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SATYÂN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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

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

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AMERICA: Alexander Fullerton; New York, 46, Fifth Avenue.

INDIA: Upendra Nath Basu, B.A., LL.B.; Benares, N.W.P.

EUROPE: Bertram Keightley, M.A. (*pro tem.*); London, 28, Albemarle Street, W.

SCANDINAVIA: Arvid Knös; Sweden, Engelbrechtsgatan 7, Stockholm.

HOLLAND: W. B. Fricke; Amsterdam, 76, Amsteldijk.

FRANCE: Dr. Th. Pascal; Paris, 59, Avenue de la Bourdonnais.

ITALY: Captain Oliviero Boggiani (*pro tem.*); Rome, The Central Theosophical Committee, Via delle Muratte, 53.

AUSTRALIA: H. A. Wilson; Sydney, N.S.W., 42, Margaret Street.

NEW ZEALAND: C. W. Sanders; Auckland, Mutual Life Buildings, Lower Queen Street.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Annual Convention

THE Twelfth Annual Convention of the European Section was held in London, July 4th to 7th, and was most successful. Friends literally flocked in from the Continent, as though to prove that making Sections of their own did not lessen their fraternal interest and affection, and no Convention of the European Section when it included all Europe ever saw so many friends from the Continent as were present at this gathering. Holland, Belgium and France were the most largely represented countries; Germany and Italy were also there. Russia was represented by several of her children, Spain only by proxies, its delegate being prevented from starting at the last moment. From India also a delegate was present, and friends appeared from the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. What a Babel of sounds greeted the ear at the receptions, dinners and teas—we were truly international! And pleasant was it to see the all-pervading brotherliness, the complete ignoring of all national differences. And one thought how happy H. P. B. would have been to have

seen the strong trees which had grown out of the tiny root of the European Section that she planted. Great verily was the difference between the little band that surrounded her at the making of the Section twelve years ago, and the hundreds of Theosophists of many lands who thronged the halls in 1902.

* * *

THE European Section has given birth to five sturdy children, the Scandinavian, Dutch, French, Italian and German Sections.

The End of the European Section

The time had come for its euthanasia, for its name was no longer true, and assumed a territorial jurisdiction which it no longer possessed. Its executive council therefore decided to ask the Convention to pronounce that, the work of the European Section being done, the British organisation should revert to the name of the British Section, and that the President-Founder should be asked to allow the Spanish and Belgian Societies to remain connected with it until they organised their own Sections. The Convention decided to take this action, and a second resolution was thereafter passed, recommending the formation of a Federation of the European Sections, with the view of holding a European Theosophical Congress every year.

* * *

THE General Secretaries present, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and Signor Cervesato representing Italy, and Mrs. Annie Besant, met on July 7th in the office of the General Secretary of the British Section, and drew up a scheme to be submitted to the Sectional Executives, with the purpose of carrying out this resolution. It is proposed that an Annual Congress of the European Sections shall be held in connection with the Annual Convention of the Section that invites the Congress; that the General Secretaries shall form the Federation Council; that the General Secretary of the inviting Section shall be the Secretary of the Federation Council for the year, and shall be responsible for the organisation of the Congress; that each Section shall arrange in its own way for the selection of papers to be read from it at the Congress; that these papers, or a selection from them, and a summary of the discussions, shall be printed and circulated; that the expenses shall

The Federation of Europe

be met by the payment by each Section of a sum equivalent to fifty centimes per member. It is hoped that by means of this Federation a sense of solidarity will be preserved among the European Sections, and that their delegates will still meet in Congress year by year; for the annual international gatherings held for the last twelve years have proved too useful and too pleasant to be dropped. It is probable that the first of these proposed Annual Congresses will be held in London, the British General Secretary having invited the Congress to London in 1903.

* * *

THE Theosophical movement in France received a blow at the end of the week following the Convention, for the well-known and well-loved Dr. Pascal, the General Secretary of the French Section, was suddenly completely prostrated by serious illness, and will not be able to take any active work on his shoulders for some months to come. The younger members of the French Section will now have to put their shoulders to the wheel, so that the organisation shall not feel the temporary absence of its devoted chief. The future of Theosophy in France depends much on the capacity and the resolution now shown by them. We send to them a message of cheer and encouragement, and one of loving sympathy to our stricken colleague.

Work for the Younger

* * *

OUR hard-working Dutch colleagues had a serious loss some weeks ago. Among the many fires which have lately occurred over the western world was one which burned up their magazine, ready for binding, as well as much literature, including the whole Dutch editions of *The Ancient Wisdom*, and of *The Invisible Helpers*. Sympathy will not restore the loss, but it may soften the blow, and this we heartily tender.

Fire Elementals at Play

* * *

PHYSIOLOGISTS are trying hard to track life into its innermost hiding-place. It has been found that some fluids derived from the culture of micro-organisms, filtered through thick asbestos filters, show no particles under the highest available microscopic powers, but

From *Science Siftings*

possess properties which seem to be due to the presence of active organic bodies. Hence it is argued that "the vital unit" may be invisible and may be Weissman's "biophor." And if these should be found in Dr. Bose's vegetables and minerals, what then? Is not the day approaching when life shall be seen to be omnipresent and one?

* * *

The Unknown of Science

In a brightly written article by Dr. Andrew Lang, that able and thoughtful writer, discussing the "neurons" or "neura"—the pyramidal cells of the grey matter of the brain—with which we are alleged to think, wisely reminds his readers that no amount of research into the mechanism of consciousness avails to solve the problem of consciousness itself.

> My point is that, as to the soul or no soul, all this business of neurons and synapses takes us not an inch further forward. We all knew that "when the brains were out the man was dead," and, as far as ordinary every-day experience goes, was incapable of thought. We all knew that for thought we living human beings need brains, and the question as to souls or no souls is not in the slightest degree affected by examination into the mechanism of the brain. The old problem stands where it has always stood. . . There remains, luckily, in spite of theories of neurons (about which there seems to be no scientific unanimity), there remains a cosmic expanse of the unknown, which we may people with our dreams, no man saying us nay. Now the general tendency of popular science is to try to enclose this cosmic playground, to erect notices against trespass, and generally to shut us up in a lecture room full of disagreeable odours, with no exit except into a black cellar downstairs.

The cosmic playground is a vast ocean, which, rippling peacefully onwards, levels down the sand-barriers within which the human children would confine it. The free spirit may play at his pleasure with neura and synapses, making toys which squeak when pinched, but he remains, as ever, the "Inner Ruler, Immortal," the shaper, not the child, of matter.

* * *

Spirit and Religion

The qualities of the spirit are manifested through matter, but they do not arise from matter, and it is rightly pointed out in one of J.B.'s most valuable and theosophical articles in the *Christian World*, that religion is dependent on these and not on creeds and documents,

The men in whom these qualities are largely manifested are the teachers and sages of humanity.

Souls of this order are the true fountains of religious energy. At the head and summit of them stands the Christ. The Gospel shows itself psychologically true, notwithstanding the aberrations of its interpreters, by giving as the source of its power, not a theological system, but a Personality wholly absorbent of, and saturated through and through with the Divine. It was not mere mentality that made the Christ. It was soul.* What a remove from the thing we call "cleverness," the element which made Jesus supreme in the hearts of His followers! Was it by "cleverness" that, in Ullmann's striking words, "His mere presence passed a silent but irresistible sentence upon those by whom He was surrounded"? Was it a mere trick of the intellect that His look could break a strong man's heart? In this highest example we have demonstration of the fact that the crowning endowment of humanity is beyond and behind the intellect, using that only as a tool.

So also a keenly intuitive poet has written:

. . . and the Cross of Christ
Is more to us than all His miracles.†

The powers which purify and uplift flow from the spirit, and it is these which are needed to again enthrone religion among men. J. B. truly attributes to this the inspiration which fills a religious teacher, when

There emerges a tense and awful consciousness that he is then but an instrument of a higher Power; that the word is far more than his own; that his very limitations, his weakness and defects, his sense of personal nothingness, are but factors of a movement in which he, indeed, is taking part, but not as originator.

In the spirit lies the wonderful attractive power which makes some men love the saints, "the charm which holds men in the thrall of greater souls." Those in whom the spirit is stirring feel this thrill of kinship, while in the non-spiritual it gives rise to resentment, even to hatred. And J. B. speaks rightly when he says that this spiritual life must be realised by teachers of religion if they are to influence the world.

We are in an age of culture and of general knowledge-grinding. More than ever necessary is that for every teacher, but it is only a beginning. In the higher natures mind is only servant of the soul. Our qualification for any grade of spiritual office is in the incessant cultivation of our central and

* We should prefer the word spirit, that which is the divine nature in man.

† Mrs. Hamilton King, *The Disciples*.

innermost. It is when we find our Higher Self, our greater Ego, the infinite Ground of our being, to be more and more filling us and making our life, that we can speak of progress.

He urges on his readers "the recovery of the almost lost art of prayer," which begins in "a kind of egotism," but ever "ends, if truly followed, in a self-surrender." "Who shall measure for us the sheer moral energy of a self-offering?" Meditation, worship of the Highest, these are necessary for the manifestation of the spirit. We must make time to exclude the outer if we would know the inner. The ceaseless hurry, the incessant demands of the outer life, leave no quiet time for seeking the God within. Yet this search is absolutely necessary for the unveiling of the hidden splendour. It is as true now as of old: "Ye cannot serve [successfully] God and Mammon."

* * *

A STRANGE event has taken place in Paris and is recorded in *L'Éclair* of June 29th. It reached us too late for earlier notice.

If not Reincarnation, then What?

The Society of Dramatic Authors, presided over by M. Victorien Sardou, admitted among its members a girl of ten years of age, born on March 5th, 1892. She advanced to the President as a short-frocked child, with loose, floating hair. This child had written several plays, which had been successfully produced. And it seems that she has been writing for years, according to her mother, who says that when she was but five years old, on a visit to London, she recited before Queen Victoria and the then Princess of Wales, some stories composed in English by herself. As to her English, her mother said that she did not know how or where she had learned it, and the child ejaculated: "I did not learn it, I knew it." She says that she watches, observes closely, analyses and writes the result. "When I go in an omnibus I observe my fellow-passengers, guess their thoughts, construct their romances." Her writings are ironical, pessimistic, it is said.

"What has the world done to you?"

"Nothing. It is hateful: that is all. It is unclean; it would be better not to know it."

Your precocious pessimism makes one think of the babe who came

into the world, looked round him, exclaimed: 'So that's the world! Well, I go back!'"

"Yes, but I am content not to have gone back. I do not get angry, not a bit. I amuse myself, I amuse myself with life, put it into comedies and play it."

This strange child writes under the name of Carmen d'Assilva, and looks at the drama of life with aged eyes.

* * *

HERE is a true story:

SCENE 1. London. Thursday.

The Rising Generation and the T.S.

Small Boy (*æt.* 5): Grandpa, where are you going?
Grandpapa: I'm going to the T.S.
Small Boy: What's the T.S.?
Grandpapa: The Theosophical Society.

SCENE 2. Hampshire. Sunday.

Mr. C. (taking down his hat): I'm just going out.
Small Boy: Are you going to the T.S.?
Mr. C.: No. What's the T.S.?
Small Boy: Don't you know what the T.S. is? That's the Theosophical Society. My grandpa goes to the T.S. Do you?

Thus is propaganda carried on. "Out of the mouth of babes," etc.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM JAMES, the well-known psychologist, is doing useful service to the higher thought. In his latest book, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, he leads the student to that study of the workings of consciousness that can alone take the place, as a basis, of the documents destroyed by historical criticism. He regards man's consciousness as dual, as consisting of a superficial and an inner consciousness, the former the sphere of the reason, the latter of intuition and religion. The man of the world, the scientist, the reasoner, all live in the superficial, the waking consciousness; the mystic lives in the inner, and in him it unfolds its powers. Mr. James recognises the evidential value of human religious experience, of the facts of inner serenity, joy, change of fear into calmness, which are found to result, in all religions, from the realisation of the higher life, and of the divine Presence. The inner self is given, by Mr. James, in common with most

The "Subconscious Self"

western psychologists, the awkward name of "the sub-conscious self," thus by name reducing it to a less alive condition than the waking consciousness, while claiming for it a more widely extended range of powers. "Super-conscious" would be better, though not good. However, the modern sub-conscious self is the ancient spirit and soul in man, and hereon, truly, and not on books and traditions, is religion built. First-hand knowledge, first-hand experience, that is the sure rock on which religion must set her feet, for every man must, in the long run, be "taught of God," and see by "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

* * *

OUR senior Editor cannot be accused of being a very stationary person. During the past, present and future few months she has visited and will visit the North, South, Midland and Western parts of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy. Of old the apprentice had to do his *Wanderjahr*, and the modern Theosophist, apprentice in such high craft of WISDOM, seems to come under the same law.

* * *

HERE is a sentence of Ruskin, full of wisdom and of meaning, deserving to be pondered over by the upward-aspiring among Theosophists:

> We continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it, as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon.

Few, indeed, are they who are willing to bear the cross; how many fewer those who are willing to be crucified on it. And yet crucifixion has ever formed a part of the ritual of Initiation, and all such ritual symbolises facts. People are for the most part enamoured of imaginary sufferings, and live through with pleasure, *in imagination*, scenes of heroic agony and of lofty endurance. But when it comes to the ugly reality of sharp nails piercing quivering limbs—ah! then comes the test which separates the hero from the dreamer. But the dreamers also become heroes, only their "hour is not yet come."

EARLIEST EXTERNAL EVIDENCE TO THE DATE OF JESUS

PLINY THE YOUNGER—SUETONIUS—TACITUS

IN our last article we dealt with the date of Jesus according to the accepted canonical sources, and endeavoured to track out the main strength of the tradition preserved by the synoptic writers. The result of this investigation was that the probabilities seemed to be strongly in favour of our possessing a historical fact in the statement that Jesus was a contemporary of Pilate. We now turn to a consideration of the earliest external evidence.

It has always been an unfailing source of astonishment to the historical investigator of Christian beginnings, that there is not one single word from the pen of any Pagan writer of the first century of our era, which can in any fashion be referred to the marvellous story recounted by the Gospel writers. The very existence of Jesus is ignored.

It can hardly be that there were once notices, but that they were subsequently suppressed by Christian copyists because of their hostile or even scandalous nature, for inimical notices of a later date have been preserved. The reason for this silence is doubtless to be discovered in the fact that Christianity was confounded with Judaism, no distinction being made between them in the minds of non-Jewish writers. Converts to Christianity were held to be proselytes to Judaism, and it was a matter of no importance to a Roman what particular sect of Jewry a convert might join. Such a question as what particular phase of Messianism the Judæi might be agitated about never occurred to him; circumcision or uncircumcision had no interest for him. He had a vague idea that the Judæi were a turbulent folk politically dangerous to the state, that they had a strange

superstition and were haters of the human race, and there he left it.

As, then, we can find nothing about the Christians in Pagan writers of the first century, we turn to our earliest notices of the second century as found in the writings of Pliny the younger, Suetonius and Tacitus.

All three were men who held imperial offices, were well known at court, and presumably had access to the archives of the empire. All three were distinguished writers and historians, and probably all three were personal friends. We know for a fact from his letters that Pliny and Tacitus were intimate friends, and also that Pliny and Suetonius were friendly correspondents.

Pliny was born 61 A.D., his greatest literary activity was in the reign of Trajan, but as to whether or no he survived his imperial master (d. 117) we have no information. Tacitus was of the same age as Pliny and survived Trajan, but the exact date of his death is unknown. Suetonius was some ten years younger, being born about 70-71 A.D.; he was private secretary to Hadrian (emp. 117-138 A.D.), but the year of his death also is unknown.

If we, then, first turn to the famous letter of Pliny to Trajan and to Trajan's reply (*Letters*, x. 96, 97), we shall find much to interest us concerning the Christians of distant Pontus and Bithynia who came up for trial before Pliny as Proprætor, but nothing in either Pliny's report or in the presumed rescript of the Emperor that will give us the smallest clue to the date of Jesus. But even had we found in this correspondence direct or indirect confirmation of the traditional date, we should still have had to consider the arguments of those who have contended either that both pieces are forgeries or that interpolations have been made in the original text.* If, however, we have a genuine letter of Pliny before us, and I am inclined to think it largely genuine, it is with very great probability to be assigned to the year 112 A.D.; † but as the question of the date and genuineness of this correspondence does not immediately concern us (for in it

* On the literature see Platner's (S. B.) *Bibliography of the Younger Pliny* (Western Reserve University, Ohio; 1895); also Wilde (C.G.I.), S.J., *De C. Plinii Caecilii, Secundi et Imp. Trajani Epp. mutuis Disputatio* (Leyden; 1889), who, while maintaining their genuineness, gives a summary of contrary opinions.

† See Mommsen (T.), *Hermes* (1869), iii. 53.

we can find nothing to help our present investigation), we pass to the statements of Suetonius.

There are two short sentences in Suetonius' *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars* (from Julius Cæsar to Domitian—*i.e.*, to 96 A.D.), both of which appear to refer to the Christians. In his Life of Claudius (emp. 41-54 A.D.) Suetonius tells us (ch. xxv.), that the Emperor banished the Jews, or certain Jews, from Rome because of the persistent disturbances which arose among them "*impulsore Chresto.*"

For long fierce controversy has raged round these two words, which we may translate by the phrase "at the instigation of Chrestus" (lit., "Chrestus being the *impulsor*").

It is contended on strong philological grounds that this must refer to a living person.* It has thus been supposed by some to refer simply to a Jew called Chrestus who was then living at Rome; but this seems to me to be a very unsatisfactory explanation. For we know that "Chrestus" is still sometimes found in MSS. where we should expect "Christus"; we know further that Tertullian (*Apol.*, iii.), at the beginning of the third century, accuses the Romans of so mispronouncing the name of Christ, and from Lactantius (*Institt.*, iv. 7), a century later, that it was still a common custom.

It is not necessary here to enquire whether this confusion of Christus and Chrestus was really only an ignorant mistake on the part of non-Christians, or whether there may not be some further explanation of the phenomenon; † an outsider like Suetonius would anyhow not be likely to know the difference, and so we may very well in this passage take Chrestus for Christus.

But even so we are confronted with the difficulty that according to the received tradition the Christian Christ was never at Rome, and did not survive to the reign of Claudius.

Moreover, if it be argued that Suetonius does not employ the

* See Smilda (H.), *C. Suetonii Tranquilli Vita Divi Claudii* (Groningen; 1896), p. 124, n.; also Schiller (H.), *Geschichte der römischen Kaiserzeit* (Gotha; 1883), i. 447, n. 6.

† The most ancient dated Christian inscription (Oct. 1, 318 A.D.) runs "The Lord and Saviour Jesus the Good"—*Chrestos*, not *Christos*. This was the legend over the door of a Marcionite Church, and the Marcionites were Gnostics, and did not confound their Chrestos with the Jewish Christos.

phrase "*impulsore Chresto*" literally, but intended it to carry a metaphorical meaning, even so we have to remember that Christus does not necessarily refer to Jesus. *Christos* is simply the Greek for the Hebrew *Messiah*, the "anointed," and at this period there were many claiming to be this "anointed." The reference may then be simply to a Messianic riot of some sort among the Jews.*

When, then, we come across the term "Christiani" in Pagan writers referring to disturbances of the first century, we are not to assume off-hand that those thus designated must necessarily have been followers of Jesus of Nazareth; they may on the contrary have been simply Jewish Messianists and most probably of the Zealot type. And this may be argued to be the case when Suetonius, in the second of his famous sentences, in his Life of Nero (emp. 54-68), tells us (c. xvi.) that certain "Christiani" were severely punished or put to the torture; these he characterises as "a class of people who believed in a new and noxious superstition." This might apply to Messianists, for the Romans had been compelled to deal with many disturbances of this nature in Palestine in the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius and Nero, and doubtless tumults of a similar character had arisen among the Jews of the Dispersion as well. But we cannot be sure that this is the meaning of Suetonius, even if the question were not rendered far more complicated by what is found in Tacitus on the subject. Least of all can we dispose of the difficulty by assuming that the two sentences in Suetonius are interpolations by a Christian hand, for it is almost impossible to believe that any Christian could have used such phraseology.

We, therefore, finally turn to the famous passage in Tacitus (*Ann.*, xv. 44), where we find it clearly stated that the Christians were so-called from a certain Christus who in the reign of Tiberius was put to death under Pontius Pilate. This statement occurs in a brief but graphic account of the horrible cruelties which these Christians are said to have suffered under Nero. It was in connection with the Great Fire at Rome in 64 A.D. Tacitus will have it that it was commonly believed at the time that the

* See Schiller (H.), *Geschichte des römischen Kaiserreichs unter der Regierung des Nero* (Berlin; 1872), p. 434.

conflagration had been started by the express orders of the Emperor himself. To divert the public mind and remove this imputation Nero had singled out the Christiani to play the part of scapegoat, seeing that they were held in general detestation for their evil practices. They were accused, put to the torture, condemned and done to death with refinements of cruelty.

From the time of Gibbon, however, it has been strongly questioned whether at that date Christians were numerous enough at Rome to have been so singled out, and it has been accordingly maintained that the fury of the populace had been vented simply on the Jews in general, seeing that the fire had broken out in their quarter; in short that Tacitus is in error and has transferred the popular detestation of the Christians in his own day to the times of Nero.

In this connection we have to recall the short sentence in Suetonius which apparently refers to the same event when we read Tacitus, but which seems to have nothing to do with it when we read Suetonius. We can further speculate as to whether Suetonius may have derived his information from Tacitus, or Tacitus may have embellished the statement of Suetonius. But surely if Suetonius had had the passage of Tacitus before him, and had believed in his great contemporary's view of the matter, he would have made more use of his graphic details? It seems far more probable that Suetonius is reproducing the dry bones of some brief official record, while Tacitus, in working out a character sketch of Nero from insufficient data, and with a strong prejudice against him, has collected together unrelated events, and painted them in with the gaudiest colours of a vivid imagination excited by some tragic stories he had heard concerning the Christians of a later time and of his own day.*

But it is not so much the persecution of Christiani under Nero that concerns us, as the explicit statement that the Christiani whom Tacitus has in mind were the followers of that

* See Bruno Bauer, *Christus und die Caesaren: Der Ursprung des Christenthums aus dem römischen Griechenthum* (Berlin; 1879; 2nd ed.). That in general Tacitus is a historical romancist who has too long fascinated schoolmasters and their pupils by the beauty of his style, and not a sober historian, is an accepted judgment among competent historical scholars. See especially Tarver (J. C.), *Tiberius the Tyrant* (London; 1902); Tarver gives a totally different estimate of Tiberius from the caricature of Tacitus, to whom the good fame of an anti-senatorial emperor was of far less importance than the neat turning of a phrase.

Christus who was put to death under Pontius Pilate in the reign of Tiberius. If this statement is from the pen of Tacitus, and if it was based on information derived from Roman records, there is nothing more to be said. The positive answer to our question has been found, and the accepted date of Jesus stands firm.

The famous sentence runs as follows: "*Auctor nominis ejus Christus Tiberio imperitante per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*"

Let us first of all assume its genuineness, that is that we have before us a sentence written by Tacitus himself. Even so, it is very difficult to persuade oneself that the statement is derived from some official Roman record. On the contrary it has all the appearance of being part of a Christian formula. Surely in an official record we should not have the name of Pilate introduced with no further qualification than simply that of Procurator. Procurator of what? "In the reign of Tiberius under Pilate the Governor" would mean something definite to a Christian, for he would know that the whole story of his Christus had to do with Judæa, but to a Roman the phrase would convey nothing of a very precise nature. Later on in the Tacitean narrative it is true we are told the Christian sect arose in Judæa, but on the other hand we must remember that it is just this sudden "Pilate the Governor" which meets us in our investigation of the synoptic tradition, as we showed in our last article. It might then (if the sentence is genuine) be of interest to determine the date of writing of this part of the *Annals*, but this is impossible to do with any exactitude. It seems, however, probable that it was written subsequently to 117 A.D., a date when the Pilate formula was indubitably firmly established among Christian circles.

It is also to be noticed that Tacitus seems to know nothing of the name of Jesus; and it is exceedingly improbable that in any official record the proper name of the person would be omitted, and a name used which officials familiar with Palestinian affairs must have known to be a general title which was at that time being claimed by many. Moreover, Jesus was not, according to the canonical tradition, accused of being a claimant to Messiahship, a matter which did not concern the Roman magistrates, but with the political offence of claiming to be King

of the Jews. It is then far more probable that Tacitus derived his information from hearsay, and imagined that Christus was the actual and only name of the founder of the Christian sect.

But all these considerations depend upon the assumption that we have a genuine sentence of Tacitus before us. Now it has been often pointed out that "*Tiberio imperitante*" is entirely opposed to all Tacitean usage. It cannot be paralleled elsewhere in his vocabulary, and moreover is contrary to regular use. The early Emperors were still regarded solely as heads of the Republic, and as such were called Principes; we should, therefore, expect "*Principe Tiberio*," or some such combination. Philological arguments, however, as a rule, are seldom very convincing; but it is not very easy to dispose of the present one off-hand. The sentence, moreover, has a strong appearance of being inserted in the rest of the narrative. Many, therefore, consider it an interpolation, and some even are of opinion that the whole of the chapter is a fabrication. As Hochart says: "This chapter contains almost as many inexplicable difficulties as it does words."*

But this laborious scholar represents the extreme left wing of Tacitean criticism, and valuable as is his work in bringing out the difficulties which have to be surmounted before we can be positive that the whole chapter under discussion—(much more then the sentence which specially interests us)—is not, as he contends,† an interpolation, his authority is somewhat weakened by his subsequent lengthy researches,‡ in which he courageously revived the whole question of the authenticity of the famous MS., purporting to contain the last six books of the *Annals* and the first five of the *Histories* of Tacitus, which was first brought to light about 1429 by Poggio Bracciolini and Niccoli—the sole MS. from which all copies have since been made. Hochart maintains that in the very learned humanist Poggio himself we have a Pseudo-Tacitus, and that in those books of the *Histories*

* *Annales de la Faculté des Lettres de Bordeaux*, 1884, No. 2.

† Hochart (P.), *Études au Sujet de la Persécution des Chrétiens sous Néron* (Paris; 1885). For arguments in favour of its genuineness see Arnold (C. F.), *Die neronische Christenverfolgung* (Leipzig; 1888).

‡ *De l'Authenticité des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite* (Paris; 1890), p. 320; and *Nouvelles Considérations au Sujet des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite* (Paris; 1894), p. 293

and *Annals* we are therefore face to face with an elaborate pseud-epigraph.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that the strain of supporting this conclusion is too great for even the most robust scepticism (though it may be that stranger things have happened in literature). In any case it does not affect the main point of our argument—namely, that, admitting the genuineness of the chapter and even of the sentence that specially concerns our enquiry, we cannot be sure that we have in it a confirmation of the canonical tradition of the Pilate date from an independent source.

Josephus

We have, then, passed in review our earliest notices in the works of Pagan writers of the second century, and may next turn our attention to that Jewish writer of the first century who above all others might be expected to supply us with the certainty of which we are in search.

Joseph ben Mattatiah, the priest, or, to use the name he adopted in honour of the Flavian House, Flavius Josephus, was born 37-38 A.D. and survived till at least 100 A.D. His father Matthias was a member of one of the high priestly families, was learned in the Law and held in high repute in Jerusalem. Matthias was thus a contemporary of Pilate, and should therefore have been an eye-witness of those wonderful events in Jerusalem which the Gospel narratives so graphically depict in connection with the death of Jesus; he might even have been expected to have taken part in them; at the very least he could not have failed to have heard of them if they actually occurred in the way in which they are described.

Josephus, if we can accept his own account of himself, was from his earliest years trained in the Law and had an insatiable love of religious learning. When he was but fourteen years old, he tells us, the high priests and doctors used to come to ask him questions on difficult points of the Thora and its traditions. This may of course refer simply to his wonderful memory, in the exercise of which for the most part such learning consisted; but over and beyond this, we are told, he was most eagerly anxious to know and practise the inner side of religion, and busily en-

quired into the tenets of all the sects of Jewry. For three years he retired to the desert, apparently to some Essene-like community, and submitted himself to its vigorous discipline. In 64 A.D., at the age of twenty-six, we find him at Rome interested in obtaining the freedom of some friends of his, priests who even in prison refused all Gentile fare and managed to support themselves on the ascetic diet of figs and nuts.

During the Jewish War Josephus was given the important command of Galilee, and displays an intimate knowledge of the country in which, according to the Gospel tradition, was the chief scene of the ministry of Jesus. As a self-surrendered prisoner in the hands of the Romans he played a very important part in the hastening of the end of the war, and was subsequently held in high estimation by the rulers of the Empire and devoted himself to writing a history of his people and an account of the war. Many additional reasons could be adduced, but enough has already been said to show why Josephus, who might be called the "historian of the Messianic age," is just the very writer who might be expected to tell us something decisive about the Christians and their origins. Nor can the detestation of the Jews for the memory of the "traitor," which makes them still regard every line of his writings about those days with exaggerated suspicion, in any way lessen the authority of Josephus in this respect; for the complaint of Christians against him is not that he misrepresents them or their beginnings, but that he absolutely ignores their existence.

It is true that we have that famous passage in his *Antiquities* (XVIII. iii. 3) which amply and doctrinally confirms the Gospel tradition; but how a so transparent forgery could have escaped detection in even the most uncritical age is a marvel. For many years it has been abandoned by all schools of criticism, even the most conservative, and we have only to turn to any modern translation or text to find it definitely characterised as an interpolation or enclosed in brackets.* It is not only that we are confronted with upwards of a dozen most potent arguments

* See, for instance, F. Kaulen's German translation, *Flavius Josephus' jüdische Alterthümer* (Köln; 1892, 3rd ed.), p. 620, n., and B. Niese's critical text, *Flavii Josephi Opera* (Berlin; 1890), iv. pp. 151, 152. The most recent French translation, edited by T. Reinach, *Œuvres complètes de Flavius Josèphe* (Paris; 1900), has so far given us only five books of the *Antiquities*.

against its authenticity, but that we have also the explicit statement of Origen in the third century that Josephus (with whose works he was acquainted, and whom he is quoting to prove the historic existence of John the Baptist) had no belief whatever in Jesus being the Christ,* whereas the spurious passage states categorically that he was *the* Christ. Nevertheless, there are still a few isolated scholars who, while admitting that it is heavily interpolated, endeavour to save some fragments of the passage,† and even one stalwart apologist who maintains its complete genuineness.‡

But if there be anything certain in the whole field of criticism, it is that this passage was never written by Josephus. And this being so, the reference (in *Antiqq.*, XX. ix. 1) to a certain Jacobus, "the brother of Jesus called Christ," constitutes the only reference to Jesus in the voluminous writings of Josephus which Origen could discover; but unfortunately the statement of Origen casts grave doubts upon the words "brother of Jesus called Christ," for he twice§ declares that Josephus describes the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple as a divine retribution for the murder of this James—a most highly improbable opinion to father upon Josephus, and no trace of which is to be found either in the passage in which the phrase we are considering now stands, or in the rest of Josephus' works. It is therefore exceedingly probable that this phrase was taken from Origen and incorporated into the text of Josephus by later scribes. These being the only references that can be adduced in the voluminous writings of the Jewish historian, it follows that Josephus knows nothing of "*the* Christ," though he knows much of various "Christs."

Though the argument from silence must in all cases be received with the greatest caution, it cannot fail deeply to impress us in the case of Joseph ben Mattatiah; for it is almost humanly impossible that, if the details of the Christian tradition and the affairs of the Christian world had been historically in the

* Origen, *Contra Celsum*, i. 47.

† See Müller (G. A.), *Christus bei Josephus Flavius* (Innsbruck; 1895, 2nd ed.).

‡ Bole (F.), *Flavius Josephus über Christus und die Christen* (Brixen; 1896).

§ Origen, *Contra Celsum*, i. 47, ii. 13.

time of Josephus just what they are stated to have been in our canonical documents, the historian of that special age and country could have kept silence concerning them. If these things were just as they are said to have been, there is no convincing reason that we can assign for the silence of a man who, like Josephus, was in a most admirable position to know about them.

Josephus had been trained in an Essene-like community and seems even to have gone to Rome in "Essene" interests. He is just the man to tell us of those early Christian communities which were formed on models closely resembling those of the Pious and the Poor and the Naked. He goes to Rome just when Paul is also said to have been there, and no doubt was there, and just about the time when, if we are to believe Tacitus, the Christiani were singled out for public persecution and cruel martyrdom by Imperial tyranny; and yet he knows nothing of all this. With regard to the ministry and death of Jesus it might be said that all this had happened before Josephus was born, though surely it might be expected that his father would have told him of such stirring, nay overwhelming, events; still it is strange that with regard to the gruesome tragedy at Rome he apparently knows not even so much as of a community of Christians.

Was, then, the story in those days other than we have it now? Were the origins of Christianity, as we have elsewhere suggested, hidden among the pledged members of the mystic communities and ascetic orders, and only imperfectly known among their outer circles, which were also largely held to secrecy? Was it all of older date than we are accustomed to regard it? Who shall say with utter confidence? The silence of Josephus permits us to speculate, but gives us no answer to our questionings. It may be even that some items of what the Jewish writer tells us of other leaders of sects and claimants to Messiahship may have been conflated and transformed later on by our Gospel writers or their immediate predecessors, and so used to fill out the story of a life for which they had but little historic data. But this is a delicate and obscure subject of research which requires new treatment.*

* See the attempt of Solomon (G.), *The Jesus of History and the Jesus of Tradition Identified* (London; 1880).

We thus see that, as far as our present enquiry is concerned, we can obtain no positive help from any Pagan or Jewish writer of the first century, or for that matter of the first quarter of the second. It remains to enquire whether from the fragments of extra-canonical gospels or the remains of Old-Christian traditions and from the apocrypha generally we can get any help.

Apocrypha

If the general learned opinion on this literature, or at any rate on all of it which in any way makes mention of the Herod or Pilate dates, holds good, namely, that it is later than our Gospels, then we have nothing to help us.

But the recent brilliant study of Conrady* on *The Book of James*, commonly called the *Protevangelium* (the name given to it by Postel, who first brought it to light in the sixteenth century), the original of which is already admitted by some to reach back as far as the middle of the second century, opens up a question which, if answered in the affirmative, "would mean a complete revolution of our views on the canon and of the origins of Christianity."† Conrady believes that he has demonstrated that in some of their details of the history of the infancy our first and third evangelists borrow from a common source, and that this source is no other than our extant *Protevangelium*. He would have it that this *Book of James* is of Egyptian origin. The author was not a Jewish Christian, but most probably an Egyptian and an Alexandrian. It is to be hoped that Conrady may follow up his excursion into this field of investigation by other researches of a similar nature; and since he has raised the presumption that we have in the *Protevangelium* one of the "many" Gospel writings referred to in the introduction of the third Gospel, we may glance through the literature,‡ other than that of the distinct Pilate apocrypha, for a reference to Pilate.

This we shall find only in the so-called *Gospel of Peter*, a considerable fragment of which relating to the Passion and eath of

* Conrady (L.), *Die Quelle der kanonischen Kindheitsgeschichte Jesus'* (Göttingen; 1900).

† See Nichol's review of Conrady's book in *The Critical Review* (London), January, 1902.

‡ See Preuschen (E.), *Antilegomena: Die Reste der ausserkanonischen Evangelien nd urchristlichen Ueberlieferungen* (Giessen; 1901)j

Jesus was discovered in a tomb at Akhmîm in 1885 and first published in 1892. Much has been written during the last ten years on this interesting fragment, but the general opinion of scholars is that the writer shows a knowledge of all our four Gospels. If, however, the original of this fragment could be shown to be older than our Gospels (a most difficult undertaking), it would also rank among the "many." Although agreeing substantially with our Gospel accounts, it differs very considerably in its more abundant details from the simple narrative of the "common document," and is strongly Docetic, that is to say, represents Jesus as suffering only in appearance. Its Gnostic character, however, in this respect (for as I have shown elsewhere* the origin of Docetism does not depend on purely doctrinal considerations) does not, in my opinion, necessarily point to a late date, though its elaboration of detail seems to argue a later development of tradition as compared with the simplicity of the narrative of the "common document." On the other hand it may be that the "common document" had already begun the process of "selection."

Finally in this connection we may have to pay more attention to the so-called *Gospel of Nicodemus or Acts of Pilate*, the first thirteen chapters of which describe the trial of Jesus before Pilate, the condemnation, crucifixion and resurrection, substantially in agreement with our canonical Gospels, but containing many other details not found elsewhere. Though the present form of these Acts is not earlier than the fourth century, the question of there being what the Germans call a *Grundschrift* of a comparatively very early date underlying them has recently been raised by Rendel Harris in an exceedingly interesting monograph,† in which he pleads for a new investigation of the subject, on the ground that he has detected traces of a Homeric Gospel under the Greek text of our *Acta*, that is to say a Gospel story patched together out of verses of the great Homeric literature. Among many other points of interest, he thinks he has shown that in the passage where Joseph begs the body of Jesus from Pilate, "that Pilate has been turned into Achilles, that Joseph is the good old

* *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London; 1900), p. 427.

† Rendel Harris (J.), *The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate* (London; 1898).

Priam, begging the body of Hector, and that the whole story is based upon the dramatic passages of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad;" and in favour of his hypothesis it must be said that we certainly know from the Sibylline literature that Jewish writers long prior to the first century of our era used Homeric verses for similar purposes.

Professor Harris thus contends that such a Homeric Gospel may have existed prior to Justin Martyr (c. 150), and so this famous apologist, when in his *Dialogue with Trypho* (cc. 102, 103), he twice refers to certain *Acts of Pilate*, may be saved from the now generally endorsed imputation that his wish solely was father to his statement. Justin may have had this much ground for his assertion that there was in existence the *Grundschrift* of our *Acta*, though of course these *Acta* were by no means the official Roman reports which he seems to have believed them to be.

The subject is a fascinating one, but will not help us much in our present enquiry; for—granting the existence of the underlying document, and also its Homeric nature, thus accounting for its strange conflation of miracles and events (separately recorded in our canonical Gospels), by the necessity of the vague and general nature of the verse-tags which had to be employed by the Centonist—it argues a later date than our Gospels.

It will thus be seen that our review of the earliest external evidence for the date of Jesus, even when we take into consideration the most unusual lines of research, leaves us with nothing so distinct as does the result of the analysis of the tradition of our canonical Gospels. The argument for the authenticity of the Pilate tradition centres round the obscure question of the date of the "common document." The earlier we can push this back the greater is the probability of the genuineness of the tradition.

We will next turn our attention to the Talmud Jeschu stories, but before doing so it will be advisable to give the general reader some idea of the Talmud itself, and to append some further necessary preliminaries.

G. R. S. MEAD.

LIFE OR DEATH?

In a darkened chamber a nurse and a man were conversing in low tones by the fireside.

In the centre of the room stood a curtained bedstead upon which lay the white-haired form of an old man, whose sands of life were slowly running out.

For many years past his life had been a lonely one. Endowed with the instincts of a recluse, he had shut himself off from the society of his fellows. One by one his kindred had passed away, and now his brother's son alone remained to watch his closing hours.

Mental failure had succeeded an illness extending over several weeks, and a period of unconsciousness had supervened, which it was expected would maintain its hold until the end. The dying man was already cut off from the scenes and associations of this world.

"Do you think he is trying to speak?" the nephew asked, as an incoherent murmur came from the bed.

"No, I think not," replied the nurse, "He is constantly muttering to himself. His mind probably still wanders in the past. He has not recognised anyone for several days, and the doctor said to-day that he cannot possibly regain consciousness." After a pause she resumed: "I often think that at such times they can see things which we do not."

"Death-bed visions are supposed to be of common occurrence," replied the man, "and in your profession you must have exceptional opportunities for observation."

"Yes, I have witnessed many such incidents. It seems at times as if they recognised once more those from whom they had been parted. Do you believe in apparitions of that kind?"

"Well, it would depend somewhat upon the circumstances.

An apparition is frequently seen by one person only, in which event it is probably the creation of his own brain. Where, however, it is known to have been visible to two or more persons, a subjective origin would be very improbable. Speaking generally, I think there is far more behind all so-called 'ghost stories' than is popularly supposed. It is unlikely that they would have become so widespread or attained such a measure of credence, unless they were based upon some foundation of fact."

"Do you know, I once had rather a strange experience," said the nurse. "It is a kind of ghost story."

"I should like to hear it."

"Wait one moment. I think he has dropped off to sleep. Yes, he is sleeping quietly now, so I will tell you my story. I was nursing at the time in a private house, and one afternoon, having been on duty the previous night, I went to lie down in a spare room to get some sleep. Just as I was on the point of dosing off, a slight noise in the room aroused me. Thinking it was the day-nurse who had come to fetch something, I said, without opening my eyes: 'Don't come here, please, I want to sleep.' No reply being made, I looked up, but there was no one in the room. I naturally concluded that it must have been imagination on my part, and once more lay down. I was again half dozing when the noise was repeated. This time it sounded like someone fumbling at the dressing table. I jumped up and called out impatiently, 'Who is that?' but again no one was to be seen. By this time I was thoroughly aroused, and, realising that there was no more prospect of sleep, I gave up the attempt. The same evening I mentioned the incident to the housekeeper, but she, of course, said that I must have been mistaken. There was something in her manner, however, which aroused my suspicions, and I made up my mind to get to the bottom of the affair, if possible. As luck would have it, the secret came out quite accidentally. There was a man-servant in the house, who waited upon our patient, and a few days afterwards I asked if he could arrange to occupy the spare room, in order to be close at hand. He, however, refused point blank, and on my asking the reason, he told me that the room was haunted. I, of course, pressed him for some further particulars, and on my promising

not to tell anyone else in the house, he let me hear the story. It was to the effect that a former occupant had committed suicide in the spare room by cutting his throat at the dressing-table, and his ghost was said to haunt the spot at intervals and re-enact the tragedy. There, that is my story. Do you think it was the ghost that I heard?"

"At any rate your experience harmonises with the usual run of ghost stories. But did you hear nothing more about it?"

"No; after that we all avoided the subject and the spare room too, for that matter."

"I think you said you saw nothing."

"No, there was nothing visible, although I seemed to be conscious of the presence of someone in the room."

"It is a pity you are not what the Spiritualists call 'clairvoyant,' you might then have seen your ghost."

"Are you a believer in Spiritualism then?"

"Well, the term is rather a comprehensive one, and as there have been a good many fraudulent mediums exposed from time to time, the cult does not bear a very good name. On the other hand the phenomena of Spiritualism have been vouched for by scientific men, and I have myself attended séances, where, I was satisfied, there was no suspicion of trickery."

"I should rather like to go to a séance, and yet I think I should be a little nervous."

"I suppose you have never tried Planchette writing."

"Oh, yes, we used to have a Planchette at home, but it only made scrawls, and I believe my brothers pushed it. But will it really write properly by itself?"

"Certainly. There is not very much difficulty in getting it to write, but whether the communications are reliable or not, is another question. It is necessary to exercise discrimination. Judging from your story, it is possible that you are sensitive to psychic influences, and would make a good Planchette writer. I have one downstairs. Would you like to try?"

"Above all things," replied the nurse.

"Let me see, it is nearly 11 o'clock. There is an hour before the other nurse comes on duty. Is there anything you have to attend to?" glancing towards the bed.

"No, he is still asleep. There is nothing that I can do until he wakes."

The man fetched the Planchette, and after pinning a sheet of paper to the table, the two sat down, *vis-à-vis*, resting their fingers lightly on the small mahogany board.

For some minutes no movement broke the silence of the chamber, but at length a slight twitching was felt, followed by a spasmodic movement of the pencil. This gradually developed into a more regular motion, the pencil slowly tracing lines up and down the paper. Then followed an irregular circular action, the Planchette gradually developing greater power and freedom.

After several minutes had been spent in this fashion, the pencil appeared to be making a rough attempt to scrawl a word, but the result was unintelligible. At a second attempt, however, the man remarked: "That is meant for Maud."

"Why, that is my name," exclaimed the nurse.

"Let us try again," said her companion. Once more the Planchette wrote, now moving more freely.

"It has written 'Cyril,'" said the man.

"Are you sure," exclaimed the nurse.

"Yes, it is quite plain. Look! C-y-r-i-l."

"How strange; that is the name of my poor brother, who was killed in South Africa last month," said the nurse in an agitated voice.

Addressing the Planchette the man said: "Who is Cyril?"

"Maud's brother," scrawled the pencil.

"Have you any news of Cyril?" asked the man once more.

Again the pencil wrote: "He is well and happy."

"Ask if he has any message," suggested the nurse.

The pencil wrote, "Comfort mother."

"It seems so extraordinary," said the nurse, "that I can scarcely believe it."

"Yes, it is very wonderful, but although I have personally no doubt that such messages as these are the work of some spiritual intelligence, yet I am not quite satisfied as to their origin."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I sometimes wonder if these so-called 'spirits' are capable of reading our minds by some process of mental telegraphy, and, given one of a mischievous disposition, it is conceivable that our own thoughts might be embodied in the automatic writing which purports to be a message from the unseen world."

"Yes, I see what you mean."

"I am afraid that is all we can attempt to-night," added the man. "It is nearly twelve o'clock, and your colleague will be coming on duty. We must try another sitting on a more convenient occasion."

"Thank you very much. I should be very sorry to have to leave off at this point, without hearing more."

Approaching the bed, they bent over the still sleeping form of the old man.

"Do you think he will live through the night?"

"It is difficult to say," replied the nurse. "The doctor thought he might possibly remain like this for another day or so, but the vitality is only just flickering."

While the nurse was occupied with her duties, the man turned to the Planchette once more, and silently asked: "Can you tell when the end will be?"

"Nine," wrote the pencil.

When morning dawned the old man was still alive, but his strength was rapidly failing. The features were sunken and drawn, and bore the pallid hue which is the sure precursor of Death.

As daylight increased the watchers by the bedside noticed that the breath was getting weaker and weaker.

At length the nurse stooped down, and quietly announced that all was over. While she spoke the clock on the staircase commenced to strike.

The man counted—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine.

H. TWELVETREES.

AGRIPPA AND PARACELSUS*

BOTH Agrippa von Nettesheim and Theophrastus Paracelsus followed the same road to which the way of looking at things characteristic of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa seems to point. They devoted themselves to the study of Nature and sought to discover her laws by all the means in their power; for they saw in this knowledge of Nature the true basis of all higher perception and knowledge, and they strove to develop this higher and inner knowledge from within the science or knowledge of Nature by as it were bringing that knowledge to a new birth in the spirit.

In the writings of Agrippa, for instance, there comes out very clearly the endeavour to attain to a clear and definite attitude towards natural science on the one hand and to the higher knowledge on the other. But he only can attain to such an attitude who is possessed of a clear insight as to the respective roads which lead to one and to the other kind of knowledge. As it is true, on the one hand, that natural science must eventually be raised into the region of the spirit, so it is also and equally true on the other, that this natural science must, to begin with, remain upon its own special ground, if it is to yield the right basis for the attainment of a higher level. The "spirit in nature" exists only for spirit. So surely as nature in this sense is spiritual, so surely too is there *nothing* in nature, of all that is perceived by my bodily organs, which is *immediately* spiritual. There exists nothing spiritual, which can appear to my eye *as spiritual.* Therefore, I must *not* seek for the spirit *as such* in nature; but that is exactly what I am doing, when I interpret any occurrence in the external world immediately as spiritual; when, for instance, I ascribe to a plant a soul which is supposed to be only remotely

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society.

analogous to that of man. And again, too, the same thing when I ascribe to spirit itself an existence in space and time: as, for instance, when I assert of the human soul that it continues to exist in time without the body, but yet after the manner of a body; or again, when I even go so far as to believe that, under any sort of conditions or arrangements perceivable by the senses, the spirit* of a dead person can show itself. Spiritualism, which makes just this mistake, only shows thereby that it has not attained to a true conception of the spirit at all, but is still bent upon directly and immediately "seeing" the spirit in something grossly sensible. It mistakes equally both the real nature of the sensible as well as that of the spirit. It un-spiritualises the ordinary world of sense, which hourly passes before our eyes, in order to give the name of spirit immediately to something rare, surprising, uncommon. It fails to understand that that which lives as the "spirit in nature" reveals itself to him who is able to perceive spirit in the collision of two elastic balls, for instance; and not only in occurrences which are striking from their rarity, and which cannot all at once be grasped in their natural sequence and connection. But the spiritist further drags spirit down into a lower sphere. Instead of explaining something that happens in space, and that he perceives through his senses only, in terms of forces and beings which in their turn are spatial and perceptible to the senses, he resorts to "spirits," which he thereby places exactly on a level with the things of the senses. At the very root of such a way of viewing things, there lies a lack of the power of spiritual apprehension. He is unable to perceive spiritual things spiritually; therefore he satisfies his craving for the spiritual with mere beings perceptible to the senses. Their own inner spirit reveals to such men nothing spiritual; and therefore they seek for the spiritual through the senses, and would fain see spirits hastening like clouds through the atmosphere.

* This seems to me an illustration of the confusion, so much to be regretted and so common in the West, between the idea of "spirit" in the sense of *pure consciousness*, the absolute Knower or Seer of the Eastern books, which can *never* be an object *for* consciousness, and the "upâdhi" or "phenomenal vehicle," which *is* essentially an object for consciousness. In the former sense no "spirit" can *ever* be "seen," whether before or after "death"; in the latter there is ample evidence that it can, not only as the familiar body during life, but in the less familiar subtle body after death.

Now Agrippa von Nettesheim was not of such; he fought for a true knowledge of nature which should explain the phenomena of nature, not by means of spirits phenomenalising in the world of the senses, but which should see in nature *only* the natural, and in the spirit only the spiritual.

It goes without saying, indeed, that Agrippa believed in many facts which in his time everybody regarded as unquestionable—such as talismans, charms, sympathetic magic and so forth. But we ourselves do the very same thing to-day. Do you imagine that future centuries will not relegate much of what we now regard as "undoubted fact" to the lumber-room of "blind" superstition? I am indeed convinced that in our knowledge of facts there has been a real progress. When once the "fact" that the earth is round had been discovered, all previous conjectures were banished into the domain of "superstition"; and the same holds good of certain truths of astronomy, biology, etc. The doctrine of natural evolution constitutes an advance as compared with all previous "theories of creation," similar to that marked by the recognition of the roundness of the earth as contrasted with all previous speculations as to its form. None the less, I am vividly conscious that in our learned scientific works and treatises there is to be found many a "fact" which will seem to future centuries to be just as little of a fact as much that Paracelsus and Agrippa maintain; but the really important point is not *what* they regarded as "fact," but *how*, in what spirit, they interpreted their "facts." However, as we shall find the view of Agrippa regarding the world and man's relation to it more fully developed in the work of Paracelsus, it will be more convenient to consider them further in connection with the latter.

In his book about Winkelmann, Goethe has described the relation of man to nature in the following beautiful sentence:—"When the healthy nature of man acts as a whole; when he feels himself as one with a great, beautiful, noble and worthy whole; when the sense of harmonious well-being gives him a pure and free delight; then would the *Universe*, if it could be conscious of its own feeling, burst forth in joy *at having attained its goal*, and *contemplate with wondering admiration the summit of its own becoming and being*." This is the feeling with which Paracelsus is inspired,

and the riddle of humanity takes shape for him from out of its depths.

At the outset, the road is hidden from man's power of comprehension by which nature has travelled to attain her loftiest altitude. She has climbed indeed to the summit; but the summit does not proclaim: I feel myself as the whole of nature; its proclaims, on the contrary: I feel myself as this single, separated human being. That which in reality is an achievement of the whole universe, feels itself as a separated, isolated being, standing alone by itself. This indeed is the true being of man, *viz.*, that he must needs feel himself to be something quite different from what, in ultimate analysis, he really is. And if that be a contradiction, then must man be called a contradiction come to life. Man is the universe in his own particular way: he regards his oneness with the universe as a duality: he is the very same that the universe is; but he is the universe as a repetition, as a single being. This is the contrast, or opposition, which Paracelsus feels as the Microcosm (Man) and the Macrocosm (Universe). Man, for him, is the universe in miniature. That which makes man regard his relationship to the world in this way, that is his spirit.* This spirit appears as if bound or limited to a single being, to a single organism: and this organism belongs, by the very nature of its whole being, to the mighty stream of the universe. It is one member, one link in that whole, having its very existence only in relation with all the other links or members thereof. But spirit appears as an outcome of this single, separated organism and sees itself at the outset as bound up *only* with *that* organism; thus, as it were, tearing loose this organism from the mother earth out of which it has grown. So, for Paracelsus, a deep-seated connection between man and the universe lies in the very roots of being, a connection which is hidden through the presence of "spirit" (or mind). That spirit (or mental consciousness) which leads us to higher knowledge by making science possible, and leads on this scientific knowledge to a new birth on a higher level—this has as its first

* "Geist" again! Throughout this essay "mind" or "intellect" would almost seem to commend itself as a better rendering of the idea. Alas! when shall we have an accurate vocabulary, precise, clear, intelligible, not liable to misinterpretation or confusion—and international?

result for us men to veil from us our own oneness with the whole.

As a result of this way of looking at things the nature of man resolves itself for Paracelsus into three factors: our sensuous-physical nature, or the organism which appears to us as a natural product among other natural products and is of like nature with them all; our concealed or hidden nature, which is a link in the chain of the whole universe, and therefore is not shut up within the organism or limited to it, but radiates and receives the workings of energy upon and from the entire universe; and our highest nature, our spirit, which lives its life in a purely spiritual manner. The first factor in man's complex nature Paracelsus calls the "*elementary body*"; the second the ethereal-heavenly, or "*astral body*"; and the third he names the *Soul.*

Thus in the "astral" phenomena, Paracelsus recognises an intermediate stage between the purely physical and the properly spiritual or soul-phenomena; and therefore the astral activities will come into view when the spirit or soul, which veils or conceals the natural basis of our being, suspends its activity. In the dream world we see the simplest phenomena of this realm. The pictures which hover before us in dreams, with their remarkably significant connection with occurrences in our environment and with states of our inner nature, are products of our natural basis or root-being, which are obscured by the brighter light of the soul. For example, when a chair falls over beside my bed and I dream a whole drama ending with a shot fired in a duel; or when I have palpitation of the heart and dream of a boiling cauldron, we can see that in these dreams natural operations come to light which are full of sense and meaning and disclose a life lying between the purely organic functions and the concept-forming activity which is carried on in the full clear consciousness of the spirit (or mind). Connected with this region are all the phenomena belonging to the domain of hypnotism and suggestion; and in the latter are we not compelled to recognise an interaction between human beings which points to some connection or relation between beings in nature which is normally hidden by the higher activity of the mind? From this point of view, it seems to me, we can reach an understanding of what Paracelsus meant by the

"astral" body. It is the sum total of those natural operations under whose influence we stand, or may in special circumstances come to stand, or which proceed from us, without our souls or minds coming into consideration in connection with them, but which yet cannot be included under the concept of purely physical phenomena.

Starting from the basis of these views as to the nature of man, Paracelsus divides him into seven factors or principles, which are the same as those we also find in the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians, among the Neoplatonists and in the Kabbalah. In the first place, man is a physical-bodily being, and therefore subject to the same laws as *every* other body, and in this respect therefore he is a purely "elementary" body. This elementary body purely physical-bodily laws combine into an *organic* life-process, and Paracelsus denotes this organic sequence of law by the terms "archæus" or "spiritus vitæ". Next the organic rises into a region of phenomena resembling the spiritual, but which are yet not properly spiritual, and these he classifies as "astral" phenomena. From amidst these astral phenomena, the functions of the "animal soul" make their appearance. Man becomes a being of the senses. Then he connects together his sense-impressions according to their nature by his understanding or mind, and the "human soul" or "reasoning soul" becomes alive in him. He sinks himself deep into his own mental productions, and learns to recognise "spirit" or "mind" (*Geist*) as such, and thus he has risen at length to the level of the "spiritual rational soul." Finally, he at last comes to recognise that in this spiritual soul he is experiencing the ultimate basis and root of universal being; and the spiritual or rational soul ceases to be individual, to be separated. Then arises the knowledge of which Eckhart spoke when he felt no longer that *he* was speaking within himself, but that in him the ground of all being was uttering itself. Paracelsus has marked the feeling of this condition with the words: "And that is a great thing whereon to dwell: there is naught in heaven or upon earth that is not in Man. And God who dwelleth in Heaven, He also is in Man."

Paracelsus, of course, in a certain sense thinks according to the spirit of his age; but none the less as regards the idea of

Evolution, of Becoming, he has grasped the relationship of man to nature in a profound manner. He saw, in the ultimate root and being of the universe, not something in any sense finished or ready-made, as it were, but on the contrary he grasped the Divine in the process of becoming. And thus he was enabled to ascribe to man a self-creative activity. For if the divine root of being is, as it were, given once and for all, ready-made, then there can be no question of any truly creative activity in man. It is not man, who lives in time, that creates, but it is God, who is from Eternity, that alone creates. But for Paracelsus there is no such God from Eternity, *as such*. For him there is only an eternal process, an eternal becoming, and man is one link in this eternal process. What man forms, was previously in no sense existent. What man creates is, as he creates it, a new and original creation. And therefore Paracelsus can assign to man a rôle in the building of the universe, which makes him a co-architect in its creation. The divine root of all being is *without* man, not that which it is *with* man. "For nature brings nothing to light, which as such is complete and perfect, but man must complete and perfect it." And this self-creative activity of man in the building of the universe is what Paracelsus calls Alchemy. Thus with his eyes steadily fixed upon nature does Paracelsus seek to overhear what nature herself has to tell him of that which she brings forth, for she whispers ever to him who has ears to hear the inmost secrets of the riddle of Being.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE FLOWERING OF THE AGES

WHEN all was over, when the myriad years
Had flowered and the sweet fragrance filled the skies,
When we cast off our life of joy and tears,
When day and night were one before our eyes,
When in Time's womb we took on our new birth
And came forth shining—filled with heavenly grace,
Radiant with labour done, in that far place,
Holy of holies, heaven of heavens, wherein
None know the battlefield men have named sin:
From those far heights of bliss we cast our eyes
In sweet immortal vision on the earth;
And when we saw what had been griefs; what fears,
What hopes had moved us—all that we had been;
We looked up from the past, filled with such mirth
That sweet immortal laughter shook the skies.—CECIL FRENCH

A SCIENTIFIC TRINITY

"THE law of Analogy," wrote H. P. B., "is the first key to the world problem." The Talmud proclaims, "If thou wouldst know the worlds invisible, open thine eyes wide on the visible." Here are two invaluable maxims which the would-be student of occultism should write down in his heart; he will prove them truer every year that he adds to his experience. As every avenue of his future evolution has to begin on the physical plane; as every inch of his superstructure has to be reared on a foundation which is laid here; it becomes supremely important that that foundation should be "well and truly laid" in accurate observation of, and in thoughtful generalisation upon, the range of physical-plane phenomena which lie within his reach. It was asked of old: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" and it may be very truly argued that the purely materialistic position in scientific research will not enable a man to "*know* the worlds invisible," notwithstanding that some wonderful approximations to truth have emanated from the scientific imagination. But it is none the less true that, given the hints and glimpses of nature's mysteries which we students of Theosophy are from time to time privileged to receive, it is precisely from the investigations of physical science into the phenomena of the matter in which we are immersed, that we can find the clearest illumination of the mysteries, the most satisfactory fitting of the details in the plan of which we have only the sketch. Nothing is more common in the experience of members of the Theosophical Society than to be asked: On what authority do you receive all these statements relative to super-physical worlds or states? Or: What proofs can you offer for the assertions you make? I venture to think there is no line of evidence available which is so complete and satisfying as the daily increasing store of physical science knowledge which fits in with statements made by Mme. Blavatsky and those who

have followed her in the work of bringing occult truth to light. This on the one hand, and on the other the possibility for the student of gaining some intellectual conception of the working of Nature on the inner planes from the observation of phenomena here which are said to be reflections of realities other where. All this kind of thing has been often written and said before, and the pages of this journal have constantly recorded isolated facts, or accounts of discoveries or hypotheses which have appeared to bear more or less strongly in the direction of occult truth. The purpose of this paper is to discuss in rather more detail one particular phase of theosophical teaching, and the light which recent theories of matter appear to throw upon it.

The phase in question is that which relates to the triune action, or manifestation, of the Divine Life in the Universe. The doctrine of the Trinity has ever held a mystery for the theologian, and human lives and communities have been rent asunder through its complexities. What has been set forth to us in various theosophical publications has served enormously to clarify our conceptions on this subject ; but I think it may be frankly stated that, in spite of warnings and qualifications, the attempt to define and to classify has resulted in a tendency to, if not anthromorphise the Trinity in Unity, at least to separate too completely in thought the aspects of the Divine Life and Its functions in the Universe. I may wrong fellow-students in drawing this conclusion ; I may certainly lay myself open to another charge by venturing to imagine that a scientific hypothesis, based on observations on the physical plane, may hold within it the germ of the solution which the writer, or compilers, of the Athanasian Creed strove hard to formulate; but I confess that the idea possesses me, and I base my faith on the maxims which open this paper, and find the text of my discourse on page 542 of the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, where it is written: " Motion is the Abstract Deity ; on the highest planes it is arupa, absolute ; but on the lowest it is merely mechanical."

When an occultist like H. P. B. makes a statement of that kind we are not justified in passing it over as of no account, even though it may appear to us for the moment *à propos de rien ;* still less may we do so when we find scattered through the pages of

the same colossal work statements of a like character, as, for instance: "That which is motionless cannot be Divine." . . . "There has been no better hypothesis than Motion offered as an explanation of physical phenomena. Occultists have nothing to say against Motion—the Great Breath." And, speaking of the one Life: "Its one Absolute Attribute, which is Itself, eternal ceaseless Motion."

Taking up the *Evolution of Life and Form*, we find Mrs. Besant speaking of the Life Breath of Íshvara, "with its triple vibratory force," which falls on the root of matter—Mûlaprakriti—and "throws it into three modifications, or attributes." Later we have traced for us the working of the Life Force down, from plane to plane, evolving the matter of each as it proceeds, always, we may note, by a process which is threefold—first, a modification in consciousness, tanmâtra (measure of That); second, a vibratory energy, tattva, within the limit imposed by the tanmâtra; third, the resultant atom, which, in its turn, with its aggregations, becomes the resisting field in which the next tanmâtra and tattva operate.

Reaching the physical plane, we have, according to the conceptions of Theosophy, a field, or background, consisting of the matter of all the higher planes: an ocean out of which is to be churned the physical atom and its aggregations. Once more the "triple vibratory force" of the Life Breath of Íshvara comes forth and the physical atom comes into manifestation. Now what has physical science to say to such a story? Firstly, in the person of Sir William Turner, president of the British Association for the present year, it modestly disclaims "a knowledge of the infinite universe," and asserts that it is by no means "a self-evident truth that no substance other than ordinary matter can have an existence as real as that of matter itself." This, taken in conjunction with Lord Kelvin's reference, during the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow, to the existence of non-gravitational, as distinct from ordinary, or gravitational, matter, may be regarded as a recognition by official science of ether as a form of matter, and at once secures us our background of inner planes out of which, it is affirmed, the physical atom evolves by the working of the Life Breath, or Divine Energy—the Motion of the

Secret Doctrine. Moreover, on the authority of Dr Larmor, we learn that the centre round which a dynamical system of molecules revolves is a centre of motion and not of rest, *i.e.*, there are motions within motions, systems within systems, as our occultism had taught us to expect. Broadly speaking, the dynamical theory of matter holds the field, and the atom as a vortex, or mode of motion in the ether, is the current scientific conception.

When we come to explanations of the phenomena universally associated with matter in our experience, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, and such properties of matter as inertia, elasticity, impenetrability, etc., we find room for considerable differences of opinion in details, but if Theosophy be true *we* can hold no other conclusion than that every property of matter is a manifestation of the Divine Life, ensouled within it, in one or other of its aspects ; and further, if the Divine Life be manifest everywhere as motion, motion which on the physical plane is "merely mechanical," where but in mechanical motion shall we find the explanation of the phenomena of matter ? Where, as far as physical matter is concerned, can we trace the three aspects of the Divine Life but in the three fundamental Modes of Motion, which, alone or in combination, are capable in scientific hands of explaining the phenomena of matter and its very existence ?

Energy and motion, H. P. B. tells us, are the same thing: "Occultism, seeing no difference between the two, never attempts to separate them." To which science adds: "The conclusion which appears inevitable is that, whatever matter may be, the other reality [energy] in the physical universe which is never found unassociated with matter depends in all its widely varied forms upon *motion* of matter."* The "spirit-matter," of which Mrs. Besant writes in the *Ancient Wisdom*,† as the expression of an indissoluble bond during the life-period of a universe, may thus be recognised in its scientific dress.

But we must now consider the subject in greater detail. I have referred to the *three* aspects of the Divine Life as reflected in the three fundamental modes of motion, and thus cognisable in the constitution and functions of matter even in its commonly miscalled inorganic condition. In order to make good the proposi-

* Tait. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. "Mechanics."

† See p. 55, *first edition*.

tion, it will be necessary to make a brief excursus into the region of physics, and in what follows I am basing myself chiefly on the work of the American Professor Dolbear, whose book, *Matter, Ether and Motion*, appears to me especially full of suggestion. The English edition has been edited by Professor Alfred Lodge, and while Professor Dolbear's conclusions would not meet universal acceptance, his intuition appears to have brought him into singularly close touch with occult teaching on many points. Of course the suggestions as to the evidences of the working of the triune life-force are my own and entirely tentative, thrown out merely as germs of thought which abler students may think it worth while to develope.

We start then, on the one side, with the statements that the three-fold Life of Íshvara is involved in and vivifies every atom, and that His Life is motion, which on the physical plane is "merely mechanical." On the other side we have the statements that there are three fundamental modes of motion, *viz.*, rotary, vibratory and translatory, and that matter and all its properties are resolvable into ether motions, which must be one or other of these three, or two of them in combination.* It seems to me impossible not to recognise a connection underlying these two broad generalisations.

We have been told that in the manifestation of our universe there are recognisable three great outpourings of energy proceeding from the Third, Second and First Logos, respectively, in the order named; but I venture to think that hardly enough stress has been laid on the fact that we must recognise in each of the great outpourings all three aspects of the energy of Íshvara, each being inherent in each of the three Logoi, though one predominate. With our present limited knowledge it is in the work of the first great outpouring, ascribed specifically to the Third Logos, that we can best discern the evidences of this "trinity in unity."

It will simplify our study if we consider the three primary modes of motion, and see what properties in matter are said to be identified with each.

Commence with the rotary. The revolution of a body upon

* *E.g.*, spiral motion is a combination of rotary and translatory; wave motion of translatory and vibratory.

its own axis, or the existence of a vortical motion in a more or less fluid medium, is everywhere associated with the idea of resistance and stability. A circular movement in water creates a hollow depression, a vortex with definite boundary; a similar movement in air will bring into existence vortical rings which can be made visible, and which have so many elements of permanence and exhibit so many peculiar properties that they have practically suggested the vortex ring theory of the atom. Rapid rotation of a wheel or top enables either to maintain an upright position against the force of gravitation, and otherwise bestows upon them certain properties or qualities which in their quiescent condition they do not exhibit. In kind there would appear to be no difference between the rotation of sun and planets on their axes and the rotation of an atom on its axis; what appears to result in both cases seems an increase of resistance, stability, inertia. In the case of the atom it is affirmed that the vortical or rotary movement brings it into existence and it is suggested that different *rates* of rotation may be the cause of differences in mass, *i.e.*, resistance. Dolbear, in addition, finds in the rotary movement of atoms and molecules a possible cause of the phenomena of magnetism; he asserts a generally growing conviction that the *atoms* of all substances are magnetic, but that in molecular combination their magnetic fields tend to neutralise each other and thus most molecular compounds display no polarity. This he explains on the ground that the magnetic field of an atom is in reality due to its rotation. Assuming that it is a vortex ring, all the motion on one side is towards the centre of the ring inwards, on the other side it is outwards—the properties of the two sides are therefore opposite. There is in effect a sort of swirl or stress set up by the ring. Now if we imagine innumerable such rings combined in groups where their planes of rotation are at every conceivable angle, their tendency would be to neutralise each other's swirl in the surrounding ether, but if by any means they could all be disposed so that their rotation produced a combined swirl or stress, the effect would be the production of a perceptible magnetic field. Under the hypothesis this is presumably what happens when a current of electricity is sent through a bar of soft iron and a temporary magnet is thus produced.

The theory is an interesting one, and it becomes additionally so when we realise that the action of gravity might be explained by a hypothesis having for one of its conditions atoms capable of setting up stress in a medium like the ether—and especially when we remember that H. P. B. affirmed that gravity *was* a form of magnetism.*

These are fascinating lines of speculation ; but I must pass on to note that Dolbear suggests that elasticity, mass, inertia, can also each be explained by a rotary movement of the atom, and, if he be correct, we are thus left with the suggestion that rotary movement, which confers its very existence, its mass, its elasticity, its magnetism (or shall we say gravity?), upon the atom, can be no other than the reflection of that First Aspect of the One Life which we ever associate with thought of reality, stability, power, will.

Turning next to the vibratory, the second mode of motion, the thought that at once strikes our attention is that heat, light and electricity are phenomena of matter which have all been associated with vibratory movement of atoms and molecules. Since Tyndall's classic work—*Heat a Mode of Motion*—it has been a matter of popular, as well as scientific belief, that the sensation we call heat is due to a vibratory movement of the particles composing any gas, liquid or solid, and that the transmission of heat through space is by undulatory movement in the ether (*i.e.*, a combination of vibratory and translatory modes of motion). It is now known that light and electricity traverse space through the same medium, with the same speed, with the same wave-like motion, though with different wave lengths. It is also known, by means of spectrum analysis, that atoms and molecules owe their temperature to a true vibratory movement. It is recognised that the degree of temperature depends on the amplitude of this vibration, and it is understood that when temperature is increased, the violence of the vibration tends to dissociate the molecules of which bodies are composed, and that it is possible to break up almost every substance with which we are acquainted, by subjecting it to the intense heat of the electric spark. Still further, spectrum analysis proves that in the enormous tempera-

* *Secret Doctrine*, I. iii.

tures reached in the hottest stars—beyond anything we can artificially produce here—substances exist in a state of dissociation more complete and hence more "elementary" than anything science can reach, but not perhaps unfamiliar to the student of Theosophy under the term etheric sub-planes. On the other hand it has been shown that intense cold tends to destroy cohesion among the molecules of a substance; chemical reactions are found not to take place at some exceedingly low temperatures, and it has been argued that at *absolute* zero (a temperature—or absence of temperature—not yet achieved) chemical action would cease altogether; there would be no cohesion among the atoms (of the chemist) and all molecules would fall to pieces.

Now these considerations have suggested the conclusion that all molecular combination depends upon temperature, that, in short, the possibility of building up atoms into molecules, and molecules into substances, rests upon the *vibration of the atom.** Can we, with our Theosophy in mind, see in this second mode of "mechanical" motion, any other than the manifestation of that Life which is the predominant mark of the Second Aspect, the Life which builds all forms, holds all forms together, the Life which makes any combinations possible? The motion which enables forms to be builded has its limits within which it works, and the energy which forms is also that which destroys and dissociates. Is not the twofold Aspect ever the Second one? Is it not from this that in our own nature we get both love and hate, and does not all energy spring from one source, whether it be turned to good or evil (as *we* call it), even as all the energy of the steam engine springs from the fire in whatsoever fashion the engineer may direct its work?

And another thought. We have associated electricity with a vibratory mode of motion. Electric waves in space are found to travel with the same rapidity as light, and in the same fashion, and it may be that they arise by the changes in the magnetic fields of vibrating atoms; but it has also been pointed out that

* The theory being that the vibration produces nodal points (the hooks of the graphic formulæ of chemistry) at which the atoms attach to each other and build symmetrical combinations according to the modern geometric chemical theory. Needless to say all such combinations would depend on the different *rates* of vibration and *number* would lie at the root of them.

electrical currents in solid bodies apparently travel with a movement that is a combination of rotary and translatory, *i.e.*, spiral. Then we remember that kundalinî is spoken of as a *spiral* force; that kundalinî is a microscosmic manifestation of Fohat; that Fohat is "Solar Energy," "Cosmic Electricity," "the Electric Vital Fluid"; it is connected with Viṣhṇu; "the name Viṣhṇu is from the root *viṣh*, to pervade, and Fohat is called the pervader and the manufacturer, because he shapes the atoms from the crude material";* also Viṣhṇu is the name of the Second Aspect of the Hindu Trinity. "Thus," says the *Secret Doctrine*, "from Spirit, or Cosmic Ideation, comes our Consciousness; from Cosmic Substance the several Vehicles in which that Consciousness is individualised and attains to self- or reflective-consciousness; while Fohat, in its various manifestations, is the *mysterious link between Mind and Matter*, the animating principle electrifying every atom into life." And the materialists tell us that our thinking is accompanied by molecular vibration in the grey matter of the brain and gives rise to *electric* phenomena! Are we not then face to face with the fact that Fohat—especially related, as H. P. B. has stated, to the Buddhic Plane (itself related by reflection to the Second Aspect of the One Life)—has for manifestation on the physical plane that spirally working energy which takes its rise in the vibrations of the atoms?

And light? Is not that too associated in closest relationship with heat and electric phenomena? And to it we owe all the beauty that *colour* gives to *form*.

> This is its touch upon the blossomed rose.
>
> . . . . .
>
> That is its painting on the glorious clouds.
> And these its emeralds on the peacock's train.

And it was Viṣhṇu's Self who spoke:

> I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
> My changeful hues, my countless forms.†

* *Secret Doctrine*, i., 137; but see the whole section on Fohat; it is full of suggestion.

† It may perhaps be objected that I am forgetting that the building of forms belongs to the Second Life Wave, but I am only wishful to make clear the correlation of vibratory motion with the Second Aspect of the Divine Life. As far as the making of the matter of the planes is concerned we may, I think, regard the vibratory energy (tattvas and sub-tattvas) as bringing about aggregations of matter

But the third fundamental fashion of motion claims our thought—the translatory. The movements of bodies through space, whether they be planets or molecules, are all translatory, they are all changes of position with reference to other bodies. They may be direct—as the flight of an arrow—or they may be combined with rotary motion, as in the case of a wheel or planet, or with vibratory motion, as in the case of a wave-like progression. But in all cases they are changes of position with reference to other external bodies and therefore govern all spatial relationships. This can only mean that the positions of planets in a solar system, or positions of individual molecules in a crystal, or cells in a plant, are alike regulated by translatory motion. This leads us to the thought that everything in the universe which is of the nature of a plan must for that very reason be a regulator of translatory motion—must work by means of it. That does not mean that it must supply the *energy* whereby a body is moved from point to point—*that* comes from another source—but it must give the initiative, or perhaps one should better say, impose the limits. The actual energy expended is derived from the vibration of atoms and molecules, not only as when a bullet is fired, or a stone thrown, but in the case of free-path motion of particles of a gas expanding under increased temperature—or when a cell is built into the body of an animal or plant. In other words the tanmâtra limits the tattva. And this at once shows us under which aspect we are to classify that mechanical motion which here we call translatory. None but the Third Aspect, Mahat—the Universal Mind—can be correlated with our third mode of motion. Thence it is, we are told, that the root types of a universe come forth. According to that mighty plan the solar system is builded, and Fohat, "the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation," Fohat the steed of which Thought is the Rider, "calls the innumerable sparks and joins them together." The *energy* is His on every plane, but He works to the types of the Universal Mind.

This then is our Scientific Trinity, not matter, ether and

which would be distinctly different in character from the closely cohesive combinations produced when the special energy of the Second Logos is playing through them, and yet as representing in the first outpouring the work of the Second Aspect of the Divine Life.

motion, but that which here we recognise as the three aspects of One Life, three reflections of Sat-Chit-Ánanda, three reflections of the one Reality: (1) that motion which gives inertia, substance, stability; (2) that which gives energy, cohesion, attraction as well as repulsion; (3) that which gives type and order to the whole. And the thought which forces itself into the mind is their inseparable connection in every manifestation. We may speak of a first, second and third outpouring as proceeding respectively from the Third, Second and First Logos, we are perhaps bound to use these limiting terms of Time and Space; but we can no more suppose that in the work of the first out-pouring the Will of the First and the Energy of the Second Aspects were absent, than we can imagine motion of translation without the moving body and the energy which moves it*—no more than we can separate in any activity of our own the aspects of knowing, willing and doing. When we consider the making of the matter of the planes, we hear not alone of modification in consciousness but of tattva (or vibration) and atom. When we read of the second outpouring we are told that according to the root types formed in the Universal Mind the brooding care of the Second Logos built the forms of mineral, plant and man. And when, as the result of the third outpouring, man came to his possession of free-will, to *know* and to *do* were the essentials of its exercise.

One sometimes fancies that there is a tendency among us to exalt one aspect of the Divine Life at the expense of another; to repeat the old heresy against which the Creed of S. Athanasius was compiled to warn. One has heard expressions which conveyed the idea that the speaker regarded the work of the Third Aspect—at any rate in the human trinity—as separative in a bad sense, as opposed to the unifying work of the Second Aspect; as though knowledge were in some way inferior to bliss, as if it were *possible* to love without knowing and being! It seems to be hardly sufficiently realised that knowledge *in itself* must be utterly dispassionate, and that it is in reality from the same two-fold aspect which gives us the energy of love (attraction) that we

* Dolbear points out that translatory motions are maintained at the expense of vibratory motion, *i.e.*, of temperature, and "that such free-path motion as all gases have, and which produces pressure upon the walls of vessels, is maintained by the vibratory," p. 118. Of course each is easily transformed into the other.

also derive the energy of hate (repulsion). And it should also be remembered that the intellectual, so-called separative, faculty which discriminates differences is the same which perceives likenesses—which is synthetical as well as analytical.

If these roughly sketched ideas, which arise from a consideration of the working of the Divine Life in its lowest manifestation, are of any use at all, it will be if they serve to help others, as they certainly helped the writer, to a clearer conception of what we really mean when we repeat the words so often on our lips: "in Him we live and move and have our being"; if they tend to a better realisation of the Trinity in Unity, and to the recognition that "they are not three Gods but One God."

EDITH WARD.

THE moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it. Does a bird need to theorise about building its nest, or boast of it when built?

All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal. Nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals, as the human body is more beautiful than theirs. . . . That journey of life's conquest in which hills over hills and Alps on Alps arose and sank—do you think you can make another trace it painlessly by talking? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp by talking! You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise—even so, best silently. You . . . who have been among the hills, know how the bad guide chatters and gesticulates, and it is "put your foot, here," and "mind how you balance yourself there"; but the good guide walks on quietly, without a word, only with his eyes on you when need is, and his arm like an iron bar, if need be.—JOHN RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies*. 3rd Edit.: p. 149.

THE ARCHERS

Now in the Forest, so dim and vast, dwelt the Archers, and through that Forest must fare all the children of men.

The Archers were brethren, though men knew it not, nor indeed could have guessed them such; for one in his radiant beauty seemed the younger, while the stern eyes and silent lips of the other made him old in their sight.

Therefore called they the first Love, but his brother Death, and held that the arrows of Death were the sharper and more dreadful.

To most men came the arrow of Love first, and to each man in diverse fashion; to one when he reached the first turning in his path, to another only when his goal lay clear in sight.

In diverse fashions, also, did men meet their fate. Some called lamentably upon Death to remove Love's arrow, the which he did but seldom. Others strove to wrench it roughly from the wound, yet they but aggravated their woe thereby. Others, again, and they the most numerous, clasped it eagerly and drove it yet deeper, and to these Love came in due time and turned the fiery pain into a gentle warmth which made their heart glad for evermore.

Therefore men blessed the name of Love; for the trees grew high and close in the dark Forest and kept out much of the warm sunlight, and but for the tender warmth of Love within their hearts the journey would have been dreary.

"Blessed be Love," they sang, "who regardeth alike the rich and the poor, and gladdeneth, if they will, the smallest and weakest on their way."

But of Death they said: "O dread Archer, pitiless Smiter! By our skill and the favour of the Lord of the Forest may we turn aside thy sharp arrows for a time; yet we know that for each is one appointed at the last. Ah, hard Death! wilt thou not change thine icy darts for the warm shafts of Love?"

Then Death, who did not willingly afflict the children of men, grieved and said to his brother: "Lend me, Love, of thy full quiver that men may cease to rail upon me."

So Love lent Death of his full quiver, and Death fashioned him new bolts like unto Love's, so cunningly that none might see wherein they differed; and he went forth rejoicing and called unto the Forest-farers:

"Behold, I have new darts like unto those of my brother, whom ye call Love; so fear me no longer."

But alas for Death and for the children of men! The arrows were the arrows of Love, but the hands on the bow were the hands of Death; and though they came in the warm guise of Love they brought the sharp sting of Death, the more surely that men were deceived and sought not to turn them aside.

Therefore the bride died in the arms of her groom of a year, the mother breathed in Death from the lips of her child, and the friend from the friend he would help.

Then railed men afresh and more bitterly on Death, who came in the guise of Love; but in vain, for so cunningly had he forged his arrows that not even he might perceive their difference.

Yet, because they had been tipped with Love's own flame, they brought his sweetness with Death's pang, until men said of such as were laid low by them:

"Love hath conquered Death and Death hath made Love immortal; and lo, our ignorance hath called Life Death—Life, the brother of Love."

E. D. FARRAR.

QUE rien ne te trouble;
Que rien ne t'épouvante;
Tout passe.
Dieu ne change pas,
La prière tout obtient.
Qui a Dieu,
Rien ne lui manque,
Dieu seul suffit.

S. THÉRÈSE.

REINCARNATION AMONG THE ROMANS

In the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, Virgil relates how Æneas is permitted to visit the "shades below."

He finds his father Anchises, the object of his search, in Elysium, and Anchises speaks as follows:

Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry brain,
Are nourished by a soul;
A bright intelligence, whose flame
Glows in each member of the frame
And stirs the mighty whole.
Thence souls of men and cattle spring.
And the gay people of the wing,
And those strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides,
A fiery strength inspires their lives,*
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay,
And the dull "vesture of decay."
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears:†
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light.
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay;
Full many a long contracted stain
Perforce must linger deep in grain.
So penal suffering they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure . . . .
Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain;‡

* The Ray from the Monad, the celestial Prâna. † Kâma, the Desire-nature.
‡ The lower regions of Kâmaloka, the Christian Purgatory.

Then to Elysium* we repair,
The few, and breath this blissful air
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And naught remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light.†
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheels of destiny have rolled,‡
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river side,
That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return." . . . .
Meantime Æneas in the vale
A sheltered forest sees,
Deep woodlands, where the evening gale
Goes whispering through the trees,
And Lethe river, which flows by
Those dwellings of tranquillity.
Nations and tribes, in countless ranks,
Were crowding to its verdant banks. . . . .
Æneas, startled at the scene,
Asks, wondering what the noise may mean,
What river this, or what the throng
That crowd so thick its banks along.
His sire replies: "The souls are they
Whom Fate will re-unite to clay:
There stooping down on Lethe's brink
A deep oblivious draught they drink:
Although thy thought can scarce conceive
That happy souls this realm would leave,
And seek the upper sky,
With sluggish clay to re-unite."

Virgil wrote this some 40 years B.C., and as he was the, so to speak, poet laureate of Rome, he was expressing the belief of the thinking and earnest minds of his time—much as Tennyson does that of the present day in his *In Memoriam*.

L. R. M.

* The highest region of Kâmaloka, and the Rûpa levels of Devachan, the Christian Heaven.

† The Causal Body.

‡ The time spent in Devachan

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 456)

CONSCIOUSNESS

LET us now consider what we mean by Consciousness, and see if this consideration will build for us the much longed-for "bridge", which is the despair of modern thought, between Consciousness and Matter, will span for us the "gulf" alleged to exist for ever between them.

To begin with a definition of terms: Consciousness and Life are identical, two names for one thing as regarded from within and from without. There is no Life without Consciousness; there is no Consciousness without Life. When we vaguely separate them in thought and analyse what we have done, we find that we have called Consciousness turned inward by the name of Life, and Life turned outwards by the name of Consciousness. When our attention is fixed on unity we say Life; when it is fixed upon multiplicity we say Consciousness; and we forget that the multiplicity is due to, is the essence of, Matter, the reflecting surface in which the One becomes the Many. When it is said that Life is "more or less conscious," it is not the abstraction "Life" that is thought of, but "a living thing" more or less aware of its surroundings. The more or less awareness depends on the thickness, the density, of the enwrapping veil which makes it a living thing separate from its fellows. Annihilate in thought that veil and you annihilate in thought also Life, and are in THAT into which all opposites are resolved, the ALL.

This leads us to our next point: the existence of Consciousness implies a separation into two aspects of the fundamental all-underlying UNITY. The modern name of Consciousness, "Awareness," equally implies this. For you cannot hang up Awareness in the void; Awareness implies something of which it is aware, a duality at the least. Otherwise it exists not. In the highest

abstraction of Consciousness, of Awareness, this duality is implied; Consciousness ceases if the sense of limitation be withdrawn, is dependent on limitation for existence. Awareness is essentially awareness of *limitation*, and only secondarily awareness of *others* Awareness of others comes into being with what we call Self-Consciousness, Self-Awareness. This abstract Twain-in-One, Consciousness-Limitation, Spirit-Matter, Life-Form, are ever inseparable, they appear and disappear together; they exist only in relation to each other; they resolve into a necessarily unmanifest Unity, the supreme synthesis.

"As above, so below." Again let the "below" help us. Electricity manifests only as positive and negative; when these neutralise each other, electricity vanishes. In all things electricity exists, neutral, unmanifest; from all things it can appear, but not as positive only, or as negative only; always as balancing amounts of both, over against each other, and these ever tending to re-enter together into apparent nothingness, which is not nothingness but the source equally of both.

But if this be so, what becomes of the "gulf," what need of the "bridge"? Consciousness and Matter affect each other because they are the two constituents of one whole, both appearing as they draw apart, both disappearing as they unite, and as they draw apart a relation exists ever between them.* There is no such thing as a conscious unit which does not consist of this inseparate duality, a magnet with two poles ever in relation to each other. We think of a separate something we call Consciousness, and ask how it works on another separate something we call Matter. There are no such two separate somethings, but only two drawn-apart but inseparate aspects of That which, without both, is unmanifest, which cannot manifest in the one or the other alone, and is equally in both. There are no fronts without backs, no aboves without belows, no outsides without insides, no spirit without matter. They affect each other because inseparable parts of a unity, manifesting as a duality in space and time. The "gulf" appears when we think of a "spirit," wholly immaterial,

* That relation is magnetic, but of magnetism of the subtlest kind, called Fohat, or Daiviprakriti, "The Light of the Logos." It is of this substance, and in it the essence of Consciousness and essence of Matter exist, polarised but not drawn apart.

and a "body" wholly material—*i.e.*, of two things neither of which exists. There is no spirit which is not matter-enveloped: there is no matter which is not spirit-ensouled. The highest separated Self has its film of matter, and though such a Self is called "a spirit" because the Consciousness-aspect is so predominant, none the less is it true that it has its vibrating sheath of Matter, and that from this all impulses come forth, affecting all other denser material sheaths in succession. To say this is not to materialise Consciousness, but only to recognise the fact that the two primary opposites, Consciousness and Matter, are straitly bound together, are never apart, not even in the highest Being. Matter is limitation, and without limitation Consciousness is not. So far from materialising Consciousness, it puts it *as a concept* in sharp antithesis to Matter, but it recognises the fact that *in an entity* the one is not found without the other. The densest matter, the physical, has its core of Consciousness; the gas, the stone, the metal, is living, conscious, aware. Thus oxygen becomes aware of hydrogen at a certain temperature and rushes into combination with it.

Its Development

We have seen that by the action of the Third Logos a fivefold field has been provided for the development of Units of Consciousness, and that a Unit of Consciousness is a fragment, a portion of the Universal Consciousness, separated off as an individual entity by a film of matter, a Unit of the substance of the First Logos, sent forth on the sixth plane as a separate Being. These are the Sons, abiding from everlasting, from the beginning of a creative age, in the Bosom of the Father, who have not yet been "made perfect through sufferings";* each of them is truly "equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, but inferior to the Father as touching his manhood,"† and each of them is to go forth into matter in order to render all things subject to himself;‡ he is to be "sown in weakness" that he may be "raised in power";§ from a static Logos enfolding all divine potentialities, he is to become a dynamic Logos unfolding

* *Hebrews*, ii. 10.
† Athanasian Creed.
‡ 1 *Corinthians*, xv. 28
§ *Ibid.*, 43.

all divine powers; omniscient, omnipresent on his own sixth plane, but unconscious, "senseless," on all the others,* he is to veil his glory in matter that blinds him, in order that he may become omniscient, omnipresent, on all planes, able to answer to all divine vibrations in the universe instead of to those on the highest only. Those who will to become creators enter into the five-fold universe to learn how to unfold their powers therein; while those who will not to become creators remain in their static bliss, excluded from the five-fold universe, unconscious of its activities. For it must be remembered that all the seven planes are interpenetrating, and that Consciousness on any plane means the power of answering to the vibrations of that particular plane. Just as a man may be conscious on the physical plane because his physical body is organised to receive and transmit to him its vibrations, but be totally unconscious of the higher planes though their vibrations are playing on him, because he has not yet organised sufficiently his higher bodies to receive and transmit to him their vibrations; so is the Monad, the Unit of Consciousness, able to be conscious on the sixth plane, but totally unconscious on the lower five.

He will evolve his consciousness on these by taking from each plane some of its matter, veiling himself in this matter and forming it into a sheath by which he can come into contact with that plane, gradually organising this sheath of matter into a body capable of functioning on its own plane as an expression of himself, receiving vibrations from the plane and transmitting them to him, receiving vibrations from him and transmitting them to the plane. As he veils himself in the matter of each successive plane he shuts away some of his consciousness, that of it which is too subtle for receiving or setting up vibrations in the matter of that plane. He has within him seven typical vibratory powers—each capable of producing an indefinite number of sub-vibrations of its own type—and these are shut off one by one as he endues veil after veil of grosser matter. The powers in Consciousness of expressing itself in certain typical ways—using the word power in the mathematical sense, Consciousness "to the

* H P. Blavatsky. *Key to Theosophy*. See p. 181 for the principle, though applied to a lower stage.

third," Consciousness " to the fourth," etc.—are seen in Matter as what we call dimensions. The physical power of Consciousness has its expression in " three-dimensional matter," while the astral, mental and other powers of Consciousness need for their expression other dimensions of Matter.

The Second Life-Wave

The coming forth of the Monads and the Preparation of the Forms

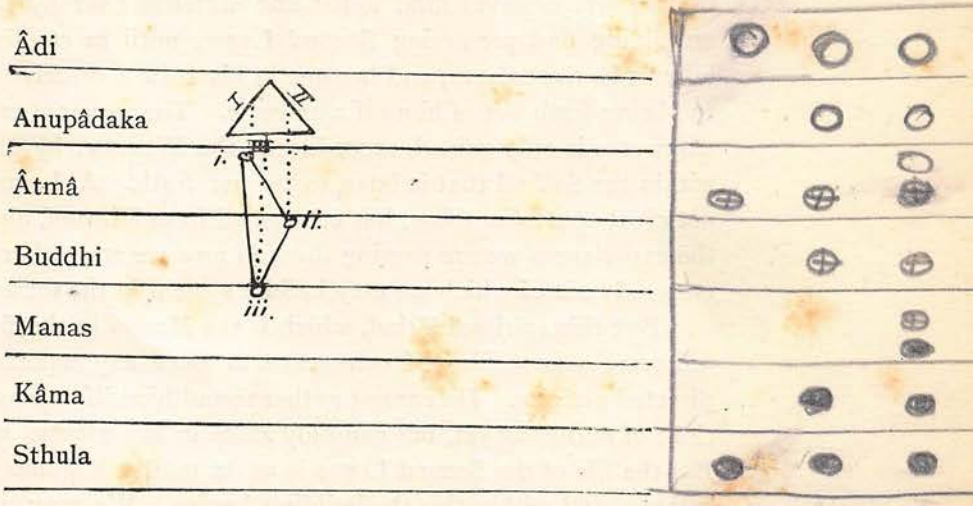
When the five-fold field is ready, when the five planes, each with its seven sub-planes, are completed so far as their primary constitution is concerned, then begins the activity of the Second Logos, the Builder and Preserver of forms. His activity is spoken of as the Second Life-Wave, the pouring out of Wisdom and Love—the Wisdom, the directing force, needed for the organisation and evolution of forms, the Love, the attractive force, needed for holding them together as stable though complex wholes. When this great stream of Logoic life pours forth into the five-fold field of manifestation, it brings with it into activity the Monads, the Units of Consciousness, ready to begin their work of evolution, to clothe themselves in matter.

H. P. Blavatsky has described their forthcoming in graphic allegorical terms, using a symbolism more expressive than literal-meaning words: " The primordial triangle, which—as soon as it has reflected itself in the ' Heavenly Man,' the highest of the lower seven—disappears, returning into ' Silence and Darkness' ; and the astral paradigmatic man, whose Monad (Âtmâ) is also represented by a triangle, as it has to become a ternary in conscious devachanic interludes."* The primordial triangle, or the three-faced Monad of Will, Wisdom and Activity, "reflects itself " in the " Heavenly Man," as the triple Monad of the lower, or astral man, and " returns into Silence and Darkness." The word " reflection " demands explanation here. Speaking generally, the term reflection is used when a force manifested on a higher plane shows itself again on a lower plane, and is conditioned by a grosser kind of matter in that lower manifestation, so that some

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 444.

of the effective energy of the force is lost, and it shows itself in a feebler form. As now used in a special instance, it means that a stream of the life of the Monad pours forth, taking as the vessel to contain it an atom from each of the three higher planes of the five-fold field—the fifth, the fourth and the third—thus producing the "Heavenly Man," the "Living Ruler, Immortal," the Pilgrim who is to evolve, for whose evolution the system was brought into being. The Heavenly Man is Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, and he is the expression of the Monad, whose aspect of Will is Âtmâ, whose aspect of Wisdom is Buddhi, whose aspect of Activity is Manas. Hence we may regard the human Âtmâ as the Will aspect of the Monad, ensouling an âkâshic atom; the human Buddhi as the Wisdom aspect of the Monad, ensouling an air (divine flame) atom; the human Manas as the Activity aspect of the Monad, ensouling a fiery atom. Thus in Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the spiritual Triad, or the Heavenly Man, we have the three aspects, or energies, of the Monad, embodied in atomic matter, and this is the "Spirit" in man. It is identical in nature with the Monad, *is the Monad*, but is lessened in force and activity by the veils of matter round it. This lessening of power must not blind us to the identity of nature. We must ever remember that the human consciousness is a unit, and that though its manifestations vary, these variations are only due to the predominance of one or other of its aspects and to the relative density of the materials in which an aspect is working. Its manifestations, thus conditioned, vary, but it is itself ever one.

Such part of the consciousness of the Monad as can express itself in a five-fold universe enters at first thus into the higher matter of this universe, embodying itself in an atom of each of the three higher planes; having thus shone forth and appropriated these atoms for his own use, the Monad has begun his work; in his own subtle nature he cannot as yet descend below the Anupâdaka plane, and he is therefore said to be in "Silence and Darkness," unmanifest; but he lives and works in and by means of these appropriated atoms, which form the garment of his life on the planes nearest to his own. We may figure this action thus:



I. Will; i. Âtmâ. II. Wisdom; ii. Buddhi. III. Activity; iii. Manas.

This spiritual Triad, as it is often called, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, is described as a seed, a germ, of divine Life, containing the potentialities of its own heavenly Father, its Monad, to be unfolded into powers in the course of evolution. This is the "manhood" of the divine Son of the First Logos, animated by the "Godhead," the Monad—a mystery truly, but one which is repeated in many forms around us.

And now the nature which was free in the subtle matter of its own plane becomes bound by the denser matter, and its powers of consciousness cannot as yet function in this blinding veil. It is therein as a mere germ, an embryo, powerless, senseless, helpless, while the Monad *on its own plane* is strong, conscious, capable, so far as its internal life is concerned; the one is the Monad in Eternity, the other is the Monad in Time and Space; the content of the Monad eternal is to become the extent of the Monad temporal and spatial. This at present embryonic life will evolve into a complex being, the expression of the Monad on each plane of the universe. All-powerful internally on his own subtle plane, he is at first powerless when enwrapped externally in denser matter, unable to receive through it, or to give out through it, vibrations. But he will gradually master the matter

that at first enslaves him, aided and watched over by the all-sustaining and preserving Second Logos, until he can live in it fully as he lives above, and become in his turn a creative Logos and bring forth out of himself a universe. The power of creating a universe is only gained, according to the WISDOM, by evolving within the Self all that is later to be put forth. A Logos does not create out of nothing, but evolves all from Himself, and from the experiences we are passing through now we are gathering the materials out of which we may build a system in the future.

But this spiritual Triad, which is the Monad in the five-fold universe, cannot himself commence at once any separate self-directed activity. He cannot gather round himself any aggregations of matter as yet, but can only abide in his atomic vesture. But the life of the Second Logos is as its mother's womb to the embryo, and within this the building begins. We may, in very truth, regard this stage of evolution, in which the Logos shapes, nourishes and developes the germinating life, as a period corresponding to the ante-natal life of a human being, during which he is slowly obtaining a body, which is nourished meanwhile by the life-currents of the mother and formed out of her substance. Thus also with the spiritual Triad, enclosing the life of the Monad; he must await the building of his body on the lower planes, and he cannot emerge from this ante-natal life and be "born," until there is a body builded on the lower planes. The "birth" takes place at the formation of the causal body, when the Heavenly Man is manifested as an infant Ego on the physical plane. A little careful thought will show how close is the analogy between the evolution of the Pilgrim and that of each successive rebirth; in the latter case the higher principles await the formation of the physical body which is building as their habitation; in the former the spiritual Triad awaits the building of the Quaternary. Until the vehicle on the lowest plane is ready, all is a preparation for evolution, rather than evolution itself—it is often termed involution. The evolution of the Consciousness must begin by contacts received by its *outermost* vehicle; that is, it must begin on the physical plane. It can only become aware of an outside by impacts on its own outside; until then it dreams within itself by the faint inner thrillings ever upwelling from the

Monad, causing slight outward-tending pressures in the spiritual Triad, like a spring of water beneath the earth, seeking an outlet.

Meanwhile the preparation for the awakening, the giving of qualities to matter, that which may be likened to the formation of the tissues of the future body, is done by the life-power of the Second Logos—the second life-wave, rolling through plane after plane, imparting its own qualities to that sevenfold proto-matter. The life-wave, as said above, carries the spiritual Triads with it as far as the atomic sub-plane of the third plane, the plane of Fire, of individualised creative power, of mind. Here they each have already an atom, the mânasic, or mental veil of the Monad, the Logos flooding these and the remaining atoms of the plane with His life. All these atoms, forming the whole atomic sub-plane, whether free or attached to Monads, may rightly be termed Monadic Essence; but as in the course of evolution, presently to be explained, differences arise between the attached and the non-attached atoms, the term Monadic Essence is usually employed for the non-attached, while the attached are called, for reasons which will appear, "permanent atoms." We may define Monadic Essence then as atomic matter ensouled by the life of the Second Logos. It is His clothing for the vivifying and holding together of forms; He is clad in atomic matter. His own life as Logos, separate from the life of Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas in the man, separate from any lives on the plane—though He supports, permeates and includes them all—is clothed only in atomic matter, and it is this which is connoted by the term of Monadic Essence. The matter of that plane, already by the nature of its atoms* capable of responding to active thought-vibrations, is thrown by the second life-wave into combinations fit to express thoughts—abstract thoughts in the subtler matter, concrete thoughts in the coarser. The combinations of the higher sub-planes constitute the First Elemental Kingdom; the combinations on the four lower sub-planes constitute the Second Elemental Kingdom. Matter held in such combinations is called Elemental Essence, and is susceptible of being shaped into thought-forms. The student must not confuse this with Monadic Essence; one is atomic, the other molecular, in constitution.

* By the Tanmâtras, the divine Measures.

The second life-wave then rolls on into the second plane, the plane of Water, of individualised sensation, of desire. That substance of the Second Logos links the Monad-ensouled, or permanent, atoms of the third plane to a corresponding number of atoms on the second plane, floods the remaining atoms with its own life—these atoms thus becoming Monadic Essence as explained above—and passes onwards, forming on each sub-plane the combinations fit to express sensations. These combinations constitute the Third Elemental Kingdom, and the matter held in such combination is called Elemental Essence, as before, and on this second plane is susceptible of being shaped into desire-forms.

The life-wave then rolls on into the first plane, the plane of Earth, of individualised activities, of actions. That substance of the Second Logos now links the Monad-attached, or permanent, atoms of the second plane to a corresponding number on the first plane, floods the remaining atoms with its own life—all these atoms thus becoming Monadic Essence—and passes onwards, forming on each sub-plane combinations fitted to constitute physical bodies, the chemical elements, as they are called on the three lower sub-planes.

Looking at this work of the second life wave as a whole, we see that it consists of what may fairly be called the making of primary tissues out of which hereafter subtle and dense bodies are to be formed. Well has it been called, in some ancient scriptures, a weaving, for such it literally is. The materials prepared by the Third Logos are woven by the Second Logos into threads and into cloths of which future garments—the subtle and dense bodies—will be made. As a man may take separate threads of flax, cotton, silk—themselves combinations of a simpler kind—and weave these into linens, into cotton or silk cloths, these cloths in turn to be shaped into garments by cutting and stitching, so does the Second Logos weave the matter-threads, weave these again into tissues, and then shape them into forms. He is the Eternal Weaver, while we might think of the Third Logos as the Eternal Chemist. The latter works in nature as in a laboratory, the former as in a manufactory. These similes are not to be despised, for they are crutches to aid our limping attempts to understand.

This "weaving" gives to matter its characteristics, as the characteristics of the thread differ from those of the raw material, as the characteristics of the cloth differ from those of the threads. The Logos weaves the two kinds of cloth of mânasic matter, of mind-stuff, and out of these will be made the causal and the mental bodies. He weaves the cloth of astral matter, of desire-stuff, and out of this will be made the desire body. That is, that the combinations of matter formed and held together by the second life-wave have the characteristics which will act on the Monad when he comes into touch with others, and will enable him to act on them. So he will be able to receive all kinds of vibrations, mental, sensory, etc. The characteristics depend on the nature of the aggregations. There are seven great types, fixed by the nature of the atom, and within these innumerable sub-types. All this goes to the making of the materials of the mechanism of consciousness, which will be conditioned by all these textures, colourings, densities.

In this downward sweep of the life-wave through the third, second and first planes, downward till the densest matter is reached, and the wave turns at that point to begin its sweep upwards, we must think of its work as that of forming combinations which show qualities, and so we sometimes speak of this work as the giving of qualities. In the upward sweep we shall find that bodies are built out of the matter thus prepared. But before we study the shaping of these, we must consider the sevenfold division of this life-wave in its descent, and the coming forth of the "Shining Ones," the "Devas," the "Angels," the "Elementals," that belong also to this downward sweep. These are the "Minor Gods" of whom Plato speaks, from whom man derives his perishable bodies.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble and helpful action.—RUSKIN.

THE LAND OF MARVELLOUS NIGHT

You are amazed, my friend and brother Fergus, because I, who come of a race that forgives not easily, forbore to take the life of Murtagh Redhands when he had put upon me a wrong that many who are pale-blooded and patient, as I was never known to be, would have avenged to the shedding of blood. For the man betrayed me, and his deed was the more evil because he was mine own foster-brother, and between us was the blood bond that may not be broken without bitter shame. Moreover, I trusted him; so that when I knew his treachery my love turned to fierce hate, and I pursued him that I might slay him. When I came to his house he had fled before me; I burned his goods, and razed his dwelling to the ground, and slew such of his people as fell into my hands. It was told me by one of these, who desired to save his own life, that Murtagh had fled to the House of the Oaken Field, there to seek sanctuary, for the place was very holy, and he thought I should fear to break the law of peace which rules within the houses where men have given their lives to God. I hanged the man who betrayed Murtagh my enemy, because he was a traitor to his master; and when he was dead I pursued Murtagh alone, leaving my followers encamped by the burning house of the man whose life I sought; the men were weary and needed food and sleep; but as for me, I said in my heart I would not rest till I had killed the man, and I would kill him even though he sheltered within the Church, and clung to the very altar.

Those who knew me in the days wherein he wronged me, aye! and those who know me now in my more sober years, wonder why I did not kill him, why I ceased to seek his life. They would show their scorn of a man who, after deep wrong, abandons a blood feud, or, at least, they would question me concerning that which I did, save that they fear me, and therefore they spare to show scorn or to question.

To you, O Fergus, I shall unfold the matter; because of the

love and friendship that lie between us, who learned the arts of war, of the chase, and of peaceful citizenship together at the court of my good father. Moreover, you have patiently and loyally trusted me, believing I held myself to have good cause and honest purpose for and in what I did; therefore to thee I shall tell of the wonder-night wherein I pursued Murtagh Redhands, mine enemy.

Alone I followed him, and when the sun set, and the mists crawled grey over the barren mountains I had come to the hill of Queen Eithné, a spot of ill repute, for thereon the heathen Gods were worshipped, and there men see lights flitting, and hear voices murmuring and singing when there is no man to speak or to sing.

I, truly, at another time would not have faced the devils of that hill after the sun had set and the witch hour dawned over the land; but wit you well, my brother Fergus, there was a mightier devil in my heart that day than was upon the hill, and I held my course towards the Oaken Field.

The dry heather bells tinkled in the wind; the hill was greyish brown, a sluggish stream crept round its base. I halted by the stream and flung the cool brown peat water over my face and head; the blood sang and throbbed in my brows by reason of my haste, and the deadly hate that was in me. I feared I might die of rage ere I had killed the man.

As I rose to my feet, I saw a grey stone cairn on the hill, and thereon stood one who was looking towards me. Despite my anger my blood chilled; I knew none of our country would stand on Eithné's cairn after sundown; but my dogged intent to slay Murtagh Redhands was as a shield to me; I would have tried to strangle Satan himself, if he came in human form, had he stood between me and the man.

He who stood on the cairn leaped down, and came towards me; I, knowing it is useless to fly from the Lonely Ones of the moor, or even, for that matter, from the less fearful trooping People who sport in bands, and glamour men for mirth, I—I say—abided his coming; sure was I, because of his stature and bearing, that he was of the Solitary Ones and not of the Little People of Eithné.

When he drew near I thought he was but a man like myself; a young man with a smooth face, thin and worn, and very pale, with great black eyes, and tangled curling black hair; he was bare-footed, clad in faded garments bleached with sun and rain; in his hand he carried a little rod of peeled willow, at least, such it seemed to me. He stood on the farther side of the stream:

"Greeting and peace, Ughtred of the Swords," said he; for so they called me, as ye know, because of the great swordsmen whom I held at my will, who were my men to do my bidding.

"Greeting," said I, "and as for peace that is as it may be."

Thereat he laughed, and I felt my blood chill once more.

"You follow a hunting trail?" said he.

"Aye," said I, "I do so; and I shall run my quarry down and kill before sunrise."

"Your quarry is Murtagh Redhands," he said, "the man has sought the Garden of the Souls made One."

"You lie," I answered. "He is at the House of the Oaken Field seeking sanctuary; and I will slay him there even before the altar, though my soul be lost to the end that endeth not, because of that killing."

"Aye, Ughtred of the Swords," he said carelessly, "you call it the Oaken Field, and we the Garden of the Souls made One, for thou speakest one tongue and we another. But the man will fly again at sunrise, for such an one knows no rest; what hinders that you be glamoured by the people of Eithné, even for pure sport, and wander here till cock-crow—or, for that matter, till Doom?"

It was true; I had missed the way already, and I ground my teeth.

"What will you grant me, Ughtred of the Swords," said he, "if I bring you to the Garden of the Souls made One before the sun rises?"

"Will you guide me faithfully," I said, "for I have it in my mind that thou art Murtagh's man, and would fool me if thou couldst?"

"Our people may not break their pledged word," he answered. "We should be powerless babes if we held not thereto; I shall

lead thee faithfully, but thou must follow me through the Land of Marvellous Night to reach the place."

"Now, human or of Eithné's people whichever ye be," said I, "I know thou liest, for I know the place; and it is but by the ways of mine own familiar country that I must pass to reach the Oaken Field."

"Ughtred of the Swords," he answered, "I shall not throw back to thee the lie thou hast put on me, for when children babble falsely they lie not, their falsehood being unwilling. Hear thou this: To know the shell of the egg is not to know its yolk; to know the rind of the fruit is not to know its core; to know the bodily seeming is not to know the man; to know the without is not to know the within; to know these hills and valleys is not to know the Land of Marvellous Night within them and throughout them. Tell me, shall I lead thee to the Garden whereof I spoke?"

"If you will bring me thither," I said, "I will cause the bond of blood to bind thee and me; and I will be thy man, I and mine, to fight in thy quarrels and avenge thy death, if I live longer than thou."

"It shall not be so hard a boon," he answered. "Suffer that I touch thee with the tip of this wand, between thy brows and on thy breast, and of a surety thou shalt reach the Garden of the Souls made One before this Murtagh flies from the Oaken Field."

And I noted hereafter as we held converse that he spake ever of that holy house as of a Garden, but of Murtagh he spoke as sheltering at the Oaken Field. I feared for the first time in my life; I set my teeth and answered:

"The boon shall be as thou sayest, but if thou betray me I will slay thee."

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"To the Oaken Field?" I asked.

"To the Garden of the Souls made One," he answered.

This House of the Oaken Field was a lonely church built of turfs, clay and wattles; around it were the huts of the men who built it; twelve were they, and their leader; thirteen in all. They dwelt together in a silent valley; given were they to prayer and fast, to vigil and contemplation, and to high thought of great mysteries.

My guide walked a pace before me; and now I saw that the man's body shone; his feet lighted the ground, and the willow wand in his hand glowed as though with fire. The whole country—mine own familiar country where I chased the deer and wild boar—shone; everywhere it quivered with faint light. We left the hill and plain of Eithné and came to a wood; it was a thick, tangled forest. I did not know the place; but he who led me found a path, and we walked quickly along it; the path dipped downwards into a valley and rose again to the summit of a hill. Trees were on either side of us; and now as we went I saw a mist that drove slowly down the path and streamed through the wood; this mist was not grey and wet, crawling ghostlike and chill over the land, but it was pure fire that burned not; a mist of delicate, quivering flame sweeping along like a breath of subtle life. I wondered whether this was in truth the fire of life, ever flowing through the land, unseen of us, unless our eyes be opened by the Lonely People to see the wonders of the Land of Marvellous Night.

I felt my strength wax a thousand fold as the fire drove past. I thought it swept forth from some spot where abided a great and fearful power; as we drew on our way I thought the power waxed stronger till I could hardly endure further. At last the path led us to an open circle walled about with trees; the ground was clothed with pale, dry grass, thick and coarse, bleached yellow-white by winter frost and rain; within that circle small bent trees, their rough leafless boughs silver trees of blackthorn white with blossom. The the grey trees, and the milk-white blooth were as of silver, some tarnished and some bright, a mist of quivering violet flame. In the centre o

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"The boon shall be as thou sayest, but if thou betray me I will slay thee."

He smiled and stepped across the stream; then he laid the tip of the willow wand between my eyes and over my heart. I reeled and fell to the earth, but he raised me from the ground; and in truth whether I was in or out of this my body, I know not to this day.

"Come," said he. "I shall lead thee now, Ughtred of the Swords."

altar of white stone shaped like a cross, and thereon somewhat, covered with a fair linen cloth.

The man who guided me halted:

"That which lies on the altar," he said, "is the vesture of one most holy, who descended from heaven, and hereafter shall ascend thereunto with power. Will you see his garment, Ughtred of the Swords?"

Then I feared the place greatly, and feared to touch the vesture of one so holy; nevertheless I went to the altar and plucked the linen cloth away; and behold! on the altar the body of a man, and that man, Murtagh Redhands, my enemy; and he lay as though asleep.

Then my lust for the life of the man waxed more fierce because of the power of the place, and the might of the fire as it swept through me. I drew my sword and plunged it into the breast of the sleeping body; and lo! it was not Murtagh who lay there, but I—Ughtred of the Swords—and I knew I had slain myself.

Even as I gasped and shook in a great horror of the place, the man and the altar were gone; I stood, with my sheathed sword by my side, in the lonely circle of silver, girdled by dark trees, and lit by the driving violet fire-mist.

I turned to the man who guided me: "I cannot slay thee," I said. "Thou art of the Lonely People, of the Land of Marvellous Night; and I wonder how, either by night or day, you dare to guide me to a holy house of Christian brethren."

"Wherein you purpose to do murder," he said.

"The man hath wronged me," I answered sullenly. "I hate him. But I am a Christian man, and thou art of the Lonely People."

"Ughtred of the Swords," he answered me, "believe thou this: even as thou canst not slay me, so also thou canst not slay either this Murtagh or thyself. Thou sayst I am of the Lonely People; receive this of me, I pray thee: Thou, and not I, art of the Lonely People; for there is nothing above or below so lonely as the soul that hates. Think not, thou Lonely One, I seek to stay thee from thy foe, or to stem thee in thy hate; slay if thou wilt, hate if thou wilt, and garner therefrom the fruitage of murder

and of hatred. As for thy wonder that I dare to draw near the Holy House of Christian men, know thou this: heaven and earth and all that in them is, fair and foul, ill or well, are fashioned into a Holy House for the Souls made One, of whom I, and my brethren, and these pious men are."

I followed him in silence; his words rang in my ears; I though it likely I should die by the vengeance of Heaven for profaning a holy house, but I was willing so to die, for in my soul was a great lust of blood.

I saw high on a lonely mountain a little hut in which a light shone like a star; a s'ennight past I slew a boar in those woods, and then the hut was not upon the mountain.

"Whose hut is that?" I said.

"It is the hut of Ughtred the Saint," he answered, "the sinner's saint, the pitiful and holy, the lover of all that lives."

"I had not known till now," I said, "that I bore the name of a saint."

I looked at the light, and by some magic power, I, who stood in the marshy valley by the lily tarn, could see within the mountain hut; therein was a man clad in a linen garment; my eyes and his, in which lived a boundless patience, met; behold! though he was unlike to me, I knew of a surety it was I, Ughtred of the Swords, who sat within that hut. I turned and fled; I ran fast, fast as a horse could gallop. When I paused and looked back I saw the hut and the light were still on the mountain; many of the things I saw that night vanished as I gazed on them; but ever when I looked I saw, unchanged, the hut of Ughtred the Saint, the lover of all that lived, abiding on the mountain, with the starlike gleam shining from its window.

And I, Ughtred the sinner, the hater of Murtagh Redhands, shuddered in rage and fear, because of my inner surety that, do as I would, I could never pluck down nor destroy the hut wherein Ughtred the Saint sat in patience—waiting.

The man who had promised to guide me was by my side, but now I needed no guidance, for I knew the place and trod swiftly to my revenge. At last we reached the top of the hills above the Oaken Field. These hills were set circle-wise about the vale; their sides were green and smooth; through the valley

ran a stream with meadows on either side; by the stream was the church shapen like a cross; and the huts in a circle; twelve were set in a ring, and the thirteenth hut was in the centre.

"Behold," said he who stood out beside me, "the Garden of the Souls made One, Ughtred of the Swords."

As he spoke he touched me twice and thrice with the wand he bore, and the church and huts vanished from my sight.

Then I saw a great sphere of light that filled the valley, and therein many colours whirling wheel-like, streaming forth and driving through the flame; nor was this sphere ever at rest, but it moved with a motion passing the tongue of man to describe; angelical indeed it was, and therein nothing earthly. The colours sang together and gave forth divers notes in a harmonious chanting more sweet than any choir; from the great sphere with its many colours and notes there streamed forth and back, east, west, north and south, the mist of fire that drove streamer-wise through the land; ever and anon there smote outwards from the unseen heart of the sphere a blue-white light, like the smiting of moonlight on gleaming mother-of-pearl. When this was so, the great sphere thrilled like a living body, aquiver with exceeding joy and bliss past human thought; the many hues grew brighter, their song was sweeter, and the driving threads of mist-like fire fled forth faster.

When I saw this wonder of the Land of Marvellous Night it was more than I could bear; I fell to the earth and lay there in a trance. When I woke therefrom I lay on the hills above the Oaken Field; the sky was grey with dawn; from the church I heard the song of the men who built it, the Souls made One. Their unseen life had power on me, though I no more beheld it, nor saw the living flame sweep throughout the land, when the light smote outwards through the Souls made One.

I saw a man steal fearfully from the church and look to the right and to the left. I knew it was Murtagh Redhands, my enemy; but the man was then no more to me than a wraith, a mist-wreath on the hill. I watched him steal away like a fox to his earth. Sitting on the hill I watched him; when he had gone I went down the hill, and sat without the church till those men who sang together ended their solemn hymn of praise.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE GULF BETWEEN CONSCIOUSNESS AND MATTER

THE subject of the apparently impassable gulf between consciousness and matter is discussed with great clearness and force by Mr. G. F. Stout, in the Introduction to his *Manual of Psychology*.*

He says that there are three alternatives in regard to the relation between the inner and the outer life:

(1) Interaction.
(2) One-sided action.
(3) Parallelism.

And that the chief difficulty in the way of the interaction theory is the impossibility of imagining the transference of mental to physical energy and *vice versa;* also that these difficulties equally apply to the theory of one-sided action; so that he himself inclines to the theory of parallelism.

"On the interaction hypothesis, a cerebral process may produce a state of consciousness, just as a nervous process may produce a muscular contraction, or as a change in one part of the cortex may produce change in another part; and inversely a conscious process, such as a volition, may act on the cortex, just as the cortex acts on sub-cortical centres, and these on the muscles."

But "when we come to the direct connection between a nervous process and a correlated conscious process, we find a complete solution of continuity. The two processes have no common factor. Their connection lies entirely outside our total knowledge of physical nature on the one hand, and of conscious process on the other. The laws which govern the change of position of bodies, and of their component atoms and molecules

* Chapter on "Body and Mind."

in space, evidently have nothing to do with the relation between a material occurrence and a conscious occurrence. No reason in the world can be assigned why the change produced in the grey pulpy substance of the cortex by light of a certain wave-length, should be accompanied by the sensation *red*, and why that produced by light of a different wave-length should be accompanied by the sensation *green*. It is equally unintelligible that a state of volition should be followed by a change in the substance of the cortex, and so mediately by the contraction of a muscle."

Now it is sometimes said that Theosophy explains how this interaction takes place.

Oh yes, it is said, it is quite simple; there is a vibration in the physical body which is communicated to the etheric, then to the astral, then to the mental body; and so the higher planes are gradually reached.

But, in fact, the point in question, how a vibration in matter can be changed into a sensation in consciousness, has never been touched. We have only pursued the material aspect of the question a little further. And we have still the problem to solve, though in a slightly different form, which has been propounded by Mr. Stout.

It has now become: *No reason in the world can be assigned why a particular kind of vibration in the astral body should be accompanied by the sensation red.* The gulf between consciousness and matter yawns as wide as before.

We seem driven to the conclusion that as consciousness cannot have been produced at any particular point in the series of vibrations, it must have been there all the time, in the physical vibration as in the later ones, and that consciousness and matter do not act and react on each other because *they are actually the same thing*, seen from different points of view.

The vibration in the astral body *is* the sensation red, and nothing else; it does not cause it, nor is it caused by it.

This is the truth that lies behind the third theory of the relation between consciousness and matter, which Mr. Stout calls *parallelism*.

"Modifications of consciousness emerge contemporaneously with corresponding modifications of nervous process. The ner-

vous changes are supposed to be parts of the total continuous process of the physical universe, so that science will require none but material conditions to explain them. On the other hand there is causal connection within the process of consciousness itself, as such. This psychical causation runs parallel with the material, but is not itself material. When a bodily action, such as moving a finger, follows upon volition, it is the cortical process concomitant with the volition which sets the muscles in contraction and so produces the movement. When an external impression is followed by a sensation, what the external impression produces is a cortical process, which is concomitant with, but does not cause the sensation. The external impression may be regarded as if it were a cause of the sensation, inasmuch as it is a cause of the cortical process correlated with the sensation. Similarly the volition may be regarded as if it were a cause of the movement, inasmuch as it is correlated with the cortical process which sets the appropriate muscles in contraction."

Mr. Stout goes on to say that no explanation except a metaphysical one can be suggested for the theory of parallelism.

"The individual consciousness, as we know it, must be regarded as a fragment of a wider whole, by which its origin and its changes are determined. As the brain forms only a fragmentary portion of the total system of material phenomena, so we must assume the stream of individual consciousness to be in like manner part of an immaterial system. We must further assume that this immaterial system in its totality is related to the material world in its totality as the individual consciousness is related to nervous processes taking place in the cortex of the brain.

"Within the immaterial system the individual consciousness is a determining factor: within this system it acts and is acted on. But this interaction is virtually interaction between conscious process, and the material world; for the total immaterial system to which the individual consciousness belongs is correlated with material phenomena in general, as the individual consciousness is correlated with nervous occurrences in the cortex."

He next considers: "The relation of the immaterial system

as a whole to the material system as a whole." Matter as a whole is related to consciousness as a whole because "there can be no appearance or presentation apart from a subject to which an object appears or is presented. . . . . All that makes matter material presupposes some consciousness that takes cognisance of it. . . . .

"The world of material phenomena presupposes a system of immaterial agency. In this immaterial system the individual consciousness originates. To it in some way the sensational experiences are due, which form the basis of our knowledge of the material world. It is on it the individual consciousness acts when it produces changes in the material world. All this is possible because the system of immaterial agency is identical with what we know as matter in so far as matter exists independently of its possible presentation to a perceiving subject."

The source of parallelism is thus traced back to the Logos and Mûlaprakriti, and it is then pointed out that the Logos is identical with Mûlaprakriti *in so far as the latter exists independently of its possible presentation to a perceiving subject.* In other words, the gulf between consciousness and matter persists throughout manifestation, and we can only transcend it by going back to Parabrahm.

SARAH CORBETT.

BY love, or harmony, the Ego is raised to higher planes of being and bliss; by love it is brought into contact with the deeper truths of life. And penetrating the veil—the illusion of form—it sends out its unconscious tendrils towards the life within, thereby developing the higher powers of adjustment, co-ordination and sacrifice. Though the broken images of the Self, thus attracting the Self in man, may temporarily lead the Ego astray and attach it to forms, yet their resultant effect is the expansion of consciousness when the phenomena forms perish.—*Prashnottara.*

TIBET

THE Land of Mystery, the Heart of Asia, the Roof of the World, are all picturesque but true appellations of Tibet. It is a land of mystery: to students of Theosophy because it is reputed to be the home of Adepts; to everyone else because so little is really known about it. Nature has made it inaccessible, and internal policy seems to support nature in maintaining its splendid isolation. Nevertheless we are not without some fairly authentic records of this land, and the difficulty is to understand, rather than to glean, the information available.

Scattered over the five volumes of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky has left many references to Tibet; these taken by themselves are perhaps apt to give a rather one-sided impression of the country and its people—an impression altogether idealistic. She concerns herself with the esoteric and philosophic side rather than with the external, the people, their religion and their customs. The other extreme is rendered in recently published books of travel and adventure, which apparently are intended to glorify the authors rather than to enlighten the reader; but a happy mean seems to be provided in this respect in the account given by Abbé Huc in his *Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China*. Huc penetrated into Lhassa in 1845, and is consequently a little behind the times in the matter of dates; but it would not appear that Tibet changes as quickly as we do, and his experiences are most instructive when they are read side by side with the statements of H. P. B.

Abbé Huc was a priest engaged in the Roman Catholic mission around Pekin, and he and a fellow missionary, M. Gabet, boldly resolved to penetrate into the heart of Tibet and there preach Christianity to the Dalai Lâma, hoping to convert the "Pope of Tibet" to the religion and authority of the Pope of Rome. While waiting for an escort the priests decided to learn

the Tibetan language, and they secured the services of a Lâma to instruct them. The outcome was an invitation to reside as guests at the famous Lâmasery of Kounboum. Here they lived for three months and had probably a unique opportunity of studying Lâmaism from within its borders.

The greater portion of the male population of Tibet consists of Lâmas. Lâma means "spiritual-teacher." The Lâma follows the monastic system strictly, and embraces celibacy. Huc says that in almost all families every son, except the eldest, who remains a layman, becomes a Lâma. Lâmaseries are found all over Tibet, the largest being at Lhassa, where two of them protect no less than 30,000 Lamas, and in the immediate neighbourhood the number of Lâmaseries is not less than thirty. The Lâmasery is really a town rather than a monastery, which is often a single building.

Huc describes that of Kounboum as covering two sides of a ravine which occupies a site of enchanting beauty. On the slopes rise the white dwellings of the Lâmas, of various sizes but all alike surrounded by a wall. Amidst these modest habitations rich only in their intense cleanliness, are numerous temples with gilt roofs, sparkling with a thousand brilliant colours. Of the Lâmas of Kounboum Huc speaks admiringly. Their habits are simple. Garlic, brandy and tobacco are interdicted and little used, though some contraband trade is, he says, effected in these articles. A. H. Savage Landor (1897) describes the Lâmas he met as celibates in name, but actually slaves to the worst vices, and to him they appear in the light of degraded savages; but Huc found them for the most part tolerant, generous and noble, and he makes no charges of extreme vice, as does Landor. There may be, and probably are, many degrees of merit and discipline in different Lâmaseries also; then again H. P. B. tells us that Tsong-kha-pa, the reformer of Lâmaism in the fourteenth century, forbade necromancy; this led to a split amongst the Lâmas, and the malcontents allied themselves with the original Bhons against the reformed system. Even now they form a powerful sect practising the most disgusting rites all over Sikkim, Bhutân, Nepaul, and even on the border land of Tibet.* As it

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 409.

is in these border states that Lâmaism has for the most part come under the notice of Europeans, the worst side of it has no doubt been presented to them. The reformers are known as the Yellow Caps; the Bhons and their allies are the Red Caps. These comprise the two great sects in Lâmaism; it was with the Yellow Caps that Huc resided.

Kounboum is, according to Huc, widely famous for its excellent discipline and superior learning. It is an educational centre, and like our Universities has its Faculties: those of Mysticism, which comprehends the rules of the contemplative life; of Liturgy, comprising the study of the religious ceremonies and ritual; of Medicine, covering botany and the pharmacopœia; and of Prayers. Side by side with much knowledge and high spirituality there is superstition and credulity. Pilgrimages are made to the Lâmaseries, and merit sought by turning prayer-barrels, making prostrations all round the sacred precincts, and performing disagreeable tasks—such as carrying round a pile of books of prayer, the contents of which are supposed to be recited when the pilgrim has staggered over the full circuit of the Lâmasery with his burden.

Occasionally Huc met Lâmas, who performed what were to him miracles, effected by the aid of the Evil One. They heat irons red-hot, he tells us, and then lick them with impunity, make incisions in the body which an instant after heal, leaving no trace of wound behind. One Lâma could fill a vase with water by the mere agency of Prayer. Every operation had to be preceded by Prayer.

The word Kounboum means ten thousand images. True Lâmaism dates back to the fourteenth century, when the old religion largely associated with spirit and devil worship was reformed by Tsong-kha-pa. Popular tradition has it that this great reformer was born of shepherd parents where Kounboum now is. When born his face expressed extraordinary majesty, and he was immediately able to express himself with clearness and precision in the language of his country. At the age of three he resolved to renounce the world and embrace the religious life. His mother cut off his flowing hair, and threw it outside the tent, when forthwith there sprang up a tree, the wood of which dis-

pensed an exquisite perfume, and each leaf of which bore engraved on its surface a character in Tibetan.

Such is the tradition; the Abbé and his companion were hardly prepared for the sequel, and when in a great square enclosure at the foot of the mountain on which the Lâmasery stands they beheld the wonderful tree itself, they eagerly examined the leaves, and were "filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment," when upon each of them they saw well-formed Tibetan characters. The characters appeared "as portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves"; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top, in another in the middle, in a third at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The characters covered also the bark of the tree and its branches, and were found on the young bark in indistinct outlines in a germinating state. Thinking there was some trickery, everything was examined with the closest attention, and, says the Abbé, "the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created." The tree appeared to be of great age, the leaves are always green and the wood has an exquisite odour. The Lâmas stated that all efforts to propagate it, whether by seeds or cuttings, had always been fruitless.

H. P. B. confirms this description and adds the statement that the characters are in Senzar (ancient Sanskrit), and that the sacred tree, in its various parts, contains, *in extenso*, the whole history of the creation, and in substance the sacred books of Buddhism.* Senzar is elsewhere described as the sacred sacerdotal symbolic language, older than Sanskrit. It is the language of the *Book of Dzyân*, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*.

After three months at Kounboum, the priests removed to Tchogorton, a small Lâmasery about a mile distant, which constituted a sort of outpost connected with the Faculty of Medicine. Tchogorton was the abode of five contemplative Lâmas, who had hollowed out their retreats in the precipitous rocks on the peak of the mountain. One of these hermits had entirely renounced the world and voluntarily cut off all means of ingress and egress, his

* *Isis Unveiled*, i. 440.

only means of communication with the outside being a bag tied to a long string, which was kept supplied with the alms of the Lâmas and shepherds. Huc says he had frequent conversation with some of these contemplative Lâmas, but could never ascertain exactly what it was they contemplated up there in their nests, and they themselves, he says, could give no clear idea on the matter, and told him they had embraced this manner of life because they had read in their books that Lâmas of very great sanctity lived in that way.

It is impossible to gather from what Huc says, whether the contemplative Lâmas are mere formalists, or are pursuing the most effective course for opening up the inner faculties which lie hidden behind the normal activities of the mind. Possibly there are both genuine ascetics following scientific methods to this end, and also their imitators so far as externals only are concerned, but it is interesting to compare a reference which H. P. B. makes to retreats; she tells us that great Teachers have been known to live in the snowy range of the Himâlayas for countless ages. They live in Âshramas (hermitages); but it is seldom, she says, that these great Men are found in Lâmaseries except for short visits. In the time of the Buddha, these Âshramas were on the spots they now occupy, and were there even before the Brâhmaṇas themselves came from Central Asia to settle on the Indus. Before that, men of fame and historical renown had sat at the feet of those Teachers, learning that which culminated later on in one or another of the great philosophical schools.*

The would-be missionaries were impressed with the religious observances of the people. Every evening at sundown everybody left house or shop and flocked into the main streets and squares, and there joined in chanting prayers. Huc remarks that the "religious concerts" produced by these numerous assemblages create throughout the town an immense solemn harmony which operates forcibly on the soul, and he draws a "painful comparison" between this "pagan town" and the cities of Europe where people would blush to make the sign of the cross in public. The evening prayers vary according to the season, but another habit is common to the Tibetans of repeating on their rosaries one

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 406.

particular formula, at all times and seasons. This formula or mantram, as Huc renders it, is "Om mani padme houm"; he says it is not only in everyone's mouth, but you see it written everywhere about in the streets, in the squares, and in the houses, on flags which float over the public edifices, and engraved upon stones and rocks. The literal sense of this phrase is given by Huc as "Oh the Gem in the Lotus. Amen"; but another rendering is: "I am in Thee, Thou art in me." The latter, implying as it does the divine nature of man and the binding relationship between human and divine, may well constitute a motto for a people whose whole life is essentially religious.

The Dalai Lâma is acknowledged as the legislative, executive and administrative Head of the Tibetans. He is believed to be a great Adept, whose lives as Dalai Lâma are a series of quickly succeeding reincarnations. When the Dalai dies the chief Lâmas proceed to search for him in the form of a young child. The whole country is searched that the right child may be found, and when found he is examined and tested with a view to ascertaining the extent of his knowledge, and of his memory of past incarnations. Many wonderful stories are told of the phenomenal intelligence of these infant kings. The reigning Dalai Lâma in 1845, the year of Huc's visit, was a child of nine years, who had occupied the palace for six of them. He was taken from a poor and obscure family in one of the outlying principalities.

H. P. B. says that the importance Europeans attach to the Dalai Lâmas is a mistake, as it is the Teshu Lâmas who are *de facto* the Popes in Tibet.* Huc also found there was another great power in the land, and he refers to the Teshu Lâma when he describes the Bandchan-Remboutchi, who, sixty years of age, was "of a fine majestic frame and astonishingly vigorous." Huc's own words are interesting in many ways: "This singular personage states himself to be of Indian origin, and that it is already some thousands of years since his first incarnation took place in the celebrated country of the Azaras. . . . . The learned Lâmas who occupy themselves with Buddhic genealogies explain how the Bandchan, after numerous and marvellous incarnations in Hindustan, ended by appearing in Further Tibet and

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 408.

fixing his residence at Tji-gad-ji. . . . . Whatever may be his biography . . . . this able Lâma has managed to establish an astonishing reputation. The Tibetans, the Tartars and the other Buddhists call him by no other name than the Great Saint, and never pronounce his name without clasping their hands and raising their eyes to heaven. . . . He knows how to speak, they say, all the languages of the universe . . . and can converse with pilgrims from all parts of the world. . . The Tartars have so strong a faith in his power that they invoke him continually." According to Huc the Teshu Lâma resides at Tji-gad-ji (the mountain of oracles) the capital of Further Tibet, situated eight days' journey south of Lhassa. A glance at the map will show that this would bring the region well into the heart of the Himâlayas. This seems to afford a clue to various matters of interest to students of Theosophy.

H. P. B., speaking of Tsong-kha-pa, the reformer and the hero of Kounboum before referred to, infers that He was a direct incarnation of Amitabuddha and the founder of the secret schools near Tji-gad-ji attached to the private retreat of the Teshu Lâma. With Him (Tsong-kha-pa) began the regular system of Lâmaic incarnations. It is the Teshu Lâmas who are, in fact, the spiritual sovereigns of Tibet. "The Dalai Lâmas were the creation of the sixth reincarnation of Tsong-kha-pa, and He Himself gave the signs whereby the presence of one of the twenty-five Boddhisattvas in the human body could be recognised."* The Boddhisattvas are elsewhere described as those great souls who are so highly evolved as to require only one more earthly incarnation to become perfect. A fair deduction seems to be that the succeeding incarnations of the Dalai Lâmas were in the past, at any rate, those of the most Holy Ones who represent human perfection.

H. P. B. also states that among the commands of Tsong-kha-pa there is one that enjoins the great Teachers to make an attempt to enlighten the world (including the West), every century at a certain specified period of the cycle, and she tells us that so far (1886) none of these attempts had been very successful. In this connection she also mentions a prophecy, and

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 408

permits the inference that a certain great teacher, whose Tibetan name she mentions, will be reborn in the West before the misconceptions of Europe will be uprooted. Another prophecy is also mentioned which declares that the Secret Doctrine will remain in all its purity in Tibet only while it is kept free from foreign invasion, this being the true key to Tibetan exclusiveness.* Again, the same writer tells us that it is only in the trans-Himâlayan fastnesses, loosely called Tibet, in the most inaccessible spots of desert and mountain, that the esoteric Good Law lives to the present day in its pristine purity,† and that the *Book of Dzyân*, the book of the Secret Wisdom of the world, is kept in secret and apart, in the charge of the Teshu Lâma of Tji-gad-ji.‡

Huc's description of the palace of the Dalai Lâma, with its golden roof, is reminiscent of other palaces which are now regarded as relics of very ancient civilisations, and there are other evidences that point to Tibet as at some time in the dim past the seat of a mighty people. The Gobi Desert on the north-eastern side promises to provide evidence of this sort to the archæologist, and Dr. Sven Hedin has already brought the district into prominence. Years ago H. P. B. declared that round no other region, not even Peru, hang so many traditions, and that the howling waste of shifting sand was once one of the richest empires the world ever saw, while beneath the surface lies such wealth in gold, jewels, statuary, and all that indicates civilisation, luxury, and the fine arts, as no place in Christendom can show to-day.§

While it would appear that Tibet was the seat of great material civilisation, its chief interest to the Theosophist must necessarily be in the fact that it is still the home of the Masters of Wisdom. Maybe it is in its recesses that is established the physical link between the world of to-day and that wondrous One who holds spiritual sway over the initiated Adepts throughout the whole world, the "Initiator," called the "Great Sacrifice," He who Himself at the threshold of Light will not cross into it, because of the lonely sore-footed pilgrims who are still striving

* *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 412. † *Ibid.*, 424.

‡ *Ibid.*, 415. § *Ibid.*, 18.

to find their way out of "this limitless desert of illusion."* As our knowledge of the East increases, particularly of this portion of it, the careful student will probably find accumulating the external evidences which point to the most inaccessible parts of Tibet as the centre from which for many ages the light of knowledge and power has flowed into race after race and empire after empire on its ascending arc; as now once more the old life flows in to refresh, enlighten and ennoble the Kelt and Teuton in his youth, a youth that has the promise of an inconceivably great maturity. Europeans may despise the East, but if evidence goes for anything they cannot grow to power without its aid; and our Theosophy of to-day is woven round the text of the *Book of Dzyân* itself, which lies in the safe keeping of the Great Lâma at Tji-gad-ji.

T. H. MARTYN.

CORRESPONDENCE

INDIAN POVERTY

To the Editors of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

THE review of Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji's recent work on *Poverty and Un-British Rule in India* which has appeared in the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW is unconsciously misleading, and illustrates how difficult it is even for one of the best friends of India, as the writer of the review evidently is, to understand and grasp the real difficulties of the problem of Indian poverty. It is anything but true that "to-day there are enormous, almost incredible, amounts of wealth stored up and hoarded all over India." I know the condition of the people of India a thousand times better than this theosophical reviewer can do, and I can assure him, in the most positive manner, that to-day the people are so poor and poverty-stricken that there is no possibility for them to hoard "enormous, almost incredible, amounts of wealth."

* *Ibid.*, ii. 208 (O. E.).

Then, he advises Indians to become "capable and efficient officers, lieutenants, captains, generals, in the great army of labour." The fact is ignored that the present impoverished condition of the Hindus has been mainly brought about by their forcible deprivation of the right to "control and guide labour" in their native land. It must not be forgotten that India was not only an agricultural, but also an industrial and manufacturing country. It was the early policy of the English which strangled all the industries and manufactures of India. The attention of the reviewer is drawn to the following extract from the standard *History of British India*, by Mill and Wilson:—

"The cotton and silk goods of India up to this period (1813) could be sold for a profit in the English market at a price from 50 to 60 per cent. lower than those fabricated in England. It consequently became necessary to protect the latter by duties of 70 and 80 per cent. on their value, or by positive prohibition. Had this not been the case, the mills of Manchester and Paisley would have been stopped at the outset and could scarcely have been set in motion even by the power of steam. They were created by the sacrifice of the Indian manufacturers. Had India been independent, she would have retaliated. This act of self-defence was not permitted her. British goods were forced upon her without paying any duty, and the foreign manufacturer employed the arm of political injustice to keep down and ultimately strangle a competitor with whom he could not have contended on equal terms."

An officer, Major J. B. Keith, writing in the columns of the well-known Anglo-Indian daily of India (the *Pioneer*) said:—"Everyone knows how zealously trade secrets are guarded. If you went over Messrs. Doulton's pottery works, you would be politely overlooked. Yet under the force of compulsion the Indian workman had to divulge the manner of his bleaching and other trade secrets to Manchester. A costly work was prepared by the India House Department to enable Manchester to take twenty millions a year from the poor of India; copies were gratuitously presented to Chambers of Commerce, and the Indian ryot had to pay for them. This may be political economy, but it is marvellously like something else."

AN INDIAN F.T.S

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Kabalah

The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabalah. By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Few occult traditions have given rise to the exercise of so much misdirected ingenuity as have the flotsam and jetsam from Jewry's mystic past preserved in mediæval Kabalistic literature; and few traditions have come down to us in so chaotic a state, and so fantastically mingled with rubbish from the old-world midden of sorcery and superstition, number-juggling and letter-magic. Indeed the magic and sorcery elements have so obscured the mystic, philosophic and spiritual contents of the tradition, that few sober-minded folk have the patience to sift out the valuable material from the rubbish.

This state of affairs is largely owing to the too enthusiastic later adherents of the Kabalah, who in their perfervid encomia ever make the more stupendous claims for their Tradition in proportion as they are ignorant of the text of the literature which they idolise, and the history of the developments which they take to be original revelations of unrealisable antiquity.

It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that we welcome the appearance of Mr. Waite's book, which at last gives us a sensible account of the matter from a critical and historical standpoint. Mr. Waite is neither a rhapsodist who sings an indiscriminate pæan of praise over all things Kabalistic, nor is he a hostile critic like a Graetz or a Ginsburg. He takes the middle ground of sober enquiry and impartial investigation, and gives us a book that is really useful and not a partisan tractate.

Occult traditions, in my opinion, do far more harm than good if they are not corrected by the sober discipline of historical and critical research. What we want in all such matters is a proper focus, a correct valuation, perspective and proportion. It is of first importance to determine the comparative size, that is to say importance, of

the elements or factors of such a tradition. Without the sober precision of the "higher criticism" the imaginative enthusiast of the "occult" rejoices to take a pig for an elephant, and a swan for a pterodactyl. He has ever done so in the past, and will continue to do so, unless someone adjusts his mental lenses for him by the force of facts sympathetically brought to his notice.

This Mr. Waite has largely succeeded in doing in the case of the Kabalah, and my own opinion of the service he has rendered is best estimated by the fact that our Publishing Society undertook the printing of the book at my instigation. An unlucky fate had attended its genesis. It had been almost entirely set, when the printing office where the work was being done was burnt down, and although the remaining MS. escaped destruction, the firm which was publishing the book thoughtlessly chose this moment to wind up its affairs. By chance a mutual friend lent me a copy of the proofs of Mr. Waite's labours, and I was at once struck by the evident good-will, impartiality and exactitude displayed by the writer. It was just the very kind of book on the Kabalah I had been hoping to see published, a healthy corrective to the innumerable absurdities which have been written on the subject, and yet not a destructive criticism of anything of real value in the tradition.

I have, therefore, very great pleasure in recommending it to my fellow students as the best introduction to the subject in the English language, and in some ways the most helpful study that has yet appeared in any language.

It is an introduction and a study, however, and though it has a compass of some 500 pages is by no means exhaustive. We have still to await a translation of the documents on which so much has been written, and to hope that ere long a competent Hebraist will make the contents of the tractates of various dates and importance and the main commentaries upon them, which constitute the main stream of Kabalistic tradition, accessible in some modern language. It is almost incredible that latter-day enthusiasm for the Kabalah has been almost entirely displayed by those who have never read a line of the original text, and to a large extent by those who have never even studied the five encyclopædic volumes of Knorr von Rosenroth, who in the latter half of the seventeenth century in most disorderly fashion put many of the tractates into Latin, in the hope of converting the Jews to Christianity. It is further to be noticed that the translations which have appeared in French and English are

for the most part from the pens of those who have never shown any knowledge of Hebrew or Aramaic in any other direction, and are always of tractates already translated by Rosenroth into Latin.

Mr. Waite's labours do not include any attempt at translation, and the proportion of his book which he devotes to the summarising of doctrine is small compared with his historical and critical researches. He apparently has no knowledge of the originals, but has rendered great service by analysing Rosenroth's chaotic lexicon and versions, which are by no means easily understandable even to a good Latinist. Another point in which Mr. Waite falls short is his small acquaintance with the painstaking critical work done in Germany, the country beyond all others to which we turn for a scientific first-hand knowledge of every literary monument of rabbinism.

In brief, Mr. Waite has relied mostly on Knorr von Rosenroth's *Kabbala Denudata*, and on works in French and English, all of which he has studied with great assiduity and good critical insight. His work on those lines is so good and useful that it is perhaps ungracious to point out where it requires to be supplemented; for his previous studies of the alchemists and mystics of the middle ages and subsequently make him peculiarly fitted to discuss the connections between movements and tendencies of this nature and Kabalism, and he does splendid work in exposing misconception after misconception and error after error which are still dear to the hearts of occult triflers and pretentious hierophants. But all this he does with such courtesy that it will be difficult even for the most bombastic to take offence—a most difficult and delicate task wisely performed.

Mr. Waite has treated of Kabalism from the middle ages onward, and has little to say in detail of its earlier ancestry, a side of the subject which perhaps did not come into his scheme. What he says on this part of the matter is cautiously advanced and stated with moderation, but my own studies have convinced me that all the distinctive doctrines of the Kabalah proper can be paralleled in the mystic literature of the first centuries. Ain Suph, the Sephiroth, the Two Countenances, the Heavenly Marriage, and much else, can all be paralleled in Gnostic and allied literature, and this in no vague and conjectural manner, but fully and completely. From as rigid a standpoint of history and criticism as can with any justice be demanded we can prove the existence of the Kabalah proper, not in germ but most highly developed, in the days of the Therapeuts, Essenes, Gnostics and Hermetists; and as the Talmud was developed

in opposition to all those tendencies, and in the interests of rigid Jewish orthodoxy, Mr. Waite, in my opinion, is in error in saying that the "roots" of the Kabalah may be found in the Talmud. Some traces of current Kabalah, it is true, have crept into the Talmud *in spite of* the hedge which the Rabbis built round the Torah, but the earlier stream of Kabalism flowed in wider channels than the Talmud stream of orthodox Jewry.

G. R. S. M.

Poverty in excelsis

The Lady Poverty. Translated by M. Carmichael. (London: John Murray. Price 5*s*. net.)

There is a certain flavour—shall we call it the brown bread of mysticism?—about S. Francis that renders him peculiarly dear to the "precious" whose palates are accustomed to caviare of religious emotions and froth of philosophy. A whole mass of Franciscan literature has recently invaded the press, and on the shelves of that fluctuating quantity, the buying public, lives of S. Francis in *éditions de luxe* (strange parodox!) jostle Omar Khayyam, and François Villon, testifying to the catholicity of the taste of the moment. Briefly, the "Poverella" has become fashionable—under the wing of Mudie. Perhaps there is an especial and delicate luxury in dwelling upon records of a saint, an ascetic and a mystic, when that record is bound in art vellum.

To the student of mysticism this great and simple soul will always be an object of reverence and love, and he will thank fashion for providing him with more information about "the little Poor Man of Assisi," the saint who, above all other Christian saints, approaches most nearly to his great Master, Christ. Such a student is Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, who has just translated from the Latin the *Sacrum Commercium*, or *The Lady of Poverty*. This exquisite little thirteenth century allegory relates the mating of the Blessed Francis with My Lady Poverty, and how he and his Brothers persuaded her to live once more in honourable guise amongst men; of her sad history; and of her consent to live with the Brothers if they would diligently serve her with contented hearts.

The *Sacrum Commercium* was written in all likelihood in 1227 by an anonymous Franciscan, preceding Thomas Celano's *Legenda Prima* by one year; thus it is probably the first book ever written about S.

Francis. The authorship has been much disputed, however, and in his interesting and scholarly preface Mr. Carmichael goes thoroughly into the pros and cons of the matter. There are three Latin editions extant: one was printed in Milan in 1539, of which the only copy is in the Ambrosian Library; a second appeared in 1894, edited by Professor Alvisi; and the third was published last year by Père Edouard d'Alençon. There are also three Italian editions, the third of which has only just been published. I cannot resist quoting from a chapter at the end of the book which describes the sojourn of My Lady Poverty with the Brothers:

And when the Brothers had made all Things ready, they urged the Lady Poverty to eat with them. But she said unto them: "Show me first your Oratory, the Cloister and Chapter House, the Refectory, Kitchen, Dormitory and Stables, your fine Seats and polished tables and noble Houses. For I see none of these Things, and yet I do see that you are blithe and cheerful, abounding in Joy, filled with Consolation, as if you expected all these Things to be supplied to you at will." But they made answer and said: "O Lady and Queen, we thy Servants are weary with the long Journey, and thou in coming with us hast endured not a little. Therefore, if it please thee, let us eat first and thus refreshed, we will do thy Bidding." And my Lady answered: "It pleaseth me well. But first bring Water that we may wash our Hands, and a Cloth therewith to dry them." And they brought forth a broken earthenware Vessel—for they had no sound one—full of Water. And having poured the Water on their hands they searched on all sides for a Cloth. But when none could be found one of the Brethren offered the Habit he wore, that therewith my Lady may wipe her Hands. And giving Thanks she took it, magnifying God with all her Heart Who had given her such Men as Companions. And after this they led her to the Place where the Table was made ready. But she looked around about, and seeing Nothing save three or four Crusts of Barley-bread laid upon the Grass, she marvelled exceedingly within herself saying: "Who ever saw the Like in the Generations of Old? Blessed art Thou O Lord God, Who hast care of All, for Thy Power is at hand when Thou wilt, and Thou hast taught Thy people, that by such Works they may Please Thee." And thus they sat a while giving Thanks to God for all His Gifts. Then my Lady Poverty commanded them to bring in Dishes the Food which they had cooked. But they fetched a Basin full of cold Water, that all might dip their Bread therein, for here was there no abundance of Dishes or superfluity of Cooks. My Lady Poverty then begged that she might at least have some uncooked savoury Herbs, but having neither Garden or Gardener, the Brethren gathered some wild Herbs in the Wood, and placed them before her. Who said: "Bring me a little Salt, that I may savour these Herbs, for they are bitter." But they answered her: "Then must thou tarry awhile, Lady, until we go into the City to obtain

it. If haply there should be anyone who would give us some." Then she asked them, saying: "Fetch hither a Knife that I may trim these Herbs, and cut the Bread, which verily is hard and dry." Who answered: "O Lady, we have no Smith to make us Knives. For the present, use thy Teeth in the place of Knife, and afterwards we will provide." Whereupon she said: "Have you a little Wine?" To which they answered: "No, Lady, we have no Wine, for the necessities of Man's Life are Bread and Water, and it is not good for thee to drink Wine, for the Spouse of Christ should shun Wine as Poison." And when they were satisfied, rejoicing more in the Nobility of Want than if they had an Abundance of All Things, they blessed the Lord in Whose sight they had found such favour, and led my Lady Poverty to a place where she might sleep, for she was weary. And she lay down upon the bare ground. When she asked for a Pillow, they straightway brought her a Stone, and laid it under her Head. So after she had slept for a brief space in Peace, she arose and asked the Brothers to show her their Cloister. And they, leading her to the summit of a hill, showed her the wide World, saying: "This is our Cloister, O Lady Poverty." Thereupon she bade them all sit down together, and opening her Mouth she began to speak unto them Words of Life, saying: "Blessed are you, my Sons, of the Lord, Who made Heaven and Earth, who have received me into their House with such Fulness of Charity, that it seems to me as if that I had to-day been in Paradise."

However it was not mere beggary that S. Francis preached; he preached rather contentment of spirit and the happiness that springs from the inner instead of the outer life. His message was not unlike the message of Thoreau, who cried "Simplify, simplify!" The Lady Poverty of the saint was not a self-torturing ascetic, but one who had no desire for ease and self-indulgence, whose wants were reduced to a minimum, whose outer seeming was beautiful as well as frugal. The sordid poverty of a London slum with all its attendant uglinesses is the only poverty with which we in these days of luxury are familiar, but this is a travesty of the Divine Lady of the Poor Man of Assisi. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," says He who, like S. Francis, espoused the Lady Poverty.

The epilogue on "The Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty," by Father Cuthbert (O.S.F.C.) contains much that will interest and appeal to theosophical readers. It is, moreover, broad and rationalistic.

E. M. S.

An Ideal

The Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A. By Montgomery Carmichael. (London: John Murray. Price 6*s*. net.)

Mr. Carmichael has published simultaneously with *The Lady Poverty* another book which will appeal to the readers of this Review, *The Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A.* Though written in so convincing a manner, with its foot-notes, editor's queries, and references to real events, it is not a biography, but a piece of fiction. It purports to be the history of a certain John William Walshe, written by his son, and edited by Mr. Carmichael, and, so complete is the illusion, that the reader who had not been informed previously to the contrary, would imagine that he was reading the life of a real personage, and that Mr. Walshe, scholar, saint and poet, had actually existed. Of course, to that ubiquitous and obnoxious person, the Man-in-the-Street, saints, seers, and miracle-workers, are, with unfaltering perspicacity, put down as religious maniacs, cranks or frauds, unless they come in the semblance of mental science, or of some other old wine in new bottles. But then it is bad form to indulge in any kind of enthusiasm that is not enigmatic, except over the polo at Ranelagh or the cricket at Lord's, and it is a gentle implication of deficient brain-power if you do not talk epigrammatically about the serious. But in spite of the raised eye-glass of a century too serious to be anything but frivolous, and too fearful of becoming thoughtful to think, Mr. Carmichael has made his subject attractive and credible. The character that he has created for us in the person of Mr. Walshe is one that those who have studied the psychology of mysticism as developed in the ascetics of Cluny, the devotees at Port Royal and the Lourdes phenomena, will appreciate for its subtlety and truth. But it is not merely an analysis; it is a tender and sympathethic study of a rare soul and its religious aspirations, with a background of the simple Tuscan life which has remained so little changed since the days of S. Francis, and which Mr. Carmichael knows so well how to describe.

The early religious struggles of the Manchester boy in his uncongenial home surroundings, his flight to the Promised Land of Italy, his joy in finding in the pious and scholarly Lord Frederick a friend to whom religion was the one great fact which contained in itself all the other facts and interests of life, his joining the Catholic Church in the Passionist Church on the Monte S. Angelo, and the story of his subsequent inner life, are pourtrayed with a series of

touches so delicate that one can hardly be persuaded that one is not reading about a real personage. The part of the book which deals with his trances is especially interesting from the point of view of the psychologist.

A feeling of anxiety came over me: there was a bright light coming from my father's room, just as I had seen it when I was a tiny boy. I hurried to the end of the passage and gently knocked on the door. No answer. I knocked again three times, the third time very peremptorily. Still no answer. I opened the door hastily and entered. "Just God!" I cried, "and dost Thou love Thy servant so much as this?" My feeling of alarm had given way to feelings of veneration and deepest, consuming, awe-stricken reverence. There I saw him, standing at the end of the room, with wide arms out-stretched. His face was towards me; the eyes were up-turned, the lips just smiling, the whole expression and bearing such as you have seen many a time in pictures of the Saints, save that he was standing and not kneeling. There could be no doubt about it; my father was in a rapture, caught out of himself by the loving arms of God into that seventh heaven of bliss which His Saints alone are privileged to visit during this earthly pilgrimage. I went over to him and reverently took one of the out-stretched hands in mine: he neither moved nor stirred: the arm was quite rigid. I put my arms round him and looked up into that dearest face; his eyes though fixed, were soft and shone brightly. I then laid my head upon his shoulder, and sought to join my unworthy soul to his while he was so perfectly conjoined to God. Now and again I would whisper in his ear, calling him by endearing names that I had used in imaginary conversation, but had never dared to utter to his face because of the odd little barrier of shyness that there was between us. And still he did not move. I laid my head back upon his shoulder, and I may have been in that position about three minutes, when I heard him give a great sigh; the Holy Name escaped his lips; I felt the muscles of the body relax, and his hands were upon my head gently stroking my hair. The touch of those holy hands, new quickened with celestial fire, seemed to infuse into my soul a new felt peace and bliss. I was too happy to raise my eyes to his, and that long embrace was the sweetest savour of Paradise that I had ever tasted in this valley of tears.

Mr. Carmichael, in his character of filial biographer, puts in some touches of gentle humour to relieve the general tenor of a character otherwise too idyllic to be human. Mr. Walshe's hobbies, particularly heraldry, and the little ruses by which his son used to induce his father without his knowing it to soften the austerities which he hid from everyone but the watchful eye of his son, the quaint colour of the Italian background, the Passionists, the innocent delight which father and son took in tracing a pedigree which entitled them to wear a coveted coat of arms, and their scholar's treasure trove—all

these are delightfully written about. It is a book which possesses the imagination before and after reading.

E. M. S.

BORDERLAND

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, June, 1902. (London: 8, York Buildings, Adelphi. Price 4*s*. 6*d*.)

THIS xlivth part of the Proceedings of the well-known Society for Psychical Research contains some interesting papers read at general meetings, and reviews of books dealing with the subjects to which it devotes itself. From Dr. Lodge, the President of the Society, we have a paper introducing a series of six, which report experiences observed at sittings with Mrs. Thompson, a sensitive living at Hampstead. Dr. Lodge keenly analyses the possibilities of "fraud" involved in the phenomena observed, and makes the suggestive remark that what may technically be called "deception" is by no means necessarily conscious and voluntary. Referring to results obtained in other cases from what he calls "an organised subliminal fraudulent scheme"—subliminal=unconscious so far as the waking mind is concerned—he declares himself as impressed with Mrs. Thompson's "absolute sincerity and real desire, not always successful, to avoid every normal assistance or other aid."

Borderland phenomena are likely to be more successfully studied when observers thus recognise the fact that "a medium" is usually ignorant as to the workings of her own consciousness, and that the brutality with which suspicions of "fraud" are entertained and uttered must inevitably distress and increase the confusion of a sensitive honestly anxious, so far as her waking consciousness is concerned, to act with perfect candour.

The Reports of sittings with Mrs. Thompson are from the pens of the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Dr. F. van Eeden, Messrs. Wilson and Piddington, Dr. Hodgson, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Verrall, and will well repay reading. The scrupulous care to record all facts "without fear or favour" gives a high value to this interesting document.

ANNIE BESANT.

A STRANGE BOOK

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve. Edited by a Disciple of the Master. (The Order of Atonement. Price 5*s*.)

THIS book is one of those which claim a special inspiration, but contains nothing to justify the claim. It is alleged that this Gospel is

an ancient Christian fragment, preserved in a Tibetan monastery, and originating among the Essenes. It reached the editors, however, not as an ancient MS., but as a translation from the original by Swedenborg, Dr. Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland and a Franciscan priest, given by them "in dreams and visions of the night" to those who now publish it. It is apparently a collection from many sources, and we cannot see anything in it that required the mediation of the well-known seers above named. Like so many "spirit-teachings," it does not rise above a rather low level of mediocrity, wherever there is anything which is not a quotation from familiar sources. Much of it is taken textually, or with slight verbal modifications, from the authorised gospels, and much similarly from the numerous documents classed as apocrypha. It has nothing special to recommend it, its main peculiarity being that it substitutes "Parent who art in Heaven" for "Father which art in heaven," and "Father-Mother" for "Father"—thus indicating a special tenet of the Order that publishes it. These terms, somehow, do not suit the literary palate.

ANNIE BESANT.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, May. The Colonel begins in this number the first chapter of his fifth series of "Old Diary Leaves," commencing with the year 1893—one of the most eventful in the history of our Society. G. Ramachandra Iyer continues his series of articles entitled "The Temple of God," while Miss Arundale contributes a paper on "How do we get our notions of Time?" In "The Foundations of our Friendships" W. G. John puts forward a sensible, common-sense view of the manner in which the spirit of friendship may be aroused. "I hold it plainly shewn," he says, "that the family offers the most fertile field for growth of real friendship—and it is family relationship which is the most important factor in bringing people together in a future life." W. A. Mayers, under the heading "Jesus, called the Christ," deals with "The Logos of S. John" and "The Mystic Christ of S. Paul." Alexander Fullerton begins an onslaught on "Materialism," A. A. Perera discourses on "The Supernatural in Ceylon," and A. Marques supplies the first instalment of a lecture delivered by him in Auckland and Sydney on "The Ideal of God." In the *Supplement* the President-Founder publishes the official report of the formation of the Italian Section.

Theosophist, June. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott de-

scribes a case of supposed incurable glaucoma in which he restored the patient to sight on four successive occasions. There were "four experimental observations, the first three with intervals of two years, the fourth after an interval of six; . . . between the first and second he enjoyed clear sight half a year, between the second and third it stayed with him three times as long, and between the third and fourth five whole years, that is to say, ten times as long as at first." The articles on "Materialism," "The Temple of God," and on "How do we get our notions of Time?" are concluded. Mrs. Hooper is represented by an interesting essay on the Pengap Chants. S. Stuart begins a treatment of "Evolution and Consciousness," P. F. deals with "Technical Education in India," and D. S. S. Wickremeratne's little story of "The Four Cobras, or Asioisopama" concludes a good number.

Central Hindu College Magazine, June, contains Mrs. Besant's "The Ways of the Râjaputras," "Two Little Fortune-Hunters," by J. M. Davies, and other bright articles by various writers.

The Vâhan. In the June number G. R. S. M. replies to a question, addressed to him personally, concerning the use of the word "Logos," C. W. L. points out that phenomenal proof of clairvoyant powers must not be expected from members of the Society, and B. K. contributes a long answer to a question on "Thought-forms." In the July number, details are given of Mrs. Besant's forthcoming lectures, and in the "Enquirer" there are further answers to the question on "Thought-forms," while B. K. replies to a question on the statements made by Christian Scientists.

Revue Théosophique, May, contains the first portion of a lecture delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in Paris, on "The Ancient Mysteries;" Mrs. Besant's "The Power of Thought," Dr. Pascal's "The Great Instructors of Humanity," and T. H. Martyn's "On the Bible," are concluded.

Théosophie, June, has the report of a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater at Brussels, in November, 1901, on "Dreams." The July number devotes considerable space to "The Catastrophe of S. Pierre," viewed from a theosophic standpoint, and Dr. Pascal contributes a short article on "Proofs."

Teosofia, May, has the editor's article on the commemoration of White Lotus Day, the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's "The Possibilities of Human Consciousness," and the continuation of Mrs. Besant's "Some Problems of Religion." The June number contains

a short account of the formation of the various groups which have contributed to establish the new Italian Section, a report of a lecture by M. E. Boutroux in Paris, on "The Psychology of Mysticism," and an interesting essay on "Spinoza as a Theosophist." An answer by Mr. Leadbeater to a question on the condition of the Monad when beginning its long pilgrimage, concludes an excellent number.

Sophia, May, has Alexander Fullerton's "H. P. B. and the Theosophical Society," the continuation of Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity," and of H. P. B.'s "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan."

Theosophia, our Dutch contemporary, begins with an account of White Lotus Day in Holland and is then given over to translations from H. P. B., A. Fullerton, Mrs. Besant and Michael Wood. The Report of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Dutch Section concludes the number.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, May and June. S. Stuart gives some valuable advice on "Branch Work." He warns his readers against laying too much stress on the visible results of effort and urges would-be lecturers to make as little use of manuscript as possible. He concludes his remarks with the following hint: "When a new idea is brought forward the only thing is to *try how it goes*, for in no other way will any of us really succeed in Branch Work."

Theosophy in Australasia, April and May, contains the report of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Australasian Section and announces the appointment of Mr. W. G. John to the post of General Secretary vacated by Mr. H. A. Wilson. H. W. Hunt writes on "The Old Order and the New," and S. Studd on "Practical Theosophy."

We have also to acknowledge: *The Theosophic Gleaner; Prashnottara; The Theosophic Messenger; East and West; La Nuova Parola; Sophia*, a new monthly from Santiago which promises well; *Revista Teosofica; Bulletin Théosophique; Theosofisch Maandblad; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Conferencias Teosóficas*, a Spanish translation of Dr. Pascal's lectures given at the University of Geneva; *The Brahmavâdin; The Indian Review; Lotus Lodge Journal;* The 1901 *Report of the Madura Theosophical Society; Light; Mind*, in which the Rev. C. J. Adams answers the question "Is the lower animal immortal?" in the affirmative; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Logos Magazine; The New York Magazine of Mysteries; The Humanitarian; The Herald of the Golden Age; Wings of Truth*, in which the Editor has borrowed

without acknowledgment or apparent permission A. H. Ward's diagram which appeared in our April number of last year; *The Light of Reason; Letters from the Spirit World; The Philistine; Little Journeys: Gainsborough* and *Velasquez; The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review; Abandonment*, containing an announcement by the Editor that the name flashed upon him at New York, March 28th, 1902, at 9.45 p.m.; *National Defence*, consisting of a letter to *The Times* by Mr. S. Smith, M.P., and an article from *The Spectator; The Ârya; Modern Astrology*, to the July number of which J. H. van S. contributes a very interesting article on "The Genetic Spiral and its Relationship to the Wheel of Life"; *The Animals' Guardian; The Dawn; Rosa Alchemica; Review of Reviews; Revue Bleue*, which opens its pages to an excellent contribution from M. Léon Clery entitled "Suffering according to Theosophy"; *Erevna*, an Oxford magazine, in modern Greek, which desires "to change the mode of thought prevalent in Greece, or elsewhere, and to direct it into healthier channels"; *Dharma; The Animals' Friend; Eckige Kreise; Das Denkvermögen* and *Die Entwicklung des Lebens und der Form*, translated respectively by Herr Deinhard and Herr Wagner; *Æsus* (second and third parts). We have also received the translation of the useful little Catechism written by Mr. Leadbeater in 1889, when he was working in Ceylon, for boys too young to learn the well-known *Buddhist Catechism* by Colonel Olcott. It was circulated in Sinhalese, and is now translated into English by Mr. Jinarajadasa, B.A. We have also a pamphlet entitled *The Unseen World*, a useful reprint of a lecture lately delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in Harrogate.

G. S. A.

CARDINAL MORAN appears to have been studying *The Secret Doctrine*, and to have learned that the sixth sub-race is to germinate in the United States. In an address on emigration, delivered at a meeting of the Maynooth Union, he said that in the United States the Germans and Irish are intermarrying so largely that within a generation a practically new race will have arisen in the Republic of the West—a race which will have a blend of the solid, stolid characteristics of the Teutons and of the poetry, imagination, and sentimentalism of the Kelts. This is true, though many other conditions are working in.

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