attention. "There were saints of old who could not fast, and the weakness of their bodies excused them." There have been many true solitaries in crowded places, many ascetics wearing gold and ermine instead of iron and hedge-hogs' skins.

All morality is an attitude of mind; a state, a mood, perfected and maintained, in which the betrothal of the soul with its true Lord is possible.

The king is looking for the real beggar-maid, to whom life is as bitter as death and who knows that she has nothing in herself of value, and that she is clothed in worthless rags. Destitution of desire is the one thing necessary. The mirror must be invisible before it can reflect. The focus of a lens must be perfect or nothing will be seen. You cannot adjust a focus that will do equally well for the Westminster towers or for the mountains in the moon, in order that you may please a person who is not quite sure which he would like to see first.

You cannot focus the soul outwards and inwards at the same time.

"I will not have divided hearts," the Lord said to S. Margaret. We find morality complicated because we are half-hearted, and we are trying all day to decide which half of our hearts is the larger.

Of course it cannot be denied that if S. Anthony is reincarnated in London to-day the problem he is facing must be from the reversed situation. He would have to cease seeing the objects of the senses in the middle of the World's Fair or the Paris Exhibition. But need there be any more compromise about his point of view than in his own day? If your mind offends you, change it. If you do not know what to employ it upon give it up to a greater mind. S. Francis de Sales said: "My Beloved thinks *for* me, and I trust to Him." Is it not still duty for the mind to work in obedience to the God within the mind?

S. John of the Cross says: "To lose self is to find God." And this loss is not the breaking up of an inchoate personality by a vague passivity like that of a medium; it is the most positive act of supreme Self-assertion, it is the final gift of itself

by a soul, with all its treasure in one venture, in an intensified moment of individualised Self-consciousness. It is a deliberate and sustained passivity impossible to the weak or to the wavering. Many people are what the scholastic theologians called a "dubious entity," uncertain of everything, even of their own existence. We must have positive axioms underlying all active existence, otherwise no further superstructure is possible. We shall only be a prey to that melancholy scepticism described by Sainte Beuve, which is not even sure of its own doubts. We confide our souls too much to a psychology with the "psyche" left out; we hear ourselves described as "congeries of Egos" as a "hierarchy of Me's," and we learn that there is a rivalry of one "Me" with another "Me"; and that the pure Ego is only that "which at any given moment is conscious, whereas the 'Me' is only one of the things which it is conscious of"; * or again that "regarded purely in the light of psychology, this simple Ego is but a theoretical fiction."†

It is depressing and disintegrating for the individual to be told that the soul is merely a "circumscribed aggregate of activities" and that "the cohesion of these activities one with another throughout the aggregate compels the postulation of a something of which they are the activities." But "we know *nothing* about the underlying something and never can know anything about it."‡

"For indeed, by loving myself amiss I lost myself!" S. Anthony might retort, if he did not run away instead from a city where such dictums are quoted as half-divine; where self-analysis has brought the analyser to the pitch of doubting the existence of the thing analysed.

We want a man to-day whose convictions are put up in a smaller compass than the *Synthetic Philosophy*, and who will walk through Europe and explain to people that it is not merely a "pious belief" to say that God and mammon are alternatives; but that they are actually as much alternatives as the antitheses of the logicians, as for instance: "the world

* James, W. *Psychology*, p. 195. (New York; 1892.)

† Ziehen, Dr. Th. *Introd. to Physiol. Psychology*, p. 218. (London; 1892.)

‡ Herbert Spencer. *Principles of Psychology*. Vol. I., pt. ii., cap. i., § 63.

either had a beginning or it did not have a beginning." It could not have had something between the two.

Every man has a *Grammar of Assent* engraven upon the eternal tablets of the Ego and the outcome of it is: I am eternal and I will be perfect.

Moderation in all things and the golden medium may be the ideal of the age, but the intention remains the same. Why is it complicated to walk in a straight line? There is nothing so simple or so unmistakable as the edge of a razor.

If you look at Scylla while you are trying to steer away from Charybdis, you will of course be in rather a complex dilemma; but if you look straight ahead at the unchanging Goal which is your real Self there will be no dangers on either hand.

A. L. BEATRICE HARDCASTLE.

I DO not desire a "thorough change." With Seneca, I believe that change of place does no good without change of mind. I am frequently thankful to Seneca for having said this. Opinions which we have Seneca's authority for holding cannot be deemed wholly silly and ridiculous by those who are not in agreement with us.

"Change of place does no good without change of mind," says Seneca. "This is it that sends us upon rambling voyages. The town pleases us to-day, the country to-morrow; the splendour of the court at one time, the horrors of a wilderness at another. But all this while we carry our plague about us; for it is not the place we are weary of, but ourselves. . . . It must be the change of mind, not of climate, that will remove the heaviness of the heart. Our vices go along with us, and we carry in ourselves the causes of our disquiets. There is a great weight lies upon us, and the bare shaking of it makes it the more uneasy. Changing of countries, in this case, is not travelling, but wandering." Certainly I agree with Seneca: "It is not the place we are weary of, but ourselves," and occasionally of our neighbours.—*Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre*, pp. 265, 266. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

THE SECRET OF EVOLUTION

SINCE the epoch-making book of Darwin was given to the world, the whole attitude of men's minds towards the universe of which they form a part may be said to have changed. Evolution truly had been spoken of in the West before Darwin and Wallace wrote, but most certainly it had not penetrated to any great extent into the thought of the time.

It is almost impossible to throw one's mind back into the position that was held by large numbers of thoughtful people when first the discussion on evolution began among the public; the idea that things formed a mighty chain, a chain in which each link had its place, in which no link was missing; the idea that in looking at our own race, at the animal, the vegetable, the mineral kingdoms, at the world itself, that all these were to be thought of as causally connected, as evolving one from another; that idea was one of those stupendous thoughts that change the face of mankind, that alter the whole attitude of the thinker towards his environment. Everywhere amongst educated people, the idea of evolution has replaced the idea of special creation. Not only is this true with regard to the forms of living things, but the thought has expanded to take in the moral qualities of man and his mental growth; it then has been applied to the growth of nations; it has been brought to illuminate history, to link one age with another and to trace everywhere the roots in the past to which the present causally belongs. In the hands of men like Huxley and Clifford, this idea has expanded to cover all the fields of human thought. The noble essays of Professor Clifford, in which, from a purely agnostic standpoint, he expounded his theory of ethics, are a case in point. He drew from the past evolution of the race, from the idea of the conscience of the race gradually evolving, contributed

to by each individual, made stronger and richer by each new life that came into the world, the strongest appeal to the highest instincts in man; an appeal that, as everything had come to men from the past, they should hand on to the future that which they had received, not diminished by evil thinking or evil living, but nourished by the noblest thinking and purest living. Making that appeal, clothed in language instinct with all the energy, with all the eloquence of a powerful mind and of a diamond heart, the great agnostic thinker poured all the fervour of religion into a creed which nominally was materialistic, and awakened all the higher human aspirations by this appeal to human responsibility, to human duty, and to human gratitude. No one who has read those memorable essays can say that it is necessary to believe even in the immortality of the individual consciousness, in order to possess the very essence of religion, to share the passion of enthusiasm for a vast ideal.

Looking at human evolution from that higher standpoint, then, we find that it has permeated the whole of modern thought. Special creation seems to us now an impossible, an irrational idea; we could not again look on the world as being continually repeopled by fresh creations. We could scarcely figure to ourselves the old notion of a world into which suddenly were flung by a single divine fiat a whole vast kingdom of living things. The thought would appear to us irrational, would so utterly fail to explain all that we see around us that we should cast it aside as unworthy of consideration, that we should never dream now of arguing against it at all.

But looking at the world from this evolutionary standpoint, there was a certain sadness that overspread the minds of men. When they went far back into the beginnings of our world, when in thought they saw our globe a mass of seething molten substances, when they saw the struggle among the elements, when they watched there the survival of the fittest, the heart was not wrung, the moral sense was not outraged; in all that struggle of non-sentient life there was no pang, no suffering, no anguish accompanying the struggle. But as thought came down the ages, following the stream of evolving forms, as the evolution of the more complex from the simple was traced, the ever-increasing

delicacy of structure, the ever-increasing sensitiveness of organisms, then questions arose in the mind that found not an easy answer. One creature struggling against another in every department of nature; myriads born to a short existence for whom there was no place in the world, no possibility of full development; out of this mighty wealth of nature's life, out of this surplusage of living creatures, a tremendous struggle arose, a struggle for life, a struggle for food. Evolution was then explained as depending on the survival of the fittest—the fittest surviving after the struggle for existence; struggle on every side continually repeated; all the weaker, the diseased, the more helpless mercilessly trampled under foot; wild creatures turning on one of their number that was weakly or diseased; the strong preying on the feeble, the cunning outwitting the simple; everywhere life growing truly more beautiful, more complex, more wondrous as the result of the ceaseless struggle; but while the intellect admired the wonder, the heart bled at the vision of the pain. And so from age to age the course of evolution is tracked; everywhere the strife, everywhere the destruction, each new jewel of higher form coming from this terribly embittered combat, the spoils of victory ever. The poet cries out against the nature that is "red in tooth and claw;" one of our greatest Bishops has declared that looking over the field of nature we see a battlefield of suffering and of death. Such was the picture drawn by Science as it outlined for us evolution in its methods as well as in its results; such the picture presented to the student when he turned his thoughts in study on the evolution of the world in which he is a unit.

And against this view men strove to shelter themselves, first by denying evolution, later, by seeking in some fashion to minimise or to evade. Then as Science went on its way, still gloomier grew the picture; for when studying that long struggle in the days when one studied only this evolution of form, with all mental and moral qualities as the outcome of the physical evolution, the heart grew heavy at the price that was paid for every triumph. One would lessen the burden by glancing onward to the future where the struggle of the past and of the present were to issue in a golden reign of virtue, of happiness and peace. Tracing the human race upwards from the cave men and the

drift men of the past, believing simply in that evolution which Science taught while some of us were young or middle-aged; tracing that onwards along the same line, pursuing the same methods, we dreamed of the golden age that should at last dawn upon the earth, when humanity should have risen as far above the present, as the humanity of the present is above the humanity of the cave and the drift. Further than that the mind shrank from going; further than that, towards the downward process, the mind refused to look. Science truly told us that the climbing up must be followed by a slipping down, that evolution climbed to the highest point and then descended; decay, old age, and death came in, so that the wondrous evolution story was to end at the point where it had begun—rising, step by step, out of kosmic dust of the past, it was gradually, step by step, to pass again into kosmic dust in the future.

The picture even of the upward climbing was sad and dark enough, but looked at in its entirety—with the ultimate hopelessness of the struggle, the final uselessness of the vast evolution—it had truly a dark and despairful ending. The later investigations of Science seemed to make the problem itself more difficult to solve, seemed to leave us still more entangled when we tried to understand. So long as mental and moral qualities were regarded as the result of the evolution of form; so long as it was held that these gradually developed, passed on from parent to offspring in a continually ascending spiral; so long some case at least might be made out in which brain and heart might find a temporary rest. But when the later scientists began to tell us that these mental and moral qualities were not following the course of evolution; when they began to tell us that the evolution of virtue was in direct conflict with the evolution under kosmic law; when, working that out still more in detail, they showed us that as the organism became more and more complex it was less and less possible to trace resemblances between parents and offspring; when they went still further and told us that the higher the evolution of the mental and moral qualities the less could they be traced as handed onward to the offspring; when following on this line of thought, step by step, that triumph of the human intelligence that we call genius was declared to be

inherently sterile, and unable to hand itself onward to its successors—then a darker cloud covered the picture of nature, and the hope that the earlier evolutionists had given us was stricken from our hands.

As more and more this latter view became adopted; as more and more clearly it was seen that the whole of the physical evolution, the evolution of form, depended on a continuity of protoplasm which served as the vehicle of the evolving forms; as that became clearer and clearer, as that was verified by experiment after experiment, we gradually found that this theory lacked its most important half, and that while it was full of facts as regards the evolution of form, it left us unsatisfied and puzzled in dealing with the evolution of life. Truly, as far as evolution of forms went, we could trace them one from another; link after link was found, and we could readily see that where a link seemed missing for a time it was rather our ignorance that failed to see, than a likelihood that the link itself was missing. But when we learned that the whole of the law of heredity, the whole of the gradual building up of forms, must be explained, if it were to be explained at all, along this line of continuous material out of which the form was builded, then, naturally, we began to demand: Is there not something else evolving as well as form? That evolution of qualities that was spoken of, the evolution of consciousness of which we heard so much, had need also of its continuum; the evolution of mind, of all that is most valuable in man, the evolution of virtue as well as of intellect—where is the continued substratum in which these also may inhere? We have found a continuing substratum in which the physical characteristics might inhere; we have seen how form could evolve from form, and have traced the lines of causation; but now we need to know a deeper truth—the secret of these evolving forms, the WHY as well as the HOW of evolution. Why should forms be more complex? Why should the simple thus gradually change to the complicated? Why should we find an evolution of moral sense? Why should we find an evolution of mental powers? Where is the motive power which underlies this vast scale of being? Science has told us of an evolution of form: can it tell us of an evolution of life?

In nature death is ever busy slaying form after form. What is the reason for that universality of death? What the explanation of this constant shivering of forms? Why should nature build and break her own creations? Why should nature build an edifice and then level it to the ground again, raze it, leaving nothing behind save another form to pass through the same succession? Death everywhere! What the explanation? Something guiding evolution! Where the clue? That is the question that men naturally demand; that the inevitable question that must rise to the mind as the evolution of form is mastered and we are told that the evolution of the higher qualities in nature cannot be regarded as sequential, as orderly; that genius remains sporadic, a puzzle, disorderly in a world of law, coming apparently nowhence; disappearing apparently, leaving behind no trace. The human intellect cannot remain contented in the face of such a problem; it must needs demand a further answer, and question till the answer comes. On that to-day Science has nothing to answer, can explain to us nothing of the hidden, the inner side.

Sometimes philosophers have striven to answer it. John Stuart Mill, glancing at that problem of suffering and of death that seems to spring at us when we study evolution, answered it in the Essays published after his death; he thought that, looking at the facts of evolution, at the facts that Science had collected, it was necessary to admit design in nature. But looking at that design, with its implication of a Designer, he thought that it was only possible to imagine that the Designer was either limited in power, or limited in benevolence. If power were to be ascribed to Him, then benevolence must be absent; if benevolence were to be ascribed to Him, then power must be limited. That was one suggestion that was made to solve the problem of suffering and of death.

Is there not a better answer, a fuller explanation, of the problem of evolution? Is it not possible, nay, probable, that we are looking only at one side, the outer side that strikes naturally on our eyes? We see that continual destruction of form; side by side with it, but, we are told, not causally related thereto, we see another evolution, of qualities, of virtues, of mental and of

moral faculties, an ever-evolving life. If we could look at nature's problems from the life-side instead of from the side of form; if, taking another vision, we could glance over this world of struggle where form fights with form, where forms are ever being shattered; if we could turn aside from that charnel house of nature, and, using a keener vision, seek for the secret of evolution, might we not see a life that is but using the form as its instrument? Might we not see a growing life that is only employing the form for its own purposes? Might it not be that what we call death is only the breaking of an outworn form that has become a shackle instead of a helper, a prison-house instead of an instrument? Might it not be that death belongs only to the form; that where the eye sees form, the higher vision sees life, and where the eye sees death the higher vision sees but new birth into wider and greater possibilities? Might there not be a continuity of life, as well as a continuity of protoplasm? Might there not be a continuing thread of life, as well as the continuing thread which binds form to form? And if in the life the qualities inhere; if the forms become more complex because the life that is seeking forms to express itself is ever becoming more complex and needs a richer form in order to express it; if, looking at the life-side, there we see joy and triumph where on the form-side we see failure and death; if out of each broken form a new life springs up triumphant, as the butterfly springs from the chrysalis, leaving its prison-house behind; if that be the other side of evolution; if that be the pendant to the picture of the evolution of form; if throughout nature death be but birth, the breaking of the form but the setting free of the life, then all that was sad takes on the aspect of joy, and we identify ourselves with the life that is developing, and not with the forms that only break when their work is done.

Let us see if this thought may not justify itself to the intellect as the thought of the evolution of form has done. First, when we begin to study this evolution of life we see life as a germ, even as form is germinal in the beginning; just as the scientist, tracing downward from the complex to the simple, tracing backwards the path of evolution, sees that in that simple form, a mere speck of protoplasm, there is the beginning of all the complicated forms

that later will people the surface of our globe, so does the student of life see life as germinal as it appears on our globe; but in that germinal life, in that spark of the Divine Flame, there is hidden all the possibility of loftiest life-evolution, as in the speck of protoplasm all the possibilities of the evolution of form. Protoplasm gives that by which the life, encased and limited in order that it may grow, finds its necessary basis, in order that, through it, it may receive the stimuli by which its inner powers will be brought forth into true manifestation—germinal life and germinal form.

If for a moment we study that speck of protoplasm, will not the study tell us many a lesson of the life that is animating the form? Shall we not realise, as we look at it, that it is life that is leading, and not form; life which is guiding, and not form? The function of the life, the demand of the life on form, is that which brings about the modifications of the form, and shapes it more to its desire. That creature has no organs whereby it may exercise all the functions of life as we see them exercised in higher creatures. It has no mouth, no limbs, no lungs, no circulatory system—all these are to be builded in the slow process of the evolution of form; but it needs nourishment, and it builds for itself a mouth; it desires to move, and it fashions for itself limbs; oxygen is necessary for it, and it makes for itself a breathing apparatus; everywhere life moulds form, even in the very lowest shape that we can discover. Consciousness is there, the response of the organism to its environment, the answer of the life within, the putting forth of the powers of the life; that, playing on the form, shapes it to its purposes, and whispers to us of the guiding force which is using forms for its own evolution.

And as we go onward step by step another thought springs out and confronts us. We have given up special creation as regards all forms; we have renounced as irrational the idea that form, perfect in all its parts, complicated in its organism, made up of countless varieties of tissues, sprang out of nowhere, at the command of a creative power. But if that be so, then when we come to deal with the far more complicated organism, the human life, can we regard that as special creation, since it shows everything in principle which we have recognised

as a mark of evolution when we have been dealing with form? We find a highly evolved human being, a highly evolved conscience, a highly evolved intellect, wonderful complexity of thoughts, of feelings, and of passions; we find a being, looked at from the inner side, wondrously complex in all its parts: is that the result of a special creation which has appeared nowhere else in nature? Is the most complicated of all things specially created with no causation behind it; nothing to explain it, coming suddenly into full exercise of function? is that the conception that we are asked to take after we have learned to give it up in all other departments of nature? When looking over the evolution of form we see a whole chain of forms; when we find that we can link them one to another, each connected with the other, from the highest to the lowest, the proof being in the sequential succession of forms; when we find human intelligences showing themselves forth in mental and in moral life at every grade of successive growth; when we see those human intelligences in one as a germ, then in someone else as partly evolved, then in another as further evolved, and so on, link after link, intelligence a ladder quite as much as form, in the world of evolving lives sequence, definite succession, definite as in the world of forms around us, can we, if we are reasonable beings, entirely throw over the argument which convinced us of the evolution of form? Looking at all these different grades of intelligence as they are presented to us, shall we not see them also as a ladder of life, as we have seen a ladder of forms? Can we give up special creation in the world of forms, and cling to it in the world of life? Must not the two be accepted by the same mind, if the mind permit itself to argue in the study of life as it argued in the study of form? Unless we are able to divide our brains, as has been said, into water-tight compartments, separate entirely our methods of thinking when we are dealing with form and with life, be rational in one and irrational in the other, admit the force of argument in the one case, and deny it in the other; unless we thus trample on the intellect, it is impossible not to introduce evolution into the world of intelligence, mental and moral, and also not to seek for the continuing substratum which alone can make evolution possible.

There is yet another line of thought that we follow in tracing the evolution of intelligence, which is closely related to one of the lines of argument that we have followed in tracing the evolution of forms. Everyone knows, who has studied science, that one of the strongest arguments for evolution lies in the fact that each new form runs through, in the early stages of its separate growth, those great typical forms through which evolution declares it has passed in the course of centuries and of millenniums. If we ask an evolutionist why he says the human body has evolved, he will give us, as one among many reasons, that if we trace it through its ante-natal state, we see it manifesting at stage after stage the characteristic marks of the kingdoms through which, in the course of millenniums, forms have evolved. But if we take the growth of the individual intelligence, we also find it in each case hastily running through the stages that lie behind it in evolution, and repeating in each new life-period the characteristic signs of the ladder up which it has climbed. Take the intelligence of the child: as we trace its manifestation through a new form, we see it in this new small cycle of life, showing the different stages through which it has passed. So much is that the case, that some scientists have actually drawn up, stage after stage, the steps of the evolution of the individual intelligence as recalling the steps of intelligence as we may trace it in the growth of the races of mankind—a savage stage, a semi-savage state, a civilised state, and so on, repeating in the new life-cycle the steps gone through in many lives in the past. Each child passes through these stages. Here again an identity of fact; how, then, may there logically be a difference of conclusion?

We follow on our thought, still letting these great principles have their full weight in our minds. And it must be remembered that when we are dealing with these far-reaching principles, they have not their greatest force when they are first seen. They grow in their persuasive power as the mind dwells on them, and absorbs them into itself. Thinking over these great principles, one after another, meditating on them, trying to see what we should expect them to bring about, and what they do bring about in nature, we find gradually that we have reached an argument for the evolution of life, as the pendant to the evolution of form,

which is overwhelming in its force, all-persuasive in its appeal to the intellect. We find, as we study it, that it more and more commends itself to us, as the only rational explanation of the varieties of intelligence, of moral growth, of the intellectual differences around us, that otherwise remain a problem insoluble, a tangle that we cannot unravel. When these thoughts have played upon the mind for a time, when they have had their full effect, then we find that they have led us by a different road to the acceptance of that fundamental thought of the evolution of life of which the reincarnation of the human soul is but one example, the adaptation of a law that works everywhere in nature to the case of the individually evolving life. When we have realised that, evolution begins to take an entirely different aspect; we see that to life death is but birth; we begin to understand that the form is not the life, but the garment of the life; that just as we outgrow our childhood's garments and feel no regret when those garments are cast aside, but take others fitted to our more developed forms; so in the course of our vast evolution, the forms that we wore as garments at first were child-forms fitted to the child-life, the child-intelligence, the child-soul, and that when they are outworn there is no reason to regret the casting of them aside. We outgrow form after form, but *we* remain; we take up shape after shape, but *we* endure; the forms may perish; let them perish, for their perishing is the condition of the growth of the life, and if there were no "death," if nature did not destroy as well as build, break into pieces as well as construct, then we should be in the position that the growing lad would be in, if his garments were of iron and he could not wear them out nor rend them; then the life would be dwarfed in its evolution because of the lasting of the form. The very condition of the growth of the life is the rending of the form which is no longer fitted to its needs.

What then is evolution? It is that wondrous scheme in the mind of the Logos which He projected for the building of His worlds. How could He give His life in such a way that out of that one life infinite variety might arise? How could He pour forth His life in such fashion that He might not simply create duplicates of Himself, mere automata answering to His will and

to the life because the life was part of His own life, and only thus the powers that were His, and that were germinal within that life, could be definitely evolved.

As it learned lessons by these continual experiments, the life bore the impress of every lesson that it learned. The world, the thought of the Logos, gave back to the evolving soul perfect response to every thrill it sent out as demand. Thus the life learned lessons of experience; thus the life garnered in itself a memory as to the results of certain lines of activity. Those lines sometimes attracted it by the allurements of gratified sensation, then repelled it by the suffering that followed on the gratification, and slowly that life learned to choose more wisely, slowly that life learned to guide itself, with knowledge and intelligence to help it, so that as the will evolved and the power of choice grew stronger, it was ever learning to determine itself to the better, because it found that the better and the happier were one. Thus the life evolved with many an experience, but not one of them that could well be lacking; for another purpose is before that life, the purpose which, in helping it onwards, the Logos Himself is fulfilling; that life is to be the helper of other lives, the teacher of younger intelligences, wise enough, strong enough, understanding enough to become in its turn a helper and a guide, to give its own light hereafter from which other lives in other uni-

moved by it, without will or mind of their own? How, instead of that, could He create a universe of moving, living creatures, to whom in giving His life He imparted His own self-existence, each one to be a centre of self-existent life, to unfold from that self-existent centre, power after power, faculty after faculty, possibility after possibility, everything that marks His own sublime and perfect life? How could such be brought into being, His co-workers, His peers at last?

Self-moving these were to be; that would imply the evolution of will. Will in Him is mighty, compelling, all-controlling, ever moving to the highest and the best, guided by a perfect wisdom and a perfect love. How could such a will be evolved in those creatures, that in the infinitudes of His own mind He projected in thought ere yet He brought them forth in form? a will like His to be free, a will like His ever to choose the best, not by external compulsion, but by the outwelling of a perfect life; how should such a will come forth in these; how should such a life reach its perfection?

The answer to that question was evolution: life given as a germ, form given as a germ; the form to have the characteristic of change, the form to be ever breaking up and rebuilding, the form to be at first simple, and only becoming complicated as more and more demands were made upon it by the evolving germ of life within it, both continuous, both in a sense immortal—that is, that while the outer shape was not continuous, there should be the link of matter which gave continuity; then the life to play upon it and shape it, to mould it as it would, shaping it this way and that way, trying this experiment and that experiment, trying this kind of experience and that kind of experience; no limits placed upon it anywhere, save that one Law should guide—that whatever it did, the results of that doing should come back to it, that whatever it chose, that choice should be answered and should not have possibility of rejection. The one Law of causation the Logos impressed on His universe, a Law that should never be broken, because thus only could the life be

known it, otherwise it would be outside His life, outside His experience. That the Logos has passed through these in the past is the secret of His marvellous patience in the present. Because He Himself has climbed that mighty ladder, He is present at every rung of it as the Helper of the life which is His own, multiplying in the universe that He has brought into existence; and evolution is the force of His life, given to the life that He emanates, in order that it may develope. The force behind it is that perfect will, the goal before it that perfect Being. The road is long and weary, looked at from stages in the road; the road is short and joyful, looked at from the goal, when the consciousness glances backward over the past. Where then is grief, where then is sorrow? Where the breaking heart, the eye full of tears? Those were but the experiences of the form which have enriched the life, that has within its every pain the power of sympathy, within its every sorrow a strength. The secret of evolution is to be seen in its beginning in the mind of the Logos, ending in the realisation of all that in the beginning He thought, and the two lines of evolution are clearly necessary, neither of them could exist without the other, the two lines of the evolution of form on the one side, of life on the other. The form-side tells us of sorrow and of death: the life-side tells us of expansion, of growth, of joy. Nature is not a battlefield, full of suffering and death and misery; nature is the Heart of the Logos expanding itself

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE AS MEANS FOR TRAINING CHARACTER

[A Paper read at the Northern Federation Meeting]

This question, like many others, is one in relation to which there is a strong tendency in human nature to run to extremes. When the value of solitude as a means of training dawns clearly upon the mind, there is a tendency to undervalue for a time the advantages, also important, of social life.

Thomas à Kempis quotes with approval the saying of an ancient writer: "As often as I have gone among men, I returned home less a man." But does not this show a wrong and rather conceited attitude of mind on the part of the ancient writer, and also an unhealthy pre-occupation with his own interests?

"As often as I have gone among men I returned home less a man." Is this a thought to be commended? Surely not. Yet Thomas à Kempis speaks of it with unqualified approval. Perhaps the explanation is that he was putting before his readers one form of truth (it being impossible to state at the same moment all forms of truth) which he felt was specially needed by those for whom he wrote.

But let us consider the question from the standpoint of our own country and our own times. Let us compare the daily life, say, of an Oxford don, or of a scholar, who lives in complete seclusion immersed in his books and his literary work, with the daily life of a woman of the world who spends her whole time in what some people call pleasure.

It may appear at first sight that the contrast is wholly in favour of the scholar, for in the life of the woman of the world there must necessarily be a constant succession of clamour, excitement, and disturbance; there must be much that is trivial, much that directly tends to arouse and develope the lower emo-

tions; the mind must be almost constantly occupied with the outward aspect, the mere shell of human life; while the scholar may, if he pleases, fill his life with noble thoughts and high aspirations, and may devote himself without interruption to some permanently useful mental work.

These are, of course, extreme cases, but the question, as a whole, is a practical one for all of us. What are the respective advantages of the life I have typified by that of the scholar, and that I have typified by the life of the woman of the world?

When I see a number of women, who habitually go about in twos and threes, I generally conclude, perhaps rashly, that they belong to a backward stage of evolution. It looks, on the face of it, as though they had not developed sufficient individuality to find and take a way of their own. After all, it *may* not be so. It *may* be that they have got beyond the individual stage, and have developed in addition a power of sympathy, and a capacity for taking an acute interest in what is being done by others. Here as elsewhere one cannot always distinguish between tamas and sattva.

One must not conclude that a man who is living a solitary life is a scholar; he *may* be only a person who cannot put himself into touch with others. One must not conclude that a man who spends most of his time in social life has a trivial mind; he may instead have a special capacity for giving personal help. What appears to be an exaggerated desire for the physical proximity of others, may really be a talent for being on the spot when needed.

And so we come round to the old familiar truth, that it is the inward attitude of our minds that is really important, and not the outward circumstances of our lives.

When great writers praise solitude, what they really mean to praise is not solitude itself, but the concentration of mind which is most easily attained in solitude, but may also be attained *by effort* in the tumult of social life.

Also we have to consider that there are some virtues and many graces which solitude does *not* teach, and in which the scholar is apt to be deplorably deficient. He may love his

fellow-creatures, but he seldom understands how to make them feel at ease. He may be glad to see a visitor, but he is apt to forget the visitor's name, and whether his nearest relatives are living or dead. These are all trivialities, so they have not remained in his mind. Though unselfish, and anxious to devote himself to the welfare of others, he is yet unable to help any particular human being at any particular time.

It is in social life, not in solitude, that one learns to make use of trivial incidents, and apparently unimportant opportunities, and that one acquires the virtues and graces which the scholar often lacks.

Yet these qualities become more and more necessary to a man as he progresses towards a higher condition. Sweet graciousness and charm of manner are among the most important qualities needed by a ruler or teacher of men; otherwise, how can he gain the confidence and the affectionate loyalty of those over whom he rules, or whom he wishes to instruct? Those, we may suppose, who have ruled wisely over others in past lives now possess these qualities in some degree, and as one studies the various aspects of modern life, one wonders whether this power to rule wisely is not even more important for progress than intellectual force. For the intellectual force, the mental faculty, developed by the scholar and the ascetic, are in their nature separative, whilst the tact and *savoir faire* of the man of the world belong to the forces that make for unity, and have therefore a particular importance for us in the work in which we are specially engaged.

A life apparently entirely occupied with golf, shopping, gossip and afternoon tea, may bring to the soul many useful experiences, just because there is constant contact with others. Such a life has its place and value in evolution just as much as any other, and not necessarily, one would imagine, at an early stage. It involves a constant sacrifice to others in small things, a training in understanding the point of view of others, and getting into touch with them. There must be in such a life much that may serve to develope self-control, energy, courage and presence of mind.

It would seem that a well-balanced life, the result of an

orderly and straightforward evolution, in a direct line, so to speak, should contain an even proportion of the solitary and social elements. Goethe says: "Talent developes in solitude, character in the rush of life." And it is necessary for all egos, we may suppose, to develope *both* talent and character.

The mere man of the world tends to be broad but shallow, the mere scholar to be deep but narrow. One who spends his whole life with others is in danger of depending too much on those around him, of becoming unable to live without help from others, mental, emotional or physical, as the case may be. One who spends his whole life in solitude is in danger of becoming oblivious to others' needs.

But most egos do not, so far as we can see, evolve in a straightforward and orderly fashion. In fact, progress towards a higher state seems to take place in most of us in an exceedingly disorderly and erratic manner. Probably there is some reason for this which we do not understand; perhaps it is part of the development of individuality which we are told is so necessary; but the result of these apparently uncalled-for vagaries on our part is that some of us need a large proportion of solitude in this incarnation, and some of us a large proportion of social life.

If the necessary business of life, or our work for relatives and friends, take us constantly into the presence of others, this is evidently the life for us. If the persons around us persistently refuse to have anything to do with us, it is manifestly our duty to fit ourselves for human society, and in the meantime remain in solitude.

But putting these cases aside, there remains the element of choice, a difficult matter, yet an important one.

If we dislike being alone, does this mean that we should learn to like it?

If we love solitude, does this mean that we should avoid it?

SARA CORBETT.

THE REASONABLENESS OF REINCARNATION

THE enquiry as to whether the theory of man's evolution by reincarnation is reasonable, is one we must be prepared to meet in face of all the objections which are urged against it. Theosophists must be ready to test every theory of life by the light of reason. Those who are familiar with public meetings well know how ceaselessly the objection comes up: "Why do I not remember my former life?" The question is very much to the point. Why do we not remember? If the theory be true, there must be a reason why we cannot bring up the past in the present. Anyone who has studied the matter, even superficially, from our literature, will be ready to explain that though the mass of us are unable to recall our past lives, there are those who are able to do so; it is merely a question of growth—but a pressing questioner is not likely to be content with this. To him the interesting point is himself, his own life. Perhaps it would be well if some of us took more pains to explain to him what it is which constitutes himself—what is the factor in life he knows as "I."

Of course, the chances are that the average enquirer quite regards the present personality his friends know him by, as the conscious Self. An enquirer has gone some way already who is able to look beyond this personality in thinking of himself. To the majority this personality is everything, and it is this we are called upon to help, and the main thing to be kept in mind is to make clear first what is the individual. Two questions must be borne in mind. First, what do we mean by reincarnation? and secondly, if it be a law holding throughout all the kingdoms, what is it in man which reincarnates?

What do we mean by reincarnation as a method of progress by evolution? When a leaf dies does it reincarnate? will my dog or horse live again? The enquirer's difficulties begin when we have to answer somewhat negatively to this; not entirely so, for

some of our younger brothers of the animal kingdom are approaching admission into the human family. If, then, there is no present survival of the individual consciousness in all animals, how does man secure this privilege? All this we must meet by showing something of the slow growth of the monad. Broadly speaking, in answer to the enquiry as to whether the crystal or the ivy leaf reincarnates, we say that, with the hosts of others of its kind, it does again partake of its faint form of consciousness in physical shape, and again and yet again comes into outer life. So also with regard to the animals we have to say, that for very long periods animal consciousness is only part of a unit of consciousness; as time goes on the forms attached to this unit are fewer, until at last one form is able to contain a unit that can step up to the next stage, and the docile elephant or the brave and faithful dog steps up into that kingdom, where the stern business of building up the real individuality begins—that is, it obtains a human body.

At the very earliest stage, there is very little of an individual. There is the monadic centre of force, the Life, but as yet it has so little character that it is hard to speak of this centre as man, such as we now know him. Yet it is there, and we have all come through this stage and we have come out of it by the varied experiences brought to each one by a series of lives lived in body after body, each one taken up being the necessary sequel of the one previously laid down. This necessity for taking on body after body, with a period of rest in between, of a duration and kind depending on the character of the individual, will go on until all the experience that can be got out of this world of ours has been gleaned, and then the ego returns no more, he "goeth no more out," he obtains liberation.

With a thoughtful person such an exposition will give rise to endless queries, but we will suppose the question at present pressed is: What reasonable grounds have you for supposing this to be true?

Some questions are best answered by putting another question—and we might reply: Can you show any other theory of life which so well meets the facts? Regarding the great world-evolution, is it not evident that the whole is marching forward

to some point, away in the distance of time, and probably high up in the scale of accomplishment? Yes, replies Mr. Winwood Reade, but you and I will know nothing of that future day, nothing of that great accomplishment; we shall only, as said Charles Bradlaugh, help to fill the ditch with our dead bodies that others may march over them to the promised land. Now so far as the powers of observation of the ordinary physical senses go, it might appear reasonable to take this view; but when once the discovery is made that there are other senses than the ordinary physical ones, this view so shrinks into littleness that we forget all about it in contemplation of the magnificent sweep of the evolutionary spiritual life unfolded to the vision of those whose senses transcend the ordinary. For most of us indeed, the possession of these other and higher senses has not yet been gained; we have to take the word of others whom we feel we can trust, until such time as we are able ourselves to use them. But the whole plan, however unfolded, appears on the face of it so reasonable, that we may be allowed to accept it if only in default of any better being offered us.

The difficulty is to get people to give the matter a sufficiently spiritual starting-point—even the Christian, the so-called religious and spiritual person, finds it hard to realise the true spiritual man. Few, very few, take hold of the idea of man as an entity that has lived and will live through the ages. The average Christian person is quite satisfied to regard his future as to be for ever stamped with his present personality, so that the life of the man he is—say John Smith—will give colour to the *whole* of the future of his consciousness, that for ever and ever his individuality will pose before the throne of God as never anything but John Smith. Whatever future changes he may be called on to go through, he will refer everything to the consciousness belonging only to John Smith. Now indeed may we ask in our turn—is *this* reasonable?

Were we to face reincarnation as the re-embodiment, an endless number of times, of the said John Smith, the unreason of it would be such that we should have to let it go. Who of us, possessing in any degree the powers of self-examination, would care to perpetuate a remembrance of ourselves for ever in

our present personal forms? Rather does it not lead one to rejoice to think that never again shall there be for any another quite like his present personality? And perhaps some of those who know us well may rejoice with us also over this, on reflecting that thay may have to pass much of the future in close company with us.

Starting therefore with the idea that the real man who reincarnates is a purely spiritual Being, already of vast age—any one of us being at least many millions of years old, and having before him a future so vast that our consciousness cannot take hold of it—we see that this unit Man, already a being of great dignity, merely takes up the life of a single personality, a John Smith-dom of seventy years, as a necessary suit of clothes in which he, for the time, steps down into the thoroughfare of physical life for a day's experience, in which he walks about gleaning fresh knowledge, and which, the day's work over, he lays down, as no longer of use, being then worn out.

Now how does this theory of life—taking it as this and nothing more—square with the facts of the life we have to lead; how does it harmonise with the differences in the stock in trade of qualities people evidently bring into the world with them? How can it be shown to square with the anomalies which lie on the surface of social life, such as the fact that one may be born into a life that will shield it from all those things which assault and hurt the soul, on the same day as another whose appointed lot is cast where every object put before it will paint vice in golden colours, plunged from the cradle into an atmosphere where no good experience can possibly be obtained, and that must lead the life to certain and early disaster?

Now the ego of man either began its ego-ship with the present life, or it was an ego already when it came hither. Will the supposition that the ego is a new being fit in with the facts around us? will it explain the justice of the relative chances for the future of the child born into, say, the family of Tennyson, and the child born in a brothel; of the owner of the body and brain fit for the attainments of a Homer or a Newton, and of the deformed anatomy of an imbecile hunchback? To say that it does we must be prepared to deprive the Deity presiding

over such an evolution of all title to be a God of justice. We may allow him power, but all love, all justice must be banished from association with his name, and is any religious, any spiritual person, of any creed, going to remain in allegiance to any God from whom justice is ever to be divorced? Are we going to deny to the Maker of ourselves an attribute which we find increasingly necessary to us every day we live, and which, as our social laws widen and raise their standard, is more and more thrown forward as the one thing to guide us in our relations with each other? What more easily raises an outcry, whether in the home or in the public arena, than an act of manifest injustice?

All persons, then, who recognise a spiritual life for man will find it impossible to deny that justice forms at least one of the planks in the platform of the divine order of things, if it be not its chief prop, its main support. Yet even the admission of this does not remove all difficulties. One of the most prominent is that of the early cutting off of young children. It is said that if repeated rebirths be the divine method of our growth, the numberless children who die early are cut off from any opportunity of growth or progress. But if this be a difficulty with reincarnation accepted as a fact, how infinitely greater, how monstrous, how colossal the difficulty becomes without it, when we are asked to believe that this broken fragment of a life is to be all of life that they will ever know. It seems to me that if this question of early death be a difficulty to a student of the Ancient Wisdom, it is an insoluble one to those who believe in one life only. There is no way out of this, taking justice along with us, except on the lines of growth by continual rebirth.

If this appear an argument in favour of reincarnation, how much greater a one have we when we pass to consider character. Nature ignores most of our social landmarks in her dealings with character. We see an absolute fool pitchforked into the world into a place where the wise are needed, and a genius taking a place in a family the hereditary character of which gave no such promise. No fact must be plainer to the thinking man than this —that whatever the birthplace, and whenever the birthday of those coming into this world, the differences between them on

arrival are enormous. If every soul born into the world lived the full term of seventy years, we might be able to explain away some of the vast differences in the social surroundings, but we could never get over the supreme fact of the already established character of each, the manifestation of which begins as soon as the soul steps across the threshold of the unknown into physical life.

There is a strange contrast between the eastern races and their acceptance all round of the reincarnation theory, and the western races with their refusal of it. How much of the latter's refusal is due to the rush and fury of the life they lead, destructive as it is of the meditative habit of thinking over the deeper problems of life? If anyone will bring a theory of life which, better than reincarnation, solves all life's enigmas, we should be ready to accept it. Let each student supply out of his own life's experiences instances of character coming out in early life, not possible of explanation on hereditary lines, and quietly think the question over. The day is surely not far distant, when we shall express surprise that for so long we have banished this from our western forms of thought regarding evolution.

W. G. JOHN.

CONSIDER well the things which thy heart suggests to thee before they pass on to thy tongue; for thou wilt perceive that many of them would be better suppressed.

Silence is a strong fortress in the spiritual combat, and a sure pledge of victory.

Silence is the friend of him who distrusts himself and trusts in God; it is the guard of holy prayer, and a wonderful aid in the practice of virtue.

In order to acquire the practice of silence, consider frequently the great benefits that arise therefrom, and the evils and dangers of talkativeness. Love this virtue; and in order to acquire the habit of it, keep silence occasionally, even at times when thou mightest lawfully speak, provided this be not to thine own prejudice, or to that of others.

LORENZO SCUPOLI.

THE TEACHINGS OF TOLSTOI

WHEN reading the later and more serious writings of Count Tolstoi—those written subsequently to the "conversion" so graphically described in *My Confession* and *My Religion*—it should be remembered that the views expressed therein do not represent merely the convictions of one man and of the circle of people whom he has influenced personally and by his writings. The views set forth in these writings have indeed a larger significance and a wider application. The existence of several "Tolstoi colonies," formed chiefly of members of the educated classes, in England and America, shows that individuals of other races have welcomed Tolstoi's teachings, but it is in Russia itself that his interpretation of Christ's message finds its true home. Not among the aristocracy, the army of officials, and the traders, but amongst the hard-working and oppressed Russian peasantry is to be sought the application of the doctrine of non-resistance. It was from the peasants that Tolstoi received the teachings which are now associated with his name, and he is the first to acknowledge the debt he owes to Sutāyef and others, who were able to help him during his earnest search after the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. To him has fallen the task of enlarging and expanding these ideas and of giving them a literary form, and he should thus be regarded as the exponent of an interpretation of life which is, more or less completely, that of many among the Russian agricultural classes.

As a body, the Doukhobortzi and Molokans—of whom some description has appeared in these pages—aim at carrying out in their lives to its legitimate conclusion the doctrine of non-resistance founded upon love; and these two sects form a living testimony to the fact that these views are not visionary, as is so

repeatedly urged against them, but are capable of a practical application to every-day life. The industry, uprightness, and high morality of these sectarians have become almost proverbial in Russia, and all observers agree that the prominent characteristics of the Doukhobortzi are good-humour and a constant readiness to render help.

The part that the heavy-handed Government and the oppression of the lower classes have played in moulding these religious views would be an interesting subject for speculation; as well as the modification of them that is resulting from the rapidly-increasing education and civilisation. Certain it is that civilisation, as understood in the West, and the doctrine of non-resistance, are as opposed as fire and water. The so-called *narodniki* believe in the future of the Russian people and wish it to develope along its own particular line, without slavishly copying the older civilisations of the West. It may be that the principles so earnestly and eloquently taught by Count Tolstoi form in themselves the keynote of the new civilisation to be developed in due time by this young sub-race.

In his new novel *Resurrection*, Tolstoi describes the religious tendencies of the typical Russian peasant. According to this account the peasant is troubled with no speculations regarding the beginning of the world or a future life. He considers it no business of his how the world was created—he has enough to do to think how best he can live upon it. He has inherited from his ancestors the belief, founded upon observation of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, that death is but a changing of form, and that consequently he himself will not perish, and so he spends no time in inquiring what the conditions of the life after death may be.

This description applies equally to Tolstoi's own system of thought, for he concerns himself little with the origin of man, his development and his future, with those grand ideas of man's place in this evolving universe and the part he is called upon to play in it which some have found so helpful and suggestive. He appears not to feel the need, which has been so generously met by the Guardians of humanity, of an intellectual appreciation of man's position with relation to his past and his future,

and is content to live in the present and await the revolving of the wheel of time.

As an interpreter of Christianity we find that Tolstoi bases his system upon the teachings given to the multitude, to those who were "without," and regards the Sermon on the Mount as the Christ's teaching in its fullest and most ideal form. The esoteric side given to the disciples and containing the deeper truths of the teaching meets with no recognition, and Tolstoism thus appears as a revival of one of the numerous communities of "poor men" which flourished about the beginning of our era, teaching a crude form of their outer discipline, but devoid of the wisdom and knowledge which formed the real basis of these communities.

The loss of the inner teaching has carried away with it the knowledge of karma and reincarnation, together with the explanation these truths give of the inequalities of life, the necessity of these inequalities and their use. The comprehensive view of the evolution of man handed down by tradition, of the many and varying stages through which he passes and the lessons he learns while so doing, find no place in the peasant doctrine. The difficulty is met by denying the justice of the inequalities of which life presents so varied a picture, and by endeavouring in the most practical way to annihilate them. We find Tolstoi setting forth a most limited conception of man's duty, a conception which would allow no man to take even the most subordinate part in government, trade, or war, and which is in striking contrast to the wide and comprehensive view of man's activities and energies advanced by Theosophy in its teaching of dharma.

It is not possible, however, to understand Tolstoism or to do full justice to the system without seeking the fundamental idea upon which it is based. We recognise this as the desire for the welfare of humanity, expressing itself in the attempt to avoid living "on the backs of others," as Tolstoi terms it, to seek no advantage for one's self at the expense of one's neighbours. This forms the very kernel of the peasant doctrine, at once a rule of life and a standard by which all actions may be guided. It is to his wide sympathy with all suffering and oppression that doubtless Tolstoi owes his influence in the West and in his own coun-

try, no less than to the example of self-sacrifice which he has himself set in his endeavour to act up fully to his principles. Self-sacrifice in all things, teaches Tolstoi, self-sacrifice for the welfare of mankind, regardless of the wishes and the wants of self, and in the continual expansion of the limits of the domain of love he sees the essence of man's true life.

C. S. P.

DRUIDIC AMULETS AND OTHER SYMBOLS

In some articles upon the Welsh Bardic system and the Zuñi creation-myths, I drew attention to certain characteristics of the symbolism therein employed in attempting to describe creative processes. For example, there is the symbolism indicated in the name of the Welsh Goddess Nêdd (that which works into foam, and also a whirl or turn); there is also the symbolism of the Zuñi Earth-Mother, who stirs with her hand a bowl of water, and thus produces foam. Then we have various other symbols which indicate vortical or spiral motion, such as the svastika and the serpent-symbol.

In connection with such symbols as these, I would draw the attention of the reader to some recent theories of Professor Dolbear* with regard to the probable constitution of the atom, which he believes to be a vortex-ring in the universal ether, and the creative power of motion.

Professor Dolbear says: "One may imagine the atoms themselves to be spheres or cubes, or tetrahedra, or rings or disks, or any other forms he likes, for the purpose of getting some sort of a mental picture of what a molecule might look like if it could be seen with a microscope" (p. 14).

Now these forms are precisely the symbols which we find universally diffused in all parts of the globe, in Egypt, in North America, on Scotch and Irish stones and relics, and on the

* See *Matter, Ether and Motion*. Dolbear. English edition, edited by A. Lodge. S.P.C.K. London; 1899.

sacred rocks of the Australian savage. Such symbols appear in the architecture of the Irish New Grange, a temple dedicated "To the Great Mother."*

To return to the theories of Professor Dolbear; speaking upon the subject of the three fundamental forms of motion (vibratory, rotatory, and translatory), our author says: "These† . . . are all the primary ones; all the others we see are made up of these or their compounds. . . . A compound of a free path motion with a vibratory motion will give a wave or sinuous motion‡ if the direction of the vibration be at right angles to the free path" (p. 49).

Continuing the same subject, Professor Dolbear says: "A spiral movement in the ether is also known, and it is sometimes called rotary polarised light" (p. 49).

Spiral and serpentine symbols are to be found in all parts of the world on ancient buildings, monuments, cairns, monoliths, and rocks.

The gammadion or svastika is a symbol of motion which is widely distributed both in the East and in the West. This sign has been found among the American Indians, and it is also found among early Christian symbols. Sir G. Birdwood asserts that it was found, in conjunction with a triangle, in a Coptic Church of the tenth century.§ In the Hibbert Lectures for 1891 the opinion is advanced by the lecturer that the svastika figured not only solar, but every form of motion. That the makers of this sign postulated (like Professor Dolbear) the existence of many modes of motion emanating from a central source, is rather curiously indicated on a whorl from Troy, a picture of which is to be seen in the above-mentioned work.|| The whorl represents a central disc or circle from which go forth branches. These branches are said by the lecturer to represent "rays in motion."

* See *Naology*. Rev. J. Dudley. London; 1841.

† The three differing manifestations of a primary force.

‡ Very well symbolised by the movement of a serpent (I. H.).

§ Sir G. Birdwood makes this statement in his preface to Mrs. Murray Aynsley's recent work on Symbolism (Redway); he quotes A. T. Butler (*Coptic Churches*) as his authority. There is, he states, a flour mill in the church, and a cog wheel turning on a pivot in a beam. On the beam the svastika and triangle appear.

|| The Hibbert Lectures for 1891. The lecturer was Count Goblet D'Alviella.

Now, curiously enough, these rays are not alike; starting from the same source, they yet differ very much. Some of them are bent and deflected in their course; one of them forms a zigzag. A similar zigzag is to be found on the sacred kilts of the American Indian Tablet dancers,* and on the shields of the Zuñi Priesthood of the Bow. The Zuñi zigzag is a serpentine form, having for its source a small triangle. It would probably be pushing the argument too far to see in this triangle Professor Dolbear's three fundamental forms of motion. We should probably be nearer the truth if we saw in it a symbol of the Tri-une Logos, the Source of all modifications of force, of all characteristics of matter; the source, therefore, of those "fundamental forms of motion" which Professor Dolbear detected in nature.

Before leaving the question of the evidence furnished by modern theories in support of the truth and meaning of ancient symbolism, I would allude, in passing, to the experiments of Professor Bütschli in the making of artificial protoplasm. A recent lecturer at the Blavatsky Lodge (Mrs. Betts) first directed my attention to these experiments. Owing to my ignorance of science I am liable to pass by, all unheeding, experiments of this nature, which so remarkably confirm the wisdom and beliefs of ancient days. Professor Bütschli's experiments have resulted in the making of a foam-like substance, the behaviour of which, observed under a microscope, greatly resembles that of protoplasm. In view of this fact, the foam-symbol, so frequently employed in myths which deal with the earliest workings of the Great-Mother, gains an added interest.

I have, as yet, made no reference to Druidic amulets, though this is the main subject of these few pages. We have good reasons for believing that the serpent-symbol was used by the Druids. The Rev. E. Duke† has pointed out that the Druidic remains at Silbury and Abury not only represent "a planetarium, or stationary orrery, if this anachronism may be allowed me" (p. 6), but also trace the head and body of a huge stone serpent.‡ Moreover, serpentine winding dances, evident relics

* See *The Snake Dance of the Moquis*. Bourke.

† *The Druidic Temples of the County of Wilts*. E. Duke. London; 1846.

‡ See also *Abury, a Temple of the British Druids*. W. Stukeley. 1743.

of ancient rites, are still preserved among the Irish peasantry, just as they are preserved among the Moqui Indians; the chief difference being that the American Indians use living serpents in their strange winding dance; also the rite is part of a mystery-ceremony, is of an avowedly sacred character, and is said to symbolise processes of creation.

In a former article I referred to the Druidic "serpent's egg," or sacred crystal, which was given at initiation to the successful candidate. The Bard Aneurin makes reference to this "involved ball" or *anguinum*, which he calls "the splendid product of an adder, shot forth by serpents." The Rev. E. Davies says the Druids were the serpents, and they manufactured these "emblems of Creirwy," the "man-maid," the daughter of Ceridwen. But the name Creirwy is said to signify the token of the egg, therefore Creirwy probably represents either the world-egg, or the human soul, or both, according to the aspect in which she is viewed. It is probable that Aneurin refers to the creation of the world when he speaks of the "splendid product . . . shot forth by serpents"; nevertheless, there is evidence that "serpent's eggs" or amulets were made by the Druids and given to the initiates of the mysteries, even as Mr. Davies thinks. They were probably emblems of Creirwy; the question is whether Aneurin, in his poem, refers to these little manufactured symbols or to that which they symbolise; whether his "serpents" were the Druidic priests or their prototypes, the Gods who built the "serpent's egg" on this and higher planes.

It is said by Dr. G. Oliver :* "The Druids were the serpents, and the eggs were crystals curiously contrived to conceal within their substance the mysterious tokens of the highest orders" (p. 19, note).

It appears to me that the highest orders would probably receive the most definite instruction with regard to the building of the kosmos; and it is very likely that world-processes might be brought, in the form of pictures, before their eyes. I suggest that these "crystals" were a part of the means employed to bring about this result. I believe that the so-called Druidic amulets, of which a few are preserved to this day in museums

* See *The History of Initiation*, by G. Oliver, D.D. London; 1829.

and private collections, are very probably specimens of the "serpent's eggs" which were given to initiates of the Celtic mysteries.*

These so-called amulets are formed of glass; their shape is peculiar, and they have certain characteristics which are worthy of attention. Mr. H. Syer Cuming has written an interesting article on these old glass spheroids.† Their origin is, he says, unknown, but they are commonly called Druidic amulets; this name is applied to them by Boyle.‡ The spheroids appear to consist of silicate of soda, lime, and a small amount of tin. They differ in colour and design; some have "acutely waved volute of uniform tint," one which was found in Lancashire consists of four clavi-formed bends of blue and crimson.

Boyle's description of some of these amulets runs as follows: "Fig. I. and IV. Are two Druidic amulets, their substance enamell'd glass; the first white and a little concave in centre, whence flourishing parts resembling flower in crimson; the second black with white foliages circumvolved like a snake, or volute, creased from its centre in various divisions; these were presented to the British Museum by Jacob Bell, a Quaker."

In Mr. Cuming's article he describes a spheroid in the possession of Mr. Felix Slade with "a contorted volute in opaque white; like the majority of these balls it has a broad clot of the substance of the device, from which the whirl emanates." Mr.

* In order to show how Druidism and Early British Christianity blended and influenced each other, I add the following note. Sacred stones were venerated for many centuries in Scottish churches, and were sometimes believed to possess magic powers. M. Martin, writing in 1703 of a tour in the Western Islands of Scotland, mentions a round blue stone which stood on the altar of the Church in Fladda Chuan; this stone was always moist; various ceremonies were connected with it. The same writer makes mention of "Molingus his Stone Globe"; it was a green globular stone used to cure sickness and fill enemies with fear; it was dedicated to the Christian Saint, Molingus, who was chaplain to Macdonald of the Isles. Martin also mentions the marble globes of Iona, round which it was the custom for the people to walk sun-wise. Rock crystals (held to be sacred and magical in all nations) were also used extensively to decorate certain curious old Scotch and Irish cases which were apparently used for preserving MSS. Their contents, unhappily, have been nearly all destroyed. Betham (*Irish Antiquarian Researches*, Dublin; 1827) gives an account of these cases. Upon some of them are Christian emblems, such as the crucifix. On the oldest of these boxes no crucifix appears. Vallancy believed it to be, not a MS. case, but the Druidic Liath Fail, in which the Druids drew down the Logh, or spiritual fire. Betham denies this; he says the Liath Fail was a stone. A rock crystal is set in the centre of the lid of this box; and eight polished egg-shaped crystals decorate the caah, another ancient case on which the figure of the great Culdee, St. Columba, appears.

† *Journal of the Archæological Association*, vol. xvii., p. 59 *et seqq.*

‡ See Letterpress to *Rymsdyk's Museum Britannicum*, 1791.

Cuming showed to the meeting, before which his paper was read, "an oblate spheroid apparently black, but by refracted light greenish amber, decorated with a bluish-white volute, which diverges from depressed centre above, spreads upon flattened base, and forms a scale-like coil throughout its course." This spheroid was believed to have belonged to E. Jones, Welsh Bard to George III., who died in 1824.*

If we call up before us a mental picture of an amulet presenting the appearance described above, at the same time recalling the assertion of Owen Morgan (Morien) that the Druids believed in the eternity of matter in an atomic condition, I think we shall be struck by a remarkable coincidence. Facing p. 58 of *The Ancient Wisdom* there is a picture of the physical atom as it was seen by clairvoyant vision. That picture represents a form in shape not unlike an egg; a spherical body; it is composed of spirillæ, "whirls" or "volutes," and there is "a depressed centre above" from which the force or whirl proceeds. I do not want to urge this similarity too strongly, nor to attempt to fit facts to my own preconceived ideas, nevertheless I remember that these spheroids are, in all probability, the "crystals" which, it is asserted, were given to successful candidates; I remember also that in all the degraded or semi-degraded mysteries of savage or semi-civilised peoples, instructions are supposed to be given, not only in morality, but also in cosmic processes. I remember the teaching that it is from the atom, and by the force that thrills through the atom, that kosmos is built from chaos. When I recall these things, when I read the account given by Mr. Cuming of the Druidic amulet once possessed by the Welsh Bard, when, finally, I turn to *The Ancient Wisdom*, and look at the plate facing p. 58, I find it hard to believe I am not reading of, and looking at, an attempt to portray the same fact in nature.

I. HOOPER.

* In Pennant's *Tour*, mention is made of a spheroid set in silver, a Druidic "magical stone," which the people would come a hundred miles to see. They brought water in which to dip this stone.

THE WISE MEN OF THE CHILKATS

Echoes from Atlantis

That the great Atlantis, whose doom was sealed by the ocean's waves so many ages ago, furnished the stock from which the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent sprang, and that the lineal descendants of that powerful and highly developed people are the North American Indians, of whom the western frontiersmen say they are good only when dead, seems to many a bold and broad assertion; still, such, I believe, is the truth, and, that the position I take may be correctly judged, I will give the facts, or some of them, upon which I base such a belief.

Of all the influences surrounding human life none leave a more lasting impression or more clearly indicate relationship than the religious. Given two races widely separated and with no present mode of physical communication but still having similar, if not identical, religious beliefs, and it is a reasonable conclusion that in time past they have been related or in close communication, or have sprung from a common progenitor; and when it is believed (upon what is generally accepted as good evidence) that the fundamental religion of the East was the belief of the "Lost Race," and similar beliefs are found to form the web of the far western religion, it would seem reasonable to conclude that at a now remote period the teaching must have had a common origin.

Some years ago it was my lot to be thrown with a tribe or family of the Siwash or Flathead Indians of the Salishan group, inhabiting the western portion of the state of Washington. I had heard rumours of the existence of "Wise Men" among the Pacific Coast Indians, and was curious (at that time it amounted to curiosity only) to come in contact with a representative of

that cult. For some time I was unsuccessful, chasing rumours to find that they indulged in a circular flight, and pursuing shadows to capture phantoms; but eventually I was successful, being fortunate enough to fall in with a member of the Chilkat* tribe, belonging to the Koluschan group of Indians, who voluntarily guided me north to where one of the Wise Men of his tribe† resided, and from the latter I learned much of what I shall give as their belief. These Wise Men should not be confused with the ordinary "medicine-men" of the various tribes: the latter are but fakirs and jugglers, and though they often perform surprising feats, have nothing in common with the former.

The Wise Men are distinctly a people within a people—the royal house of the native American Indians. In their veins courses the "blood of the Gods," to their custody are confided the "sacred writings," and they possess many powers, the exercise of which distinguishes them as a highly favoured class. Their learning is confined to their own family, being handed on from father to son, and, so far as I know, is not entrusted to any except those of the favoured class.

I also had an opportunity to be present at a meeting of their secret order—the "Indian Freemasonry" of which I had heard traders and frontiersmen speak, and entrance to which is, I believe, generally denied the uninitiated. I have witnessed demonstrations and exhibitions of the wonderful powers of these people, and am convinced there is much ground for the claims they make.

In treating their belief as I learned it, it might be well to divide it under the heads of Historical, Religious, and Scientific, though it is often hard to distinguish between the last two.

* Pronounced Kilkat.

† Many of the northern tribes, and particularly the Chilkats, look down upon the Flathead or Siwash Indians living south of them, as being of mixed blood. They claim this mixture dates back some years, when "little yellow men" (probably Japanese) came "in great canoes from the watery bed of the Setting Sun," and intermarried with the Southern Indians; the Siwash tribes being the offspring. The Chilkats are far advanced in many ways beyond their southern neighbours, holding land in severalty, possessing a traditional code of reprisal laws, and being expert in the working of copper, bone and wood, and the carving of totem poles. They also practise the "potlatch" to a greater extent; a member of the tribe who has acquired wealth in blankets and similar goods, often gaining popularity by giving a feast and distributing his entire wealth among the guests.

History

Their history is traditional, being repeated in legend-form by the old men to the young. All tribes claim remote eastern origin and recount various legends of their repeated western migrations; but the Wise Men, it is claimed, are descended from the "Gods," who are described as powerful men, of large frame and light skin, possessing not only wonderful physical strength, but also having control over the elements and being able to communicate with the "Shades" (probably by this is meant the companions from whom they had separated). These Gods are reported to have "risen from the great salt lake which gives the sun its birth, like a swan rising from the river," and brought with them the Sacred Writings still treasured and guarded by their descendants, as well as the many secrets of religion and science which they "whispered in the ears of their children, from father to son, until the present time."

Although they invariably describe the Gods as having risen from the eastern ocean, there is a legend that they escaped from an extensive inundation when "mighty waters rushing together covered the earth"; but whether this inundation was caused by a deluge of rain as recounted in the Scriptures, or by an earthquake causing the surface of the ground to lower, their legends do not seem to state clearly.

The first period of their residence on the continent is distinguished as the "Peaceful Time." Their legends take no notice of the ordinary divisions of time, so that it is impossible to estimate, ever so roughly, when the periods of their history began and ended. The Peaceful Time was marked by universal happiness; there was but one tribe, and the only division into classes or clans was the separating from the common people, as teachers and councillors, of the comparatively few families descended from the Gods. There was a universal language, written as well as spoken. The only secret of the Sacred Writings was in possession, as anyone seeing them could read; but they were closely guarded by the Wise Men, who used them as they saw fit in teaching the people.* Personal property was held, but

* I have had the privilege of seeing what was claimed to be these Sacred Writings and believe the writing is phonetic, as there are certainly no arbitrary

when an individual accumulated more than he required for his own use he distributed it among those less fortunate. This suggested the " potlatch," which is still practised to a greater or less extent by all tribes of the Pacific Coast from Alaska to California.

But gradually there crept into the universal peace individual ambitions and jealousies, the people finally demanding that the Sacred Writings and such knowledge as the Gods had bequeathed should be made public. These so grew that the Wise Men withdrew from the people, taking up their residences in mountains and remote places.

Then succeeded the " Time of Tribes." Medicine-men arose and declared that in the absence of the Wise Men they were the councillors of the people, and by various ceremonies and tricks of magic sought to establish their claims. Being ambitious, their hands were soon raised against each other and the people divided into tribes, each with a chief or headman and with medicine-men who acted as councillors, physicians, sooth-sayers, rain-makers, etc. Some counselled peace and their tribes removed and prospered, growing larger by natural increase; while others counselled war, the taking of slaves, etc., and their tribes were rapidly diminished. Meantime the Wise Men lived apart from the people, still teaching those who went to them to learn, but the number grew smaller. The Time of Tribes was long and " young men had become fathers, grown old and died, and their sons and sons' sons many times had lived and died," when word was brought that, out of pity, the Gods had returned; for large white-winged birds with queerly shaped bodies, partly swimming and partly flying across the great lake of salt water, had brought people of pale skins from the rising sun. These, however, were not the Gods, but the white men who had discovered the continent; and the natives soon learned that their mission was not to bring back the time of peace but had to the Indians quite a different meaning. In the south-eastern district, under the impression that they were the Gods returned, the natives were

forms of characters used, and it in no way resembles the common picture-writing in general use among the Indians, but appears to consist of dots, dashes, and curved lines, depending upon their connections and groupings for their sense, suggesting the present shorthand method

glad to welcome them and see them inter-marry with their daughters, but in the northern district they were soon advised of the white visitors' mission.

Then followed the "Time of War," when the natives were forced to retreat gradually from their hunting and fishing grounds, and the white men steadily advanced.

This brings their history to the present time. Regarding the future, there is and has long been (probably dating from some time when they became dissatisfied with the Time of Tribes), a belief that a Deliverer will come, who will have, at least in part, the powers of the Gods, and will call back to life the dead heroes who have died fighting for their ancestral lands, and with these and the living braves awaiting the summons will drive the white invaders from the land. For, they argue, the white man can return whence he came, leaving the Indian as he was found. So deeply is this belief rooted and such a hold has it, that followings have never been wanting to advocate the cause of false prophets, who have from time to time arisen and been welcomed by dances and ceremonies.

Religion

They believe in a "Great Spirit," who is "all in all," who "created all, is in life itself and will endure after the end." Upon the assertion that the Great Spirit dwells in all life, and but half appreciating the grand truth as taught, the common people have given a separate spirit to each animal and bird, even imbuing plants, rocks, etc., with spiritual life, and eventually deified many of these created spirits, so that the common religion appears to consist of the worship of a multitude of deities.

The early Teachers were evidently familiar with the theory of elementals, and this branch of the doctrine, either through misunderstanding of the vulgar mind or degeneration during the period when the Wise Men held aloof from the people, resulted in a worship by the latter of the Gods of Fire, Air, Water and Earth, this among some tribes gradually becoming nature-worship and sun-worship (the sun being the Fire-God).

Reincarnation, with the "law of effect" (karma), was an important part of the original teaching, and is still clung to by many of the northern tribesmen, though it has been forgotten by

most of the southerly tribes and those who have lived in communication with the white men. The latter have so woven the teachings of the missionaries into the fabric of their religion, that it is next to impossible to learn what constitutes their belief. The period between incarnations is believed to be passed by the spirit in the "Happy Land," where all the noble ambitions and highest aspirations of the past earth-life are realised and the spirit is prepared for its next incarnation. This, to the average tribesman, has assumed the shape of the "Happy Hunting-grounds," where the departed spirits of the braves roam at will, in a land where game is in plenty and diseases and molestation by white men are unknown. In this form it is a common belief with nearly all of the Indian tribes, and so solicitous are they that their friends should want for no comforts during their sojourn in the Happy Hunting-grounds, that weapons, utensils and even favourite horses (slain for the purpose) have been buried with the bodies, under the belief that the spirit would make use of them in the journey to and after arriving at the Hunting-grounds.

It was taught that the spirit residing in man's physical body was connected and communicated with the Great Spirit through the crown of the head. It is probably due to this belief that the practice of striking or scalping the fallen enemy was inaugurated in time of war, under the impression that the individual spirit's communication with the Great Spirit would be interrupted, and it may also be the cause of the northern tribes looking down upon the tribes south of them, who have practised head-binding until they have gained the appellation of "Flatheads." It is a fact that the Flatheads have lost much of the ancient teaching still possessed by their northern neighbours.

It is said by the Wise Men that far to the north among the polar ice-fields, "where the lodge-pole of the World pierces the Fiery Serpents" (the Northern Lights), dwell Masters under the Great Spirit (there seems to be some discrepancy as to their number) who, from time to time, send messages to the Wise Men directing their researches and disclosures. The common people have deified these as the Gods of the Winds, and many poetic legends have been born of this belief. It is difficult to learn in

just what light these Masters are considered, but to them are ascribed powers far above those possessed by the Wise Men, who act merely as reflectors of their wisdom as they direct, through the medium of the faculties originally taught by the Gods and contained in the Sacred Writings. From this it would be reasonable to conclude that the Masters are believed to possess even more knowledge than the Gods from whom the Wise Men claim descent, or that the latter's teachings have been obscured by time and repetition, while those of the former have been preserved in their original purity.

Science

To say that the American Indian is unscientific is untrue and unjust.

They have no mechanical knowledge and all mechanical knowledge is a mystery to them, but, while they see with awe the workings of telegraphy, telepathy has been taught and used by their Wise Men, and possibly some of the common tribesmen, for generations. In fact the natural sciences—call them mental, spiritual, astral, occult, magical or what you will—have been practised since they have had memory or tradition.

The Wise Men teach that man has a dual consciousness—a consciousness of body and a consciousness of soul—and that they communicate and are so closely related, that it is difficult to distinguish between some impressions as to whether they are of the soul or body, but that, on the other hand, they act so independently that one may be dormant or sleeping while the other acts. It is owing to this belief that they treat so leniently the acts of the feeble-minded, whose soul-consciousness, they claim, is dormant or has left them, and, the physical consciousness being their only prompter and guide, they are not strictly responsible. They allow the soul-consciousness an equal independence of action, claiming that it may leave the physical body when the mind is either sleeping or waking, and as a "shade" make journeys regardless of distance, receive impressions, and upon returning assimilate them or communicate them to the physical consciousness. Each consciousness is confined to its plane, however; that is, the physical to the material plane of earth, and the shade to the material plane of the physical and

its own shadowy plane; neither can enter upon the purely spiritual, and a shade would find it utterly impossible to make a journey to the Happy Land while linked to the physical life. The road to the Happy Land can be gained only through the gates of death, and to traverse it the spirit must be free of both the soul-consciousness and physical consciousnes, being entirely free from their burden except as to what it has learned through their instrumentality.*

Though it is claimed by the Wise Men that the Masters have permitted privileged spirits (not shades) to behold the state to be enjoyed between incarnations even while linked to physical life, if such privileges have been granted a record of them has not been kept or the results made public.

Thought-transmission, even at great distances, is an acknowledged branch of their science and claimed to be practised extensively (whether through purely mental faculties of the physical plane or through the soul-consciousness seems to be a matter of question) and the Wise Men spend at least a portion of each day in a receptive condition prepared to receive such messages from the Masters, who invariably communicate in this manner, though it is believed that these messages are received in the sleeping as well as the waking state, and this is probably what has led to the contention that the messages are received through the soul-consciousness rather than the physical mind.

Mesmerism is practised to a considerable extent, even being employed by the medicine-men in treating diseases.

Suggestion is also developed to a surprising degree, those skilled in its use being able to present mental (?) pictures of events which have transpired and of which the subject operated upon could have no knowledge. Whether this is accomplished through simple mental suggestion or through a finer medium or mode of communication I am unable to say.

* The ultimate object of the scheme of incarnating the spirit in the human body is believed to be to teach it sympathy with the sufferings and trials of the lower planes of existence. The first effect of the incarnation is to create an individuality and selfishness, and this has to be overcome in turn before the spirit incarnated can rejoin the Great Spirit. Life after life is led, each teaching its lesson of sympathy, until the spirit overcomes selfishness, finds true pleasure in relieving suffering and aiding others in their evolution, and appreciates that it is but a part of the Great Spirit which is "all and in all." The object is then accomplished; perfection is reached, and it is again taken to the Great Spirit as worthy to become a part of endless spiritual life.

Clairvoyance is also used (among the common people, principally by those of advanced age).

The Wise Men contend that the future, depending upon the "law of effect" for its fulfilment, cannot be foretold (other than through logical deductions from causes at work and their probable effect), but the common people have considerable faith in the fore-warnings and prophecies of the medicine-men, who claim to act as soothsayers, dream-interpreters, etc., and of the men and women having the gift of clairvoyance.

I have made this outline as concise as possible, for to go deeply into explanations of reasons given for the beliefs entertained, or even to recount the great number of instances where the powers claimed have been made use of, would be a great task and would result in volumes upon a subject which becomes infatuating as it is pursued.

H. H. P.

THE PIONEER OF THE ABHIDHAMMA IN ENGLISH*

UNDER the above somewhat uncertain title there appears a learned translation of the Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi the first book of the Pâli Abhidhamma-Piṭaka. The volume is the latest contribution to the series published by the "Oriental Translation Fund" of the Royal Asiatic Society of London.

Before saying anything on the contents of the book, or the merit of the translation, let us first heartily congratulate Mrs. Rhys Davids on her valuable production, which is destined to mark out almost a new epoch in the history of Pâli scholarship in the occident. For it is the first translation into a European tongue of any work of the Abhidhamma, undoubtedly the most difficult and most puzzling in all Pâli literature. For this simple reason alone, if not for any other, great credit is due to Mrs. Rhys Davids, who has so courageously come forward as a pioneer worker in a field so full of difficulties.

* *A Buddhist Manual of Psychological Ethics*, from the Pâli of the Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi. By Caroline A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A. London; 1900. Pp. xcv., 393.

The book which our author places before the English-knowing student of Buddhism—for it is a book which only a student can have courage and patience to read and struggle with—is of course well known, at least by name, to everyone familiar with the so-called Southern Canon of Buddhism. The original Text was edited by Dr. Edward Müller for the Pâli Text Society in 1885. It is also to be found in a printed form as one of the thirty-nine precious volumes published by the King of Siam.

I have spoken of the title of the translation as somewhat uncertain. That the rendering of Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi by "Psychological Ethics" is not a faithful one is admitted by the translator; and we can quite sympathise with her in her difficulty in translating so technical a title. She might, however, perhaps with advantage, have kept to the rendering all through and not called the book "Buddhist Psychology," as one reads on the cover.

Whatever the rendering of the title, Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi is a work which is very faithful to the name it bears. For it is a most tedious and oft-repeated enumeration of the Dhammas, or as we say in Sanskṛit Dharmas, under certain heads, such as good, bad, neutral, etc.

Now, perhaps there is no other term so difficult to translate or define as Dharma. We might quite agree with Mrs. Rhys Davids and say that "'Phenomenon' is certainly our nearest equivalent to" Dharma, as it is used in our book, had it not been for the fact that a something called Asaṅkhatâ Dhâtu (uncompounded element, to use our author's translation) is also enumerated as one of the Dharmas. The translator herself points out that in the supplementary or Atthuddhâro section of the Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi itself, "'Nirvâṇa' (Nibbanaṁ) invariably replaces the term 'uncompounded element'" (p. 361). She also points out that: "In the commentary on the Dhâtu Kathâ, Nibbanaṁ (Nirvâṇa) is always substituted for Asaṅkhato Khandho." That Nirvâṇa is the only thing asaṁskṛita can be gathered from many other sources. In the Udânaṃ, for instance, Nirvâṇa is spoken of, not only as asaṁskṛita, but also as unborn (ajâta), undying, etc. (Last section, if I remember rightly, or last but one. I give the reference from memory, as I have not got the book with me.) There it is also stated that Nirvâṇa is not only asaṁskṛita, but also the root of everything that is saṁskṛita (refined and evolved)—and the whole universe, visible and invisible is saṁskṛita. But for Nirvâṇa, we are told in that place, there could be no existence which is evolved and limited.

In the Ariya-pariyesaṇa Sutta of the M. Nikâya also, Lord Buddha contrasts Nirvâṇa with everything that is limited and ever-changing, subject to birth, age and death (jâtidhamma, jarâdhamma and maraṇadhamma); and speaks of it as the one thing unborn, eternal and undying.*

In the Milinda-Pañho also Nirvâṇa is described in terms which are exactly the same as those used by the Vedânta in its attempted description of Brahman or Mokṣha, the only changeless Reality.

Putting these ideas together—namely, that Asaṁskṛita Dhâtu is the same as Nirvâṇa, which is a Changeless Reality and not a *state* of mind or phenomenon, producible and therefore subject to change, and that Nirvâṇa is one of the enumerated Dharmas, it is incorrect, I am afraid, to translate the latter by "phenomena" or "states."

The rendering of dharma by Buddhaghoṣha as sabhâva-dhâraṇo, "bearing its own characteristics," is perhaps the best guide to a correct understanding of the term, in spite of our translator calling it "somewhat obscure." "Type" is perhaps the word which implies a something "bearing its own characteristics" (sabhâvadhâraṇo). In that case we might speak of dharmas as types—namely, the types of being and becoming, Nirvâṇa and saṁskâras; and of Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi as an "Enumeration of the Types of Being and Becoming."

I have dwelt rather at length on this point for certain definite reasons, as will appear later. One of them is that this rendering of Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi clears away the difficulty which Mrs. Rhys Davids finds in dealing with "the more synthetic matter of Book III.," where "d h a m m ā strains the scope of the term" she has selected as its equivalent.

These types, which include everything in physical and super-physical nature, subjective or objective, are classified in our book under certain heads, as already said, following principles which are peculiar only to Buddhism of a certain kind, namely, naming certain dharmas and then enumerating them in almost all their possible combinations and permutations as answers to oft-repeated questions. I wish

* Ajâta, ajara and amata. I am well aware that Prof. Rhys Davids is very fond of translating—as he does in the Milinda-Pañho and other places—the last term, amata, by "ambrosial." Mrs. Rhys Davids adopts the same course (p. 260, note). Evidently the idea on their part is not to use any word or phrase implying reality to Nirvâṇa, which, according to them, as far as I can gather, is only a *state* of mind probably to end with the death of the Arhat. But how will they translate amata when used in contrast with maraṇadhamma, "subject to death," as in the above-quoted Sutta?

I could give here at least one full quotation showing all the combinations that are made of a few dharmas, and the number of times the same question is repeated, and the countless almost synonymous words which are used. But that would require longer space than can be spared. Briefly, the book deals (*a*) with dharmas relating to the worlds of kâma, form and formlessness, treated as good, bad, and neutral; (*b*) with rûpas in different aspects taken one at a time, two at a time, and so on, until we come to an elevenfold combination; and (*c*) with classification of dharmas under such groups as causes, fetters, etc.

As regards the translation itself, it is certainly very creditable, considering the difficulties which Mrs. Rhys David has had to overcome. Of course no pioneer translation of a work like the Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi, replete with technical terms and countless words of many meanings, can ever be expected to be perfect. Yet one is glad to find that in many instances our author's renderings of technical terms are an improvement upon those of previous writers. "Saṁskâras," for instance, has been translated by "syntheses," which is certainly much better than the "confections" of a noted scholar, although neither, to my mind, expresses the idea which the instructed Buddhist with *practical* knowledge ascribes to them. One is also glad to find that "iddhipâda" has been rendered by "mystic potencies," and let us hope in the next edition the author will no longer hesitate to recognise in them not only some vague potencies, but actual powers developed by those advanced in spiritual life.

It is surprising to see how well our author has translated the sections on meditation and yoga, those, for instance, on the four stages of the path (277-364). For it is quite evident from what she has to say about the "heart" with regard to thought, feeling and meditation, that she has no practical knowledge of the art of jhâna (dhyâna or yoga) nor has learnt of it from others practising and experiencing it. Did she know the important part the heart plays—of course only as a physical basis—in the art of meditation, of which the most part is of course super-physical, she might have saved herself the trouble she has taken to point out that the idea of the heart as the physical basis in meditation is "too closely involved with the animistic point of view—how closely we may see, for instance, in the Bṛihadâraṇyaka Upaniṣhad." All we can say is that the function of the heart in meditation and contemplation is a matter of experience, and if our author will only try to take even the first steps in

yoga as prescribed in the very book she translates, she can find out for herself what part the heart plays.

This leads us to point out that, in reading the translation and the introductory essay, one feels that the writer is dealing with things which are to her more or less speculative and imaginary, and not facts which can be realised experimentally. She bases herself on the opinion that the Buddha and His Arhats developed their system by a process of conjecture. Nothing could be more foreign to the spirit of the Buddha, who Himself reached omniscience by meditation, and taught others to reach that state of consciousness where there is no limitation of time and space, and where all knowledge is direct and positive.

Our author also tries to make out that Buddhism is purely ethical and psychological, evidently in the accepted sense of the terms, and that it has hardly anything to do with metaphysics. She says: "Buddhist philosophy is ethical first and last. This is beyond dispute." But what is the meaning of ethical? Does she mean to say that it is a system in which moral and ethical culture is given the first rank? If so, are there not other systems which are equally emphatic on this point? Prof. Max Müller—to quote a western authority—speaks of the Vedânta as "ethics in the beginning, ethics in the middle, ethics in the end." Followers of the Christ make the same claims with regard to the teachings of their Master. Ethics can, therefore, be scarcely called a peculiar feature of Buddhism. On the contrary, it can be shown that Buddhism, like the Vedânta, does not make moral culture and virtue as an end in themselves. Surely our author is familiar with the simile of a boat, given by the Buddha in the M. Nikâya, with regard to the virtues. There we are told that, just as a man after crossing the Ganges on a boat leaves it behind, but does not carry it on his head as a load, so does the perfected man leave moral culture and virtues behind after he has realised Nirvâṇa by their means. Of course this does not mean that the perfected man who has realised Nirvâṇa can ever do anything which is wrong. Righteousness, or being as one with the Law, is his nature, and therefore it is no virtue to him. I mention this just to point out that Buddhism, if ethical, is not so in the western sense of the word, nor are its ethics anything peculiar to itself.

Mrs. Rhys Davids would also have us believe that the ethics of Buddhism are based on psychology without a psyche—as she terms it. This is the reason why she would insist on translating dharmas

by "states" of mind or consciousness, and Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi a "Compendium of States." Now I should like to point out that if by Buddhism we are to understand the Dharma of the Buddha, it is certainly not based on psychology in the modern sense of the term. The Buddha has practically defined what His Dharma is, as our author is aware. We read in the Mahâvaggo of the Vinaya that after His Enlightenment, as the Lord was sitting under the nyagrodha tree, He looked round with His eye of the Buddha—the eye that penetrates all time and all space and goes beyond—and He found hardly anyone fit to receive the Dharma which He had seen. So He proclaimed, saying (I give here the substance of the saying, which is given in the book as His, as I have not, unfortunately, got it with me):

"Difficult is this Dharma, comprehensible only by the pure in heart and developed in intellect (paṇḍita-vedaṇîya). But men are immersed in evil and are not fit to receive it."

Then He goes on to say what this "Dharma" is, practically defining it. And the substance of His definition is that the Dharma consists of what may be called two truths (ṭhânas), or rather two aspects of one Truth. They are:

(*a*) Everything manifested, *i.e.*, the whole universe, is only saṁskâras or karman (for saṁskâra and karman are interchangeable terms, as every student of Buddhism knows).

(*b*) Nirvâṇa—the cessation of saṁskâra or all karman (sabba-saṅkhâra-samatha).

After this we can scarcely speak of anything else as the basis of Buddhism or its practical culture. Almost every one, who is not prejudiced, can easily see how the whole of the culture inculcated is founded on these two simple metaphysical or philosophical propositions. If the universe is only a changing show, it is certain that man's supreme felicity and abiding bliss can be found only in Nirvâṇa, which is changeless. But as all existences in the universe, visible and invisible, are only streams of karman, activity or energy in a sequential mode, man must know and apply those laws which govern the flow of karman, and mould it from shape to shape, if he is to gain mastery over the universal current of constant change, and steer himself straight beyond its reach. Thus it is that Buddhism is not based on psychology as it is understood in Europe, but on the most abstract metaphysics dealing with universal causation.

One more point and I have done. Mrs. Rhys Davids tries to maintain, in her Introduction and here and there in the notes, that Buddhism had to wage a unique war against what she is pleased to call "animism" and "soul-theory." "The Soul was conceived," we are told, "as an entity, not only *above change*, an absolute constant, but also as an *entirely free agent*." Where has she learnt that the soul was conceived in India, as she describes it here, if by soul she means the individual and limited something we call "I"? Such statements clearly show how strangely our author understands the non-Buddhistic systems she criticises. Surely she knows enough of the Vedânta, which posits changelessness only of the universal principle, to keep her from making such an erroneous statement.

We are told that the Buddha saw and taught only the ever-changing skandhas in man, no one of which was permanent in him. Of course not. The Vedânta also speaks of the impermanency of the five koshas, none of which is the Âtman. But where has the Buddha taught that the Âtman or changeless universal principle—for that is all we mean by the Âtman—does not at all exist? But even if the universal principle is not the soul of the individual, the "soul" is not absolutely non-existent—if by soul of man we mean a something which distinguishes him, say from the animal. We may call it a skandha or a sheath, according to our own liking, but that does not prevent its existing in the same or similar sense as the being of the physical body of man which, although a skandha, does still exist, ever changing from birth to death, yet maintaining a sort of continuity and identity.

My notice has already grown too long, otherwise it could be shown even from the Pâli books that the Buddha never denied the continuity of the individual consciousness, ever changing, because evolving, growing and expanding, but maintaining its type—consciousness which can be recovered by yoga enabling the man to remember all the details of his numerous previous births.

These are the few points which it seems necessary to point out in recommending this scholarly translation of the Dhamma-Saṅgaṇi.

I have already alluded to the Introduction which prefaces the translation. It should also be mentioned that there are two Appendices, one of which gives us some notion of the specific character of the supplementary section not translated by the author, while the other contains a list of statements predicated of the Asaṅkhatâ Dhâtu or Nirvâṇa.

There are also two Indexes.

The manner in which the questions and answers have been arranged in the body of the book is admirable.

With these few remarks let us recommend this valuable addition to Buddhistic literature in English to the student who has the courage and qualifications to read it.

J. C. CHATTERJI.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES

Two brilliant lectures were given by Mrs. Besant shortly before she left us to resume her Indian work. Both in the Battersea Town Hall on August 31st, and in the Banquetting Hall of St. James' Restaurant on September 2nd, Mrs. Besant spoke of current events as observed by one who knows the broad views of life put forward by the Esoteric philosophy. Her lecture on "England and the East" showed both the strong and weak points of our relations with India and China; her forecast of a reign of universal peace, deduced from the regular succession of races, as the humanity for the time incarnating in them learns the particular lesson each race comes into existence to learn, threw a most instructive side-light on the duties of conquering younger nations towards the elder races they subdue. We hope the lectures will be printed.

Europe

On Wednesday, September 5th, Mrs. Besant, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chakravarti, left Charing Cross for India, *viâ* Marseilles. Quite a small crowd assembled at the station to wish her God-speed and a safe return.

The autumn lecture season in London begins with a course on Tuesday afternoons at 5 o'clock, at 28, Albemarle Street, by Mr. Mead, entitled "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten" (the title also of his newly published work). These lectures will be heartily welcomed by the growing number of people for whom Mr. Mead has been able, as a result of years of patient study, to make clear the links between the Christianity of to-day and the teachings of its great Originator. The dates and divisions of the subject are:

A COURSE: October 9th, "Mystic Judaism: the Essenes";

October 16th, "The Contemplative Life: the Therapeuts"; October 23rd, "The Poor Men: the Ebionites"; October 30th, "The Gnostics: the Earliest Christian Philosophers." B COURSE: November 13th, "Forgotten Stories of Jesus"; November 20th, "The Earliest 'Higher Criticism'"; November 27th, "Evolution according to the Gnosis"; December 4th, "The Hymn of the Robe of Glory."

Mr. Leadbeater's long talked-of lecturing tour in the United States and Canada is fixed to begin early in October. One of our best lecturers is thus away from us for a time, but effective help to America aids the Society here also, for it is truly one body all the world over. Several promising lecturers, however, are coming to the front in London and prospects are good for the winter's work.

New Zealand

A VERY successful "At Home" was given by the Auckland Branch in their rooms on Thursday, July 19th; over a hundred guests were present, and an interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music, addresses, readings, thought-reading, etc., was gone through.

The following lectures, given throughout the Section during the month of August, deserve special mention. Auckland: "Periodicity, or the Law of Cycles," Mr. S. Stuart; Christchurch: "Theosophy and the Spirit of the Age," Mr. J. B. Wither; Dunedin: "The Self and the Non-Self," Mr. A. W. Maurais; Wellington: "Theosophic Idea of Sacrifice," Mrs. Richmond.

A very interesting, appreciative, and even enthusiastic lecture has just been delivered in Auckland by a Presbyterian minister on "The Three Lotus Gems of Buddhism." Nothing could have been in better taste than the tone of this lecture, the few objections raised were almost *pro formâ*. A few more such lectures as this and Buddhists and Christians would come very close together indeed. Formerly a missionary in Japan, the lecturer admitted he had come under the mystic "Spell of the East," and incidentally paid a graceful tribute to Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant, speaking of the purity of their teachings.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Science of the Emotions. By Bhagavân Dâs, M.A. (London and Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THIS is a book which we can thoroughly recommend to our readers as a weighty contribution to Psychology, original in thought and clear in exposition. In a course of lectures on the Emotions, lately given in London, I utilised its main theses, for the author has thought out and expounded—for the first time in Psychology—a definite and rational classification of the Emotions, a classification which can be utilised in daily life, and which serves as a guide in the building of character. Nothing more illuminative in the study of the complex emotional nature of man, or more helpful in its practical development and training, has appeared for many a year; and the intense interest and appreciation with which the lectures, founded on this book, were followed, assures me that it will find a wide and receptive audience, grateful for the help it will bring them in the guidance of their daily life through the intelligent understanding of their own feelings. The author is still a young man; and if he fulfils the promise of this book, we may look for much useful work in the future from his hands.

A brief Foreword sketches the purpose of the book: to help students who are touched with the feeling of the unsatisfactory nature of ordinary life to understand their emotions, and to lead them onward to the science of Peace. This is followed by a Preliminary Note on the analysis and classification of the emotions, and then the study is begun with a chapter on the factors of emotion. From this we pass to an investigation of the essential nature of emotion as attraction and repulsion, and then follows a luminous chapter on the principal emotions and their elements. The sub-divisions of the principal emotions are next dealt with, and certain possible objections are considered and answered. Then follows a chapter on the correspondence of the emotions with virtues and vices, a fact on the understanding of which depends the building up of a science of ethics on an intelligible and impregnable foundation. In fact, the practical

value of the book resides in this exposition of a sure basis for morality.

An analysis of complex emotions into their constituent factors is next attempted, a study chiefly attractive to the psychologist, and then we have a chapter which is again of absorbing practical interest on the correspondence of the emotions—the way in which an emotion in one person awakens an emotion in another, how the character of the emotion awakened varies according to the nature of the soul, and the laws by the understanding of which we may arouse in others emotions of a beneficent character or change malevolent emotions into beneficent. Those who will study and *practise* these laws will find new possibilities in life opening before them.

The chapter on emotion in art will attract many, and some luminous suggestions will be found therein as to the emotions raised by the drama, among other forms of literature. Two weighty chapters follow, on the importance and place of emotion in human life and the source of its power, and on the high application of the science of the emotions. A few eloquent words of appeal bring the book to a fitting conclusion.

The Theosophical Publishing Society is doing good service to the public in issuing such books as this and as Mr. Mead's *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, reviewed last month, and any publishers might be proud to have their names on the title-pages of these works.

ANNIE BESANT.

THE DATE OF JESUS' BIRTH

The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles together with the Apocalypses of each one of them. Edited from the Syriac MS., with a Translation and Introduction. By J. Rendel Harris, M.A. (Cambridge: Univ. Press; 1900. Price 5s.)

THESE short eighth-century Syrian tracts are too late to be of any importance, except for some scraps of early tradition preserved in them. One of these tracts contains an interesting instance of the varying traditional dates of the birth of Jesus. The second paragraph of the text of *The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles* runs as follows:

"In the 309th year of Alexander the son of Philip the Macedonian, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, in the government of Herod the ruler of the Jews, the angel Gabriel went down to Nazareth."

Now Alexander became king 336 B.C. The 309th year of Alexander would then be 27 B.C.

The reign of Tiberius is 14-37 A.D. That of Herod B.C. 40 to B.C. 4.

According to the same strangely mixed and contradictory reckonings in the Edessene tradition, the ascension is said to have taken place "in the 19th year of Tiberius (A.D. 32), when Rufus and Rubelinus were Consuls." These are not the names of the Consuls for that year, nor of any Consuls before and after that date. But one of the Consuls for 105 B.C. was Rutilius Rufus! Is there any link here?

G. R. S. M.

A New-found Scrap of a Lost Gospel

Ein neues Evangelienfragment. Von Adolf Jacoby. (Strassburg: Trübner; 1900.)

It is heartbreaking to look at their photographs—these crumbling fragments of battered papyrus! One leaf with the edges broken all round and gaping holes through its body (the most respectable corpse), and the rest crumbling scraps with only a word decipherable here and there! They were found in a bundle of papyrus MSS. presented to the University Library of Strassburg, in the spring of 1899, and the penetrating eyes and fine scholarship of Dr. Carl Schmidt at once recognised in them the fragment of an otherwise unknown Gospel in Coptic translation. Dr. Jacoby, with the help of Dr. Schmidt and Prof. Steindorf, has printed a text, as far as it is decipherable, and given us a translation and commentary in German. Jacoby thinks we have in those pitiful scraps a fragment of the lost Gospel according to the Egyptians, but his opinion has not so far received a welcome among scholars, and indeed the evidence is too slight for the construction of any certain hypothesis. All that can be said is that the original Greek of the Coptic translation was an early (second century) now lost Gospel.

In noticing this study for the benefit of those who are especially interested in such matters, we may append for our general readers a version of the German translation of the Coptic of the few decipherable scraps. The contents of the fragments, though, in the nature of things, they do not give us much new information, nevertheless make us deeply regret the loss of this early document, so precious to the student of Gospel-compilation. In the following translation words in brackets are conjecturally supplied by Dr. Jacoby.

Recto. It (sc. the tree) will be known by [its] own (?) [fruits], so

that it is glorified because of its fruit; for it is more excellent than many (fruits?) of the garden.

Amen! Give me therefore Thy power, my Father, that . . . those who love . . .

Amen! I have received the crown of lordship, the crown of those who live, despised in their humility, though in truth no man is [equal unto them].

I am King, through Thee my Father. Thou settest [this foe] beneath my feet.

Amen! Through whom is the foe shattered? Through the [Christ (?)]

Amen! Through whom is the claw of death [destroyed]? [Through the] Alone-begotten.

Amen! To whom belongs the lordship? [To the Son (?)].

. . . . . .

Verso. Now [when He] has finished the whole [hymn?] He turned unto us and said:

The hour is at hand, when I must be taken from you. The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak. [Tarry] therefore and watch [with me]!

But we, the Apostles, wept, saying:

[Blame us not, O Son?] of God? What, [then, is our end?]

[But] Jesus answered and said unto us:

Fear not that [I] shall be destroyed; but be of better [courage! Be not afraid] of the power [of death]. Bear in mind [all that I have said] unto you. Ye know that I have been persecuted. . . . But be joyful, for I [have overcome] the world.

. . . . . .

Recto. . . . [I have] showed unto you My whole splendour, and I have recounted to you the whole power and the mystery of your apostleship. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Verso. Our eyes gazed forth on all sides. We saw the glory of His godhead and the whole glory of His lordship. He clad us with the power of His apostleship. . . . .

. . . . . .

In the first line of the verso of the first leaf I have suggested "hymn," instead of the too long "story of His life" suggested by Jacoby. The first part seems to be a hymn or prayer put into the mouth of Jesus, and the rest is in the form of a narrative by the apostles—a somewhat novel form. I am afraid, however, that the majority of my readers would not be interested in the critical commentary of Jacoby, and much less in critical observations on his commentary by the writer.

G. R. S. M.

A Theosophic Novelist

Vengeance! By M. Reepmaker. (Paris: P. V. Stock; 1900. Price 3 *frs.* 50.)

Mynheer Reepmaker's latest novel shows in some respects a distinct advance upon its predecessors. The teaching—frankly Theosophical—of which his story is the vehicle is more deftly mingled with the narrative, and his characters are not only, as is usual in philosophic fiction, names to point a moral, but possess an interest of their own.

That picture of the neglected boy, surrounded with cruelty and dislike, in return cherishing a slowly intensifying passion of hatred towards the humanity which has repulsed him, is convincing and pathetic enough to cause a constriction in the throat, and some readers will feel a sensation of relief when the curtain falls upon a betrothal and a prospect of "living happily ever after." The hero's conversion is perhaps something sudden, but we feel that the rapidity of his moral reinstatement is due, not to a false conception of character, but to the necessity of bringing to an end a rather lengthy book.

The episode of the strike and its terrible results is vivid and forcible, a good and direct piece of work. Even more strongly and picturesquely written, it recalls Mynheer Reepmaker's admirable description of the floods in *Calvaire*. These scenes, with their touches of almost brutal realism, impress us as the painting of an eye-witness, and, in spite of the author's somewhat unsympathetic attitude towards socialism, he shows us that in this struggle between capital and labour his feeling for the hopeless and the helpless insurgents when "*l'autorité a eu le dernier mot*" is not far to seek.

By how much do not these pages, torn living from the human document of the people, outweigh whole volumes of fine-spun theory and prettily-broidered talk!

A. L.

Misplaced Devotion

Neo-Christian Epistles. A Vindication of Christianity. By B. S. Drury. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co.; 1900.)

This is a publication of the Lake Harris school. In itself absolutely valueless, it (like many other writings of the kind) gives to one who takes it up thoughtfully some matter of reflection. We cannot help feeling a respect, not indeed for the understanding, but for the character of the writer; mingled with regret that such evident goodness and devotion should only waste itself in empty verbiage. When anything intelligible peeps through, it seems as if the teacher who inspired it had a distant glimpse of the real truths of life, though sadly distorted in the transmission by ignorance and prejudice. That the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the good souls who have been willing to cast all away in order to "live the life," should find no better teacher, and flare itself uselessly away in such productions as this is, if rightly considered, one of the world's tragedies. In laying the book aside, our sorrow is only relieved by the certainty that, if not in this life, yet in some other, the writer will find her reward in the attainment of the Wisdom which she is now so blindly seeking.

A. A. W.

Job as an Allegory

The Heart of Job; A Message to the World. By Dr. W. C. Gibbons. (Chicago: Universal Truth Publishing Co.; 1900.)

The character of this work is marked by the first words of the dedication. "I can only inform you," says the author, "that whilst seated at my desk the interpretations, as I have recorded them, came to me, and I have never doubted their accuracy or meaning."

It cannot fail to be a satisfaction to us Theosophists that, as time goes on, the interpretations which "come to" the people who are sensitive to them are very evidently approximating to our own doctrines. From the crude Evangelicalism of the early "Spirit-teaching" to the writings of Mr. Stead's Julia or the average (somewhat lower) which is fairly represented by such works as the present —what an advance! The schoolmaster is evidently abroad, upon the astral plane as well as the physical; or else (a more decorous supposition) higher and wiser "spirits" than the very mixed multitude of the ordinary *séance* room are beginning to think that something may be done for the world in this way.

The writer who perceives that Job is an allegory; that consequently the "sons and daughters" are not children, and the "animals" not four-footed beasts; that the narrative, "obscure as it seems, is in fact the pilgrimage of the soul; and that all souls passing through the delusive appearance of creation are obliged to settle these very questions accredited to Job,"—may well be left by us to do his work with the class who are likely to read his book, without minute and needless discussion how far his results coincide with ours. The readers for whom he writes can hardly fail to be helped to a considerable step in advance by the study of his work.

A. A. W.

A Good Introduction to Hinduism.

Hinduism, Ancient and Modern. By Rai Bahadur Lala Baij Nath, B.A. (Meerut; 1899.)

Those who wish to know something of the Hindus, their habits, their religions, and their philosophies, without expending too much time or labour over it, may do well to take up this little work, explained by the author as being founded on papers contributed to the National Oriental Congresses at Paris and Rome. The author defines his position in the preface thus:

"My studies of the Hindu Shâstras in the original, my visits to many of the chief places of India and Europe, and my observation of the daily life of the Hindus, have left upon me the deep impression that the future of this country lies neither with the out-and-out revivalist, nor with the out-and-out iconoclast who would entirely alienate himself from the past, and would have Hindu society remodelled according to the methods of present Western culture. . . I feel that the Hindus cannot wait and let their social and religious institutions take care of themselves, nor claim perfection for all that is taught in the Shâstras, ancient or modern. The only course, therefore, open to them is to adapt ancient institutions to modern circumstances."

Accordingly in a series of chapters on caste, the life of a modern Hindu student, the life of the Hindu in ancient and modern times, etc.; on the religions of India, her two great heroes Râma and Kṛishṇa, the Hindu philosophies and the life after death, etc., we have much valuable and interesting matter, the subjects being treated throughout from the standpoint of a devout believer, but one who is able to realise how things strike the unaccustomed Western mind,

and to condemn certain less edifying portions of the popular legends with a decision which Western sympathisers could hardly imitate without offence. The little book forms a really valuable introduction to more serious study, as well as an interesting summary for those who do not desire to go further.

A. A. W.

A booklet entitled *Thoughts in many Minds on Animal Life*, (Women's Printing Society, 66, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.; bound 2*s*., paper 1*s*.), consists of extracts from various writings bearing on the animal world. Some are well chosen and apposite, as this from Marcus Aurelius: "Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together, to put in order their several parts of the universe?" And this: "While keeping the flock in the wilderness, a lamb left the flock and ran away. The merciful shepherd pursued it and found it quenching its thirst at a spring by the roadside. 'Poor lamb,' said Moses, 'I did not know that thou wast thirsty,' and after the lamb had finished drinking, he took it up tenderly in his arms and carried it back to the flock." In another edition the English of the first sentence might be altered, so as to make Moses, not the lamb, the keeper of the flock. In another edition, also, some maxims might be omitted, which although admirable in themselves, have nothing to do with animals. The booklet would be an especially useful present to school libraries.

We have received from Paris (Publications Théosophiques, 10, rue Saint-Lazare), a French translation of *Light on the Path*, by A. J. B. We thought that it had already been translated. The translation before us is evidently a labour of love, but many sentences would be improved by shortening the phrases and by the use of simpler expressions.

Magazines and Pamphlets

In the August *Theosophist* Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves" bring him back to Europe and to the Paris Exhibition of 1889. "H. P. B. greeted me warmly on my arrival in London at 7 p.m.," says he, "and kept me talking after the good old New York fashion until 2 a.m. I found Mrs. Annie Besant living in the house, having just come over from the Secularists, with bag and baggage. . . . Does it not seem strange that she should have ever been anything else than a Theosophist?" He continues: "What I found in her is written in my Diary of 5th September, the evening of our first meeting: 'Mrs. Besant I find to be a natural Theosophist; her adhesion to us was inevitable, from the attraction of her nature towards the mystical. She is the most important gain to us since Sinnett.' And note that her Autobiography had not then been written; she had not, I believe, made one public discourse in support of Theosophy; nor had she said one word of the sort during the conversation between her and H. P. B. and myself. But when conducting her to the door I looked into her grand, kind eyes, and all this sense of her character passed like a flash into my own consciousness. I recollect taking her then by the hand and saying, just at parting: 'I think you will find yourself happier than you have ever been in your life before, for I see you are a mystic and have been frozen into your brain by your environment. You come now into a family of thinkers who will know you as you are and love you dearly.'"

Such words honour at once the one who gives and the one who receives them. That the family into which she then came loves her dearly is truer every year which passes; whether we all *quite* know her as she is, is another question. The rest of the paper details the effect of the Colonel's presence in smoothing down the difficulties which had at that time arisen amongst the various workers with their various plans, and the re-establishment of "pleasant relations" with H. P. B. herself. The number contains, in addition, the continuation of Mr. Stuart's "Alchemy and the Alchemists"; the conclusion of "A Russian's" interesting account of the Tcheremiss of the Kazan Mountains; Jehanjir Sorabji's "The Heart"; Mr. Banon's suggestive "Signs of the Times"; "Theosophy and Home Life," by E. W. Bell; and a serious study of "Consciousness," by A. Schwartz.

Prasnottara for August gives a good account of the building of the new Headquarters, and the College seems also doing well. The literary contents comprise a panegyric for White Lotus Day, by R. L. Mookerjee, "The Daily Practice of the Hindus," and Mrs. Besant's second lecture on the Emotions.

Theosophic Gleaner for August. Here P. H. Mehta contributes a valuable study of Bhâktas—the worshippers of God; and R. M. Mobedji continues his "Nirvâṇa without Intermediate Planes."

The Dawn (June), with the exception of the unprofitable space devoted to the translation of Peter Schlemihl, is a good number. "The Indian Economic Problem" and Mr. Bulloram Mullick's plea that the Hindus themselves should look after the administration of the Temple funds, are well worth study.

Also, *Journal of the Mahabodhi Society*, August; *The Buddhist*, which reprints from *The Westminster Review* an interesting article by D. M. Strong, on the revival of Buddhism in India; *The Sammârga Bodhinî;* and the August number of *The Indian Review*.

The Vâhan, September. The Enquirer for this month contains a notice of Mr. Mead's forthcoming work on the Christian Origins, and answers to questions on the kârmic origin of the seemingly unaccountable crimes which sometimes mar what is otherwise a good record, on the expedience of saving a man from drowning, the cultivation of the psychic faculties, and one which draws from C. W. L. the interesting statement that the confinement to one subplane of the astral, which we have understood to be the rule after death, "is *not* in any way a necessary evil," but may be prevented by one who knows what is taking place in him.

The *Bulletin Théosophique*, the organ of the French Section, is well filled with the official report of the International Congress of Theosophists lately held in Paris.

Revue Théosophique Française, August, opens with Mrs. Besant's "Spiritual Night" and the continuation of C. W. Leadbeater's "Clairvoyance." Col. Olcott furnishes a very needful warning as to the falsehoods of hypnotic subjects; Franz Hartmann treats of witch-burning under the rather misleading title of "The Elementals according to Mme. Blavatsky"; D. Fortin gives a translation of Gautama Buddha's sermon on the "Illusions of Self;" and the continuation of "A Cadet's Story," and other papers make up an interesting number.

Theosophia for August, besides translations from H. P. B. and

Mr. Sinnett, contains, amongst other very readable matter, the report of C. W. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Planetary Chains," delivered before the Amsterdam Lodge during his recent visit to Holland; J. van Manen's "Tao Te King" and a paper by J. W. Boissevain on the "Mysticism of the Middle Ages," with special reference to the writings of his countryman, John of Kingsbroeck.

Der Vâhan for September contains a paper by A. von Ulrich on Religion and Theosophy. Follows the usual abstract of the August number of this REVIEW and translations from *The Vâhan*, the close of Mr. Leadbeater on "The Cross," and a brief notice, by an auditor, of Mrs. Besant's recent lectures.

Sophia for September contains two original papers; one, by Sñr. Manuel Treviño, upon what is translated by Budge as the "Coming forth by Day," one of the stages through which the dead are stated in the Egyptian MSS. to pass. He inclines to the view that this is the attaining the power to live and move on the astral plane. We hope Sñr. Treviño will continue the subject, which he has by no means exhausted. The other is by Señor Arturo Soria y Mata on the Form of the Universe; which, he tells us, is "a sphere which continually increases in volume by the ceaseless creation of the force which emanates constantly from its centre, understanding by the word 'force' the combination of space and time, which constitutes the central atom of the universe, whose centre is God." We seem to gather from this a resemblance to the individual physical atoms which our observers have described with the force "continually welling up from their centres, apparently from nowhere"; but anyone who wishes to understand Sñr. Soria's conception must refer to his paper for the needful explanations.

In *Teosofia* for August, Olga Calvari continues her exposition of "The Earth and Humanity in their relations to the Solar System." Translations fill up the remainder of the number.

From San Francisco *The Theosophic Messenger* for August has but little to say, as everyone has been on vacation. Its chief excitement is the announcement of Mr. Leadbeater's visit, and a not entirely pleasing portrait is reproduced, that everyone may know what to expect. It is perhaps a good idea not to raise their expectations too high; otherwise. . . !

Philadelphia for July contains "Materialism and Spiritualism from the Theosophical Point of View," by A. Sorondo, and a paper by Carlos M. Collet on "Exotericism, Esotericism and Initiation."

Translations from Du Prel, C. Flammarion, and others complete the number.

Theosophy in Australia, July, in addition to a translation from Dr. Pascal and the conclusion of Dr. Marques' paper on the "Auras of Metals," taken from *The Theosophist*, has an article on the doctrine of "Karma as a cure for Trouble," and the usual selection from *The Vâhan* "Enquirer."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for August has the first part of Mr. S. Stuart's paper on "Atlantis," and one by Bruco Gordon, entitled "Is the Theory of Evolution incompatible with Religious Belief?" A pretty poem on "The Ideal," and one or two bits of lighter reading for children (grown-up and otherwise !) form the remainder of the number.

Also received: *Modern Astrology* for September. In the article on the "Political Outlook" the welcome prediction is made that "from the position of Mars in the sign Cancer during this month the British should gain their final victory, and thus bring this weary war to an end." Also, *Knowledge; The Lamp; Star of the Magi; Monthly Record and Animals' Guardian; Notes and Queries; Mind*, for September, which contains an article in favour of the Theosophical Society by Katharine Weller, under the title of "The Religion of the Future"; *Suggestive Therapeutics;* and *L'Écho de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas.*

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