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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE publication of the late Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers' posthumous work, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, which will shortly be reviewed in our pages, marks a distinct moment in the evolution of "modern science," inasmuch as it registers the capitulation of the self-constituted guardians of scientific "respectability." It is instructive to notice how the most conservative organs of public opinion, which have previously been the most inimical critics of psychic research, and have from their lofty seats of assumed authority lectured the students of this science as though they were unbalanced disturbers of the scientific peace, have at last recognised them as workers for the public good, nay, as the true imperialists of science. At last the opponents of progress have been forced to bow to the inevitable; this we suppose must be taken as a tardy sign of grace, but it is difficult to forget that the workers in this most important field of human endeavour—the science of the soul—had to labour for

Modern Science at last discovers a Soul

so many years in the chilling atmosphere of the severest disapprobation of their so-called "scientific" critics. It is true that this great change would never have been brought about by the mere fact that the data of psychic science have always existed and exist to-day in countless multitude; the facts had to be presented to the formalists in a certain dress. Mr. Myers and his colleagues have been for years busy in this tailoring department; and their aprons have at last been accepted by the philosophers of clothes as decent garments for the nakedness of things psychic. So far, so good; ghosts and hallucinations and souls have at last been admitted into the halls of modern science, if not exactly as they are, still alive, and not merely as corpses for contemptuous dissection. In brief, modern science has at last discovered a soul; she has been a mighty long time about it, but now she has at last woke up to this (to her) astonishing fact, we hope for great things, and most of all that she has learned the useful lesson of tolerance.

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The Humorous Reviewer

THE attention which Mr. Myers' work has received at the hands of the Reviewers has also not been altogether lacking in certain elements, which appeal to the humorous side of an interested but dispassionate observer. Naturally the humour is largely unintentional; but none the less, anyone blessed with that most precious of gifts, who will take the trouble to read half a dozen of the more weighty and careful notices of the book, will find his labour well repaid. But he will glean his richest harvest from the long and lofty columns in which the *Spectator's* reviewer, from the exalted heights of his own sublime self-sufficiency, looks down upon the outcome of many years' most strenuous labour in a field wherein he himself seems to find it easier to rest content with the dicta of faith in preference to that definite and precise knowledge, however small that knowledge may at present be, which can only be obtained through hard work and rigid intellectual honesty.

One supposes that these reviews represent each some phase or trend, at least, in the general thought stream of our time. But were the judgment of history upon our present to be based upon the way in which the critics in general have handled this book, it is to be feared that the future student of the dawn of the

twentieth century would be led to form a very strange, nay almost an incoherent picture of its life and attitude to the deeper problems of man and nature. It seems, indeed, equally difficult for the materialist and for his antithesis, philosophically speaking, the modern neo-Hegelian, to assimilate the work and conclusions of an investigator like Mr. Myers. It is really hard to say which of the two finds the fact of man's having a soul which survives the body the more difficult to digest, a circumstance that might give rise to some curious Hegelian speculations upon the surface of contact between two so widely contrasted spheres of thought.

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"Why Men avoid Church"

In *The Daily Telegraph* of March 4th there is an instructive article on the very serious question: "Why Men avoid Church?" Among other prominent men, Dr. W. F. Cobb, the liberal-minded rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, is cited as expressing himself on the subject as follows:

Dr. Cobb expressed himself as not despondent with regard to winning back the adherence of men to the Church when it was more fully recognised by the clergy that the present age is one of great transition, to which, so far, there had been little sign of adaptation. The formularies of theology were outworn, and men wanted some new inspirations and fresh light upon the constantly recurring problems. As far as the average City man was concerned, he was simply a Pagan, but he had the virtues of Paganism more strongly in him than its vices, as he was keenly alive to justice, fair dealing, generosity and courage. Yet there was never so much genuine faith as at the present time, or so deep a desire for true insight, and one fact which showed this was the constant inquiry he met, or interest that he found, in Theosophy. Indifference there was, of course, but there was less of this than at one time, and the decline of church-going was rather due to the insufficiency that men found in the services, as too often offered them. A very great change had come over society generally in regard to its views on church-going, and it was no longer a matter affecting respectability or position as of yore. Children were brought up under far less rigorous discipline as to Sunday observance, which was now being generally felt in the manner in which the day was spent.

As this is evidence from an entirely outside source, it strengthens our conviction that Theosophy, and of course in Europe and America, Christian Theosophy, is the crying need of the Churches. Theosophy fears no Higher Criticism; Theosophy

welcomes the mystic as an experiencer of things more precious than history; Theosophy looks up to a wisdom that can combine the rigid results of historical research and the right valuation of mystic experience into a true spiritualism and a true humanism that will convince men of the Divine on the ground of knowledge and not of faith only.

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An Emperor on the Higher Criticism

ON February 15th the world was somewhat astonished to find an Emperor entering the lists to do battle for theology, in a lengthy letter on the Higher Criticism, a spectacle which had not been vouchsafed it perhaps since the far-off days of Julian. To students of Theosophy such a spectacle is of special interest, for not only have we in William II. of Germany a king who believes in his kingship, but when he enters the domain of Theologics he does so as one who views the matter from the standpoint of a ruler seeking what is the best for his people, what is the safest and wisest plan to adopt in the face of the inroads made by science on theology, of knowledge on faith. His views of policy then are of peculiar interest to us as students of human nature, and of the way of the King in things religious. As to the Emperor's private views of revelation they do not concern us, what does concern us is the view he takes of the legitimate sphere of science in religion, the limitations he would lay down. As the leader writer of *The Times* (February 23rd), however, points out, the counsel of the Emperor is not novel:

> Discoveries are made by men of science or scholars. Preconceptions which had been taught as sacred are shaken or shattered. He who would adhere to the letter becomes perplexed and embarrassed. There is the struggle between intellectual honesty and reverence for things most prized; between the convictions of the savant and scholar and the fear that he may be sapping that which is the bed-rock of the lives of many. It was a problem present to many past ages—notably to the authors of the Renaissance; and a favourite answer was "Do not cause scandal; keep to Latin treatises your doubts or discoveries; do not perplex with them children and simple souls." That is the Emperor's chief injunction to Professor Delitzsch, who is recommended to confine to theological treatises matter which it is not for edification to introduce into a popular lecture or book.

The "children and simple souls" are always invoked to

relieve the pressure of "things as they are" on the "things we have grown used to," as we saw in the recent Ripon Episode. But this timorous solution of the difficulty can no longer suffice, for in this age it is not given to anyone, bishop or emperor, to set bounds to enquiry and prescribe for it its proper methods. The decision on such matters is taken out of our hands, and we are being gradually forced to face the problem openly and in fullest publicity by a wise necessity that knows when the time is full.

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Harnack on the Kaiser's Manifesto

AND that this necessity is upon us may be seen from the reply of Professor Harnack to the Emperor in the March number of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*, when it must be remembered that Harnack is not only now regarded as a "moderate" in criticism, but he is also a personal friend who is held in high honour by the Emperor and his consort. The following summary is taken from *The Times*, of February 26th:

Professor Harnack begins by reminding his readers that the Babylonian origin of many of the "myths and legends of the Old Testament" has long been recognised. He adds that in the general opinion of scholars "this fact has been recognised as fatal to the popular conception of the inspiration of the Old Testament." He complains that "Church and school, in alliance with one another, have suppressed the knowledge of these facts by banishing them from their domain." But he thinks that Church and school are not alone to blame, since "indolence and alarm met them half-way." The service rendered by Professor Delitzsch's lectures, is, according to Professor Harnack, the public proclamation of facts which have hitherto failed to reach the general ear, so that more accurate views regarding the Old Testament have now been made familiar to large classes of the people. On the other hand, Professor Harnack would emphatically reject the assertion that the Old Testament "has now become worthless."

Dealing more particularly with the Emperor's manifesto, Professor Harnack recognises that his Majesty had no intention of imposing his opinions upon others; "for he knows very well that on these delicate and sacred subjects no word of command can be issued, and he knows that theology cannot slur over these questions, which, on the contrary, must be treated in the most earnest fashion and with courage and freedom." The article continues:

"What the Imperial declaration professes to be is a personal confession of faith, and, as such, it is our duty to respect it. But it would certainly not be in accordance with the wishes of the Imperial author if our only reply

were to be silence. In the Evangelical (that is, Protestant) Church questions of ultimate and supreme importance are always up for discussion, and every generation must anew find its own answers to them. The spiritual, like other elements in our life, depends upon the bracing influence of strain, and only under these conditions is its vitality preserved. How are we to be silent when the most profound and solemn questions present themselves to us in this shape? "

Professor Harnack agrees with the Emperor in believing that religion requires to be expressed in forms, but that these forms cannot be unchangeable. He thinks that Professor Delitzsch has achieved his main object when it is acknowledged that the traditional forms in which the Old Testament has been authoritatively handed down are urgently in need of alteration.

* * *

He then proceeds to deal with what the Emperor said regarding the revelation of religion and the Divinity of Christ. He observes:

Harnack on Revelation

" When the word 'revelation' is employed the distinction between faith and science in their bearings upon religion at once becomes manifest. Science, strictly speaking, cannot admit the conception of revelation at all; it regards that conception as transcendental. Conversely, faith cannot give up revelation. Nevertheless, as things have developed a *rapprochement* has taken place. The Evangelical Protestant faith nowadays recognises revelation—apart from the reverent contemplation of the universe—only n persons. The whole subordinate range of alleged revelations has been abandoned. There is no revelation through the instrumentality of things. The letter of the Emperor also takes up this position; it says that the revelations of God in mankind are persons and, above all, great men. Now insomuch as the individuality and power of great men constitute their secret, the formula for the reconciliation of faith and knowledge is, so far as may be, established. Yet when I and others feel that these personages are revelations of God this is an act of inward experience, which science is not able to produce or to prohibit.

" But the Emperor's letter, starting from this common basis, distinguishes two kinds of revelation—one which is general, and another which is rather of a religious character. This distinction has one very strong feature, since it gives great prominence to the fact that there is no subject which for man is of graver importance than his relation to God and that everything depends upon this relation. Yet, on the other hand, the thinking mind cannot possibly acquiesce in the assumption that there are two parallel revelations, and the Emperor's letter explicitly recognises this by placing Abraham in the one as well as in the other category. There can, therefore, be no question of two (separate) revelations, for surely religion, moral power, and intellectual knowledge are most closely connected. There is, on the contrary, only one

revelation, the instruments of which doubtless differed from each other and continue to differ altogether in respect of their character and their greatness, their calling, and their mission. If Jesus Christ loses nothing of His peculiar character and His unique position when He is placed in the line of Moses, Isaiah, and the Psalmists, He likewise suffers no loss when we regard Him in the line of Socrates, of Plato, and of those others who are mentioned in the Emperor's letter. The religious contemplation of history can only, in fine, attain unity when it delivers and raises to the position of children of God mankind, whom God leads forth out of the state of nature and emancipates from error and from sin. This is without prejudice to the view that the history of God in Israel represents the specific line in ancient times.

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Harnack on Christianity

"THE Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters. He Himself, His disciples, and the history of the world have spoken in such clear terms on this point that there ought to be no room for doubt; and in His word He still speaks to us as clearly as in the days of old He spoke to His disciples. Yet the question may and must be raised whether the rigid formula, 'The Divinity of Christ,' is the right one. He Himself did not employ it; He selected other designations; and whether it was ever adopted by any of His disciples is, to say the least, very doubtful. Nay, the early Church itself did not speak of the 'Divinity of Christ' without qualification; it always spoke of His 'Divinity and humanity.' 'Godmanhood' is, therefore, the only correct formula, even in the sense of the ancient dogma. This formula implies the almost complete restoration of the 'mystery' which, in accordance with the will of Christ Himself, was meant to be preserved in this question. Of the truth that He is the Lord and the Saviour He made no secret; and that He is so was to be experienced and realised by His disciples in His word and His works. But how His relationship to His Father arose, this He kept to Himself and has hidden it from us.

"According to my reading of history and my own feeling, even the formula 'Man and God' (Godmanhood) is not absolutely unexceptionable, for even this formula trespasses upon a mystery into which we are not allowed to look. Nevertheless, this formula may well remain, since it really does not profess to explain anything, but only protects what is extraordinary from profanation. The Pauline phrase, 'God was in Christ,' appears to me to be the last word which we can utter on this subject after having slowly and painfully emancipated ourselves from the delusion of ancient philosophers that we could penetrate the mysteries of God and the nature of humanity and history.

"'If ye love Me keep My commandments'; 'thereby shall everyone know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another'—it is more important

to meditate on these words and to live in accordance with them than to put into formulæ what is incomprehensible and venerable. And, moreover, the time will come and is already approaching when Evangelical Christians will join hands in all sincerity in confessing Jesus Christ as their Lord and in the determination to follow His words; and our Catholic brethren will then have to do likewise. The burden of a long history, full of misunderstandings and replete with formulæ which are as rigid as swords, the burden of tears and of blood weighs upon us; yet in that burden there is vouchsafed us a sacred inheritance. The burden and the inheritance seem to be inextricably linked together, but they are gradually being severed, although the final 'let there be' (*sic*) has not yet been uttered over this chaos. Straightforwardness and courage, sincerity towards oneself, freedom and love—these are the levers which will remove the burden. In the service of this exalted mission the Emperor's letter is also enlisted."

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What is Christianity?

WITH most of this we agree, but when Harnack says "the Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters," we recognise the wall of separation, the something that isolates, in brief, Christianity and not the Wisdom of the Christ. It is a rejection of the true worship of Christship in humanity, of masterhood as masterhood; it is natural enough, but it is just here where we part company with Harnack; as he parts company with the views of the "ecclesiastical layman," his sovereign, at a certain point of exclusiveness, so do we part company with the view of the great historian and theologian of Christianity when he refuses to admit the study of other religions as being on an equality with his own. It is the best for him, it needs must naturally be the best for all Christians; but to assert that it is absolutely the best *in traditional historical terms*, instead of proclaiming that the Christ-wisdom, as set forth in many forms by the Christ of humanity, is the life and light of men, and that, too, in terms such as all men who are seeking the Self within can accept without feeling disloyalty to their own beloved teachers, is, in our opinion, a falling short of already realised possibilities.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

In spite of its mystical character Plato's method is rationalistic in the extreme sense of the term. There is no contradiction between the terms mystical and rationalistic. Rationalism and mysticism are extremes that meet. In fact, idealistic rationalism, and the deductive method peculiar to it, invariably pre-suppose as their starting-point the immediate and *à priori* perception of an absolute Principle, a perception which we call mystical, precisely because it is immediate and unanalysable. Platonic idealism, like its offshoots the systems of Plotinus, Spinoza, and Schelling, begins with a mystical act, and culminates in a religion. . . . God who *has* absolute Truth, because He *is* absolute Truth, and the uncultured man, who does not even suspect its existence, do not search for truth; the love of truth is peculiar to the man who is filled with light from on high.—Weber, *History of Philosophy*.

If there is anything in religion at all it must rest on an actual individual communication between God and the creature He has made.—George Macdonald.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear!"

This well-nigh despairing exclamation rings through the teachings of the Masters everywhere; in Judæa, in India, and wherever else one Messenger whose heart and voice were thrilling with the carrying of Divine Truth, walked among a people slow to understand, quick to misjudge, keenly responsive to low ideals, aims and motives, indifferent to, or contemptuous of, all that was lofty, pure, and disinterested, deaf indeed to all but the coarsest vibrations of their age.

How his isolation amongst the world of men weighed on the sensitive, loving spirit of the Master of Nazareth may be clearly discerned in the lines of the Gospel stories. When everywhere, alike among friends and foes, his words fell upon ears incapable of perceiving anything but the most material signification, he was goaded at last to an almost bitter energy of expression in warning his followers against casting their pearls before swine.

"And he raised his voice and cried, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.'"

The deacons of a certain Congregational Church in London, who, in the year of grace 1853, requested the resignation of their young pastor, in order that his place might be supplied by one more orthodox in the letter of their creed, manifested thereby the fact that, so far as spiritual things were concerned, they having ears heard not. Incidentally they also helped to demonstrate a truth which Dr. Macdonald himself expressed in later years in a simple phrase of singular beauty: "All doors open out, but when you go out you go in";* for going out of the ministry of the Congregational Church, he went in to minister to the world.

We cannot doubt that, even in those early days, this true disciple lived near enough to the heart of the Master whom he idolised, to accept this crisis in his life—which might have seemed, and no doubt did seem to many, an evidence of complete failure in his life-work—in the spirit of the absolutely free man, the man whom the Truth has made free, for it is written of him that "the mystical silence of the Divine Life dwelt with him from the first;" and in one of his books, which appears to hold most of his own personality, this is the summary which he gives of the teachings of Jesus: "First, that a man's business is to do the will of God. Second, that God takes upon himself the care of every man. Third, therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything. And so—Fourth, be left free to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself."†

Dr. Macdonald has written many books since *Within and Without* was published in 1856. Usually they are the stories of people in very humble walks of life, in what would be considered as ignoble, and even desperate circumstances. "We owe to Genius," says Emerson, "always the same debt, of lifting the Curtain from the common, and showing us that Divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming of gypsies and pedlars"—and, indeed, of stonemasons, fishermen, poverty-stricken Scotch lairds, and cobblers, as truly to be called "God-intoxicated" as Spinoza, or as the Saxon cobbler and mystic, Jakob Boehme. Whilst recognising the signification of the affirmation that "everywhere

* *Lilith.* † *Robert Falconer.*

hath He hands and feet," yet it is plain that Donal Grant voices the feeling of his Creator when he confesses that "he never loved Wisdom so much as when she appeared in her peasant garb."

Far indeed, far as Goethe, is Dr. Macdonald from believing that it is of little consequence by what door we come into life; but the door which he honours, and entrance by which he deems a happy beginning for earth experience, is not the door reverenced by the mass of men, the door identified with the results of industrial success, or dignified by a name called "great" because its owners in times past have climbed the social tree over the bones of fellow men. In the world of *this* thought, as in that of the Kingdom of Heaven, the first is made last and the last becomes first. Janet Grant, the old cotter's wife, passing her eventless days in the bosom of the hills, with her Bible and porridge pot, is pictured as the true aristocrat, "the best and noblest," instead of giddy, shallow Lady Florimel, the daughter of the Marquis, or of graceful Christina Palmer, the thoughtless society girl. With Tennyson Macdonald would surely say:

Ploughmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men, in utter nobleness of mind.

It is on his native Scotch heath (he was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire) that Dr. Macdonald seems to find his greatest inspiration, and happiest expression. About most of his English stories there hang a certain stiffness and awkwardness that tend to repel; the artist is dealing in an unsympathetic material, and the *naïveté* and childlikeness of the plots and *dénouements* seem to display themselves in a manner that almost offends amidst the stolidity and practical triviality of the conventional Anglo-Saxon. The innate mysticism of the Kelt, the wild love for, and companionship with, Nature, the high poetic strain of thought, which rebels against being tied down to rules of rhythm and metre, these, which are his birthright, mixed with a great simplicity, and a passionate repulsion from all things in the least degree base, unclean or untrue, these—measured not in the least by conventional standards, but always by the laws of the Kingdom—are the qualities that most distinguish the writings of George Macdonald.

In picturing baseness he draws the lines with a touch free from the faintest suggestion of politic hesitation or compromise, and he is quite merciless to all kinds of pretence, to self-interested virtue, and the kind of goodness which is merely a tribute to respectability, and not the spontaneous aspiration of the heart towards the loveliness of the Christ ideal. Nor, in spite of his gentleness, is he at all without the power of a righteous indignation, he offers no "mush of concession" to the god of small things. Realising as he does the wonderful opportunities, the glory of the service, set before the pastor of souls, he has much ado to control his amazed indignation alike at the coldness of a commercial clergy, and the lifelessness of churches whose one vigorous idea is the clinging to fossilised forms. A strong light is cast on the history of priesthood in all ages by a casual observation in a book which tells the story of a clergyman of the English Church.

"Nothing," he observes, "is so deadening to the Divine as an habitual dealing with the *outsides* of holy things."*

"It is plain," he says elsewhere, "that whatever may have been the case once, nowadays the imposition of hands confers neither love nor common sense."†

Several of his books contain strong pictures of the mental effect and results of churchgoing of the ordinary kind, whether the church be one belonging to the establishment of England or of Scotland, or to some one of the Independent bodies.

Religion in its true meaning, the relation of the soul with God, is so much—is everything—to this writer, while its conventional expressions and rigid forms are so little, that he is perplexed to understand how "anyone who has been educated in Christianity, yet has not become the disciple of Jesus Christ, avoids becoming an atheist."‡

Stones offered in the place of bread could never either satisfy or deceive so sensitive a spiritual nature, and in more than one of his books we find pictured the sufferings of a religious soul bidden by the voice of authority to worship that lower than itself, that "God," who is the product of a fevered imagination energised by fear; so that, "the more the devout nature longed

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 487. † *Robert Falconer*, p. 206. ‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 216.

to worship the more she felt it impossible to worship that which was presented for her love and adoration."*

In the same book he is moved to express himself as follows: "I suspect that worse dishonesty, and greater injustice, are to be found amongst the champions, lay and cleric, of religious opinions than in any other class. If God were such an one as many of those who would fancy themselves His apostles the world would be but a huge hell."†

One of these self-chosen apostles is thus described in words which must surely have awakened familiar recollections in the heart of many a reader, for, "in religion he regarded everything not only as settled, but as understood: he seemed aware of no call in relation to truth, but to bark at anyone who showed the least anxiety to discover it."‡

"When one thinks," he writes, "of the appalling amount of rage exhausted by poor humans upon wrong, the energy of indignation, whether issued or suppressed, and how little it has done to right wrong, to draw acknowledgment or amends from self-satisfied insolence, he naturally asks what becomes of so much vital force. Can it fare differently from other forces and be lost? The energy of evil is turned into the mill-race of good, but the wrath of man, even his righteous wrath, worketh not the righteousness of God. What becomes of it? If it be not lost, and have but changed its form, in what shape shall we look for it?"§

In this place the question remains unanswered, but elsewhere we find the energy of indignation in the face of hypocrisy and wrong quite naturally transmuted into the spirit of prayer: "Lord Christ, not alone from the pains of hell and of conscience, not alone from the outer darkness of self, and of all that is mean and poor and low, do we fly to Thee, but from the anger that arises in us at the wretched words spoken in Thy name, at the degradation of Thee and Thine, in the mouths of those who claim especially to have found Thee, do we seek Thy feet. Pray Thou for them also, for they know not what they do."‖

To Dr. Macdonald, as to the loveliest of his brain children,

* *Paul Faber*, p. 171. † *Ibid.*, p. 146. ‡ *Sir Gibbie*, p. 106.
§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 433. ‖ *Robert Falconer*, p. 107.

little Sir Gibbie, "there is no being in the sky so righteous as to be more displeased than pitiful over the wrongness of the children whom he has not yet taught their childhood."*

It is often observed even by those who carry most diligently in their hearts the ideal of human brotherhood, how much easier it is to love humanity than people, particularly persons. There is the touch of nature in this mention of a preacher who "dwelt particularly on the love of the brethren. Though how some of them were to be loved except with the love of compassionate indignation, even his most rapt listener could not have supposed himself capable of explaining."†

In general Dr. Macdonald's criticisms of the Church north of the Tweed are in a lighter vein than those quoted, yet never less sincere or to the point, even when barbed with humour. So in one of his earlier works he mentions a sermon which "happened to have no relation to the light around or within them, but only to the covenant made with Abraham, such a legal document constituting the only reliable protection against the character, inclinations, and duties of the Almighty, whose uncovenanted mercies are of a very doubtful nature."‡

"The crater was preachin' to his ain shadow," remarks Tammas, the austere, godly, sorely-tempted stone-mason, to Alec, among the whin bushes, when the kirk was out.

"If there be a God," says one of his characters frankly, "do you think he would choose any strait sect under the sun to be His interpreters?"§

And again, "Son of man, the word of God liveth and abideth for ever, not in the volume of the book, but in the heart of the man that in love obeyeth Him."‖

This may sound to some trite, but let us hear our author's own definition of a truism, and then question whether to our individual consciousness this truism is yet the "strength and loveliness" it might be. A truism Dr. Macdonald defines as "a truth that ought to have been buried long ago in the lives of men, to send up for ever the corn of true deeds, and the wine of loving-kindness, but which, instead of being buried in friendly soil, is

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 76. † *Alec Forbes*, p. 378. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 162.
§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 476. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 257.

allowed to lie about, kicked hither and thither in the dry empty garret of their brains, till they are sick of the sight and sound of it, and, to be rid of the thought of it, declare it to be no living truth, but only a lifeless truism. Yet in their brains that truism must rattle until they shift it to its rightful quarters in their hearts, where it will rattle no longer, but take root and be a strength and loveliness."*

What the real Church is is shown in a few words in the book from which these last quotations are taken, where the building in which the curate ministers is described as "rising from the churchyard like a rock from the Dead Sea, a type of the true Church, around whose walls lie the dead bodies of the old selves left behind by those who enter."†

But though Dr. Macdonald sees with wide-open eyes the falsity ingrained in the easy optimism of the indolently untrue; sees that "the mind of the many is not the mind of God," recognises with anguish which only faith prevents from being despair, the great gulf between the Christ in us, "God's idea of us when He devised us," and the "false greedy whining self, of which most of us are so fond and proud," yet he has the most unbounded charity and hope for the sinner; no Jeremiads are his, no Carlylean invectives for any culprit, no hopeless word, save perhaps for those who reached also the limit of the forbearance of his Master, for the deliberate, wilful hypocrites. Deeply as he abhors the crime of drunkenness, and unshrinkingly as he pictures its effects, he yet has a divine pity for the drunkard, and believes that he must still be easier to save, though far degraded and almost dehumanised, than the man whose position, business, money, social aims, engross all of himself, whose hands, heart and head are alike given up to self-idolatry.

"The Spirit of God," he says, "lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chinks in the walls that shut him out from his own."‡

"Ambition is but the evil spirit of aspiration, and no man ever followed the truth which is the one path of aspiration, and in the end complained that he had been made this way or that. Man is made to be that which he is most capable of desiring, but it

* *Ibid.*, p. 257. † *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 349. ‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 209.

goes without saying that he must desire the thing itself, and not its shadow."*

And speaking of the ideal he says: "Whether it may be reached in this world is a matter of *no* consequence; whether a man has begun to reach out after it is a matter of the utmost awfulness of import."

"To the true heart every doubt is a door," for, "to throw away what is not true because it is not true will always help the heart to be truer."†

And the same assertion, with its qualification, is illustrated elsewhere as follows: "There are some who would blame him for not being sure, and bring text after text to prove that he ought to have been sure. But, oh, those text-people! They look to me, not like the clay sparrows that Jesus let fly, but like bird-skins in a glass case stuffed with texts. The doubt of a man like my uncle must be a better thing than their assurance."‡

"Right is the deepest satisfaction of every creature," he says in the same book.

And of repentance, that much misunderstood quality, of which so much that is unprofitable and unwise is spoken, he has this beautiful thing to say: "The true idea of repentance is the shining of light in the heart—the conscious light of life—despite even of shame and self-reproach."§

And again: "How little the Father whose judgment is the truth of things cares what any one of His children may at any time have been or done the moment that child gives himself up to be made what He would have him to be."‖

And so: "At the root of all true human bliss lies repentance."¶

But that this does not mean that a repentant and forgiven man escapes the results of his sins on the material plane, according to the vulgar interpretation of the word forgiveness, is abundantly clear, not only through the personal teaching of the books, but also in the lives and fates of their characters. "No man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind," is said in one place.

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 139. † *The Vicar's Daughter.* ‡ *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 234.
§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 299. ‖ *Salted with Fire*, p. 160. ¶ *Thomas Wingfold.*

"Ye dinna surely think," asks Janet Grant, "that the Lord's forgiveness is to let folks off without repentin'? That would be a strange fawvor to grant them. He will not hurt more than He can help, but the grue maun come before the grace."*

And where is better expressed the idea of kârmic ties than in this passage: "The relations on the surface of life are but the symbols of far deeper ties which may exist without the corresponding external ones."† And so, "Love unpaid is the worst possible debt, and to make it impossible to pay it is the worst of wrongs."‡ "What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms the infinitely larger part of our being."§ This thought comes home with singular force to the Theosophist.

And because these things are so it comes that: "We must be constantly giving ourselves away, we must dwell in houses of infinite dependence, or sit alone in the waste of a godless universe."‖

A popular misconception of some of the most often quoted and familiar, as they are some of the most majestic words, connected with the laying-off of the physical body, is corrected as follows. Speaking of "the idea that the living man is the seed sown, and that when the body of this seed dies then the new body with the new man in it springs alive out of the old one—that the death of the one is the birth of the other," our mystic writes: "Far more enlightened people than Duncan never imagine, and would find it hard to believe, that the sowing of the seed spoken of might mean something else than the burying of the body; not perceiving what is surely plain enough, that that would be the sowing of a seed already dead, and incapable of giving birth to anything whatever."¶

When godly dogmatic Tammas Haggart and George McWha, who is considered to take life with unbecoming lightness, fall into an argument concerning the practicability of the complete resurrection of a one-leggèd individual, the following suggestive conversation takes place: "'George! George!' said Tammas, with great solemnity, 'luik ye efter yer sowl, an' the Lord'll luik efter yer body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no' convertit,

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 185. † *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 43. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 240.
§ *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, p. 57. ‖ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 239. ¶ *Malcolm*, p. 184.

an' hoo can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin' an' jeerin'.' 'Weel, weel, Tammas,' rejoined McWha, 'I wad only tak the leeberty of thinkin' that, when He was aboot it, the Almichty micht as weel mak a new body a' the hither, as gang patchin' up an auld ane'."*

Elsewhere of death he says: "On either side we behold a birth, of which, as of the moon, we see but half. We are outside the one, waiting for a life from the unknown: we are inside the other, watching the departure of a spirit from the womb of the world into the unknown. . . . The couch of the dying as we call them may be surrounded by the birth-watchers of the other world, waiting like anxious servants to open the door to which this world is but the wind-blown porch."

This recalls a passage in the Bṛihad Âranyaka Upaniṣhad, the Drama of the Mysteries, where it is said of the embodied soul that: "When he falls into weakness, whether it be through old age or sickness, then like as a mango, or the fruit of the wave-leafed fig, or of the holy fig-tree, is loosened from its stem, so the spirit of man is loosed from these bodily members, and returns again by the same pathway to its former dwelling-place in the Life. Then, like as when the King is coming forth, the nobles, the officers, charioteers, and magistrates, make ready to serve him with food and drink and shelter, saying: The King is coming forth, the King is at hand; so all the powers make ready to wait on the Soul, saying: The Soul is coming forth, the Soul is at hand. And like as when the King will go forth, the nobles, officers, charioteers, and magistrates gather about him; so verily at the time of the end all the life-powers gather round the Soul, when it has gone so far that a man is giving up the ghost."†

"What better way," muses Ian Macruadh, "is there of going out of the world than by the door of help? No man cares much about what the people of the world call life. What is it whether we live in this room or another. The same who sends us here sends for us out of here. . . I know many men who would no more cleave to this life than a butterfly would fold his wings, and creep into his deserted chrysalis case. I do care to live—

* *Alec Forbes.* † Charles Johnston's Translation.

tremendously, but I don't mind where. He who made this room worth living in may be trusted with the next."*

The next thought follows naturally: "How little are we our own! Existence is decreed us; love and suffering are appointed us. We may resist, we may modify; but we cannot help loving, and we cannot help dying. We need God to keep us from hating. Great in goodness, yea, absolutely good God must be, to have a right to make us—to compel our existence, and decree its laws."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A MYSTERY

THE old man was strangely wearied. He saw the door close behind his last pupil with a sigh of relief that afternoon. Even the piano had no more attraction for him. The sheets of his beloved oratorio lay in the walnut desk at his elbow. He left them there. The apathy and listlessness that lay upon him could not be overcome even by the music of his own creation.

"Why are you sitting in the dark, and all alone, grandfather?" said a cheerful voice.

Nettice, his pretty grand-daughter, stood at his side, arousing him from his deep reverie. Nettice was rather surprised. It was so unlike old Mr. Fortescue to let any precious moments pass which he could make available for his great musical work. Yet the piano had been silent ever since the exercises and scale-playing of little Eddie Green had ceased.

"I am rather tired now, child," the old man answered. "I shall be able to work a little after tea, I think."

"Tea is ready now," said Nettice. "I came to fetch you. We have some new honey, grand-dad, your favourite kind."

But even honey did not tempt Mr. Fortescue that day. The dainty tea spread out on snowy napery did not give him his

* *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 316. † *Ibid.*, p. 366.

usual pleasure. He enjoyed nothing, though, heroically, he tried to do justice to Nettice's delicacies.

He went, later, to sit by his ailing wife. Mrs. Fortescue had been an invalid for many years, ever since she had fallen downstairs in the early years of her married life. Her spine was injured, and she had to lie down always. This had fretted her nerves greatly and made her somewhat captious at times. Through all the long years of her semi-captivity, however, she had been cheered and encouraged by the unfailing fund of spirits in her husband. To-night she felt instinctively that, at last, the patient spirit had given way; the seemingly exhaustless fund of cheerfulness had failed; the old man's listlessness frightened her.

"Something has happened, James," she said. "What is it? You are not at all yourself."

"Nothing has happened, Jennie dear," he answered gently, aroused by her anxious tone. "I am simply a little tired, that is all. And discouraged too," he added, after a slight struggle to keep the dreary words back.

"But you needn't be," she cried, gaining energy curiously as he lost it. "Why, James, you received five pounds only yesterday for those two songs, and you have earned nearly sixty pounds this year by your compositions."

"What is that?" he said gloomily. "After devoting a whole life-time to the work, my beloved work, it would be strange indeed if I could not earn a few pounds by my labour."

"You are likely to earn more than a few pounds, dear, when the oratorio comes out," said the old lady, brightly. "Come, James, you are not yourself at all to-night. I thought something was wrong with you when you did not begin upon the oratorio directly that tiresome boy had gone. Nettice told me you were so tired when she brought me my cup of tea. She said you wanted cheering up. That is so strange, is it not, James, when you are the cheerful spirit in this house?"

Mr. Fortescue laughed and, with an effort, regained a semblance of his old spirit.

"I am a grumpy old thing," he said. "A bit out of sorts, Jen, probably a little out of order as regards digestion. But, seriously, I don't think I shall touch the oratorio to-night. I

seem to have come to a full stop somehow. Ideas won't flow when I reach a certain point, and then my enthusiasm oozes away strangely. I have a presentiment that I shall never finish it."

"Oh! nonsense," said his wife briskly. "You've never talked like this before, James. Oh! for my sake, try and finish it. You know the famous holiday on the continent you used to promise me. I was to have a couple of nurses, you know, to take care of me. Don't you remember, James?"

She was white-haired and old, but her heart was still young. Colour flushed into her withered cheeks and her eyes grew bright with shining hope as she uttered her child-like speech. The old man's voice was husky as he bent and kissed her.

"I remember it all," he said. "We were both young when we planned it all at first, and we would not modify our great schemes even after you met with your accident. But, Jennie, you are more than three-score years old now, and I am nearly four-score. We have lived our allotted time, my dear, and our call hence cannot be long delayed."

His wife was now thoroughly alarmed. The brightness of her eyes faded as their shining was dimmed with the gathering tears. Her voice trembled when she spoke again.

"I suppose you are right," she said. But a choking disappointment thickened her tones. "Oh! James, I have been a burden on you. I have handicapped you all our married life. You had talent and genius, but our poverty cursed you. Doctors took all our substance, and to eke out a respectable living you had to teach the elements of the art that you had conquered in all its higher branches."

"Instead of a burden, you have been my solace, Jen," he said. "I won't have you speak like this. At the beginning I laboured at my art for you. Was it your fault that I caught the cold which spoilt my voice, so that my hopes of being a great singer failed? Of course not. And if I had to work at music teaching for the support of my family, who ought to have done it, pray, if not I?"

"You did it bravely," she said. "All our children are well placed in life in their own trades. All are comfortably married

and their children are growing up around them. It is your own pride, James, that will not let them combine to help you to publish your works. Of all they would do for you, you would accept nothing but the loan of little Nettice to live with us and look after me."

The independent old man smiled. His listlessness departed as a glow of pride shone in his eyes.

"If I have genius, it must out some day," he said. "If not, then it is just and right that I should fail. My compositions used to be my pride, but they have brought me little more than daily bread hitherto. For that, nevertheless, we should be thankful. I trust we are."

"Daily bread is not fame and wealth," objected his wife. "Oh! James, go and play your oratorio, I want to hear it. It will cheer you up and cheer me too. Nettice is going to her mother this evening. The baby is expected every day. I wonder whether it will come to-night?"

"I wonder whether it will," said Mr. Fortescue, as he went out to fetch the sheets of his beloved composition. In his wife's room was a second piano, the gift of Nettice's father. On this the oratorio had been mainly composed. The silver-haired old lady loved nothing better than to see her husband busy over his beloved work, the labour of his leisure, and the hope of his life.

It was a long drama, the theme of which was weird and wonderful. The old man was never satisfied with the composition, lovely as it seemed. He was for ever altering, changing, readjusting parts of it; always re-writing and improving. To Nettice and her grandmother no improvements seemed possible in the lovely renderings he gave. But to Mr. Fortescue's ear something was always imperfect, something was continually unfinished.

He brought it up and was soon wrapt in his performance. His wife listened, entranced as usual and satisfied. She knew much of it by heart. To her it was a marvel that James, with his exquisite skill, had succeeded so badly in life. He sold his worst songs for fair sums at times, but his best compositions never went off. His desk was full of most lovely things that had been offered again and again to music publishers and rejected

until their author was sick of seeing them back on his hands. He could have succeeded far more, he knew and his wife knew, could he but have degraded his loved art so far as to write trash. But this he could not do.

Meanwhile he obtained his living by means of teaching. He had a fair *clientèle*, and, years ago, had schooled himself to be content with what the fates had vouchsafed.

And very grudging had the donations of fate to James Fortescue been. A bitter smile would curl his lips when he reflected on what *was*, and what he hoped might have been.

At the selfsame place, where, of late, he had stopped, he ceased his playing that night.

"It is strange, Jen, very strange," he said, "that I have no inspiration beyond this point. My brain seems blank and barren. It will yield no more ideas. Oh! for a new, fresh brain! Oh! for the vim, the vitality, the energy I had once. The experiences of life are with me. I have the ripeness that the fulness of time has given. With these I can imbue my creations, but with the needed freshness I cannot, Ah! wife, that it were possible to renew our youth! I have spent mine and all the strength of manhood in perfecting my music, and now that I am old and must leave it, I find I am but at the threshold of its marvels. That is why I have not succeeded better. I had but the body of music, its outward form, and not its spirit."

"I am sure you had its spirit, too," said the wife with energy. "Now you are tired. That is why you speak so strangely. Perhaps, who knows? in the next world it may be given you to perfect your music so as even to satisfy yourself."

In the old man's ears her words sounded like a subtle prophecy, glowing with hope, ringing with triumph. Yet she had spoken but quietly. He sprang up with a glad cry.

"You have given me the lacking idea," he cried. "Now I can finish my oratorio. I had come to the part where hope failed Dagmar, now I shall restore his hope to him. Inspiration is with me again, Jen, and you have given it me, dearie."

"I am so glad," she breathed. Then he went from the room to break the rough ground of his new idea upon the other piano. She knew that, as soon as he had given the idea fair

shape, he would return and play the bars over to her, altering and changing portions as fresh things suggested themselves. She listened to the wild, glad notes that sounded for some time in the room below, and she was glad that her chance words had so inspired the old musician. Hope, triumph, conquest after valiant strife, spoke in his music, then he was suddenly silent.

"He is writing it down," she thought with a placid smile. "I wish he would come up and cheer me, though. I am getting dreary without Nettice and without him. I should like to hear those last few bars again."

She fell to humming soft strains from the score, which she almost knew by heart. She was certain, as all James' children were, that the oratorio would be an enormous musical success. But there was also a doubt. Nettice's father was a man of the world, and he half fancied that old Mr. Fortescue was in advance of his time. He had not heard all the oratorio himself, but its theme seemed to him to be as yet above the heads of all but a select few of the people. This would not spell great success.

"I wish Nettice would come," said the old lady again, almost an hour later. "I wonder how her mother is, and whether the new baby is born yet. I hope it will be a boy. Nettice would be so pleased to have a little brother. I shall ask them to call him James if they have a boy. Five girls and no boys would be too bad. If a boy comes this time, how fussy his four sisters will be!"

She grew restless. It was so unusual for her to be left alone like this. Their funds did not permit of maids. Nettice was aided by a charwoman in the mornings. Then, for the rest of the day, she and her grandfather tended the invalid grandmother. Now, nobody was with her. It was strange James did not come. Nettice's absence was to be accounted for.

Ah! a step at last, Nettice's foot. The girl entered briskly. "Grannie, are you quite alone?" she said, kneeling down by the couch. "I have such good news. All has gone well. You have another grandson, and I have a little brother."

"I am so glad," uttered the invalid. "Find your grandfather, Nettice, and tell him. He has been in the music room such a long time, now. I cannot understand it. I have not

heard a sound from him since eight o'clock, when there was a really terrifying crash of discords as if he had struck his hand upon the keys."

"Eight o'clock!" said Nettice. "That was the exact minute that baby was born. And have you been alone all this while?" she said, glancing at the clock, which showed half-past nine.

She sped downstairs. The exultation which had filled her heart over the birth of her little brother suddenly faded from her queerly. A presentiment as of something weird and strange hanging over her, crept into her heart, chilling her curiously. At the door she stopped with a feeling of awe as if she were in the presence of something terrible. She felt as though she were in church or by a tomb. Impatiently, she tried to shake off the oppression that held her as she opened the door.

The room was brightly lighted and her grandfather was there. But he had fallen asleep. His head lay upon his arm, which was stretched out over his beloved piano-keys.

"Grandfather!" began Nettice, stepping forward. But she stopped with a cry. The old man neither moved, nor spoke, nor heard her. A glance showed Nettice what had happened. Mr. Fortescue was dead. At the moment his wife had heard the crash which had blended into an unearthly cry of triumph in her strained ears, his soul had passed from its fleshly temple. And this, too, at the exact moment that another little soul had arrived to take up its dwelling in an earthly tabernacle—a body fashioned of his own race. He would never see his grandson—the baby so anxiously expected.

How Nettice broke the news to her grandmother she did not know. It was done somehow, and the terrible time of the next few days lived through. At the inquest, heart-failure was certified to be the cause of death, and the old man's strange presentiments were commented upon.

He would not finish his beloved oratorio after all. His widow, certain she could not long survive her sorrow, grew resigned in the comforting thought that she should soon join him. She took the unfinished oratorio and sealed it up.

"I will keep it always," she said. "It shall never be given to the world now. When I am dead and you are burying me

in James' grave, this oratorio must be buried with us. And all his other music! He was too good for this world. How he used to long once for success and fame! I hope his heart's desire will be given him in heaven."

"I hope so, too," said Nettice, who, with her grandmother, had gone home. The old home was broken up after the death of the grandfather. What Mrs. Fortescue wished to keep she kept; the rest was sold. She went to live with her son, Nettice's father. He was a draper. His father had, out of his slender resources, set him up in a modest business, and every year now that business was increasing. It was not art, it was a sordid sort of profession, his mother thought with a touch of scorn. But it was solid. It spelt money, comfort, prosperity. Gradually her exaggerated ideas took better proportions. The baby, too, became her one delight.

They called him James at her desire. She had him always with her as he grew. She could not bear the baby away from her.

"He has a trick of his grandfather's eyes," she declared. "His eyes are like his grandfather's in colour and in expression. His smile is like his grandfather's, too."

In fact, she was always finding likenesses in the baby to her dead husband. The others could not see the similarities so often as she could, but they always humoured her fancies.

For months after the grandmother came to live with them music was a thing unheard of in the Fortescue's house. The sound of a piano awoke all her memories and sent the silver-haired invalid into tremors of grief, from which she did not easily recover. Little James was two years old before he heard the sound of music.

Nettice was playing softly one day, at her grandmother's own request. The old lady had taken a sudden fancy to hear some of her husband's songs. And the little boy sitting with her, lifted his head with a start and listened intently to his sister's playing. His intentness was so marked that all laughed at him. He had the exact air of one suddenly recalling a lost memory.

"More, more, pitty, pitty," he said, tugging at Nettice's skirt when she ceased. He displayed extraordinary eagerness. His fingers touched the keys as if they knew them well. He

actually, whether by accident or not, played a chord correctly in the key of D.

"He is musical!" cried his grandmother. "He has inherited his grandfather's talent! Oh! how glad I am. He must be trained to music."

But the little one needed no training seemingly. From that day he was always at the keyboard. At three years old, before he could read or knew his letters, he could play difficult music.

His father tried to shut the piano away from him, but in vain. The boy was an enthusiast, a musical prodigy, an infant phenomenon. Nothing in the musical line was too hard for him. Everyone wondered at the marvel.

None wondered more than his grandmother. One day the old lady had a shock. James was nearly five years old that time.

"Play to me," she said to him. "Improvise, James."

And James did. No sooner had he played the first few bars than the old lady screamed out:

"What are you playing to me, James? Where did you get the oratorio, your grandfather's last work?"

The little boy stopped.

"Granny, don't 'terrupt," he said, vexedly, "I was playing out of the beautiful music in my head."

He played on. His thread of half-forgotten melody had been broken. He regained it. His grandfather's oratorio it was. He played it through with feeling, expression, all the delicacy of touch, the grandmother so well remembered. Nettice stole in silently and listened.

The music ceased abruptly with the same wild crash of chords that had ended its last time of playing.

The grandmother clasped her hands nervously. She looked at Nettice with frightened eyes.

"Did you give him the oratorio, grannie?" asked the latter in astonishment. "How well he played it! I could have fancied it was grandfather returned."

"I 'member no more," said the little boy, with a puzzled frown on his fair, chubby face. "There *is* more, but me 'member nothing more."

"Nettice, Nettice," whispered the grandmother. "What

does this mean? I never gave him the oratorio, but someone must have done so. See whether the seal has been broken, dearie. It was in my little desk with your grandfather's letters to me before we were married."

Nettice looked. The oratorio was there, with its seals unbroken. It had never been touched. Little James, too, declared he had not learnt his pretty music from any paper. He knew it, he said.

"It is the most mysterious case I ever heard of," commented his father, when the wonderful thing was told him. "This is heredity with a vengeance, and no mistake. But fancy inheriting the oratorio!"

And there the mystery stayed. No one ever solved it. How the child had learnt that oratorio without ever seeing its score is, to this day, a marvel in that family.

He justified the promise of his youth. His father gave him a first-class musical education and he rose to the first rank. His oratorio was published, for he finished the score later. It brought fame and success to the youthful musician even while he was in his first youth. For it was, undoubtedly, his own, as well as his grandfather's.

But to the end of her long life, the old grandmother wondered and mused and marvelled. The mystery fascinated her continually. She circled round and round it in her mind but never solved it.

"He is so like my James," she said continually. "As he grows up, I see my husband again in him. But he is his grandson, so this is to be accounted for. But how did he learn the oratorio? Perhaps his grandfather's spirit released at the minute of his birth came to him and taught it to him, so that unconsciously he learnt it."

And once the weird fancy took her that young James might be old James indeed returned. If so, indeed, he had his heart's desire, for the vitality and energy of youth were once more restored to him, and he had the new fresh brain she heard him yearn for. But she was wandering in her dotage when she fancied this, and no one thought she meant it seriously.

KYTHE WYLWYNNE.

THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES*

THAT the identification of Balaam with Jeschu† in a number of the Talmud stories we are considering cannot possibly be held in doubt, will be amply seen from the passages which we are now about to bring forward. The precise way in which the identification was arrived at, is, however, somewhat difficult to discover. It may be that we have the starting-point of this curious name-transmutation still preserved in a Midrash on the famous Balaam story in Numbers; on the other hand, the origin of this strange name-change may be found in the domain of name-caricature and word-play. Let us first consider the extraordinary Midrash connected with the Numbers' Balaam story.

"'He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice' [Prov. xxvii. 14]. How strong was the voice of Balaam? Rabbi Jochanan said: (It was heard) sixty miles. Rabbi Jehoshua ben Levi said: Seventy nations heard the voice of Balaam. Rabbi Eleazar ha-Gappar says: God gave strength to his voice, and he went up from one end of the world to the other because he was looking about and seeing the nations adoring the sun and the moon and the stars and wood and stone. And he looked about and saw that a man, son of a woman, will arise, who seeks to make himself God and to seduce all the world without exception. Therefore, he gave strength to his voice, that all nations of the world might hear (it), and thus he spake: Take heed that you go not astray after that man, as it is written [Num. xxiii. 19], 'God is not a man, that he should lie,'—and if he says that he is God, he is a liar; and he will fall into error and say that he is going away and will come (again) at certain spaces of time, (then) he hath said and will not do it. Look what is written [Num. xxiv. 23] 'And he took up his parable and said, Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God!' Balaam intended to say: Alas, who

* This series of articles began in the June number, 1902.

† For the literature see Krauss, *Leben Jesu*, pp. 267, 268.

shall live from that nation which gives ear to that man who makes himself God ? "*

R. Jochanan (bar Nappacha) was a distinguished ornament of the Talmud schools at Sepphoris and Tiberias, and died in 279 A.D. at the age of eighty. Jehoshua ben Levi was one of the Rabbis of the Lud school and flourished in the first half of the third century ; while R. Eleazar ha-Gappar (the Pitch-seller) was a contemporary of the famous "Rabbi," R. Jehuda ha-Nasi (Jehuda the Prince), or Jehuda the Holy, who was the final redactor of the Mishna; he flourished somewhere about 200-220 A.D. This story then is presumably to be placed somewhere about the beginning of the third century.

The story is in the form of a naïve prophecy after the event (of which we have thousands of examples in allied Hebrew literature) and makes Balaam quote his own words (Num. xxxiii. 19) as holy scripture. But immediately afterwards R. Eleazar is made to drop the prophetical form of the argument against Christian dogmatics and frankly to tell us what Balaam "intended to say."

The quotation, from Num. xxiv. 23, "Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God !"—is remarkable, for our Authorised Version gives an absolutely different rendering: "Alas, who shall live when God doeth this !" And that the Rabbinical exegesis of this passage differed entirely from the received interpretation of the English Authorised Version may be seen from the following glosses as found in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'Woe to him who lives because he takes [*sic*] God.' Resh Lakish said: Woe to him, who vivifies himself (or who saves his life) by the name of God."†

Resh Lakish (R. Simeon ben Lakish) was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished about 250-275 A.D.; he is clearly interpreting this passage in connection with the Jesus stories, for it is precisely by the "name of God," the Shem, that Jeschu vivifies himself, and vivifies others, in the Toldoth Jeschu.

Rashi (*ob.* 1105 A.D.) commenting on this passage, says:

"'Balaam who vivifies himself by the name of God,' making himself God. Another reading has it, 'who vivifies himself as to

* *Jalkut Shimoni* on Num. xxiii. 7, under the name of Midrash Jelammedenu.
† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106*a*.

the name of God,' that is, Woe to those men that vivify and amuse themselves in this world and tear the yoke of the Law from their necks and make themselves fat."

Here Rashi not only makes what was given as said by Balaam about another an act committed by Balaam himself, but further adds that the act committed by Balaam was in reality no other than his making himself God. The only doubt apparently which Rashi had in his mind was whether the prophecy referred to Balaam (*i.e.*, Jeschu) only, or whether it might also be considered as embracing the Christians as well, for presumably they alone can be meant by those who "tear the yoke of the Law from their necks."

Moreover in the Palestinian Gemara in expansion of the same famous verse in Numbers which contains the most important pronouncement of the traditional Balaam ben Beor,* and which constituted the main argument of the Rabbis against Christian dogmatic claims, we read:

"R. Abbahu has said: If a man says to thee 'I am God,' he lies; 'I am Son of Man,' he shall rue it; 'I ascend to heaven,' this holds good of him, 'He has said it and will not effect it.'"

R. Abbahu of Cæsarea was the pupil of R. Jochanan, who died in 279 A.D. The argument put in his mouth is clearly meant as a complete refutation of Christian dogmatic claims by the quotation of one of the most solemn pronouncements of the Torah.

And if such inconvenient quotations from the Torah were met by the more enlightened of the Christian name, as we know they were by the Gnostics, by the argument that the inspiration of the Torah was of very variable quantity and quality, that it came sometimes from a good, sometimes from a mixed, and sometimes from an evil source, the Rabbis replied with still further quotations from the same Torah. Thus we read:

"R. Chia bar Abba said: 'If the son of the whore saith to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, I am He of the Sea, I am He of Sinai.' [That is to say, at the Red Sea God appeared to Israel as a youthful warrior, upon Sinai as an old man, as

* Num. xxxii. 19, A.V.: "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

beseems a lawgiver; but both are one.] R. Chia bar Abba said: 'If the son of the whore say to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, It is here [Deut. v. 4] written not *Gods* but *the Lord* hath spoken with thee face to face.'"

R. Chia, or more fully Chia Rabbah, was son of Abba Sela, and flourished about 216 A.D.; he was a pupil of "Rabbi" (= Jehuda ben Simeon III.) to whom the final redaction of the Mishna is attributed.

It is now evident that the main claims of dogmatic Christianity, that Jesus was God, that he was Son of Man,* and that he had ascended to Heaven physically in a miraculous manner, and would return again, were met on the side of the Rabbis with quotations from the Torah, which they considered to be the infallible word of God, and that the main passage on which they relied was the prophetic declaration of Balaam, made, as they believed, under the direct inspiration of Yahweh.

But if we are asked to believe that here we have a sufficient basis to account for the astounding identification of the subject of subsequent haggadic prophecy with the prophet himself, we can hardly be persuaded that this is the case. Such a topsy-turvy transformation is a *tour de force* beyond even the capability of the legerdemain of Talmudic legend-making.

The only thing that could have given the smallest justification for such an identification would have been some striking similarity between the doings of Balaam and of Jeschu; whereas the very opposite is found to be the case, as we have already seen, and as we are expressly told in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'And Balaam, son of Beor, the soothsayer' [Josh. xiii. 22]. Soothsayer? he was a prophet. Rabbi Jochanan said: At first a prophet, at last a soothsayer. Rab Papa said: This is what people say: She was of prominent men and princes (and then) she prostituted herself for mere carpenters."†

* This title, as used in Christian tradition, seems to me to be entirely shorn of all its characteristic meaning if taken, as modern scholarship takes it, to be simply a Greek literal translation of an Aramaic idiom which was in common use as a synonym of "man" pure and simple, thus signifying that Jesus was *the* man *par excellence*. I am, therefore, inclined to think that the Greek term was of "Gnostic" origin. We know that in Gnostic tradition "The Man," or "Man," was a title of the Logos; "Son of Man" was therefore a very appropriate designation for one who was "kin to Him," that is, one in whom the "Light-spark" was bursting into a "Flame."

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106*a*

According to the tradition of ancient Israel Balaam ben Beor was a soothsayer who was on one famous occasion compelled to prophesy truth by the power of Yahweh. Balaam-Jeschu, on the contrary, was a prophet; so at any rate the apparently oldest tradition of the Talmud period had it. In the third century R. Jochanan still admitted that Jeschu was "at first" a prophet, but contended that afterwards he fell away and was no longer inspired by the Spirit of God. This we see is the exact reverse of the ancient Balaam's case. Could anything, then, be more puzzling than the name-identification Jesus-Balaam in spite of this?

And here the saying attributed to Rab Papa, the founder of the Talmud school at Neresch, near Sura in Babylonia, who died 375 A.D., must delay us for a moment. This saying is universally regarded as referring to Mary, in which case it would confirm the tradition quoted above in a previous paper, that Jesus was "near those in power." But does this saying really refer to Mary? Rab Papa is apparently quoted as further explaining the statement of R. Jochanan as to the prophetical status of "Balaam." When then he says "she was first of high estate and then she prostituted herself for carpenters," can "she," by any possibility, refer to the teaching of Jesus and not to Mary, who is nowhere mentioned, and who in any case would come in most awkwardly? If this hypothesis can in any way be entertained, R. Papa's saying would then mean that the teaching of Jesus formed first of all part of a true prophetical movement, but afterwards it got tangled up with the carpenter story of popular propaganda and all those other dogmas which the Rabbis so strenuously opposed.

Be this as it may, if there were not some hidden link in the chain of transformation which eventuates in the Balaam-Jeschu identification, it is almost inconceivable that it could ever have held together for a moment. Let us now see whether this hidden link is after all so difficult to discover. We have already seen that the main charge of the Rabbis against Jesus was that he had corrupted and ruined Israel. In Hebrew the name Balaam means precisely destroyer or corrupter of the people.* Have we not

* See article "Balaam" in *The Jewish Encyclopædia*. "The Rabbis, playing on the name Balaam, call him 'Belo 'Am' (without people; that is, without a share with the people in the world to come), or 'Billa 'Am' (one that ruined a people)."

here then the missing link, and a most natural explanation of this otherwise incomprehensible name-change.

And if this be so, it is interesting to call to mind the clever conjecture that Nicolaos (νικᾶν and λάος) in Greek is the exact equivalent of Balaam in Hebrew. And with Nicolaos before us we are at once reminded of certain Nicolaitans who came under the severe displeasure of the Jewish Christian circle to whom the over-writer of the canonical Apocalypse belonged (Rev. ii. 6 and 15). These Nicolaitans have been a great puzzle to the commentators, but many scholars are of opinion that under this name the Pauline Churches are aimed at.* Can it, then, be possible that the Nicolaitans were for the Jewish Christians the Balaamites, the innovators who were throwing off the yoke of the Law and introducing new ideas contrary to the orthodoxy of Jewry? If this be so, the identification Jeschu-Balaam may be conjectured to have been one of the immediate outcomes of Pauline propaganda, and we have again found the origin of yet another Rabbinical nickname of Jeschu in doctrinal controversy.

But the "leading astray" presumably went back even further than the days of Pauline propaganda; and we believe that the original charge against Jesus is to be found in the following passage preserved in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'There shall no evil befall thee' [Ps. xci. 10]. (That means) that evil dreams and bad phantasies shall not vex thee. 'Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent'; (that means) that thou shalt not have a son or disciple who burns his food publicly, like Jeschu ha-Notzri."†

What is the meaning of this strange phrase, "to burn one's food publicly"? Dalman‡ says that this means "to renounce openly what one has learned." Laible§ is of opinion that "public burning of food is a contemptuous expression for the public offering of sacrifice to idols. That the Christians in their assem-

* See Van Manen's article "Nicolaitans" in the *Encyclopædia Biblica;* in which, however, the Leyden professor, while stigmatising Balaam=Nicolas as a mere guess, does not in any way refer to the Talmud problem we are discussing. That the Nicolaitans=the Balaamites, however, is strongly supported by Kohler in his article in *The Jewish Encyclopædia*, to which we have just referred.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 103*a*.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 34*.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

blies offered sacrifice to idols was as firmly the opinion of the Jews of old time, as it is that of many at the present day [!]. Naturally, therefore, it was concluded that Jesus must have commenced it."

In this connection we are further reminded that the charge brought against the Nicolaitans by the final redactor of the Apocalypse is "eating things sacrificed to idols and committing fornication"; upon which Van Manen comments: "not because they made a mock of all that is holy and trampled honour underfoot, but because they, like 'Paul,' had set aside the Jewish laws regarding foods and marriage, freely using food that had been set before heathen deities, and contracting marriages within the prohibited degrees, which in the eyes of the author of the Apocalypse were unchaste unions, just as in the eyes of the writer of I. Cor. v. 1 the marriage of the Christian who had freed himself from scruples with his deceased father's wife (not his own mother) was so, or as in the eyes of so many Englishmen the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is at the present day."

There is, however, no consensus of opinion with regard to the meaning of the phrase "burning one's food publicly." The Rabbis, we must remember, applied the term "idolatry" in the loosest fashion to everything that was not a strict Jewish custom or belief; and it is hardly to be believed that the early Christians, least of all Jesus himself, could have been accused of "idolatry," in the literal meaning of the word, even by their most bitter opponents. I am, therefore, inclined to think that there may be some other meaning of this "burning of one's food publicly."

The main point of the accusation is evidently contained in the word "publicly." It was the doing of something or other "publicly," which apparently might not only have been tolerated privately, but which was presumably the natural thing to do in private. Now the main burden of Christian tradition is that Jesus went and taught the people publicly—the poor, the outcast, the oppressed, the sinners, to all of whom according to Rabbinical law the mysteries of the Torah were not to be expounded unless they had first of all purified themselves. These ignorant and unclean livers were '*Amme ha-aretz* (men of the earth) and the Torah was not for them. And if it was that no '*Am ha-aretz* was

admitted to the schoolhouse, much more strictly were guarded the approaches to those more select communities where the mysteries of the "Creation" and of the "Chariot," the theosophy of Judaism, were studied. To some such community of this kind we believe Jeschu originally belonged; and from it he was expelled because he "burnt his food publicly," that is to say, taught the wisdom to the unpurified people and so violated the ancient rule of the order.

In connection with this there is a remarkable passage, preserved in the Babylonian Gemara, which demands our closest attention. It runs as follows:

"When our wise men left the house of Rab Chisda or, as others say, the house of Rab Shemuel bar Nachmani, they said of him: 'Thus our learned men are laden' [Ps. cxliv. 14]. Rab and Shemuel or, as others say, Rabbi Jochanan and Rabbi Eleazar (were of a different opinion). One said: 'our learned' in the Law, and 'are laden' with commandments [*i.e.*, good works], and the other said: 'our learned in the Law and in the commandments,' and 'are laden' with sufferings. 'There is no breaking in,' that our company shall not be like the company of Saul, from whom Doeg, the Edomite, has gone out, and 'no going forth,' that our company shall not be like the company of David, from whom Ahithophel has gone out, and 'no outcry,' that our company shall not be like the company of Elisha, from whom Gehazi has gone out, 'in our streets,' that we shall not have a son or a disciple who burns his food publicly like Jeschu ha-Notzri."*

Rab Chisda was one of the Rabbis of the Talmud school of Sura in Babylonia and died 309 A.D. R. Shemuel bar Nachman (or Nachmani) was a teacher in the Palestinian school at Tiberias, but twice went to Babylonia. He was a pupil of R. Jonathan ben Eleazar, who was a pupil of R. Chanina, who was a pupil of "Rabbi." R. Shemuel was, then, presumably a contemporary of R. Chisda.

Rab or Abba was the founder of the school at Sura on the Euphrates, and died 247 A.D.; Mar Shemuel was head of the Babylonian school at Nehardea, and died 254 A.D.

* *Bab. Berachoth*, 17*a* ff.

R. Jochanan was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished 130-160 A.D.; R. Eleazar flourished 90-130 A.D.

The words of the text taken from the Psalms runs as follows in the Authorised Version: "That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in or going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

Doeg, says Cheyne,* "had been detained (so one tradition tells us) 'before Yahwè'—*i.e.*, by some obscure religious prescription, and had cunningly watched David in his intercourse with the priest Ahimelech. Soon after, he denounced the latter to the suspicious Saul, and when the king commanded his 'runners' to put Ahimelech and the other priests to death, and they refused, it was this foreigner who lifted up his hand against them."

Doeg is called by the strange title "the mightiest of the shepherds."

Ahithophel, the Gilonite, was a councillor of David and was much esteemed for his unerring insight; he, however, revolted against David and cast in his lot with Absolom's rebellion. He met his death by hanging (II. Sam. xvii. 23)

Gehazi (=Valley of vision) was cast out by Elisha and smitten with leprosy for fraudulently obtaining money from Namaan at the time of the latter's miraculous cure by the prophet.

With these *data* before us let us return to our Talmud passage. It is very evident that the whole point of the story has to do with heresy, with "going forth," or with some scandal or breaking of the established rule or order of things, or with paving the way for so doing. We have seen that in the Talmud stories Balaam is a substitute for Jeschu; can it, then, be possible that in Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi we have also to do with name-substitutions?

The answer to this question will perhaps be made clearer by quoting the following passages from the Mishna.

"R. Akiba says: He also has no part in the world to come who reads foreign books, and who whispers over a wound and says: 'I will lay upon thee no sickness, which I have laid upon Egypt, for I am the Lord, thy physician.'"

* See article "Doeg," *Enc. Bib.*

This interesting passage is followed by one of even greater interest.

"Three kings and four private persons have no portion in the world to come. Three kings, namely, Jeroboam, Ahab and Manasseh. R. Jehudah says: 'Manasseh has a portion therein, for it is said [II. Chron. xxxiii. 13], "and he prayed unto him; and he was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom."' It was objected to him, He brought him again into his kingdom, but he did not bring him again into the life of the future world. Four private persons, namely, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel, and Gehazi."*

These passages are old, for they are found in the Mishna. To take the saying ascribed to R. Akiba (fl. 100-135 A.D.) first. The Gemara† says that by "foreign books" are meant *Siphre Minim*. The term Minim was for long taken to refer exclusively to Jewish Christians or Christians generally; but this has been hotly disputed of late years by many. It seems certain that though Jewish Christians may be sometimes included in this term, Minim does not mean them exclusively. Nor does Minim always mean "heretics" in a bad sense, it sometimes means "heretics" in its original signification, that is to say simply the members of some particular school. That, however, most of the Rabbis considered these Siphre Minim, in a bad sense, to include the Gospel, is evident from a gloss in the Munich MS.‡ where the word Evangelium is caricatured as follows:

"Rabbi Meir calls it, *'Āwen gillājōn* [blank paper, lit. margin, of evil], Rabbi Jochanan calls it, *'Awōn gillājōn* [blank paper of sin]."

R. Meir was one of the great redactors of the Mishna and flourished about 130-160 A.D.; R. Jochanan was his contemporary. *Gillājōn* means literally a "margin," that is a paper which is left unwritten upon, and is therefore blank.§ It must be confessed, however, that such apparently meaningless jesting is quite below the level of Rabbinical caricaturing with which we are acquainted, and I am inclined to think that Dalman has not

* *Sanhedrin*, xi. 90*a*; *Mishna*, x. 1, 2. † *Sanhedrin*, 100*b*.
‡ *Shabbath*, 116*a*. § Dalman, *op. cit.*, p. 30.*

got to the bottom of the matter. I can, however, offer no better conjecture myself.

The formula of healing is an interesting one. Whether or not we are to take "Egypt" literally, or as a substitute for the "body" as it was among certain of the Gnostic schools, must be left to the fancy and taste of the reader; the phrase "I am the Lord, thy physician," however, reminds us strongly of the "Healers," and the "Servants" of the Great Healer, and suggests memories of some of the derivations conjectured for the names Therapeut and Essene.

We may pass over the three kings in our second Mishna passage, but we cannot pass by the four private persons, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi, for the combination is so extraordinary that even the most careless reader must be struck by it. What has Balaam ben Beor to do *dans cette galère?* Whose "company" did he leave? Balaam ben Beor may be said rather to have joined forces with the Israelites; he certainly did not leave them. Balaam came in, he did not "go out."

The point of the story is that there are certain persons who have no part in the world to come. R. Akiba has just told us of what kind the orthodox Jew considered these to be; they were heretics who looked to other Scriptures as well as the Torah, as we know the Gnostics did most freely, and the general Christians as far as the Gospel Scripture was concerned; they were further healers and wonder-makers, which indeed many of the Essenes, Therapeuts and Gnostics set themselves to be, and which general Christian tradition asserts Jesus and the "Apostles" were.

But why should Balaam head the list of the condemned when it is precisely the prophetical pronouncement of Ben Beor that the Rabbis were using for all it was worth against Christian dogmatic claims? Balaam here clearly stands for Jeschu; and if this be so, then it is reasonable to suppose that Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi stand for the names of some other teachers who had fallen under severe Rabbinical displeasure. Who they were precisely we have now no means of discovering, and the supposition that they refer to Peter, James and John* is con-

* See Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

siderably discounted by the following strange passage from the Babylonian Gemara:

"Elisha went to Damascus—for what did he go? R. Jochanan has said, that he went for the conversion of Gehazi. But he was not converted. Elisha said to him: Be converted! He answered him: Is it thus that I am converted by thee? For him that sinneth and maketh the people to sin the possibility of repentance is taken away."*

Rabbi Jochanan flourished 130-160 A.D. It will at once strike the attentive reader that the words put into the mouth of Gehazi are identical with those of the answer of Jeschu to Joshua ben Perachiah as found in the famous twice-told story of Jeschu's excommunication.†

The answer is an extraordinary one, and may be taken to mean that the evil (from the point of view of the Rabbis) was irremediable. The thing had spread too far; even if the leaders were now to return to the strict fold of Jewry, the people would still continue to hold the new views which abrogated their servitude to the galling yoke of the Law.

The mention of the name Damascus, moreover, in connection with Gehazi, at once brings Paul to mind, and disturbs the balance of the Peter and James and John supposition as the under-names of Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi.

If by any means, then, Gehazi may be held to be a "blind" for Paul, we have to ask ourselves what has Elisha to do in this connection? Does "Elisha" represent some chief of the Sanhedrin? It may be so, but we should also recollect that the Essene communities and similar mystic associations were always looking for the return of Elisha. They were in connection with the line of descent from the "Schools of the Prophets" and expected their great prophet to return again in power to announce the advent of the Messiah. It is hardly necessary in this connection to recall to the reader's recollection the John-Elias of the Gospel story or to refer the student to the elaborate Gnostic tradition of the incarnation of the soul of Elisha in the body of John under the direct supervision of the Master, as found in the *Pistis Sophia*—later accommodations to the necessities of a his-

* *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 107*b*. † *Sanhedrin*, 107*b*, and *Sota*, 47*a*.

toricising evolution. The recollection, however, of these and similar ideas and facts makes us hazard the conjecture that "Elisha" in our Mishna passage may be a "blind" for the official head of the chief Essene community, or at any rate of that "company" who looked to Elisha as its spiritual head. It was from this company that "Gehazi" had "gone out." Whether or not the other "companies" of Saul and David may refer to associations of a somewhat similar nature, I must leave for the consideration of those who are fully persuaded that the literal meaning of our Talmud passage, as far as the four private persons are concerned, was the one furthest from the intention of its Rabbinical authors.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A VISION OF THE ASTRAL PLANE

ON the evening of January 4th, 1903, I had been discussing the "astral plane" with my boy Paul, after dinner. I then read some light magazine stories till I went to bed, shortly after ten o'clock. It was the night of the floods, and the atmosphere seemed strangely sultry and oppressive for the time of year. I was kept awake for some time by the wind, and I felt unaccountably nervous. My last waking impression was of hearing the church clock striking eleven.

* * * *

It seemed that I had been dead about two days, having spent the interval in oblivion. When I woke I could recall the circumstances of my death, which seemed a thing of the past, not worth troubling about. I felt a vague pity for my wife and family, and some surprise that death was so easy, as I had hardly appeared conscious of it. It was merely something I was glad to have got safely over, and my whole faculties seemed concentrated in curiosity as to my new surroundings, as I knew instinc-

tively that I was on the "astral plane," and felt a great eagerness to verify what I had read of it in Theosophical literature.

I immediately found myself in a large room crowded with well-dressed people, where a sort of conversazione appeared to be going on. All was life and movement, and everybody appeared cheerful. Presently a lady came up to me and asked me whether I was not a Theosophist. I replied that I was, on which she welcomed me, saying: "There are a good many of us here." Several people then came up and shook hands. I had seen some of them at Theosophical meetings, but had not known them personally, except perhaps in the case of one lady who seemed familiar to me but whom I cannot now recall. We all talked together, and I said: "Since you are Theosophists you will be able to tell me exactly where I am. As everything seems so pleasant I suppose this is one of the higher sub-planes." I had, in fact, made up my mind it must be the third sub-plane (see *The Astral Plane*, p. 43). To my surprise they said "Oh dear, no. This is only the sixth sub-plane." At this I was greatly disappointed, as I had imagined I should have found myself somewhat higher. At this point I am under the impression that Mr. —— came up. I said: "Well, anyhow this is not the lowest plane, is it?" He replied: "No, there is a lower plane—elsewhere." I had asked them whether all present were Theosophists, and was told that this was not the case.

After this I think that some of my new friends offered to show me round, for I found myself in a kind of market-place where people were bargaining over goods of all sorts. It was pointed out to me that these people were acting most foolishly, as they could become possessed of anything they wanted, including money, by simply desiring it, although money was of no use to them when they had it. Yet in spite of this they were still haggling and chaffering as they did when on the physical plane. A man offered to sell me a brace of pheasants and I jokingly said I would take them, putting my hand into my pocket for the money, on which I found my pocket full of gold coins. I was, however, led away by one of my guides.

We then walked along what looked like a road in a fine residential town. The others were in front, walking rather

quickly, and I was following at some distance behind with a lady. I remarked that it seemed curious that one should walk exactly as on earth, for I had always imagined that on the astral plane one would rather float.

It also struck me as remarkable that I had seen nothing of the queer astral forms I had read of—nothing startling or alarming, and I began to look carefully towards the gardens and houses at the sides of the road and along the road itself. Directly I did so I perceived the oddest little figure approaching down the centre of the road. It was like a diminutive thin monkey about ten inches high. Its face was covered with red hair, with longer red hair projecting from the sides of the head, and it was dressed in a jacket, trousers, and a tall hat. It strutted along like a little man, and its appearance was so irresistibly comic that I stopped and went into convulsions of laughter. The lady seemed much surprised and asked me what I was laughing at. I said "I am laughing at that funny little elemental. Don't you see it?" I pointed to the creature, which had just passed us without taking the slightest notice of us. "No," she said, "I can't see it. Your sight must be more developed than mine. I have been here some time and have never seen anything of the kind."

I next found myself in a large building. Through circular arches supported by high columns I could see a landscape outside. Many persons were present, including Mr. ——. I was asking every question I could think of concerning the astral condition. As everything seemed to be going on exactly as on earth I asked whether one's astral body could be hurt accidentally. For instance, could one's arm be broken?

"No."

"What would happen if you were thrown off a horse?"

"You would feel humiliation."

I asked many other questions, the answers to which I cannot recall. I then heard a chant from outside, and Mr. —— came over to me and said: "Come and look at one of the funniest sights to be seen here." I went with him to one of the arches and looked out. A funeral procession was passing. First came mutes in deepest mourning, then a coffin, I think in a hearse, followed by a number of mourners in black. They were all

chanting a hymn which seemed familiar. It should have begun "There is no death," but they were singing "There *is* death."

I turned to Mr. —— and asked him the meaning of it. "How could there be a funeral here?" I said. He laughed and told me that the whole thing was a mockery and that there was no real body in the coffin. He said: "You would never think that people who have themselves had practical experience of what they call death could behave in this way, but anything is possible here."

After this I seemed to pass through many pleasing and exciting experiences, of which I remember nothing except that I speculated as to the period of earth time they occupied. Then the thought came to me how much I should like to relate them to my wife.

* * * *

Suddenly I found myself awake in bed. It seemed some time before I could realise that I was again forced back into physical life, and then I was overcome by the sense of regret at being compelled to return to it.

When I looked at the clock it was 3.55 a.m.

In some manner this appeared quite unlike an ordinary dream. The impressions were more vivid, and I seemed in full control of my thoughts and actions all the time. I never for a moment lost the conviction that the experiences were purely astral. The following morning I wrote down the above account while the incidents were fresh in my mind.

LEONARD MONTAGUE.

LITTLE, indeed, does it concern us in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of a life.—SOUTHEY.

THE GLAMOUR-LAND

He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son.

In the late autumn snow had fallen; it lay unmelted on the highest of the hills; it often lay there when on lower ground not even a light frost crisped the earth. But now it was very cold, and the trees were glittering with hoar frost and delicate spikes of ice. The sea ran far inland and made a salt-water lake, almost land-locked. Blue was the key colour of the place. The sky glowed blue and cloudless; the smooth water was gentian blue; seawards there was a huge bar of sand and shingle, heaped high, and running almost the whole way across the arm of the inrushing sea; therefore whether the tide was high or low the waves broke and leaped and swirled on it, so that the sea looked like a great lake, land-locked on three sides, and bounded on the fourth by a tossing, spouting, milk-white cataract of foam, as the great breakers raged and tumbled over the bar of sand. There were no vague tones nor shadowy outlines; the blue and white were vivid, brilliant. Blue sea—blue sky—blue shadows on the white hills; white snow, white frost on leafless boughs, white foam a-glitter in the sun. Blue—blue—blue—and unspeakably blue the shining wells of the sky, into which one might send one's thought forth in quest of Truth, and return anon bewildered and without booty, for the whole Truth was never yet gleaned from without nor yet from another man. White were the seagulls feeding on the foreshore; only a little seaweed-plastered jetty was rich brown and amber-yellow; crouched at the foot of the jetty, sheltered from the keen wind, were some children who added a touch or two of red to the picture, for one of the girls wore a crimson coat, and one of the boys a scarlet woollen cap.

These children were "telling stories," and it was the red-

capped boy's turn. He was not a very popular teller of tales; yet he gripped his hearers because he wove his stories of the things which he knew in his heart, and not of the things he had heard. Now the other boys told of pirates and brigands, whether they had practical experience of them or not; for which reason one only of their number knew what he was talking about; he afterwards became a great writer, for he drew upon the bank of knowledge, though how he came by his knowledge he could not tell. His swashbucklers and sea-wolves breathed the breath of life; and people who spent their time in wearily wrestling with office work and household accounts found them very refreshing company.

Redcap stood in the middle of the circle; the frosty wind fluttered his flaxen curls beneath his scarlet headgear. He was telling tales of Glamour-Land, the customs of which country he knew well; the group listened. The boys were not wholly absorbed; the girls, who are generally quick to hear the Songs of the Glamour, were the more interested. When the speaker ended his tale the girl in the crimson coat drew a long breath and gave her verdict: "Lovely!" The tale-teller did not heed her; he was one of those people who care nothing for the breath of fame and praise. He who understood pirates so well, nodded approvingly. Throughout his life this boy knew good work when he saw it, because his own was so good. One of the boys offered criticism.

"It's all beastly rot," he said, with the simple directness of boyhood. "There isn't any such place."

Redcap crushed him with swift scorn.

"That's all *you* know about it," he said. "That place I tell you about is *real*, and this place isn't; this place "—he waved his arms patronisingly at the sea and sky—"is an e—vil—en—chantment—of the Black Witch; one of these days the Wise Queen will snuff her and her enchantment out—puff! like that!"

He snapped his fingers; the listeners looked uneasy and momentarily doubted the stability of the earth.

The boy who had criticised repeated his former remark: "It's all rot." Inwardly he hoped the Wise Queen would not snuff out the enchantment before tea time; for he knew there were hot cakes, and he could not honestly view them as

evil enchantments. But where did the red-capped boy get his ideas about the relative reality of the seen and unseen?

Eight years later that boy's father died; his mother married again, and thereafter great trouble and poverty fell upon a family that hitherto had been happy and prosperous. This boy, then a lad of eighteen, given to great dreams and visions of the Glamour-Land, was torn away from all he loved, and hoped for, and dreamed of; he was sent to work at dull drudgery for a weekly pittance in a house of business in London. There, sick for the sights and sounds of Glamour-Land, he nearly broke down both mentally and physically. He was poor, friendless, proud and unsociable; but that was nothing. If he could have had one daily glimpse of the Glamour Country, one note of its songs, he could have borne the rest. He fenced himself about with a wall of practical cheeriness and hard-headed common-sense, and lived inside it, in a hell of his own. In a narrow, black street the child of the blue land of sea and wide distances lived and suffered for five dreadful years; then he chanced to find a room over some offices which looked upon the river, and suffered a little less. He began to earn more money; he was promoted. He did his work very well; he was to be depended upon; he was steady, alert, and "on the spot," said his employers. He was thoroughly practical. Once some reference was made to his prospects by a man who was his superior in the business house where he was employed; this man told him he was "bound to get on," it was "rare to see a young fellow so steady, and with his heart in his business." The young man (he was then twenty-three) laughed, a little laugh that was as chill and dreary as the wuther of the north wind in frozen rushes by a bleak ice-coated mountain tarn.

"When you don't care for anything you have to do, one thing comes as easy as another," he said. "Besides you can 'give your mind' to heaps of things. If you like a piece of work it is hard to pull away from it to something else; but if one is much like another to you, and all equally dull, then, if you've a decent amount of self-control, you can do them all fairly effectively."

While his superior was trying to understand his extraordinary

sentiments, he said: "Good-night, sir," and went out. He walked back to his room.

This befell just before he found the room overlooking the river; it was a sultry, ill-smelling summer night; the straight line of the houses rose before him in their terrible hideousness. There was a little church in the street, in which they sang anthems. A choir practice was going on. He could hear the voices plainly:

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Zion. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

The man hid his face in his hands and sighed; his heart was sick with great longing and intolerable weariness.

"God!" he said. "Let me go mad with memory rather than forget."

Yet after all it seemed undesirable to go mad, therefore he rose and went to a little cheap Club; the members were many of them "thoughtful people" with "views"; most of their views were theoretically partly true, and practically partly false and wholly impossible to carry out; it was not always possible to put one's finger on the flaw in them. The members of that Club talked a great deal; a man was talking very earnestly, as he who desired to remember entered there. He was a reformer, and willing to make any personal sacrifice to further his regenerative views. He said:

"A wider charity is what men need. That is the root of the matter."

"Nothing has been so fruitful a cause of pauperisation," said a red-haired man who was listening for the sole purpose of disagreeing with him. This man was the type of person who can never extend his views beyond the meaning which he has decided to apply to a word.

"I do not mean Charity in that sense. I mean rather Love, which I have heard is Wisdom in activity, that which perceives a common basis of life. This is Wisdom, this is Love, this is Charity."

"Statistics prove—" began the man, who while the other spoke had been thinking of his own views as to the meaning of charity.

"Statistics have no more to do with Charity than they have with Truth. They are the worst form of lying extant. Charity, in my sense, is the deepest of all wisdom. Faith, Hope, Charity, these three—and the greatest of these is Charity."

Then another voice uplifted itself.

"I think St. Paul was wrong there," it said. "The greatest of these is Faith."

It was the young man from the north.

"Faith! What do you mean by faith?"

"The sense of the unseen, and the trust in it," said he who used to tell the stories of Glamour-Land. "The man who never loses the sense of that which he does not see, can move the world. All the force side of nature is allied with him. It is the unseen that is the motive power everywhere. The man who, in an east-end slum, a city office, a factory, a gambling hell, a music hall, or in the 'trivial round' of society, can realise that, has allied himself with the sun and the sea, with the wind and the light, with the powers that lie behind them all, and cause the whole to be."

Having thus spoken he wandered out, as he had wandered in.

"That's a queer young fellow," said the red-haired man, "I think he's cracked."

"No," said one of the listeners, "I think not. He's a practical chap; quiet, solid, steady-going fellow, and no fool. A good man of business too. I've never seen him taken like that before."

He spoke as though he was the victim of some malady. If this was the case it did not assert itself again. The man worked on steadily, and rose in the estimation of his employers, who were very sober, business-like people. When he had been nearly twenty years in London he met the boy who told the pirate stories by the blue sea. The boy was now a man, and he told his tales to a wider public; he was married to the girl who wore the crimson coat. He recognised his former brother of the craft, and was very kind and glad to see him; he asked him to his house, and insisted on his coming there. He saw, what no one in his guest's world saw, that such prosperity as was his, was

not the full measure of that which the promise of his youth once seemed to deserve. He asked him why he had toiled in a London office; why he had ceased to tell the tales of Glamour-Land of the Wise Queen, and the Black Witch. The other was silent awhile. At last he said: "I couldn't. That part of me is dead, and buried by the sea up yonder."

His host said no more at the time; he referred to it once again, very carefully and tactfully.

"No," said his guest. "I told you I couldn't. Firstly, because my mind is like a hollow pipe, for other people's thoughts to blow through. I can't think in this place; I can only long and do my work. Secondly, because I don't properly know any of the things I used to know when I was young."

He talked awhile longer; then he rose, said good-bye, and never returned to that house again. He went back to the room which overlooked the river; for fifteen years he had lived therein. He sat by the window, and muttered to himself:

"They that wasted us, required of us mirth; saying: Sing us one of the songs of *Z*ion."

It was the hour between light and darkness; the river was clear silvery greyish-blue, and the lights struck down into it like daggers of quivering pallid fire; the bridge showed thread-like arches of vague darkness through the blue mist; little busy tugs sped up the water-way, dragging long, thin, black barges; a big waggon piled high with gleaming yellow straw creaked along the bank, coming townwards from the country. There was the half light that brings out a thousand shifting tints; lights began to dot the shore and the boats lying at anchor.

On a sudden the scent of wild thyme smote through the room; there was a hill near his old home that was carpeted with it in summer time; and behold! the Glamour-Land he had not seen for twenty years lay below him, in the very heart of the city. It was perhaps the shadowy silver-blue that opened the way; faint vague blue unlike the gentian glow of the sea-lake, yet reminiscent of it. The room was palpably full of the perfume of wild thyme. The man rose. For ten years he had hungered for the beauty of his old home, and there had been no money to take him there, nor welcome for him had he journeyed thither.

For ten years the money had been there, and a temperate welcome to boot, but the desire lay half dead, numbed with overlong thwarting, weariness and pain. Now he suddenly realised he could go back if he would. The next day he asked for and obtained a holiday, and started northwards.

It was evening when he arrived; he went to a little inn, and after dinner he walked to the jetty and stood upon it looking at the water leaping on the bar, and the glowing line of the sun-touched hills. He looked and he looked and he looked, and behold! there was nothing there which he desired. The hunger of twenty years was for something which this beauty recalled to him—nothing more. The Glamour-Land was not here. The purple of the darkening sea, the tossing of the water, foaming ghost-white on the great bar, the clear, golden line of the hills, woke in him only a great hunger for that of which they made him think; for which they caused him to long; and of what he thought, for what he longed he did not know. It eluded him; it fled before him like a flickering elf-flame, never to be grasped or known.

"How can we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land?"

He said the words aloud; as a stranger in that country, the place in which he was born and reared. The next day he went back to London, to the room that overlooked the river. He sat alone; he was alone in the house; the offices below were closed; the place was quiet; the roar of London sounded distant, it was like the far-off breaking of the waves on the bar; the river water was lapping against the walls that pent it in. As he walked homewards he had crossed the bridge, and stopped to buy watercress of an old man. This old man was one who, through the ignorance which is the heritage of every man, had, in an hour of that folly which we call sin, become outcast from the rank wherein he was born; now, ill, old, and very poor, he sold watercress, groundsel and lead-pencils on the bridge by day, and slept in a common lodging-house by night. This man was the one soul on earth to whom he who once told the tales of Glamour-Land ever spoke of the longing that consumed him. The old man also had a hopeless longing of his own; he desired one hour back of the seventy years that lay behind him; one hour to fashion as he

chose; one hour which had darkened and made a hell of forty years. The man from the north stopped and bought cress of him. As he took the cress he spoke:

"I used to think I longed for my old home," he said. "I went back there yesterday after twenty years."

"What did you find?"

"The country I seek is not there," answered the other; his voice sounded tired as though with much journeying of soul and body.

"Ah! you'd better not have gone. It is better to believe there is something which would make you content if you had it."

"I'd rather know the truth."

"You are young still," said the pencil-seller. "If I believed I were young and strong, loved and honoured, I should believe a lie. But I should prefer to believe it."

"It is probably just as true as your present beliefs about yourself, whatever they may be. Don't you think so?"

He walked on. Now the cress lay on the table and withered; he sat by the window and listened to the lapping of the tide. For twenty years he believed he knew what he desired, if he had been free to seek it; now he knew otherwise. He did not know where Glamour-Land was, and yet—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," he murmured, "may my right hand forget her cunning."

Into the silence of his soul there broke many voices speaking as one voice; and they spoke after this manner:

"When we, who guard the Songs of the Glamour, will that they shall be sung, they are sung. They ring through the world, though none know whence they sound, nor the manner of their sounding. Some say they come from here, and some from there. And it is nothing to us whether our singers be kings or slaves, saints or sinners, fools or sages, men or women, for it is we who sing through their lips, and it is the world that hears when the time is ripe. We have before this day caused those who were blind, and dumb, and deaf, to sing the Songs of the Glamour, and some of these never knew they sang. Moreover, you have sung them here in the city's heart for twenty years and more, while you thought your lips were mute and your heart hungry with

desire of Glamour-Land. And because you had nothing for which you longed, you learned to look for nothing your hands could grasp, but to hold all things readily and loose them easily at the appointed hour. Wherefore we, who know how it is with a man's soul, drew from you the common desires of men as pith is drawn by a shepherd boy from a reed when he would pipe therewith; thereafter we fashioned these your body and soul into a pipe whereon we might pipe the Songs of the Glamour, and the world has heard them. You felt their notes ring throughout your soul, while your ears were deaf, strain them as you would."

"And I?" he asked, "am I then nothing?"

"Nothing," they made answer, "nothing—or all that is."

Whereat he fell to musing on their words, until the lapping water, the roaring city, and the beating of the heart within his body, seemed alike to be but the pulsing of a life that swept outward from the Unknown God of the Worlds.

MICHAEL WOOD.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 73)

BUT I must hurry on. From early childhood to the age of about eighteen, a period which I may call my "Dark Ages," very little worth recording, so far as I can now remember, occurred. The merchant was growing and attending to his home business, and that is the end of the matter. I only recollect passing one literally infernal night, when I was about nine years old, at the private school of which I was then a weekly boarder—a night

In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —

and one which I am never likely to forget, though it would be quite impossible for me to describe it. The utter blackness and misery of the thing would require a more realistic pen than mine to bring it home to the reader. I was very conscious the whole

time and seemingly aawke, though I doubt if I really can have been so. But the minutes went so slowly that that single night seemed almost a life-long affair, and I clearly remember the horror of it still. It made a fearful impression on me for some days, and I was always afraid of its recurrence. But it never did recur. Naturally enough, in accordance with my bringing up, I "fell to prayer," which was perhaps about the best thing I could do, and I remember that I finally derived some considerable benefit from the repetition of the words: "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

The only recognition of a condition of this sort which I have ever seen explicitly made (there are of course plenty of allegories of it from Aristophanes to Bunyan), is to be found, curiously enough, in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, where the author quotes the following words from an Egyptian papyrus of considerable antiquity: "What manner of place is this unto which I have come? It hath no water, it hath no air; it is deep, unfathomable; it is black as the blackest night, and men wander helplessly about therein; in it a man may not live in quietness of heart."

If I found myself there now-a-days, I should certainly try to return to the physical plane for a moment, and take advantage of my return to rouse myself, and get up, and have a cold bath, and dress, and do one or two other little things. But that sort of conduct is not allowed at a private school. The School Rules know nothing about the astral plane, and the Matron cares less about the seventh sphere. So if small boys do accidentally find their way on to it, they must tread the winepress alone.

While I was at Oxford, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society paid our College a visit, and gave a lecture, with the result that a lot of us joined some rather mythical country branch of the Society. I say "mythical," because although we gave in our names, I do not remember that we heard any more of it. We took freely to table-turning, obtaining a hotch-potch of somewhat interesting results, which I have no intention of describing here, and which it would be rather difficult to weave into an artistic whole. The general impression I obtained of the "spirits," who

seemed for the most part to be denizens of a sphere which I have already touched upon, and shall presently mention again, was by no means favourable. They appeared to me largely to belong to the canting, professionally immoral, or yokel class, though I must admit that I occasionally struck on something higher, and, not infrequently, on something humorous, which, in the novelty of those earlier days, naturally possessed more interest for me than it does at present.

Towards the end of my time at Oxford, and during the two or three succeeding years, I began to become very slightly clairvoyant and clairaudient, when the body was either drowsy or more than half asleep, even succeeding, on one or two rare occasions, in "intelligently anticipating events" in this manner. My "'double' down in Hades" seems to have become jealous of the occasionally correct predictions which I obtained from the "spooks," and so he started making a prediction or so of his own. For instance, he informed me beforehand (either by shouting in my ear as I awoke in the morning, or by showing me clairvoyantly a slip of newspaper, I forget which*) the rather unfavourable results of at least one, and, I believe, of two examinations for which I entered, two or three days before those results were published; though he had never taken the trouble to inform me, as he might have done, when the result was about to be extremely favourable; except, perhaps, in one case, when I was thirteen, and then only by means of an overpowering presentiment.

Before one of these later examinations, he asked me in pathetic tones, just after I had got into bed one night, why I did not "put away those horrid books," an incident which reminds one of the story told of Wilkie Collins. It is said, though of course I cannot vouch for the truth of the account, that one night, when the novelist was sitting up very late, engaged in working at one of his books, his "double" appeared to him and, solemnly entering a protest against the late hours he kept, urged

* As I have kept no record of any kind, and consequently am compelled to trust to memory all through for my facts, one or two slight errors of detail may creep into the story. But I have taken some pains to reduce these errors to a minimum. More than this cannot justly, I think, be expected; and would not be expected, were the subject a materialistic one.—R. C.

him to go to bed. This excellent piece of advice was met with a point-blank refusal, when a struggle ensued, in which the "double" succeeded, most craftily, in upsetting the inkpot and in thereby gaining his object. Perhaps if I had obeyed the advice of my "double," he might have had a more favourable result to shout in my ear a few weeks later. My heart was a little irregular at the time, and it was sometimes during an extra-special kick given by that organ that he managed to wedge in his remarks. (I make this admission specially for the benefit of those who take a materialistic view of clairaudience and similar phenomena.) The fact is, however, that I was simply not a normal clairaudient, but required some momentary physical upset to hear the sentence, or the *tag-end* of the sentence, which must have been uttered, as a whole, on another plane.* As Shakespeare says so finely, or rather, makes Lorenzo say, in "The Merchant of Venice":

> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly hedge us in, we cannot hear it.

I think, however, it was not till about three years ago, when I was "working up" for the long and serious illness mentioned allegorically in the earlier part of this narration, that my dreams began to take upon them that peculiarly vivid, and (to me) interesting, character, which has marked them, in a more or less steadily increasing degree, ever since; culminating in moments of the completest and fullest consciousness, in which I certainly seem to have dealings with beings who are either permanently, or temporarily like myself, inhabiting other planes than the physical. But, before I give any examples of the glimpses of night-life I have obtained during this period, I may just give one instance of the faculty I must have possessed, even as early as my nineteenth year, for doing what a well-known American

* If it is true, as the materialists would doubtless maintain, that the irregularity of my heart was the cause, and not, as I should say, merely the condition, of these phenomena, the question arises why I so often heard only the tag-ends of sentences, the beginnings of which had obviously been uttered out of my hearing. I very seldom heard complete sentences, but very frequently caught the closing words of some remark. This is no difficulty for those who hold that the sentences heard by the clairaudient are really uttered on another plane, and a considerable difficulty for those who abide by the opposing view.

psychologist has called, if I am not mistaken, "tapping the *Zeitgeist*."

During the two or three months which elapsed between my leaving school and going up to Oxford, my father took me for a short trip to Switzerland. We went straight up to Mürren in the Bernese Oberland, and our bedroom windows looked out more or less in the direction of those "three silent pinnacles of agéd snow," the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger. Though possessed, in a general way, of a good constitution, I was in a perfectly miserable state of health from a special cause, and I think I would gladly have exchanged, at that period, this "tun of flesh" for a few hours on any part of the astral plane, except perhaps the seventh sphere. Be that as it may, that first night at Mürren, I dreamt that I was curling up inside the Jungfrau in a railway train.

The next morning, though (knowing nothing about the possibilities of engineering) I never for a moment believed that such a thing as a railway up the Jungfrau was really possible, I told my father the dream, when he informed me, in reply, of a fact that I did not know and had never heard of, *viz.*, that the construction of such a railway was actually being contemplated. I believe that the railway in question is now open, but I do not know how far it really corresponds with the railway of my dream. As to the explanation, sceptics will, of course, say that I had heard or read somewhere of the intended engineering feat. In endeavouring to meet an argument of this sort, one's mind first reverts to Touchstone, the fool i' the forest. He says something somewhere, if I remember right, about a "lie direct!" One's second instinct is to observe that, while the explanation offered is more difficult than the difficulty itself, still of course all things are possible to him that disbelieveth. Should, however, the gentle sceptic, as even *he* sometimes does, seek to shift his ground, and murmur something soothing about the extraordinary powers of the subconscious mind, I do not see that there is any longer any difference between us worth quarrelling about.

Of the more vivid type of what may be called the semi-predictive dream of some interest I will give three examples, all of which occurred to me about three years ago. About a fortnight before

it was announced that Sir William McCormac would go out to South Africa, I dreamt that I was sitting at a long table, and that some one immediately on my right spoke to me. I said: "Who are you?" The person replied: "McCormac, my name's McCormac!" I asked again: "What are your *initials?*" he answered at once: "W-I-L-L-I-A-M." I cried: "Why, that's William!" and then I went on: "Where do you live? Tell me your address, that I may be able to find you," or words to that effect. He simply shouted in reply: "Oh, I live in Paris! *My* address is in Paris!" and, I think, though at this distance of time I cannot absolutely vouch for the fact, that he added: "Come and see me in Paris!"

In the morning, I remember asking my wife about William McCormac. I seemed to have heard of the surname, and I think I had a vague idea that he was President of the Royal College of Surgeons. But I thought the Christian name I had received was incorrect, though afterwards, of course, I found it was not so. A few days later Sir William McCormac's name was in everybody's mouth. Entering a Free Library casually one afternoon, I came across a short biography of the hero of my dream, in an evening paper. According to the account there given, Sir William McCormac was a student for some time in Paris, and actually served, in a surgical capacity, in the Franco-Prussian War. When I fell ill at the end of 1900, and became as it seemed then to some people, the "mere despair of surgery," I should not care to swear that the occasional recollection of my dream did not have at least a minute influence in determining me to come to Paris, should I ever recover sufficiently. Anyhow, I did come to Paris a year later, where the stimulating air had immediately a semi-miraculous, and, apparently, a permanent, effect. I have never been able to thank the great surgeon (if indeed it was he), for his hint, because I have never, to my knowledge, met him since, either here, or on that other plane, where he now permanently resides. But a more useful hint could never have been given.

Two other cases of dreams, which occurred about the same time, and may very well have been meant for predictions, may be mentioned here.

I dreamt one night that I was standing in the "Pleasure Gardens" of the sea-side town where I was born. However, the tiny stream which flows through those Gardens was now a river, tranquil, stately and luminous, moving majestically on between luxuriant banks, while the land lay before me like a map. As far as I could see, the river was straight, but for one vast loop it made from the point where I was standing. I knew instinctively, without being told, that it was the River of Life, and I seemed to be just about to leave the actual course of it and strike across country, with the intention of joining the river further down, so as to save the time I should have lost by following it more closely. There was some one at my side. I could not see him, for my eyes were fixed on the river. But I knew who he was, and he seemed to tower above me and to have a wand in his hand, with which he pointed. "You are going to take a 'short cut' now," was all he said, and I awoke. I asked the magician the next morning (for, in fact, we were both lecturers at a College in London), about my dream. He did not claim to remember anything about the incident, but admitted that he was, as a matter of fact, "astrally" active, and even went so far as to say that his head and shoulders had been seen to appear by a person in a waking state, when his physical body was elsewhere. He was one of the few examples I have ever known of a man whose profession was natural science and whose hobby was occultism, which he seemed to have picked up while travelling in Egypt. Though a biological lecturer and ardent geologist, he volunteered to cast my horoscope about this time. After duly considering this, he warned me of my impending physical collapse, from which, however, he did not seem to think my recovery was certain. As to my dream, it is obvious to me that, very soon after it, I did leave the main course of the River of Life for some time, and that I have had a very rough cross-country march. If I have now found the course of the river again, it remains to be seen what I have gained by taking the "short cut." That is, to my mind, the most plain, unforced interpretation of the matter.

Those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters," may like to hear the next of this set of dreams, and I remember that it was a peculiarly vivid one.

However, as it has not yet had, to my knowledge, any fulfilment whatever, it may prove of as much service to some other voyager over the "wet ways" as it ever will to me.

I dreamt I was standing in the coffee-room of an ordinary, middle-class hotel. There were numerous small cloth-bedecked tables in the room, which stretched away to my right. I stood near one which was placed up against a wall half-way between the door and a window opposite. A newspaper lay on the table. I took it quickly up, for I was aware there was some important news. Every moment the excitement about this piece of news seemed to increase in the room, till it became so intense that a waiter rushed up from behind me, and, in his eagerness to see the paper I was reading, snatched it out of my hand. I was just about to remonstrate with him most strongly, when a gang of newsboys ran by outside the window in the rain, yelling and bawling at the top of their voices: "Loss of the *Ismailia!* Loss of the *Ismailia!*" and I awoke with the cry (a case of almost first-rate sleep-clairaudience) still ringing in my ears.

It is necessary, for a reason that will presently be clear, that, before going on to describe one or two cases of sleep-experiences (I cannot any longer call them "dreams"), of still greater and more intense luminousness, I should say a few words about my adventures under laughing-gas.

In the summer of 1895 I took laughing-gas for the first time in my life, and as I "came round" from it, I had a few moments of such extraordinary mental and moral ecstasy (I seemed to myself, for some seconds, to be, so to speak, omniscient and intensely philanthropic), that when, two years later, I came across a book entitled *The Will to Believe*, by Professor William James, of Harvard, and read pp. 294-298, I was so struck by finding that other people had had experiences similar to my own (I had previously thought mine to be unique) that I sent an account of my sensations under the gas to Professor James, who published it in the *Psychological Review*, of March, 1898. I will not here quote from this account. I prefer to give a short extract from Professor James' note on the subject, and I will drive the nail home by also citing suitable passages from authors so widely different in their nature as St. Paul, Rudyard Kipling, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Mr. Leadbeater. Professor James says:

"With me, as with every other person of whom I have heard, the keynote of the experience is the tremendously exciting sense of an intense metaphysical illumination. Truth lies open to the view in depth beneath depth of almost blinding evidence. The mind sees all the logical relations of being with an apparent subtlety and instantaneity to which its normal consciousness offers no parallel; only as sobriety returns, the feeling of insight fades, and one is left staring vacantly at a few disjointed words and phrases, as one stares at a cadaverous-looking snow-peak from which the sunset-glow has just fled, or at the black cinder left by an extinguished brand."

I am astonished, after a rapid glance through two of the epistles attributed to St. Paul, to see how much importance is laid in these epistles upon this revelation. I have not read these epistles since my early Christian days, when I did not understand, and had no one to explain to me, the *real* meaning of the distinction, for example, between the celestial and the natural body. Be that as it may, the passage to which I wish specially to direct attention is the opening verse or two of 2 Cor. xii. The writer of this passage (who, as the context, I think, proves, is speaking of his own personal experience of what is, doubtless, the Devachanic plane of the Theosophists), seems to have entered a condition somewhat similar to that which Professor James describes, except that he (the writer of the epistle), entered it naturally, without any artificial stimulus, just as, in more modern times, was done, to take a notable instance, by Tennyson, and, in his own quiet way, by Wordsworth. The Christian mystic says:

"It is not expedient for me, doubtless, to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell: or whether out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth;) such an one caught up into the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) How that he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." (A.V.)*

* I have quoted from the A.V. in the absence of a better version accessible to me. The words translated "not lawful" are οὐκ ἐξόν, which I am strongly inclined

What a big jump to Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, p. 411! The Lama is at the end of his search.

"Yes, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own painted Rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within the Soul. By this I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and Things. By this I knew that I was free."

Everyone knows about Tennyson's trances, but perhaps not everyone knows that he describes one of them at length in *In Memoriam*. The poet has stayed out in the garden one evening after everyone else has gone indoors, and is engaged in reading over Arthur Hallam's letters once more.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Aeonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

to think mean simply "impossible." All who have had any experience of the higher planes of nature seem uniformly impressed with the "impossibility" of transcribing their experiences in terms of our physical vocabularies. The whole phrase, therefore (ἃ οὐκ ἐξὸν ἀνθρώπῳ λαλῆσαι), is merely a repetition of the preceding expression ἄρρητα ῥήματα, according to this way of interpreting the passage. However, it is, of course, possible that the writer was "under orders" to be silent about the details of experience, if indeed ἐξόν can bear this meaning. I need not add that I have no intention of dogmatising as to the exact spiritual height indicated by the words ἕως τρίτου οὐρανοῦ,

And then Wordsworth, the gentle Wordsworth, whom no one would ever have suspected of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, tells us the same story without the high colouring to be found in the accounts given by more forceful characters. In *Tintern Abbey*, one of his masterpieces, we suddenly stumble upon the following:

> Nor less, I trust,
> To them I may have owed another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime; that blesséd mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened:—that serene and blesséd mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

And Mr. Leadbeater, again, in his book on the Devachanic Plane, after speaking of the "intense bliss, indescribable vitality, enormously increased power, and the perfect confidence," felt by anyone in this region, says:

"He finds himself in the midst of what seems to him a whole universe of ever-changing light and colour and sound, such as it has never entered into his loftiest dreams to imagine. Verily it is true that down here 'eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' the glories of the heaven-world: and the man who has once experienced them in full consciousness will regard the world with widely different eyes for ever after."

I have taken the trouble to cite a few high opinions about this psychical condition, because I have never been able to induce more than one or two people to take my own statements about it seriously. However, I have taken "gas" three times since 1895, and chloroform once, and, each time I took "gas," I had, without fail, similar experiences. They were, however, more theological, if I may so say, and less metaphysical than on

the first occasion; and the almost involuntary exclamation, "my God! I've seen God's glory!" was the only utterance I could find which would adequately convey my feelings, on recovering power of speech after one of these excursions into the so-called Unknown. The exclamation was an attempt to describe an all-possessing, over-whelming blaze of light with which I had been literally drenched, without, however, being, as I expected to be, dazzled by it. It was like those representations of "God's glory," which one occasionally sees in old Bibles, etc., generally with some unintelligible Hebrew letters inscribed in the centre. In fact, so much did it resemble these representations that I at once recognised the likeness, and was, therefore, almost surprised not to see the Hebrew letters. I am inclined, accordingly, to argue that our traditional representation of "God's glory" must have had for its originator some one who had seen this "light" himself, or else that the tradition has been handed down to us from times when the "light" was more generally familiar than it is now. The same argument applies to our artistic tradition about another light of which I shall speak later.

I may explain, further, and even insist upon the point, that I did not merely *see* this light. It seemed to take hold of me, and I felt the most unspeakable thrill of exhilaration I have ever known. It is, probably, unnecessary to add that it is one thing to enter this state under the influence of a drug or a stimulant, and quite another to enter it naturally, during ordinary physical life. No doubt, for aught I know to the contrary, a fair percentage of the inhabitants of the civilised world could enter it under the former conditions, if they cared to take the trouble to do so; and, in any case, I suppose, will do so after death. It is, however, I have no doubt, a work of considerable merit to enter into this state in a natural way, as did the writer of the epistles to the Corinthians in old time, and Tennyson and Wordsworth in more recent years.

The effect of chloroform I found to be slightly different. I attained very quietly to what seemed to me to be a state of perfect bliss and of great intellectual insight, before losing consciousness, while in taking "gas" I never reached the Devachanic stage till after beginning to regain consciousness. Put the fullest

meaning you can into the word "celestial," and then multiply it by the biggest number you can think of, and you know what my feelings were before "losing consciousness" under chloroform. Put the fullest meaning you can into the word "regret," and go through a similar arithmetical process, and you will know what my feelings were on "coming" completely "round" from chloroform. I may add, by way of conclusion to this topic, that I was interested to be able to confirm the truth of an idea which Mr. H. G. Wells introduces into one of his short stories, the name of which I have forgotten. In the story I am thinking of, he makes a man, who succeeds in leaving his body during life, experience a feeling of great increase of size. I was certainly very large on coming round from chloroform, two or three times my usual size, it seemed. As the effects of the chloroform went off, however, I grew smaller and smaller, ever narrowing my limits and withdrawing towards the body, till I seemed to regain my normal proportions.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

READINGS AND RE-READINGS:

COLERIDGE'S "AIDS TO REFLECTION"

"ADD to your faith knowledge and to knowledge *manly energy*." This is the significant translation made by Coleridge of the Greek word ordinarily translated "virtue." For a lover and student of words such as Coleridge, it must have been with a sense of regret that he found himself compelled to substitute for the beautiful word "virtue" the clumsy paraphrase "manly energy," and there is much of interest in the reasons that led him to make the change.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed that certain words, after a period of use, become, as it were, polarised; they cease to mean what they originally meant and instead of allowing, like pure glass, the light of meaning to pass unchanged through them, obscure and distort it. As a remedy he suggested a periodical depolarisation of words, which should restore to them their original transparency. Such a remedy, however, is not only

difficult to apply, but sometimes the evil is past cure. Wordsworth made a splendid attempt to rehabilitate the word "duty" and to raise it to what Ruskin called the peerage of words from which it had fallen. And we may be sure that Coleridge would have attempted a similar restoration of "virtue" had he believed the task possible.

In reading *Aids to Reflection* the careful reader will be struck by Coleridge's insistence upon the idea of manly energy. It is as if he had struck the keynote of the book in that single paraphrase of virtue. There was clearly in his mind a set of associated ideas revolving about the name virtue, which he disliked and suspected. These strange and unfriendly associations of weakness, fatigue, incapacity—all the negations of energy—had so obscured its original meaning that only the entire rejection of the word would serve his purpose. But the change that had taken place in the word must first have taken place in the minds of men. Nor is it difficult to discover the reason of the change. With the exclusive insistence upon the simplest aspect of the life of Christ and the elevation of this aspect to the be-all and end-all of life, every other expression of life naturally fell under a ban. Negation became a duty. But if "virtue" gathered associations with mawkishness, "duty," too, lost its positiveness and became the associate of negations, deadness, and hard ugliness. But the slow realisation of the equal demand of life on all the energies in their highest form, drew men's minds more and more from the chilling neighbourhood of "virtue," and more and more towards "manly energy," in reality towards virtue itself.

From his choice of a paraphrase for virtue we may see that Coleridge was one of the earliest to be thus drawn. He belonged to that "acute but honourable minority," the breath of whose nostrils was spontaneity as against habit, liberty as against slavery, sweetness and light as against mechanical Philistinism, affirmation as against negation. There is to such minds something repellent in the association of the life of the spirit with things menial and monotonous. That the sons of God should be degraded into Carlyle's gin-horses; that "virtue" should be restrained within exercises; that the free spirit, blowing whither it listeth, should submit to habit and work by routine; that the

soul should become, in St. Beuve's phrase of Franklin, "rusé pour le bien,"—taking the Kingdom of Heaven by ingenuity: all this is out of tune with the idea of the life of the spirit, and with the songs that the morning stars sang together. For such as these it is not negation at all, nor the formation of habits, good or bad, nor of restraints whether for good or for ill; but, on the contrary, affirmation, spontaneity, freedom: in a word, manly energy. For them, a man is always right in what he affirms—the affirmation being of the will—and never right in what he denies—negation being of that mass of wants, that vacuum abhorred of Nature, known as the personality. They would be neither creatures of habit, dominated by their own past, nor idealists, dominated by their own future; but free and unprejudiced, in themselves complete, able to act in harmony and in perfect fitness with the swiftly changing circumstances of life. And this life of the spirit, as described faintly even at best by poets and seers, and in the lives of men of action, draws the minds of all men by its beauty and freedom. For never wholly overgrown in the hearts of men lies the silent conviction of its truth, and to truth we respond with an inward leaping, just as the silent sleeping seeds move strangely at the call of the sun in spring.

But what of those few adventurers who have set out on this dangerous lonely journey of the life of the Spirit of Man, this voyage into the new world beyond the dim horizon? What has been the fate of those bold souls who ventured rudderless and unequipped into the unknown seas? The way is strewn with wrecks. Of all enterprises the most dangerous, perhaps the most impossible, is this very life of the spirit, this spontaneous, free and beautiful life in the eternal now. In most minds, however, the suggestion of danger in any path either raises foolish images of exciting perils by land and sea, or marks the way as one to be shunned. These latter thank God that they have been born to a quiet life; while the former, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, wander to the ends of the earth in the vain search for adventures that subtly wait within. But of the life of the spirit, the innumerable failures are no denial. They are there to testify to the peril, but no less to the reality of the way.

It is thus with some sense of the wellnigh incommensurable value of Coleridge's work, and at the same time of its almost complete hopelessness, that, after a study of his life, one enters on the reading of his *Aids to Reflection*. For blazing in magnificent light as his ideas may be, we cannot forget that they blaze as beacons upon a wreck. It is not suggested that Coleridge's was therefore a vain life, or that Coleridge, in Carlyle's coarse excessive phrases was "a great and useless genius, sunk in putrescent indolence: a mass of richest spices putrefied into a dunghill." Nor even that, as Lamb more graciously described him, he was "an archangel, a little damaged." He was in fact only a man, a man of the noblest ideas, with a purpose and a will set upon the stars, but without the means and almost contemptuous of the slow, laborious means by which the stars are to be reached: the lover, but the victim, of spontaneity.

As the work of such a man, *Aids to Reflection* deserves the more than passing regard of students of the inner things. The book in many respects is at once a commentary on, and in some places an expansion or even a corrective of, the modern Theosophical writings on the training of the mind. With these, too, the centre of ideas in words seems sometimes to have shifted a little from the positive towards the negative pole, and a little Coleridge is needed to restore the balance. What perhaps the present writings insist upon most of all—training, regular exercise, conscious formation of habit—these seem at first entirely opposed to Coleridge, but the truth is that these things are only the preparation, the retirement into the desert, the fasting and the wanderings which shall fit the soul for spontaneity and the life of the spirit. These things which Coleridge despised were just the means that so pitifully failed him, and the later books therefore throw as much light upon Coleridge as Coleridge upon them.

Turning now to the book itself, we find Coleridge's purpose and method precisely and clearly defined. He portrays for himself an ideal reader and states his intentions towards and for him. *Aids to Reflection* is then for those "who are desirous of building up a manly character in the light of distinct consciousness," and its objects are to direct attention to the value of the Science of Words, to establish the distinct characters of Prudence, Morality

and Religion, to substantiate the "momentous distinction" between Reason and Understanding, and to show that the mysteries of Christianity are Reason in its highest form. These four objects, as one soon perceives, are in reality contained in the first; for in his speculations on Christian doctrines, in his distinctions of Reason and Understanding, his method is almost wholly dialectical and based on the fine discrimination of words. The old quarrel about Prudence, Morality and Religion, and their respective areas, is almost blown over; and Coleridge's Christian apologetics, powerfully as they affected the Church of the following generation and interesting as in themselves they are, fail to answer the questions we are asking to-day. Hence, for us, the main value of Coleridge's work is his insistence upon the value of the study of words; upon its value, above all, to those who seek to acquire the art of Reflection.

And on this subject Coleridge speaks, not only with authority, but with an enthusiasm that infects his readers. He was a born lover of language—"this embodied and articulated Spirit of the Race"; he handles and groups words as delicately as artists choose and mix colours; he has the literary consciousness at its highest. His enthusiasm leads him sometimes to place too high a value upon words, but in reality it is the under-emphasis of the other factors that is at fault. His Aaron's rod swallows up, for the time, the rods of the other magicians. Nor is this over-emphasis of words unnecessary in our day, rather it is more necessary than ever. One conspicuous defect of present-day literature is its failure to discriminate in words, its almost complete lack of fine taste in expression. And it is curious to observe the almost angry aversion of the typical modern mind to precision in word or sentence. Even the attempt to define is met by the petulant objection that definitions are either impossible or useless. The "virile" writer of to-day, taking the man in the street for his judge and critic, will have none of them. With his contempt for metaphysics—though he knows nothing of metaphysics but his own moonshine, which he properly despises—the modern writer puts far from him that attitude of mind which metaphysics induces. For him the best word, whatever may be the intellectual world it inhabits, is simply the handiest; or, if on occasion

he wishes to "write fine," he knows no better way than to reverse his direction and to take the most remote words. Thus his language is an unpleasing combination of plain and coloured words, words from the streets and words from the worlds of poets' imaginations.

That is, however, only the outward effect of the neglect of words. A more serious, because more causal, injury is wrought upon ideas. For if ideas act upon words, words also react upon ideas. Every new impulse in thought tends to overflow the old borders of language, and to make for itself new channels of expression. Where the minds upon which the impulse comes are rich and vigorous, the resulting expression is beautiful and orderly, but where the minds are indolent and careless, the new vocabulary is marked by idiosyncrasy and ambiguity. With weak and ill-defined boundaries words fail to retain ideas, and when the impulse of ideas is past, in no long time the new vocabulary appears fantastic and empty of ideas.

In respect to this danger to modern movements of ideas, the example and inspiration of Coleridge are of great and immediate value. The intellect, Coleridge affirms, grows by definition : its characteristic work and function is definition. It does not matter that the definitions actually produced are imperfect, or that the hope of perfect definition moves like the horizon. What does matter is that the defining activity should be continuously exercised, and that words at the moment of use should have a defined value. Perhaps it would be extreme to say that the "distinct consciousness" which Coleridge aims at producing is the product of definition alone ; but certainly there can be no distinct intellectual consciousness without it. There is also an intimate ethical relation between words and actions. Quoting Hobbes, "it is a short and downhill passage from errors in words to errors in things." Therefore Coleridge enunciates the aphorism : "Let distinctness in expression advance side by side with distinctness in thought."

Elsewhere he has an interesting definition and analysis of the aphorism : "Exclusive of the abstract sciences, the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms ; and the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism." George

Meredith remarks somewhere that a nation in the fisticuff stage of development has no appreciation of aphorisms—those jewels, five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of old Time sparkle for ever. And at the other extreme there is the testimony of the Hindu systems of thought to the final choice of literary form, the ultimate perfection and annihilation of form, in the aphorisms of their philosophical writings. Conceive the world of thought spread out like a map, and having its great divisions marked and divided. The art of definition Coleridge compares with the exact surveying and marking out of territorial boundaries: an aphorism is the briefest statement of the nature of the territory, while a word is the symbol of the aphorism. It is natural perhaps that a man should most exalt that which i most natural and easy to himself, and the definition of word as a means to the development and control of the mind is Coleridge's best contribution to this subject.

In the remainder of this paper I shall trace a single line through the broad area of his system, summarising briefly and, where I can, in his own words his more striking additional "aids to reflection." The nature of reflection itself, he says, may best be seen by examining the early use of the word. In James i. 25, the Greek word translated reflection signifies the "incurvation" or bending of the body in the act of looking down into; as, for instance, in the endeavour to see the reflected image of a star in the water of a deep well. Thought is thus not creative but revealing. It does not of itself generate ideas, but brings the experiences of the deeps of consciousness into the light of present consciousness. The purpose of reflection is therefore to awaken the mind to the knowledge of the soul.

But this exercise and right use of reflection is not only difficult, but, at the outset, unattractive and even repellent. Who goeth to himself goeth among both angels and beasts. The most formidable impediment to men's turning their mind inwards upon themselves is the fear of what they shall find there, and, again, the lurking desire to remain what they are. For it is seldom that an evil tendency is brought forth into distinct consciousness without at the same time bringing it before an awaking conscience. Therefore are most men "skulking fugitives from

their own conscience" and "the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth."

And when this fear and desire are overcome there still remains the difficulty of the task. A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows wild or comes up of its own accord. (How perfectly Coleridge prescribed for himself when prescribing for others!) Yet the spiritual life is perilous if not impossible without it, and he is to be condemned who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom before their minds are called off from foreign objects and turned inward upon themselves. Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart. It is on the wings of the Cherubim—the intellectual powers and energies—that we must first be borne up to the pure empyrean.

We have seen that the method upon which Coleridge most insists is the habitual and careful discrimination of words, but he would add, the habitual and careful practice of the ideas thus discriminated. Knowledge is not enough in itself. As God tells Ezekiel of his people: "And lo thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well upon an instrument, for they hear thy words and do them not." Practice is necessary even to right reflection. There is but one sure way of giving freshness to commonplace maxims, and of restoring truths to their first uncommon lustre, to reflect on them in direct reference to our own conduct.

Of the object of reflection Coleridge affirms that it must be sensible. In our present state, he says, it is little less than impossible that the affections should be kept constantly to an object which gives no employment to the understanding (St. Paul's "mind of the flesh," the concrete mind), and yet cannot be made manifest to the senses. The mind may easily be deceived with shadows, and to be only vaguely right is worse than being definitely wrong. Nothing manly can proceed from those who for Law and Light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments and impulses.

The rule of meditating daily on some text he also condemns, as knowing too well how apt these self-imposed rules are to degenerate into superstition and hollowness. What Coleridge

however, did not know well enough was that the absence of rule is not only apt, but almost certain, to degenerate into indolence. It is not so much the sudden tides of energy that strike us in him, as their sudden ebbs. His nature was not as he described it "indolence capable of energies" but rather "energy incapable of endurance," and here in his contempt of daily discipline we may perhaps see its cause.

But there are other cross-roads in the way of Reflection where Coleridge is free to be wise. On asceticism, for example, he makes these shrewd observations: "Folly is easier than wisdom and to torture the flesh is so much less difficult, demands so much less exertion of will than to reflect, and by reflection to gain knowledge and tranquillity. Were truth and knowledge attainable by toilsome pilgrimages and painful penances few would be without them." We run little danger of asceticism in its cruder kinds in these days. A modified and subtler form of asceticism, however, still lingers even in the best, under the name of Puritanism, and to this form the words of Coleridge are still fresh.

Still more applicable is his advice on sentimentality, or sensibility as he called it. This, together with dead conformity, is so manifestly negative of his "manly energy" that he is almost intolerant in his condemnation. Toleration, he says, is a herb of spontaneous growth in the soil of indifference; but the weed has none of the virtues of the medicinal plant reared by Humility in the garden of Zeal. You that boast you live conformably to the appointment of the Church, and that no one hears your noise, we may thank the ignorance of your minds for that sort of quiet. Dubious questioning is much better evidence than that senseless deadness which most take for believing. He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all. But it is for sensibility that he reserves his hottest fires. For Sterne and his Sentimental Philosophy he has nothing but bad names, though he was one of the few great Englishmen to appreciate Rabelais. Many there are, he says, whose sensibility prompts them to remove only the clamorous evils; provided the dunghill is not before their door, they are well content to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hot-bed

on which their own luxuries are reared. Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire, but, without virtue, sensibility becomes the "pander of vice."

He holds firmly the doctrine of an end. Without a conceived goal men live at hazard. They have no certain harbour, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable. There is a proper object to aim at, and if this object be termed happiness (though its perfection excludes hap or chance), then Coleridge believes in final happiness. Meanwhile, so far as the choice of pleasures is concerned, he would advise men to follow the maxim: Seek the most pleasure with the least pain. If only you do not seek where you yourself *know* it will not be found, the very pleasure may lead to nobler experiences. In matters of pleasure the question to ask is, therefore, not What kind? but How much?

I have now followed a single thread through Coleridge's system of Reflection. Much matter of high value and interest I have been unable to touch even in passing, but the line thus traversed through his territory may awaken in some the desire to explore more thoroughly. I conclude with an admirable rhetorical passage, full of insight and applicable now as then: "In whatever age and country it is the prevailing mind and character of the nation to regard the present life as subordinate to the life to come, and to mark the present state, the world of their senses, by signs, instruments, and mementos of its connection with a future state and a spiritual world, where the Mysteries of Faith are brought within the hold of people at large, not by being explained away in the vain hope of accommodating them to the average of their understanding, but by being made the objects of Love by their combination with events and epochs of history, with national Traditions, with the monuments and dedications of ancestral Faith and Zeal, with memorial and symbolical observances, with the realising influences of social Devotion, and above all by early and habitual association with acts of the will, there Religion is. There, however obscured by the hay and straw of human will-work, the foundation is safe."

A. J. O.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 81)

THE WORK OF THE MONAD IN BUILDING HIS VEHICLES

THE next point in connection with this building that we must consider is the special work of organising the vehicles as expressions of Consciousness, leaving apart the general building by desire and thought, with which we are so familiar. We are concerned here with details, rather than with broad outlines.

We know that while qualities are imparted to matter during the descent of the Second Logos, the arrangement of these specialised materials into relatively permanent forms belongs to His ascent. When the Monad, through his reflection as the Spiritual Man, assumes some directive power over his vehicles, he finds himself in possession of a form in which the sympathetic nervous system is playing a very large part, and in which the cerebro-spinal has not yet assumed predominance. He will have to work up a number of connecting links between this sympathetic system which he inherits and the centres which he must organise in his astral body, for his future independent functioning therein. But before any independent functioning in any higher vehicle is possible, it is necessary to carry it to a fairly high point as a *transmitting vehicle*, that is a vehicle through which he works down to his body on the physical plane. We must distinguish between the primary work of the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles that fits them to be transmitters of the energy of the Spiritual Man—energy which is not expressed as Consciousness until it reaches the physical brain—and the later work of developing these same vehicles into independent bodies, in which the Spiritual Man will be able to function on their respective planes. Hence there are two tasks to be performed: first the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles

as transmitters of energy to the physical body; secondly, the organisation of these vehicles into independent bodies, in which Consciousness can function without the help of the physical body.

The astral and mental vehicles then must be organised in order that the Spiritual Man may use the physical brain and nervous system as his organ of Consciousness on the physical plane. The impulse to such use comes from the physical world by impacts upon the various nerve-ends, causing waves of nervous energy to pass along the fibres to the brain; these waves pass from the dense brain to the etheric, thence to the astral, thence to the mental vehicle, arousing a response from the Consciousness in the causal body on the mental plane. That Consciousness, thus roused by impacts from without, flows down in answer from the causal body to the mental, from the mental to the astral, from the astral to the etheric and dense physical; the waves set up electric currents in the etheric brain, and these act on the dense matter of the nervous cells.

All these vibratory actions gradually organise the first inchoate clouds of astral and mental matter into vehicles which serve as effective fields for these constant actions and re-actions. This process goes on during hundreds of births, started, as we have seen, from below, but gradually coming more and more under the control of the Spiritual Man; he begins to direct his activities by his memories of past sensations, and starts each activity under the impulse of these memories stimulated by desire. As the process continues, more and more forcible direction comes from within, and less and less directive power is exercised by the attractions and repulsions of external objects, and thus the control of the building up of the vehicles is largely withdrawn from the without and is centred in the within.

As the vehicle becomes more organised, certain aggregations of matter appear within it, at first cloudy and vague, then more and more definitely outlined. These are the future chakras, or wheels, the sense-centres of the astral body, as distinguished from the astral sense-centres connected with the sense-organs and centres of the physical body. But nothing is done to vivify these slowly growing centres for immense periods of time, and

that vivification can only be done from the physical vehicle, wherein the fiery force of Kundalinî, the vivifying energy, resides. Before Kundalinî can reach them, they must be linked to the sympathetic nervous system, the large ganglionic cells in that system being the points of contact. When these links are made, the fiery current can flow through. While they can only be vivified from the physical vehicle, the building of them as centres and the gradual organisation of them into wheels, can be begun from any vehicle, and will be begun in any individual from that vehicle which represents the special type of temperament to which he belongs. According as a man belongs to one typical temperament or another, so will be the place of the greatest activity in the building up of all the vehicles, in the gradual making of them into effective instruments of Consciousness to be expressed on the physical plane. This centre of activity may be in the physical, astral, lower or higher mental body. In any one of these, or even higher still, according to the temperamental type, this centre will be found in the principle which marks out the temperamental type, and from that it works "upwards" or "downwards," shaping the vehicles so as to make them suitable for the expression of that temperament.

A special case may be taken to facilitate the understanding of this process—a temperament in which the Lower Manas predominates. We will trace the Spiritual Man through the Third, Fourth and Fifth Root Races. When we look at him at work in the Third Race, we find him very infantile mentally, even though the mind is the predominant note of his type. The surging life around him, that he can neither understand nor master, works strongly upon him from outside, and powerfully affects his astral vehicle. This astral vehicle will be retentive of impressions, in consequence of the temperament, and the desires will stimulate the infantile mind to efforts directed to their satisfaction. His physical constitution differs from that of the Fifth Race man; the sympathetic system is still dominant, and the cerebro-spinal system subordinate, but parts of the sympathetic system are beginning to lose much of their effectiveness as instruments of Consciousness, belonging, as such instruments, to the stage below the human. There are two bodies in the brain especially connected with the sympathetic system in their inception,

although now forming part of the cerebro-spinal—the pineal gland and the pituitary body. They illustrate the way in which a part of the body may function in one manner at an early stage, may then lose its special use and function little, if at all, and at a later stage of evolution may again be stimulated by a higher kind of life, which will give it a new use and function at a higher stage of evolution.

The development of these bodies belongs to the invertebrate rather than to the vertebrate kingdom, and the "third eye" is spoken of by biologists as the "invertebrate eye." It is found still as an eye among vertebrates, for a snake was lately found in Australia which showed on the top of the head a peculiar arrangement of semi-transparent scales; when these were cut away a complete eye was found underneath —an eye complete in its parts although not functioning. That third eye was functioning among the Lemurians in the vague and general way characteristic of the lower stages of evolution, and specially characteristic of the sympathetic system. As our man advanced from the Lemurian into the Atlantean Race, the third eye ceased to function, the brain developed round it, and it became the appendage now called the pineal gland. As a Lemurian, he had been psychic, the sympathetic system being largely affected by the surgings of the undeveloped astral body. As an Atlantean, he gradually lost his psychic powers, as the sympathetic system became subordinate and the cerebro-spinal grew stronger.

The growth of the cerebro-spinal system would be more rapid in this Atlantean than in those of other temperaments, because the main activity would be in the Lower Manas, and would thus stimulate and fashion it; the astral body would lose its predominance sooner, and would become more rapidly a transmitter of mental impulses to the brain. Hence, when our man passed on into the Fifth Race, he would be peculiarly ready to take advantage of its characteristics; he would build a large and well-proportioned brain; he would utilise his astral chiefly as a transmitter, and would build his chakras from the mental plane.

To return to the second of the two bodies mentioned above —the pituitary body. This is regarded as developed from a

primeval mouth, in direct continuity with the alimentary canal of the invertebrates. It ceased to function as a mouth in the vertebrates, and became a rudimentary organ; but it has retained a peculiar function in connection with the growth of the body. It is active during the normal period of physical growth, and the more actively it functions, the greater the growth of the body. In giants it has been found that this organ is peculiarly active. Moreover, the pituitary body sometimes again begins to function in later life, when the bony framework of the body is set, and then causes abnormal and monstrous growth at the free points of the body, hands, feet, nose, etc., giving rise to disfigurement of a most distressing kind.

As the cerebro-spinal system became dominant, the earlier function of these two bodies disappeared; but these organs have a future as well as a past. The past was connected with the sympathetic system; the future is connected with the cerebro-spinal system. As evolution goes on, and the chakras in the astral body are vivified, the pituitary body becomes the physical organ for astral, and later, for mental clairvoyance. Where too great a strain is made upon the astral faculty of sight, while in the physical body, inflammation of the pituitary body sometimes results. This organ is the one through which the knowledge gained by astral vision is transmitted to the brain; and it is also used in vivifying the points of contact between the sympathetic system and the astral body, whereby a continuity of Consciousness is established between the astral and physical planes.

The pineal gland becomes connected with one of the chakras in the astral body, and through that with the mental body, and serves as a physical organ for the transmission of thought from one brain to another. In thought transmission the thought may be flashed from Lower Manas to Lower Manas, mental matter being used as the medium for transmission; or it may be sent down to the physical brain, and by means of the pineal gland may be sent, *viâ* the physical ether, to the pineal gland in another brain, and thus to the receiving Consciousness.

While the centre of activity lies in the dominant principle of the man, the vivifying of the chakras must be done, as said, from

the physical plane. The object of this vivifying is not to make the astral vehicle a more efficient transmitter to the physical body of the energies of the Spiritual Man, but to enable the astral vehicle to act as an independent body in which the Consciousness can function on the astral plane. There may be different centres of activity for the building up of transmitting vehicles, but it seems necessary to start from the physical plane in order to vitalise functioning bodies on other planes. Hence the high importance of physical purity in diet and other matters.

The Paths of Consciousness

The question arises: Does Consciousness always travel along the same path to reach its physical vehicle? Life, we know, sometimes travels directly through the atomic sub-planes from plane to plane, and sometimes traverses a plane by passing through each sub-plane from the seventh to the first before reaching the atomic sub-plane next below. Which of these paths does Consciousness follow? In its normal working, in the ordinary process of thinking, the wave comes steadily down through each successive sub-plane, from the mental through the seven astral sub-planes to the physical etheric, and so to the dense nervous matter. This wave sets up electrical currents in the etheric matter, and these affect the protoplasm of the grey cells. But when the peculiar flashes of Consciousness occur, as in flashes of genius, or as in sudden illuminative ideas which flash into the mind—such a flash as comes to the scientific man when out of a great mass of facts there suddenly springs forth the unifying underlying law—then the Consciousness pours downward through the atomic sub-planes only, and thus reaches the brain. This is the illuminative idea which justifies itself by its mere appearance, like the sunlight, and does not gain in compelling power by any process of reasoning. Thus reasoning comes to the brain by the successive sub-planes; authoritative illumination by the atomic sub-planes only.

Knowledge and Memory

Another question often asked is: How does knowledge gained on higher planes reach the brain, and why is it not accompanied by a memory of the circumstances under which it

was acquired? Anyone who practises meditation regularly knows that much knowledge that he has not gained by study on the physical plane appears in the brain. Whence comes it? It comes from the astral or mental plane, where it was acquired, and reaches the brain in the ordinary way above described; the Consciousness has assimilated it on the mental plane directly, or it has reached it from the astral, and sends down thought-waves as usual. It may have been communicated by some entity on the higher plane, who has acted directly on the mental body. But the circumstances of the communication may not be remembered for one of two reasons, or for both. Most people are not what is technically called "awake" on the astral and mental planes; that is, their faculties are turned inwards, are occupied with mental processes and emotions, and are not engaged in the observation of external phenomena. They may be very receptive, and their astral and mental bodies may easily be thrown into vibration, and the vibrations convey the knowledge which is thus given, but do not draw attention to the person making the communication. As evolution goes on, people become more and more receptive on the astral and mental planes, but do not therefore become aware of their surroundings.

The other reason for the lack of memory is the absence of the connecting links with the sympathetic system before mentioned. A person may be "awake" on the astral plane and functioning actively thereon, and he may be vividly conscious of his surroundings. But if the connecting links between the astral and physical systems have not been made, or are not vivified, there is a break in Consciousness. However vivid may be the Consciousness on the astral plane, it cannot, until these links are functioning, bring through and impress on the physical brain the memory of astral experiences. In addition to these links, there must be the active functioning of the pituitary body, which focusses the astral vibrations much as a burning glass focusses the rays of the sun. A number of the astral vibrations are drawn together and made to fall on a particular point, and vibrations being thus set up in dense physical matter, the further propagation of these is easy. All this is necessary for "remembering."

ANNIE BESANT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Some Remarks on the Philosophy of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power, its Control and Culture"

To the Editor of The Theosophical Review

Sir,

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that I venture to submit certain considerations to the notice of your readers on the interesting and instructive work entitled *Thought Power, its Control and Culture.* This diffidence is due to the fact that many people are unable to separate in thought any difference of opinion from polemical animosity, and are unable to conceive an honest disagreement, as to philosophic or religious truth, save in terms of relation common to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such individuals are growing fewer daily as the horizon of thought gradually broadens, but it would be foolish to deny their existence, and I, therefore, take this opportunity of stating that with the practical part of the work in question I am in entire agreement. It is unnecessary to add that I have a great respect also for the writer of it.

While agreeing, however, that the practical part of the work is useful, instructive and potentially beneficial to all who may study it, the philosophic bases on which it is built appear to be open to serious question. Perhaps this statement may appear inconsistent, but in reality this is not the case, as it is surprising how little our belief in abstruse questions of metaphysics affects the practical side of life. A man may believe in One or many Gods; in material or spiritual causation; in the existence of noumenal matter; or deny such existence; and yet appreciate the advantages of clear thought and mind control. From the Idealistic point of view there is no necessity to alter the practical superstructure. It can be moved, like an American house, bodily, to new foundations, without injury and, in my opinion, with advantage.

There are several points on which agreement with the writer is

impossible, and, speaking for others besides myself, I may say that the chief points of difference are the following:

1. The existence and possible knowledge of noumenal matter.
2. Material causation.
3. The real existence of abstract ideas.

1. We are told on p. 13, that the knowledge of things-in-themselves, *i.e.*, noumena, is possible "when the envelope in which Consciousness has been working, falls away, and the consciousness which is Knowledge identifies itself with all the Selves . . . and sees as the not-self only the matter connected with all selves severally," and again on p. 23 that "the Idea in the world of noumena . . . may also be known."

Now the assumed matter in the Noumenal World is supposed to be required by some philosophers to account for phenomena. This so-called matter has none of the qualities of the matter of everyday experience and serves—to use a scholastic phrase—as the "support of accidents"; in other words as the "bond of qualities." It can never be an object of knowledge, because the ego can only know what appears to it, and this must always be a phenomenon—an appearance to consciousness. This would be true, *à priori*, however many senses any being might possess. To say, therefore, that noumena may be known appears a manifest contradiction. Few thinkers go as far as this; and it is more commonly stated that noumenal matter is only "inferred to exist." The expression "an appearance to consciousness," used above, prompts the enquiry, "What then appears, if not the 'matter' objected to?" The answer is that nothing appears but the appearance, which in this Great Illusion is called "reality." The cause of it will be dealt with later, but to avoid dealing with abstractions, let us take a concrete instance.

In ordinary language I am now writing on a table. In other words certain sense impressions are presented to my consciousness, such as shape, colour, hardness, etc. These sense impressions form a group of qualities, and to this group the name of "a table" is given. In other words, the table is a "construct," built up by the ego from the modifications of consciousness called "sense impressions." The construct "table" is, therefore, the substance of the qualities which exist in it, but, inasmuch as this "substance" or "construct" exists *within the self*, the qualities also so exist; and their essence is in being perceived by the ego or consciousness. The "substance" or "construct" is phenomenal, and to suppose it noumenal is unnecessary

and does not confer any additional reality on the table. In saying that the construct exists "within the self," and it being obvious that any differentiated self is but a part of the All, we say no more than that the so-called material world is "the Divine Thought in expression," which term covers the spirit-action of the Supreme hypostasised as "the Logos." We are thus enabled to see the truth of the words, "All things exist in Me, not I in them."

The example of the table given above, is equally applicable to the physical body, including all the organs of sense. These are all constructs within the self, and we give the name "mind" to the sum of their subjective activities at any moment of time. When we control the mind, therefore, we are active causes in evolution and we truly modify the body and sense organs as well as acquire spiritual growth. We are truly spiritual agents, sharing in a limited sense in the Divine power of causation. The question of "intermittent existence" does not arise, when all things are in the Divine Thought. This doctrine can only be held by those Subjective Idealists, who hold those things only *to be* which are present to any individual mind; and I am not concerned with the defence of these views.

2. It is pointed out on p. 49 that "only when a man recognises objects as causes of pleasure or pain, does his human education begin." Objects being "constructs" within the self, can "cause" nothing. They are "matter" in the only knowable sense of the term, and are senseless and inert. Many Theosophical writers have shown scant courtesy to "matter" and have alluded to it as "brute matter" and in other uncomplimentary ways. Whether noumenal matter is meant is uncertain, but the worst term I feel justified in applying to the latter is "non-existent." Phenomenal matter, being but a construct of sense impressions or modifications of consciousness, "whose essence is in being perceived," can be treated kindly; but a regard for truth compels me to describe it as without consciousness or motion. We cannot *perceive* consciousness, or other separated selves, we can only *infer* their existence; and in the highest sense this inference is erroneous, as the Real Self is One. Neither can we assert that our own constructs or sense ideas *move*, as we are only conscious of changes of sense impression. These changes are not caused by *moving bodies*, but by the Divine Law, which renders perception possible, and is the cause of their routine or ordered sequence. It is true we give to certain changes of perception the name "motion," but this is only a concept, by which these changes are described. The same is

true of vibration, gravitation, chemical action, etc. Let us now examine a concrete case or two.

It is commonly stated that fire can cause pain, but it is not so clear that it can do so, when critically examined. That fire may be the *occasion* of pain no one denies, but the *cause* of the pain is the action of an ego in bringing a portion of its body into contact with flame. The cause of the pain is not the action of matter, therefore, but of spirit. If I am struck by a bullet, the bullet is not the *cause*, but the occasion of the injury to my body, as the unburnt cartridge can do me no harm, but when fired from a rifle it may be otherwise. The firing of the rifle is the act of an ego—in other words, of "spiritual causation." In the same way with the causes of our perceptions and constructs. We are told on p. 11 that "we do not know the things themselves, but only the effect produced by them in our consciousness." These "effects" *are* the things, and they do not *produce themselves*. The "producer" of the construct table is not a table, but a carpenter, probably assisted by other workmen, who are egos and are efficient spiritual causes of the construct "table," which appears as such to me, through the essential identity of all egos or selves in the One Self. If it be asked what was the cause of the materials out of which the table was made, it is answered that the materials, like all else, exist in the Divine Thought, and through That, potentially, in all egos, and have no need of other cause. It is through this Cause that separated egos, likewise, perceive all things within their limits, which are really their *states of evolution*. To call the cause of "matter" by the same name is quite unwarranted; and to duplicate all objects of sense is a violation of the Law of Economy. "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*." If this law be broken, there is no reason why everything should not be multiplied to infinity in the Noumenal World, as no one would be any the wiser, in default of possible verification.

3. The question of abstract ideas remains. The author informs us that there is an "Abstract Mind," p. 20, and also "that Manas is the reflection in the atomic matter of the third, or mental, plane of the cognitional aspect of the Self—of the Self as Knower." I do not know if it be possible to frame an idea of any Abstract Mind, but I have never met anybody who could up to the present. It is true that mind may, for purposes of study, be considered apart from an ego, but a little analysis will show that to conceive of its separate existence, or abstracted from all egos, is impossible. If we attempt to conceive

an abstract mind we are only really examining our own thoughts about our own minds, and joining with this the conception of separateness we are doing no more than what Euclid did, when he stated that parallel straight lines can never meet, ignoring whether such things as straight lines, parallel or otherwise, had any existence save as concepts. Euclid's definition is, at any rate, consistent in conception (in which sense the mathematical sciences are all true) but the Abstract Mind has no definition at all.

As for Manas being a "reflection" in matter of any sort, the idea seems to be an inversion of the fact. Manas is unthinkable as existing in its own construct "matter," but matter is quite conceivable and is known to exist in consciousness—which, indeed, is its essence. Ashvagosha, in the *Awakening of Faith*, states that "the three Domains (*i.e.*, the *triloka*) are nothing but the self-manifestation of the Mind (*Âlaya-vijñâna*, which is practically identical with 'suchness'). Separated from the Mind, there would be no such things as the six objects of sense."

It appears to be a pity that, having assisted at the obsequies of the fetishes of Materialism, when they were buried in the Limbo of discarded obsessions of the human mind, any teachers of the Higher Wisdom should attempt to resuscitate them. Did these noumenal pseudo-concepts serve any useful purpose, or were they postulates of thought, whose existence was at all conceivable, something might be said for their being retained. I am quite prepared, however, to make the "*amende honorable*" to any opponent who will state in language capable of being translated into thought, how any consciousness, however exalted, can become aware of the existence of Noumenal Matter *per se*. If an appeal be made to authority, then, without admitting its validity to consecrate an absurdity, I content myself with opposing thereto the Idealism prevalent in the Buddhist Scriptures, thus leaving the appeal ultimately to Reason, which must decide—or rather which should decide—between the differing authorities.

It is clear that, in the few remarks made, I have only dealt partially and inadequately with subjects of vast importance, but I have no pretension to do aught but indicate imperfectly the path along which great thinkers have found the Light, and where I believe it will at last be found by all.

Yours, etc.

S. F. Wegublin-Smith.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Polemic on Hypnotism

Hypnotism and the Doctors. By Richard Harte. (London: L. N. Fowler and Co.; New York: Fowler and Wells Co.; 1902. Price 12*s*. 6*d*. net.)

We have read this work with considerable interest, but, as its title indicates, the trail of the controversialist is over it all. If Mr. Harte had devoted the space which he sacrifices to girding at "the Doctors" to a further exposition of his subject, his book would have been more informing if less facetious.

The present volume of 244 pages is the second of a series of three works dealing with the subjects now embraced under the term Hypnotism. In it the author surveys the vicissitudes of Animal Magnetism from the time of Mesmer, and considers four other systems of Psycho-physics: Braidism, Statuvolism, Pathetism, and Electro-biology. He states that all these systems are nearly allied, and unless they are taken into consideration, the Hypnotism of our day seems little more than a jumble of conflicting theories, and a chaos of unexplained phenomena.

The chasing of pains from one part of the body to another, and drawing them finally out of the body by the extremities, is frequently mentioned by the old magnetisers. When the pain left the disease departed with it. This, as our author very truly remarks, is not only contrary to the common idea that pain is only a symptom of disease, but it is incompatible with the modern theory of bacilli, which makes out disease to be parasitic. What the clairvoyant ought to see shaken from the fingers of the magnetiser, one would think, he says, is not a shower of bad magnetism but of dead microbes! So we think too, and we wish that microbes could be eliminated so easily. Mr. Sinnett is quoted as saying in his treatise on mesmerism that the "elementals" come and eat up this "bad magnetism," whereon the author observes that these "elementals"

are, apparently, a kind of tame Theosophical devils, whose function is this scavenger work. On these exalted questions we, as humble reviewers, cannot be expected to have an opinion; but we confess to a prejudice in favour of the microbes which we have seen, as against the bad magnetism which we have not, while as to the elementals—but we must return to Mr. Harte.

Animal magnetism suffered eclipse, he tells us, on account of a lack of agreement as to the fundamental principle of magnetic healing. Every operator found his own method successful, and this intensified the prejudice against them. They were accused of immorality, of producing insanity, of aggravating disease. This does occasionally happen, as Mr. Harte admits, in the hands of experimenting and sceptical doctors, ignorant of the subject, and of inexperienced persons generally. It is evident that even in Psycho-physics that the "expert" is made not born, hence everyone must be inexperienced to begin with. It is therefore perhaps as well for a long-suffering public that "the Doctors" decline to run *en masse* down the steep places of Animal Magnetism and its kindred cults.

Attempts were made to link mesmerism with phrenology, and phreno-magnetism had its day and ceased to be. Then came Reichenbach and his "Od force," then homœopathy with its globules to compete with passes for the favour of the public. These, says Mr. Harte, shook orthodox medicine to such a degree that nowadays we have a veritable jubilee of patent medicines and "noxious fads" like the subcutaneous injection of opiates. Still, we think it will be something to have even patent medicines to fall back upon, when our confidence in our doctors is finally undermined by the present work *et hoc genus omne*.

The methods of Esdale and Elliotson are detailed, and Braid's Hypnotism described at considerable length. Fahnstock produced Statuvolism, a state caused by the will of the patient, not of the operator. He can "throw his mind" to any distant place—he will, in fact, be there *minus* his body. He can read the thoughts of others. He feels himself free and not the "creature" of the magnetiser. However, we gather that this state cannot be entered at first without the aid of the operator.

The Pathetism of Sunderland started in the atmosphere of religious revivals. The worst epidemic being known as "the Jerks," a species of convulsive seizure of great violence. Sunderland produced his "trance" by mental suggestion, and claimed many advan-

tages for his method. The Electro-biology of Dods is an interesting section of the work. He drew a striking distinction between the voluntary power of the Infinite Mind and its involuntary power working through the fixed laws of Nature.

It is, we think, possibly a pregnant suggestion that there may be a conscious and sub-conscious region in the Divine Mind, as there is a conscious and sub-liminal region in the human intelligence.

The methods of the different schools described are fully gone into, and those who desire to practise these dangerous arts will find many hints. But we would venture to remind them of the terrible results which may accrue, when "inexperienced persons" wander in these unmapped regions of the psychic realm; while as believers in the Law of Karma we draw their earnest attention to the saying of the Master: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

A. H. W.

British Rule and Indian Poverty

England and India. By Annie Besant. An Address delivered at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, October 5th, 1902. (Theosophical Publishing Co., 7, James Street, Harrogate. Price *2d.*)

It goes without saying that everything Mrs. Besant says about India is valuable and well worthy of study; and if one ventures any criticism it is not as to her facts or her way of stating them. It is quite true that the working of the English law and courts has for its unintended but inevitable result the ever-increasing misery of the poor; but where I venture to differ from her is as to the tacit assumption she makes that this is a special vice of the Indian Government, and that improvement is possible by any acts of that Government, otherwise advised. It is not so; it is the inherent, essential, vice of our European civilisation—felt not only in India and in Ireland but in France, Germany, Italy, and even in the New England States of America; and no change of law *now* possible can alter it. For a world, as for a nation or an individual, there are steps which, once taken, can never be trodden backwards; and when you have once reconstructed society on the modern principle that justice has no concern with human life except to protect property—that you have done justice to your people when you have prevented theft and provided legal means whereby the money-lender may recover his last farthing,

starve who may, you cannot go back without a catastrophe. The Indian poor are growing poorer under the English rule—true; but don't forget that the *English* poor are growing more miserable under English rule, French poor under French rule, American poor under American rule also. No one knows this better than Mrs. Besant, and it is this which, in her sympathy for her Hindu friends, she has allowed herself somewhat to forget. There seems to be a general idea abroad just now that everything would go right over the world if only England would pay for it all; at the late Conference Irish landlords and tenants were for once agreed upon *this* point—that they should have certain millions out of the English pocket! and now Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus, and (as I have said) no power can alter the system which makes the misery, short of Revolution.

A. A. W.

Some Mystical Verse

The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labour of Satan. By James Macbeth. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.; 1902.)

There are so many things that might be said about this volume that we confess ourselves at a loss where to begin, and having begun, end our survey, in obedience to the limits at our disposal. It consists of numerous outpourings in prose and verse; highly allegorical, but a trifle confused, the main keynote (if there be one) of which would not easily reveal itself to profane readers. There is a good deal said which is very true and very excellent as far as the morality of it goes, but most of us are more than familiar with the same truths put in forms which are more likely to appeal to a wider circle of readers, and which are treated of mystically without being rendered unnecessarily obscure. For to be obscure is not to be mystical, although to many these terms are, we fear, synonymous. In the preface our author modestly implies the manifold nature of the Symbols he deals with, and it is only to be expected that he should treat them from his particular point of view, which we can frankly agree shows much earnestness, coupled with a simple-minded enthusiasm of a distinctly refreshing nature. But if the purpose of the book be what we hold as the main justification of any attempts in print—that of stimulating thought and providing emotional food of a wholesome kind for the

general public, or a section of it—we have to confess that our author does not live up to his somewhat lengthy title nor yet to the well-executed design on the cover, which is suggestive of many things.

The literary style leaves much to be desired, and the somewhat "large" themes chosen by the author are not those which lend themselves easily to treatment in prose or verse.

The author, however, claims to interpret "spiritual truths" for the "little ones," but the field of mystical interpretation is a wide one, and in it many visionaries have lost their way. When we come to consider the verse formation proper we must point out that the attempt to rhyme "come" and "home" is hardly successful, and one glaring fault mars many of the productions—to wit, the excessive use of such abbreviations as "we'll" and "I'll," which is abrupt and unmusical, to say the least of it.

The range of subjects comprised is a wide one, from that of war, which our writer is quite sure must be evil, to a sudden flight into "Nirvana," which is worked up to as the climax, a lofty one, at any rate.

E. L.

A Book of Christian Devotion

All These Things Added. By James Allen, Author of "From Poverty to Power." (London: The Savoy Publishing Co.)

Of this collection of essays there is no need to say more than that those who found satisfaction for their needs in the author's former work will like and admire the present. A few headings from the list of contents will give an idea of its scope: The Might of Meekness, The Righteous Man, Perfect Love, Perfect Freedom, Greatness and Goodness, and finally Heaven in the Heart. It would be useless labour to try to explain to the author the regret *we* should feel if any of *our* pupils were to attain possession of what *he* regards as Heaven in the Heart; sufficient to say that, for the people for whom he writes, his book cannot fail to be useful and valuable, and that we wish it success.

A. A. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, February. "Old Diary Leaves" are this month entirely occupied with Mrs. Besant's visit to India in 1894; and the Colonel reproduces the eloquent and thrilling words in which he expressed himself at the time in the *Theosophist*, whilst the impression was still fresh upon him. As regards her expectation of the results of the popular enthusiasm she had created, a few words may usefully be quoted: "Her idea was that in all matters of reform the lead should be taken by the Brâhmans. . . . Her hope for the revival of the Aryan standards of moral and religious ideals lay in the beginning of the work of self-redemption in individual Brâhman families here and there, and the consequent creation of new family foci into which might be drawn some of the souls of ancient sages and moral heroes who might now be seeking proper bodies in which to reincarnate themselves. This process, she admitted, must take long, very long; yet the result could never be hoped for unless a beginning was made, and the present was as auspicious an hour for that as any other in the future could be." The view is so true and reasonable that one hardly likes to suggest that the world moves fast now, even in India, and that "whilst the grass grows, the horse starves." What will be left of India by the time this long process is complete? "The Law of Cause and Effect" is one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures, which we are glad to find are to be reprinted in England, and the first of which is already on sale, as will be seen in our advertising columns. The present is an especially valuable one, from which we take one neat statement: "Our religious brothers would tell us that that is good which is in accordance with God's will, and that that was evil which was in opposition to it. The scientific man would say that that was good which helped evolution, and whatever hindered it was evil. These two men are in reality saying exactly the same thing; for God's will for man *is* evolution; and when that is clearly realised all conflict between science and religion is at once ended." The other contents of a number somewhat above the average of interest are "Thoughts on Religious Systems," by S. Stuart; "Dormant Lodges of the T.S.," in which W. A. Mayers comes to the practical conclusion that "there need be no dormant Lodges if there are left two really living and devoted members; and that *if there are no dormant members*, it follows that there can be no dormant Lodges"! C. S. Narain Row furnishes a long and serious criticism of Mrs. Besant's views on

Avatârs, from the standpoint of a strictly orthodox Hindu theologian (it is amusing—and discouraging—to note how precisely alike the strictly orthodox theologians of *all* religions are, and how absolutely indifferent a matter it is what particular doctrines are taken as "the Word of God") to which Mrs. Besant rightly feels it useless to respond. The Teacher's word, "He that *can* receive it, let him receive it" carries with it the converse, "He that *cannot* receive it, let him let it alone!" The continuation of G. Krishna Sastri's "Why should a Vedântin join the T.S.?" has a well-chosen series of extracts from the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, and claims that the few Vedântists who have any knowledge of the esoteric side of Vedântism should break their silence and give their judgment.

Central Hindu College Magazine, February, has a precious little note by A. B. on the place of Religion in the life of a student; a model elementary exposition of "A Beam of Light," from Mr. G. Dyne; and much other good reading.

Theosophic Gleaner, January. In this number we have more original matter than of late. P. H. Mehta gives an account of "Man, from Different Viewpoints"; also a paper on the Brâhminical Thread, another on the "Inadequacy of Aristotle's definition of Virtue as a mean between two opposite vices" (quoted as from Pascal, but he is only copying Aristotle). Mr. Leadbeater's Amsterdam lecture on clairvoyance is translated from the Dutch.

The Dawn, February, contains a vigorous attack by Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita) on the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women in India.

East and West, March, keeps up its character as one of the best magazines going. This month it has admitted a long paper headed "Theosophy" by Mr. F. C. O. Beaman, I.C.S., in which our doctrines are treated favourably; somewhat perhaps "*de haut en bas*," but probably in the best way to obtain a hearing from the public for which he writes.

Also from India: *The Indian Review*, January, containing a thoughtful paper on the "Hindu Sovereign as Parent of his People," which suggests the origin of many of the faults of the English rule; *Kayastha Samachar*, or Hindustan Review, which has a noteworthy review of Mrs. Besant's *Religious Problems of India*, noteworthy because it is neither indiscriminate praise nor blame, but a serious criticism, such as an author likes to see, even if he disagrees with it. The point of it is that in the reviewer's opinion the Jewish religion, which

he calls that of the Prophets, and the Christian religion which developed from it, are *not* to be classed with Hinduism as branches of the Wisdom, but are in many points, and these the most important, contradictory of it. Now, though Mrs. Besant's statement of the case is true in the higher metaphysics, in practical work the reviewer is right, and it is good that this side of the truth should be brought out now and then; especially when, as just now, there is a tendency to drown the facts of the case in a flood of mere unintelligent Bhakti. A criticism of the late Swami Vivekânanda in the same number is also well worthy of study. Two new periodicals, *The Indian People*, from Allahabad, and *Indian Progress*, from Madras, are also acknowledged.

The Vâhan for March devotes most of its space to one of the old "Interference with Karma" puzzles: "If the better housing, etc., of our poorest working classes would attract more highly evolved Egos to incarnate in our large towns, what would become of the less advanced souls?" It is in print that on the introduction of gas an amiable but somewhat puzzle-headed old lady plaintively enquired, "But what will become of the poor whales?" and this parallel seems to us about all the answer needed. But we should like to see how John Leech would have drawn the querist perpending the first sentence of G. R. S. M.'s answer: "If only our questioners would consider more carefully the protases of their conditional clauses, perhaps the apodoses might take care of themselves."—*Tableau!* The other questions are as to the endurance of kârmic suffering and as to the "Great Renunciation," the replies to which last are of great importance and should be carefully studied.

The Lotus Journal, Vol. I., No. 1, March. Our friends of the Lotus Lodge have realised their hopes, and this month come out in all the dignity of print, as a full-sized Magazine, the green cover decorated by a pretty design of a lotus pool, and a prize for subscribers in the shape of a very good reproduction of one of the best and most recent photos of Mrs. Besant. The larger literary contents are, a panegyric on the subject of the photo, signed by the well-known initials A. B. C.; a reproduction of one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on the Life after Death, and a child's story by the inexhaustible Michael Wood. For Lodge business we have questions (with references) on *Man and his Bodies*, "Science Notes," and "Outlines of Theosophy for our Younger Readers." We must congratulate the Editors on having so efficiently filled up what has been for a long time a painful blank in our literature, and wish a long and useful life

to our only English "Magazine for children and young people." The subscription is 3*s.* 6*d.* per annum, and we may honestly add that if any of our readers have no young people for whom to subscribe they need not be ashamed to take it for their own reading. It is well worth it!

Bulletin Théosophique. By this time the French Anniversary Meeting will have met and decided whether to raise the subscription from 5fr. to 7. There can be no question that, in all cases, the annual subscriptions should be fixed at an amount which will fairly meet the expenses; it is not respectable that those who receive the benefits of the Society should leave its maintenance dependent on the purses of a few devoted supporters, as is too often the case.

Revue Théosophique, February. The first article is a lecture given by Mr. Keightley, in Paris, on Yoga; then follow the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology"; "One of the Objects of Theosophy," by E. Syffert; and an amusing little tale by Dr. C. de Lespinois of a haunted image which, more amiable than that of the *Fallen Idol*, not only manifested its indignation at neglect, but rewarded the wise owner who cleaned it up and made it a new robe out of her wedding dress. Why do you laugh? Why not?

Theosophia, February, contains, besides translations from H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, a careful study of Elementals, by M. Reepmaker. It has also an account of a valuable and beautiful birthday Album presented to Col. Olcott and acknowledged in this month's *Theosophist*.

Thoésophie, March. Dr. Pascal, Mlle. Aimée Blech and A. C. F. M. supply the contents of this number; the latter with an excellent solution of the apparent puzzle why the Society should declare itself not responsible for *any* of the opinions expressed by its members.

Teosofia, February, has a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, a study by Gabriele Rosa on the "Revival of Learning in Italy in the early Middle Ages," and a fragment by Mrs. Besant.

Sophia, February, continues translations of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* and "Evolution of Consciousness," and G. R. S. Mead's "Genesis of the Talmud," and gives an interesting paper on "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil," by Daris Vellogo.

Theosophic Messenger, February, gives us a description of certain skeletons said by the *Chicago Daily News* to have been found in Austria, in parallel columns with Mr. Scott-Elliot's picture of the Third Race Man. The correspondence is certainly striking, but the conclusion we are inclined to draw from it is *not* that it furnishes a

"scientific corroboration" of our friend's researches. The last time this turned up it was a Frenchman who had found a living specimen in Africa, as in the present case, far *too* closely resembling the description!

Revista Teosofica, December, 1902; has a funeral notice, with portrait, of the late Secretary of the Havana Lodge, S. Guillermo Perez de Utrera; and portions of the "Septenary Constitution of Man," "Letters to a Catholic Priest," "Identity of the Microcosm and the Macrocosm" and of a paper "Upon Prayer."

Theosophy in Australasia, January. Here we have a particularly well-chosen Outlook, in which its notice of the American Convention rightly emphasises the calm way in which Mr. Leadbeater there handed over all South America to the United States—surely a little too previous, at present! The articles comprise "The Astral Body," and "Ideal Life," and there are besides some good answers to questions.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for February contains "The Riddle of the Universe," by J. G., and the conclusion of a paper on Karma. M. Judson gives "Notes on Rocking Stones, etc."; A. E. Davidson treats of "Illusions," and S. Studd concludes his careful study "Chance or Accident."

Also acknowledged: *Modern Astrology*, March, in which is commenced a series of papers on the Wisdom Religion; a new Magazine from Vienna entitled *Die Gnosis*, in which a portion of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* is translated, with a reduction of his first map; *Star Lore; Dharma; Logos Magazine; N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries; La Nuova Parola*, containing an important paper by the Editor on the recent condemnation of the eminent scholar Abbé Loisy's last work—a matter of great interest to those who look anxiously to the immediate future of the Catholic Church; *Mind*, with articles on the Tahiti fire walk, and on mental science and allied subjects; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Mind; Light.*

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