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SATYÂN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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

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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has an interesting article in the April number of *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled "The Latest Shipwreck of Metaphysics"; in it he ably criticises two recent books on metaphysical subjects, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, by Mr. Ward, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and *Psychology and Life*, by Mr. Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, books which have attracted wide attention, especially the former. Mr. Mallock is a destructive critic, his aim being to show that "the new metaphysics, in so far as it is really metaphysical, is no less a system of elaborate self-delusion than the old." His conclusion of the whole matter is as follows:

The Insufficiency of Metaphysics

> We have before us two orders of facts—those which science shows us to be absolutely necessary and determined, and those which the practical reason insists on attributing to some free agency. Further, these two sets of facts empirically meet and co-exist in human life. How can the meeting and co-existence of these contradictions be explained? Science attempts to explain it by treating one set as an illusion. Idealism seeks to explain it by treating the other set as an abstraction. Apart from the ultimate origin

of the facts, which can be explained by neither philosophy, science does explain the only set which it admits to be real. Idealism, in endeavouring to reconcile the two, explains neither. It assumes the one, and loses all hold of the other.

How, then, is the synthesis of the free and the necessary to be accomplished? The only true answer to this question is that it cannot be accomplished at all in any manner which the human intellect can comprehend; and that when philosophers like Mr. Ward attempt to bind the two together, they might as well try to bind together with a postage stamp two masses of wall which are falling in opposite directions. But what philosophers cannot do to the satisfaction of the intellect, the mass of mankind does in obedience to the instinctive practical reason. It unites the free and the necessary in a synthesis, the truth of which it attests from generation to generation by its love, by its blood, by its tears, by its joys, by its sorrows, by its progress. The great truth which philosophers must learn is this—that the synthesis is one which can never be intellectually justified by analysis. In other words, life in its totality is incomprehensible. The method which explains one part, leaves another part unexplained. Philosophy is a coat which we can button over our stomachs only by leaving a broken seam at our backs. We can know something, or much, of many portions of existence; but by no intellectual device can we fit the portions together. Our intellect may be compared to a locomotive on a pair of rails, which for a certain distance each way run parallel, and on which the locomotive can travel; but which in either direction, when a certain point is passed, begin to diverge like two sides of a triangle, stretching away to some infinitely distant base, and on which the wheels of the engine cannot travel any longer. Let us take as our guide any method of philosophy we like—materialistic, idealistic, theistic, deistic, pantheistic—our experience will be the same. We shall be brought into a region not only of unknowable things, but of contradictory thoughts and principles. Let Œdipus go out of any one of the seven gates of Thebes, and the same Sphinx will be there, staggering him with the same riddle;—not all the Mr. Wards or Mr. Munsterbergs in the world would be able to give him a hint of how the riddle is to be solved.

* * *

Neti, Neti!

INDEED the whole of Mr. Mallock's article is of interest to those who have been charmed, and rightly charmed, by the brilliant onslaught on Naturalism made by the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge; but the most important point is the one brought out by the critic in *The Nineteenth Century* in his concluding words when he writes: "Let us take as our guide any method or philosophy we like . . . . our experience will be the same. We shall be brought into a region not only of unknowable things, but of contradictory

thoughts and principles." This is what we have been pointing out for years; and is precisely that desirable plastic frame of mind to which a comparative study of religion, philosophy and science must inevitably bring a man. But, praise Wisdom, there *is* a *quartum quid*—a name-invention as impertinent doubtless as the "fourth dimension," but a concept as inevitable—a Turîya State transcending intellect, as Mr. Mallock perceives, a perpetual state of virginity, yet common to all. What this is, in terms of intellect, can never be said. It is *not* this system; *not* that creed. "*Neti, Neti;* not this, not this," as the old sages of India, and long before them their forebears in wisdom declared. And the solution of the riddle? That we have referred to in an article in the present number on "The Personal Equation." The man who solves the Riddle of the Sphinx has no right to deprive another soul of the joy of solving that riddle for himself, no matter whether that other soul may take a Kalpa over the solution. No right, we say? Nay, rather no power; for though the Riddle of the Sphinx is One, it is different for every single soul of man. Therefore beware of a man with a system or a method, if he professes to solve *your* riddle; he may solve his own truly, but *you* must devise *your own* system and method.

* * *

THEOSOPHICAL writers have so frequently insisted upon the fact that the molecular activity of the brain is of a distinctly electrical nature, that the following paragraph from the *Globe* of March 19th will be welcomed as a sign that this contention is now on the high road to recognition as an acquired fact of experimental science. In brief, the brain is an immensely powerful natural battery, and the same may be said of every other great ganglionic centre in the animal organism. The paragraph runs as follows:

The Brain a Battery

A series of very interesting experiments have recently been carried out in America by Mr. A. Frederick Collins, with a view to investigating the effect of electrical storms or atmospheric disturbances on the brains of animals and human beings. The apparatus employed consisted of a simple wireless telegraphic outfit, in which the brain of the subject was substituted for the well-known coherer. In the course of his investigations (states the *Electrician*) Mr. Collins discovered that the substance of the brain, both animal and human, living or dead, exhibited similar properties to the

metallic particles in an ordinary coherer, the effects of altered resistance being distinctly audible in a telephone receiver connected in the receiving circuit.

* * *

THERE is a startling removal of the old land-marks in our present feverish civilisation, and we find new buildings of a quite unexpectedly respectable nature rising on the sites of ancient slums. Who, for instance, would turn to a sporting sheet for a carefully considered exposition of the doctrine of reincarnation? And yet this apparent impossibility is an accomplished fact of modern journalism. We have of late had several instances of a daily paper being handed over for a week to the editorial supervision of a popular preacher, but the exposition of the doctrine of rebirth and allied themes in the pages of a professedly sporting weekly is an even more startling phenomenon. The pulpit is fast being supplanted by the press, and progressive theology is being left to popular novelists! We should like to see it otherwise, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and if the professed theologian will persist in keeping every door and window hermetically closed, he must not be surprised if he perishes of asphyxiation. In the *Referee* of February 2nd appeared the following interesting article, signed by "Merlin," and under the title: "The Mystery of Life: the Doctrine of Reincarnation."

Reincarnation in a Sporting Paper

* * *

IF in the whole trend of modern serious thought there is one effort more apparent than another it is that which so strenuously presses forward towards a solution of the problem of man's presence here on earth, his *raison d'être*, his true association with his surroundings, his relations to the past and to the future. In a word, the tendency is towards the revision of old forms of theology and the establishment of some new scheme of reconciliation with things as we partly know and partly hope them to be. Even so far, this effort has met with considerable success of a sort. It may not yet have begun to offer to mankind a settled conclusion as to the puzzles which afflict us, but it has at least in some degree humbled the professional theologian, who, outside the citadel of one great orthodox creed, dares no longer proclaim with the ancient aspect of certainty many doctrines which are still included in the authorised teachings of the Churches. To take the most striking of all ex-

A Dying Doctrine

amples, the old belief in the eternity of punishment is practically abandoned. The late Mr. Spurgeon, formally and solemnly, and with an apparently complete sense of its awesomeness, revived the horrible superstition of Calvin as to the presence of "babes, a span long, in hell." But the proclamation of that dreadful belief had no influence upon the alert modern mind. Its effect was confined to the vulgarest intelligences, and the cloud of blackness it was meant to conjure from the dark ages of thought was scattered into nothing for the overwhelming majority of nineteenth-century Englishmen.

There were ages upon ages in which the worst form of impiety lay in the attempt to understand the purposes of God. They were not to be questioned or inquired into, but were to be devoutly accepted, as they were affirmed to be by any given body of teachers who held local rule. This is so far changed that no higher intellectual duty is now recognised than is involved in the fight against pretended authority in such matters. The doctrine of mental freedom is vindicated. Bigotry is not dead, but its fangs are drawn. Superstition is not yet eradicated from the minds of men, but we are licensed to make escape from it without incurring social pains and penalties. Opinions go free of the old toll of axe, and stake, and thumbscrew, and even of the modified troubles of imprisonment and fine. It has come to be seen that the devoutest of minds are not necessarily those which unquestionably accept the teaching of authority, but those which bend themselves seriously and fearlessly to the search for truth wherever it may be.

* * *

A Question of Logic

PERHAPS the least explicable of human beliefs is that which, whilst proclaiming the inherent goodness and justice of the Deity, contrived to reconcile this conception with that of predestination. Nothing more clamorously inconsistent within itself could be devised. A Being all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, creates certain other beings with the full knowledge that he is sending a majority of them to unescapable and cureless ruin—not merely to penal servitude throughout a brief and troublous and degraded life on earth, but to burn in unquenchable fires for ever and ever and ever. The mere logical impossibility of the thing is clamant to the deafest ears which are not crammed with the theological wad, and it was yet a crime, of deepest dye to doubt the patent nonsense for many generations. Either the attributes are false, or the actions attributed to their possessor are the most unnameable libels. If God is good, predestination is a lie. If predestination were a truth, God would be a demon. So, through the ages men, awed and coerced by authority as they were, painfully came to see, and in these days the candid thinker has no fear and no triumph when he offers the belated exponent of this extraordinary creed his choice of the horns of the dilemma. Nothing could more completely illustrate the comparative emancipation of the mind than the fact that such a proclamation as the foregoing can now be made in peace and safety. It makes no pre-

tence to novelty, for it is one of the main points round which the war of thought has raged for generations. But the man who first conceived the idea of rebellion against that special dogma was beset with fear and trembling, and the man who first spoke his belief aloud took his life in his hand, and was believed by many to be eternally undone.

* * *

WE can never have done with the man-made God, because we cannot get outside our own limitations, and it does not seem unnatural to believe that the Deity is much beyond our highest conceptions, however we may soar. There is no logical reason why we should accept a monotheistic creed as against the old Persian belief in rival and equal influences of good and evil, but faith is not a birth of logic, and its forms are geographically defined. You may draw a map of creeds as easily as a map of nations. But the general consensus of the highest minds and of the most cosmopolitan culture is in favour of monotheism; and what these are now striving to effect is a reconciliation of the fact that good and evil proceed apparently from the same source with the belief that the source itself is untainted by any evil. And here it is worth while to note that one reason for the monotheism of our most civilised nations is the degraded state to which we have reduced God's great antagonist, as credited by the creeds of the East. Luther throws an ink-bottle at him. St. Dunstan takes him by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers. In a modern novel which has found a million of readers, he lives in a London hotel, and takes perfumed baths with a probable, though not expressed, desire to drown the smell of sulphur. Even in the pages of Goethe he is the poorest kind of village conjuror, frightening students with squibs and crackers. Is this the Deity's protagonist? The worthy foe of that eternal Source of good whose "spangled heavens, a shining frame, their great Original proclaim"? Well, barely.

The Source of Evil

But the idea of Deity—and of one Deity—is rooted. The school of materialists, who seemed at one time as if they were going to swamp us all by mere force of an authority as little tolerable as that of their elders, the theologians, has closed in blank fiasco. Their pretence of having explored the universe was reduced to the fact that they had made a more or less intimate acquaintance with certain microscopic atoms of our own microscopic part of it. I said a year or two ago in these columns that, having explored a single cabinet in the universal museum and inventoried its contents, they had arrived at the belief that there were no more apartments to survey and no more cabinets to examine. But the materialists are mostly dead and the best of them have recanted. There is something beyond their ken, and they have learned to know it.

* * *

BUT if the bones of the theologian strew one side of the battle-field, and

Fusion of Old and New.

those of the materialist are whitening the other, is there any dawning creed which reveals any kind of rest for Investigation's weary wing, any halting-place in the great void of search and doubt? Let us notice for a moment what the doctrine of reincarnation specifically and by implication teaches, and let us ask if there is a possible answer to our question presented in it. You see that, first of all, it is necessary to our peace that we should—in the Miltonic phrase—"justify the ways of God to man." We have to reconcile a mass of apparent injustice and inequality of chance with a final sense of justice. I propose to deal with the old Eastern explanation of facts by a blending of modern Western science. The mystery of the origin of life is as yet insoluble. The theory of spontaneous generation exploded in the laboratory bottles of many chemists thirty years ago. At our best we arrive at a "protoplasm" already inspired with the mysterious and inexplicable quality of life. According to those who, by scientific enquiry, are best qualified to judge, we reach all forms of life from this small avenue. Mollusc, fish, bird, quadruped, biped succeed each other, with infinite differentiation between. Man is accomplished, and results in Plato and Verulam, in Shakespeare and Homer, in the intellect which withstands and returns the shocks of pure thought and the intellect which withstands and returns the shocks of thought and emotion in alloy. Man has achieved his obvious utmost, in whatever unknown fields he may shine hereafter.

This is where the Eastern idea, grafted on the Western knowledge, grows to be so powerful. Out of the slime to Homer and Shakespeare! You imagine an infinite progression, from protoplasmic slime to highest-thinking and noblest-striving man. No form of leaf or flower or root, or blade of grass, or worm, or insect escapes this all-embracing chain of evolution. These living entities, you and I, have passed through these experiences. It may be there is nothing we have not been. There may be no experience divorced from our intelligence. We are men to-day because we are qualified to be men by events which have happened in generations distant by millions of years from our recognised beginnings. The hog is a hog and the ox an ox, because he has so far achieved a less lofty development than our own. The mosquito is promoted to be a house-fly; the house-fly gains experiences which qualify him to be a honey-maker. The best of bees is a jewelled honey sucker in his next estate. The gorilla, who in his time has learned wisdom, may become a Bosjesman, the Bosjesman a Boer, and the Boer may be reborn a Parisian, even though he go to the Quartier St. Antoine. And in every one of the myriad divisions if the creature behave himself in accord with the laws of his species he shall be promoted with a rapidity or a slowness proportioned to his deserts.

* * *

His deserts? Here lies the problem after all. But the Eastern presentation of it has reduced its doubts to a minimum, whilst our theologies make

"The Larger Hope"

a maximum of them. The Universalists, who insist that everybody shall be saved, have a creed which in its way is just as inexorable as that of the damnatory Calvinists, but on every ground of sense and justice a million times more likely to be true. Whatever experiences you may pass through, you have just *got* to be saved, and there is an end of it. However evil your experiences and instincts may be, there is no escape for you from the invincible mercy of God. It is an ignorant return to the old cosmogony, to which every departure from one estate to another was like a plunge from a spring-board in a new race for life. The suicide's tumble, the flop of the drunkard into eternity, imply a necessary disability in the first instant in which the power to sustain oneself in the waters of a new estate must need be the most essential. The well-found, well-experienced swimmer dives, and, coming up a long way beyond these ineptitudes, lands in the environment prepared for him. And here at least we glimpse at an understanding of the wild spin of free will and fate. If every sentient creature must know all experiences of life, if he pass through all imaginable grades, and from the earliest to the latest exercise an influence upon his own career, if promotion be true to merit all the way, there is a partial solution of our problem found. Not a total solution, for the equality of the power to exert original effort is still unsettled. But deeper down than one can altogether fathom lies a sense of justice, of fair-play. It is in the yearning for that sense that men turn to the old mythologies of transmigration, which may, after all, have the germ of truth in them.

The most puzzling of puzzles, the most bewildering of problems, lie behind all this. They are twofold. The first opens the old question of fate and free will. It is evident that no sentient creature in any scale of existence can have merit unless it have also some form of choice, and it is impossible to conceive a system of reward and punishment, of any sort whatever, as being just unless some degree of responsibility is an integral part of it. The idea of rewarding a mechanism is obviously absurd. The second puzzle, which is practically just as unsoluble as the first, lies in the conservation of the Ego, the individual conscious mind. If I have been ooze and mollusc, fish and bird, am I still the creature made of my own experiences?

> "As old mythologies relate
> Some draught of Lethe might await
> The slipping through from state to state."

. . . The glory is before us, the slime and ooze of an old world are behind. The worst man we have to-day in our half-civilised cities is the moral master of the contemporary savage. Our Jack-the-Ripper is our execration, and is yet the equal of the Thug, who had a whole theology behind him. We are saying farewell to theologies, possibly in something too much of a hurry but we are welcoming freedom of thought, which is a handsome substitute for them. The slug of yesterday is the swallow of to-day. May it fly to fairer regions!

THE CRADLE OF SLAV HERESY*

THE first words ever written in Slavonic characters were: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God."

They were written by St. Cyril (known "in the world" as Constantin the Philosopher) and his brother Methodius, who, in 862, were chosen by the Emperor and the Patriarch of Byzantium to carry to the Moravians the teachings of Christ.

The princes of Moravia and Pannonia had asked for teachers of the new light; Constantin the Philosopher declared that he could not preach the Gospel if his preaching was unsupported by sacred literature. There was at that time no Slavonic alphabet: St. Cyril composed one; the first characters traced by him represented the words of the sacred text above quoted.†

The translation of religious literature by the two brothers, from 862 till the year 885, created the Slavonic literary language, which became the common treasury of all Slav nations who received the new tidings from Byzantium, *i.e.*, from Greek Catholicism. This was due chiefly to the loving help and sympathy the Greek missions found in Bulgaria. And when, after the death of St. Methodius, persecution from the German priesthood drew St. Cyril's pupils away from the land they had first instructed, almost the whole body migrated to the Bulgarian shore of the Danube, where they were gladly received by the famous Prince Boris.

Bulgaria was then the head of the Slav race.‡ Russia and

* From M. Sokoloff's *Bulgarian Literature of Old*. See Prof. Vinogradoff's *Book for General Study of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii., chap. xlviii. (Moscow ;1898); also Yagitch, *History of the Serb-Horvatian Literature* (Ancient Period), chap. v. Kazan; 1871.

† The old Slav alphabet has two modes of writing: the *Kyrillitza* and the *Glagslitza*. The latter is by far the more difficult to read.

‡ We call attention to the fact that Bulgaria was the direct heir to the destiny and influence of the Baltic Slavs, whose light failed the Slavonic race. The Bulgarian kingdom failed also; as, in later times, did Bohemia. Modern Russia is the fourth attempt to mould the race for higher destinies.

Poland were, as yet, Pagan. Servia had no political unity; it had only just become a Christian country. Moravia was already overpowered by German influence, and was, soon afterwards, ruined as a nation by the Magyar invasion.

The first Bulgarian priests were Greeks, and the Mass was at first sung in Greek; but the pupils of Methodius, Clement, Horazel, Angelarius, Sabba and Naoum, introduced a Slav literature, and the Slavonic tongue was used in the celebration of Mass. Clement, who with his disciples taught chiefly in South Albania, near the birthplace of St. Cyril, met with much success.

The son of Boris, Prince Simeon, also was well educated and had been brought up at the Court of Byzantium; he was well trained in Greek knowledge, and possessed literary tastes. Simeon collected a large Slav library, helped all literary work, and edited a manual entitled *The Golden Strings*, a collection of precepts chiefly selected from the writings of St. John Chrysostom.

The golden age for Bulgarian literature was during the reign of this Simeon (893-927). It ceased with the weakening of Bulgarian political power under Simeon's son, Peter (927-968), and in 1019 the old contest for dominion with the mighty empire of the East ended by the first victory of the Emperor of Byzantium (Basilius) over the Bulgarian dynasty. Slav literature and the Slav Church retained only a show of independence in the archbishopric of Ohrida (Macedonia). Nevertheless, the strong young race found a way to resurrection. One and a half centuries after what seemed to be a final failure, Bulgaria arose and struggled once more, under the banner of the brothers Peter and Assen (1185). In 1204 the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders helped Bulgaria to a new lease of life as a kingdom which flourished for 200 years, only, however, to die under the invasion of Islâm in 1393. Independent religious life came to an end; historical conditions were against Bulgaria.

What, however, was left of its sacred literature to feed the inner life despite the outer pressure of adverse circumstances? The amount of translated works was truly enormous, but the names of most of the translators are unknown. Original works also existed; Clement, the Czar Simeon, and many anonymous writers had given personal impulse to it.

From the very outset of our enquiry into the nature of this literature, a remarkable personality meets us; this is John Exarch of Bulgaria. He was induced to undertake his numerous works by one Dux, a "black monk," who taught him that the first duty of a priest was to be a teacher.

John translated many works of science, philosophy, grammar, and theology; amongst them, John of Damascus *On the True Faith*. He also wrote a great original work, *The Six Days*, on the biblical account of the creation; herein he gives various details and opinions concerning the angels, the cosmos, and man. Among the other works of John is his famous *Word on the Transfiguration of the Lord*. He was the first to use, perhaps to create, many scientific terms which have made the sacred Slav, as well as the modern Russian, so rich in such expressions.

Of the many translations into the literary language of the Slavs was the romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, which is a transcription of the Life of the Buddha, veiled in Christian guise. The translation of this work was a step to that of the now rapidly developing apocryphal literature. By no means all of these apocryphs were considered heretical; on the contrary, many served as themes for sermons delivered in the Church. They spread like fire among the Slavs as well as in Byzantium itself. The apocryphal literature consisted almost entirely of translations; of those touching the Old Testament traditions, the most remarkable are the legends of Adam, Enoch, Melchisedec, Abraham, Moses, Daniel, and Solomon. The Slav *Book of the Holy Mysteries of Enoch* is a peculiar version of the ancient pre-Christian *Book of Enoch*, of which there are only a few fragments in Greek, and a fuller text in Ethiopic. The Slav version tells the story of the travels of Enoch through the seven spheres; it contains original details of cosmography, and also teachings respecting the angels of the elements, and the fall of the angels. In the seventh heaven Enoch is represented as being instructed respecting the creation by the Deity Himself; the account of creative processes differs from that given in Genesis. In this seventh heaven, Enoch writes 366 books which are dictated to him by an angel; these books tell of all that was, is, and will be in Nature, and in the destiny of every man. In all things Enoch

perceives a perfect order and sequence. On returning to earth Enoch teaches his " children, " exhorting them to lead a strictly moral life. A sequel to the *Book of Enoch* is the remarkable tale of the birth of Melchisedec from the dead wife of Nyrrhus, Sophonima, a tale unknown from other sources. The Greek originals of *The Revelation of Abraham, The Ascension of Moses, Solomon and Thitovraşs* and of many others are also unknown.

Well-known New Testament apocrypha are the very popular *Proto-Evangel of Jacob*, the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, and the *Gospel of Thomas;* the last named is considered to be heretical, and is seldom met with in MSS. Many of these apocryphal writings contain teaching as to the after-death state; such instructions occur, for instance, in the apocryphal Apocalypse of St. John Chrysostom's, *The Vision of Saint Paul, The Pilgrimage of the Virgin in the Places of Torment,** etc.

We now come to the consideration of the most interesting part of the Slavonic apocryphal writings, those works inspired by the Bogumils, so-called from their first teacher, the Bulgarian priest, Bogumil ("one who is dear to God"). The Bogumils were Christians; but they recognised duality in creation. The manifested universe was the work of the Dæmon (not "devil" as the Russian author puts it) of Darkness (ignorance?) who reigned till the advent of Christ. They held that Christ had an "illusionary" body, that is to say, physical only in appearance. They rejected the institutions of the (outer) Church—sacraments, rites, and hierarchy; and they advocated an extreme asceticism of life. One of their most popular works was entitled *The Vision of Esau;* in this book was described the advent of Christ on earth, clad in His body of illusion. Another highly esteemed work was the *Discussion of the Dæmon and God*, in which the Evil Power is portrayed. There are, however, no existing Bogumil writings in Slav, but the apocryphal works have in them interpolations of Bogumil doctrines or of Bogumil works transcribed by Greek authors; such, for example, are *The Legend of the Crea-*

* This is given in Professor Vihonravoff's *Apocrypha*, vol. ii. It is a MS. of the XIIth century, one of the oldest. A copy of it is now in the Reference Library at the headquarters of the European Section of the Theosophical Society.

tion of God's Beings on the Tiberian Sea, of which there are many variants, *The Vision of Baruch*, and *The Conversation of the Three Holy Men*. These chiefly contain cosmological teachings. A Latin translation, however, has reached us of an original in Slav, or, more probably, Bulgarian; it is entitled *Liber Sancti Johannis*, and is undoubtedly Bogumil. It is in the form of an instruction given by the Christ to St. John the Divine, and tells the story of the creation of the cosmos and man, and the coming of Christ to save mankind from the dæmonial power. It contains also a revelation as to the end of the world. The sources whence it is drawn appear to be the apocryphal Apocalypses of St. John, which exist both in Greek and in Slav, the *Book of Enoch* in its Slav translation, and also *The Legends of the Cross* and *The Vision of Esau*.

The Russian authority from whose works the present article is compiled, is of opinion that the famous priest Jeremias, who was thought by some to be a Bogumil, was, though a heretic, opposed to Bogumil doctrines. Nevertheless he spread apocryphal teachings with vigour: some of his prayers against evil beings that bring illness are still in use among Bulgarians, Servs, and Russians. The most important work ascribed to him by the *Index of Books, True and False* (this Index condemns apocryphal works) is *The Word on the Tree of the Cross communicated by the Holy Trinity*. A few details from it may be found interesting. It is a history of the Cross, tracing it from the three branches planted by Moses to sweeten the "bitter waters of Mara"; these were planted in the form of a cross. The tree that grew from them was watched over by robbers who had repented, and preached to each other on the destiny of the tree. One of these thieves is named Ambrosias, and is said to have lived in the days of Moses; the second, Esrom, is said to have lived in the days of David. The legend relates how David gave to Solomon a model of the Temple made of wax candles; and how Solomon built it through the power of a mysterious ring brought to him by an angel—a ring that subdued dæmons and forced them to help in the work of the builders; this last detail is to be found in other Cross legends. Solomon was collecting the most precious materials he could find for the construction of the Temple, and

while doing so heard of the Tree of Mara. He saw it and was greatly struck by its beauty and by the story of the exalted use for which, according to tradition, it was destined, as related to the king by the thief Esrom. The Tree was brought to Jerusalem, whither Esrom followed it, and stayed there till his death. All attempts to use it in the construction of the Temple, however, were thwarted, and it remained lying near the Temple, ever "served" by a penitent thief, so that at last its servants bore that name even if they had never been thieves. After giving this sketch of the history of the Cross the author adds some legends of the life of the Christ. The Christ is said to have found "Adam's head" on the banks of the Jordan. A discussion arose between two kings as to the possession of the head, which was of gigantic size. One of the kings placed it at the gate of his palace, and desired to be buried therein. But Christ commanded that it should be buried outside the city at a spot which, since then, has been called the "Place of a Skull." There is also a legend telling how the Christ "laboured in the fields," a legend honoured by a special interdiction of the Index. It describes how, under Augustus, many public roads were made. One day the Christ, meeting a man labouring with two oxen, took his plough and made three furrows, thus consecrating manual labour.

Another curious legend is that of Prov (? Probus), son of King Seleucus, who was helped by the Christ to collect taxes, and who called Him "brother," while bathing with Him. This youth healed his "blind" father, and cured his wife from "obsession" by means of the intestines of a "fish" caught by the Christ. There is also the legend of the consecration of the Christ into the priesthood of the Temple at Jerusalem. *The Word on the Tree of the Cross* ends with the story of the last "thief," named "the fellow-traveller," who was crucified with the Christ, "according to the will of His Father."

There are other Cross legends connected with the names of SS. Saverian and Gregory; these teach that the Cross came, not from the Tree of Mara, but from Trees of Paradise which were planted with the help of Satanaël. The Bogumil tradition of the *St. John's Book* tells us that it was the Dæmon who gave

Moses the three branches for the Cross Tree; the Cross being the work of the Dæmon.

The mighty influence of Bogumil literature, streaming to the Slavs and Greeks from Bulgaria, found many opponents among the Orthodox; the most famous of these latter was a priest, named Cosme, who flourished in the latter half of the tenth century; his controversial writings are still worth study because they display a great heresiological familiarity with Bogumil literature. Cosme opposes only such works as were acknowledged by the "heretics." His writings were used later in a controversy with the Russian Kabbalists whose views were connected with Bogumil thought. This polemical and apocryphal literature of South Slavia aided the development of the spiritual life of Russia as much as it did that of the land which had been its cradle. Among other works, Kosma, or Cosme, wrote his famous *Lecture on the New Heresy of the Bogumils*. Therein he shows that in matters touching the outer religious life, his countrymen had, in addition to the rites of the orthodox Church, chaunts, legends, practices of divination, etc., which were far from orthodox. The latest researches have shown that from the tenth to the twelfth century there was a mass of "heretical" literature which was helped and fostered by Bogumil influence; though the original Bogumil MSS. have been destroyed, a vast number of Bulgarian translations have preserved for us the thought contained in them.

With regard to the inner life of the Bogumils, Cosme speaks of them as follows: "The heretics seem to be mild as sheep, humble and silent, pale with fasting, never uttering a rash or hasty word; they never even laugh audibly. They do not marry nor use wine; they are moderate in eating. They praise God by vigils and by prayer, during which they remain in seclusion for four days; they do not use the sign of the Cross." [For the Cross was the symbol (for the orthodox Church) of a non-voluntary crucifixion of the Christ.] They use the Lord's Prayer. Rejecting the ordinary divine service, the Law and the Prophets, they accuse the priests of leading a dissolute life. The Gospels they read, the Acts of the Apostles also, but they have no priesthood." They gave proofs that they possessed an "un-

earthly" knowledge*; that they could see the future, penetrate into the depths and secrets of the sacred books and expound them; they possessed a certain "new" teaching, and could tell "legends" of a peculiar kind. Their organisation as a community was reminiscent of that of the old Slav families.

Yagitch says (*op. cit.*, p. 100): "There is no doubt that as regards culture, the Bogumils were far ahead of the 'orthodox' Christians. Bosnia's high development at the end of the twelfth century was due to its Bogumil prince Koulin, a famous ruler." Yagitch supposes the priest Jeremias to have been Bogumil, and even to have been the "Pope Bogumil" of history. He must, at any rate, have lived in the tenth century, for the Patriarch Sysinius uttered a warning against his writings about 969-999. The theory that Jeremias held Bogumil beliefs is confirmed by the testimony of Athanasius, a monk of Jerusalem.† Yagitch remarks that the Bogumil creed came half a century after the death of Simeon (971), to take the place of the "seven teachers of the nation and of their disciples"; it soon streamed down to Servia and to the Horvats, and even spread over Western Europe (*op. cit.*, pp. 95-143).

This Slav "heresy" was indubitably, as Yagitch thinks, a child of Slav paganism, yet it coloured deeply both Russian thought and Russian religious life generally, that religious life which is generally supposed to be so orthodox, even by the Russians themselves; the "heresy" was unconscious, as natural as the breath of Nature. We find a curious confirmation of this statement in the following facts. When the apocryphal writer, Gregory, speaks of the Greek Gods, Hephæstos and Helios, he adds to the name of the former, "also called Svarog," and to the name of the latter, "also called Dajdbog." The God of light of the ancient Slavs was a God of the old Bulgarians also. The unity of the Slav Pagan faith seems to be beyond a doubt.

In several beautiful Bogumil legends, moreover, we see hints of a unity of higher knowledge which persisted throughout early Christian times to the Gnosis of the Bogumil period. The

* Yagitch, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

† On the margin of Yagitch's book, in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburgh, the writer found a pencil note at the point where this statement is made. The note is; "Not correct, v. Stavine V., 1882-1883."

"knowledge" or "wisdom" is even hinted at in all the legends or facts related. In one of the "Cross" legends a strange tale is told concerning the death of Adam. Seth, the son of Adam, brought to his father the Tree from Paradise. Quoth Adam: "For this Tree was I exiled from heaven. It was the Tree of Knowledge. This Tree drives out impure spirits; it is the enlightener of the dark (ignorant). Who believes in it, he shall not be shaken." Before this, his last illness, Adam had risen to the Gate of Eden; but he felt the touch of Death, and returned in great sadness. His son Seth said to Eve, his mother: "Thou who knowest him well, tell me why this sadness?" "Son," she answered, "he mourns for the bliss of Eden." Ere death comes to Adam, he makes for himself a crown with the branches of the Tree brought him by Seth, and when he dies the crown is laid with him in the earth. The Tree had grown from a seed stolen by Satanaël from God, who said to him: "It is for thine exile." The Tree grew in three parts, or rather sprang from three roots; from God (the "middle"), from Adam and from Eve. The part that sprang from God was that which the archangel gave to Seth for his dying father; from the buried crown came the Tree of which the Cross was made.

In these writings there is a strange statement as to the eightfold division of Adam. The question occurs: "Of how many parts was Adam made?" The reply is: "Of eight: 1, earth (his body); 2, sea; 3, stone; 4, wind; 5, cloud; 6, sun and dew; 7, thought and the swiftness of the angels; 8, the Holy Ghost."

Among these legends there is one which seems to be an account of the initiation of Alexander the Great. Alexander, it is said, aspired to find the "Water of Immortal Life," but all those whom he sent to find it were "lost in Darkness," which had to be traversed in three days. Alexander himself started on the quest. He took a mare with a foal, and tied them at different places in the darkness; by their cries he found his way back when he had reached the Water of Life, which was "between two mounts that opened and shut themselves." Alexander is said to have sought to fathom "the Depth of Heaven and of the Sea."

By comparing Serv and Bulgarian tales and songs we find

again and again the same traditions in both. Such, for example, is the story of the prince "Trajan," who fears the sun and goes out only at night, but is finally killed by a sun-ray; and the story of the prince who rises from the sea on a winged horse. He had gone down into the deep waters to get "the apple of St. John." There is also the tale of the hero who is bidden by a Pharaoh to build "a house which is not on earth nor in heaven"; he teaches two birds to rise in the air with two children, who build for him the house.

No doubt the inspiration of Nature was the same for the "wise" Bayan in the dark forests of ancient Russia, for the Bulgarian prince-initiate, as for the Viking praying to Odin in Valhal. But the absolute unity of the symbolism, and of the meaning underlying the hints strewn over the field whence these tales and legends spring like flowers, cannot but arrest the attention; the same teaching underlies the apocryphal literature. It was a similar teaching that inspired the oracles of the Pagan temples of Sviatovit—oracles that were "believed above all others," because they ever showed wisdom, prescience and truth. Such was the wisdom that was revealed in the more ancient cults of the unknown race that reared the temples of Baltic Slavia, where "harmonies were heard from the roof," where things were seen "never spoken of by those who had witnessed them." Race after race of Slavia's children died, failing to reach the full strength and intuition that are to crown the future seventh subrace of our Aryan tree. Yet in race after race the Slavs turned towards the ancient tradition of Wisdom; the Kalikas brought it from Pagan temple to Orthodox church or monastery; the Bogumils, who reigned over the fallen Slav tribes, brought it to Europe. It lit the thought and the convent life of the recluses of Mount Athos. Yagitch shows that, since certain apocryphal texts and legends are found only in Slav MSS., there is reason to believe that there was an original fount of Slav knowledge, original Slav works containing the hidden Wisdom; if it be so, these must have contributed mightily to the task of keeping the Light burning through the dark ages, and thus the Coming Race served humanity even in its cradle.

A RUSSIAN.

THE ROYAL TOWER

Of all the strange legends of the West that tell of Lyonesse, the strangest, in my judgment, is a tale of the latest days of the city which was saved by the opening of the Water Gates. When I strove to tell the story of the Secret Island, those who love legends will haply remember how I said that the young prince who was called to rule in his earliest youth, waxed in his manhood very wise and great. Now, after a while he was gathered to his fathers; but there is a tale which says he came again in later days, and ruled the city once more in the name of that great unknown king who governed all the land.

His first reign and his last were all unlike. Very differently did he deal with his people; for he was wise, and in his mind were garnered many ways of ruling and dealing with men according to their needs. The legends say that people were then very diverse and hard to govern. Even the warring men of the South had grown subtle; they assaulted the city with much cunning, and sent spies within its walls; for they knew the weakness and treason that are within a city are its fiercest foes, and the best allies for those who would destroy it. Because of this, and because the perils that menaced the city were hidden even from the subtlest citizens, this great prince of old came again to rule the people. There were some who railed against him in secret, saying he did not rule but suffered them to tread their own path, and was heedless of their weal. They talked of the wise prince who had the great warrior for his councillor, and lamented because he was not now their ruler; for their eyes were blind and they did not see that this, which they said they desired, had indeed come to pass.

This prince, men say, was very wise, so wise that his wisdom seemed foolishness to the unlearned who were unversed in the counsels of the king. They say he had learned the innermost

wisdom of the Mother of all Tales; but if this were so, none of his wisdom has come down to us in the legends; for the broken tales concerning him, which I tell as I can gather them, are all awry, and contain no word of his wisdom, but only flitting rumours of certain matters that befell; which are doubtless told in such a fashion as to veil the little truth that lingers in them, and are then re-told by me, so that you may well perceive the prince's wisdom is like to be in sore straits between us, who would tell tales of matters we do not comprehend.

This legend that follows, for instance—but I will tell it, that those who care for the babblings of old folks may see how idle a tale it is. Before I do so, however, I will tell how this wise prince is recorded to have said that the city never should be swept away, nor could ruin come upon it; now we, who by reason of our great subtlety of wit are very swift to perceive error, can affirm that this was false. So that either the prince never spoke this, or else he was not as wise as is reported. See now, how good it is to have so keen a judgment as we! For Lyonesse is gone, and the city is gone. There is indeed a legend, a heritage from a very ignorant and superstitious age, which says the prince spoke truth, and that this city has not vanished, nor ever shall vanish, unless it be when the Mother of all Tales ceases to garner the tales men tell; and even then—but what a foolish legend is this! Let us rather tell the soberer and less fantastic.

Within the city in those days were six great factions. One laboured constantly for the welfare of the poorer folks; they planted fair gardens and dug bathing pools as clear as crystal; they caused schools to be built, and buildings where food could be obtained by the needy.

Another body of citizens worked earnestly in the cause of learning; subtle were they and zealous, at enmity amongst themselves at times, because some affirmed that the matters studied by the others were idle and led to waste of the precious golden hours of youth; or if not so, were at least less worthy of study than those which engaged their attention. But as the opposing party used the same arguments, it was a hard matter for a plain man to decide between the two; therefore these plain men commonly studied the thing that pleased them, and so doing, soon

found good reasons for perceiving the wisdom of their choice, which observing, they too went earnestly to work to discover the unwisdom of those who held otherwise.

The third body declared that learning was fraught with dangers and led to impiety, and to minister greatly to mere bodily needs diverted men's minds from the worship of the gods. It was better, said these, to be unlearned, and even unwashed, and to think on celestial matters, than to found colleges and dig bathing pools. These folks were the most peaceful of all, because they were assured they were right; whereas the others, a tumultuous race, had grievous doubts which plagued them secretly.

The fourth faction were those who consulted oracles, and invoked the lower gods; they brewed strange potions, and sought curiously into matters which they did not understand, earnestly believing that they knew the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales.

The fifth body were those who rejoiced in their strength, grace, and comeliness. Some of these competed with each other in the public games, showing forth their skill and vigour of body. These were chiefly the younger men and women of the city; they rejoiced in the beauty of the earth, they fashioned strange conceits, and scoffed at other men as dull, clumsy, over-virtuous, of a grievous piety not to be endured, serious and wearisome of speech.

The sixth were a chosen band who sought the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales, and wrangled among themselves concerning its nature. These were held to be unpractical by the first faction, mad by the second, devil-ridden by the third, deluded by the fourth, and subjects for mirth by the fifth.

The bulk of the people lived as they listed; ate, drank, rejoiced and sorrowed without marvelling as to the method whereby they did these things.

And the prince suffered them all gladly. At times they praised him, when he seemed to give ear to them; and at times they reviled him, when he seemed to listen to others, for he hearkened to all; and for the most part he praised their works, and bade them do after their kind.

It befell that some of the most cunning of the men of the

South came disguised to the city, and entering in and mixing freely with the citizens they sowed much strife. Evil and folly waxed, and those who loved their country grew sorrowful and fearful. At last a young man, who was of those who sought the wisdom of the Mother of all Tales, rose up and left the city. He sought the prince at his royal tower, whither he had withdrawn for a little space from the press of public affairs, and he sent a message praying the prince to grant him an audience.

The tower was built on the very verge of the sea; it was built of crumbling moss-grown stone, set on a rock, and its windows overhung the tide.

When the young man reached the place, there was a great storm of wind raging; the sand of the desert drove in dusky clouds round him when he reached the gate, and he gasped for breath as he stood there. He heard a sound as of raging waters from the seaward side of the tower, and sometimes water and foam flew high above the topmost turret, but the power of the sea was held back from the land by the royal tower, and the rock whereon it stood.

He who was warder of the gate suffered the young man to enter. When he stood within he found there a great stillness, for the walls were so thick that the raging of wind and water could not be heard; yet though he heard naught he felt at times the floor and the walls quiver as though struck by a blow from without.

The warder led him to the prince, where he sat alone in a little chamber wherein his throne was set. He sat there idly, his face turned to the window which looked upon the sea. Chill it was, but very silent and full of peace. The young man, as he felt the silence, had the thought that this wise prince did ill to withdraw himself from the raging of the city, and live in a stillness of the soul akin to the stillness of his tower. As he thought thus, he beheld somewhat that filled him with great fear, for, as he approached the throne, he too saw what the prince's eyes beheld: a wave rose from the sea, higher, as it seemed, than that slender tower—a mighty wave, with light shining mistily through its foaming amber crest. It swept on, silent and terrible; it stood before the window, and the wall of water blotted out the

light, so that in the grim half-dark nothing was seen but the tumult of those waters. It flung itself on the tower; and the tower shook.

Now the young man perceived the meaning of the roaring and tumultuous sound he had heard without, though within the walls he heard it not. The great wave spent itself, and the twisting baffled waters fell back in a writhing, seething trough. Silently another wave fashioned itself; it rose from the grey-black heaving body of the sea and advanced on the land, to break upon the tower. When the third wave had risen and fallen the young man, whose fear till now had stifled him, could bear no more; he gave a cry and fell to the ground.

Thereat the prince rose, and, turning, raised him, soothing his terror with fair words and bidding him have no fear, but speak his mind. He placed him with his back to the window, so that he might not see the waves as they rose and fell. The young man, since he did not hear their roaring, grew less fearful, and half forgot them, for he could not see them rise, nor, gazing in the prince's face, could he gather from its calm when the royal eyes beheld them, for the prince sat with his face turned seawards, watching the waves one by one as they rose.

The young man poured forth his fears for the city, and not for the city only, but for the whole land.

"For the men of the South," he cried, "will overpower us by guile, fostering civil war and treason among ourselves. Some say this, and others that; and you, O royal prince, seem to suffer them all, so that we know not what to do. Ruin may cover us; ruin may cover the land of our lord the king. And you, great prince, who sit alone, watching—the Gods know wherefore—this sea of waters, in deadly peril of your very life, so far as I may judge, you make no sign; you come not forth to be our leader; you suffer the treason of the men of the South; and we, your servants, spend our strength in vain for the welfare of the city."

The prince was silent. Then the young man beat his breast, and cried:

"Pardon me, pardon me, O dread lord, if I speak amiss. But with so many voices clamouring we know not which to

follow; the spies of the enemy foment the strife, and brother wars with brother. Tell us at least which of all these are right. If you will govern us unseen and come not among us, tell us which of these speak with authority the word you would have uttered; and thus stay the sin and folly of the rest."

Then said the prince:

"How shall I tell you this, my son? For I would have each man utter the word that is sown in his heart. And when this shall be, a chord of power shall sound through the land, and these waves shall still. Then, moreover, shall the men of the South cease from troubling, and in this country the King's Peace shall reign; but these words are of diverse tones, and, of a truth, the men who utter them are regarded equally by me."

Thus, it is said, the prince spoke. But who can trust a legend, that he indeed spoke thus, for his wisdom has not come down to us; and, if it had done so, how should I, the unlearned scribe, interpret it, so that you might understand? Moreover, it is said that unless they who told these legends first, knew the great mystery of the men of the South, their office and purpose, the garnering of the words sown in their hearts, and the cleansing of their sins in the day of the King's Peace, they could never record the prince's wisdom aright.

The young man cried: "Teach us at least what we shall do, that the city be not ruined."

The prince said: "The city may not be ruined, O my son! For herein lies a mystery. This city shall endure. It shall never fall."

"Who shall preserve it?" cried the youth.

Then the prince turned a little from gazing on the raging of the waters, and looked upon the young man.

The legend says (it comes to us from a superstitious people) that the youth beheld the King's eyes gazing on him from the face of this prince. The room grew still with a stillness that made the heart pause. At last the young man said, and his voice was but a thin pipe of sound by reason of his awe and wonder:

"In truth, can this thing be?"

"It is even so, my son," said the prince.

"But the sin and folly of the people," said the young man in a whisper. "If our King be just, can this thing be?"

"Be judge of this according to such wisdom as thou hast," replied the prince. "Arise now, and hear of a certain garden, and that which was seen therein."

The young man rose, and now he gazed upon the waters without fear. Wherefore the prince, smiling, placed him beside him (for he was a most gracious prince, gentle of mien, and easy of access), and spake as follows:

"In the King's garden," said he, "there grows a certain fruit-bearing tree. Marvellous is that tree, indeed; for thereon are bud, blossom, and ripened fruit. And not only so, my son, but diverse are those fruits, growing and ripening on the same tree. Fruits of the East and of the West, of the North and of the South, hang from its branches, and all, mark you this, my son, are the noble fruitage of the tree; the sap that rises through its branches nourishes all alike. Nor is any fruit or blossom more honourable than another in the eyes of the gardeners who tend the tree. Nor is the sap more to be esteemed than the wood and bark thereof.

"It came to pass that the daughter of the King, a fair virgin, came forth to play in the garden; and they fashioned for her a swing with golden cords thereto. It was bound to the strongest and greatest of all the boughs; and it was so, that when the maiden swung, the burden of her fair body and of the golden swing was upon that bough, and its fruits were shaken down and strewn upon the grass, and they garnered them in the King's garners. Now when the greatest bough shook beneath the maiden's weight, that shaking passed throughout the tree and every bud and twig thereof quivered; yet the mightiest burden was on the oldest bough, for had this not been so, then had the tree broken and the maiden been cast to the earth.

"And hear ye further of this tree, my son! There came a season of warmth and gladness. The young shoots put forth, ill judging the season in their folly, ignorant of the winds that may shake a tree, unknowing that they were but frail and young, knowing neither their own weakness, nor the strength of the wind. Then the warm breezes ceased to blow. There came a

great and bitter wind and snow from the North. The gardeners feared for the young shoots; therefore they twisted and bent the older boughs, and knotted them fast the one to the other, so that they might feel the bitterness of the wind. And the snow which beat on them froze there, and made a fence to screen the tenderer boughs; and by reason of the twisting of the boughs the gardeners bent one could scarce tell the one from the other. Twisted as they were, all unscreened from the tempest, and bound with ice and snow so long, they bore no blossom that year, but the younger shoots bloomed and in time showed ripened fruitage."

"O my prince," said the youth; "Should not these foolish ones have suffered for their folly, as the north wind smote the tree?"

"Son," said the prince, "It is in my mind they suffered in so far as they were able to endure the power of the blast. It was a great and grievous wind. According to the greatness of their knowledge was their pain. But the wind was greater than the measure either of their wisdom or their folly."

"But for the other boughs, dread prince; these had made no fault, but waited the fit hour."

"They say, O son, that the boughs of that tree gave themselves gladly into the gardener's hands."

"Yet on them fell the bitterness of the wind and the fierce binding of the ice?"

Now the legend reports the answer of the prince; but I know not whether indeed he answered thus, nor even the full meaning of his words:

"Son," said he, "be thou at peace. If thou shalt go to bear a burden of corn that thou mayest eat and live, and the left hand be feeble, the right shall bear it; and so serve the needs of the body, both of the right hand and of the left. The tree of the King, my son, was one tree—neither many, nor even twain."

MICHAEL WOOD.

A LITTLE LOST KINGDOM

CHILDHOOD is generally looked upon as the happy time of life, the happy unreflective time when life was irresponsible and really worth living. It is so difficult to remember how we ourselves then felt in our thoughts (though it is odd it should be so difficult to remember such a little way back), that now we only see children from the outside, and as nothing but happy living things radiant with the joy of life.

But the inner side is there all the time, where all the things of the outside world—that by-and-bye is to overwhelm everything else—are so quaintly and inadequately reflected that it is no wonder we have forgotten how everything looked then. More living and real than these reflections of mere outside things, and filling far more room in the dim little world of the child's mind, are the shadows of things lived through long ago, and the twilight of other modes of life. Perhaps, too, the real errand of the soul is there simply and clearly understood, the real want is not yet buried under the heap of merely desirable things.

To the child this world is very real indeed, much more real than the outer world things, although, all the time, these, like a slow flood, are imperceptibly submerging this queer little country. The child is quite alone with his thoughts. He does not tell them to anyone, for if he expresses them aloud they emerge so grotesquely that they are always laughed at; so he becomes afraid and a little ashamed of such apparently ridiculous things, and turns away from them to find something more presentable. Thus they all more or less go—old tendencies and real wants submerged beneath the floods of "oughts" and "musts"; the old unanswerable puzzles and wonderings get hidden under heaps of words and platitudes. Life certainly becomes more comfortable when all this inner world is finally buried; and after all it is only the few who try to come back in later life to that dim first world,

the labour to uncover which is so great. There may be some who have always kept the path open, who have never quite forgotten the way to get back, but they must be very, very few, for a child is a most helpless thing, and will always be imitating other people instead of growing up like itself.

It is difficult to get any records of this queer little kingdom of which I have been speaking. Children themselves will never tell you anything, even when they know you are sympathetic. Perhaps they cannot tell, or most likely they do not understand what it is you are asking about. They will invent things to amuse you if you are very anxious for things; and although careful cautious watching of their ways will set you wondering—which is a right beginning—you will not easily arrive at motives —if there be any motives—unless you are an extraordinary person with "faculties." So there remain only the things that grown-up people remember and tell, and these things are generally distorted, because a straightforward credible lie is so much easier to tell than tangled improbable truth.

However, here are a few of these half-remembered fancies. Most of them are memorable because of the terror they caused, terror so unreasonable, and so out of proportion to their cause. Terror will seem a strong word to use in connection with such a grotesque little fancy as this. A very little girl was sitting on the hearth-rug beside a sleeping cat. Sleepily she wondered what the cat might be dreaming about. Perhaps it was dreaming that it was a little girl! Then suddenly came the dreadful thought, striking her cold with fear. "Perhaps *I* am only dreaming that I am a little girl." It was not a bit of use hurting herself to make sure that she was awake; she would only be dreaming that she was hurting herself; no use asking father, mother, sister or anybody; they were all in the dream—if it were a dream; no use praying, for God was in the dream too. There was nothing real but herself, and she did not know what even she was. She was too much frightened to think any more. Besides, the thinking might wake her up, a cat or a forkytail or anything!

Then there are those dreams which I think only children have. The poor child is being hunted and devoured by wolves or tigers or snakes or crocodiles, while the older people—who

really ought to be helping somehow—sit and placidly watch his struggles, laughing sometimes at any specially desperate fight, but otherwise not at all interested. It is quite impossible for the victim ever to make them understand that it is all of the most extreme importance. Those horrible dark passages, too, that had to be gone into, they close up behind, leaving no way back when once the little dreamer has got in. They get darker and gloomier, more and more cramped and difficult to the lonely little soul crawling through.

In the minds of some children ideas of infinity or eternity seem to awaken echoes that do not easily sound in later life. The strange nonsense, well-meant for religious teaching, that darkens the understanding of most children, at least serves sometimes to awaken these ideas. Heaven and hell almost change places in some children's minds from the overpowering notion of "for ever and ever." To be shut up in hell is bad, because hell is a dark place of pain; but then there is so much detail about hell, so much variety in the prospect, that a certain lawless excitement and interest quite obscure the really dreadful "for ever." But behind the locked gates of heaven there is nothing but for ever and for ever and for ever. That sets the little brain reeling intolerably, until like a fierce light comes the idea that it is *I* who will endure these things. Before that idea all others give place, the fear of infinite space or everlasting time being nothing to the terror of eternal existence. I am. Nothing can help that. I can never run away and hide from myself. No water is deep enough to drown my immortal life, no fire can burn me away. Why this idea should bring about the greatest terror of all in some children's lives, I do not know, but it has been so. With it has always come the realisation that *I* am the only real thing, everything else a dream, or nothing, and this realisation, of course, takes the bottom out of the child's little universe. Perhaps this terror is the brain's defence against its own destruction. Were the soul not scared out of such paths of thought it might go back through these paths to its own place, instead of going on deeper into the prison of this world.

Sequence in time is a difficult idea for some children to grow into. They believe that below the surface somehow Cæsar's wars

are still going on, all the story princesses are still living happy ever after, the kings of history all hold court somewhere in the land. I think it is in *W. V. Her Book*, that the little girl goes exploring into the wood to find ancient Britons. Also that things should ever cease to exist, is a more or less impossible conception. This way of looking at things was the cause of a rather curious theory of life that a boy secretly believed in. He had never heard anything at all about reincarnation, but in his efforts to evolve something fair and reasonable, he burdened his little mind in this manner. He thought there was a fixed number of lives for everybody on earth, just enough to give one a fair chance. The whole career would end in the inevitable heaven or hell, decided by a balance between all the good and evil. But as the annihilation of the old personalities could not be imagined, the poor child was haunted by the idea that when he died he would go to some limbo, there to be met by all his other dead selves. He thought of these helplessly watching him during life, counting his good and evil deeds with a clear consciousness he did not possess, and with the fear of hell vividly before them. They knew how the past account stood though he did not. For all he knew he might be hopelessly damned long ago, or he might have plenty of room for a happy sinful life. He dreaded the meeting when he would have to give an account of himself to these eager watching faces. He often imagined them. One was a negro, another a little wailing baby that had never had any chance at all. Of course, there were also imaginings of a glorious descent after a sinless life to these waiting selves, and a triumphant leading of them all, redeemed, up into heaven. But he did not often feel so.

The outside world of the child is not at all the same as the world that grown-up folks know. Children can seldom believe that things are not alive. Dolls and toys of course feel and know, but their forms are meant to suggest that. I knew a small boy who used to be filled with pity for the pebbles scattered by the tread of his father's feet. "There's a poor wee stone, kicked far away from that other stone; they were, maybe, dear friends, and now they will never see one another any more." So he would stop and put them together again, and make everything nice for them,

He never told anybody what he had been doing. This habit of "interfering with karma" came to an end, slain not by common-sense, but by the doubt that perhaps he was taking all this trouble to re-unite two deadly foes.

Dolls are generally not merely alive, they have decided characters, and more often than we think make slaves of their owners. In this way a very ugly china ornament took possession of a small girl. It was a most ordinary, commonplace thing, a small clumsy image of some popular hero or other, one of his arms was broken, and all his paint washed off, except in the creases, but he became that child's deity, and a very nasty deity too. He demanded burnt offerings, sacrifices, slaves. He spared none of the dolls; at his smallest suggestion any best-beloved doll would be put to death by fire and torture. Prolonged ingenious torments were inflicted on inoffensive dolls all to please him; the beautiful were disfigured, the lowly exalted, and the mighty pulled down to please his faintest whim. Fortunately it never struck this incarnation of the child's cruelty to commandeer any of the cats and rabbits and puppies; nothing was hurt but dolls. He fell and broke himself at last, and was buried with as much state as there were dolls left to supply. Some were buried alive with him (their immortal china smiles must still be illuminating the toil of the worms and things). Some were cut into bits and others burnt. So with these "divers martyrs in various manners massacred," ended his reign. He made faint attempts to reincarnate in a picture, but did not succeed; his priestess had grown beyond him. Was he the ghost of some unlovely past stalking fantastically through that little girl's childhood?

All the fancies I have written here, were remembered because they were associated with strong emotions which are themselves easily recalled. There must have been many others, dimmer and more beautiful, now all swept away or trampled dead by the flat-footed obtuseness of us grown-up people. I once saw a quaint little instance of the trampling process. A small child of three or so was looking at a tiny fountain splashing in the middle of a pond. It was evidently the first fountain she had ever seen, and she was gazing with rapt delight. Perhaps a dim memory stirred within her of forms that were made of clear shining motion,

for with sudden joyful recognition she shouted out " Oo, flower ! " " No, dear," said her wise parent, " that's a fountain." She was visibly depressed, but after a while brightened up and said as gaily as before, " Oo, singing ! " " No, dear, that's the noise of the water."

J. M. I.

SCIENCE AND POETRY

ONE day, years ago, I was walking along the seashore in the company of a certain man of science, and noticed, carved in the slopes of sand, the little sinuous water courses, like miniature rivers, flowing downwards to the tide ; and I asked my companion, as we crossed them, what might be the real cause of the sinuous, bending course of rivers in general. To which he replied : " The lack of *equilibrium* of the water, causing it to swerve first to one side and then to the other. There is no such thing in the world as a stream whose course is perfectly straight." And thinking over these things it has seemed to me that a river is, in this respect, a true image and symbol of the Great River of Life, both of the world at large and of the microcosm, Man. There is no life in the world whose course is perfectly straight ; the sands of time are scored by myriad rivulets tortuously meandering onwards to the vast ocean beyond. At the very dawn of manifestation, we are told, this *swerving* principle comes into play, as Fohat speeds its swift *spiral* track downwards through chaotic matter ; and ever since, in great and small, in man and in all lesser things, this same spiral, tortuous principle has held universal sway. It is the great law of Duality in Manifestation. Everywhere we see it around us ; the old clock on the stairs whispers of this law all day long with its incessant " tick-tack," backwards and forwards, and yet ever onwards, as the hands move round ; and this is the spiral, yet withal propelling, force of the world, this our river, and the vaster River of Life.

I wish to make a few remarks on the occurrence of this law,

firstly, in man's mental constitution; secondly, in physical nature (to which department of the world I shall restrict myself); and thirdly, in the method of contemplation of Nature by man.

In that part of man's constitution which is so important for us to study, *viz.*, the mind, we may behold this law of inequilibration (if I may use such a word) above referred to, in full play. In fact, it seems to be a necessary factor in our evolution, so that we see in the mental constitution of man two quite distinct principles or qualities, which I may term the *intellectual* and the *emotional*, or following the title of this paper, the *scientific* and the *poetic*. These two very clearly defined aspects of the mind become partially separated in the course of human evolution, in order to permit the matter of each being brought into full activity, before they are finally recombined and mingled into that complete unity of mental consciousness which we speak of as the Buddhi, whereof we may, perhaps, regard them as representing previously merely the analysis and differentiation.

Ratiocination, reasoning from one set of concrete facts to another, all the ordinary intellectual processes of thought dealing with physical concrete things, the power of analysis and particularisation, these are essentially the characteristics of the activity of the intellect—the Lower Manas. Imagination, intuition, spiritual ecstasy, love, the power of abstract thought, of synthesis and generalisation, these are the activities of the poetic or higher emotional nature. Surely all men must become proficient in each of these great departments of the kingdom of mind ere they can hope to evolve into the stature of the perfect buddhic being? Let us, therefore, realise the full value of this specialisation, this differentiation in the microcosm; it is the same law which gives the thousand types of life in every kingdom of the wider world around us; for the Divine Life pulsating through every form must gain every kind of experience in every realm of Nature before passing upward to its full fruition. At the outset we must realise how extremely unlike these two activities of the mind are, how mutually exclusive and antagonistic they are, the matter of each possessing such very distinct and sharply defined qualities when looked at separately and compared with the other. If we realise this we shall begin to get the very faintest glimpse into the

wonderful constitution of the Buddhi, in which lofty principle of the soul those two such diverse qualities of mind are perfectly united into one beautiful and homogeneous whole, the true appreciation of whose beauty and power lies beyond the flight of our present impoverished conceptions.

What a strangely difficult task is ours for the future; none other than the alchemical one of the production, by the combination of two totally different and antagonistic elements, of that wondrous substance of unheard-of loveliness and magic power, the healer of all woes, the producer of perfect bliss, the Buddhi!

As regards the method of accomplishing this, there are two courses open. We may either devote ourselves to the evolution of one department of the mind at a time, or the evolution of both may take place together, side by side; but it should be remembered that the two are never wholly separate and distinct in the activities of any human being, the reason for which is that the purer poetic and the coarser intellectual nature, to a greater or less degree, mutually intermingle, but it is only in the high Adept that they become perfectly commingled, so that exact equilibrium is attained. It is as if in a jar were two liquids one above the other, the lower a dense syrup, the upper pure, transparent water; the two will gradually mingle by means of diffusion, until finally, after a very long time, the liquid throughout the jar will be of homogeneous constitution.

At this point we are confronted with a fact in Nature of which we are bound to take cognisance, *viz.*, this: that the differentiation of the mind is, in a general way, coincident with that of the physical sexes. We know, of course, that the male sex is, as a whole, distinguished and characterised by its preponderating intellectuality, the female sex, on the other hand, by its emotional, intuitive qualities. It follows from this, again speaking generally, that it is the primary business of men to develope to the utmost their *intellectual* powers, the faculty of reason and logic, the grasp of facts by memory, as well as determination, the power of endurance, and so on; while it is the primary business of women to develope to the utmost their emotional faculties, especially those connected with domestic matters, but also the wider love consisting in tender sympathy for all beings, and

further, the development of the æsthetic faculty. These, it seems to me, are the respective Dharmas to be pursued by the man and woman of the ordinary type, indicated for us by Dame Nature herself. But I hold it, nevertheless, true that gradually, in proportion as the ego is ready for it, may the two Dharmas be combined in each sex. Yet there is ofttimes a tendency, I think, for the members of one sex to encroach too rapidly and suddenly upon the Dharma of the opposite sex. All very well, if they are prepared for it through possessing the power of maintaining equilibrium, and do not do so at the expense of their own proper qualities; if the woman in developing her intellect does not at the same time spoil her fine emotional characteristics, or the man, in becoming emotional and æsthetic, does not part company with his virile mental stamina.

Now the question arises whether it is best to devote ourselves for a series of lives chiefly to the cultivation of one aspect of our mental constitution, either the intellectual or the æsthetic, or whether here and now to begin to practise equilibration at once. That, I think, will depend on the individual, and the stage of evolution he has reached. To all the choice is not open; very many are obliged to specialise in order to gain a livelihood and lack time and energy to be all-round men; many drift into extreme one-sidedness without thought, owing to habits contracted in lives gone by. But, speaking generally, the choice *is* open to men. But there is one important corollary to be stated, which is this. Specialisation may lead to worldly distinction, power and wealth; generalisation, or the equilibrating method, will tend, with exceptions, to lead to mediocrity and worldly insignificance, as must naturally follow when one's powers are distributed over two very diverse fields of activity. But, *ceteris paribus*, I should cast my vote in favour of the equilibrating method, that, *viz.*, of developing the reasoning and æsthetic powers of mind side by side. If, for the sake of illustration, I may refer to personal matters for a moment, I may say that I myself was born with an innately emotional and generalising tendency of mind; and yet circumstances have caused me to devote my life to following the abtruse details of one of our natural sciences; and I can testify to the difficulty and frequent distastefulness of turning

from the employment of scientific study to æsthetic pursuits, or *vice versâ*. Yet, even from my own puny experience, I can bear witness to the added joy and richness which a greater breadth of thought and feelings, especially when combined with the wider knowledge and hopes derived from Theosophy, yields to life. Yes, after all, I think there is nothing in the world like an attempt, however feeble, to be balanced. Notwithstanding this, I regard specialisation as a very grand thing in its way, and I cannot but feel full of admiration for those mighty intellects who in this century have afforded us such magnificent results in the realm of Science; as also for those great æsthetes who have bequeathed us works of art, poetry and romance of such priceless value.

Now, scientific research, *i.e.*, the contemplation of Nature by the aid of man's ratiocinative faculties, is, to my mind, *the* typical and very best employment for bringing out the vast latent powers of man's intellectual nature, remembering always that this latter must usually be slightly tinged by, and therefore derive its best powers from, the more spiritual nature. In what does this scientific work consist? Firstly, in the observation of facts of Nature, then the grouping of those facts into sets, the like and the unlike, and from these facts the extraction of certain ideas and principles, general laws, as the result of such grouping; this is termed the *inductive* method of scientific research; the *deductive* consists in this, that having a principle or generalisation given, you discover and arrange the facts which have given rise to the formulation of that principle. Says Prof. Tyndall:

"The inductive principle is founded in man's desire to know —a desire arising from his position among phenomena which are reducible to order by his intellect. The material universe is the complement of the intellect, and without the study of its laws reason would never have awoke to its higher forms of self-consciousness at all. It is the non-ego, through and by which the ego is endowed with self-discernment. We hold it to be an exercise of reason to explore the meaning of a universe to which we stand in this relation, and the work we have accomplished is the proper commentary on the methods we have pursued."

There is another paragraph of his which I think clearly puts before us the value and use of scientific study:

"The ultimate problem of physics is to reduce matter by analysis to its lowest condition of divisibility, and force to its simplest manifestations, and then by synthesis to construct from these elements the world as it stands. We are still a long way from the final solution of this problem, and when the solution comes, it will be one more of spiritual insight than of actual observation. But though we are still a long way from this complete intellectual mastery of Nature, we have conquered vast regions of it, have learned their politics and the play of their powers. . . . To a most amazing extent the human mind has conquered these things, and revealed the logic which runs through them. Were they facts only, without logical relationship, science might, as a means of discipline, suffer in comparison with language. But the whole body of phenomena is instinct with law; the facts are hung on principles, and the value of physical science as a means of discipline consists in the motion of the intellect, both inductively and deductively, along the line of law marked out by phenomena. As regards that discipline to which I have already referred as derivable from the study of languages—that, and more, are involved in the study of physical science. Indeed, I believe it would be possible so to limit and arrange the study of a portion of physics as to render the mental exercise involved in it almost qualitatively the same as that involved in the unravelling of a language."

We students of science go on, year by year, collecting facts and reasoning upon them; as we walk abroad we keep an open eye to the phenomena of Nature, setting ourselves problems to solve as to the meaning of this or that phenomenon around us. Most of us have not time to pay attention to more than one science, and are obliged to specialise even in that; but I for one can testify to the great value of attempting thoroughly to probe the secrets and laws of nature in some single department, at any rate, of the science which one has made one's own; it developes not only the reasoning powers, but also a method and plan of thought which are invaluable, a patience and capacity of not being in a hurry which are most useful through life; it demands a concentration of attention upon details; it tends to destroy prejudice and personal preconceptions, developing a

regard for no other dictum than that of the facts before us; and not least, it emancipates from the thraldom of the astral passions; finally, it points out to us the wonder, the mystery, the deep hidden meaning of common things—that, in fact, there is nothing in the world which is common or unclean. Yes, to use Tyndall's words, "It is the inner works of the universe which Science reverently uncovers, it is the study of these that she recommends as a discipline worthy of all acceptation."

Passing on now to consider the "poetic" aspect of man's nature I will again quote Tyndall, who says: "I have thus far limited myself to the purely intellectual side of this question. But man is not all intellect. If he were so Science would, I believe, be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks; he is receptive of the sublime and of the beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed, I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is, consciously or unconsciously, sustained by an under-current of the emotions. It is vain, I think, to attempt to separate moral and emotional nature from intellectual nature. Let a man but observe himself, and he will, if I mistake not, find that, in nine cases out of ten, moral or immoral considerations, as the case may be, are the motive force which pushes his intellect into action."

He goes on to say: "The circle of human nature, then, is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones. A certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' The sound of the village bell which comes mellowed from the valley to the traveller upon the hill, has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun, when it mantles with the bloom of roses the Alpine snows, has a value beyond its optical one. The starry heavens, as you know, had for Immanuel Kant a value beyond their astronomical one. Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of emotions, from which all our noblest impulses are derived; I think it very desirable to keep this horizon open, not to permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutter between you and it. And here the dead languages, which are sure to be beaten by science in the purely intellectual fight, have

an irresistible claim. They supplement the work of science by exalting and refining the æsthetic faculty, and must on this account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete."

In the same address he says further: "The position of science is already assured, but I think the poet also will have a great part to play in the future of the world. To him it is given for a long time to come to fill those shores which the recession of the theologic tide has left exposed; to him, when he rightly understands his mission and does not flinch from the tonic discipline which it assuredly demands, we have a right to look for that heightening and brightening of life which so many of us need. He ought to be the interpreter of that power which, as 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' has hitherto filled and strengthened the human heart."

Poets, musicians, painters are able to interpret for us the æsthetic or emotional aspect of Nature, to expose its meaning and grandeur as none other can. *They* regard the *tout ensemble* of Nature, as it were, from a distance, they leave the details to the scientist. While the latter is engaged in investigating the geometry of Nature, the artist is employed in developing its beauty, its sublimity. *His* instrument is the Imagination. Deep as Science dips into Nature's wonders, deeper far, albeit in quite a different direction, does imagination go, because more spiritual, and able therefore to penetrate further into the essence of things. Moreover, this dipping into the depths breeds a certain great solemnity of purpose which is foreign to scientific investigation. As Ruskin says, speaking of Imagination:

"She cannot but be serious; she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly, ever to smile. There is something at the heart of everything, if we can reach it, which we shall not be inclined to laugh at.

"There is no reasoning in it, it works not by algebra nor by integral calculus; and no matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has, laid bare; and that which has no truth, life, nor principle dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. Vials that have lain sealed in the

deep sea a thousand years it unseals and brings out of them genii.

"There is in every word set down by the imaginative mind an awful under-current of meaning, and evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come. It is often obscure, often half-told, for he who wrote it, in his clear seeing of the things beneath, may have been impatient of detailed interpretation.

"This single, glorious faculty of getting to the spring of things and working out from that; it is the coolness, and clearness, and deliciousness of the water fresh from the fountain-head, opposed to the thick, hot, unrefreshing drainage from other men's meadows."

Such is the faculty described by Ruskin, whose powers proclaim it nearer to that complete spiritual part of man, the Buddhi, than any other; nearer because of its insight, nearer because of its appreciation of the sublime, nearer because of its love. For the poet and artist love Nature with a love born of deep sympathy and communion, when the heart of Nature vibrates to the poet's heart, harmonious, deep, and true.

Now what is this Nature which it is so useful for the mind of man to contemplate? Partly by means of our own observation, partly with the aid of wider knowledge derived from Theosophic studies, we learn that it is a vast congeries, an array and variety of physical forms in and through which the Divine Life of the Logos is in varying degree manifested; a vast pageant of mineral, vegetable, and animal organisms all closely inter-related the one with the other, grouped and arranged with a marvellous variety of complexity, advancing by slow degrees along the great high road of Evolution. Now, if we regard any one of those forms of Nature or any aggregation of them, we shall find that it is *dual* in its constitution, that it is made up of two, in one sense, quite distinct qualities, which we may term the *geometrical* or *rational* on the one hand, and the *emotional* or *æsthetic* on the other, with, of course, that factor, common to the two, the Divine Life, the Buddhi, informing the whole. Now there would appear this difference between the constitution of Nature and that of man. In man the two qualities above mentioned are usually very un-

equally developed and manifested; he is unbalanced, the current of his mentality bends and swerves like our river; but in Nature the two qualities, though distinguishable, are most harmoniously blended and intimately combined. Why? because the essence and spirit of Nature is the Buddhic essence, dual yet one, that essence which lends to every part of Nature at once its beauty and its meaning.

Let us now take for our study some fragment of nature—say, a mountain-slope as it appears to us on an August day, crimson with heather, draped with bracken of the richest green, with rugged stacks of rock projecting here and there. If we set to work on the scientific aspect of that mountain-slope we shall find that for the presence of every single object composing it, or agglomeration of objects, there is a most rigid, economical, utilitarian reason; not a heather-bell blossom, not a stalk of grass, not a bracken-frond, not a particle of rock, or a crawling insect, but has a sharply-defined ecological reason for its occurrence on that mountain-slope; the heather grows there for the prime reason that there is its best vantage-ground for fighting the battle of life by inducing the visits of insects; the bracken lives there because in that habitat competition with it on the part of other plants is at a minimum; the rocks and the mountain itself are there for the prime scientific reason that they have survived to this day the forces of denudation by ice and rain and stream. Away, O Theist! with your teleological ideas! God did *not* plant the flowers and rocks and bracken there solely to please us as we climb the rugged slope. Perfect adaptation to environment, believe me, is the key-note to that scene, and that has been well given as the definition of beauty itself.

And yet, and yet, why that beauty? Why that constant concomitant of beauty in every form and colour composing that scene? It is not difficult to imagine a world full of nothing but what to us would be loathsome, horrific, ugly forms and dingy, lurid colours. Why in our own world is everything full of this quality we call beauty? We may answer that it is because the Logos Himself, of whom Nature is but the tangible, outer manifestation, is, in one of His aspects, Beauty and Purity itself; and the reason why the colours and odours of flowers appeal so

strongly to the sense both of ourselves and of insects, such as bees, is that the same Divine Essence informs both them and us. But you will say at once: how about toads and octopuses and centipedes and such like creatures? And I would answer that such animals afford us just the proof we need that adaptation to environment, or, in other words, the gathering of experience under the most diverse conditions, is the prime and foremost factor in the existence of every living thing; we may hold that beauty will always assert itself wherever and whenever the coarse material form in which it is enshrined will allow it so to do; to us it seems but dimly to filter through the clammy hide of toad or hippopotamus; moreover, it does not follow that because we, amidst our arbitrary distinctions and definitions, are unable to discern beauty where we imagine we ought to do so, that it does not, nevertheless, exist; *we* are not the final arbiters in the universe of what is beautiful and what is ugly; yet even as regards evident, palpable beauty, we see that "the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head," and as regards latent beauty, every cell of that creature's body, could we see it, would be a marvel of true loveliness of symmetry and perfection.

Yes! utterly inseparable and bound up together in physical Nature, are those two factors: the utilitarian and the æsthetic. But this latter quality of Nature may yet, I think, by us be separately discerned. Wend back from that mountain-slope and take your stand half a mile away on a neighbouring eminence where "distance lends enchantment to the view"; now you may view the sunlight pouring its effulgent beams upon that heathery hill-side; the aspect of the grassy slopes is as of a garment of unutterable softness, the heather as a bridal cloak put on for the greeting of the sun; the whole outline of the hill is one of tender, matchless beauty. The enchantment caused by distance consists in this: a transformation of the whole in which every object composing the scene appears to receive a quite new setting. Rocks and flowers and grass and fern, and the *tout ensemble* awake in the mind the sense of a new and quite distinct factor in that scene; no longer anything to do with ecology, or structure, or minute natural adaptation, but something greater, grander than these. What is it? Methinks it is that light of

purity and beauty and love from higher things, "the consecration and the poet's dream," the emotional aspect of the landscape, which rivets the soul to gaze with inexhaustible love and wonder; where satiety palls not, but where all is freshness and peace. What is it which in such a landscape yields to the impressionable soul the two qualities which Ruskin said should be present in every great picture, *infinity* and *repose?* May it not be the Buddhi breathing of its illimitable dominion, the Buddhi, two in one harmoniously yet powerfully blended, therefore pulsating with a peace and a silence that may be felt?

Thus may we regard every object and scene in Nature. If I may take one more example to illustrate the point. A woodland scene on an October afternoon, with the autumnal tints mantling every leaf in colours of red and yellow and brown. Looking at that natural phenomenon from its rational, scientific aspect we discover that the prime reason of it all is an economical one, *viz.*, this: the yellow colour, xanthophyll, becomes visible because of the decay of the chlorophyll, or green colouring-matter, preparatory to the fall of the leaf; the red colour, erythrophyll, is due to a waste-product, connected with tannin, which is formed in the cell-sap, the function of which is most probably connected with the transformation and rapid conveyance of starch in sub-jacent cells by means of special light-rays; now, having microscopically examined all this and found that certain economical, adaptive requirements are the prime and real reason for the tints, remove yourself half a league or so, and take a macroscopic view of that wood. If your mind has not been cramped and hardened by scientific study, you will be ravished beyond words by the utter glory of that rich colour, and wondering how mere earth could produce such splendour, you will feel borne aloft into a region where erythrophyll and xanthophyll have not wings to follow, till you realise that under the serene influence of that beauty you are in touch with the spiritual aspect of the scene; that there is something there not merely adaptive and economical, and appealing to the intellect, but a something which touches the heart, a glory emanating from higher planes.

In contemplating a flower, while becoming thoroughly *au fait* with every detail of its complex structure, see to it that that self-

same flower awakens in you the spiritual, the poetic "thoughts which are too deep for tears."

It was the perception, deep and clear, of this great aspect of Nature which crowned with such a nimbus of beauty the life amid the Westmoreland hills of "him who uttered nothing base," the poet who could say of Nature:

> I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Now, comparatively few amongst distinguished men of science and art have been seen to deal with Nature in both her aspects to any advanced degree. Yet here and there we see one. There was Goethe in Germany. What did he do? That mighty mind could never rest at ease in a world so full of beauty, so full of wonder; he would know that world in which he lived, and not one-sidedly, half-heartedly. On the threshold of his manhood he made up his mind "to live his life not by halves, but in all its fulness and totality." And knowing what his life was we are not surprised that such a harmonious, balanced being should have roused from the insight of a Napoleon Bonaparte, the famous comment: "Voilà un homme!" To those who have read *Faust* and many of his lesser poems, it needs not to tell of the spiritual grandeur and sublimity of his poetic nature; exquisite music and deep wisdom vibrate through all he wrote, as well as that intense pleasure and appreciation of existence inherent in the soul attuned. And yet Goethe was also a man of science; and his greatness as a thinker is shown by the fact that in both botany and zoology he made discoveries whose permanent value and immense importance cannot be over-estimated. I am speaking only of what I know when I say that his treatise on the "Metamorphosis of Plants," crude and imperfect as it necessarily was, is recognised as the root and foundation of vegetable morphology to-day; while on the zoological side his discovery of the intermaxillary bone laid the foundation of the vertebral theory of the skull. He also prosecuted long and laborious studies and

experiments in optics. Now in this consists the grandeur of Goethe's life and the far-reaching influence of his mental activities, that he lived and worked up to that principle embodied in Wordsworth's line: "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Goethe's poetry was no vapid sentimentalism or airy metaphysics; almost every line he wrote seems to have been founded on his own direct experience of Nature and of men, hence its depth and beauty; and the great generalisations on animals and plants, on optics, published by him, were not unfounded fancies, not *à priori* ideas with nothing solid to back them up, but he went straight to Nature and delved for facts with which to support those ideas. Hence was his life, too, rounded with a halo of glory.

Then there is the case of Albrecht Dürer, who, as we all know, was a great and notable painter; but we may not all know that he also wrote a learned treatise on Geometry; this is surely an extraordinary combination of faculties. Then, in our land, there was Ruskin, artist, poet, and geologist, a true master-mind.

What is it which fascinates in and makes so powerful the oratory of Mrs. Besant? Because with profound knowledge of fact is blended a great poetry of feeling, a buddhic conception of things, which manifests itself in stirring music of diction.

Finally, I may refer to the condition of human mentality in this part of the world to-day; we see just this: a great overbalancing of the scales of the evolutionary balance weightily on the scientific, the intellectual side. While recognising its necessity for the time being, it nevertheless remains true that we may begin now to put more weight into the poetic scale; the fact is we are most of us too grown up, sophisticated and cold, too fond of hard, dry facts, nothing but facts and solid cash. What we need is "to regain the child-state we have lost"; in the presence of the great Universe round about and in us to "become as little children," to re-acquire some of that simplicity, that love, that awe, that pure delight of childhood in Nature's scenes which regards them not merely as side-shows, of trivial and passing importance as compared with other things which bring in hard cash, but as full of import and utility for us as anything else in the

world; in these respects the "child is father of the man," and stands really nearer to the inner heart of Nature:

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

Where, oh! where, has vanished that "vision splendid" which attended our steps in youth? Possibly so enwrapped are we in the detailed preoccupations of commerce and science, that not for lives and lives shall we be able to "bring back the hour," that happy childhood's hour:

> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

Yet, thanks to Theosophy, mankind is clearly beginning to contemplate the world around it from an ever broader and broader point of view; for along with Tennyson Theosophy proclaims to man:

> Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster!

Vaster, because that music will be the note sounded by the individualised buddhic nature, which is vaster in power, vaster in sweetness, than any combination of qualities which has ever been before.

And thus the river of human life, at the end of its long, long, sinuous course, flows out and widens into the great estuary of an expanded consciousness.

W. C. WORSDELL.

THE STORY OF KARKATÎ

FROM THE "YOGA VÂSIṢHṬHA"

CHAPTER I.

CONSCIOUSNESS

VASIṢHṬHA said: Thou must have gathered from the tale of Lîlâ,* which I told to thee, O Prince! that the feeling of solidity which makes the world around seem independent in its realness is also but mere consciousness, as much as the feeling of tenuity or liquidity. All this multifarious universe is nothing else than the play of a Single Point of Consciousness, that encloses and contains within itself all Self and all Not-Self and all their mutual interplay, past, present, and to come. What the consciousness imagines strenuously that it feels as real. If it will imagine to itself a solid body standing before the impassable barrier of a wall of rock, to that body the rock is truly an impassable barrier. If it will, by equal stress, eliminate solidity from both, they will no longer be a bar and a resistance to each other. If it will rush through the whole experiences of a Kalpa in a single moment, that single moment is verily a Kalpa; if it will spread leisurely the experience of a single moment over the time covered by a whole Kalpa, then that Kalpa is, to that consciousness, no more than a single moment. Lavaṇa passed through a hundred years of life in a single night. What is but a Muhûrta† to the Lord of creatures, Brahmâ, that is the whole lifetime of a Manu; what is the whole lifetime of a Brahmâ is but as a day to Viṣhṇu of the Discus; and what, again, is the whole life-period of a Viṣhṇu is but a day of Maheshvara of the

* See "The Story of Lîlâ," in this REVIEW, vol. xxvi., pp. 214 *seqq.*

† A period of ti qual to forty-eight minutes.

Bull.* And he who is firm-fixed in Nirvikalpa-Samâdhi† knows neither night nor day; time and lapse of time are naught to him. See, in this world, how consciousness doth ever make reality. Practice makes sweet bitter, bitter sweet. Persistence changes foe to friend and friend to foe. Strange things, new sciences, the ways of Japa and of meditation seem so hard at first; practice, persistent consciousness, makes them all easy.

And, yet, remember that the Great Consciousness imagines all things equally. As within limited times and spaces, the weaker individual consciousnesses follow unresistingly the lead of the more powerful, even as thin streaks and lines of air are driven along by the torrent-mass of the cyclone, so the Great Consciousness of the One Self directs the entire movement of the world. That All-guiding Consciousness is one, and everywhere unbroken throughout the endless universe, wherein the worlds arise and disappear without beginning and without an end, like seed and plant in never-closed rotation.

We have looked outwards for so long, we have almost forgotten that there is an inner; and far more difficult is it now for us to realise that both the outer and the inner are maintained, supported, nay, in very truth, created, by our consciousness. Ponder long and deeply on the unbroken nature of consciousness. Even in a single human being, although we may for certain purposes distinguish layers and different constituents, yet in the deepest sense, the whole nature of man is one. Even as there is no difference between Chid-Âtmâ (Universal Self and Consciousness), and the individual Jîv-âtmâ, so is there none between a Jîva and its Chitta (mind). And even as there is no separateness and difference between the Jîva and its Chitta, so is there none between the Chitta and the Deha (body). And lastly, as there is no separateness and difference between the mind and the body, so is there none between the body and its various actions. All is consciousness.

Listen to another tale.

* Ordinarily, the Purâṇas indicate that the Brahmâ, Viṣhṇu and Shiva of each world-system are coevals and compeers. But the Viṣhṇu of a larger system may have many Brahmâs of smaller systems within His jurisdiction; and so the Shiva of a still larger system may rule over many smaller Viṣhṇus; and so on indefinitely.

† Meditation without a seed, without a definite object.

CHAPTER II.

THE HUNGER OF KARKATÎ AND HER AUSTERITIES

Karkatî, the Râkshasî, dwells on the northern slopes of the Himâlaya mountains. Black and fearsome is she, as dire statues carved from the sheer side of a mountain of petrified soot. Gaunt is her frame, like the drought-dry forests of the Vindhyâ hills. Mighty is she, and her eyes are as flaming fire, for never is her hunger satisfied. Black is her garment, too, as if woven out of the densified nights of the rainy season. Fogs and mists enwrap her, and clouds rest on her head. Bones and skulls bedeck her fearsomeness.

The meat that she obtains extinguishes not the fire of her hunger, even as the ever-pouring stream of salt waters quenches not the fire of the sea-volcano. And, therefore, she once thought within herself: "If I could only swallow all the teeming people of the land of Jambu-dvîpa* in a process as unceasing as my breath, then, perchance, my hunger would be stayed! And yet it is not easy to prevail against a people guarded well by mantras,† medicines, clean ways, and charities and worship of the Gods. But Tapas‡ brings about things most improbable; therefore, let me make great Tapas!"

Ascending a tall peak untrodden by other creatures, she stood on a single foot, immovable, till she became as a part of the rocks around. A thousand years elapsed, and Brahmâ came, constrained by that long self-denial, to bestow on her the boon she craved. "O daughter Karkatî! thou art the glory of the Râkshasa race," He said; "name the boon thou cravest." She pondered long, and then replied: "O Father of Creation! may I at will become a living needle with two forms, one gross and one not such; and may I have the power at will to enter into the hearts of creatures and suck away their lives." "Be it so," He said, and added: "Thou shalt be a Soochika§ with an upasarga;‖

* India.

† Magic chants.

‡ Austerity, penance.

§ A needle.

‖ "Upasarga" means a "prefix" in grammar; it also means a "discharge," "an excrescence," "a protrusion."

men shall call thee Vishoochika.* In subtle form shalt thou destroy all beings that live on unclean foods, go evil ways, are foolish and ill-balanced. Thou shalt prevail against them that dwell in foul places and act in foul ways. Thou shalt enter into them, even unto the heart, and seizing on the lotuses† and the spleen and other organs, thou shalt slay and devour them. But if thou shouldst, by some mischance, attack the good and virtuous, then shall this mantra help them to get rid of thee, and thou shalt fly back from them to these mountains."‡ And Brahmâ uttered the strong mantra there, and the Siddhas floating by recorded it, and Brahmâ, too, went back to His Abode.

CHAPTER III.

The Transformations of Karkatî and further Tapas

Forthwith the mountain-large frame of Karkatî began to shrink. In a moment it looked like only a great black cloud; then, a tree; shortly, like a human being; next instant, it was but a span high; again, but as a grain of mustard; then as a dot of the sapphire-ray of the Sun; and finally, invisible like space itself. Beautiful and subtle as the Brahm'-nerve (Sushumnâ) out on its way through the Brahma-randhra§ to the Sun, she floated in mid-space, like the drying tress-points of a fresh-bathed maiden.

Behold the wonders of intentness in excess on any single thing! So full was Karkatî's consciousness of hunger and its satisfaction, she minded not her own great body falling off and leaving her so small and insignificant. And full of that same consciousness she roamed and roamed in her double form, appearing now as Ati-vishoochika and now Antar-vishoochika‖, ever insatiate of the lives that she destroyed. Doing her fell

* An infectious disease, generally the cholera; also a form of the plague; the naming after the "needle" seems to have reference to the shape of the disease-microbe. The mention of fogs and mists and clouds in the description of Karkatî, similarly seems to refer to the seasons and physical conditions in which epidemics are most violent.

† Ganglia.

‡ Some varieties of the plague are said to be endemic in the hills.

§ A passage through the brain and the top of the skull known to the Science of Yoga.

‖ Literally "excessive-Vishoochika" and "internal-Vishoochika," a reference probably to various forms of the disease. The cholera and the plague have for long been the two chief scourges of the East.

work she wandered over the face of the earth, driven away now and again, when she attacked the righteous, by acts of charity and mantras, medicines and tapas. For many years she wandered thus, hiding in the dust and hidden by the light, skulking in human limbs and organs tainted with unclean living, flourishing in heaps of filth, in dried-up ditches, and in rotten straw.

At last she tired of her troubled life, uncertain hiding-places, and the constant struggle; and the thought arose within her mind and gathered strength as she dwelt on it: "Did I do well to change my immense form for this small one? The tiniest drop of food now overfills me, and I no longer know the taste of those large mouthfuls of delicious meats of old. I hide about in mud and mire and unclean places. Shall I remain much longer in this state? O my great legs! with which I stepped with ease from peak to peak of these vast mountain-ranges! O beautiful black nails! that tore down rocks in play! O stomach! roomy like the mountain-gorge! O large and beauteous face! the broadening smile of which stampeded even my fellow-Râkshasas with terror! O arms! the weight of which broke down the mountain-pines! O eyes! that set the darkness of the night on fire! Why did I ever part with you? Alas! Why did I give you all away for this contemptible needleness that even the hoof of a fly can fling away? Alas! when shall I get you back again?"

Silently she suffered, till in the intensity of her remorse it came to her that as she lost her giant body, so, by those same means, she might recover it again. Therewith she went back to the self-same mountain peak on which she first performed her long austerities, and stood again on a single tiny foot, fixing it deep into a single grain of granite to avoid being blown away by the winds. Thus she stayed for full seven thousand years, flooded by the torrents of the rains, swayed by mighty tempests, roasted by forest-fires, pelted by hail, dazed by the lightning, interrupted in her meditations by the thunder of the clouds, yet never shaken from her purpose and her place. With the lapse of that long time and with the pressure of her manifold experience, a wonder and a restlessness of thought arose within her, and she reflected deeply on the nature of the world and of

the Self. She pondered for a thousand years on the great mystery, until she saw that very nature of the Self containing all the world within itself. That final knowledge rose all-luminous within her, under the unremitting stress of the Self-reflection than which there is no higher Teacher of deeper truth to the Jîva; and the long Tapas came unto its ripening.

The mountain glowed with its glory, and Indra, the King of the Gods, enquired of Nârada, their Sage, whose strong penance was so potently enveloping the worlds in overpowering blaze, converting the cool caves of the Abode of Snow into hiding-places of heat untenable by the Gods. Nârada explained; and Indra went at once to seek for remedy from Brahmâ, praying him to grant the wished-for boons of Karkatî. Brahmâ gave assent, and came to Karkatî and said: "Ask, daughter! for the thing that thou desirest." Reduced to the merest of the subtlest streak of the Jîva-consciousness, devoid of organs, she could make no answer, and only thought within herself: "What do I want that feel the fulness of the Self? I want no boons. I know all there is to be known; my doubts are fled; I stand in perfect peace; likes and dislikes have disappeared; all is as one to me." Rejoicing at her mood, the Lord of Creatures said: "'Tis well that all is one to thee, my daughter! Thou desirest neither to accept nor to reject. Then let the laws of limited nature take their course. The Tapas-Karma thou hast done requires a consequence. So live some further time upon the earth in thine old great frame, developing it anew from this thy present tininess, as forest-giants grow from subtle seeds. But having seen the Truth, thou couldst not take to evil ways again, and cause the innocent to suffer. So I ordain that for thy sustenance thou shalt feed only on the sinful and impure. When thou hast thus exhausted all thy karma and lived, a Jîvan-mukta,* through thy life, then shalt thou go to the Abode of Bliss."

With this He disappeared; and in a moment Karkatî passed back from the size of a sunbeam-mote, to seed, span, cubit, human stature, towering tree, and finally to that of a giant mountain-peak again.

* Free while still living in the body.

CHAPTER IV.

The Question of the Râkshasî

A touch of pleasure passed into her illumined mind at the regaining of her former frame; but in a moment she threw off the insidiously-reviving pride of Râkshasa-hood and passed into Samâdhi. Six months passed away; and then the body awoke and asserted its claims for nourishment, as it always will while life has not departed. Then she wondered: "I cannot eat unrighteous food again. It matters not to me whether this body live or die. Had I not rather let it die away?" But Nabhasvân, the Wind, came to her help, seeing her fixed so firmly in resolves of right, and spoke unseen: "Wander forth, O Karkatî! bestowing knowledge on the ignorant. There is no truer charity, no more precious gift, than the gift of Self and of Self-knowledge. He who gains it gains the universe. He gains assurance of his deathlessness; and to the strength of that great confidence all labours, losses, pains are light and easy. Therefore walk the world, O Râkshasî! endeavouring to spread Self-knowledge. And those that turn away persistently from it shall be fit food for thee. Receiving not the Self but throwing it away, themselves they do destroy themselves, and so no sin shall come to thee in eating them."

She thanked the wind, rose straight like a colossal water-whirl from the shaken surface of the ocean, descended slowly from the peak into the valleys, and entered the habitation of a tribe of Kirâtas* dwelling at the foot of the mountains.

Night reigned there at the time. Clouds hid the moon and stars, the darkness hung so dense it could be almost pushed about by the hands. In that fearful night, Vikrama, the king of the tribe, was out with his prime minister to see that none disturbed the sleep of his people. Karkatî beheld the two and thought: "Here is the food I look for, let me see though that they have no virtue which prevents my swallowing them." To test them she let forth a hideous roar followed by harsh words, as a crack of lightning followed by a shower of hail: "What wandering worms are ye, and are ye wise? For I devour you else."

* A hill-tribe.

The king replied: "Seek not to frighten us with empty sound, but show thyself, whoever thou art, then we shall judge how to behave to thee."

Thereat the Râkshasî displayed her fearful form, that used to strike with terror even her companion-Râkshasas. But the pure-minded know no fear: and the minister addressed her calmly:

"I see thou wantest food! Why then such great excitement for such little cause? If thou wouldst state thy wish more peacefully, it were more easy to fulfil it. The king accustoms not to turn away the really needy."

Then the Râkshasî reflected: "Their faces, eyes and speech show me that these two are no common men, but knowers of the truth, so let me question further." And she asked aloud: "Tell me first who you are, and what you are doing here at this time of the night."

The minister explained and said: "We are abroad for the restraint of such as you from doing harm to our people."

The Râkshasî: "O king and minister! prove to me that you deserve your offices, or I shall swallow both of you unfailingly. The Science of the Self is the highest of all sciences, and king and minister that know it not are not deserving of their offices. Tell me then what is that single atom in which millions of Brahmâṇḍas hide as bubbles in the ocean. Describe to me that which is spaceless space; thing without substance; I and thou at once; that which stands still while ever moving; intensely conscious though dead as the rock; a blazing fire that will not burn; light and the source of light though all unseen; the light by which all blind things, climbing creepers, sprouting seeds and upward-pushing plants all see their way unerringly; which yet is the very depth and density of darkness, too; a flashing moment longer than the endless Kalpas; an endless Kalpa, though but a flashing moment; which, evident to the senses, is yet naught; and which, again, is verily everything, though unperceived of any sense; which, present everywhere, may not be grasped by hands, searching through myriad births; which thrusts itself into those very hands insistently, when they have ceased from search; a thing with thousand hands and feet and

eyes, and yet devoid of limbs; a thing devoid of limbs that yet paints living forms on the blank sheet of emptiness; which acts and moves and lives without a cause or motive; which makes a multifarious spectacle of its sole Self; which carries all the past, the present and the future of all worlds, concentred in a single point within itself? What is that which has spread out this giant panorama of the universe? What is that, essenced with which, thou playest, slayest, guardest? What is that, by sight of which, thou art annihilated into deathless being? What is that which is both being and non-being? Resolve this little doubt of mine, O king and minister! They only are the wise that can supply solution of the doubts of these that question them. They are the foolish that have made themselves the slaves of sense. Are ye the latter, or are ye the former? If the latter, then, without a doubt, I swallow you, and all your people, too, thereafter. Unhappy, undeserving, unpossessed of acts of past good Karma, vacant of acts of merit are the people that are governed by a foolish, vicious king."

CHAPTER V.

The Answer

As the great sounds of the Râkshasî's speech subsided like the roll of thunder dying away in the distance, the minister took up the answer, for when the lower in rank can carry out a work successfully, it is not right to trouble the higher. "Listen, O maid of nimbus-size and hue! as I expound the answer to the question in a word. As thou thyself well knowest, in thy paradoxes thou hast spoken of the Paramâtmâ, the Supreme Self, that shoreless ocean of all Consciousness, in which intelligences form and disappear in countless numbers, like vortices and whirlpools in the sea. Itself beholds itself; none else is there to do so. It is the resting-place of all things contradictory. It moves and lapses not in space and time and motion; for space and time and motion are all within its changeless being. It has no motive to new act; all acts and motives are within it. The mother with the babe hid cosily within her arms needs not to seek for it elsewhere. And if you close and seal a bowl and carry it a hundred miles

how can you say whether the space enclosed within the bowl has travelled also all the hundred miles or not? The consciousness of a Kalpa is a Kalpa; the consciousness of a moment is a moment. Consciousness of far and near is far and near. Apart from consciousness naught is; within it are both aught and naught; both being and non-being."

The Mantri ceased; whereon the Râkshasî: "So pleasing is this talk to me, I would it were continued. Will then the king please to prolong it further?"

The king smiled and replied: "Let it be so! Most wondrous is that all-pervading consciousness whose sole form and belief is the belief of the non-being of this universe; whose one eternal thought and vow is abnegation of these falsehoods of imagination. It is the final goal of all the speech of the Vedânta; yet it is beyond all speech. Ever it dwells in the exact between of every pair of opposite extremes, including in itself, as mean, both these extremes. This consciousness alone is the final and the efficient cause as well as the material cause of all this drama of the world. Its unity remains unbroken though identical with all the sudden multiplicity of Kosmos. Such is the eternal Brahman that thou hast described, O virtuous maid! It is the atom; it is also the vast all. It is the Self; it is the Not-Self too. Its consciousness is the one cause of causes. It is the very Self of every being, without the finding of which there is no peace throughout a hundred or a thousand lives of strenuous effort; and yet, with the finding of which naught new is gained, but a deliverance from final doubt."

CHAPTER VI.

The End of Karkatî's Story

All thought of harming them the Râkshasî abandoned finally on hearing the wise words of the king, even as the summer-heated earth throws off its fever with the first cool drops of rain. A joy arose within her mind even as the moon within the darkness of a tropic night. Her mood was beautified and softened as black rain-clouds by flights of snow-white herons. She said to them:

"I am happy to have found you in this forest. Your minds are pure and lighted with the sun of quenchless wisdom. I would be friends with you. Can I perform some service?"

The king replied: "My people suffer from diseases of the heart, and various pains. Physicians are of no avail. They only say it is Vishoochikâ. This is one reason why I sally forth at nights in hopes to meet with such as you, that either cause the ravage or may help to cure it. If you are the former then would I war with you with all my might; but if the latter, then entreat your help in all humility."

The Râkshasî explained how she herself was the fell Vishoochikâ, unfolding all her story. The king prayed her on the ground of new-made friendship that she desist from causing suffering to men. And she consented, saying: "It is right; and I will go back to the mountains and cast off this ever-hungry frame of mine rather than slaughter human beings." But the king was much perplexed and said: "While it is right that you should not molest the innocent, it is not right that the immediate consequence of your acquaintance with me should be death to you. One way appears to me in which both ends may be secured. The criminals among my subjects, judged worthy of death, shall be reserved for you, and you shall come to me from time to time, slaying the wicked, nourishing yourself, helping the good and innocent, as those wise in the final wisdom ever should."

They parted in much mutual satisfaction with this compact; and in after times Karkatî visited the king at the fixed times for food, spending the intervals in Yoga and Samâdhi, by the power of which she guarded the king's people from super-physical ills. And when the king Vikrama passed away she was as friendly to his descendants for many generations. When she herself wore out her Râkshasa body and so visited them no more, then the people made a temple to her, giving her the name of Kandarâ, and also Amaṅgalâ, under which names she is still worshipped in the mountains, as the guardian-Goddess of the mountain-tribes.

Vasiṣhṭha added: "This tale may help thee, Râma, in the understanding of how the body and the surroundings of the body change with the changes of the Manas (mind)."

"Some little part I do begin to see," said Râma, "of how

essential consciousness is in the universe. But tell me, Master! how this changeful mind arises."

"I asked that question once, myself, of Brahmâ," said Vasiṣhṭha, "and the story that he told to me in answer, I will relate to thee."

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

THE ART OF PSEUDONYMITY

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON QUESTION

ALL readers of the REVIEW will doubtless be grateful to Mr. Sinnett for the interesting light which he has thrown upon Francis Bacon in his article in the December number. The recent work there mentioned, by Mrs. E. W. Gallup, the *Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon*, seems, however, to all appearance not to exert upon its readers that convincing influence which Mr. Sinnett's article would lead one to expect. I must indeed plead guilty to not as yet knowing the book itself; but when one remembers that English magazines of standing publish almost exclusively antagonistic views, from the pens of stiff-necked Shakespeareans who aim at finding fault with and making ridiculous Mrs. Gallup's decipherings, the only conclusion one can draw is that the probative force of Mrs. Gallup's revelations is none too great. Inspiration—it is said—is necessary in order to recognise their probative power; to me it seems more probable that it is intuition, not inspiration, which is wanted; and I am afraid that, if her revelations presuppose readers possessing this gift of intuition, Mrs. Gallup will hardly meet with much success among the present generation.

I think, however, that I shall be in agreement with the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW when I say: This Shakespeare-Bacon problem touches us, as Theosophical students, somewhat closely, because we know—and the fact is undeniably demonstrated—that Francis Bacon was the most distinguished Rosicrucian of his time, if indeed he was not actually the

Founder of that mysterious Society.* Now when we recall to mind what a wealth of hermetic wisdom lies hidden in the so-called Shakespearean plays—I need only mention *The Tempest*—and learn further that Bacon's contemporaries, innumerable friends, colleagues, secretaries, etc., have celebrated in almost exaggerated language not only Bacon's marvellous knowledge, but also his poetic genius—then we have really no further need of any bi-literal cipher revelations to open our minds to the conviction, that those unequalled Dramas were produced not by the play-actor, William Shakespeare, but by the genius of the poet-philosopher, Francis Bacon. That, as Mr. Sinnett assumes from Mrs. Gallup's revelations, Bacon in addition to the Shakespearean plays also composed those hitherto ascribed to Greene and Marlow, and writings attributed to Burton, Spenser, and other less known names—this, I must admit, seems to me, to say the least, highly improbable, not to say unthinkable. In his very interesting book *Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians*, the Baconian Wigston puts forward the suggestion, which he closely examines and establishes, that Bacon must have had at his disposal, in his poetical and dramatic works, a numerous body of collaborators, amongst whom Ben Jonson, the poet, and William Shakespeare, the actor, appear to have figured, both of whom, moreover, seem also to have been Rosicrucians. Thus, according to Wigston's view, which in my opinion has much in its favour, we are concerned with a sort of poetical co-operative society, whose ruling spirit was naturally the Lord Chancellor—as indeed is often the case with regard to our modern dramatic poets, although truly no Shakesperean plays but merely manufactured dramatic goods are produced thereby.

In Germany, in the "Fatherland"—as people in Anglo-Saxon countries are fond of expressing it—whose sons and daughters are never weary of losing themselves again and ever again in the unsurpassed masterpieces of dramatic art which are connected with the name of Shakespeare, there exists *officially*, that is so far as the literary historians and students of æsthetics at our Universities are concerned, no Shakespeare-

* There is absolutely no evidence of any kind for the latter assertion. Surely Rosicrucianism antedated Bacon?—G.R.S.M.

Bacon question at all. Nevertheless this problem has already occupied many an intellect even here, and has repeatedly attracted more than one keen brain. Amongst these is one who has attacked it with a thoroughness which, even in Germany, the home of thorough-going intellectual work, has attracted attention. This is the Leipzig poet and writer, Edwin Bormann, who is, so to say, the German Baconian *par excellence*.

Bormann has already published a series of works upon this problem, which naturally have not remained unanswered. The German Shakespeare Society—an institution of many years' standing—protests, of course, against any such disparagement of the memory of its poet-hero. But Bormann will not let himself be frightened off from constantly bringing forward new supports to strengthen the position he has once for all adopted. His latest book, devoted to this problem, is entitled *The Art of Pseudonymity*.* It is so peculiar and original, that I cannot forbear calling the attention of readers of this REVIEW to it.

"There is no author (anonymous or pseudonymous) so secretive"—thus Bormann begins his brief Preface—"who, in publishing a book which has grown into his heart, does not, either on the title-page or very close to it, bring in his real name." In our day, this sentence, it is true, does not apply; but it applies all the more completely to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and even further to a part of the eighteenth. For it accorded with the taste of that time, that those writers, who had something very special to say to their readers, should play hide-and-seek with them, and conceal themselves behind some pseudonym. In proof of the correctness of this proposition, Bormann cites a tremendously long list of well-known writers, of English, French and German nationality, belonging to that period, who were all in the habit of concealing their real names behind a pseudonym, which, moreover, in many cases, was often varied and changed. In this list we meet with the most famous names, such as Pascal, Rabelais, Voltaire, etc.

Bormann then exhibits the various ways in which these pseudonyms used then to be formed, and after doing so passes on to his main problem, which he formulates as follows:

* *Die Kunst des Pseudonyms*. Edwin Bormann's Selbstverlag in Leipzig. Price 12 marks.

"If, therefore, William Shakespeare is the pseudonym of a man, whose name is Francis Bacon, we ought to find the name Francis Bacon on the title-pages of the Shakespearean poems and in their immediate neighbourhood." And, so far at least as I can judge, Bormann, as a matter of fact, does succeed in giving proof for this assertion. For that purpose he reproduces a great number of title-pages from editions of the plays from the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, some of which appeared anonymously, while others bear the name Shakespere or Shakespeare; and he proves with a "*flaire*" which reminds one of a detective, that the name of Bacon can be found in the figures of the head-pieces, if one only knows how to seek aright. Bormann discovered on these title-pages a Picture and Letter-cipher, carried through with a great expenditure of inventive ability, the unravelling of which is naturally only possible for one possessing an accurate knowledge of the English of that time. Very attractive reading, too, is supplied by what Bormann has to say about the binding of the great 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare, which apparently bears a bust-portrait of Shakespeare. This binding Bormann also reproduces for us in the size of the original, in order to show the reader that the portrait obviously represents not Shakespeare, but Bacon; it must, as Bormann thinks, judging according to the fine coat, represent Bacon with his face hidden by a mask. That, as a matter of fact, some secret is hidden in this picture, is suggested by the wording of a short poem, addressed to the reader, upon the same title-page, and signed B. J., which is probably from the pen of Ben Jonson, the dramatist, who for five years lived with Bacon and aided him in his literary work.

The Appendix to Bormann's book is headed, "Francis Bacon as judged by his Contemporaries." Here we find ourselves altogether clear of the domain of combinations and deductions from mysterious inscriptions, and standing face to face with the men themselves who personally knew and honoured in his lifetime the genial and many-sided Lord Chancellor, some of them as friends and literary helpers, others as more distant admirers. We have here collected together the statements of forty or fifty of his contemporaries about Bacon. I will only quote a very few of their opinions.

James Duport (1606-1679), a learned scholar of Trinity College (Cambridge), calls Bacon an "eager hero of the pen," who has given to the world "numerous volumes" and "many little books" and praises the "enduring deeds" of his genius. Another scholar of Trinity College, Henry Ferne (1602-1662), says in his Elegy that Bacon had "unveiled the secrets of nature" and "died, his heart-veins filled with the loftiest art."

Sir Toby Mathews, Bacon's younger friend and literary helper, writes in a postscript to a letter to Bacon of the year 1623: "The most marvellous genius whom I have ever known among my own people and on the continent bears your Lordship's name, although he is known under another." Further in his Preface to a collection of letters (1660), Mathews writes thus about Bacon: "He was a monster, a creature of incredible abilities, of keen and tenacious mental grasp, of powerful and accurate memory, of overflowing, blooming invention, profound and well-based judgment," etc.

Whoever studies attentively Bormann's book, will be made acquainted with an art of which he has probably never dreamt, *viz.*, with the Art of Pseudonymity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, moreover, forms a contribution to the clearing up of the Shakespeare-Bacon question that is at the least well worth attention.

LUDWIG DEINHARD.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY B. K.)

It is a truth perpetually, that accumulated facts, lying in disorder, begin to assume some order if an hypothesis is thrown among them.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

MOST of our readers live in a world that cries loudly for facts, and nearly all of us join in the screaming. We are, ourselves, quite hoarse with our loud crying, and shall doubtless continue to be so for many a long day to come. We howl because we are tired ot all the pretty stories, of the myths and legends, the pap we swallowed so eagerly in our babyhood. We are, however, still children, crying children, howling for spoon-meat, and thinking it man's food, and so will continue till we have virile stomachs strong enough to digest the true bread of life. We, therefore, for the nonce cry out for "facts," and gurgle delightedly when we get them. "Facts" are things to "go upon"—solid nutriment. And so they *are* to us in our present growing days. But—(were it not for "but" how easy things would be!)—there are few who remember that a fact is, for the most part, merely the accurate observation and description of a phenomenon; and phenomena in their very hypothesis do not lie at the root of things. There are certain greater things which we call ideas, but which are in reality the true *facts* of the universe. These are living essences, so sages declare, not passing shows and happenings; they are noumena not phenomena, they are cognisable by the pure mind, not by its sensuous reflection. Reflecting on such matters we have sometimes thought that perhaps the real life of the Theosophical Movement was vehicled in ideas alone, and never manifested in phenomena; but such a reflection is somewhat foreign to the Wisdom towards which we aspire; for does not that Wisdom teach that in the great heart of things there is no respect of persons? And if no respect of persons, then no respect of things. Nay, surely this very thought itself is one of the leading *ideas* of our philosophy of life; for is not equal-mindedness one of our great goods, one of the things desirable; facts, then, facts in the ordinary sense, have their appointed place and function—a lofty

place and an admirable function; but they are not the causes of things, or, if you dislike the term, they are not the "real conditioning" of things; they belong to the sensible world. The greater energies have their home in the world of ideas, and the facts of sensible life are the infinite working out of these supernal forces.

We are quite aware that such a view of the nature of things is distasteful to the objective mind, which sees in ideas mere imaginings void of substance; this is, indeed, the present general fashion of the active intelligence of the Western world. But to the equal-minded philosopher ideas are as valid as facts, while to the subjective mind they are the only realities. Now the modern Theosophical Movement has brought into prominence many hitherto little-noticed facts of human experience, and may even be said, without boasting, to have added some new facts to the common store of observed phenomena. These have been seized upon by many minds and used for beneficent purposes or exploited for selfish ends; but in our opinion a knowledge of them does not by any means necessarily connote even a bowing acquaintance with Theosophy. Theosophy, which is one of the many names of Wisdom, energises by means of ideas; she has her æonian life in the pleroma, or fullness, of the Godhead. Her true children are ideas, and indwellers of that divine world or state of order and harmony of which even the dimmest reflection can illuminate to intoxication the most brilliant intellects and the purest hearts of mortals; "facts" are but the "abortions" of this perfect world, the countless imperfections in the state of ever-becoming.

Now, there are certain ideas—or at least reflections of ideas, so much of them, that is to say, as we can grasp with our imperfect natures—on which the sane evolution of our movement depends. They are simple in themselves, but manifold in their outworking; they are innate with life, and therefore expressed in manifold forms. Let us endeavour briefly to indicate one of these ideas, for it is not possible to name it, and for this reason: True ideas refuse to separate themselves from their brethren and have a life apart. Every idea is each and all other ideas; and each and all are it. Its glory, it is true, seems a special glory to us, and we try to

distinguish it, and name it as a thing apart, but in itself it knows no difference from its fellows. Knowledge, love and power are so like in their own world that none can say one is greater or less than the other, before or after the other, above or below the other. Knowledge is all love and power; love is all power and knowledge; power is all knowledge and love. But it was not of such things in themselves, or, if you prefer it, such essences, hypostases, or persons, such beings or such substances, that we would speak, but of some dim reflections of their outwardness. Indeed in so far as we definitely name one of these ideas "knowledge," another "love," and another "power," in so far do we in thought by our very definition rob them of their true nature—for They are one and all beyond all names that can be named.

Now the idea of which we would speak is very simple, very familiar to most of us; it is the unity of source in all that is best in all the great religions. It is an idea in the true sense of the word, a living truth, a beauty unspeakable, a good that satisfies our best desires. This idea in its out-working proclaims that all men who strive honestly towards the best they can comprehend, have one and all equally their feet set upon the Path that leads to that Source; in other words, there are as many paths as there are minds in men, and yet that Path is one. This is an idea which our writers and speakers, following the declarations of the wisest of the past, have strenuously popularised and persistently will endeavour to make general. It goes to the very root of all true religion, and is the practical out-working of the grandiose idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We rest upon this with a sure confidence as upon the very foundation of all ethic; we believe that a willing assent to this stupendous fact, a ready acceptance of this idea, will clear the way for the inauguration of a new order of things; nay, that this is the nearest approach to a true conception of the real Order which underlies the chaos of religion and morals, that the mind of man has yet evolved.

But if there be a path for every man, it follows that his path must differ from that of every other mortal; indeed, if it were otherwise and the path of all were the same, the infinite monotony of it would paralyse even the most contented and determined

spirit. And yet this sameness seems to most religionists the most desirable thing! It is not that they desire one path for all, the "one path" to be something other than the footway in which they may be for the moment treading; but that they insist that their side-track is *the* path and every one should follow *them*. Now this very general fallacy arises from the confusion of the idea with phenomenal facts. It is a fact that for the most part such folk find joy in their path, otherwise they would not tread it; they joy even in its difficulties, for they are thus expressing their nature, and nature will out. But what they fail to understand is that their path is only so much of The Path as their imperfect natures are capable, I will not say of expressing, but of sensing. The Path is the *idea*, the living essence, the æon out of space and time (as we understand these incomprehensibles the lords of measure and number)—space and time which are themselves also ideas. It is *this* Path which is *one for all;* the paths of men are as numerous as themselves.

And if it be true that no two blades of grass, no two grains of sand, nay, no two atoms (though the whole of the atomic theory by the way is based upon the absolute similarity of atoms!) in the universe are in every way identical, for then there would be no reason why one should be in one place and the other in another, and thus the Reason of Deity be excluded from some part of the universe, much more then is it impossible that two such complex entities as men can be identical, and still more impossible that their paths, the sum total of their future evolution, can be the same. And here we come face to face with that great mystery, the personality, or deeper down still (if you would use terms in a more precise sense) the individuality, the root of difference, which after all is but a reflection of that indefeasible right to selfhood, the basis of being. *Demon est Deus inversus*, and some folk take the Individuum as Deus and the self as demon, others, on the contrary, proclaim the individual the devil and the Self as God, while the Ideas themselves smile at each other when they hear the gossip of little men about their august persons.

But what we desire for the moment to insist on is that every man has his own path; in other words, each of us has his own

personal equation to solve, and the value of his x is the value of no other man's. If there be truth in this, as we believe, it follows that no man will find the solution of his equation in the working out of some other man's, no matter even if the record of that solution be of the most brilliant. There is to be no "imitation" in this world of infinite variety, the end of evolution is not to be a monotonous sameness; we are to be originals, not copies. And if someone asks me how I know this, or why I make such an irrational statement as to speak of "becoming an original," my answer is, that this is, at any rate, as near the truth as the more general view; that truth can never be stated save in paradox, and that my statement is precisely a paradox, though I am not so foolish as to add illogically that being a paradox it must therefore be true. I simply leave it as an *ex cathedrâ* statement; and every one may surely play the pope on occasion to see how it feels!

But someone else may say: What! is there not to be imitation of the good? What of the great sages; what of the great exemplars? By all means "imitate"—nay, *become*, strive ever to *be*—their *wisdom* if you can, but if you try to copy the sages as they really appeared on earth, you will simply strive after the impossible, namely to leave your path for theirs. They, *everyone of them*, had different problems to solve to your problem. Doubtless their example will help you to *simplify* your equation, that is very certain; but never as long as time shall be, never as long as space endures, never as long as consciousness expands, will any one of these *solve* your equation for you. This is a thing between your God and you; there are no intermediaries in this. *When* you have solved it—*then* shall you be all intermediaries, but not till then.

Be then yourself; dare to be this. There is a something entrusted to you, that you may manifest it, which has been given to no other mortal. What this thing is you will not know entirely till He who gave the gift receives it back to bestow it on you yet again a hundredfold. 'Tis yours to be a man, not a monkey or a parrot mortal; but a mind, an intelligent, responsible, living servant of the Mind. We are all servants, clad in servants' garb, yet we are bidden to serve differently, each according to our light.

Our individual light-beam streams forth from its parent Ray, yet even the Rays are not all one in action though they pour forth from One Sun.

G. R. S. MEAD.

ST. COLUMBA AND THE AMRA CHOLUIMB CHILLE*

THE *Amra Choluimb Chille* has recently been translated by Mr. Whiteley Stokes,† and the earliest transcription of the MS. which we possess bears a probable date of the ninth century. The original *Amra* is ascribed to a poet named Dallàn Mac Forgaill, who was a contemporary of Columba. Dallàn wrote the *Amra* in praise of Columba, and it exhibits him in the character of a sage and arbiter, the councillor of kings, and the protector and champion of the Bards.

And here I pause before sketching the circumstances under which the *Amra* was written, to demur somewhat to a statement of Mr. Standish O'Grady touching the attitude of Columba towards the Bards. No one is more grateful to Mr. O'Grady than myself for the work he is doing in preserving the old lore and traditions of Ireland, and no one is more willing than I to admit his superior knowledge on all these points to that possessed by a mere tyro like myself; but I cannot see that Columba was contemptuous towards the Bards. A Bard of Ireland was his tutor, and his love for the home of his youth is apparent in his welcome of the crane which flew, storm-battered, from his fatherland. Columba was proficient in the art of Bardism; he wrote his hymns in the metre of Irish poetry, he visited Ireland partly to save the Bards from banishment, and it was in gratitude for that protection that Dallàn, a Bard, wrote the *Amra*.

* See in the last number the article "St. Columba.'

† See *Revue Celtique*, vol. xx.; 1899.

Columba checked the singing of the *Amra*, says Mr. O'Grady. True! but not in scorn; he checked it because he felt dawning pride; therefore he bade the Bard cease, and sing his praise in death, not in life. One is not puffed up with pride at praise from any person whom one holds in contempt; if one commits the great folly of holding anyone in contempt, such a person would be incapable of pleasing by his or her appreciation, unless the object of such appreciation was singularly weak and vain. Therefore I do not think that Columba's injunction to Dallàn necessarily means that he held the Bardic art lightly. Let us now turn to the history of the writing of this *Amra*.

In the year 575 Aed, son of Ainmere, King of Ireland, appealed to all the princes and nobles to banish the Bards; for what reason does not appear. Columba came to Ireland for a triple reason. Firstly to defend the Bards; hence their gratitude. Secondly to make peace between Aed and Aedan of Argyle; this was in a sense a family duty, for Columba was related to the King of Argyle. Thirdly to assist and release Scandlan, prince of Ossory, who was being held in bondage and very cruelly used by Aed. Scandlan was Columba's kinsman; Ossory was in the east of Leinster, and Columba sprang, on the mother's side, from the royal house of that country.

The Abbot was successful in his mission, though he had great difficulty in releasing Scandlan, who, it appears, was being tortured by Aed by means of depriving him of drink. Columba also, it seems, met with some discourtesy at the hands of the son and followers of Aed.

After Columba's mission had been ended successfully, the grateful Dallàn composed the *Amra* in his praise. Columba then, feeling the assault of pride, bade Dallàn be silent in the matter till the object of his laudation should be no longer living. Dallàn obeyed, and it was finally only at the bidding of King Aed after the death of Columba that he wrote the *Amra*.

The *Amra* is in the following form. First a Preface, which is an invocation to God in which the name of Jesus does not appear.

Then ten chapters as follows:

i. The news of Columba's death.

ii. His ascent to heaven.

iii. His place therein.

iv. Of his suffering on earth, and the hatred felt towards him by the Devil.

v. Of his wisdom and gentleness.

vi. Of his charity and abstinence.

vii. Of his knowledge and foresight.

viii. King Aed's commission to the author.

ix. Of the grief of the saint's clansmen.

x. Of the innate virtues of the *Amra*.

This interesting Life is written in highly figurative prose. Dallàn, the author, says it is difficult to understand; Mr. Whiteley Stokes, the translator, refers to its deliberately fashioned "word-puzzles." I will now select the most striking points in each chapter; and those who are interested to learn more can easily read the whole *Amra* for themselves in Mr. Whiteley Stokes' translation.

i. Columba is lamented as their messenger to God. "For not to us (is) the Knower who used to avert fears from us" (or "the sage who used to go from us into the Land Beautiful, *i.e.*, Heaven)." "For not to us runs he back who used to declare a true word," or "the word's truth."*

ii. "Very high he arose when God's companies came to Columba." "Bright is the Prince of peace who came to attend on Columba, even Axal the angel."

"He (Columba) was strong in knowledge on every eminence," or, "he was strong in every art unto perfect knowledge." This final sentence implies degrees of attainment, and implies also the possibility of "perfect" knowledge.

iii. "He (Columba) came to the laudations made by hosts, by archangels." This refers to the glory of Columba in heaven; Axal is the name of the angel who used to converse with the saint on earth. "Dear the angel of colloquy, Axal, venerable, noble, so that he comes from my God with a gifted host to benefit me." "He has reached the plains where the *mos* is that

* These phrases are very remarkable. It seems to me that the "word's truth" means the "Wisdom," the inner knowledge, the Gnosis. It will also be noticed, and will soon be even more apparent, that Columba is assumed to have been one who went to and returned from heaven.

melodies are not born." "The king of priests has cast away troubles."*

iv. "He was a horror to the Devil, from his powerful art" (his "science devout"). "Knowledge of the Godhead was granted to him." Atkinson translates this passage: "He lived in granted deity of the Son of God," that is to say, the mystic Christ was born in the soul of Columba.

"I am acquainted with the surface of the strong earth; I come into the chilly abode of hell;† I go every Thursday at the summons of the King of the three households."‡ "He was skilled in angels' conversations."§ "After the offering by him on Thursday, and after patience on Monday's eve, the pious Columba, Conn's descendant, went to heaven in Axal's presence."‖

The chapter proceeds: "He forbade performances of choral songs by vast assemblies." The statement is worthy of note. Why should Columba forbid this unless the choral songs of the Culdee priests and bards had an inner significance, unless they were connected with sacred rites of initiation, or unless such carefully framed Bardic songs were supposed to have an innate power, a mântric force that made them dangerous when sounded in a large assembly composed of people with various aims, various modes of life, and differing standards of morality? The *Amra* itself is definitely stated by its author to have, like the Gospel

* It has struck me in reading this *Amra* that the exultation is greater than should be called forth by the mere liberation from the body; it is like a song of rejoicing over high spiritual attainment. The commentary on the phrase, "He has reached the plains, etc.," is: "Wherein non-birth of melodies is the custom. *Mos* is every peaceful good custom." Columba, is, therefore, hymned as having passed *beyond* the fairest melodies; and this is spoken by a Bard whose calling was the framing of melody and melodious phrases. Students will be reminded of the words, "above the Harmony" ("The Shepherd of Men," THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, December, 1898).

† A *chilly* hell; hell of isolation and cold, not of fiery torments. Is not this a reference to the mysterious experience said to be endured by the initiate, which is symbolised as the descent of the Christ into hell, ere He rises in His glorified Resurrection Body?

‡ "Three households"—this phrase seems to signify the "three worlds" of natural life. Here, too, is another allusion to that going-forth in consciousness from the body, which is so often asserted of the saints.

§ He could communicate with his "fellow-servants," the Devas.

‖ That is to say, that after meditation and celebration of the Eucharist, Columba rose in consciousness to higher planes. In the account of the Visions of Fursa in the Calendar of Aengus the Culdee, it is said that "Pious men on Fursa's feast ascended to the kingdom"; and "others in religion went to heaven on Fursa's feast." It is not implied that they died; they "went to heaven" and returned subsequently to the body.

which caused Columba's excommunication, an inherent virtue and power. Dallàn says:

"Whoever recites every day the *Amra*, whose meaning is difficult, will have from Columba the kingdom of heaven mightily."* "Whoever recites every day Columba's *Amra* with its sense† will have prosperity on earth, will have his soul past pain."‡ "Columba's *Amra* whoever shall recite it every day completely will reach the precious realm which God granted to Dallàn."

The poet here asserts that he has, by the use of the *Amra*, reached a state of illumination.

v. "He made books of laws known." "He read mysteries of great sages among schools of Scripture."§ The *Amra* proceeds to extol his knowledge. "He knew the course of the moon and the sun and the course of the sea." "He would number the stars of heaven."

vi. "He made an advance that was most prosperous, by the Great City's ladders."

The *ladders* of the lofty City are the saints; degrees in saint-hood exist, according to this teaching. Here, too, is the mention of the City, the City which symbolises the Pleroma, or Fullness, in the Gnostic Schools; the City towards which the saints climb, mounting the "ladder" of evolution to greater and greater glories.

"He (Columba) climbed the height of heaven," says the *Amra*. "He gave up his eyes' desire, a sound sage who grew in Christ. . . . A famous stone at victory."‖ "Christ will

* The suggestion is evidently that the repetition of the *Amra* will induce a magnetic link between the reciter and the departed saint.

† Knowing its power and meaning; using it with knowledge.

‡ Will purify his soul so that he escapes purgatorial pain. Also if he knows the "sense" of Columba's law, he will guide his actions thereby.

§ There is another translation of this passage. The word *Rochuad* is mentioned; this was said to be the name of a monster of the sea, which by its action brings poverty and scarcity on earth. Columba knew the condition and action of this animal and told the people, so that "they used to be receiving it on their guard." This seems to me to hint that Columba knew of and could control the various orders of elemental essence and lower creative powers, symbolised as a "sea beast." It is as though Nature were regarded as a vast *animate* machine, a living organism, working semi-automatically, and capable of control.

‖ "Stone," it is said, was a mystical term of the inner schools. Those who study the *Voice of the Silence* will recall the phrase "stones of the Guardian Wall."

take him into service because of the long periods he has displayed"; or "it is long that he is on this journey."*

vii. "Wise is the sage who reached the track of the Four." This has been interpreted to mean the Four Evangelists, and this may be correct. But there is another suggestion to be made; and in order to find it, I refer the reader to pp. 373, 374, of *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten.* It is to be observed that Columba is not said to have reached this Holy Four, but to have reached "the track of the Four." There is also another interpretation of the passage advanced. The Path of Holiness is said to be marked by four degrees of initiation, or stages of knowledge; therefore Dallàn's statement may be intended to convey to his hearers that Columba was an initiate.

The *Amra* proceeds: "He neither accepted nor subdued any heresy"—strange statement! A Church dignitary, and it is said in his praise that he subdued no heresies! It opens a vista of intellectual freedom in the early British Church, one of whose chief saints not only subdued no heresies, but did not accept any; *i.e.*, maintained a high level of consciousness beyond the necessity of creeds, and suffered any form of creed in others.

"He was buried before age, before debility." "Noble the guest who reached Iona, a man who was thrice buried, Columba, the pure heart, the son of the King of heaven and earth."

Here is a light shed upon the story of the burial of Oran by Columba. There is no doubt in my mind that these "burials" meant initiations—the soul freeing itself from fetter after fetter, "dead" to sin after sin. In the "Notes" to the Calendar of Aengus the Culdee there is a curious tale wherein Columba is said to have asked of Axal, his angelic instructor, "four deaths . . . in repentance, in hunger, and in youth . . . for hideous are the bodies in old age." It is then said that Axal granted his prayer, and Columba "died young," and died of hunger, of deliberately endured starvation. Now this seems to be historically untrue. Columba was seventy-six when he died,

* What may this be interpreted to mean? Shortly afterwards it is said that Columba was "buried before age." If he was not old when he died, then he must have begun his journey in a previous life, if it had been lengthy. If he was old, as appears historically to be the fact, why is he said to have died young? I will return to this question shortly.

and he did not die of hunger. But what if Aengus and Dallàn speak of a mystic death and burial which came to Columba in youth, before, possibly, he began his public work? What if he died by "fasting to the world"? What if the true Columba rising from "the dead" after his "burial" in youth "never grew old and became immortal," because he "obtained possession of the unbroken consciousness of his spiritual Ego."* If there was not some hidden and mystic meaning in the statements, which were understood by contemporary readers, how could Aengus, and his commentators, and Dallàn Mac Fargaill make obviously and flagrantly erroneous statements concerning a distinguished man who had comparatively recently been a living luminary of the Church?†

viii. is occupied with the King's commission to the poet.

ix. refers to Columba's "journey in flesh to heaven."

x. "This is the eulogy of the King who made me king, who will convey us to *Zion*." The passage seems to imply that Dallàn was himself linked to Columba as a pupil, that he owed him a debt of gratitude for raising and helping him in his evolution; or it may be that the poet addresses the universal Christ-principle which was new-born in the soul of the Abbot; for the *Amra* proceeds: "May he waft me past tortures . . . past the demons of the air, *i.e.*, the daughters of Orcus called in heaven Sthenys, Euryale, Medusa; on earth Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; in hell Alecto, Megaera, Tesiphone." "May it be easy for me to go past the dark abodes."‡

"The poets were freed," cries Dallàn, "through Columba of the beautiful law. . . Let us sing the melody the sages sang, in the way they voiced it. Would that I were out of my body, I would say what they have said."

So ends the quaint *Amra*, the song of praise for a spiritual hero, who had fought the good fight, and finished his course. Whether it sings a melody of triumph over the freeing of a strong

* See *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 176.

† Aengus wrote in the ninth century; but Dallàn was a contemporary of Columba.

‡ Dallàn here thinks of his own journey through the underworld; he invokes Columba (or the One Light which glimmers in him, and shone in the saint), to help and guide him past the "dark abodes." Compare these passages with portions of the *Pistis Sophia*.

and holy soul from an aged body; or whether it sings the song of a greater triumph, in which it hymns the earnest, the promise of the freedom of that whole creation which "groaneth and travaileth" until now, and for ages to come, I do not know. I must leave that for the reader to decide, if he is able to arrive at a solution of the enigma.

I. HOOPER.

MORALITY AND MYSTICISM

MYSTICISM is not a question of morality. Morals are necessary for the imperfect just as music is. The joys of both are the joys of anticipation. The beauty of music is in interrupted cadences, in leading notes, in complex chords impossible to linger on. As soon as the chords are resolved the music ceases. So morality is for people who are fragmentary; who are piecing together moods and emotions as for some great passion-play.

All moral work is like the tapestry of a woman; she stitches all her life, and her sewing is but single stitches. Afterwards she turns it over to see what she has done. There are gleams of silver thread running throughout its length, and in them she reads the name of her love.

The moral life is only the form which produces the character, as the form of the flute or trumpet decides the *timbre* of its notes. The *timbre* is the wave-form, the mood of the molecules, into which they are thrown by the magic of the artist's power. Force is only possible after feeling. And as a wave-form is only the result of particles responding in definite succession to one impulse having existence in time, but not in space, so every mood is a transition stage. No one wave in the ocean is entire for a given minute. So no one moral code ever endures. Each code is evidence of a transition, of minds responding in a definite succession to the pressure of the Divine which "grinds exceeding small."

It is not laws that are periodic; it is we who repeat one thing. The lower mind can learn only by this method of repetition, and the thing to be learnt is the existence of the Higher Mind.

The object of all motion is balance. The essence of variation is unison. There is only one moral law. Purity is the correspondence of things which are permanent. The uniformity of natural laws proves that they are the memoried acts of one Mind.

The mystic cannot sin as a mystic. He is in "a region so high that the Devil cannot enter." It is a region of perfect equilibrium. It is as degrading to him to keep laws as to break them. The future has nothing in it for him. The Story of the Beautiful is already complete, and evolution and revolution are dreams—squirrel-cages for children-souls.

Let us put off the rags of our expectations and the ashes of a dead past and listen to a voice of a risen day whose sun will know no setting! In this full-stop is the fulness of life. For this are all the books on Yoga written, all the learned aphorisms, all the counsels of perfection, the books of Pilgrim's Progresses, all the Serious Calls to Holy Living and holy deaths, all the mantras and the methods of mental Prayer. "He that knoweth this stillness hath eternal Life."

X.

The Mystic Resurrection

But the saints will come with the Lord with their garments which are now stored up on high in the seventh heaven: with the Lord they will come, whose spirits are clothed, they will descend and be present in the world, and He will strengthen those, who have been found in the body, together with the saints, in the garments of the saints, and the Lord will minister to those who have kept watch in this world. And afterwards they will turn themselves upwards in their garments, and their body will be left in the world.—*The Ascension of Isaiah*, iv. 16, 17.

A DREAM-STORY OF KÂMA-LOKA

THE following is part of a curious dream-story found in the writings of the Russian author Korolénko. The translation from which this account is taken was published some years ago (1892) in the " Pseudonym Library," together with other stories by the same author. " Makár's Dream," however, stands apart; it is a gem, and has well been called Korolénko's master-piece. What makes the story interesting to Theosophists is that the imagination of the author takes his hero into Kâma-loka, where many of his experiences are very remarkable, and in some points agree with Theosophical teaching. We find him after death in that dreary region unchanged in thought and feeling, and a vivid picture is given of how a man who has lost his physical body continues to be the same man that he was before. Makár is angry, deceitful, hungry, discontented with all things. In the condition of the entities he meets with, it is clearly shown that their sufferings come from no external force. They are all the consequences of the misdeeds of their last earth-life; it is these that have followed them and become their tormentors.

Makár, the dreamer, is an unfortunate Siberian Yakout peasant of more than doubtful character; his dream takes place one cold Christmas eve, while the bells are ringing for the midnight Mass. He is overcome by the quantity of vódka he has taken, and he dreams that he is lost in the forest, where he falls down in the snow and *dies*. It is explained that he knew he was dead, and that he lay quite still until he was tired of it. At last he felt someone touch him, and opening his eyes he recognised with wonder an old priest who had been dead four years. There he stood with snow on his long robe and fur cap, and Makár remembered that he had been kind and good-natured in his lifetime, and that he was never angry. The old priest told him to get up and come along with him; but Makár, who is the same

man that he was, is bad-tempered and sulky. He does not want to follow the priest; he thinks it is no good having died if he cannot have a quiet time, so he grumbles. However, when the priest told him he is to be taken before the Great Taïon or Chief, to be judged, he followed, for he remembered that he had heard in church of a judgment after death, so he thought the priest was right.

They went on through the forest towards the east, and the trees moved aside for them to pass. Makár also observed that their feet made no mark in the snow, and, true to his old habits, he thought to himself how convenient this would be when he wanted to visit other men's traps! The priest read his thought, and told him to be careful, *for he did not know what each thought might cost him.* This made Makár very angry, he said surely he might think what he liked. By-and-by he spoke of eating, and the priest reminded him where he was. "Have you forgotten that you are dead, and that henceforth you need neither food nor drink?" But Makár went on grumbling and finding fault with everything. He said he could not be expected to walk without eating.

Now their journey was a very long one; they seemed to have been walking through the dark forest for many days, passing by high snow mountains, rivers, and lakes, and it was strange that if they looked back everything had disappeared behind them into darkness. They were always travelling uphill, and as they ascended there was more light. At last they found themselves on the top of a broad and even ridge, where it became much lighter. The stars had increased in size and brilliancy; they were "as big as apples and shone brightly." The moon also appeared of great size, and was so bright that the whole plain was illuminated. Every snow-flake could be seen in that light. At the top of the ridge was a broad plain, across which many roads ran, all going eastward. People of all sorts were travelling on those roads; some were riding, some walking.

Makár, who had for some time watched a man on horseback, suddenly became greatly excited. He recognised him as a Tartar who had stolen his horse some time ago, and who had been dead for five years. He was now riding that horse, and all Makár's

old feelings of anger came up; he left the priest and ran after the man, shouting to him to give up the horse. He was astonished to find how easily he came up with him, for the Tartar seemed to be galloping wildly across the plain. He stopped as Makár reached him and begged him to take back the horse; he said that he had been riding it for five years and had not moved one inch. Just as he was about to dismount the priest came up and dragged Makár away. He was terribly angry and went on shouting to the Tartar. The priest calmly told him to be quiet, and not to forget that he was dead; he did not want the horse, he might see that he was getting on more quickly on foot than the man on horseback, and he added: "How would you like to have to ride for a thousand years?" Then Makár understood why the Tartar wished to be rid of the horse, and presently when he looked round over the snowy plain, man and horse had disappeared. They met with many people riding horses or oxen, but none of them made any advance, and soon dwindled away as the Tartar had done. Though the plain seemed boundless, and the number of people they passed very great, the place had the appearance of being almost deserted; the space between two travellers seemed enormous.

Amongst others they met a very strange-looking old man carrying on his back an old woman whose feet were dragging on the ground. The poor man was clothed in rags and his shoes worn out; he was gasping for breath and could scarcely drag himself along. His condition was so pitiable that even Makár was sorry for him, and asked him what had happened to bring him to this pass. The old man told him that many years ago he had lived on earth, and that he had left his village, his work and belongings to go and live on a mountain to save his soul. When he died he was taken before the Great Taïon, who, on hearing what he had been doing, said: "Very well; but where is your old woman? Go and fetch her." He went to look for her and met her on the way. Through poverty and neglect she had lost the use of her limbs, so he was obliged to carry her on his back. He cried as he told his story, and the tiresome, cross old woman kept striking him to urge him on. His pitiable state made even Makár sorry for him and he would have tried to help him, but the

old man moved off so quickly with his burden that he soon disappeared. Makár felt very glad that he had never gone to the hills to save his soul.

Among the many people they passed on their way were thieves who were carrying heavy loads of stolen goods. A murderer also came past them who was continually throwing himself on the ground to try to wipe off the bloodstains upon him. He was the picture of misery, and tried to hide himself from his fellow-travellers. In that place they also saw many souls of little children, for the coarse food, dirt, and cold, killed them off by hundreds. These souls fluttered in the air like little birds. As they flew past the murderer they were frightened, and flew away; the rustling of their little wings was heard in the air or a long time.

Makár and the priest kept moving on quickly. They were now nearing their goal. At last across the plain was seen the first streak of dawn.

The coming forth of the sun, and its effect on Makár, is found literally translated in an article on Korolénko's writings by Mr. G. L. Calderon in *The Monthly Review*, September, 1901. It is there said to be a more correct translation of the original than the usual English version, and is as follows:

"Then for the first time Makár noticed that the plain was growing lighter. A few bright rays burst forth from behind the horizon, like the first notes of a mighty orchestra. They ran quickly over the sky and put out the bright stars. The stars went out and the moon sank down. And the snowy expanse grew dark once more.

"Then over the plain rose the mists and stood circling it round like a guard of honour.

"And in one place, in the East, the mists grew brighter, like warriors clad in gold.

"And the mists swayed, and the golden warriors bowed them down.

"And from behind them came forth the sun and rested on their golden backs and glanced over all the plain.

"And the plain was illuminated with a wonderful blinding light.

"And the mists rose up majestically in a mighty choir, parted in the West, and were borne swinging aloft.

"And Makár seemed to hear a wondrous song. It was like that old familiar song wherewith the earth greets the sun each day. But Makár had never yet given good heed to it, and now for the first time he perceived what a marvellous song it was."

The response in Makár's soul to the sound of the Great Song made him want to stand there listening for ever; but the priest spoke and said they had reached their goal. Only then did Makár see a great door, which the mists had hidden.

The events of the journey are but the leading up to a wonderful scene where the hero is judged. The story centres on the idea that human justice is not only inadequate, but impossible; that not only the man's actions, but his motives and life-struggle, must be taken into consideration when his deeds are weighed in the light of true justice.

The scales are brought in and Makár's actions weighed. They condemn him, but he is allowed to plead for himself, and as he, with sudden eloquence, explains how these things have come to be, he brings tears into the eyes of his listeners—and *he gets justice.*

E. W.

The Unknown Name of Christ

And he took me into the air of the seventh heaven, and moreover I heard a voice saying: "How far will he ascend that dwelleth in the flesh?" and I feared and trembled. And when I trembled, behold I heard from hence another voice being sent forth, and saying: "It is permitted to the holy . . . . to ascend hither; for here is his garment." And I asked the angel who was with me and said: "Who is he who forbade me and who is he who permitted me to ascend?" And he said unto me: "He who forbade thee, this is he who is over the praise-giving of the sixth heaven. And He who permitted thee, this is thy Lord God, the Lord Christ, who will be called 'Jesus' in the world, but His name thou canst not hear, till thou hast ascended out of thy body."—*The Ascension of Isaiah*, xi. 1-5.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Cheap Astrological Manual

Astrological Manual II. The Horoscope and how to read it. By Alan Leo. (London: Fowler and Co.; 1902. Price 1*s*.)

The study of the astrologic art is increasing very rapidly, while the dabbling in it is becoming almost an epidemic. We remember the time when the curious enquirer into this archaic tradition had to expend many pieces of silver before he could provide himself with text-books to prepare for the initial plunge into the mysterious ocean of star influences and the rest. Now he can buy an astrologic bathing suit for the modest sum of a shilling. "Every man his own astrologer," is to be the order of the day apparently. Well, we hope the supply will eventually meet the demand, and that the few out of this many who will strenuously desire to get at the truth of the matter, and to learn the *raison d'être* of this persistent belief of our humanity's childhood, will compel the advent of some soul truly learned in the ancient lore and wise enough to expound it in our present-day thought language. Mr. Alan Leo, who writes the little manual under notice, we are sure would be as pleased as ourselves to meet with one who not only "remembered" the instructions of the Teachers of ancient Chaldæa, but who had developed a mind wide enough to compass a first-hand knowledge of what we have only "heard" from our Fathers.

G. R. S. M.

A Recent "Life of Jesus"

The Carpenter Prophet: A Life of Jesus Christ and a Discussion of his Ideals. By Charles William Pearson. (Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company; 1902.)

Of writing of "Lives" of Jesus there is no end, although it is a well-known fact that the very term is a misnomer, for of accessible material (historic or legendary) there never has been, and in every probability never will be, sufficient to justify the title. There are only

at best the legendary and mythic accounts of the birth and childhood of Jeschu, and the mixed historic, mystic and mythic descriptions of the brief period of the ministry. It is, moreover, with little hope of meeting with an epoch-making work, or even a distinctly new view, that the experienced reviewer glances through the pages of a "Life"; the ground has been gone over so many times, and the main points of view from which it has been surveyed are so familiar, that after reading a few pages it is an easy matter to forecast the rest of the author's treatment of the subject.

This is the case with the present volume before us, the main interest in it being that the author's opinions have raised such a storm of protest from the traditionalists, that Mr. Pearson has been forced to resign his post at the North Western University of Chicago. This, however, does not mean that our author has really put forward anything new; on the contrary, his position differs hardly at all from that of the contributors to the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. The difference is that while they retain their teaching chairs in England and America and on the Continent, at Chicago, which boasts itself to be so very "advanced," the University authorities have compelled the resignation of Mr. Pearson. This is one of those extraordinary anomalies familiar to the student of theological upheavals; and, judging by similar events elsewhere, we have little doubt but that Mr. Pearson's forced resignation will, by a natural reaction, and owing to the wide notice taken of it by the press, tend to popularise the views he puts forward far more extensively than could ever have been effected by his own unaided efforts while still in undisturbed enjoyment of his post. Intolerance is proverbially short-sighted.

Mr. Pearson's position will be at once seen from the following paragraph in his Preface:

"The argument of this book is that all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus, whether by enthusiasm of disciples, by the imagination of poets, or by the self-interest of priests, are untrue, and if they are untrue it follows as a matter of course that they are hurtful."

This is our author's criterion, and by it he sifts out the gospel-material with results so familiar to those who have studied the works of writers holding the same standpoint. Indeed it required nothing but a glance at Mr. Pearson's title to guess his position; the "carpenter prophet" is the keynote to his reading of the Life-symphony. But was the carpentering a so dominant element as Mr. Pearson

would make out? Was Jeschu actually a carpenter and a carpenter's son historically? Was his early training due entirely to such surroundings and the very human family circle which Mr. Pearson pictures? Every Jew, no matter what his birth, had to learn some handicraft; and Jeschu may have been a carpenter. But was his only knowledge of the Law derived from his father and the village synagogue? or was Jeschu an Essene and more than an Essene?

Our author admits that Jeschu was a prophet; but how little does he allow for this dominant fact in any sense but in that of an entirely isolated and independent seer. Were there no mystic schools in the land? But, more important than this, does not the very extensive and important mystic element in the dramatic relations of the Gospels bear the marks of an *ordered* mysticism?

Our author, on the contrary, finds no historical difficulty in believing that Jeschu personally claimed to be the Messiah promised to the Jews, and makes this the turning-point in his career; but we have ourselves always doubted this. We do not believe the Master would have permitted such a claim, for historically it is not true. The Messiah-element belongs to the mythic *motif* of the symphony. But it is just on such mythic points and on the mystic drama which represents the soul-side of Christianity—the inner working, definite, "historic," and dramatic, on its own plane, as were, in far less degree, the outward happenings here—that Mr. Pearson and writers of his school fall short. True there has been the most egregious confusion of the one set of facts with the other by the ignorant, but it is not legitimate to reject a root element—perhaps the most important element—simply because there has been a "mixture" and "confusion."

Therefore we dissent emphatically from the categorical statement of Mr. Pearson when he says, "all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus . . . are untrue," unless by "superhuman" he means nothing short of Divinity. By "superhuman" in this connection we prefer to understand such powers as are beyond the present exercise of *normal* humanity; and these we most emphatically believe were capable of being exercised by the Master. We thoroughly agree with Mr. Pearson that the Christ was not God; but the Christ, who tabernacled in Jeschu, was a *perfected* man (though Jeschu was not), and therefore beyond us in power, wisdom and love (as indeed, of course, Mr. Pearson admits on other grounds).

Mr. Pearson's is a book written for the people and therefore does

not treat of the literary criticism of the gospel-documents; we glean, however, that, as regards the synoptic problem, he adopts the view of the priority of Mark, while he regards the fourth Gospel as written "much later" than the synoptics, which he apparently places within the first century. On all these points we differ from him; we protest against confusing the "common document" with Mark, and believe we have made out a strong case for all four documents being contemporaneous and written about 117-138 A.D. Mr. Pearson is bound to argue the "lateness" of John, to eliminate as much as possible the mystic element from the earliest deposits; he contends that the author of the fourth Gospel wrote *against* the Gnostics! Now it was precisely the Gnostics who were the first commentators on this Gospel; they would hardly have bestowed so much labour on an inimical scripture. But indeed objective criticism is not Mr. Pearson's strong point; he has a subjective standpoint and presents a view dealing rather with doctrine than history, though like all such writers he is convinced that he is presenting a purely objective account.

His exegesis again is peculiar, not to say homely. For instance, we read: "Whatever may be thought of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, 'Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,' is not only pious and sensible language, but exceedingly natural to one who in childhood had felt poverty's sharp pinch and had acquired a horror of waste as one of the great causes of poverty and distress." This is exceedingly speculative and somewhat *bourgeois;* there is no tradition of the poverty of Joseph and Mary, and we prefer to see in the miracle narrative referred to an expansion of the far more simple tradition preserved in *The Acts of John*, that when Jesus and the three disciples who specially companied with him, were each given a loaf by some well-to-do householder, Jesus would bless his loaf and divide it among them and each was well satisfied with his portion, so that "our loaves were saved whole,"—a credible enough incident to a knower of mystic nature, and a story far too simple to be a later invention than the gorgeous drama of the feeding of the five thousand.

Equally *naïf* is our author's exegesis of what he calls "the most wonderful of the prophecies," namely, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This he explains by saying: "The ravenous wolf and the blood-thirsty tiger are almost exterminated, while the sheep and the cow are possessing the former habitations of the wild beasts. So, violent and dishonest men are playing an ever-dwindling

part in human history, while the upright, the kindly and the helpful are constantly becoming stronger and more numerous." We should have thought that it was not the "meekness" of the sheep and cow that has caused them to survive, but the fact that they have been preserved and increased by the care of man to provide him with food and raiment. Nor is it exactly a complimentary derivation of the positive virtues of uprightness, kindliness, and helpfulness, to trace them to "meekness"; they are surely made of sterner stuff?

Mr. Pearson's method of disposing of the miracle-narratives may be seen by the following examples. The stilling of the tempest is thus explained: "The disciples are terrified at the violence of the storm, but Jesus is calm and confident, and when the squall blows over as quickly as it arose, they think that he allayed the winds and the waves, and not merely the agitation of their minds." And again, "the miraculous draft of fishes and the multiplication of the loaves are probably poetic expressions of man's wonder and gratitude at the way in which his wants are so often and so strangely supplied."

This is all very "thin"; we do not by any means deny that misunderstood metaphor and confusion of the psychic or spiritual with the physical, are important factors in the exegesis of the miracle-stories; but we do not think Mr. Pearson has been fortunate in his selections, and this is especially the case with his treatment of the Cana wonder-working, when he writes: "The original form of the miracle of the turning of water into wine recorded by John, may have been only such a figure of speech. It may have meant only that the presence of Jesus so heightened the joy of the occasion, that water tasted as good as wine." How very ordinary! This is indeed a clothing of the beautiful thought-forms of the mystic writer of the fourth Gospel in twentieth century fustian.

Mr. Pearson further tries a fall with the parable of the unjust steward, that Goliath that no exegetical David has yet tackled with impunity. He says: "The mind of Jesus was far-seeing and sagacious. He expected no ends without the use of adequate means. The man who started to build without counting the cost, or the king who with an army of ten thousand ventured to encounter one of twenty thousand, he called fools. In a parable of Browning-like audacity he even commended the one good quality of a despicable thief and liar, the unjust steward, who acted promptly and energetically, and did not waste time in regrets and dreams." There may be a grain of truth in this; in any case there is but little doubt that

many "sayings" have been excluded which would have given us a deeper insight into that wider wisdom which was indubitably possessed by the Master, and have enabled us to see that the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild" ideal was but one of many moods of that wisdom which manifests not only as love, but also as knowledge and power.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Pearson rejects the doctrines of the trinity, of the resurrection, and of the atonement, and in general is ultra Protestant and largely rationalist; he is, however, tolerant with regard to other faiths, though not in the same measure as the majority of our readers. Thus he writes:

"The instinct of humanity is right in placing Jesus high above Archimedes and Newton, above Raphael, Beethoven, and Shakespeare, high above Alfred and Washington. He must be compared only with Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed, and though the suffrage of the world has not yet been given, though the world at large has not even attempted a full and impartial comparison of these founders and their systems, it seems probable that the comparison that will inevitably be made in the future, while it will raise the great prophets of other nations, who are now among us unduly depressed by our ignorance and prejudice, will also serve to bring out more clearly the superiority of Jesus as the pre-eminent Son of Man."

We hope for some other things as the result of this unprejudiced comparison; in the first place that there will not be a "confusion of castes" in the judgment of an enlightened posterity, and that all the Servants of the Divine Economy will be recognised as having severally carried out their tasks without prejudice to their fellows or encroaching on their special prerogatives. There is much yet to be learned before even the wisest of us can venture on an even approximately just comparison. In any case it is just this very side of the work of Jesus that thinkers of the type of our author have so far most failed to understand; not, however, that their "orthodox" opponents have succeeded any better in their exaggeration at the other pole.

G. R. S. M.

An Authorised Guide to the Fathers

Patristic Study. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., Litt.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.; 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This small volume is one of a new series of "Handbooks for the Clergy." It is well printed and nicely covered. Of the book itself

there is little to be said; Dr. Swete rightly deplores the neglect of Patristic study by the general clergy, and has written his essay as a short and simple "guide to the perplexed." It is written from a sober and conservative standpoint, and there is nothing in the volume that is not already familiar to a student of the Fathers. In the point of view there is no advance on that of the writers in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, which was published some twenty years ago, while of necessity there is but the most shadowy outline of the material of the, for the most part, very excellent articles in that Dictionary; and it is to these articles that we would refer any reader who desires to approach the study of the Fathers, as the most readily accessible information in English. Dr. Swete's manual will serve for a bird's-eye glance at the subject merely.

But what is a matter for surprise, is that such a book should be required for the "clergy"; if it were put forward as a school-book, or as a preliminary manual for undergraduates reading for the theological schools, it might pass without comment, but that there should be a single ordained teacher of the Christian religion who is not already familiar with the elementary information contained in this volume, is a matter of profound regret. How, we ask ourselves, is it possible for anyone to understand the history of the evolution of Christian dogmatics without at least a bowing acquaintance with the writings of those who did so much to fashion them? And if a teacher of Christianity does not understand this, how can he ever hope to teach intelligently? But it has long been the fashion among the Protestant clergy to neglect the Fathers as of little worth, while their Roman Catholic colleagues have exalted Patristic literature into almost canonical authority. Both points of view are erroneous; there is a middle course, and a critical use of this literature can be made to reveal many surprises for the enquiring mind. Dr. Swete, however, supplies his readers with no surprises, indeed with no new, or even very recent, contribution to the subject, and his book may be trusted to circulate among the inmates of our country parsonages without disturbing their perennial calm.

G. R. S. M.

The Casting out of Devils

Demonic Possession in the New Testament; Its Relations, Historical, Medical, and Theological. By Wm. Menzies Alexander, M.A., B.Sc., B.D., C.M., M.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; 1902. Price 5*s*.)

Glancing at the long string of honorific initials after our author's

name, we said to ourselves: Now, at last, perchance we shall get some light upon this obscure and puzzling subject. But our hopes were doomed to speedy disappointment, for it soon became evident that Dr. Alexander was a theologian first and foremost, and a scientist only in so far as science did not clash with his theological presupposition, *viz.*, that "*genuine demonic possession was a unique phenomenon in the history of the world; being confined indeed to the earlier portion of the ministry of our Lord*" (p. 24). In his final words, referring to this ministry, Dr. Alexander writes:

"The spiritual environment was wholly without a parallel. It was marked by two residual features of surpassing importance—

"1. The confession of Jesus as Messiah by evil spirits.

"2. The suppression of these confessions by Christ Himself.

"According to the evidence of the Gospels, these demonic testimonies had their beginning and end in Him. There is but one explanation of the situation. *The incarnation initiated the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. That determined a counter-movement among the powers of darkness.* GENUINE DEMONIC POSSESSION WAS ONE OF ITS MANIFESTATIONS" (p. 249).

The distinctive characteristics of genuine demonic possession, according to our author, are:

"1. Insanity or idiocy of some sort, forming the natural element.

"2. The confession of Jesus as Messiah, forming the supernatural element" (p. 157).

Further Dr. Alexander defines the terms "natural" and "supernatural" in "two simple rules" which he lays down as the essential guides of his enquiry:

"(*a*) Whatever is explicable on the principles of modern science is to be regarded as natural.

"(*b*) Whatever is inexplicable on the principles of modern science is to be regarded as supernatural" (p. 147).

We have here the essentials of the whole position of Dr. Alexander stated in a nutshell, a position which he frankly admits to be apologetic.

Now we have no desire to deny the actuality of demonic possession, for our point of view is very different from that of the materialistic rationalist, but we feel compelled to join serious issue with our author on several points and that too in the interests of both science and religion. In the first place, we reject utterly Dr. Alexander's definitions of the natural and supernatural; we prefer to find our de-

finitions in Nature herself and not in the ever-shifting declarations of a certain body of opinion concerning the operations of natural phenomena. What is "modern science," and who are her authoritative spokesmen? We were under the impression that one of the principles of science—not of "science falsely so called"—is that there is no break in Nature. What scientist worthy of the name, because he cannot *explain* certain phenomena, would assent to their being called supernatural? Again, if the line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural is to depend upon our present ability to explain, it follows that this boundary will be an ever-shifting one, for we grow in knowledge, and as we grow we push back the boundaries further and further.

Dr. Alexander's "rules" are, therefore, a begging of the whole question, and he has practically left out of count those who extend their science into the domain of psychic and spiritual phenomena, but who yet hold to the unity of law.

The very curious position assumed by our author, that "genuine demonic possession" must be characterised by the confession by the possessing entities of Jesus as the Messiah, withdraws the whole question from the arena of scientific enquiry, and hedges it about in the narrow limits of a purely dogmatic concept, which has no place in general religion. The conception of "*the* Messiah" is quite understandable on the ground of Jewish religion; but when transplanted from that ground into the world-soil it becomes one of a number, and *not the only one.*

Even if, for the sake of argument, we take the Gospel traditions of possession as containing genuine historic elements—(there is, of course, no compelling reason why we should perforce actually do so in the vast majority of cases, and many strong arguments against our accepting them as they stand)—then, in the first place, the purely doctrinal element of the confession of Jesus as the Messiah by the possessed, would rather argue a later redaction than a primitive element; while, if we still hesitate to reject the traditions on this account, the otherwise inexplicable relation of the suppression of such confessions by the Master, would argue that the possessed Jews saw in Jesus, because of his great spiritual power, the fulfilment of the popular expectation of the time, while the Master Himself knew that a confession in such terms was really an incorrect description of His true place in the Divine Economy.

Nor, again, can we consent to the declaration of Dr. Alexander

that "the incarnation initiated the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth"—if these words are intended in the ordinary theological sense. Before the time of Jeschu ha Notzri many had, in ways suitable to their times, carried out similar tasks as that referred to in Christian nomenclature as the "establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth." We, however, agree with our author that the presence of the Great Master and His immediate activity "determined a counter-movement among the powers of darkness"—not, however, in the exclusive sense implied by Dr. Alexander's context, but as a natural consequence, ever observable whenever there is a special effort made by the Lords of Light.

No, the cry of the sectarian: "See! my Master is the best; mine is the only one! He set at nought the course of Nature; never before were such things! Miracle of miracles; God Himself in human form transcending all mortals, all gods and lords; never before, never again till the consummation!"—such is *not* the spirit of wisdom which explains. G. R. S. M.

A Theosophical Anthologion

Morning Thoughts for the Year: Adapted by a Student from the Writings of Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price, leather 1*s.* 6*d.*, paper 6*d.*)

The plan of this little booklet is that of selecting for every day of the week a sentence from the best known works of our colleague, such as *The Three Paths*, *Thought Power*, *The Ancient Wisdom*, *Karma*, *Reincarnation*, *In the Outer Court*, etc. All that need be said is that the selection has been made judiciously, and that the print and get-up are attractive. *Morning Thoughts* is pre-eminently a book of devotion, and is appropriately printed with red head-lines and border-rules. Personally we prefer the context with our texts; but we are in the minority in this and the majority will undoubtedly find the massing together of these fine sentences and helpful exhortations of much utility.

G. R. S. M.

Some Interesting Experiences

The Eternal Question: Shall a Man Live Again? By "Avena," Reported by Allen Clarke. (Boston: Office of *The Northern Weekly*. Price 3*s.*)

We welcome this little book as a favourable sign of the times. It is much—very much—that a public should be found to encourage a statement of occurrences which have conducted a man of intelligence

and open mind like the author's to an affirmative answer to this question. He has witnessed these facts without being thereby moved to become a bigoted Spiritualist, in the same way as he has made his own the teaching of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, without being drawn into any immediate connection with the Theosophical Society; and we are happy to think that he is a specimen of many more who are thus leavening public opinions with our ideas. His reference to ourselves may be quoted. He says: "As I sat by myself in my study, thinking, thinking, thinking; thinking of the old eternal question, suddenly, as in a lightning gleam, I felt that all was well, and a great calm joy came upon me. I had just been glancing at a book lent me the same day by a friend. The book was *Esoteric Buddhism*, and why I should have called at this friend's, and got this book this day, are matters significant to me, though ordinary people will consider them of no importance. One look at the opening chapter of the book set me thinking. Intuitively I felt that here was the truth, the broad outlines were correct, whatever errors might be in the details. In an instant I knew the contents of the whole book. The sight of one page—one idea—gave me the plan of the whole volume. *Something within me suddenly remembered.*"

Many of us will recall something of this kind in their own experience, and feel a kinship with the writer. Nor could we wish from an outsider—one who knows nothing of us but what he has learned from strangers—a less prejudiced statement than the note he subjoins. "Readers must not infer from this that I accept the whole Theosophic teaching. I neither accept nor reject it. At the date with which this chapter deals I had not read any Theosophic literature. But I felt, at once, that here was the framework of the Eternal Truth. Since then I have learned that much fraud and trickery have been found connected with Theosophy and Theosophic writings, as with Spiritualism. These things, however, do not alter the fact that Twice Two are Four; and, no matter how many deceits and lies a knave may put upon us, we cannot reject his statement when he says that Twice Two are Four." We congratulate Mr. Clarke that he has been able thus to discriminate between the truth of our doctrines and the honour of our members. It is more than many are able to do; and we hope that it is a token that hereafter he will be encouraged—remembering that "grapes do not grow on thorns nor figs on thistles"—to enquire for himself whether it is likely that what he recognises as the Eternal Truth was indeed introduced to the world

by fraud and trickery. And when he *does* enquire, we have not much doubt of his conclusion. Meanwhile, we heartily recommend his book. His stories of his experiences with the spirits are of much interest, and narrated by the pen of a practised writer.

A A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, March. In "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott gives us an account of a visit to Burma. Next comes H. P. B.'s book, *The Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*. On this subject, whilst reiterating the assurance that most of this is the work of her lively imagination, he informs us that "a part of the narrative was, she told me, suggested by souvenirs of a former journey of hers from Southern India to Tibet, when she was really in the company and under the protection of the Adept whom she personifies under the *sobriquet* of Gulab Singh." He ends: "Woman to those who only knew her in her tempestuous, rebellious, brilliant, pain-racked female body. Ah! if the world ever comes to know who was the mighty entity who laboured sixty years under that quivering mask of flesh, it will repent its cruel treatment of H. P. B. and be amazed at the depth of its ignorance." The other articles are "Concerning Occultism," by S. Stuart; "Jesus, called the Christ," in which W. H. Mayers continues his useful work of drawing out the agreement of the real teaching of the Christ with our own doctrines. His conclusion is worth quoting. "Jesus," says he, "did not make the Law of Love; *but it made Him;* He simply interpreted and dramatised the love which had always been the law of all being, whether He had come into the world or not. . . . It is the law of love that the cross stands for; and it is this which is bringing it into conflict with the Christianity which bears its name. The organised cult of worship, the great ethnic religion that has grown up bearing His name, is something that Jesus never contemplated. We need not call it evil, and doubtless it was an inevitable historical process in the evolution of the universal society and religion. But it is foreign and in a large measure antagonistic to the idea and outlook of Jesus." Next comes a paper by W. Wilson, "A Study of Mesmerism"; a discourse by Dr. Marques to the Buddhist Church of Honolulu, on "The Duties of Buddhists"; "The Weird Snake Dance of the Mokis," (weird enough, in all conscience!), by Sirra; and the continuation of J. G.

O. Tepper's serious work, "The Nature of Gravitation considered as a Form of Energy."

Central Hindu College Magazine, March. This number is a notable one, not so much for its contents, which, however, are well up to the standard, as negatively. It does *not* contain any article upon Shrî Kṛishṇa and the Gopîs! *O si sic omnes!*

Theosophic Gleaner, March. For this magazine we cannot say so much. The *obligato* paper discusses the question of the Gopîs with much learning, but too obvious "special pleading." When will our Indian friends learn that on this matter "least said is soonest mended"? Amongst the other articles are an amusing discussion as to "Man's Superiority to Animals," in which the animals have the best of the argument; Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society," from our own pages, and some shorter papers.

Also from India: *The Dawn*, *Siddhanta Deepika*, *Indian Review*, and *East and West*, for March.

The Vâhan for April gives a long list of engagements for Mrs. Besant during her visit to England. The "Enquirer" continues the discussion of the phrase "who neither loves nor hates"; A. P. S. answers a question as to the exact working of curative mesmerism; M. R. K. enquires "To what extent can one give earnest support to Theosophy before becoming dogmatic?" A. A. W. undertakes (we hope not from experience!) to explain the "second childhood" of old age; and a number of answers are given to the never-ending question: "Are there circumstances under which a man may lawfully tell a lie?"

We have received the second number of a type-written periodical which announces itself as the *Lotus Lodge Journal*. It is quite natural that as the original members of the Lotus Circle grow up they should like still to keep together in the form of the new Lotus Lodge, and this little magazine is mainly occupied with Lodge work. It, however, reproduces a lecture on "Sound," delivered to the Lodge by Miss Pope, illustrated by a careful diagram of the human ear. The subscription (2*s*. per annum) is to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Ivo Rae, 103, Sotheby Road, Highbury. We hope the result of this meritorious effort will be to gain many new members for the Lodge.

Bulletin Théosophique, April, contains a very encouraging Report, given by the Secretary to the Convention of March 16th. In 1901 the French Section received 100 new members, and fifty-eight new names have been received in the three months of 1902; but (as the

Report says): "It is not only the increasing number of our members which constitutes our success; it is also and above all the quality of the new-comers, amongst whom are found many of high education; it is the slow but distinctly visible penetration of our doctrines amongst the public and even in the University, that fortress of the redoubtable orthodoxy of Science."

Revue Théosophique, March, opens with Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society"; Dr. Pascal gives a lecture on the Great Instructors of Humanity; Com. Courmes has an interesting story of how, being caught in a calm, he summoned spirits from the vasty deep and they actually came when he did call for them, and very nearly wrecked his ship, but finally left behind the desired breeze.

Théosophie, April, is a pleasant little number in which Mrs. Besant and Mlle. Aimée Blech have the principal share.

Theosophia, April, continues the reprint of H. P. B.'s earlier writings from *The Modern Panarion*. We cannot imagine that the Holmes' controversy can have any interest at the present time; these earlier papers had much better have been left to slumber in their native portfolio. We have also reprints from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and Mr. Sinnett. The only original matter is an account of some visions of a previous incarnation, by an anonymous writer.

Der Vâhan, for April, announces to the members of the Theosophical Society that in a few weeks the German Section will be an accomplished fact. In addition to the translations from the English *Vâhan* (this time including a long and valuable answer on the evidence of the existence of the Masters, from an earlier number), there are the usual analysis of the REVIEW, and various well-chosen extracts which make this struggling magazine worthy of the success we hope it will soon obtain.

Teosofia, for March, continues Mr. Leadbeater's "The Mission of the Theosophical Society," and Signora Calvari's "Transmigration, Metempsychosis and Reincarnation." A recent answer from *The Vâhan* and notes of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures at Florence complete the number.

Sophia, March, continues Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and "How *Isis Unveiled* was written." An interesting article on "The Magi of Modern Science," by D. José Melián, divides these from Mrs. Duddington's article on "Shelley's Adonais," and a further portion of H. P. B.'s *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, March, continues Pekka Ervast's "Theosophy

and Tolstoi's Doctrines," and gives a translation of Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society."

Theosophy in Australasia, February, breaks what is "supposed to be one of its unwritten laws" (rather indefinite, this!) to do the same. H. A. Wilson objects to the heathenism of H. G. Wells' *Anticipations*; and Mr. K. Castle speaks wisely and well on the "Daily Help given by Theosophy."

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine gives us two good numbers for February and March.

Theosophic Messenger, March, has interesting criticisms on Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, quoted from various American papers, amongst which is one from Julian Hawthorne in the good old style of (what would have been here, in England) fifty years ago. With all the progressiveness of America, it has many curious "survivals" of what is already out of date in the Old Country, and this is one. A Federation of the Eastern Branches, after the English model, is proposed, and seems a promising suggestion. Our friends in America suffer much from isolation.

Philadelphia, November and December, is a scholarly and solid number, the chief contents of which are "The Way to Happiness," by A. Sorondo;" "Our Æsthetic Ideas," by L. Lugones; "Reincarnation," by A. Marques; "Search the Scriptures," by Filaleteo; and "Microcosm and Macrocosm," by C. J. Coulomb (trs.).

We have also to acknowledge the Havana *Revista Teosofica*, *Dharmah*, and the Semarang *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Light; The Humanitarian; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; La Nuova Parola; Mind; Metaphysical Magazine; Logos Magazine; The Exodus; Light of Reason; Animal's Friend; Rosa Alchemica; Review of Reviews; N. Y. Magazine of Mysteries; The Philistine; The Advantage of Occult Study*, a Lecture by A. Fullerton; *Theosophy from Analogy*, by A. Fullerton; *Filosofia y Letras*, Buenos Aires; *A Plea for Sense and Science*, by John Atkinson; *Shakespeare's Macbeth and the Ruin of Souls*, by W. Miller; *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists*, No. 3, Botticelli.

A.

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