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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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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN Theosophical circles we hear much talk of the wisdom-religion. Those of us who are specially interested in the second object of the Society search for the signs of the wisdom-tradition in the vast fields of comparative religion; the few among our number who have made some certain progress in the science of subtle nature which our third object outlines, speak of the masters of wisdom; while all of us are convinced that the carrying out of our first object of love of our neighbour in its widest sense is the wisest thing to which we can set our hands. And though the name Wisdom does not occur in the wording of any of these objects, none will deny that this glorious name represents our ideal perhaps more faithfully than any other designation. Wisdom, in all her forms, wherever found, in little things as in great, is the object of our search; she is our ideal, the something after which we are for ever seeking, not the thing we have found or shall in the nature of things ever find in fullness short of our highest perfectioning. We are then, or we should be if we are to deserve the name of Theosophists, searchers after Wisdom, her devoted lovers, ready

Wisdom

at every moment of our lives to turn anywhither she may call us, ready to abandon every other possession but that love of her which grows from strength to strength in her pursuit alone.

* * *

OUR search, therefore, is not simply for knowledge of things in this or any other phase of consciousness, but for knowledge of Wisdom herself in all things—Wisdom, the spouse divine of very Deity, God's own self-knowing. Most precious and most necessary as is the knowledge of fact, such knowledge is but the passport to Wisdom's outer court alone, for without it on his forehead no mortal can enter even her precincts. But her inner court requires a passport of still higher knowing. Above its portal flame the words "Man, know thyself!" The lover must become the devotee, the true philosopher, and bear within his heart the light-spark of self-knowledge, before the guardians will throw wide the gate that opens on her mysteries. The path within lies through the portal of self-knowing, the mystic way that leads from hall to hall, until the worshipper stands face to face before the veil that mortal man has never raised. For to lift that veil before the shrine requires more than knowledge; the man must no longer be content to know, he must dare to be. And before he can be really anything worth immortality and fit to gaze on Wisdom face to face he must have the courage to "lose himself"; for only so can he "find Himself." He must no longer "*see* the Self in all things and all things in the Self," but begin consciously to *be* that Self. He must not foolishly measure the universe by the content of his own small consciousness; yet in some mysterious fashion he must be conscious that "the universe grows I."

The Wisdom-lovers

* * *

WORDS, words, words! the Philistine will exclaim. Mere mystic verbiage, and as violent a wrenching of terms from their legitimate meaning as Mrs. Malaprop's "derangement of epitaphs." And the Philistine, as is usually the case, has some right upon his side. For it must be evident even to the most enthusiastic mystic, if he will but

Ideal and Fact

consider the matter without passion, that the sketch given above is not a description of fact, but an arbitrary ordering of conditions which never appear in life in such a clean-cut sequence. This straight-line advance which necessitates our passing through the full extent of the courts of knowledge before reaching the halls of self-knowledge, and then the passing through these in turn before we can gain access to the inner shrine of the goddess herself, is not really true to fact. And this simply because the temple of Wisdom is not made with hands or subject to the physical conditions of our man-built holy places, nor do the admissions and exclusions of initiate and profane, as these are understood among men, obtain in this domain of all-seeing Providence. For do we not in actual life and fact find inextricably commingled in the self-same individual ignorance and knowledge, brutishness and self-knowing, folly and wisdom, in every degree and every combination? Therefore it is that the graphic description of an ideal must ever be "foolishness" to the natural man, and also, we may add, . . . to the philosopher. The ideal is formless, it is of the nature of life and mind, rather than of body, and every attempt to clothe an ideal in concrete form must necessarily degrade it, and change its wisdom into foolishness.

* * *

Here and Now

If, then, we are truly lovers of Wisdom, we should be the last to degrade it by ill-considered descriptions, by ill-chosen names and terms, by foolish expositions which take refuge in the thin air of empty verbiage to escape the trouble of observing the actual facts of life, which hem us in on every side in this mixed state of existence which the mystic would regard as all-earthly and gross. But this is surely an error. The accusation brought against the mystic and ascetic, that he is useless to society in that he fixes all his thoughts upon, and finds all his interests in, an impracticable other-worldism, is ultimately based upon the intuition that Wisdom is not to be found in some one place, or even state, rather than in another. For if it be in some particular place, then it is absent from the rest of the universe, and all else is chaos, and chance rules; and if it be in some particular state of consciousness, it will have to be explained how a state of consciousness

differs fundamentally from a place. It is rather to be believed that so far from being in better conditions to find Wisdom in heaven than on earth, we should the rather, in that more happy state as men suppose, have less incentive to self-development, self-conquest and self-knowing. The mystic's watchword in scripture-exegesis is "Here and now" and he flings history and criticism to the winds; but, strange to say, in actual life he is ever thinking of "there" and "then" and not of "here" and "now."

* * *

BUT, perhaps the mystic will rejoin: "One of the greatest of Masters has declared, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and He spoke in Wisdom's name. We, therefore, cannot find this kingdom here and now." But is not this mere juggling with words and no wise interpretation? Surely His kingdom is not of this world simply in the sense that it does not consist of earthly lands and dominions, but is a kingdom of righteousness, and therefore existing wherever righteousness is found—on earth as well as in heaven? For assuredly it is not Wisdom who teaches the materialistic and unjust dogma of the cursing of earth for the imagined theological sin of primæval man. Surely it were unjust to ascribe to Wisdom the contradictory statements of the foolishness which represents an All-knowing God cursing a creation which He is described in almost the same breath as having pronounced "very good"? The teaching of another sage should be our guide to a better understanding of the saying of the Christ; the school of Hermes hands down to us the comfortable words that the world is not evil, but "beautiful and good."

The World is Beautiful and Good

* * *

SHALL we who are seeking for Wisdom, then, continue in this mistake, or in any form of the ancient error that Wisdom is some quantity or greatness, in terms of which the vast majority of mankind still persist in thinking their God; or shall we even, while avoiding the Scylla-rock of quantity, allow ourselves to be engulphed in the Charybdis-whirlpool of quality, and while we smile at the

The Supra-rational Self

grotesque caricature of the Lord of Wisdom as "an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie," fancy we are enlightened philosophers because we think of His spouse as some subtle condition of vibration? Surely she is not to be expressed in terms of number, weight or measure, nor yet abstracted from the world or state in which we live as some peculiar "otherness" or "whatness." She is not to be sought, or known, or found, any more elsewhere than here, seeing that she is ever the same in manifold difference, and ever different in one and the same nature. Nor has she any veil cast over her; the figure is at fault. 'Tis we ourselves rather who veil ourselves from her. Her veil is never raised; for she stands ever manifest in everything for all who will to see, once they have the courage to strip off the bandages from their own eyes—not fearing for their precious separate souls (frantically endeavouring to save a something which they think they have—a something other than themselves—from something else that equally is foreign to themselves, in order that they may for ever be with something yet again which still they are not)—but boldly yearning to commingle self in Self in utter unity. But enough for the present of these halting attempts to express thoughts too deep for words. And if we are asked why we have the courage or hardihood to write at all on such matters, things entirely beyond our knowledge and in nowise comprehensible to our intelligence, we can only reply that it is because it gives satisfaction to that self transcending mind, that supra-rational nature which refuses definition, but which wills us ever to keep reaching after things beyond our present grasp.

* * *

What do we Know?

To return, then, to lesser things. We all of us generally desire to acquire knowledge, nay further, we strive to develope self-knowing, and above all other things we aspire after Wisdom. Further, we see that this desire, this striving, and this aspiration live, work and energise simultaneously within us; they are but different aspects or energies of the will of the Self. Doubtless all that has been here set forth in terms of Wisdom, could be equally well stated in terms of Love or of Power; but there need be no dispute about terms when once it is recognised that all

words are ever-changing expressions of thought, and not eternal symbols of truth. If, then, our terms be for the moment accepted, may we not say that for all of us who really love Wisdom there can be no more wholesome discipline than continually to keep before our minds the question: What do we know? Nor should we be content with the simple answer: We know nothing. For though it is said that knowledge only begins when we know that we know nothing, it would be less confusing to say that perhaps the wisest thing for one who is endeavouring to perfect himself as an instrument of self-knowing, is the constant practice of revising his knowledge, of ever striving to discover what he really knows, of discriminating between knowledge and belief, fact and hypothesis—in brief, of being absolutely honest with himself, and consequently rigidly truthful with others.

* * *

Belief and Knowledge

No society existing requires greater circumspection in these matters than our own; for, dealing with the subjects we do, we are open to greater temptations than others confidently to state as facts of knowledge what are, and must be in the nature of things, matters of belief. For as we are ever searching in the byeways of abnormal happening, and familiarising ourselves with the statements of seers and prophets, and with the oracular pronouncements of those who have claimed and still claim super-rational authority for their assertions—if we do not use the greatest care in how we state our case, we shall be obnoxious to the charge of claiming for ourselves to be considered privileged recipients of Divine favour and set above our fellows, and instead of being a help to a better understanding of the nature of things, we shall stir up a bitter spirit of animosity against us and ruin our chances of service. All such misunderstanding, however, can be easily obviated with the exercise of a little care, and with scrupulous attention to the habit of accurate statement. There is no need to abstain from any one of the subjects in which we are interested for fear of being thought over-credulous, or fantastic dreamers, provided we say "we believe" when things are beyond our knowledge, and not state our beliefs as definite facts of knowledge—and here to keep honest touch with our fellows the

meaning of "knowledge" must be limited to what we ourselves know and not what someone else may have experienced.

* * *

To take an instance out of the many theories on which so many of our members love to speculate—the "planetary chain." The vast majority of us, if we rigidly state facts, *know* nothing whatever on the subject; for us it is a theory, a hypothesis. Therefore if anyone of this majority is tempted in the heat of the moment into saying in the name of Theosophy: "We know how the evolutionary scheme proceeds on the other globes of our chain," he should not be surprised if he finds that he has stirred up antagonism rather than assent to the theory in the minds of his hearers. For they naturally say: "How do *you* know?" And if he is not of the very small number who can reply: "I have seen these things with psychic sight," he has to refer his critic to those absent seers, and so the whole body has to meet the current of the just resentment and the disappointed hopes precipitated by the unguarded statement of a unit among its members. And even in the case of the few who can see and make definite observation of some small part of the vast and complex phenomena summed up under this theory, they too have severally limits to their area of knowledge, and even granting that they may know something definite of the planetary chain, which we others may believe or reject according to its reasonableness, it is very evident that they can *know* nothing of such lofty subjects as the primary beginnings of things. They, too, must also say on all such matters "I believe," or "I have heard" this much further on this subject, if they would invite the serious attention of thinking minds who have shaken themselves free from the old servitude to "Thus saith the Lord" statements. We can only win our way to the hearts of the present generation by the "sweet reasonableness" of our methods. Wisdom for the mass of us at present would be utterly unattainable in any degree if it had to depend on great learning or brilliant exposition; but what we all can do, even the least gifted of our number, is to cultivate the habit of the utmost accuracy of statement in things which hitherto in the world have been obscured and distorted

Fact and Theory

by passion and self-interest. Such an atmosphere of honest effort to be absolutely true to ourselves and utterly frank and candid with our neighbours would do more to win the sympathy and respect of the world, not only for our little group of struggling students but better still for our ideal, than all the learning and the ability the very best of us can command in the interests of Theosophy.

* * *

The Mirror of Truth

INDIVIDUALS can do little or nothing in this attempt to prepare the way for a true science of religion; we must work together if we are to achieve any general good. The occasional warnings and declarations of our most prominent writers and speakers will not suffice to convince the world that we are not merely some new sect of believers in yet one more supposed infallible revelation; this can be achieved alone by the general cultivation of an unbroken habit of accurate statement, the natural expression of an ever-present habit of thought. If this could be done, our Society would be the most potent instrument for creating the conditions of sanity and balance in which true knowledge can be acquired, self-knowledge perfected, and Wisdom permitted to reveal herself in greater fullness than has ever been possible before in the history of our present humanity. All this can be done simply by drawing a sharp distinction between the facts of our own experience and our belief in the statements of others. If we hear A. declare that some fact entirely outside our own experience is true, then, even if we are convinced he speaks truth, we have no right to say to B., "This is true"; but only, "A. says this is true, and I believe him." We shall thus begin to serve together as some small portion of the mirror of truth, tiny enough in all conscience at the beginning, but ever growing greater, for let us not forget the saying—true for our Society as for every member of it—"If ye are not faithful in the little who will give you the greater?"

AMONG THE RUINS OF THE FAITH OF THE ANCIENT SLAVS

Cosmogony

The first fragment which we quote is from the *Book of the Depth* (*Golubinnaya Kniga*), a very famous apocryph, which has inspired the whole of Russian popular poetry; it is miscalled *Book of the Dove* (*Gloubinnaya Kniga*), by corruption of a word. The poem runs thus in translation:

Our free world
Began at God's judgment.
The red sun was born from His Face,
From His Son*, the King of Heaven.
From His breast came the young light moon.
From His vestments fell the many stars.
From His thoughts arose the nights.
From His eyes the dawns were lit.
His Spirit breathed in the winds.
Of His Son is our reason and mind.
Of the clouds of heaven are *our* thoughts.
Man is born from Adamiy,
Our bones are from the stone,
Our bodies are from the earth,
Our blood runs from the black sea.

The Southern Slavs of the Carpathian range have best preserved the old beliefs; their account of the Creation is as follows:

Such was the beginning of the world.
The Breath of God passed over the earth,
For there was then no earth, no heaven,
No earth, no heaven, no sea. . . .
In the midst of the waters were two trees,

* The transcription as we know it comes from Christian sources and times. "Son" is everywhere construed as an allusion to Jesus Christ. The origin of the fragment is clearly Pagan.

Two doves came down on the two trees—
. . . "How are we to ground the world?" they said.
"Let us go down into the depth of the sea,
Bring up from there some fine sand,
Some dark blue stone. . . .
Let us strew out the fine sand,
Let us breathe on the dark blue stone.
From the fine sand comes the black earth,
The cool waters and the green herbs;
From the blue stone, the blue heaven,
The blue heaven and the clear sun,
The clear sun and the light moon,
The light moon and all the stars.

There is also a tradition among the people that the earth is fixed on three great fish and thirty small ones; thirty-three in all. Sreznevsky* says there was a belief that the earth (as cosmos) arose from the sea (the "Holy Water"), in which were plunged also the sun, moon, stars, lightning and winds. The first land to issue from the sea was Mount Triglav (of three heads), from the summit of which are to be seen all the seas of this world.

The Slovaki, a South Slavonic tribe, say that the Spirit of God *is still in the waters surrounding the earth*; when Spirit and Water cease to be closely united, the Divine Spirit will rise out of the water and the end of this world will come.

In this legend we have a conception quite in accordance with the Wisdom tradition. The Roussine tribe adds poetically: "It is the King Fire and his Queen the Water who created the world."

Few traces remain of the early Slav theogony. Helmold (i. 84) says that the gods were believed to arise from the blood of the highest God; and the nearer they were to Him, the mightier. According to Kastarsky† there is a passage in an old Russian chronicle which says that "man was born from the worn-out undergarment of God thrown down on earth."

There is very little material from which to reconstruct the

* *The Shrines and the Cult of the Slavs* (1846).

† *Sketch of Slav Mythology*. St. Petersburg; 1841. Most of the following details are taken from this valuable book, as well as from Sreznevsky's and Kostomaroff's more elaborate works. To give separate references would double the length of the present article.

Slav cosmogony; it is easier to follow the order of the planes by the hierarchy of gods than by remnants of any actual doctrine. There are, however, the following hints to be found:

(*a*) We have already seen that the earth was regarded as being surrounded by a circle of waters, thus we have two planes, the physical and the astral, for which water has everywhere and in all times been the symbol. In a work quoted by Buslaeff,* the Earth is represented as saying to the Sea: "I am the mother of all men . . . and of heaven, but thou art the Begetter of the Serpent"; which seems to indicate the astral plane under the symbol of the serpent; and also alludes to a third region—heaven, the plane of mind. It had two different regions; the work already alluded to speaks of "beings living under the inextinguishable Fire. They eat not nor drink. They go where the winds [the currents?] go. They know no death." This was the plane of the Air, situated below the plane of Fire, which was the fourth.† An allusion is also made in Buslaeff's splendid study to "the land whence came the Angels of Light, separated from earth by the sea and the stream," and mention is made of a further land—the land of Rachmans or Vhramans; change the *v* sound of Sanscrit and Slav into its correspondent Latin *b*, and we have the "land of Brahman." Here then it seems possible to trace seven planes or regions of cosmos, as follows:

1. The physical plane (Earth).
2. The astral (Water).
3. The heaven world (Air).
4. A higher world (Fire).
5. The Light (Âkâsha?).
6. The "Land of Brahman."
7. The "Circle of the Spirit of God" which surrounds both earth and waters and penetrates the waters round the earth.

We can freely use the material to be found in the later (so-called Christian) writings, when the old Slav MSS. fail. We have Buslaeff's authority for this, he says: "Russian poetry [all born from apocryphal tradition, as known to all students] was the pupil of Russian paganism" (i., p. 504).

* *Hist. Sketches of Russian Popular Literature* (1861).

† *The Talk of the Three Holy Men*, a famous legend.

(*b*) The Arab writer Ibrahim Ben Vessif, quoted by Sreznevsky,* says that the Slavs held seven chief feasts for seven gods. The chief of these gods was the King of the sun, who lives in the sun; He has under Him twelve kingdoms; these are governed by His twelve sons. The "Devs of the sun" "serve them, wash them and comb their hair." When an impure act is done the sun hides its rays, and the moon dominates. This seems to be an allusion not only to the Divine Sun as the source of Life, but to its relation to the inner sun of man, the Ray, withdrawn when the moon (symbolising kâma) drags the outer man down.

The already quoted work also speaks of the shield of Yarovit —the god whose name and state we shall presently study—and its sacred significance; this shield inspired such awe that nobody dared to touch it. It was the symbol of the circle of heaven and of the power of the sun.

Sreznevsky, in his *Studies of the Slav Pagan Cult*,† shows that the Slavs paid worship to the sun, moon and the stars as divine beings, and also to this planet itself "as the abode of the gods."

The Czechs still believe that the sun dwells in the "Land beyond the Sea," whence come seeds and birds—the germs indeed of evolving life, and the winged Spirit following them.

The Serbs believe the sun to be a beautiful youth; two virgins, dawn and sunset, are at his side; seven angel-judges, and seven messengers;‡ he dwells in the *high sacred mountains*, the moon (lunar chain?) is his uncle (grandfather in other legends); he has seven grandchildren, sons of his sons, and many sisters (sun-systems?). Such is the picture of the celestial hierarchy that presided over cosmic life and evolution, as preserved to our times by the scattered traditions of Slavia.

Theogony

We have now reached the most complicated part of our

* *The Review of the Public Instruction Board*, t. 51 (1846), p. 36.

† St. Petersburg; 1848.

‡ This may parallel the teaching of the seven Dhyâni-Buddhas watching from on high, and the seven Boddhisattvas coming into incarnation to guide mankind.

study. The confusion, at first, is great, nevertheless our theosophical studies do, to some extent, illuminate the darkness of the labyrinth in which we are plunged. We have seen that at the Dawn of Manifestation the first to come into existence from the Waters of the Unknown Space, was the Mount Triglav, the Three Heads of the High Mount, which appear to indicate the highest Triad. The great temple of the last metropolis of Slavia (now Stettin) was dedicated to Triglav, the Three-faced God; possibly the highest Triad, reflected. The One in Three existed above all gods in the Slav mythology; on this point the testimony is positive and scientific.

In that which now follows we shall rely chiefly upon the evidence of the very famous book of the renowned historian Kostomaroff.* "There is no doubt," says the Introduction, "that the Slavs, in their seeming polytheism, recognised one God, . . . and also spirits which peopled nature."

Both Kostomaroff and Sreznevsky quote Helmold as follows: "The Baltic Slavs recognised One God, the God of gods, Who takes care only of what is of heaven" (spirit ?).

Procopius also speaks of a "high god" who takes care of earth and men; this statement appears to refer to Peroun, the chief deity—the God to whom reference is made by the author of *St. Othon's Life*,† when he says: "The Slavs acknowledge the Great God, Master of all treasures." Helmold speaks also of a Supreme Being and a God of Heaven all-powerful.

Nestor, a Slav, and Helmold, an alien, both bear testimony to the existence of a belief in a Supreme Being as forming part of the Slav doctrines.‡ "The other gods," says Helmold, "emanate from His blood; the nearer they are to Him, the higher and perfecter." Nestor points out the difference between Him and Peroun, the chief of the secondary deities. The fundamental dogma of the Slavs was emanation; Slav thought embraced all nature; all the manifested universe, physical and spiritual, seemed to the Slavs to be living; in each form of

* *Slav Mythology*. Kiev; 1847. Lectures delivered at the Imperial University of St. Wladimir, in 1846.

† *Vita St. Oth.: Acta Sanctorum*, 433.

‡ *Texts of Nestor's Chronicles*, 20. *Chron. Slav., ibid.*

manifestation was the Spirit of Life, emanated from the Creator; this, as is pointed out in *Die Wissenschaft der Myth* (Kollar and Ganusk), links Slav doctrines with those of the Hindus, and with the teachings of the Zend Avesta.

First, then, came the worship of the God who emanates from Himself the sustaining Life which animates matter (Kostomaroff says "dead" matter, we should rather perhaps use the phrase "virgin matter"); this God is the One, behind the Three: Spirit—Matter—Life.

Secondly came the worship of Light; this was the worship of the Mother of Light, to whom reference will shortly be made.

There are also traditions of gods who reigned on earth as rulers and law-givers; in the old *Chronicle of Hypate* it is said: "Once reigned on earth Svarog, the highest being, father of light. After him reigned his son Dajd-Bog." The people believed that beings of light had to incarnate on earth in human forms; as in old Irân these gods incarnate taught war as well as agriculture.

Ditmar of Mersenburg shows that in Retra, in the temple of Radegast (Rugevit), the walls were covered with "mysterious letter signs" (hieroglyphs?), and full of images of gods and goddesses terribly armed. The statue of the titular god was of gold; on his head* sat an eagle with open wings, on his breast was painted the head of a black ox.

Saxon and Lubelsky Chronicles say that the worship of Radegast, which was identical with that of Svarojitch, the same ritual serving for both forms of worship, was spread all over Slavia. Radegast was Light incarnate; he was believed to have been a hero who reigned gloriously and fell in battle, finally becoming a god.† Radegast and Svarojitch, as champions of the good against the opposing forces of evil, seem also to have symbolised Wisdom. The chronicler Vatzerad calls Radegast, Son of Kôr (the sun). The study of the attributes of Svarojitch and Radegast brings us to the consideration of the highest form of their cult; the worship paid in the Holy of Holies, Arcona, the temple of Sviatovit.

* Helm. and Arn., *Chron.*, 53 n., p. 126.

† *Chron. Slav.*, 126.

The Temple of Arcona

Though eight hundred years have passed since the destruction of Arcona, one yet can sense the awe and the devotion with which a whole people entered the precincts of that sacred spot. On the white northern cliff of Ruja (the oldest name of Ruyana or Rügen) stood the fortress and the temple of Arcona, the national shrine, whence flowed the religious teaching which was the guide and refuge of the whole land in all its needs and trials. Inside the city in an open space, surrounded by a double wall, under a purple roof, was the shrine of Sviatovit (or Sviantovit) a finely ornamented building of wood. The exterior entrance was in the form of an arch covered with painted frescoes. Inside, the temple was divided into two parts; in the middle were four columns hung with purple hangings forming the walls of the sanctuary. The ceiling, brilliant with red colouring, covered alike the exterior and interior shrine; within the latter stood the image of Sviatovit, considerably above life size; the image had four heads, of which two looked backwards and two forwards. In the right hand the image held a horn of wine, filled once a year by a chosen priest; in the left hand was a bow; the feet were rooted in the soil; at the side of the god lay the saddle and bridle of his sacred white horse, also a gigantic sword covered with silver, and of the finest workmanship. The dates upon which the services in honour of the god took place were fixed and invariable; herein the custom differed from that of other shrines, where the priests arranged appropriate days by divination; on these days, before the service, prophecies were delivered.

Every man and woman held it to be a duty to bring to Arcona a piece of money, and the third part of war spoil. The temple had an institution unheard of in Pagan lands; Sviatovit had a guard of three hundred warriors, devoted only to the service of the temple; and these men fought "in God's name." There was a list of these warriors, and all spoils which they gained in war went to the treasury of the shrine. Every Slav prince and king sent gifts to this revered sanctuary. There were many temples of Sviatovit in the land, which were served by priests of lesser rank, who were subject to the chief priest of Arcona. The sacred white horse of the God, which the high

priest only could touch or ride, was used in most of the ceremonies for divination. It was used chiefly before an impending war. The priests and women attached to the temple employed also other means of divination; for example, looking into ashes, throwing small pieces of wood, both black and white, and so on.

The eagles of Sviatovit and the banners of the nation were kept in this temple; here also was sheltered the *stanitzia*, Sviatovit's banner, which "had more power than prince or priest," for all that was done under its waving folds was lawful and permitted.* It was held in such veneration that when the Danes succeeded in taking it from its defenders, the obstinate courage of the Slavs failed at once, and Arcona became an easy prey. The influence of the place may be estimated by the fact that no public action was undertaken unless a blessing upon it was sent from Arcona.

Adam of Bremen writes: "The Slavs did nothing without the will of the Ranes [inhabitants of Ruyana], so feared were they through the love the gods bore them, love deserved by their deep devotion, excellent before all." Helmold gives us the key to that power: "Sviatovit, god of Ruyana, was so respected because the answers received there were truth, so that the other gods were as demi-gods to him" (*op. cit.*, i. 52). Helmold tells us also that one of the causes of Arcona's power was the special ritual of the temple, which placed it at the head of all others.

Slavia was divided into two "obediences," Arcona and Retra, shrines of the High God and of the Son of the Sun. In 1056 two tribes left Retra for Arcona, a step which brought war upon them.

In Arcona was held a yearly sacrifice "of purification" and the service of prophecy as to the success of the year and the fruitfulness of the harvest; this was foretold by the cup in the hand of the deity. On this occasion the high priest entered the shrine, his breath held back lest it should pollute the purity of the atmosphere; if he found the wine cup empty, the harvest and the happiness of the coming year were assured; and in this case he refilled the cup.

* Saxo Grammaticus, 830-31.

Even in our days the Slavs of Illyria feast on Sviatovit's Day; this feast is accompanied by all the old Pagan rites; all the Roman Church could do was to substitute for the hated name of the Pagan god, the innocent title of St. Vit; in our days, too, the burning of amber, once sacred to the old worship of Arcona, is faithfully held in religious honour upon the island of Rügen.

Sviatovit was surrounded by heroic legends of the old, old times, when he incarnated among his people; and the Ranes still, in their mind's eye, beheld him riding his white horse before their army as it advanced to victory.

But there is little doubt that the shrine of Arcona, behind its purple veils, held more than religious power. Traces remain, as we shall see, of a higher knowledge, an inner teaching kept in its recesses.

Tatistcheff, in his *Russian History* (eighteenth century edition), says that the name of Sviatovit meant the "All-seeing," and his four faces were a symbol of the four cardinal points. There was another statue with four heads, that of Porenout Porevit had five heads, and the image of Rugievit, also placed in Rügen temples, had seven faces. The great deity of Stettin, the metropolis, Triglav by name, had three heads; he is often identified with Sviatovit, who had many names; for example, Vycheslav (the High Glory), Vodin or Odin, which means the One, sometimes used as a neuter, Odno (the One in neuter, What one). The name meant also Holy Light (Sviaty Viti). The goddess Podaga, or "Devouring Fire," was his mate. His name may also be interpreted as "Spectator Mundi" (Svet-Vid). Peroun's title was "the Lord" (Vladyka).

The identity of the high gods with their chief is often so visible, that we may admit that most of them were held to be aspects of the One who was called Prabog (the One that had been before all). The others were Pribogi (attendant gods). The wisdom of the "Old God" knew no arbitrary laws. The Slav word for "God" is *Bog* (*Bag* in Czech). The word indicating divine action is, in Czech, Bagavat.

Most of the secondary deities were no doubt tribal gods or goddesses. Kastorsky (*op. cit.*) shows that they were divided into Razi (counsellors) and Zernitra (sorcerers, magi).

Tree Worship

One of the most remarkable cults was that of Prove or Prone; one of his images was in Lübeck; it represented a man with a crown on his head, and elongated ears; he held in his hand a red-hot iron. Helmold says that among the Vagres, whose tribal deity he was, he had no images, nor temples; to him was consecrated an oak surrounded by a wall; inside this wall no one could enter save for sacrifice, or to seek sanctuary.* The mention of the oak of Prone brings us to the most poetical side of the Slav exoteric cult; this is the worship paid to trees and woods.

The wood surrounding the temple of Retra was sacred; so also was the *zuitbor* ("holy wood," *sviatybor*), which was famous in the chronicles.† Most of the old *gaï*, or holy forests, were regarded as temples. To them came the spirits of the princes of old to pray to "an unknown god"; to them also came the living to judgment, or to hold high council, when the deepest recesses of the forest were sought, spots where no sun-ray could penetrate.‡ To these forests came the Slovak girls, in the autumn; they came to "listen to the spirit"; the fall of leaves prognosticated for them the future; a ray of sunshine falling on a tree was an omen; if it formed a circle, it foretold bliss; if a cross, trials; if the ray had a greenish tint, it portended illness and death.

In the spring, on the day of the Semik (the seventh week from the Thursday in Easter week), and on Trinity Day they went to the woods with crowns of blue flowers and wild roses to keep the feast of the "Queen," Lada, goddess of love, and mother of light; Lada, mother of Lado, the sun.

The Slavs occasionally brought food as sacrifice to the trees; but only to such trees as were hollow, which seems to indicate that the tree was regarded as the dwelling-place of the god, rather than the object of worship.§ Sreznevsky says that the

* *Chron. Slav.*, 1857. Peroun, says Gwagnini, held a red-hot stone.

† See Vitmar or Ditmar, vi. 26; vii. 17.

‡ *Kraledwar MS.*, vi. 22-23, 50-51.

§ Kastorsky, *op. cit.*, p. 133.

Slavs may have brought food to the feet of divine images, but certainly not with the intention of feeding the statues. The object was rather to consecrate the food before it was eaten by the worshippers. It seems probable that this food was finally given to the poor, for every temple feast was succeeded by a repast and sacred games; a portion of the food was always reserved for the poorer devotees. Sreznevsky says: "It is impossible to admit that the Slavs, with their high ideal of divinity, could connect [with it?] a belief in the possibility of feeding the gods."

The Symbols and Cults of the Gods

The three-headed God of the metropolis, Triglav, was said to have three faces as symbols of his sway over heaven, earth and the nether world. A gold-embroidered veil covered his eyes and his lips, and he was represented in a sitting posture. In his honour were held sacred dances and sacred games. He was very widely worshipped in Slavland, and at the beginning of the persecutions his statues were hidden away in caverns; his sacred horse was black and four priests attended it. Sefried says the temple at Stettin had in it golden cups which were used for divination.

Rugievit* had a temple in Rügen; he had seven heads, and held seven swords, an eighth sword was in his hand. Near his shrine was the triune temple of Porevit, an unarmed statue represented this god; the god of peace, whose Feast of Peace was celebrated in winter; so also was that of Porenut (from *poronič* = to give life).† Porenut had four heads, and held a fifth between his hands, grasping it by the beard and by the forehead. This head Naronchevitch thinks to be a symbol of the new sun.

The Slavonic Mars was Yarovit, who bore a golden shield, the image of the cosmos and possibly of the "world

* He was, we think, identical with Radegast; he was also Svarojitch, the "Son" or Cosmos in manifestation. Rugievit was Lord of the seven planes, which were symbolised by his seven heads.

† Naronchevitch, *Myth. Slav.*

egg." This shield was held in such reverence that on one occasion, when the shrine was attacked by some newly converted Christians, the priest of Yarovit seized the shield and ran out to the assailants with a terrible cry. The effect was instantaneous; the enemy, struck with the old awe, fell on their faces before it.

The Russian shrines were chiefly dedicated to Peroun, the Thunderer. He was the Slavonic Indra, and was supposed to be the tribal god of Russ (old Russia). Peroun appears to correspond with the Hindu Indra; Stribog, god of the wind, with Vayû; and Mokesh with Varuṇa. Mora or Mara, a feminine deity, corresponds with Yama. Worship was also paid to Devana, daughter of Peroun and Letniza, and to Volos or Veles, protector of animals and of harvests.

The crown of these cults was the worship paid to the Mother and Son, Lada and Lado; the virgin mother of light, and the god of love and light. Lado is joy, youth, health, spring, love, bliss, beauty eternal. His mother, virgin and wife, holds in her hand a flower or a fruit; she has been compared with the "Golden Woman" of the Finns, who holds the babe in her arms. Lada is always called "Mother," or the "Golden Lady." She was sometimes identified with the sun; the Czechs called her "Beauty" (Krassyna); and Dlougosh speaks of her as "Venus Dzedzilia." Lado is dual; he is called Lel; Lel was always linked with Palel, his twin; the ancient cult, as well as modern games, regard these two as one, Lel and Palel, or Lel and Lelia, male-female; twins or brothers, two parts of one ray. In Slav games and popular songs still may be heard the names of the ancient gods: Lado, Lel, Lada or Dana (a Celtic word), Lelek (Cupid), Dundja, and Didde, an ancient name of unknown lineage, of an unknown language.

Still at the rosy sunsets of spring the people sing to the god of love:

The beautiful youth brings thee roses
O Lado, holy god!
Lado, O hear us, Lado,
To thee we sing our songs,

To thee we incline our hearts,
O Lado, hear us, Lado.*

Russia, if we except Novgorod with its high priest Bogomil the Nightingale, seems to have had few temples; its limitless forests served, probably, as places of worship, though everywhere in the steppes there are traces of walled *govodki* (small fortresses), built, like Stonehenge, in the form of a broken ring, with an entrance often hidden, and sometimes leading into the earth; whither is unknown.

The Life-side of Nature

All nature was, for the Slav, filled with living beings. The woods held giants, and Vilas, of whom more later; the nether world was peopled by the Strigi and Skritki (the hidden "little people"). The Domovoï, or spirit of home, is still dear to the Russian peasant; there are the water sprites, the spirits of the forest, and the two strange beings, Katchey Undying, a sort of invisible Don Quixote, and the Baba-Yaga (Plague Baba), a feminine horror, which is yet ever defeated, even by children. There is also the Ymiy Gorinitch, a serpent, or magician, who turns, at night, into a dragon. Then there are the still feared and believed in Ladies of the Sea, the Russalki, the goddesses of streams; beautiful temptresses rising to the moon rays on spring and summer nights. There are the sylphs, and the Vilas, Lada's huntresses, the mysterious "virgins of noon"; they are called Samovili (samo=self) to distinguish them from spirits created by the will of another (elementals?). The Vilas were golden-haired; they wore white and golden robes; their heads were crowned with flowers; they offered to dance with those they met in their forest haunts; but they were dangerous associates, and killed men who fell into their power. Under their airy feet the herb remains erect. They are the Slav Valkyrie,

* To show the grace of rhythm we quote a few words of the original Slav:

"*Lepi tvo tergo roje,*
Tebi, Lado, sveti Boje!
Lado, slouchay nos, Lado!
Pesme, Lado, pewamo ti
Serdza nache klaniamo ti!
Lado, etc."

for in the Sagas many a hero is represented as calling for their aid on the battlefield: "O Vila, help me!" They knew all the magic of nature, and owned allegiance to their queen, the great white Vila.

With the consideration of this host of heavenly amazons who thronged the threshold of the Slav Valhalla, we will leave the study of this fading religion which once inspired a nation with love stronger than death. In a subsequent paper an examination of the Slav view of man as the reflection of the cosmos, will be attempted.

A RUSSIAN.

THE SIKH GURUS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 65)

WHEN Govind heard of the death of his father he sent his sweepers to Delhi to bring the corpse to Ânandpûr. They entered the jail on the pretence of sweeping there, and brought away the body on a cart laden with grass. The body was brought to Ânandpûr and burned, a great shrine being erected on the spot; the head, which had remained at Delhi, was burnt there by some Sikhs and a shrine erected over it also.

Thus, according to Sikh tradition, Guru Teg-bâhadur appears quite as an innocent man, who suffered severely at the hands of the bigoted Aurangzeb. To this view, his compositions, which are contained in the *Granth* and bear the stamp of a rather melancholy and world-renouncing character, seem to have contributed greatly, and it is not to be overlooked that as to his sanctity and renunciation of the world, it is these very verses which are appealed to in the tradition summarised above.

But we must not too hastily conclude from this that Teg-bâhadur was altogether a quiet, world-renouncing fakîr, who did not meddle in affairs or the politics of the time; for the moral ideas of the Sikhs of those times had already departed so far from those of Guru Nânak, and their hatred against the Mos-

lems was already so great, that they considered rebellion against the established government and plundering the property of Mohammedans as altogether lawful and meritorious acts.

Comparing the Sikh tradition with other sources of information, we may gather that the Guru was by no means only a harmless, spiritual instructor, but rather that, riding at the head of well-armed disciples, he levied contributions on the zemindars and inhabitants of the villages they passed through, and made regular raids upon the Mohammedan population. Even the Sikh accounts show that the Guru had not only a strong band of Sikhs with him, but that he also engaged some of the rural clans to enter his service, promising that he would pay them handsomely and put them in the way of obtaining rich booty. The Sikh Sâkhîs also state that the Mohammedan soldiers were at the heels of the Guru, trying to capture him.

It is thus fairly evident that while the bigotry and cruelty of the Mohammedan conquerors were undoubtedly the root cause of the persecution of Teg-bâhadur and the Sikhs, yet at the same time, their own turbulence and constant raiding expeditions gave the Mohammedans ample reason for seizing and putting to death the head of such a community; and political reasons had certainly as much to do with his death as the fanatical religious bigotry of the Emperor Aurangzeb, which is admitted on all hands.

10. *Guru Govind Singh* (A.D. 1675-1708)

We now come to Guru Govind Singh, the tenth and last of the Sikh Gurus, under whom the community assumed its final form and completed its transformation into a religious nationality.

Guru Teg-bâhadur was succeeded by his son, Govind Singh, who, as we have seen, was only fifteen years old when his father died. As he was surrounded on all sides by dangers, he retreated to the mountains, where he kept himself concealed, occupying himself with hunting and archery, in which latter art he became a great adept. He also studied Persian and read a good deal of Hindî, but never attempted the study of Sanskrit, though he

occasionally tried to imitate it in his compositions, which on the whole are very intricate and difficult.

When he had attained to years of manhood, he stood up publicly as Guru, and began to collect the dispersed and intimidated members of the Sikh community. During his years of retreat he had matured his plans; his aim was to wreak a bloody vengeance on the murderers of his father, to subvert totally the Mohammedan power, and to found a new empire on its ruins.

Owing to his early education at Patna under Hindu Paṇḍits, his mind was deeply imbued with Hindu religious conceptions, and he therefore resolved, before embarking upon his great enterprise, to secure to himself the aid of the goddess Durgâ, who was his special object of worship. After he had procured some Paṇḍits fom Benares, he went with them to the hill of Nainâ Devî, some six *kos* distant from Ânandpûr. There he began to practise the severest austerities according to the directions of the Paṇḍits. When he had gone through the course of these austerities, the Brâhmans began to offer up his burnt offerings, throwing hundreds of maunds of *ghî*, raw sugar and molasses into the fire.

When the burnt offering was completed the Paṇḍits told the Guru that he should now, in order to make a powerful offering, cut off the head of his own son and put it before the goddess. Govind Singh had four sons, but when he asked their mothers to give him one, they flatly refused it. The Guru asked the Paṇḍits what was now to be done? And when they answered that the head of someone else would do, five (others say twenty-five) disciples offered their heads, one of which was cut off and offered to the goddess, and thus the burnt offering made complete. The story goes, that thereupon the Devî appeared and said: "Go, thy sect will prosper in the world."

When the Guru had returned from the hills to Ânandpûr, he assembled the societies of the disciples, and told them that he required the head of a disciple; he who loved his Guru should give it. Most of them were terror-stricken and fled; but five of them rose and resolutely offered their heads. Their names (which have been carefully preserved, while that of the victim offered to Nainâ Devî has not) were: Dharm Singh, Sukkâ

Singh, Dayâ Singh, Himmat Singh, and Muhkam Singh. These five he took into a room, and told them that, as he had found them true, he would give them the Pâhul (initiation or baptism) of the true religion. He made them bathe and seated them side by side; he dissolved purified sugar in water and stirred it with a two-edged dagger, and having recited over it some verses, he made them drink some of this sherbert, some part of it he poured on their heads and the rest he sprinkled on their bodies. Then patting them with his hand he cried with a loud voice: "Say, The Khâlsâ of the Vâh-Guru! Victory of (to) the holy Vâh-Guru!" After he had given the Pâhul to these five in this manner, he took it likewise from them, and in this way all the rest of his disciples were initiated, to whom he gave the name of the Khâlsâ, adding to the name of each of them the epithet Singh (lion). Then he gave the order, that whoever desired to be his disciple must always have five things with him which all begin with the letter kakka (K), *viz.*, the *hair* (which must not be cut), a *comb*, a *knife*, a *sword*, and *breeches reaching to the knee*, otherwise he would not consider him as his disciple. In order to separate his Sikhs totally from the Hindus and to form them into a distinct body, which should also be known as such by outward signs, he issued many other regulations.

As he had perceived that the Hindus had fallen an easy prey to the Mohammedan invaders by reason of their division into castes, which nursed feelings of separateness and jealousy, and moreover did not allow the lower orders to bear arms, he abolished caste altogether, in order to put all on a footing of equality, and he received people of all castes, even sweepers, into the Khâlsâ. But this offended the pride and prejudices of the higher castes to such a degree, that a great many of his disciples left him and would no longer acknowledge him as their Guru. The Khâlsâ, therefore, soon came to consist chiefly of men of the lower orders, especially of Jâts, and all those who adhered to the Guru accepted his innovations, amongst which was the taking of the name of Singh, whereas those disciples who did not acknowledge the authority of Guru Govind Singh on account of his innovations, called themselves simply Sikhs, without adding to their names the title of Singh.

Guru Govind Singh also tried to infuse his own spirit into the *Âdi Granth*, which was already generally accepted as the holy book of the Sikh community, as he slightingly remarked that the *Âdi Granth*, such as it was, only instilled into the minds of the Sikhs a spirit of meekness and humbleness. He therefore sent men to Kartârpûr, where the official volume, signed by the hand of Guru Arjûn himself, was preserved, to bring it to him in order that he might make additions to it; but the Sodhîs, to whom the volume was entrusted, refused to allow it to be taken away, as they did not acknowledge Govind Singh as Guru. So they sent him word that he should make a new *Granth*, if he was able to do so. This message incensed Govind Singh, and he resolved forthwith to make a new *Granth* of his own for his followers, which should rouse their military valour and inflame them to deeds of courage. He set to work and composed a large heavy *Granth*, and when it was completed in 1696, he called it *The Granth of the Tenth Reign*.

Govind Singh knew very well that he could not accomplish his object with an undisciplined crowd; his great aim, therefore, was to exercise his Sikhs in the use of arms. When this had to some extent been done, an opportunity was naturally not long wanting for trying their valour, though Govind Singh assures us that war was made upon him without a cause. According to tradition, the war broke out on account of an elephant which the hill Râjâhs demanded from the Guru and which he refused to give up. The hill Râjâhs marched with considerable forces upon Ânandpûr and some severe battles were fought, in one of which the two eldest sons of Govind Singh were slain; but finally the Râjâhs were successively repulsed and compelled to flee to the hills.

When the Râjâhs saw that they could do nothing against the Guru, they appealed to the Emperor at Delhi for assistance, which was readily granted. Joining forces with the Imperial troops they again attacked Ânandpûr and besieged it. When Govind Singh saw the danger of his position, he left his troops there and fled with the five Sikhs, whose names were mentioned above, and his two youngest sons to the town of Mâchûvârâ, where for some time he concealed himself in the house of a Sikh.

When the Imperial troops followed him up there also, he managed to escape with his five companions in the disguise of Moslems, and safely reached Mâlvâ; but at that place he was compelled to leave his two younger sons behind. They were betrayed into the hands of the Imperial troops, who brought them to Sirhind. Vazîr Khân, the Governor of Sirhind, informed the Emperor Aurangzeb of their capture and asked for orders. The Emperor ordered him to put them to death, so he put the poor children under the foundation of a wall, closed the place up and buried them alive. It is said that the crying of the children was heard for several days.

The Guru was meantime pursued by the Imperial forces, but as these could follow but slowly through the sandy deserts, owing to lack of water and provisions, the Guru found time again to collect a body of Sikhs round his person. When the troops at last came up with him and brought him to action at a place called afterwards Mukt-sâr, he was defeated with his small band; but as the Emperor's troops were under the impression that the Guru had been slain, they desisted from further pursuit, as they were nearly dying of thirst. Thus Govind Singh found some rest, and he built on the battle field a large tank, which he called the "Tank of Emancipation," as he asserted that many had there been emancipated. He settled in a village of Mâlvâ and remained their quietly and peacefully, bent only on making disciples, in which he seems to have been very successful, as it is said that he gained 120,000. He built there a large residence for himself, which he called Damdamâ. This place became the Benares of the Sikhs, and many resort thither, as a residence at Damdamâ is considered a very meritorious act. A saying of Govind Singh is current among the Sikhs, that whoever dwells at Damdamâ will become wise, be he never so great a fool. The study of the *Granth* is much in vogue there, and the Gurmukhi writers of Damdamâ are considered the best.

Some time afterwards the Guru left his retreat at Damdamâ and went to Sirhind, where his two youngest sons had been buried alive. The Sikhs with him wanted to destroy the town utterly; but Govind would not allow it. They, therefore, built a great shrine there which the Sikhs still visit. From Sirhind,

the Guru went to Ânandpûr, his old haunt, and seems to have settled and lived there undisturbed through the closing years of Aurangzeb's reign.

When Aurangzeb died in 1707, Govind Singh rejoiced much at being now freed from his bitterest enemy. But Aurangzeb's son, Bâhadur Shâh, had to contend with his younger brother, Azim, for the crown. Both brothers assembled large armies and in a bloody battle near Agra Azim was beaten and killed with two of his sons. According to a Sikh tradition Govind Singh joined Bâhadur Shâh with his followers and assisted him in this war. This appears very probable and if true would account for the otherwise hardly comprehensible turn in the Guru's life, that of entering the service of the Emperor Bâhadur Shâh, who entrusted him with a military command in the Dekkan. When this war of succession was over and Bâhadur Shâh firmly seated on the throne of Delhi, the Guru is said to have visited the Emperor there, and to have been graciously received by him. From Delhi Govind Singh returned to Ânandpûr and became engaged again in a short predatory war with the petty hill chiefs, whom he routed.

About this time occurred the abrogation of the institution of the so-called Masands or hereditary deputies of the Guru. These Masands had become a regular plague to the Sikhs, extorting money in every possible way and ill-treating the poor people more than ever the Government tax-gatherers had done. This throws some rather significant light upon how the Sikh Gurus were able to keep up such large bands of armed men and to wage such an obstinate and persevering struggle against the Government. In the times of Guru Govind Singh the oppression of the Sikhs by his deputed collectors must have been beyond endurance, so that at last they resolved to bring the matter before their dreaded Guru in the form of a play. The Guru took the hint to heart, and as he perceived that the institution had become thoroughly hateful and unbearable to his disciples, he resolved to abolish it altogether. He punished the overbearing and oppressive Masands severely and excommunicated them.

After Govind Singh had settled his affairs at home, he marched for the Dekkan, where he had been appointed by the Emperor to the command of five thousand horse. On the march

thither he fell in with a Pathân, who was the grandson of that Paindah Khân with whom Guru Hargovind had fought. The Guru showed to this man great affection, and engaged him in his service and took him with him. One day the Guru began to mock at him; when he perceived that the Pathân paid no heed to his taunts, he began to put him to shame, saying: "If the son and grandson, whose father and grandfather have been killed by somebody, goes to him in order to get his subsistence from him, say, what a shameless man must he be?" The Pathân answered: "If a man remains with the enemy of his father and grandfather and gets his subsistence from him, he must be a very shameless, nosecut person." The Guru continued: "If a Pathân remain with the enemy of his father and grandfather, what dost thou consider him?" He answered: "I do not consider him a Pathân, but a weaver (= a coward)." The Guru said further: "If thou shouldst meet with the enemy of thy father and grandfather and a weapon should be in thy hand, say, what wouldst thou do?" He answered: "I would not let him live." The Pathân wondered why the Guru asked him such things and reflected over it. He recollected that Govind Singh was descended from Hargovind, with whom the battle of Kartârpûr was fought; he felt ashamed in his mind and resolved to take his revenge at the first opportunity. One day a Sikh brought to the Guru from abroad a very beautiful dagger. The Guru seeing its brightness and its edge was much pleased with it and kept it always with him. One day he asked the Pathân by how many thrusts of this dagger a man might be killed? He answered that one thrust of it was enough. The Guru went on to say: "Well, if he, by whom thy father and grandfather may have been killed, should come before thee and this dagger were in thy hand, what wouldst thou do with him?" The Pathân on hearing this got very angry in his heart, but could say nothing. Shortly after the Guru fell sleep and all his doorkeepers went to their own tent. The Pathân, who had remained sitting near him, took gently the dagger out of the hand of the Guru and thrust it into his belly. When he thought that the Guru was dead, he arose and fled. The Guru, who was not dead, on seeing the wounds of the dagger, cried out: "O brother Sikhs, I am dead!"

All the Sikhs assembled together and running in the four directions they seized that Pathân and brought him back to the Guru. It is said that the Guru praised the bravery of the Pathân and set him free, telling the Sikhs, who were overcome by grief on seeing the wounds of their Guru, that they should not be sorrowful, for this was so ordered by the Lord; the Pathân had not struck him treacherously, but he had himself provoked him to kill him, by putting him to shame.

The wounds were sewn up and healed again; but it seems that the Guru was bent on dying. One day he bent his bow with great force, and by so doing the stitches of the wound were broken and blood began to flow. The surgeon bound up his wounds again, but the Guru obtained no rest. He mounted a palki and travelled southwards. When he reached a town called Nader, Govind Singh became greatly exhausted by his wounds, and said to his Sikhs that he saw he would not live any longer, and therefore they must stop in that place. When the Guru felt that his dissolution was near at hand, he ordered his disciples to keep ready wood for his burning and a shroud. Having done so, they all joined their hands and asked: "O true Guru, whom will you seat, for the sake of our welfare, on the throne of the guruship?" He answered: "As the nine Kings before me were at the time of their death seating another Guru on their throne, so shall I now not do; I have entrusted the whole society of the disciples to the bosom of the timeless, divine male. After me you shall everywhere mind the book of the *Granth Sâhib* as your Guru; whatever you shall ask it, it will show you. Whoever will be my disciple, he shall consider the *Granth* as the form of the Guru, and whatever disciple wishes to have an interview with me, he shall make for one rupee and a quarter, or as much as he is able, Haṛâh-parsad; then opening the book and bowing his head he will obtain a reward equal to an interview with me." Having given them some other directions the Guru soon became unconscious. Meanwhile, the disciples heaped up a pyre of sandalwood and kept everything else ready. One hour before he expired, the Guru said to the disciples: "Bathe me and put on me new clothes, and give me all my weapons; when my breath departs do not take off these clothes, but burn me with

them and with all my weapons." He then sat himself down on the funeral pyre, and having meditated on the Supreme Lord, he uttered with his mouth and with love the following:

Since I seized Thy feet, I brought nothing else under my eye.
O merciful Râm, the Purâṇas and the Kurân teach various systems, I did not mind one of them.
The Smṛiti, the Shâstras and the Vedas, all teach many modifications, I did not recognise one of them.
O disposer of happiness, bestow mercy on me! I did not say "I," all I recognised as "Thee?"

Having uttered these words Guru Govind Singh closed his eyes and expired in A.D. 1708. All the Sikhs and saints, who from many parts were assembled there, raised the shout of Jaikâr (Victory)! and sang a beautiful song, and the eyes of many people were filled with tears on account of the separation of the Guru. Beautiful edifices were erected there, and in the midst of them all the shrine of the Guru, and round this some dharmsâlâs in which the *Granth Sâhib* was deposited.

"Guru Govind Singh could not achieve the object of his life, even though he sought to secure it by a human sacrifice, and he died broken-hearted and weary of life, far from the scenes of his exploits: but he contributed not a little to the destruction of the Mohammedan power in India by his bloody struggles, inciting his Sikhs to continual warfare, and moulding them by his new ordinances into a distinct nation of fanatical soldiers, the Khâlsâ. A body containing such elements could not remain quiet; their destiny was prescribed for them and they had indeed no other choice but to conquer or be conquered. We need therefore not wonder that the Sikhs, though repeatedly repulsed, soon succeeded in erecting their own sway on the ruins of the declining Mohammedan empire."

With these words Prof. Trumpp closes his account of Guru Govind Singh, the last in order of the ten Sikh Gurus, and here we may pause also, leaving for our concluding article a brief sketch of the history of the Sikh community subsequent to Guru Govind Singh, and some remarks upon the differences between the Sikh community in its final shape and the original teaching and form given to it by Guru Nânak.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE PEPLUM OF THE SPIRIT

"SISTERS of Earth, say, what manner of apparel are ye weaving?" sighed the angels, as they winged their flight around the world to their appointed tasks. "Know ye not that each one must in this life spin the robe that she will wear hereafter either to her glory or her shame?"

"Not so!" said certain daughters of assertive Dogmatism, in response. "We have no need to weave our own, for each of us will be apparelled in the white robe of the righteousness of Christ."

Then the angels shook their heads sorrowfully, and whispered to the consciences of these: "Ye must work out your own salvation, and are far indeed from being clad in the white vesture of the sinless Christ. Ye have the shuttle of freewill to ply with your own hands. Compel we cannot, but we counsel you. Some are but dismal colours that ye weave; while some are gaudy and offend celestial eyes. Leave out the scarlet threads of anger; replacing them by roseate hues of strong forgiving love. Weave in the blue of aspiration, the violet tint of true devotion, with intellect's fair yellow threads which net the gold of truth! Spin not with grey texture of gloom and doubt, and, above all, keep out the darksome shades of sullen black despair."

The sisters of the earth spun on. Some heard and heeded not, while others heeded fitfully, and wove them robes of motley hue. On these terrestrial pleasures had not palled, and still concealed illusion in fair forms. Thus it was, the soft sighs of the angels fanned these souls in vain.

At length one maiden heard their whispers, and obeyed. Long time, and sore, she toiled to draw forth all dissevered threads, and weave her robe anew; and meanwhile many mocked at her, and called her mad Penelope. But angel smiles made sunshine in her heart, and cheered her on,

At last, when weary years had passed, she rose, and stretching out her arms to them, she cried aloud: "My robe is finished! Bear me hence, for I aspire to wear it in the presence of my King!"

And thus it came to pass that this brave soul, draped in virtue's seven rays, soared through the sky, and as she soared her flowing robe swept after her, in such a soft and glorious trail that storm clouds cleft asunder in dismay, and so it bridged a path uniting earth with heaven.

The angels paused and turned towards earth with joy, for well they knew all need of aid was o'er, for that triumphant soul had reached the Master and had kissed His feet!

HOPE HUNTLY.

DANTE AND THE DARK AGES

IN a very able and interesting paper on "Dante," lately read by Miss Cust before the Blavatsky Lodge, the question was raised as to the source of Dante's great knowledge of symbolism, astrology, and occult science generally, living, as he did, in the age which modern enlightenment in its wisdom has elected to call "dark." The problem is undoubtedly an interesting one, but if we put aside prejudice and cease to repeat what is, after all, a mere parrot-cry, we may find the question not so very difficult of solution, without the necessity of having recourse to the theory of Dante's connection with any secret society. Let us see who were the contemporaries and immediate predecessors of Dante in Italy and elsewhere.

Dante was born in 1265 and died in 1321; from sixteen years of age he was studying at the Universities of Bologna and Padua, at that time, next to Paris, the greatest schools of learning in Europe. After that he took active service in the army of Florence, was present at more than one battle in the State of Tuscany, and was concerned in the political factions which divided his native city. He was at one time one of its chief magistrates or Priors, and was on an embassy to the Pope when

his banishment was decreed by the Neri party then in power, on the plea that he had favoured the Bianchi. Dante then wandered from city to city, until he found his last refuge at Ravenna. Throughout these years, Dante was in touch with all the prominent men of Italy, with writers and poets famous in their day, but whom his own great name has overshadowed. The painters, Cimabue, Giotto, to whom we owe the portraits of Dante, Simone Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi, were his contemporaries, and these and all the men foremost in politics, literature and art at that day in Florence were also his intimate friends. He was, therefore, in the best sense, a man of the world. The age of Dante was the age of S. Thomas Aquinas, whose writings formed the basis of theological training in the Universities; it was likewise the age of Roger Bacon, the Father of Science in the West; of S. Francis of Assisi and S. Dominic, of S. Elizabeth of Hungary and S. Louis IX. of France, of Duns Scotus, of Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scott. Among his immediate predecessors were Albertus Magnus of Cologne, S. Bernard of Clairvaux, S. Hugh of Lincoln, Adam and Hugh of S. Victor, Averröes and Sadi the Persian; among his immediate successors were Boccaccio, Dante's first great commentator, Petrarch, and our own poets, Gower and Chaucer.

Flourishing in the midst of such a galaxy of great names, among men famous, many of them, not only as writers, mystics and recluses, but as organisers, administrators and men of action, it is not to be wondered at that Dante became possessed of immense knowledge, both of a secular and mystical character. Learning, though chiefly concentrated in the great abbeys and monasteries, was by no means confined to these, but was sent forth from their *scriptoria*, where armies of monks were employed in making copies, plain and illuminated, from the original manuscripts in their possession, and was thus put within the reach of all students thirsting for knowledge.

Great political events also contributed to stimulate the minds and fire the imagination of men living at that period. The Crusades, the doings of Philippe le Bel and Charles of Anjou, the splendid expeditions of the Emperors of Germany through Italy on their way to be crowned at Rome, the return of

Marco Polo from his travels in the East—events such as these must have kept the world awake, and especially in Italy, situated midway between the East and West, and possessing in the Republic of Venice a meeting-point for adventurers by sea and land, whether on the Rialto or in the palace of the great Doge.

Dark ages! they may have been so in England, where feudalism reigned supreme, and where there was little choice but between the sword and the cowl. But in the bright, stirring, prosperous Italian republics—certainly not. In this present age Italy is dead, her people ground down by poverty and taxation, her political life undermined by anarchist societies, her religious life by atheism, her agriculture neglected and her verdure represented by the lugubrious shades of the cypress, the stone pine and the olive. Now is her dark age; shall a brighter one ever dawn for her?

The symbolism used by Dante in his *Divina Commedia* has always been used by the Catholic Church. Look at our old Cathedrals. The rose window, the bosses of arches carved in form of a rose; the Rosa mystica, Rose without a thorn, titles of the Blessed Virgin, and the devotion of the rosary; wherever these may have come from, they are accepted as universal symbols throughout the Church. "The Rosa aurea, which is of pure gold inwrought with rubies and other gems, is solemnly blessed by the Pope on Mid-Lent Sunday, as an emblem of Christ." (See note to Hettinger's *Dante*, p. 220.) In Giotto's fresco of Dante, he is represented with a rose in his hand.

Then take the chalice. Apart from its daily use in the Mass, how often does the chalice appear in representations of the Agony in Gethsemane, in the visions of saints, in the legends of the Troubadours, as a symbol of holiness, of consolation or of strength! It is the Sangreal, interpret it as we may.

With regard to numbers—the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity; the four cardinal virtues, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence; the seven sacraments, the seven capital sins (Dante's seven P's), the seven works of mercy, the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost, all these are current coin in the Church, and are known to every Irish applewoman round the corner.

When we consider that Dante was a devoted son of the Church, and that in spite of his rebuke (*Hell*, xxvii.) of Boniface VIII. and other Popes, his poem was never censured by the Holy See, it is scarcely probable that Dante would have been a member of any Society disapproved by that tribunal. That he was a member of the Third Order of S. Francis he himself admits in the passage just referred to, but the members of that Order, though wearing no mark visible to the world, are all registered in the Franciscan annals, and there are large numbers of such about the world to-day.

The Catholic Church teems with mysticism, though there may not be many to interpret its meaning; even as it has been said that there is astrology, but in these days there are no astrologers. Perhaps the immense development of science on its physical side, and the consequent necessary specialization of outside knowledge, have rendered recent ages *dark* as to its really luminous side, and it needs some invention other than that of printing to bring down the light from beyond to eyes that are trying to pierce the veil between this nether world and that which lies beyond. Many agencies are at work, and among them I for one am inclined to count the recent marvellous revival of the study of Dante, various societies for this end having sprung into existence during the last few years in several towns in England and other countries. But let us not talk of the age of which Dante was the flower and his works the fruit, as in any sense *dark*, but rather consider that in which we are now living, as regards spiritual matters, in comparison with his, as "moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Dante was essentially the spokesman of his age. Carlyle says that in him ten silent Christian centuries found a voice; "the thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his . . . are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all the good men who had gone before him."

Dante wrote as he did because he lived, not in the Dark Ages, but in the Ages of Faith. The matter of his poem was of universal acceptance, the manner of it only was his own.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

A CONTINUED DIALOGUE BETWEEN CAPTAIN X., A ROMAN CATHOLIC, AND MRS. VAN DER WEYDE, INTERESTED IN THEOSOPHY*

CAPT. X.—Ah well! *Quæ cum ita sint* . . . Why do you require an astral body at all? Your goal, your final aim, is immortality, and the astral body is not, you say, immortal; not so very much more durable than the physical body in fact. It seems to me a gratuitous assumption to set up two souls when one would do. And also I think it is the height of materialism to say that consciousness can only function in a body of some sort, however attenuated the matter composing the body may be.

You were rhapsodising this morning about the *amor Dei intellectualis* of Spinoza or Plotinus, and saying that he who truly loves knows himself immortal, and that immortality is nothing else than this power of an endless love—then, I ask, if the astral body is not an intellectual vehicle will it not be more bother than it is worth? What purpose does it serve? That is what mystifies me. If you have found liberation by sheer abstract thinking, what *do* you want the astral plane for . . . . and its body?

MRS. V. D. W.—I see your point. No amount of merely astral experiences or a most highly evolved astral body completely fitted out with clairvoyance, clairaudience and all the rest, would give the assurance of immortality. The certainty of immortality we agree is the only desirable thing, and this is attained only by long study, deep thought, and contemplative habits, and renunciation of material comforts. But given a glimpse of liberation, given a partial insight into what will be the perfect joys of a liberated mind, of an intenser and more perfect consciousness,

* See in the last two numbers "A Dialogue on Deck," and "The Game of Follow my Leader."

do you not see how unbearable the idea of losing all at death would become? Then "Alarum! for we are betrayed," as says Walt Whitman.

I have seen, as many another pilgrim has seen, the City Beautiful far off beyond the peaceful lands of Beulah, but right at my feet was an ugly-looking swamp and beyond it a deep, dark river.

My contention is that when a man first sits down by himself to face the problem of his diviner self, he sees at once in a more vivid way than ever before, that sleep and death are two impenetrably dark places. What is unconsciousness and how does he return every morning of his life? The proudest mind during sleep, that is during a quarter of its existence, is the plaything of any dream that the imagination calls up. I never could endure the idea of sleep as something which interferes with the *continuity* of thinking. I wanted a ship to cross these waters of oblivion. I wanted to know that when this body is worn out I should not lose everything. I wanted to investigate my new habitation. I should like even to make trial trips if possible. To live in utter ignorance, as we do, of the meaning of the Play is bad enough, but to contemplate being hustled off the stage at any moment just when you might be beginning to understand it, is like running before a goad, blind and dumb, and helpless! No guide—no consolation—no advice!

CAPT. X.—You have Moses and the prophets! Would you believe if one rose from the dead?

MRS. V. D. W.—No, I should wonder if he were really dead, and the prophets only so much literature. I wish for no dogmas but experience.

CAPT. X.—You may be trying to pluck the fruit before it is ripe. You are trying to tear that Veil which the mightiest and purest of our Saints toiled and watched all night to be allowed to lift a corner of with reverent and hesitating hands.

MRS. V. D. W.—Yes, but my need is new. They were not maddened by the positive and persistent denial of spiritual things among the most learned of their day. I may not be morally fit for the Blessed Vision, or worthy of anything beyond the common physical plane, but at least I did not deserve the utter

darkness of a helpless and hopeless death, led up to by years of that terrible *tedium vitæ* of the decadent sceptic.

> And death and life she hated equally,
> And nothing saw for her despair
> But dreadful Time, dreadful Eternity,
> No comfort anywhere,

like the soul in the Palace of Art. I find it difficult to be calm and categorical when people ask me what I saw or learnt among the Spiritualists in the U.S.A., and what difference it made to my life. I rushed from *séance* to *séance*, classifying nothing, taking no notes, with no idea of convincing other people, but simply bent on satisfying myself that consciousness was *not* extinguished by death. I had a sort of rough and ready method in my mind, and though my experiments were crude enough, I finished each one and got some conclusion from it. I allowed for possibilities of collusion and fraud to the verge of absurdity, and one fine day I discovered that I had been convinced already for weeks, but had not confessed it to myself. "For I dared not lightly believe what I so much wished to be true."

CAPT. X.—At least you are honest! You do not pretend to have got irrefragable proofs of anything, or to have done anything from altruistic motives.

MRS. V. D. W.—Oh, no, not at that time. But now I intend to open a large emporium of proofs and give them away out of pure benevolence, as soon as I get to England. This is now my chief ambition in life.

CAPT. X.—Then, perhaps, out of your superabundant benevolence you might be induced to give me a short definition of an astral body. Is it subject to gravitation or is it not?

MRS. V. D. W.—No, it is not. It is a *condition*, not a *thing*. If you would only get it into your head that the astral plane is a state and not a place. The astral body is a vehicle of desire. As will makes thought on the mental plane, so thought makes desire on the astral plane, and desire action on the physical plane. The astral aspect of any individual is, therefore, like the *motif* of a particular movement in a piece of music, like the subject of a picture. The picture is ponderable and solid, and the subject is a part of the picture, but the subject is not amenable

to the laws of gravitation, yet it produces emotion in your solid, physical body when you look at it. Emotions are subjective on the physical plane and objective on the astral plane. Thoughts are subjective on the astral plane and objective on the mental plane, that is pure abstract thoughts.

CAPT. X.—You seem to believe in a sort of infinite progression inwards, and paradoxically the more you expand inwards, the larger the prospect becomes. What do you think you will finish up as?

MRS. V. D. W.—After countless ages every self-conscious ego will have expanded to be co-extensive with the Deity.

CAPT. X.—Indeed! It is a remarkable coincidence, but doubtless mere chance that it was the same ambition which upset Adam and Eve so fatally, as recorded in the Sacred Books of the Hebrews. My mind is completely made up. There is no such thing as this astral body; the very name is absurd. But what *does* interest me is: What is the origin of the phenomena described *under the heading* of astral? What is the nature of the mistake? Don't imagine that I think you were the victim of a series of impositions. I believe you really saw some unusual or abnormal psychic forces in action. The best theory, and, to me, the most probable, is that all this is due to the action of higher intelligences—vastly higher, perhaps. Now, there are only two courses open to me if a higher intelligence puts itself into communication with me. Absolute refusal and defiance, or absolute surrender. He is too much to argue with, too clever to be cross-examined. *I* should obey the Church and refuse point-blank. But if I had not the voice of the Church to guide me, I should give it up—or . . .

MRS. V. D. W.—Or use your reason!

CAPT. X.—I should do nothing of the kind. Reasoning would be quite out of place. The only probable alternative is that I should go mad.

MRS. V. D. W.—I shouldn't. I should try the spirits, whether they were good or evil, by the feelings they gave me.

CAPT. X.—I don't wish to dabble in such feelings; I know that studying Spiritualism would be ruination to me.

MRS. V. D. W.—But if you studied it sufficiently and mastered the subject, you would annul all the dangers. You are

just like the first Indians who saw a cannon fired off. They thought that the less they knew about it the better; whereas that was just where the danger came in.

CAPT. X.—I am not in the least like an Indian with a cannon. I shouldn't pray to an astral body or try to propitiate it; but I do say that for the present this department of things is inexplicable, though it will not perhaps be always so. But *is* it likely that we have all got astral bodies? Why the whole world would be at the feet of the man who could function in one of these astral bodies. If at all feasible, I am all for starting one on my own account. I could upset the course of events to such an extent that it is fortunate to think I haven't this faculty naturally.

MRS. V. D. W.—Perhaps it is just as well. It is never a *natural* inheritance until the owner is incapable of being "upsetting." The world is only at his feet when he no longer wants it. When he would not accept it as a gift, it is given to him as a charge.

CAPT. X.—Then he cannot be *born* with this power—you allow that much, don't you?

MRS. V. D. W.—I do not know why he should not be born with it.

CAPT. X.—Why, if he has it, he should trouble about being born at all into a physical body, is my difficulty. Think of his peculiar facilities for getting about and seeing everything that is going on when he is an astral body.

MRS. V. D. W.—You let your imagination jump from limited physical conditions straight to the extreme of emancipation and the "sovereign power over Nature" which the Church accords to your properly canonised Saints. But you might have learnt from St. Bernard the extraordinary horror which Saints have of displaying the privileges of Saints; this seems to be a patent of nobility even among mediums. The lower their gifts are the more anxious they are to excite attention and admiration.

I think it is Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer, who divided mediums into the Outward, the Onward, and the Inward. The Inward is the order I wish most to study. The Outward is what your Church calls diabolic possession, and often rightly too. These are the "vibratory" mediums, shaking and shuddering

and feeling invisible presences. Also the "motive" mediums for table-turning, planchette-writing, rapping and moving pictures on the wall, etc. Then there are the "pantomimic" mediums who personate the control. I have heard many who talk Indian dialects quite unknown to them in their natural state, and their faces change in the strangest way, their voices are totally different. It is a most weird thing to see and hear, and not altogether pleasurable, it is too uncanny.

Then there are the symbolic mediums who see objects round you, and so read your past. They used to say to me: "I see you surrounded with paint-brushes and canvasses," as I was an art-student for two years previously.

Then there are the psychometrising mediums. I believe numbers of people have this faculty, and it could be harmlessly developed by feeling one's letters before opening them, and so judging if the contents are agreeable or the reverse. Then there are the pictorial mediums who see blue flowers for joy, jewels for luck, and so on, animals for every sort of event, such as cats for quarrels, doves and . . .

CAPT. X.—What do bears mean? I dreamt of a whole circle of bears last night. Awfully nice beasts. Sat all round me rocking themselves to and fro. What does that forfend?

MRS. V. D. W.—A dull dinner-party probably! Then I saw healing mediums who diagnose you without even touching you, and whose knowledge was certainly wonderfully correct. Then there were inspirational speakers, unfortunately too common, and best of all the true clairvoyants, always the highest type of person and the most satisfactory. But all these things are very intricate and want a lot of sorting.

CAPT. X.—Ridiculing also!

MRS. V. D. W.—Sometimes perhaps—and I do not expect my private experiences to have any weight with other people. But modern Spiritualism with all its faults and shortcomings was for me the lowest rung in a heavenward ladder, though now it has served its turn I have no more to do with it.

CAPT. X.—I am glad of that at any rate.

A. L. BEATRICE HARDCASTLE.

THEOSOPHY AND MATERIALISM

FROM the very outset of Theosophical activity in the Western hemisphere its literature of all kinds—periodical, text-book, pamphlet—has continually asserted that one great part of the Theosophic mission was to combat the materialism which is so characteristic of this age. The word "materialism" has not always been very strictly defined, but in a general way was understood to mean the worship of matter, the imputing to matter of "every form and potency of life," the ignoring, if not the denial, of any world or realm or plane outside the physical. Theosophy opposed to this the contrary doctrine that life really came from just such a world, that the material plane is only valuable as making possible the manifestation of that life and furnishing it with elements of enrichment, and that the field of supersensual truth is incomparably larger, fuller, grander than the material. Its mission was therefore two-fold—to revive faith in the unseen, and to make the unseen amply interpret the seen.

Not a few interesting topics come to view as one inspects this mission of Theosophy. To understand it at all, one should have some idea of what materialism is, how it manifests itself in the conceptions of the day, what is its effect on social and individual character, why and how Theosophy desires to counteract it. If we do not comprehend the nature of materialism, we cannot value its antidote.

There are two forms of materialism, as of most mental conceptions—the gross and the refined. If, through any line of thought, a man reaches the belief that there is nothing beyond matter and its phenomena, the outcome in his own life will be in accordance with his character as already formed. That character, he will himself say, is the product of previous material action. His greater or less sensitiveness to physical pleasures, the in-

tensity with which he enjoys food, drink, sensual indulgence, the various satisfactions which may be bought or found, is a consequence of bodily organisation ; but so, too, he claims, is whatever appreciation he may have of art or beauty or moral sentiment, for this means simply a fine brain structure, evolved from ancestry and social opportunity. As he is, so he wishes to act. And so, very naturally, he gives the dominant taste full play. If that is animal, he finds his aim in all that the senses can procure. The coarser passions are fed, and there is no disposition to check them, since no higher motive than enjoyment exists. Generosity of spirit dies down, there is no interest in or culture of æsthetic tastes, and all activities move upon the plane of the sensual. It is easily seen how such a life is fatal to all broad thought as well as to real affection, and how every meritorious instinct is dwarfed and palsied. As no stream rises higher than its source, the outcome of such principles must ever be material.

But there is a second school of materialists. Its prophets and teachers are the philosophers of lofty intellect, who see in nature many of her marvellous powers, and with patient research seek to find others and to explain all. Matter is so rich in its contents, so Protean in its changes and transformations, so many-graded and delicate and exhaustless, that its departments furnish endless field for investigation and study. Filled with enthusiasm as each new discovery evokes still greater delight in this teeming universe of life, these men break out into eloquent rhapsody over the fecundity of nature. The great naturalists and physicists of the age may not clearly see beyond their science into the Divine origin of their data, but with minds alert for fact, and hearts sensitive to the beauty of all they perceive around them, they grandly voice the glory of that material world they so love to explore and enjoy. To examine but a snow-flake is, as Tyndall says, to "excite rapture." And the same exalted sensibility which makes them so keen to the richness of nature is carried into the realm of character and motive. Note their intense passion for truth, their restless zeal till every fact is accurately secured, their conscientious care that no flaw check or vitiate the worth of conclusions, their indifference to fatigue and pain and loss and unpopularity, their whole-souled consecration to

knowledge, their self-abnegation, their glad exposition of any discovery which may abate sanitary evil or advance the border of general intelligence. In systematic devotion to the service of truth, these apostles of science are as genuine as any apostles of religion.

And look too at the elevated conceptions which such natures form of the subject of their studies. As the microscope and the alembic have disclosed to them conditions of matter previously unknown, and as their successive researches unveil more and more of the transformations of known matter, they see how ethereal it may be in essence, and how vast may be its range and its varieties outside the reach of instruments and tests. With the "scientific use of the imagination" they pursue it into its retreats, forecast what must be its nature and behaviour under other conditions, picture its possibilities when as far rarefied beyond gas as gas is beyond stone. There seems no limit to its increasing delicacy or its multiform combinations. And the larger the conception of how organisation works in producing forms and functions and results, the more impossible to assign any point beyond which there may not be new organisms from finer matter. There may well be universes, grade upon grade, ever more sublimated and vital, all in turn to be studied as man successively enters them.

Such a materialism is consonant with lofty intellection, generous instincts and sympathies, fine affections and noble purposes, the efflorescence of sunny habitudes of thought and feeling. It comports with open-hearted philanthropy, the adoption of human welfare as the one pursuit of life, an utter abandonment of self-seeking in the presence of wide-spread sorrow and deprivation.

Between these extreme types of the devotees of matter, the one seeing nothing but its coarsest forms and using them for the coarsest pleasures, the other perceiving ever finer and finer manifestations and connecting with them analogous grades of intelligence and sentiment, there exist all degrees and varieties. The element all have in common and which gives them their title is the denial that life in any form is more than the product of organised matter, that it has an independent origin and sub-

sistence, that it uses the physical as a mere tool. No doubt there are thousands who take avowedly this position, and who honestly cannot find evidence, in either philosophy or intuition, that there is a world of spirit as real as, far more real than, the visible world, that there is a man within this fleshly tabernacle who shall endure when it has decayed into its elements. And yet, so strong is the tendency of humanity, it is doubtful whether such conviction is very widespread or covers really more than a fractional part of the community. Millions live as if nothing existed but bodies, and the businesses which maintain them and the satisfactions which delight them, but probably it is only an insignificant group who formulate into a deliberate creed the spirit which guides their career. The pressure of circumstances is too much for them; importunate interests force to immediate attention; respite from care means recreation, not care for another department; matters not tangible recede beyond consciousness. And so they settle comfortably into thought for food and raiment and affairs, not denying the existence of unmaterial life, not even questioning it, but simply ignoring it as remote from present needs. It would be a mistake, I think, to imagine that there is, even in this age, any very general scepticism as to the reality of an independent soul or of a future unconnected with body; the constitution of human nature is too strong for a denial which runs counter to it. It is indifference rather than doubt, and the indifference comes mainly because the strain to provide for needs so greatly exhausts the vitality of the man.

But of course there is, too, that exceedingly powerful tendency in human nature to consider as real that which is concrete, visible, an actuality to the senses. What we cannot place before us in tangible shape may be real, but it does not have the reality of a material form. In fact, that which we only see by interior perception, as in a vision, has come to have the name of "visionary," the opposite of what we understand as "real." This indisposition to believe actual anything which does not project itself into the world of palpable form, extends itself widely through quarters which we should not at first suspect. The habit of the age is to seek explanation of all phenomena in material causes. This is in measure a healthy policy, for it is

the opposite to that mediæval practice which referred the simplest incidents of everyday existence to the machinations or pranks of goblins and unseen powers, thus emptying life of rational conceptions and filling their place with belittling superstitions. But so extreme has been the reaction that now all invisible agencies are regarded with suspicion, and no function is allotted to planes and powers which, though not of our grade of matter, are yet as real. In a general way it is no doubt a sound rule that we should not go afar for causes when effects are sufficiently explained by those that are near. But near causes sometimes explain things very imperfectly, and at other times not at all. Certainly it would then be most unphilosophical to refuse consideration of adequate causes merely because they were in departments which science has not yet consented to annex, or to assume that they must be fanciful because they are not conventional. Yet we are all prone to this. It may be right to waive off occult explanations so long as they are not needed, but the large additions to explorable territory of fact lately made contain many matters before which ordinary science stands hopeless, and the only alternatives are perpetual ignorance or occult enlightenment. Much in hypnotism is of this character, very much of Spiritualism and its phenomena, indeed all pertaining to the psychic world, the matter of dreams, consciousness, heredity, genius, clairvoyance, prophecy, and the many problems which are crowding in upon the now-opened mind of the age. The old suspicion of unmaterial agencies does, however, hamper free investigation, and when they are adduced as meeting cases otherwise inexplicable, there is still a hesitation frankly to allow them a hearing. This hesitation, proper as a safeguard against credulity, is really a vestige of materialism when acting beyond that limit, and Theosophy has to combat it as not only an unscientific prejudice but as barring the way to full disclosure.

The indictment of Theosophy against modern thought, that it is materialistic, means a good deal more than that its great aim is physical achievement—money-getting, luxury, ministration to the senses, conquest of natural forces, and the like ; more even than that its science fights against conceptions of facts and potencies and realities beyond the limit of matter. You must

remember that Theosophy confronts a general social condition from which a living consciousness of supersensual powers has largely faded out, so that in every section, in every class, on every topic, there needs a strong upheaval and reconstruction before the larger motives can come briskly into play. One of the most lamentable facts, and this in the foreground, is that religion itself has become infected with materialism and is very largely no protest against materialism but a support to it. Whether you take doctrine or ritual, examination shows that materialistic thought has made its way throughout, and so coloured both beliefs and usages that Theosophy indicts them no less than it does science. Inspect the divisions of Christendom, the formal and the non-formal Churches. Of the formal, the Roman Catholic is the most easily studied. Its strenuous insistance is that membership in it is an imperative requirement for assured salvation. Anything else may be overlooked; this, never. But what and in what is that membership? It is union with an exoteric body, an organisation as distinctly physical as a civil government, and with just as much elaboration of officials and rules. The organisation is kept up by a physical ordination, a literal "laying-on of hands," without which there can be no validity to the sacraments which are the passports to heaven. Those sacraments are so connected with a material element that they would be meaningless, even impossible, without it. Baptism necessitates water. Confession requires a spoken utterance to a priest, whose absolution must be spoken in return. Marriage is no marriage unless the vows are exchanged before an ecclesiastic, and his sanction pronounced; and then the tie is supposed for ever binding, though all real union may vanish away, and discord, unfaithfulness, hatred make the two souls separate in everything but a name. Confirmation is a matter of oil and an Episcopal hand. The mysterious process by which God himself is believed to be literally introduced into a human body through the transmutation of a piece of bread into His own body, makes that material bread the condition to salvation. Extreme Unction, without which the departing soul is not free from peril, requires consecrated oil and a priestly ministrant. At every stage the aspirant to future safety is taught that safety is attained only

through rites and functions external and bodily. Reverence is inculcated and worship maintained by a multiplication of physical accessories; "teaching by the eye" is an avowed policy. Images, shrines, paintings, statues, a variegated apparatus of relics and mementos and sacred objects, fill up the churches and the religious shops. Nothing is too delicate for devotional use, nothing too improbable for ecclesiastical service. Drops of the Virgin's milk, swaddling-clothes from the manger, nails and wood from the cross, old bones and rags and hair, shoes, shirts, and skulls, are among the priceless treasures through which the Church can ensure an alleviation to Purgatory or an enrichment in Heaven.

Notice, too, the nature of pilgrimages. The Virgin-Mother is supposed to have appeared to a child in a remote village, or the house in which the Holy Family lived is believed to have been transported by angels across the sea. A shrine is built, then a costly church; the spot has peculiar sanctity, and facilitates eternal happiness; miracles multiply, crowds swarm, indulgences are granted to all who will journey there and undergo certain rites and prayers. Home is abandoned, daily duty thrown off, the direct communion of the soul with God belittled, while the worshipper travels sea and land to reach a spot nearer to the Deity, an assurance of salvation through a consecrated stone or a miraculous image. Of course the whole conception of religion as a solemn reformation of the individual soul vanishes before the visible picture of it as an affair of sentiment and genuflections and tangible appearances and artificial reverence.

No doubt it is claimed that all these things are but aids to devotion, channels through which heavenly grace can the more quickly flow. But, in point of fact, so continuous is the emphasis upon the potency of the aid, the certainty of the channel, that the mind of the worshipper, as of the priest, thinks only of the material form. Indeed, in the case of the sacraments, any requirement of internal fitness is often dispensed with by the "*opus operatum*" doctrine. And in one particular case, provision for the baptism of an unborn child, practical materialism can go no farther; the very limit of possibility in conditioning spiritual good upon a physical rite is reached. But, in fact, the whole system, with all its machinery and apparatus and resources and

methods, is one vast attempt to make concrete the things of spirit, to crystallise faith and reverence and aspiration and effort into a tangible form which the senses can appropriate. Demolish the form, and the system would collapse. Withdraw the water and the bread and the relics and the oil and the ceremonies, and the soul would lose all access to God. Turn it loose into the great church of Nature, with the heavens above it and the earth beneath it and God everywhere, and it would feel as abandoned and forlorn as a child in a desert. Religion has been so materialised that there is nothing left when that fabric is destroyed.

Can it be said that the non-formal Churches have not made their religion materialistic? Hardly. For in another way, not so brutally coarse but quite as conditioned upon a sensible object, they represent future welfare as turning upon faith. Faith in what? In the crucifixion and death of Jesus. Eternal happiness is only possible as one secures it through an atonement, a physical martyrdom in which the pain suffered is a *quid pro quo* for that which should be suffered by the guilty. The act of faith transfers to the sinner so much of the capital stock of cancelled obligation as is necessary to free him from personal responsibility and thus open to him the doors of heaven. His own attainments in character, soulfulness, self-discipline, altruistic effort, count for nothing; the sage and the ignorant, the devotee and the voluptuary, stand on the same level; inherent qualities are worthless; all merits and demerits are waived aside as without bearing; the sole question is whether the individual turns his eyes to a bloody execution 1900 years ago and stakes his all on the reality of that. Of course attention is directed to the justice which exacted such a sacrifice and to the love which gladly proffered it; sinners are exhorted to gratitude for the voluntary agony which made possible the rescue of themselves and the human race; they are told that all will be in vain if their own lives do not comport with the standard thus displayed; but still the great emphasis must be upon the doctrine that through physical blood comes remission of sin, that future destiny hangs upon a material transaction. The Gospels and the Epistles as spiritual stimulants are worthless if the atonement is eliminated; erase Calvary and you leave nothing but moral maxims which

may have some surface plausibility but are without the life necessary to induce compliance. Everything centres in, hangs upon, the blood of the Cross. It is the essence, the life, the core of the Christian scheme of salvation as that is usually interpreted. Now it is a thoroughly material conception.

Nor is it the only one. The great Christian feast is Easter, and the joyous fact which it is believed to celebrate is that, through the physical resurrection of Jesus from the dead, believers are enabled themselves to rise likewise, their old bodies restored to them for an eternity of possession. Of course, there are not a few objections to such an idea. Quite apart from any question as to the possibility of thus re-combining atoms which have many times formed part of other bodies and may thus be equally claimed as of right by the owners of those bodies, and quite apart also from the question whether the restoration of discarded bodies to their once indwellers would be of any advantage to them, there are two very serious points which resurrectionists commonly pass by. One is that the immortality of the soul—assuming the soul to be a separate and distinct entity, not a product of physical organisation—is in no way dependent on bodily immortality. If the soul can perfectly well exist and function during the interval between death and the Resurrection Day without the body it used in life, why not afterwards? If the soul is inherently immortal and the body is palpably not, what proof of immortality, and what enrichment of it, is furnished by the fact either that Jesus re-assumed a body or that we shall? To make the resumption of a physical body necessary to perfection of heavenly existence, would be a phase of materialism as extreme as anything in science. The other point is that the restoration of the old body would be anything but a boon to many men fully worthy of immortality. Often it has been a clog and a burden and a harassment, associated with memories of pain and humiliation and sadness, perhaps deformed, unsightly, a constant subject of comparison with others better favoured. If the body had been graceful, beautiful, admired by others and satisfactory to oneself, the certainty of recovering it might be gratifying, but with most human beings the contrary is the case. Would it be a welcome assurance to them that the ugly and dis-

pleasing old tabernacle, well rid of at death, was to be revived and fastened upon them for the ages of eternity? You may say that it is to be a "glorified" body. But unless it is "glorified" beyond recognition, the repugnance remains, and if "glorified" to that extent, how is such a body a resurrection?

From every point of view, and however the doctrine may be glossed or interpreted, any revival of a corpse as contributing to the immortal bliss of the soul long freed from it is a piece of extravagant materialism. It degrades the lofty truth of a spiritual existence unfettered by matter, and it substitutes gross and cheap conceptions for what should be fine and noble. Immortality is not "brought to light" by such a Gospel, nor do the best aspirations of humanity gain strength by such a prospect.

With the present tendencies of the scientific world and the future anticipations of the religious world marked as we have perceived, it is certain that something better must be furnished to serious men if their deepest wants are truly to be met. Their science must include the unseen forces which exist apart from and manifest through matter, and their religion must not be so fettered to material things that its upward motion is checked or stopped. When once the true relations of matter and spirit are discerned, science and religion fuse together; they cease to be distinct studies, antipathetic, hostile, mutually antagonistic, and are recognised as connected departments of one great philosophy of life, a philosophy which embraces all of truth in a single unity. The name of this is Theosophy, and its extraordinary spread at the present epoch is because the need for it has been peculiarly felt and because social and intellectual conditions have steadily opened the way for its advance.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IT were better to have no opinion whatsoever of God, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely.—BACON.

THE "WORD OF GOD" AND THE "LOWER CRITICISM"

In the whole field of the comparative science of religion there is perhaps no more interesting and instructive phenomenon than the worship of books. From the earliest times of which we have any record, we hear of books which were regarded with the utmost awe and reverence, not only as containing "all things necessary to the salvation" of the race and the adherents of the faith, but also as in themselves instruments of power committed to the priesthood by superior beings, books of magical efficacy, containing the means of binding and loosing on earth, in heaven, and in the under-world, books sacrosanct and jealously guarded, treasuries of those magic "words of power" which conferred authority and wisdom on the fortunate possessor.

It would be too long in this short sketch to trace the evolution of religion out of this magical phase, through the mixed period of superstition and nascent self-development and independent enquiry, up to the present state of affairs, in which the militant intellect of our time gazes with contempt on the graves of the idols of the ancient gods whom it fancies its fathers have slain, while it challenges every modern god to come forth, if he would battle for the idols of his worshippers.

It is, however, an astonishing fact that in spite of this great intellectual development—a development which has advanced our humanity to puberty, if not to manhood—the vast majority of mankind still clings to its ancient belief in what is practically the magical efficacy of its sacred books. Millions even of those who in every other respect reject the vulgar idea of magic with contempt, are still persuaded that their sacred deposit—Shruti, Bible or Korân—is inspired, not only in its content, but also in its letter; that indeed it is an inerrant instrument of infallible

truth. This substitution of books for truth, of formulæ for direct knowledge, is a most interesting phenomenon which requires an elucidation at present beyond the power of a science which is still in the strife of battle against the conservatism of an ignorant past. Such an elucidation pertains to the science of a more peaceful future, when the nature of inspiration will be better understood, and mankind will have learnt the elementary lesson that the absolute is not to be confounded with the relative, that perfection cannot be manifested by means of imperfection, that infallibility is not within the possibility even of the purified human mind, much less is it capable of expression in the coarse material of written documents or printed works.

But our present study is not concerned with the general question of inspiration and an enquiry into its nature as exemplified by the heterogeneous contents of the world-bibles; the subject before us, vast as it is, is one of far less compass, though one of enormous importance in the consequences which flow from its investigation. Our subject is the textual criticism of the New Testament. This collection of books, considered by the whole of Christendom to contain the New Covenant of God with man, is called into question on innumerable points by the test of the analytical reason which is accepted in all other fields of research as the providential means of removing error and attaining to a just estimation of the nature of fact, knowledge and truth.

Now the analysis of documents of this nature as to their content, authorship and dates, and the enquiry into the reliability of their writers as to questions of historical fact, consistency of statement, and all such more general problems, is generally classed under the term "higher criticism." With the nature and with some of the results of this criticism the educated reader is gradually becoming familiar, and it is generally being understood that the dogma of the plenary inerrancy of Scripture is only tenable at the expense of the grossest self-contradiction and a wilful shutting of the eyes to plainly demonstrated facts.

But there is another branch of criticism of which the general public has no knowledge, but which should logically

precede all other enquiry. This branch is known as the "lower criticism," and concerns itself exclusively with the letter of the text.

Now when it is stated bluntly and broadly that we have no certain text of the New Testament documents, it will be at once seen how enormously important is this so-called "lower" branch of the subject, and how apparently preposterous it is for such a wealth of argument and controversy to be expended in the domain of the higher criticism before we know with some approximation to certainty what it precisely is about which we have to argue.

Textual criticism, however, is so difficult and technical that no one but the trained specialist has the slightest chance of dealing with the subject at first hand, and this is equally the case in the more abstruse problems of the higher criticism. It results, therefore, that the layman has to content himself with the more general problems of the higher, in which for the most part not only is the non-specialist entirely dependent on a translation based on an arbitrary text, but even many of the higher critics themselves are either in the same position, or very insufficiently grounded in the all-important science of the lower branch of criticism, many of their arguments being founded on readings which in every probability are other than the original wording of the passages in question.

But though textual criticism is too difficult for any but a specialist to follow out in detail, even the most unlearned is competent to understand its nature and the general problems it raises, once the facts are put before him; and the inevitable result of even the most casual acquaintance with the nature of the history of the tradition of the text of the New Testament, is to destroy for ever any possible hope of retaining the fond faith of the ignorant in the infallibility of the wording of the received text of even the most sacred utterances of the Master Himself. If of the many sermons in the year devoted to rhapsodising over the text of the Authorised Version, one only were devoted by every minister of religion to instructing his flock in these elementary facts of the history of the text, the cause of Christianity as an expression of truth would be far better served than by the

tacit apologies for bibliolatry which are poured forth year in and year out throughout Christendom.

But not only is the subject shelved in the pulpit, it is equally tabooed in general literature and relegated to expensive and technical treatises, hedged about with such difficulties that the ordinary layman is frightened from their perusal. Such a timorous policy is unworthy of this age of free enquiry; it is the imitation of a Peter who denied his master, rather than devotion to the example of the Christ who preferred death to a lie. It is the truth alone which shall make us free, and that truth can be no better served than by putting before the public the general facts of the textual criticism of the basic documents of the Christian faith, in such a form that all can understand their importance, and so be able the better to distinguish essentials from non-essentials, and to learn that the Spirit of Truth cannot, in the very nature of things, be contained in documents made by and transmitted through the hands of fallible mortals.

The Roman Catholic Church claims that it has authority given it by the Spirit of God to pronounce infallibly what is the authoritative text of Holy Scripture, and those who have committed their souls to its keeping are compelled to maintain at peril of excommunication that they have the "Word of God" in its legal purity. But those who have rejected the authority of this egregious presumption, and who claim the freedom of their private judgment, have no such decision binding upon their conscience; they have no authority but the Bible itself, and it is just this authority which is now called in question. Between the absolute position of God-given authority to pronounce infallible decisions claimed by the Roman Church and utmost freedom in the exercise of reason and judgment there is no logical halting place. When the appeal is to a book, and no man can say what was the original wording of the book, there can by means of the book be no authoritative decision on innumerable points of doctrine based on the ignorant confidence that the received text is inspired in the very letter.

And if the fervent believer in the "Word of God"—in this its most materialistic sense—should be grieved and dismayed at the recital of the history and fortunes of the text of the sacred

narrative and sayings, there is this much comfort for him, if he reflect that the work that is being done is not the plot and contrivance of an enemy, but that it is the spirit of truth in Christianity itself which is working this self-purification of the faith It is a matter of deep congratulation and of high hope for the future of their faith for Christians to reflect that it is their own brethren and professors who are the pioneer workers in this field; these believers in a sane and essential, if not in a truly spiritual and mystic, Christianity are the foremost champions in combating the outgrown dogmas and superstitions of a materialistic past.

Speaking as an entirely independent student of general religion, the adherent of no dogmatic system and of no formulated faith, the fact that Christianity in the person of its "critics" has begun to "tackle itself" seems to me to argue a strength of character and determination that the other world-faiths, in the person of their learned men, would do well to emulate; for the canons of criticism which have been developed by Christian scholars working on their own documents can and should be applied by the learned of the sister-faiths to their own scriptures. It may of course be foreign to the scheme of things that the learned among our Eastern brethren should do this special work, but this much seems certain, that if no effort is made by them somehow or other to purify their own faiths and so contribute something to the general good of advancing humanity, they must inevitably in course of time fall out of the race, and those who have had the courage to endeavour to set their own house in order will gradually develop a generation which will readily absorb the essentials of all other forms of the common religion of mankind, and be the chief instrument in inaugurating that golden age of conscious realisation of a truly universal faith, which will set the will of humanity in one direction and transform it from a chaos of warring mortals into a cosmos of immortal gods.

But to return to the prosaic present, to the fortunes of the conflict of science with theology in the West, to the textual criticism of the New Covenant documents. The best work published in English on the subject is a translation from the

German of Nestle's admirable manual, *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the Greek New Testament* (London: Williams and Norgate; 1901). Professor Nestle's high reputation for accurate scholarship, his entire freedom from all theological bias, and his independence of the views of all prior authorities, are sufficient guarantees of his ability to chronicle the facts and state the case impartially. The layman must get his facts from some specialist, and no better book than Nestle's *Introduction* can serve our purpose for what follows.

It may perhaps seem to all of my readers an entirely unnecessary thing to preface this *résumé* by the statement that the documents of the New Testament are written *in Greek*, but there are millions of unthinking folk who to all intents and purposes act and speak as though these documents were written in Latin or English or German. The Roman Catholic meditates on the letter of the Vulgate or Common Latin version of Jerome, the English-speaking Protestant pins his faith to the Authorised Version of King James, and the laity of the German Reformed Church seek their authority in the version of Luther.

The "Word of God" in its literal sense is to be sought for, if it can be found, in the Greek text alone. Prior to 1514 the Greek text of the New Testament was transmitted solely by the uncertain means of manuscripts, the nature and fortunes of which transmission will be discussed later on. It may be a matter of surprise to learn that the Bible was first of all printed in Latin translation (in 1462), and that upwards of half a century elapsed before Cardinal Ximenes produced his costly *editio princeps* of the original text; but this printing of the Greek was by no means an unmixed blessing, for the accuracy and wealth of reproduction ensured by the new method rapidly stereotyped an arbitrary text selected at haphazard with what was practically utter disregard of all critical method, and in entire ignorance of the complex nature of the material which had to be analysed and collated. Printed at Complutum, a small town in Spain, and accompanied with a Latin translation, this famous first edition is known as the Complutensian Polyglot.

Immediately it appeared the renowned humanist Erasmus was urged to undertake an edition which might forestall the

circulation of this costly work, and in less than a year from accepting the commission, he rushed into print the first edition of his text (1516). Erasmus himself confessed that his text was "precipitated rather than edited"; nevertheless, "at the present time this text of Erasmus is still disseminated by tens and even hundreds of thousands by the British and Foreign Bible Society." In this connection it is interesting to notice that it was only in his third edition (1522) that Erasmus incorporated the notorious "comma Johanneum," I. *John*, v. 7, the passage concerning the "three witnesses," on which so many pious folk base their trinitarianism, the verse which runs: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one"—a passage absent from the Complutensian Greek text, rejected by Luther from his version, though added later on by others, and absent from all the best MSS.

The first edition to contain the embryo of a critical apparatus was that of Stephen, the Parisian Typographer-Royal (1550), but his text was practically the same as that of Ximenes and Erasmus.

By the reproduction of Stephen's text in Walton's *London Polyglot* in 1600, it became the Textus Receptus, or received text, in England, and in 1624 the Elzevirs of Leyden produced the same result on the Continent. By the catch-word in their preface that this was the text "received by all," they actually succeeded in making it the most widely disseminated of all for upwards of two centuries. The English Bible Society alone has issued at least 352,000 copies of it, and at the present time is still printing it exclusively. "For several centuries, therefore, thousands of Christian scholars have contented themselves with a text based ultimately on two or three late MSS. lying at the command of the first editors—Stephen, Erasmus, and Ximenes."

It may be of interest to state here that the Greek text in MS. is not divided into chapters and verses. The division into chapters was first invented in Paris for the Latin Bible by Stephen Langton (who died Archbishop of Canterbury in 1228), and employed for the first time in the Greek text of the Complutensian edition The division into verses was invented by the typographer Stephen for his 1551 edition.

But though this Textus Receptus or received text has thus become the stereotyped letter of the "Word of God" for the many, the few have not been content with such uncritical work, and have gradually collected the materials and evolved the methods whereby some of them fondly imagine that at length not only the outlines of the foundation but even the principal courses of a really critical text have been filled in. Indeed many admirers of these scholars think that there is little more to be done in the matter and that New Testament textual criticism has reached its maturity, but as a matter of fact it is still in its early youth. For though its period of childhood is said by some to have closed with the seventeenth century, it would be far more correct to say that its youth did not really begin till well on in the nineteenth century when Lachmann (1793-1851) for the first time broke with the Textus Receptus altogether, and endeavoured to restore the text to the form in which it had been read in the ancient Church somewhere about the year 380—a late enough date even so, we should think.

To the special work done by the great pioneers of textual criticism it would be too long to refer in this short sketch, and a bald list of names and dates would be quite unintelligible.

It is to be noticed, however, that "the latest and most thorough attempt yet made at a complete edition of the New Testament" is the work of Westcott and Hort (1881), who played so important a part in deciding the readings on which the revisions in the English Revised Version were made. Westcott and Hort had devoted thirty years of study to the subject, and the rest of the revisers felt as laymen in the presence of specialists. So great was their authority that many to-day regard the text W. H. almost as sacrosanct. Broadly speaking, they sought to establish what they called a neutral text, that is to say, they rejected both the late type of MSS. on which the Textus Receptus was based, and also the type of the early Syrian and Old Latin versions, which they regarded as displaying all sorts of remarkable corruptions. This bald statement is doubtless of little interest to the general reader, but when it is pointed out that all the latest research is tending to prove in innumerable ways that it is precisely these early Syrian and Old Latin versions which contain

the *earliest* tradition of the text, it will at once be evident that the neutral text of W. H. is built on a foundation but slightly less shifting than the Textus Receptus, and that the Revised Version is to the Authorised Version in many respects as Tweedle-dum to Tweedle-dee.

Since Westcott and Hort's edition much work on the text of separate books, or groups of books, has been done, though no new complete edition has been attempted. As a result of these labours "there can be no question"—to quote and italicise our authority—"that we have a text corresponding far more closely to the original than that contained in the first editions of the Greek New Testament issued at the beginning of the sixteenth century, *on which are based the translations into modern languages used in the Christian Churches of Europe at the present time.* It would be a vast mistake, however, to conclude from the textual agreement displayed in these latest editions, that research in this department of New Testament study has reached its goal. Just as explorers, in excavating the ruined temples of Olympia or Delphi, are able from the fragments they discover to reconstruct the temple, to their mind's eye at least, in its ancient glory—albeit it is actually in ruins—so, too, much work remains to be done ere *even all the materials are re-collected, and the plan determined* which shall permit us to restore the Temple of the New Testament Scriptures to its original form."

In brief, to put it in words that all can understand, the "stone which the builders have" so far "rejected," has been shown by the latest research to be in every probability the "head of the corner." The most "corrupt" type of text is found to contain the earliest readings. The materials have to be "re-collected" and the "plan" entirely redrawn. What, then, are these materials? They are, broadly speaking, manuscripts, ancient versions and quotations from the early Fathers.

With the perfected methods of printing, where thousands of identical copies are produced, it is impossible to prove what the author actually wrote, even if we possess his original autograph MS., for he may have added and altered on the proof sheets. But in the case of hand-copying where, even if the greatest care be used, every new copy is a fresh source of error—of natural and

recurrent errors, which can be easily classified, not to speak of deliberate alteration to serve dogmatic purposes, or of ignorant accommodation to wording more familiar to the scribe—the ultimate test of accuracy is beyond question the author's own manuscript or autograph. Now it is hardly necessary to state that no autograph of a single book of the New Testament is known to be in existence. We have, then, at best to do with copies, the so-called manuscripts (that is to say, the Greek MSS.), none of which, perhaps, go back earlier than the fifth century.

But this is, fortunately, not the only source of our information. As early as the second century in the East, South and West, translations were made of the various books. And even though we have to allow for the same classes of errors in the copying of the autograph translations, it is tolerably certain that a second century translation will represent with general accuracy the second century Greek MS. from which it was derived. Now in the case of most of the existing Greek MSS., and certainly in the case of all the oldest, we do not know where they originated. But it is quite certain that a Coptic version could not have originated in Gaul, nor a Latin in Syria. In this way it is evident that ancient versions help us in determining the type of text read in early times in particular regions ; and further, if we find that in the Latin West, in the Syrian East, and the Egyptian South the several versions agree, then it is highly probable that in those passages which are common to them all we are safely on the road towards a common original and the earliest times. The ancient versions are thus a potent auxiliary among our materials.

But we have also another source of information. We possess a considerable Christian literature which begins to gather volume from the beginning of the second century onwards, and which teems with quotations from the New Testament books. These patristic quotations, when used with discrimination, are of great value, for they help us to locate the types of our ancient MSS. with greater exactitude and trace their history further than by means of the versions. But before we can make use of them "we must make sure that our author has quoted accurately and not loosely from memory, and also that the quotations in his book have been accurately preserved and not accommodated to the current text

of their time by later copyists or even by editors of printed editions, as has actually been done even in the nineteenth century." And in connection with this it may surprise the reader to learn that as yet we have no really critical texts of the vast majority of the writings of the Fathers.

In our next paper we will endeavour to consider in greater detail these three classes of auxiliaries to the reconstruction of the original text, so that the intelligent enquirer who desires to know especially how the words of the canonical Gospels have come down to us, may be put in possession of at least the nature of the problem, and learn how far we are at present from any really certain knowledge of what those famous scribes "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke" and "John" verbally set down in their autographs, much less of the actual wording of their "sources."

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE HOUSE OF HATE

THE house was three centuries old; it stood in a narrow slip of a valley between smooth green downs, downs whereon there grew gorse bushes, and old hawthorns, milk-white in spring and ruddy in autumn with their weight of tiny fruitage. On these downs some unrecorded genius of many years ago, or Mother Nature herself, had a prophetic vision of beauty to be; therefore the hand of the Earth Goddess planted among the gorse and smooth green stretches of turf, among the pearl-blossomed brambles and the hawthorn and flat juniper bushes, among the little stunted trees bound with bryony and such-like evanescent joys of summer-time, the sombre greenery of dark yews, with those small scarlet-colour touches that make the gloom of leaf more plain to see, like sunlight shining on a purple thunder-cloud. And these dark twisted yews made the hawthorns worth going a hundred miles afoot to behold when they were in their perfumed spring glory.

The House of Hate stood below the downs, circled by a

thick growth of trees and bushes, screened from daylight by them, buried from sight by the tangled wilderness of a garden which the penuriousness of Mr. Rintoul suffered to fall into sad decay. A stream ran from the downs, rippling merrily till it reached the garden. There it banished its mirth and slid along silently and sullenly till it vanished underground to feed a stagnant fountain basin, on the surface of which the thick slimy weed swayed. The fountain never played; the green, clammy stone naiad held up her shell in vain to catch the drops that did not fall. The frogs croaked round about the stream as though they had permanent sore throats from the mists that reeked from earth and water and girdled the place, making the paths mossy and the stone steps green and damp-stained. It was always very cold in and about the house. The water, the trees, and the absence of sunlight made and kept it so. The winter's cold was scarcely vanished before November came again and flung down the leaves to rot in pungent-smelling, wet heaps about the neglected, fungus-grown garden.

Mr. Rintoul, the owner, lived there with his son and his servants. He was "misanthropos," like Timon, and discouraged visitors by padlocking the big iron gates, discharging the lodge-keeper, and leaving only the back entrance for ingress and exit.

Mr. Rintoul's wife left him and her little child in the third year of her married life. Little Noel Rintoul's only memory connected with her was the remembrance of his father holding him up to look at her picture and telling him that his mother was wicked and did not love him, and if she ever pretended to do so when he was a man with money of his own, he was not to believe her. Mr. Rintoul was not only miserly and uncouth of speech and manner, he was also eccentric to the verge of insanity. He was disliked by his neighbours, with every one of whom he had quarrelled at one time or another. He was hated by his tenants and his servants. He found fault with all men, and not without reason, for people certainly treated him nearly as badly as he expected them to do. If there was a dishonest man in the county, a drunken cook, or a flighty and untrustworthy housemaid, he or she drifted into the service of Mr. Rintoul. The villagers hated him. If he had lived in Ireland, rather than in

Surrey, he might have been shot; as it was, he was cheated as much as possible, slandered venomously, and injured in every possible manner that was compatible with the safety of the injurer. The house in which he lived had been called the House of Hate ever since it became the property of the Rintouls, but the nick-name gained an added meaning since Mr. Rintoul owned the place.

His son grew up in great loneliness. Mr. Rintoul distrusted all men too deeply to send the child to school; he engaged tutors for his little boy; since, however, he always suspected them of shirking their work and prosecuting intrigues with the maid-servants, it naturally befell that no man who was fit to train a child would remain under his roof. But Noel Rintoul was now past his school days, he was nearly twenty-one.

The House of Hate was in the parish of Willow Lea, and the Vicar thereof sat in his study on a stormy October day when "the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air." The Vicar was a grey-haired shabbily dressed man of sixty-two, with kindly eyes and a mellow voice. He sat in his arm-chair, a fluffy Persian cat sitting disdainfully at his side, and a pot of bitter smelling chrysanthemums on the table near him, for the Vicar was fond of his flowers, and he was the best naturalist and botanist in the county. Before him sat a girl, a red-cheeked rough-handed girl, whose nose and eyelids matched for the moment the rosiness of her cheeks; she was under stress of emotion, and it took the form of copious tears. Her cause of grief may be readily told and dismissed. She was a former housemaid at the House of Hate, and there was two and sixpence missing which belonged to Mr. Rintoul. She had been the housemaid who cleaned Mr. Rintoul's study, and she had been in his service three weeks. Mr. Rintoul had caused the girl's boxes to be searched, and finding no proof of guilt gave her a month's notice, saying, in effect, "not proven." Therefore the young woman came in much distress to the Vicar.

"I ain't going back to no 'ouse where I've been took for a thief, sir," said she sobbing. "Whatever mother'll say to me I don't know, I'll take and drownd myself, that I will," and the afflicted damsel lifted up her voice and wept loudly and long.

The Vicar looked at her with knitted brows. The proper method of dealing with a young woman who contemplated suicide was borne in upon him.

"Tea!" he said, "Of course. How foolish of me! You shall have a cup of tea, my dear Amelia, and then you will instantly perceive the sinfulness and folly of what you have just said."

The Vicar was right; after two cups of tea and the recounting of her wrongs to the sympathetic vicarage cook, the girl took a juster view of life generally. Still she was much distressed, so that the Vicar went next day to see Mr. Rintoul. He was not successful; Mr. Rintoul sent out a message to the effect that he was very far from strong—he was the toughest and most vigorous man in the county—and could see no strangers. The Vicar walked homewards mentally composing a letter to his parishioner, when, at the end of the narrow muddy lane, he saw that parishioner's only son.

Now the Vicar had not spoken to this young man since he was a boy of thirteen, when he had invited him into his garden to eat strawberries. Mr. Rintoul, having a great distrust of "priestly influence," saw in this innocent kindness offered to a child an attempt to gain undue power over the mind of his son; he therefore wrote the Vicar a letter which effectually put a stop to an interchange of amenities between the vicarage and the damp house in the tangled garden. Now, however, the Vicar ventured to speak.

"Excuse me, Mr. Rintoul," he said stopping, "I have just made an unsuccessful attempt to see your father. May I make you his proxy?"

"Certainly," said Noel Rintoul, "You want to send a message by me, Mr. Cuthbert?"

He had a beautiful voice, a pleasant flexible voice—a flexibility unshared by his face, which seemed made rather to conceal than express emotion and thought. It was thin and pale; it looked like the face of one with bad health and highly sensitive nerves, but it was very still and impassive, almost to rigidity. The eyes—hazel eyes—were bright and keen and exceedingly cold. The hair was fine, straight, and black; and the straight-

lipped square-cornered mouth shut as though it had closed for all time and was never going to open again.

The Vicar unfolded the wrongs and grief of Amelia, pointing out that she and her friends were simple honest folk; they had no thought of legal redress for slander, but they were very deeply wounded by Mr. Rintoul's suspicions. He saw a bitter little sneer begin to grow upon the white young face.

"My father trusts no one," said young Rintoul quietly. "There's no need for the girl to make this fuss. He lost some money six years ago, and he not only turned out my drawers and boxes, but my pockets too; he searched me from head to foot. If he doesn't trust his son, why on earth should he trust his housemaid?"

"Mr. Rintoul," said the Vicar, rather drily, "if his son does not feel the disgrace of being searched as a suspected thief, his housemaid does, and therefore she has a right to complain."

The young man's pale face flushed crimson. "How do you know his son didn't feel it?" he asked bitterly. "His son isn't such a fool as to shriek in the street about it, that's all."

"Ah!" said the Vicar, his voice changing, "I'm sorry, Mr. Rintoul. I did not think you would have spoken of it if you cared. But I ought to have known that there are people who will give a twist to the dagger that wounds them, just *because* it hurts."

Noel Rintoul did not comment on this speech. "My father goes on the principle that every man is bad," he said. "He assumes that his motives are evil till the man himself proves them to be good. It takes a lot of proving to convince my father. That is supposed to be business-like, isn't it?"

"It is one method of doing business, I believe. Your father, I fear, must find himself badly served."

"Why?"

"Because there is always a certain percentage of bad in all of us, and if a distinct appeal is made to it, it frequently comes out in response."

"Oh!"—the young man looked at him intently. "You go on the opposite plan, then. You assume people to be—fairly decent?"

"I do, certainly."

"You must pretty often be disappointed, I should think."

"Not so often as you would suppose."

"Well," said the other slowly, "I suppose I haven't enough experience to be able to judge between your methods. But I know my father pretty well. The girl will get nothing from him, unless she brings an action for slander and wins her case. But he makes no charge. He has a right to discharge a servant, I should think."

"No action will be brought. Then you will do nothing?"

"I can't, Mr. Cuthbert," said the lad, his manner a little more agreeable, boyish and human than it had been at first. "Tell the girl that everyone knows our pleasant ways, and she's a little idiot if she minds. I'd give her some money, but—."

"It's not a question of money. She doesn't want money; she wants just judgment."

"Then apologise to her for me. Will that do? Of course it's unjust. But what is there under heaven that isn't; it's *all* unjust, good or ill luck. She'll have to make the best of things, as I don't, and as, I suppose from the look of you, you do."

He walked away. Amelia received no further redress, and it was not until four weeks later that the Vicar met Noel Rintoul again. He met him in the village street, and young Rintoul stopped and enquired concerning the girl. The Vicar replied; then, struck by the loneliness of the young man, and also by the fact that he looked most alarmingly ill, he asked him to come to the vicarage and see his chrysanthemums.

"Your're very good," said Noel Rintoul, with a sneer on his tired pinched face, "But my father won't give anything to your charities, Mr. Cuthbert, and he keeps *me* pretty short of money."

The speech was so outrageously rude that the elder man could hardly believe his ears; then he was moved to amused compassion.

"Mr. Rintoul," he said with a kindly twinkle in his eyes, "I have a sanguine temperament; but it is less sanguine than you believe. I have known your father for twenty-five years and he has never yet given my charities anything; nor, to speak candidly, do I see much budding philanthropy in you. If I

expected money from your father I entreat your compassion, for 'hope deferred,' you know, 'maketh the heart sick.' "

He laughed, a gentle kindly laugh, with no touch of annoyance; smiled at the young man and walked on. As he reached his door he heard the sound of a hurrying foot, which paused beside him.

" I am very sorry," said a quick, breathless voice at his ear, " I am very sorry indeed. I—I beg your pardon ! "

" You needn't apologise."

" Yes, I need; I ought to be ashamed of myself. But my father said you'd ask me for money for the church. And I'm so nervous and irritable, I don't know what I'm doing. I can't sleep—and—and—I *do* beg your pardon ! "

" Pray do not think any more about it."

He turned away to open the door. He saw Noel Rintoul's face change; he looked disappointed, chilled, rebuffed.

" I—I suppose I may not come in now, then ? " he said, his voice shaking a little. " I don't wonder at it, of course. I know I was very rude to you."

" You can not come in," said the Vicar, laughing, " unless I open the door."

He held it open, and Noel Rintoul, colouring, walked in. The Vicar led the way to the study, where were many books, some flowers, and the Persian cat, who was sitting by the fire musing on human folly and the superior mentality of cats.

Noel Rintoul sat down in a large, cushioned chair, and looked out at the garden; it could be entered from the study through the little glass-house, which was full of chrysanthemums and glossy ferns. Noel leaned back as though he was very tired; he drew a long, sobbing breath.

" *What* a jolly room this is ! " he said. " It's—I don't know ! I like it. Your flowers there in the garden aren't cut off by the frost, I see. Ours are."

" Your garden might be made very beautiful, if I remember it rightly."

" Beautiful ! Ours ? It's a hideous, dank wilderness. You should smell the rotting leaves. The whole place reeks with damp and fungi. It's a sort of chilly hell."

"Oh come!" said the Vicar, cheerily, "not so bad as that surely!"

"A great deal worse than that! Well! this *is* a jolly room. I believe I could go to sleep here."

"Are you sleeping badly?"

"Hideously badly."

"Then go to sleep here now if you wish. Or come and sleep here to-night, if you will."

"You do not really mean you would take that trouble about me after I have been so rude to you?"

The Vicar was so moved by the sight of the drawn pallor of the lad's face, and his tired, unyouthful-looking eyes, that he laid a kind and fatherly hand on his shoulder as he replied:

"It wouldn't be a trouble. I should be glad."

Noel Rintoul hesitated. Then he said: "I won't come here to sleep, thanks. My father would think—he wouldn't believe I was here. But if I really might try to sleep now. Mr. Cuthbert, I give you my word, I haven't slept for a week."

"You look as though you hadn't. Go to sleep in that chair, if you are comfortable in it."

"Are you going to stay in the room?"

"Shall I?"

"I wish to goodness you would. You're sure you don't mind? It seems queer to walk into a stranger's house in the middle of the day and go to sleep, doesn't it? But I couldn't have held out much longer."

"I am not a stranger. I knew you when you were a baby."

"Did you know my mother?"

"Yes," said the Vicar, gently. "If you talk you won't sleep, Noel."

The young man started at the sound of his Christian name.

"You're very kind to me," he said huskily. "And whatever *anybody* says, you've nothing to gain by it. You won't tell anyone I did this, will you? They'd say I was mad. So I am—nearly mad. So would you be if you never slept."

He leaned back and shut his eyes. In ten minutes he was asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion, mental and physical. He slept till sunset and then he woke with a start.

"It's evening," he said in a low voice. "Oh, this is good of you, Mr. Cuthbert!"

"Stay and have dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will, if I may."

He stayed to dinner, and went away at ten o'clock. As he said goodbye he looked earnestly at his host.

"You are the first person," he said, "of whose kindness and motives I have felt quite sure. I wish you were my father, Mr. Cuthbert. *You* wouldn't like that though, would you? Good night and thank you!"

On Sunday afternoon ten days later the Vicar was seated in his garden; though it was November it was warm, and, sitting under the shelter of a brick wall against which grew a pear tree, the Vicar basked in the sunshine and watched his pigeons trotting to and fro on their little red feet. A bed of late mignonette perfumed the temperate air; a chastened beauty, a tender memory of summer's full life clung about the garden. Into this still sober paradise came Noel Rintoul, like the restless questioning snake into Eden's bowers. He shook hands, sat down, and did not answer the Vicar's first attempt at conversation. The Vicar was a man who liked to adjust himself to the moods of his friends. He remained placidly silent, and waited for speech from his guest. It came at last.

"Mr. Cuthbert," said Noel, "You think you know the why and wherefore of life, and—and—of everything, I suppose?"

"I am sorry," said the Vicar mildly, "to have given you so poor an impression of my intelligence."

"What a blessing you are!" said Noel. "I thought you'd seize the chance for a sermon, since I don't come to church to hear you."

The Vicar laughed. Noel Rintoul scraped up the gravel with a restless foot and grieved the Vicar's soul thereby, but he did not remonstrate.

"What have I done," cried Noel suddenly and fiercely, "to be born what I am and where I am? They call the place the House of Hate! It is true! It is a house of hate; the hate of generations lies upon it, I tell you sometimes I *see* it; it lies like a dusky red pall over the whole place. The drip of the

water from those wet trees of ours chants out the word—hate—hate—hate! The house is chill with it. They talk of hatred being hot and fiery. That is anger. Hate is cold. The worst hatred of all is like an icy shroud. The very beasts on the place grow snarling and morose. And I was born into this. It's unjust! What did I do to deserve it? I was a shy suspicious morbid child. I used to think people didn't like me. I used to look out for unkindness and slights, but that was because I felt them so much."

"Everything must have a beginning, mustn't it? Perhaps if you had thought less whether you were treated unkindly, and more whether you could be kind—"

"I know. I see the sense of what you say. But *why* was I born with such a nature? Why did I have such a beginning as that?"

"Honestly," said the Vicar, after a moment's thought, "I do not know. It does not seem just."

"It is not just. And that is why *I* do not go to church to pray to an unjust God, and ask Him to favour me. To beg Him, of His favouritism, to make things good for me, whatever He does to others."

Now the Vicar of Willow Lea was not a theologian, he was not a subtle metaphysician, he was not a learned man; but a fairly long experience of average sinners and their virtues had taught him much tolerance. Therefore, though it seemed to him that this young man was speaking blasphemy, he reflected on certain words touching those who knew not what they did. And since, avoiding all niceties of interpretation, he did honestly try to form his own life after the model of pity and forbearance shown forth by that great Exemplar whom he followed in much humility, he often displayed in his dealings with his fellows a very remarkable tactfulness and wisdom.

He said gently: "That is very honest of you. It seems to me you do right to withhold worship you cannot honestly give. It must surely be one way, and a hard way, of carving a path through the wilderness to Truth."

There was a little pause. Then Noel continued: "I don't know whether I'm honest. But I know there are some things I can't do. Well! I suppose I shall know all about it soon."

"Why soon?"

"Because I am nearly twenty-one."

The Vicar started. He knew, but had forgotten, that the House of Hate never descended in the direct line. The Rintouls—their name originally was not Rintoul—could trace back their ancestry for nearly eight centuries; during all that time the eldest son of the house had died a violent death, generally by his own hand, before he was twenty-one. There was a legend about it, of course, though its origin and date were dubious. It sprang from a time more remote than the point to which the family record could be traced. It was said by some that the legend was merely invented to account for the fact. It was the story of an unjust semi-civilised ruler, of a boy hanged in the first dawn of manhood, of a childless woman dwelling in cloistered seclusion, making the whole of a long life a silent cry to a God of Vengeance—a life of hatred born of love, love of her dead son, and hatred of the man who hanged him from his mother's roof-tree.

"You do not heed that superstition?" said the Vicar.

"Facts are awkward things," said his guest drily. "Of course you can call them superstition. My father's elder brother shot himself the night before his birthday. *He* couldn't sleep either."

The Vicar shivered in spite of himself.

"Your life and your actions are in your own hands," he said.

"Are they? I think not. I can't explain the injustice of the beginning; I didn't build my own nervous system, nor create my circumstances."

He leaned back and shut his eyes. The Vicar looked at him, and was struck by the extrordinary force which seemed to lurk beneath the apparent weakness of quivering nerves and shattered health—the immense capacity for love which concealed itself behind a mask of bitterness.

"Are you still sleeping badly?" he asked at length.

"Not well. I see some queer things when I sleep. It is no rest. Well! I won't bore you any longer. I'm going home."

He went away. The Vicar shook his head sadly, and began

to compose mental appeals to the neglectful, eccentric father. Four days later he had another visit from young Rintoul; there was a great change in him, wordlessly suggested by the grasp of his cold hand and the glance of his over-brilliant eyes.

"I am not going to trouble you long," he began. "I want first of all to thank you for your kindness. Then I want to tell you I've got a clue to follow up."

"What do you mean?"

"You know I have been sleeping badly. But you don't know what I have seen when I managed to sleep. I saw a thing which appeared to draw the hatred my father and I attract and generate, to a point. It seemed to be living, like a living machine. It was a dreadful thing, and it was drawn to me."

"You're ill," said the Vicar. "You want change. I shall speak to your father about your health whether you like it or not."

"I am ill. But I'm not mad, if you mean that. It was drawn to me because that was what it was made for. I was born of this family as the eldest son. But it was also drawn to me because I made it."

"Noel!"

"I made it. Everyone who has ever hated the Rintouls has helped to feed it; but I made it. It was my own devil that came to torture me, to urge me to kill my body."

The Vicar, firmly believing the young man had gone mad, thought it wise to humour him.

"But when did you make it?" he asked.

"I'm going to tell you. Three nights ago I saw the whole scene played before me like a thing on the stage. I don't know how I saw it, but see it I did."

"What did you see?"

"The old legend of the house that they say never happened. But it did happen all the same, for I saw it. I saw the man hanged, and I saw the woman, his mother, who fled from the place of her birth and entered a religious house near Glastonbury. As I watched her I seemed to be linked to her. She became myself. I felt all she felt—her love, her hate, her longing for revenge, the feeling of injustice, the sense that every man in the world was evil and cruel and against her and hers. And I saw,

too, the long past beginnings, the little shades of unchecked tendency, the discontent, the resenting of little wrongs that made it possible at last for her to hate so bitterly when the great wrong came. I saw her build, unconsciously, the thing that is trying to kill me to-day. I saw the causes that have sent me here, as I am. Thank God, it's not unjust. I can bear it now."

He leaned forward, staring at the chrysanthemums with eyes that did not see their bitter-scented petals.

"Perhaps I'm too weak for the devil I made," he said. "I made it. I, through God's most merciful justice, have fallen into its power. It is my Will now, against my Will then. It ought to have grown stronger. I shall be twenty-one in three days. I'm going home to fight. If my 'dead self' kills me this time, think kindly of me, Mr. Cuthbert, and hope that I may do better when I get my next chance."

* * * *

"You'll be twenty-one to-morrow," said Mr. Rintoul to his son. It was ten o'clock in the evening.

"Yes," said Noel Rintoul, "I—suppose I shall."

His father watched him up the stairs.

"I do not believe he will," he said to himself. "I don't know why I should care. He doesn't care for me. Why should he? He's only civil because I've money to leave." But later on he went to the door of his son's sitting-room and knocked. Noel opened it. He looked ghastly; his face was grey-white and there were purple rings under his eyes. His hands trembled, his lips twitched. Mr. Rintoul sat down.

"Do you smoke?" he said. "It's an extravagant habit, but I think you ought to smoke; your nerves are in a queer way, aren't they?" Noel Rintoul did not answer.

They sat together in silence. Noel sat by the fire, his elbows on his knees, shivering and wondering whether he should be alive and sane in the morning. He was now doubtful whether he did see the justice that had seemed to be so clear. Perhaps the whole thing was a vivid dream. Perhaps all was delusion, and only the black gloom real. Suddenly it struck him with surprise that it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Rintoul's invariable habit was to be in bed by half past ten.

"Why—!" he exclaimed, and stopped.

"Eh?" said Mr. Rintoul.

"Why on earth are you sitting up so late?" said Noel.

"Because I am fool enough to worry about you," said the other gruffly. "You don't suppose I sit up for pleasure, do you? especially with a man who looks like a galvanised corpse."

"Father," said Noel, "Do you care anything at all about me?"

"I don't want to have—" began Mr. Rintoul, and stopped. "Of course I do, you fool; should I sit here if I didn't?"

"Then you needn't sit up," said Noel slowly. "If the rest is delusion, you've given me something tangible. I've suffered too much myself to want to give anyone else unnecessary pain. If you would care—. Good-night! It's all right."

Mr. Rintoul held out his hand. "Sure?"

"Quite sure. Good-night!"

Mr. Rintoul went away. His son flung himself face downwards on the floor, and lay there till the dawn. The air seemed to be full of taunting presences, a mocking, torturing "Clan Cailitin." A tossing sea, the waves whereof were polluted, whirled him on its restless waters. . . . . When the dawn came, he walked, staggering a little, into the inner room. He dropped on the bed, and fell into a sleep of sheer exhaustion. His brain felt sore; his every nerve and muscle ached as though with a physical strain; but he was alive; it was his birthday, and he was twenty-one.

Thus it came to pass that he, ten years later, succeeded to his father's lands. Thereon he dwelt till he was old, doing very diligently the duties his hand found to do. Before he died the village people learned to feel for him a tepid liking—that kind of gratitude which has been called "a lively anticipation of favours to come." His old age was very lonely; he took no wife to brighten with her presence the gloomy house; no children's voices echoed about the place. The man's soul was as a vase carven of unmelting ice, within which burnt a living torturing flame; but he was the last of his race, and it was his hand that of will and purpose unravelled the web he wove.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE RELIGION OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THERE are not many of us, I think, who will not agree with the conclusion reached in the remarks contained in last month's "On the Watch-Tower" on this subject; and I venture to think that a further discussion of the matter from a somewhat different point of view from that of the writer in the "Watch-Tower" may not be without interest. For, to me, one of the strongest presumptions in favour of the Wisdom, as set forth in our modern Theosophical writings, is the way in which all lines of thought, however different in their starting points and in the method of their procedure, seem to centre and find at once their justification and completion in its teachings. If you begin from any one of the formal religions of our modern world, Catholic or Protestant, High Church or Evangelical, Unitarian or Methodist —it matters not which—you come very soon, in working out the relation of its teaching to the actual living world around us, to an incongruity which can only be evaded, in no sense cleared up, by the vague talk about the mysterious ways of Divine Providence and the like, with which its professors do their best to stifle thought. Now on the contrary (and this is a point which cannot be sufficiently insisted on or too often repeated) the one test of a satisfactory religion, as of a satisfactory science, is that it gives, or at least suggests, an intelligible view of the actual world as it exists around us—puts a meaning into its apparent confusion and failure—shows it to us as the work of an intelligent Being, made for purposes we can, to some extent at least, follow, and carried out by such wisdom, love and power as shall assure us of their ultimate attainment.

Thus, and thus only, can we "justify the ways of God to man"; and the value of a religion or a science must be to

furnish a basis for our speculations, and, emphatically, *not* to set a limit beyond which thought is forbidden. No kind of attempt at this last, whether by theologians or men of science (and the one class has been, and still is, as guilty as the other on this score), can be tolerated in the New Thought.

But if the ultimate object of science and religion be, in truth, the same, how comes it that the "Conflict of Science and Religion" has become the merest commonplace, and that the world by this time has idly acquiesced in its reality—so completely as practically to take it for granted that the triumphs of science are equivalent to the destruction of religion?

There are two reasons for this: one that the Christian religion has "left its first love and gone astray after idols"; has abandoned as hopeless the task to which science, on the whole, has been faithful, and (lost in dreams of another world) has treated as the one unpardonable sin the attempt to bring its teachings into any sort of connection with actual human life. Of this hereafter; my first attempt will be to point out how, even if we replace the debased and degraded popular religions of the day by the true Wisdom Religion, we shall still find collision possible.

Putting aside, then, at the commencement, all idea of religion as the mere announcement of arbitrary orders from some Supreme Being, to be obeyed under equally arbitrary penalties—the wretched "*caput mortuum*" to which the enlightenment of the last few centuries has reduced that Christianity which was once, in happier times, as wide as the Wisdom itself—let us see how science and the Wisdom respectively proceed to clear up the world-puzzle.

As we all know, science begins from below; weighs and measures everything which can be seen and handled; calculates, classifies and compares; and from the results of this almost (if not quite) endless labour traces out the hints of Law which slowly and confusedly emerge to view from the chaos. In carrying out this process many results of practical value to mankind are incidentally attained. But these are not the aim of the true scientist; the "bread and butter sciences," as the Germans call them, are not the object of his attention, and we find at the

recent meeting of the British Association the President, Prof. Rücker, addressing his audience, not on the manufacture of steel or the turning of stones into bread or the like "practical" subjects, but (as if he were a philosopher speaking to a Greek assembly of 2,000 years ago) on the ultimate atom. The interest of Science (rightly so called) is mainly, as it should be, in getting to *understand* the world's life; that with that knowledge comes power to rule it for our own and others' profit, is to it a minor point.*

Now, when the Wisdom comes before these students with the statement that they are dealing purely with the Form-side of the Universe, and that there is another side, even more important, the Life-side, whose laws require quite another mode of investigation, and are only to be faintly glimpsed by the highest speculations of science, we cannot wonder if the statement angers and vexes them, and that they treat our claim precisely as we do that of the so-called miraculous. Prof. Rücker puts this in temperate, but clear and weighty words. He says: "Science (said Helmholtz), Science, whose very object it is to comprehend Nature, must start with the assumption that Nature is comprehensible." And again: "The first principle of the investigator of Nature, is to assume that Nature is intelligible to us, since otherwise it would be foolish to attempt the investigation at all." And the Professor continues: "These axioms do not assume that all the secrets of the universe will ultimately be laid bare, but that a research for them is hopeless if we undertake the quest with the conviction that it will be in vain. As applied to life, they do not deny that in living matter something may be hidden which neither physics nor chemistry can explain; but they assert that the action of physical and chemical forces in living bodies can never be understood, if at every difficulty and at every check in our investigations we desist from further attempts in the belief that the laws of physics and chemistry have been interfered with by an incomprehensible vital force."

In these few words we have as complete and carefully worded

* May I, in passing, suggest to my readers to take this speech of Prof. Rücker's and read it carefully in connection with Mrs. Besant's paper on Occult Chemistry. (*Lucifer*, Vol. xvii., p. 211.) They will see at once how closely the present lines of research are following the direction therein laid down, and also how much assistance the investigators would receive from a temporary consideration of the whole scheme, merely as a working hypothesis, if no more.

statement as can be given of the position which science at present takes up, as it supposes, against us. It is quite useless for our writers and speakers to apply themselves to this and that point which may be urged in our defence. No argument will be for an instant entertained so long as the opinion is held that we are thus trying to put down investigation, and to present the Life as something which, in some incomprehensible way, *interferes* with the laws of matter which science has discovered. Our first business at present must be publicly to disentangle ourselves from the popular religions which do this very thing, and to make it clear to every one that the Wisdom (as we teach it) is in this respect entirely at one with Science.

Smoothly as Prof. Rücker's statement reads, it contains two absolutely gratuitous assumptions which altogether vitiate his argument as against our position; the first, that to be "intelligible" Nature can have nothing outside the range of the microscope and scalpel; secondly, that vital force is, and must ever remain, incomprehensible to science. In our view neither of these is correct. As to the first, it is already out of date as science. Pure Mathematics have long forced upon the scientific world the conception of an ether (our own word) which necessarily exists outside what we know as physical matter, and of certain forces (quite different from, though allied to, those which manifest in the material world) which play upon the inconceivably rarefied matter of this ether. Suggestions of the working of these forces have been gained by those who have devoted themselves to the investigation of the clairvoyant hypnotic states. It may be, as the Professor says, "an absurdity to say that matter can act where it is not," but in the present state of science it is distinctly unscientific, nay absurd, to deny that modifications are constantly being induced in the physical brain by forces which certainly do not act by anything recognisable as *physical* matter. And *we* protest—on the purest scientific grounds—against any professed scientist who would interfere with these investigations on the ground that no scientific knowledge can ever be obtained of these forces. We answer as Helmholtz does: "These things are part of Nature, and the first principle of every investigator is to assume that Nature is intelligible."

It is well known that the Wisdom claims that all the knowledge for which science is so laboriously seeking is already in existence; that there are those who know, and are willing to share their knowledge with the honest and unselfish seeker; but it does not come forward with a revelation to be believed *against* the knowledge we have already gained. Its attitude to the outside science is always the same. It says: By all means investigate, thoroughly. Whatever truth you gain brings you nearer to us. If you would let us, we could help you; but if you prefer to find it all out for yourself, do so. It is a pity you should make things so difficult for yourself, like Bernard Palissy the French potter, who wore out his life and beggared himself in the struggle to discover a secret which any Italian workman could have revealed to him in five minutes. But if it must be so, it must. Only don't be false to your own principles, and refuse to investigate for fear of what you may find—*that* is always ruinous.

Next: *must* it be always "an incomprehensible vital force"? Here, I think, we come upon the almost inevitable error of a scientific expositor, the idea that his science already enables him to *explain* the phenomena of nature. It is not thus that the real investigator speaks; and at Glasgow Lord Kelvin's true and modest words of farewell to the University should not have been so soon forgotten. The Life does not come in, as the Professor seems to suppose, as a "miracle" might do, to interfere with Nature's laws, but as the foundation, the meaning, the explanation of these laws. To us, the Laws of Nature *are* the Laws of Life. Without Life Nature could have no Law; in everything with which the scientist already deals, he is dealing with Life as well as with matter. Just so far as he comprehends the laws of Nature, he *already* comprehends, so far, the vital force. We Theosophists lay this down as a fact which has been taught us. Is it not wonderful how at the present moment so many different lines of scientific investigation are leading up to this as a discovery? It cannot be many years before the distinction between dead and living matter will be as scientifically dead as that between organic and inorganic chemistry, and free room will be made for the doctrine of the Wisdom that all matter is inspired in its degree by the Life, and that the deepest and most funda-

mental "Law of Nature" is that everything, from the finest molecule of the ether to man himself, shall, as time goes forward, become organised in forms of ever-increasing complexity, and of higher degree. Thus, more and more completely, science will find the "vital force," as manifested in its workings in physical matter, "comprehensible" to an extent of which it has no conception at present, and learn that there is abundance of methods, as yet unrecognised by it, in which Nature will, sooner or later, become intelligible to her faithful followers.

This much as to our relations with science—a relationship of complete unity, as far as science has found courage to go; of encouragement when scientists are tempted to be unfaithful to their principles by foolish fears of what they may find—a reproach which few but their acknowledged leaders (and not all even of these) are just now undeserving of.

Of what is now known as religion we must speak otherwise. The difference between science and religion, rightly so-called, does not lie in any difference of *object*. Before both stands the one aim, of gaining for mankind the fullest possible comprehension of the world about us—of teaching that Truth which in itself is nothing short of perfect knowledge of everything in the universe, in its completion only to be found in the limitless comprehension of the mind of the Logos who formed it in His Thought, and in that Thought holds it in existence, and will hold it to the end. But science begins from the particular, and works up towards such idea of the general as can be gained from observing and classifying the results of the otherwise unknown law. The theologian, on the other hand, begins from above, from the conception of the Causeless Cause, and works downwards. Now of this method there are two things to be noted. First, that we cannot in the course of it dispense with actual revelation from those who know more than we do; whether this revelation be, as in the popular view, a notice of certain commands to be obeyed, or, as the Wisdom claims, an instruction imparted to certain chosen souls of as much of the truth about the world as the world is capable of receiving with advantage at the time. The second, and most important, is that revelation and argument alike must be brought to the same test

of the scientist's deductions and theories—the test of the actual facts they profess to account for. No so-called religion which does not stand this elementary test, can hope to survive through the new century. In earlier times this was fully recognised by the Church. At the opening of the great Revival of Learning, about the end of the first millennium A.D., theologians and philosophers worked hand in hand, both thoroughly convinced that the new light *must* show more perfectly the one Truth of the world than it had ever been seen before, and so it did. But alas! the theologians hesitated and drew back from the sight, just as the scientists are inclined to do now. For the Truth turned out to be not at all what they had fancied in their days of darkness, they had a System, and the facts would not agree with it; and, as always happens in such case, it was the facts which had to give way. In this case there was much to excuse them. In the darkest of the Dark Ages it had unhappily occurred to the authorities, spiritual and temporal, that Christianity must have a creed; and so the Articles of Faith were settled by bodies of men about as qualified by learning and spirituality as the present British House of Commons, and to each of these was appended the solemn declaration, "which unless a man believe heartily he shall without doubt perish for ever." Now at the time of which I am speaking things were much as they are at the present date; the question then was, as it is now, whether the old forms of Christianity could be expanded to meet the new light. Unhappily the fixed and unchangeable dogma of the Church was, and is, that the authors of the Creeds had been infallibly guided by the Holy Ghost, and this infallibility, backed by its anathema, proved too strong in the end for the supporters of the new learning. The so-called Reformation, in reality the extreme form of the reaction against all improvement, succeeded in making a final divorce of religion from philosophy; and from that time Christianity has ceased even to make a pretence to any relationship with the actual world, except to denounce it as "lying in wickedness."

Hence, when the prophet "on the Watch-Tower" declares that in this new century "Science will wed with Religion," he is saying what is profoundly true; but his statement is liable to

serious misapprehension. With the Wisdom-Religion? yes; the process is already begun. But into the new alliance can enter no one of what are commonly enumerated as the "essential doctrines of Christianity." A religious man of the new pattern will, indeed, loyally reverence his superiors in evolution, but not even to the Logos Himself can he offer the slavish submission demanded to one who "can cast both soul and body into Hell." He will find and love his "Saviours," and thank them from his heart for their help to overcome his vices, and to learn the lessons which the world has to teach him, but *not* for any useless waste of the blood of their mortal bodies to appease the fancied "wrath" of the loving Father, of whom Jesus taught so earnestly and constantly—knowing (as he will) how far higher and holier a thing is that "blood of the heart" which they have in truth shed for him, and which he must in his turn pour forth for the salvation of those who come after him. He will not come to the Father "counting his own righteousness as filthy rags, and relying on the merits of his Saviour"; knowing that no man can answer for another's sin, and that the one service he can render to God is to make himself strong and wise and pure, fit to be drawn up at last into the God from whence he came, in the "day when God maketh up His jewels." He will not spend his life debating whether he may do this or that and yet "save his soul," but will do for himself and others the best that lieth in him, trusting all that comes of it to the Power and Wisdom and Love which have planned the world and keep it moving to its destined end. And when such a man thinks of the hereafter, it will not be of rest in any heaven, but of endless life and growth—in Tennyson's words, "to *go on*, and not to die."

A thousand years ago, such a man—serene in the consciousness of the immortal, divine Spirit who is his life, fearing nothing but delay on his upward path to God, to whom all matters of this world and the imaginary hells and heavens to which they are supposed to lead are illusions (mere school tasks to fit him for his work on the higher planes where his true Soul dwells always in the pure light of the Divinity)—might be a Christian, and take unhindered his part in the sacraments which are the images on the physical plane of the highest secrets of

the Spirit, and share the fellowship of those whose knowledge was less than his, but whose aspirations to their common God were perhaps warmer and stronger than his own. Now things are changed; high walls have been built and strong locks provided to keep these, the true Saints of God, outside, lest they trouble the peaceful sleep in which priests and ministers alike would fain keep their flocks. There are those (all honour to them) who are trying to widen the narrow limits to which the so-called Christians have confined themselves during these later years; it is on the success of their efforts that it depends whether the religious man of the twentieth century shall be able to call himself a Christian, or whether once more, as at the Renaissance, Christianity shall have missed its opportunity, have set itself consciously against the growth of the true religion, and fallen—this time, I fear, never to rise. But the "religious instinct in the human heart" will not fall with it, though to many weak souls it may seem that the terrible "Twilight of the Gods" is come. And, either way, "all shall be well."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE presidential address delivered by Professor Rücker, before the meeting of the British Association, at Glasgow, on September 11th, is of the greatest interest to readers of this REVIEW who have paid attention to the many paragraphs on such subjects as "bodies smaller than atoms" and "grades of ether," which we have published month by month. Professor Rücker's address is practically an *apologia* for the atomic theory, and it is very evident from the tone of his remarks that the foundations of this theory are being called into question daily by many of his colleagues. The fear seems to be that "science" will "lose face" before the general public if it cannot be shown that the main structure of its most important theory is true. The president says that he has tried to show that:

A Scientist's Apology for the Atomic Theory

In spite of many outstanding difficulties, the atomic theory unifies so many facts, simplifies so much that is complicated, that we have a right to insist—at all events till an equally intelligible rival hypothesis is produced—that the main structure of our theory is true, that atoms are not merely helps to puzzled mathematicians, but physical realities.

* * *

MARK the temperate tone of these remarks; we are reading not the triumphant claim of an exact knowledge, but practically the apology for over-confidence of statement in the past. The claim now is that atoms are simply physical realities, particles of matter. Few will deny this. But remember that the prior claim was that they were the *ultimate* particles of matter, things which *could not* be resolved. These former indivisibles are now practically resolved, and the "thus far shalt thou go," the supposed limit of human possibility in this direction, the primal basis of matter, is found to be non-existent. If the supposed atom, which had been previously taken to be the ultimate unit, is now found not to be a unit, but in every probability a multitude, although it is thus shown more than ever a definite physical "something," it can at best but mark an arbitrary halting-place for facilitating mathematical calculations, and is not the ultimate unit of Nature's number, weight and measure. A man, too, is equally a unit, and so is a tree or an ant. But the atomic hypothesis rests not merely on the hypothesis that atoms are units, but on the further supposition that all atoms are precisely similar; whereas in all probability they may in reality differ as much from one another to super-normal sense as do men to normal perception.

The Atom not an Ultimate

* * *

NUMBERS, it is said, are ideas and the science of their relations is theory proper, and belongs to the "intellectual" world. We may cry halt, and try to trace the manifestation of these ideas in any order of material existence we please, but we have no right to proclaim that phase ultimate, for as yet we do not know the limits of the possibilities even of what we call the "physical senses," much less the boundaries of psychic vision. The atomic theory supposes that its atoms are the utmost boundaries of matter; purely physical research has shown that this limit is imaginary.

The Intellectual and the Sensible

Therefore the theory can at best hold good but roughly up to a certain point, where secondaries are considered as primaries, intermediates as ultimates. But indeed it is very doubtful that there are any limits at all to the "sensible" world, and even the setting of the "intellectual" over against the "sensible" is perhaps rather a distinction according to convention, than according to nature. Such a conception as this, however, appears on the surface so wild a confusion of "metaphysics" with "physics," that the "positive" mind will cry out upon it in horror, and hug itself in the supposed virtue of strict devotion to accurate science, instead of perceiving that such an attitude of mind marks rather the lover of eternal separateness.

* * *

The Conflict of Science with Theology

We cannot do better than refer those of our readers who are interested—and who of them is not?—in the history of the conflict of science with theology, to the remarkable papers on "Religion and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century," now appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. W. H. Mallock says that for the accurate estimate of the present position of the combatants it is necessary to have someone other than a fighter on either side; it requires a *tertium quid*, a sort of "intellectual accountant" to balance the books. As the result of his own audit Mr. Mallock endeavours to show:

> That the scientific philosophers are correct in their methods and arguments—that the attempts of contemporary theologians to find flaws in the case of their opponents, or to convert the discoveries of science into proofs of their own theism, are exercises of an ingenuity wholly and hopelessly misapplied, and exhibit too often an unreasoning or a feverish haste which merely exposes to ridicule the cause which they are anxious to defend; but that, nevertheless, in spite of these unintended injuries which the apologetics of our theologians are inflicting on their own position, the theological position is, when fully considered, practically more calculated to command the assent of mankind than are all the arguments—I do not say than the facts—by which modern scientific philosophy is endeavouring to prove it untenable.

The truth of the matter is that neither side has touched the other in a really vital spot, though in the fury of conflict each has taken the clouds of dust thwacked out of the jerkin of his fellow for the actual departing life of his foe. This much, how-

ever, both have learned—to respect the courage and endurance of the other, and even at times to wonder whether it would not be better after all to shake hands and stop the clapper-clawing.

* * *

One of the Factors in the Evolution of Yahweh

THAT the Jews were not the inventors of monotheism or the first discoverers of an ethical idea of God, but gradually evolved their notions of deity from the crudest of beginnings and by contact with more highly civilised neighbours, is a demonstrated fact of criticism for all intelligent students of history. But the general public remains for the most part incredulous or indifferent in spite of the overwhelming testimony of Babylonian and Egyptological research. But this state of affairs cannot continue much longer when we find the daily press publishing broadcast such remarks and quotations as the following, taken from *The Morning Post* of September 14th :

> Among the literary treasures recovered from the Royal Library at Nineveh and now stored in the British Museum are not a few specimens of the poet's art neatly written on clay volumes. One of the best specimens of these has just been carefully copied and edited by Dr. C. D. Gray, of the University of Chicago, and published in the Semitic journal of that university. . . .
>
> The composition is dedicated to the Sun-god, and resembles in many respects the beautiful hymns of the Theban School of ancient Egypt, dedicated to Ra ; such as the beautiful poem in the papyrus of Nekht, to which it presents considerable resemblance. It is impossible to assign any definite date to the present work ; but this copy dates about B.C. 650, and the original was probably Babylonian. Those who have studied the poetry of Oriental nations know how, to those sweet singers of old, nature was a magazine of symbolism, and how they studied her ever-varying face. Few poems so thoroughly show this as this one ; and it may certainly take its place beside the best of the Hebrew psalms. Take, for example, the following beautiful lines describing a sunrise :
>
> " Thou makest (all things) bright, driving away darkness.
> Thou causest the growing corn to quiver with light ;
> The mighty mountains are pregnant with thy glory ;
> Thy brightness fills and overthrows the world !
> Thou approachest the mountain slopes and gazest on the earth."

How vivid a description have we here of a sunrise seen from the Plains of Chaldea, as the lord of day rose from behind the Persian mountains, gilding the wooded slopes, and rising above the dark rampart to flood the world

with light. "Thou marchest across the heavens regularly; to the (dark) earth thou comest each day." Here we have a curious parallel to a passage in the papyrus of Nekht just referred to, where we read: "Men love thee because of thy beautiful law of day."

What wonder is it that the never-dying sun became the type of cosmic law? Perhaps one of the most interesting and curious portions of this poem is seen in the references to the sea-faring life:

"Thou passest over the wide-spread, far-extending sea;
Thy dazzling light penetrates the deep;
Thy light looks to and fro upon the swarming life of the sea;
To the sea-farer who fears the flood thou givest courage."

* * *

THE writer of this rhapsody was no idle, listless student of nature; for through it he learned to worship the just and unchangeable God. The Babylonian Sun-god, like the all-seeing Helios of the Greeks, was the lord of righteousness and the lover of justice. Of the high ethical teaching of this work the following is a striking example:

The "Sun-god" of Righteousness

"The wicked judge thou makest to behold bondage;
He who receives a bribe, who decides not aright, thou makest to bear sin;
He who receives not a bribe, who has regard for the weak,
Shall be well-pleasing to Shamas; he shall prolong his life.
He judges the arbiter; who gives righteous judgment
Shall complete a palace (even) a princely abode for his dwelling place."

Here we might find a Biblical parallel for nearly every phrase. The offences rebuked, almost every one, fall under the Levitical code, and the document will be of the utmost value to the student. Among the offences noticed are adultery, false witness, use of untrue weights, "removal of the neighbour's landmark," and on these condign punishment is said to fall. As for those who do evil, "the curse of men shall reach them," and "their seed shall not prosper."

It is impossible to avoid quoting from this rich treasury of religious and ethical teaching only one more extract:

"Everyone, whosoever it may be, is subject to thy hand;
Thou directest their land; those that are bound thou loosest;
Thou hearest, O Shamas, supplication, petition, and prayer,
Homage, kneeling, whispering, and prostration;
Through the channel of his mouth the weak one cries to thee;
The frail, the feeble, the wronged, the humble;
The captive woman prays without ceasing to thee,
He whose kin are distant, whose city is far away,
The sower of the field and the shepherd pray to thee!"

In the hundred and fifty lines of this poem in terra-cotta there is a

wealth of poetic symbolism, of ethical and religious instruction almost unequalled by any compositions save the Hebrew psalms. If the High Lord of Heaven was with his people in their affliction, so he shared their joys. For we read: "Their sparkling and bright drink offerings thou wilt accept; Thou wilt drink their light wines and their mixed wines. And the desires which they have in their mind Thou wilt prosper."

Such was the poem which some twenty-six centuries ago described the love of nature, the joys and sorrows of life, the love of mercy and justice, the hatred of iniquity and fraud. How could all that was true and beautiful, all that was bright and pure, be better hymned than in this enthusiastic praise of the all-seeing life-giving Sun? The publication of this text is another and convincing proof of the high intellectual culture of the wise men of the East, and indeed a convincing and additional proof of the truth of the old saying—"Ex oriente lux!"

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Basic Assumptions of All Religion

Giebt es ein Leben nach dem Tode? Giebt es einen Gott? Two Addresses delivered on October 10th and November 20th, 1900, by Bernard Hubo. (Hamburg: Verlag, C. Boysen; 1901.)

We have here gratifying evidence of the growing activity of our colleagues in Germany as well as of the expansion and spread of interest in Theosophical thought. Both the lectures included in this well-printed little volume show evidence of wide reading and careful thought, although the necessary limitations of a lecture have obliged the author to content himself with a brief sketch in outline of the present position of these two problems, which, as he rightly points out, lie at the very root of each and every religion, no less than at the foundation of all Religion whatever worthy of the name.

The facts and arguments for and against are well arranged and lucidly stated, the style is pleasant, easy reading, and the booklet should prove of real utility to those approaching the study for the first time. The information as to the proofs of survival after death derivable from what are usually called spiritualistic phenomena, is not quite up to date, as it does not include the recent researches of Dr. Hodgson with Mrs. Piper, or indeed, any of the quite recent

work of the S.P.R. But that defect will doubtless be remedied in subsequent editions, of which it is to be hoped there will be many. Herr Hubo is to be congratulated upon a useful addition to our literature in German, and it is to be hoped that the response his work will arouse may be such as to stimulate him to extend and enlarge these two lectures into a couple of handy volumes, in which the case in favour of an affirmative answer to the two questions which form his title can be stated with more adequate fullness and detail.

B. K.

Mother Juliana

Revelations of Divine Love recorded by Julian, Anchoress at Norwich. A Version from the MS. in the British Museum. Edited by Grace Warrack. (London: Methuen and Co.; 1901. Price 6*s*.)

Some months ago, I gave an account of Mother Juliana to the readers of the Review under the title of "A Forgotten English Mystic," and I have been several times since asked how a copy of her work could be obtained. Those whose interest was excited by what they read of her will be glad to know that it is at last within their reach, after having long been out of print and quite inaccessible, in a handsome volume with a pretty illuminated title-page. The editor has furnished a full Introduction of seventy-eight pages which forms a valuable addition to our knowledge of the work, if not of its writer. The only known MSS. are one in the British Museum and one in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, though others have been known to be in existence but are now lost sight of. The place where the Revelations were received was the "Anchorage" which adjoined the antient church of St. Julian, Conisford, near Norwich. The church still exists, but the anchorage was pulled down at the Reformation. There are records of recluses there throughout the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

In speaking of Miss Warrack's Introduction, I cannot refrain rom drawing attention to the change of attitude of the modern writer from that of the reprint of 1843, my copy of which was the foundation of my article. In the preface to this, signed G. H. Parker, the book is said to "afford us testimony that the Spirit of God is able to lead His people into all saving truth under the most disadvantageous circumstances . . . . and confirms our belief that even during the worst corruptions of the Romish Church there was a generation

within its pale who, though unknown to history and labouring under many imperfections, yet held the Head Christ; and formed a part of that vital bond which connected the Apostolic Church with the revival of Primitive Christianity at the time of the Reformation. It is very interesting to trace the strugglings of the writer's mind against preconceived and erroneous opinions."

Such, in the Dark Ages of Protestanism, only sixty years ago, was the way in which a really sympathising and admiring Anglican reader naturally spoke of a Catholic Saint; and what a step from what seems to *us* the infantine self-conceit—hardly possible now even to a country clergyman whose mind has stagnated since he left the University—these sixty years have made! That the Reformation was a revival of Primitive Christianity—that it would have been any particular use to us of the twentieth century if it *had* been—is as inconceivable to us now as Mr. Parker's calm assumption that Dame Julian's peaceful retreat was one of "the most disadvantageous circumstances" for the knowledge of the "saving truth." Listen now to Miss Warrack.

"It is in her seeking for truth and her beholding of Love that we best know Julian. . . . She tells us little of her own story, and little is told us of her by anyone else, but all through her recording of the Revelation the 'simple creature' to whom it was made unconsciously shows herself, so that soon we come to know her with a pleasure that surely she would not think too 'special' in its regard. . . . . 'Wisdom and truth and love,' the dower that she saw in the gracious soul, were surely in the soul of this meek woman; but enclosing these gifts of nature and grace are qualities special to Julian: depth of passion, with quietness, order and moderation; loyalty in faith, with clearest candour; pitifulness and sympathy, with hope and blythe serenity; sound good sense with a little sparkle upon it—as of delicate humour (that crowning virtue of Saints); and beneath all—above all, an exquisite tenderness that turns her speech to music. '*I will lay Thy Stones with fair Colours.*'

"'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' Hundreds ot years have gone since that early morning in May when Julian thought she was dying, and was 'partly troubled' for she felt she was yet in youth, and would gladly have served God more on earth with the gift of her days—hundreds of years since the time that her heart would fain have been told by special showing that 'a certain creature I loved should continue in good living'—but still we have 'mind' of her

as 'a gentle neighbour and of our knowing.' For those that love in simplicity are always young; and those that have had with the larger vision of Love the gift of Love's passionate speech, to God or man, in word or form or deed, as treasure held—live yet on the earth, untouched by time, though their light is shining elsewhere for other sight."

An old lover of Mother Juliana—of forty years' standing—thanks her new editor heartily for her labour and for her graceful words about his Love! A. A. W.

Mathematics and Morals

Mathematical Law in the Spiritual World. By Eustace Miles, M.A. (London: Bell and Sons: 1901. Price 1s. net.)

This is a useful little booklet, the twelfth of the series which is being issued by Messrs. Bell under the general title "Life and Light Books." In simple language the mathematical nature of law in the moral world is emphasised, and a plea is made for a return to those conceptions which made the discipline of mathematics of living interest instead of a mere training in mental gymnastics. Into the mathematical texture of the whole are skilfully woven all those leading ideas—such as the doctrines of karma and reincarnation and the practice of thought-control and self-discipline—which are current among us. In other words, Mr. Miles' essay is an elementary Theosophical treatise, and a powerful witness to the success of our labours during the last quarter of a century. G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, August. Here Colonel Olcott details his visit to Dr. Liébault, whom he describes as "the discoverer of that Therapeutic suggestion, the future of which seems so full of promise as a remedial agency to the human race." The remainder of this month's instalment of "Old Diary Leaves" is mainly concerned with Mrs. Besant's farewell address to her old friends the Secularists, at that Hall of Science which was thenceforth to be closed to her by the narrow-mindedness only possible to Sectarians and self-styled Free-Thinkers. We cannot but regret the occasion, whilst recognising that probably never before or since has the eloquent speaker so perfectly spoken from and to the heart as in her enforced farewell to her old friends and comrades. But in the words of Nietszche, quoted in last month's issue, she had "come beside them and passed forwards, and *that* they could never forgive." C. Kofel concludes her paper on

Re-birth, this time taking up the many suggestions of the revival of this belief in modern literature. Miss Edger continues her "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity," in this paper treating of "The Inner Circle of Disciples," and pointing out with much force that no one has the *right* to retire from the world until the Master has called him to definite work for Him. The translation of "Jîvachinitâmani" is concluded, and that of the "Râma Gîtâ" continued. A note to the latter quotes a curious saying that the weaker karmas that are for the time being restrained by the stronger, produce their effects either *in dreams* or in the next incarnation. T. Banon continues his "Astrological Warnings" and R. T. Paterson concludes his interesting series on "Socialism and Theosophy." I do not feel that I have quite done my duty to my readers without imparting the following note: "Those who want to know more about Anubhâvâdvaita are recommended to read Adhikâraṇakanchuka, a commentary by Appaya Dîkshita on the Brahma Sûtravṛitti of Dakṣhinâmûrti, and also the three kâṇḍas of Tattvasârâyana, a very important Itihâsa, in 24,000 verses." Yes, thank you—just half and half, please!

Theosophic Gleaner, August. Here N. A. concludes his comparison between Jainism and Buddhism; articles are taken from *The Asiatic Quarterly Review* on the "Philonian and the Gâthic Logos," and from *Modern Astrology* a paper by Mrs. Leo, entitled "The Science of Life," whilst we have an interesting fragment of a lecture on "Spiral Law in Nature," from Dr. Marques.

The Central Hindu College Magazine, August, maintains its interest. Mrs. Besant continues her "Defence of Hinduism," which "Mangalorean" declares the Universal Religion. Other articles are "Dharma"; "Early Civilisation," by Mrs. Lloyd; "Indian Heroes," and "Science Notes," by Mr. B. Keightley.

The Buddhist, July, is mainly remarkable to us by reason of the Editor's interesting and valuable series of articles on "The Higher Criticism of Christianity." There are also a summary of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society's* account of Dr. Stein's researches in Khotan, "Practical Buddhism," by D. B. Jayatilaka, and various translations from the Pâli.

Brahmavâdin for July contains a lecture by Swâmi Abhedânanda upon "Woman's Place in Indian Religion." If the question were to be decided by her pretty quotations, India must be reckoned the Paradise of woman; but, after all, this "special pleading" is only throwing dust in our eyes, and should not be encouraged. Swâmi Vivekânanda

himself is always worth reading, and his subject this time is "Christ the Messenger."

The Dawn, August, has an interesting paper by Sir George Birdwood on the Hindu Temples and Shrines of Bombay. In concluding it he says: "I would emphasise the fact that, without exception, all these Hindu temples of Bombay are of joyous gods. Even the Saiva temples are of beneficent aspects of Seewa or Kalee. This note of joy is the predominant characteristic of Hinduism and of Hindu art, which is ritualistic art. It is clear and resonant throughout Gujerat and Kattyawar; and would appear to be increasing in volume all over Western India. Surely this is a fact of some political significance"—and of some religious significance, we may add.

Also received from India: *The Ârya; Siddhânta Deepika; The Awakener of India; San Mârga Bodhinî*, and *The Indian Review* for August. This last contains a long summary of Mr. Keightley's papers in this Review upon Guru Nânak, the Founder of the Sikh religion.

The Vâhan for September contains some correspondence on the precise nature of the connection between an infant body and the soul to which it belongs. The "Enquirer" presents a number of answers to the question "How am I to apply Theosophical teachings to everyday life?" A. P. S. gives answers to certain questions concerning the lawfulness of putting an end to the life of incurably diseased infants and animals, and of suicide by grown-up persons in similar circumstances, which are sure to raise considerable discussion. We will only say here that we hope those who disagree will carefully weigh his arguments before proceeding to denounce his conclusions. The number ends with explanations of the fact that some of us seem unquestionably to be outstripping our fellows in the race of evolution.

Revue Théosophique for August has original articles by Dr. Pascal, Mlle. Blech and L. Revel, in addition to some translations. We presume that the statement that the new Messiah is already born, and on French soil, was the temptation which moved M. Courmes to treat the *Banner of Light* as a "serious periodical" and to copy from its pages. But it is *not* serious.

Theosophia, July and August. This number has, in addition to translations from H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, J. van Manen's *Tao Te King*, and an account (with a photograph) of the new Headquarters just on the point of being opened.

Der Vâhan, August and September, contains in addition to the

usual full analysis of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and translations of the answers in the *Vâhan*, Mrs. Besant's lecture on the "Reality of Brotherhood," Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*, and more of the obituary discourses "In Memory of H. P. B."

Sophia, August and September. These numbers have a good deal of original matter, as well as translations; including "Our Possibilities," by Kiel; "The Social Problem and the Socialists," by Andrès Igual; and other papers.

Teosofia, June and August, have interesting reports of lectures delivered by Prof. von Schrön on "Life in Crystals"; Sig. Calvari continues his "A Hermetic Philosopher in Italy in the Seventeenth Century"; and the translations of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Ethics," and Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance* run on.

Theosophy in Australasia, for July. In the "Outlook" the Editor makes some valuable suggestions as to the way to bring new members to take part in the work of their lodge instead of merely sitting in silence at the meetings. There is no task more needful—nor more difficult. T. H. Martyn treats of the Bible, and, after speaking very openly as to its history and real value, finally concludes that "it does not follow that the great mass of our fellows is yet ready for any purer Revelation. When it is ready then will come a new Bible." Perhaps something still better may happen—that then will *not* come a new Bible, nor anything like it. We welcome a new name, Geo. Bell, at the foot of a good if somewhat immature paper headed "Let Everyone be persuaded in his own Mind."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, August. We are all glad to hear that Mrs. Draffin is recovering slowly after her seven months' illness, and that she is hopeful of starting work soon. So good a worker is much missed. The main contents of the number are the continuation of Mrs. Judson's "Dharma," "The Hill of Difficulty," by Agnes Davidson, and a "Dream Story," by S. Stuart. The "Children's Column" is pleasant reading, as usual.

The Theosophic Messenger, August, has some interesting matter in its "Search Light." The remainder is mainly "Enquirer."

Philadelphia, May and June, has translations from H. P. B., Dr. Pascal, W. Scott-Elliot, and Mrs. Besant, besides a paper on "Tolerance," by Carlos M. Collet, and one on "Shinto," signed Mari.

Also received: *Light; Humanity; Monthly Record; Modern Astrology; Theosophischer Wegweiser; Neue Metaphysische Rundschau; Notes and Queries; The Metaphysical Magazine; Review of Reviews; Science Siftings.* A.

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