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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

As the years roll on familiar faces pass away and the number of our colleagues and friends who have left their physical encasements rapidly increases. Old workers are transferred to non-physical spheres of activity, and though we lose sight of their familiar forms down here we are assured that they are still with us, and contributing their share to the labours they loved so devotedly. This month we have to record the passing from the body of our beloved and highly respected colleague, Mons. Charles Blech, whose devotion, generosity and hospitality supplied a solid basis upon which the present successful development of our movement in Paris has been mainly founded. Mons. Blech was the head of an old Alsatian family and suffered cruelly in the Franco-German war; he was neither a writer nor a speaker, but his high character and the respect in which he was held, his charming courtesy, gentle nature, and large-hearted generosity, made him a real "father of Theosophy in France," as he has not been inaptly called. Passing away at the advanced age of seventy-eight, he had fulfilled more than the years appointed unto man by Hebrew

D.M.

prophecy, and he looked forward to the change, which all knew was coming for him, with the greatest interest and contentment.

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ANOTHER old friend, well known to many in the British Section, has also recently left the body—our colleague, Mrs. A. C. Lloyd, who for some five years past has been working in India, and at the time of her death was matron of the school attached to the Central Hindu College at Benares. Years ago she was matron of our Working Girls' Club at Bow, and for long was with us helping at Avenue Road. Mrs. Lloyd was a woman of good education and many accomplishments, exceedingly kind-hearted, and anxious to help; but above all things, she was distinguished for her cheerful disposition, for her pluck and determination in struggling against the pains of a body subject to much suffering, and she cannot but be delighted to be free from a clog which limited the expression of her active nature in many ways. Mrs. Lloyd made friends wherever she went and was exceedingly popular among all classes; she will be missed by many, but no one can grudge her the realisation of her longing to be free from her of late almost useless body.

Valeas!

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THE last season's work of British archæologists in Egypt has been rewarded with results which compel a still further putting back of the date of high civilisation in Egypt. Objects of art, dating from some 5,000 years B.C., have been discovered which experts declare not only unrivalled by the workmanship of any subsequent period in Egypt itself, but which stand almost unrivalled by the art of any other country in antiquity. These discoveries constitute a fact of the greatest importance for any estimate of the antiquity of Egyptian high civilisation. Was this exquisite art developed in the land or did it come from elsewhere? If from elsewhere, as most will contend, the "Babylonian" origin of Egyptian civilisation, which is in such favour at present, is somewhat seriously discounted by the fact that we find no similar objects of art of such an early date in Babylonian exploration. We should ourselves like to know something of that "Egypt before the flood" and its civilisation,

The Antiquity of Egyptian Civilisation

the "land of the first Hermes," of which the old legends tell, and are not prepared impatiently to dismiss it as the baseless and boasting dream of Egyptian priestcraft. If we are not mistaken "Atlantis" had much to do with the most ancient Egyptian civilisation. The following account of the objects unearthed on the ancient Temple sites at Abydos by Professor Petrie and his assistants is taken from *The Times* of July 7th.

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THE principal work of the fund has been effected on the old Temple site of Abydos, and its unprecedented feature is that on the same site remains have been discovered of successive periods covering some 4,500 years, and beginning about 5,000 B.C. The earliest temple is believed to antedate the first dynasty and the latest to be of the XXVIth. . . The great advances made in the earliest times, in both art and manufacture, are truly astonishing. The use of glazed work on a large scale, hitherto supposed to be of late development, is shown to have been extensive even in the first dynasty. Of this age have been found bowls of diorite and quartz crystal, glazed beads and tile work, and in particular a piece of a large green glazed vase of Aha-Mena, with a name inlaid in purple, showing that polychrome glazing was already in use during the first dynasty. The ivories, too, show a surprising mastery of fine and natural work, such as, in Professor Petrie's words, "certainly cannot be rivalled by any later work in Egypt, or by very little that has been done elsewhere." Above all to be noted is the figure of the aged king himself, with the crown of Upper Egypt on his head and a thick quilted robe round his body. The subtle dignity and reserve, the delicacy of expression and feature, are such as one might expect in an Italian dignitary of the Middle Ages. A like freedom and grace are seen in the figures of boys standing, walking, and kneeling. The figures of a baboon, a couchant dog, a young bear, many lions—"used doubtless for gaming pieces, like those of King Zee"—are vividly naturalistic. That such art should have existed at the beginning of dynastic history would have been incredible a short time ago, and is difficult to account for, unless it be that among a few favoured nations art springs at once into perfection, like Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus. The fine formation of face in these early human figures, so different from those of later ages, suggests ethnological problems still to be solved.

Some Treasures from Abydos

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THE work of the Græco-Roman branch also has been most fruitful. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have returned to Behnesa, the ancient Oxyrhynchus, and have systematically cleared away two mounds with the most gratifying results. "Not only were documents

The "Geniza" of Oxyrhynchus

of the first four centuries of the Christian era very numerous, but both mounds had been strewn with *débris* of libraries of classical and theological writings." There has, of course, as yet been no time for a thorough examination of these precious fragments, but in a letter to *The Times* of June 20th, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt give a short account of some of the more important finds. Two of these new-found documents are of special interest to Theosophical students. In the first place we have

a long second century papyrus containing an elaborate invocation addressed to a goddess, of whose titles both in Egypt and throughout the civilised world, a detailed list is given, while on the back is an account of a miraculous cure effected by Imhotep, who is identified with the Asclepius of the Greeks. Both compositions seem to be products of the later Alexandrian school, to which belong the writings known under the name of Hermes Trismegistus.

This new find will be of importance in elucidating the later deposit of the Trismegistic literature to which "The Virgin of the World" treatise belongs.

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BUT of far greater interest is the discovery of a fragment of a collection of "Sayings of Jesus," most of which are unrecorded elsewhere. The fortunate discoverers speak of this extraordinarily interesting find as follows:

Some More New-found Unrecorded "Sayings"

The first place is claimed by a third century fragment of a collection of sayings of Jesus, similar in style to the so-called "logia" discovered at Oxyrhynchus in 1897. As in that papyrus, the separate sayings are introduced by the words, "Jesus saith," and are for the most part unrecorded elsewhere, though some which are found in the Gospels (*e.g.*, "The Kingdom of God is within you" and "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first") occur here in different surroundings. Six sayings are preserved, unfortunately, in an imperfect condition; but the new "logia" papyrus supplies more evidence concerning its origin than was the case with its predecessor, for it contains an introductory paragraph stating that what follows consisted of "the words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake" to two of His disciples, and, moreover, one of the uncanonical sayings is already extant in part, the conclusion of it, "He that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest," being quoted by Clement of Alexandria from the Gospel according to the Hebrews. It is, indeed, possible that this Gospel was the source from which all this second series of "logia" was derived, or they, or some of them, may perhaps have been taken from the Gospel according to the Egyptians, to which Professor Harnack and others have referred the "logia" found in 1897. But we are

disposed to regard both series as collections of sayings currently ascribed to our Lord rather than as extracts from any one uncanonical gospel.

It is of course impossible to offer any opinion on these new-found "logia" until the text is before us; we can only at present remark that the "Jesus the Living Lord" of the introduction reminds us strongly of "Jesus the Living One" of the Bruce and Askew Gnostic Codices, and that we quite agree with Grenfell and Hunt that there is no need to assign the "Sayings" either to a Gospel according to the Hebrews or a Gospel according to the Egyptians. There were doubtless many collections of "Sayings" among the communities; the historical question is: When was the "Jesus saith" prefixed to them?

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As many of our readers are interested in any theory concerning these mysterious bodies, the pituitary and pineal glands, we append the following from *Science Siftings* of June 6th, and should be glad if one of our medical colleagues would carefully take up the matter and follow the experiments and arguments of Dr. Sajous.

The Glands

The secret of life is in the glands. At least such is the moral of the latest discovery regarding certain glands made by the well-known medical authority, Dr. C. E. Sajous. It has been known by scientists for many years that the glands were the most important part of the body, but the difficulty in studying them has been the reason that no larger amount of knowledge regarding their activity has yet been brought to light. When we consider that there are from two to three million sweat glands in the skin and an infinite number of glands in the small intestines as well as other parts of the body, it can be easily seen what a task is before the specialist who is devoting attention solely to the subject of glands and their action. They have been the mysterious organs of the body whose action could be followed, but seldom explained, and now Dr. Sajous comes with a most startling theory, supported by fourteen years of experiment, that one of the least studied glands is the most important in the body. He claims that the pituitary gland is the controlling agent in health, and his theory might be compared to that ancient one of Descartes, that the pineal gland, the very centre of the brain, was the seat of the soul.

Everyone knows that the liver is the largest gland in the human body, and, while we really understand little of the way in which the liver works, we do know that one of its chief functions is the secretion of bile in the gall bladder. The wonderful thing about this gland, as well as about all the other glands of the body, is that it extracts from the blood, by some peculiar

change which is brought about through the protoplasm of the cells of the gland, substances which we cannot find in the blood itself. No chemical analysis would show bile in the blood as it enters the liver, and yet after it has entered and as the acid chyme passes the opening of the bile duct in the duodenum streams of bile are poured forth from the gall bladder. This action of the liver is paralleled by all the other glands. The pancreas, for instance, produces what is called zymogen, or the ferment former, so called because it gives rise to one of the chief enzymes, or ferments, of the pancreatic juice, so necessary for the work of digestion. These enzymes are the peculiar products of the gland, and because of their strange, unorganised character they constitute the most puzzling substances to the chemists.

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We know that as the blood enters the gland it contains certain chemical substances, but why, as it passes through the cells which go to make up this gland certain parts of the blood are transformed into these peculiar liquids which are secreted by the special glands, is one of the great unsolved problems of human physiology. It is known that there are certain cells through which the blood passes, but it is not simply a process of filtration by which the gland extracts from the blood whatever it seeks, but a chemical change takes place through the action of the protoplasm of the glands themselves.

The Pituitary Body

Dr. Sajous has devoted his time, especially during the last fourteen years, to a study of the ductless glands such as the suprarenal glands, two little bodies in the abdomen just above the kidneys, and especially the anterior pituitary body, situated in the brain, which he claims is of chief importance in the preservation of the health of the human being. Dr. Sajous claims that he can demonstrate the direct connection of these little glands with the vital elements of the entire system, and, although they are ductless and do not apparently give off any special secretion, he announces that he has found and analysed such a secretion, and that it is of the utmost importance after it is carried to the lungs.

This substance, so carefully manufactured by these little glands, is the all-important agent for the absorption of the oxygen introduced through the breathing apparatus, in conjunction with which it forms a new substance, which Dr. Sajous calls "andrenoxin." This andrenoxin becomes mixed with the fluid part of the blood and flows through all the blood channels of the body, even to the smallest blood vessel. When it reaches the tissues the oxygen is then absorbed from this mysterious substance, and not exclusively from the red corpuscles of the blood, as has been hitherto supposed.

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In its issue of June 13th the same periodical supplies its readers with still more astonishing information as to certain independent

The "Elixir of Life"

discoveries of Dr. George Crile which are said to support the claims of Dr. Sajous. Under the heading "Controlling the Heart," we read as follows:

Heart failure may at last be dealt with effectively. The man or woman stricken suddenly, collapsing without apparent reason, may be saved if promptly treated with the proper remedy. At least such is the theory that Dr. George Crile announced lately. He has been conducting some special experiments bearing upon the question of the sudden collapse of persons not suffering with heart disease (especially during surgical operations) and claims to have found a specific which will restore the circulation of the blood, and bring the sufferer back to perfectly normal health, in a wonderful substance called adrenalin, which is nothing but the secretion of the glands over the kidneys, extracted chemically.

The discovery of Dr. Crile is coincident with the announcement of Dr. Sajous that it is due to the action of this secretion, controlled by the pituitary body, that the blood absorbs the oxygen from the air and transfers it to the tissues of the body. The discovery of Dr. Sajous was referred to in *Science Siftings* recently, but Dr. Crile's independent investigation proves the even greater power of this wonderful secretion. Many chemists have been at work since the time when Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, announced that he had found the elixir of life in the secretion of a goat; for while his elixir proved a failure he was too able a man to be altogether wrong, and chemists the world over took the hint and began to work on the extraction of these wonderful juices stored up by animal economy.

These chemists have succeeded in extracting the secretion formed in those ductless glands lying in the abdomen, just over the kidneys, called the suprarenal glands, and have given to the surgeon a new substance with which to stop all hemorrhages in minor operations. A pharmacist has gone even further, and found the most effective form of this secretion, and it is used generally by the profession, so that in an operation upon the eye, for instance, the patient need lose but a few drops of blood from all the open veins and arteries. It is wonderful to see the blood coagulate instantly upon the application of this powerful substance, which is itself but an extract from the blood made by the most wonderful of all chemists—the human body.

Dr. Sajous's experiments appear to show that if the glands over the kidneys are kept strong and healthy the entire human body will be healthy. He has gone further, and found that there are certain drugs which, when administered, stimulate the pituitary body, which, in its turn, stirs these glands to activity and restores the equilibrium and health of the sufferer. He claims that consumption and all of the most dreaded diseases to which man is subject find their way into the system and seize upon it simply because the suprarenal glands are weak. Keep these strong and no disease can attack you, is the chief conclusion to which his experiments point. It

is marvellous, indeed, to the lay mind, to conceive that two small bodies, seemingly of so little importance, store up a substance which is really the elixir of life to the body, because it helps the oxygen to find its way into the blood and the tissues.

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The Mark of the Beast

PALMISTS and those of the Cheiromancist craft may perhaps be interested in the following curious story from that land of mystery, India. Under the heading "A Mark on the Skin of a Man-Eating Tiger," in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society (vol. xii., p. 410), we read:

In 1894 a tigress with a three-quarter grown male cub was the scourge of the valleys at the foot of the western slope of the Amboli Ghât in the Sawantvadi State. The tigress killed and mauled many men and women, but instead of eating, used to toss them over to the cub, who always preferred human to animal flesh. I went out several times after the pair, and though my anxiety was naturally to bag the tigress, that of the villagers was that I should kill the cub, for, they said, the mother will not attack human beings if there is no one to eat them. The villagers declared that the cub was born with the propensity for man-eating, and assured me that when it was killed I should find the "man-eating mark" upon it. I asked what this might be, and was told a distinct cross on one side of the body, generally the left side. I laughed at this idea, but found that it obtained universal credence.

On the 1st January, 1895, I shot the cub, and as the beaters came up the headman said to me, "Now, Sahib, we shall see if the man-eater's mark is there or not." We turned him over, and sure enough, there was the mark. I send you herewith a photograph in which it is distinctly visible. It will be interesting to know if any of your readers have had experience of similar marking, and a similar belief; the villagers could not have *seen* the mark, yet six weeks before I killed the beast they told me I should find it. Is it possible that the superstition is confined to the jungle country bordering upon Roman Catholic Goa? The villagers were Hindus, and not Christians.

I shot the tigress afterwards, but that is another story.

W. B. FERRIS, *Lieut.-Col.*

Sadra, 10*th October*, 1898.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE THEOSOPHIC "PATH"

To those Christians who are at all familiar with their own scriptures it is not only certain that there is a Salvation proclaimed therein, but it is also clear that there is a *Way* of Salvation spoken of and pointed out. And to them, approaching the study of Theosophy and the perusal of its literature, nothing can be more striking and interesting therein, at least on its practical side, than that "Path" of spiritual progress which has been so plainly marked out and elaborated for all seekers after Liberation. It cannot but have suggested many reflections and comparisons, at least to more devout and earnest Christian enquirers and students. How far, if at all, do they correspond?

Accepting for the purpose of our enquiry the implication of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* that the Christian Religion, as the "Lesser Mysteries," has to do, in the main, with the "Probationary Path," or the Way to Salvation, then there *should* be such a correspondence, more or less detailed and complete, between the preliminary stages of the Way as contained in the Christian scriptures, and as marked out by Theosophy. We have not seen any attempt to find and draw out any such correspondence in Christian teaching with the Theosophic Path, except in stray allusions and hints. But that such a correspondence there must be, every Theosophist, at least, must hold. For if Theosophy be, as it claims, the common and essential Truth of all religions, Christianity included, then Christianity rightly, adequately interpreted, *i.e.*, essential Christianity, must embody the same Path and its stages as it has thus marked out and laid down. If these stages are really true to the facts of spiritual experience generally, if they are passed through and confirmed by every seeking soul in its progress Godward, then we may assume they will necessarily be the same stages that are recom-

mended by every great religious teacher and system as those along which their disciples should be led.

In what way that Path and its stages have arisen we may not know; whether derived as the fruit of long and careful and comparative study of spiritual experience, or originally devised and unfolded by Divine Wisdom, and thus received and inculcated by its Ancient Masters. But such a Path, a Way of Salvation, with its various stages, for all souls sooner or later in their history, we can scarcely doubt does and must exist. It is the teaching, at any rate, of Christianity and its scriptures, that there is a Way of Salvation, and but *one* Way, for all, everywhere and through all time. It may have been variously conceived and inculcated by various Christian churches and their teachers. But if there be but one essential Way, as scripturally taught, what is it? If there be but *one*, as all Christians themselves would agree, however differently they may interpret it, and one, beneath all their different interpretations, in which they can all agree, what and what kind is it? Is it exoteric or esoteric? Is it exterior or interior? If there be but one, common and necessary for all time, all peoples, and all faiths, by which some few from all, we may hope, have reached Salvation, it is certain it must be interior, spiritual, mystic, one along which the soul of man everywhere can and must travel, however much our outward faiths and forms may vary. Let there be such differing outward ways, religious and ecclesiastical, doctrinal and ceremonial, more or less suited to varying races and conditions; but if so, they must all exist to guide men into the one and only true, because inner, way of spiritual experience and progress, a way along which all alike, as possessors of a common nature and needs, may and must journey, if ever they are to attain Salvation. And this we take the Theosophic Path to be, the inner and spiritual Way. It does not concern itself with the particular faith espoused, the ceremonial forms observed, or even the Master who is followed. That it leaves to circumstances, to birth, to divine arrangement or to individual choice. But, assuming that Salvation may be and has been attained, under all faiths (and who among enlightened Christians will deny this, and thus exclude the believers and saints of the old Jewish and other dis-

pensations ?), and under the guidance of their various Masters and Teachers, it seeks to discern, from a comparison of all faiths, or from a common spiritual experience, that one mystic Way of the Soul.

This being so, it should be discernible in the Christian scriptures; at least in hints and allusions, if not stated in the definite sequence and order of its stages. Is this so? Are any or all of these prerequisites for salvation found and enforced in the teaching of the Christ? This, it seems to us, is a matter of no little interest and importance to Christians, especially to those who, interested in Theosophy, are seeking for the inner and original instructions of their Divine Master Himself as to "The Way." And in any case, the Christian Theosophist must find some such correspondence between the two. How far can this be done? Leaving aside, now, the teachings of the churches, let us confine our attention to the standard Christian records, and of them the synoptical Gospels only, and enquire for the teaching of the Christ Himself.

And here let it be premised that the Salvation of which mention is so often made in the Christian scriptures, and by the Christian Church, is identical with what is spoken of so often by the Christ as entrance into, or realisation of, the Kingdom of God. Nothing is so frequently spoken of by Him as that Kingdom. And, in His idea, admission into it is the all-important thing, the end of all His ministry and mission. It is brought near to them, and they to it; they are to be prepared for it and led into it; they are heirs of it; it is to be set up within them, and possessed by them; and thus obtained it is nothing less than their Salvation.

The Way, then, of or to Salvation, according to the Christ, leads up to and ends in the Kingdom; and the actual entrance of it is by the great and crucial experience of the New Birth or Regeneration. That is the one absolutely essential experience for all, of any faith, or of none, of any race or nation, of any class or condition of men. It is the one only gate of entrance; admission is only by spiritual birth, the culminating experience and climax in which that preliminary and preparatory Way ends. Short of that there is no admission, no salvation. Nothing is more clear than this. Salvation, with Christ, is entrance into

the Kingdom, and that entrance is by Regeneration, an inner and deep spiritual experience, a great critical event of this Way, and itself a goal.

What then are the instructions of the Christ to His disciples, to those who are seeking this Kingdom and its Salvation? What are His directions as to the Way thither? Bearing in mind that His addresses may be roughly divided into those addressed to the multitude in general, and those reserved for His disciples, there is one great preliminary requirement made of all who would tread this Way, which the slightest acquaintance with these records reveals, and that is Repentance. But this is something demanded, not so much of those who *are* His disciples and have already entered this Way, but of men in general, before they can be disciples at all. Essentially negative in its character, it is enforced not only by the Christ, but by the Baptist before Him, and by His own messengers later. It is an absolutely necessary prerequisite and preparation *for* discipleship. It is scarcely a part of the Way itself, a stage of it, for it is something to be done, a step to be taken by all men, the multitude, the worldly and sinful, *before* they can be disciples at all. Therefore leaving this aside for the present, we enquire, amongst the instructions given to His disciples themselves, for the successive stages of the Way.

And nothing is more astonishing to the student of these records than to find how large a place in the teachings of the Christ to His followers, His references to, and emphasis upon, the requirements for discipleship occupy.

The Christian Church in its exoteric forms, we know, does not usually recognise or make any particular and orderly arrangement of these instructions and requirements; she has not planned out the Master's directions, nor any of her own, into any methodical system of training for seekers of Salvation and the Kingdom. Her instructions are almost entirely limited to the enforcement of the two great conditions of Repentance and Faith. But the former is, as we have claimed, necessarily an act, a step to be taken by men generally, *before* they can come under the tuition of the Master as His disciples at all, and enter the Path of spiritual probation and preparation. The steps, if

any, of that Path of progress, are still in front of them. And we can scarcely doubt that there were such steps to be taken; that the Master graded His instructions to His disciples, leading them on, thereby, as they were discerning, obedient and fit, to further steps, and initiating them, as they were ready, into the Kingdom at last. They were His pupils to be instructed and guided in the Way to that Kingdom of which He so much spoke, and which they so much misconceived; but a way is scarcely a way at all unless it is made up of steps. And that they are steps only of the Way *to* Salvation, is evident from the fact that these disciples had not yet entered the Kingdom, had not been admitted or initiated into its life and mysteries. They have entered the Way, at His call, bound to Him as their Leader by intense loving devotion, and subject to His tuition and discipline, but not yet admitted into Membership of the great Brotherhood of Souls. For this, there is future education and testing awaiting them, with possible failure, unfaithfulness, desertion and treason amongst them. They are still only on Probation, under training, in the Way, and therefore these varied, these manifold instructions are given them.

But in these Gospel records of His utterances, delivered especially to His disciples, such instructions are naturally set down, not in any methodised order, but in a promiscuous state; scattered up and down as occasion required, adapted to circumstances or occasions by the Master Himself, or to the necessities of the narratives by the writers thereof. They form, however, the very staple of His addresses to His followers, and even to others; His discourses are almost entirely made up of them; they are the very essence of His teaching, embrace all the obligations imposed by Him with the utmost emphasis upon all who are seeking the Kingdom and its Life. Whether or not they were given out by Him to His disciples in any graduated order, after any system or plan of instruction and training, by whose consecutive steps they were gradually led up to fitness for the Kingdom, we can no longer be certain. In what way, however, can we, for present and personal purposes of spiritual growth and progress, best arrange them now? Under what heads or steps will they best fall for purposes like this? Into what course

or system of our own for spiritual instruction and discipline can they be thrown? This, it seems to us, is a matter of great practical importance. It is an attempt that might very well be made, but for which far greater spiritual knowledge and wisdom would be needed than any to which we can lay claim. But if, for convenience, we take the Theosophic framework, and try to fit them in, it is astonishing to find how readily and largely they find their places and fall into a well-ordered, consecutive and rational scheme. It is not too much to say that *all* the directions of the Christ to His pupils may be arranged under these several heads, according to these successive steps. So much so, that if we wished to arrange them into a complete and coherent system or manual for the spiritual guidance of Candidates for the Kingdom, we could not find more comprehensive divisions, nor a more faithful and orderly arrangement than this. As a course of training in the school of the soul no system could be so methodical and progressive in its steps, and no instructions so complete as these of the Christ thus arranged.

Let us then very briefly glance at and summarise them under such heads.

1. Discrimination.—This first step, in which the inner eye begins to open and discriminate between the real and unreal, the temporal and eternal, is abundantly indicated in all those passages in which the Master mourns the lack of spiritual perception on the part of the multitudes, especially of the Pharisees and Scribes, and on account of which He is compelled to speak unto them in parables, "because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." And though He says that to His disciples it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom, it does not seem to be theirs as yet, for He has almost equal reason to mourn the same deficiency in them, so often has He to expound the hidden meaning of His parables to them at their own request. To the importance, likewise, of this quality of spiritual perception are His references to the lamp that is not put under a bushel but where its light can shine, to the wise man who built his house upon a rock, to the wise and foolish virgins, to the servants in the vineyard with their talents or various degrees of spiritual wisdom for use, and to that wisdom

that is justified of all her children. So His complaint of the Pharisees who could not discern the signs of the times, and who so lacked discernment as to tithe their smallest things, while they omitted the weightier matters of justice, mercy, faith, and who cleansed only the outside of the cup and the platter. So His warnings of His followers against the leaven of the Pharisees, and His rebuke of those very followers because they did not discern what leaven He meant; His emphasis upon the light within the body, and caution against its loss; His commendation of Peter for his discernment of "the Christ," the Divine, in his Master; and even of the scribe who answered discreetly, with spiritual insight, and was therefore not far from the Kingdom.

2. Indifference.—This step, consequent on the former, a practical seeking of the real and spiritual, of the impersonal and permanent, at the expense or sacrifice of the temporary and personal, is equally enforced by the Christ, wherever He requires that the personal in all its manifold manifestations shall be transcended and forfeited for the sake of the spiritual and divine. The Sermon on the Mount is full of it. His disciples are to seek first the Kingdom, to banish all anxiety for their earthly life, their food and raiment; they are not to do their righteousness or their alms before men to be seen of them; and when the pure in heart are blessed, and they are commanded to love even their enemies, to pray for them that despitefully use them, to judge not that they not be judged, we have personal indifference reduced to practical life. All the many exhortations to self-sacrificing, exclusive devotion to Himself and the Kingdom's interests are so many illustrations of it; exhortations to self-denial, and cross-bearing, to removal of offending bodily members for the sake of the soul's life; to the surrender of property and riches for the sake of eternal life, and entrance through the strait gate of the Kingdom; to forsake friends, relatives and home; to carry no gold or silver, purse or wallet; to love spiritual kindred more than natural, to toil not for reward or wages, to take the lowest room or seat at feasts, to make a feast not for friends and brethren but for the poor, to perform acts of charity for all, without respect of persons, for aliens, enemies, and for the little, the insignificant and weak; to forgive all, to the utmost; to serve each other, and abase all

ambition and pride; the parables of the sower, of the hid treasure, of the good Samaritan; the scenes of the woman and the alabaster box, of the widow and her mites, of the little children, are all so many means of inculcating the great, the necessary step of renunciation of non-attachment and indifference, which the Theosophic Path specifies.

3. And if we seek illustrations of these moral qualifications which are to be cultivated to some degree at least as a preliminary fitness for acceptance or Initiation we may find them also in these instructions:

(i.) Of Self-Control, in those various acts of self-denial referred to above; the control of sense and passion in the case of the eunuchs so made for the Kingdom's sake; and the various cases of sin in thought and desire specified in the Sermon on the Mount; the control of word and action in His warnings against idle words, and oaths and curses; and the exhortations to the culture of inner feelings of love, and the practice of all good works and words.

(ii.) Of Tolerance, in the Master's own contravention of the law of the Sabbath, on various occasions, for the service of man or God; in His concession to the faith of the Canaanitish woman; in His exaltation of obedience to God above the pious cry "Lord, Lord," and in His own cry "A greater thing than the Temple is here," the spirit of worship as greater than the place of it; in His rebuke of His disciples for their treatment of the miracle-worker who was not of their fellowship, and in His frequent denunciation of bigotry on the part of the Pharisees and others, as, *e.g.*, when they accused Him of blasphemy for forgiving sins.

(iii.) Of Forbearance or endurance of sufferings, when He blessed those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake; and bade His disciples not to resist him that is evil, but to offer the other cheek to the smiter, and the cloak as well as the coat to the borrower; when He exhorted them to endure the tribulations or hatred of men, even to the sacrifice of their lives; to fear not those who were only able to kill the body; and in patience to possess their souls.

(iv.) And Confidence in their Teacher or Master; is not this required and inculcated in all those passages in which the dis-

ciples are urged to believe the Gospel, or to believe in and on Himself?

4. And everywhere and constantly the essential all-important Desire for Salvation is emphasised and enforced. It is implied in all His exhortations to earnestness and effort, in striving to enter in at the strait gate, pronouncing them blessed who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and those who are lacking in this ardent devotion and aim as far from the Kingdom, such as he who turns back after having put his hand to the plough, etc.

And so, from this rapid and cursory survey of the Master's instructions, is it not abundantly evident that all the various steps and qualifications of the Path which every seeker and candidate for the Kingdom must follow, are recognised by Him, that He is cognisant of them, and that He repeatedly, in various forms, enforces them on His own pupils? Nay, that such a systematic arrangement embraces them all? They certainly have to be reckoned with and accounted for, as definite directions to His followers, not yet admitted into the Kingdom (with some few exceptions), but on the Way thither; called, but not yet chosen; Probationers but not yet Initiated.

The Church enforces the two great conditions, Repentance and Faith, as the great essentials. "Repent ye and believe the Gospel." And Faith by the Master Himself is made the great and saving condition. But Faith is a very wide-meaning term in the Gospels themselves, and is in all its shades of meaning implied in this Way and its stages, Faith in the sense of conviction of things unseen, of acceptance of a message or a truth, trust in a Teacher or Master, obedience to His requirements, an inner sense and realisation of the spiritual and eternal, and such a perception and assurance of the spiritual and divine Christ, the Logos, the Eternal Word in Jesus, and consequent absolute surrender to and realisation of Him, as constitutes saving and regenerating Faith. This Faith, then, in its progressive stages is necessary as a condition, and covers the whole of the experiences and steps of the Probationary Way. And so in this sense, and in this sense only, we conceive, is there correspondence between the instructions and conditions of the Christ and His Church, and the Steps of the Theosophic Path.

But, as we have said, the Church has never methodised her Master's directions, in this or any similar way; and we fear she has, since the earliest days, failed to recognise any such steps of the Way, and to enforce them on those who "repentant" have turned to her and to Christ as disciples and candidates for the Kingdom. They have not generally been recognised and enforced as, to some degree at least, necessary to be followed before there can be any true, adequate Salvation, any real Regeneration and admission into Life.

Doubtless, the more deeply, devoutly spiritual teachers and directors of souls have always discerned some such steps as true to experience, and, recognising them in these instructions of the Master, have sought to lead the earnest seeker by this Way. But if so, the majority, in their eagerness to get men "saved" have, it is to be feared, hurried multitudes into the Church, who, having repented it may be, and, accepting Christ as their Saviour, have believed in Him, have yet only thereby *begun* the Way, entered a *state* of Salvation, following Him, as so many did in His own day; with the result, now, as then, of disastrous failures, large leakage, and much scandal to the cause. *They have been counted saved*, in the sense of being in the Kingdom, regenerate, whereas they were *only beginning to be*, or "*being saved.*" Had the Church, as such, in the knowledge of the graduated steps and discipline of this Way put its converts on adequate "probation," as is done by some, and subjected them, not merely to the test of time, but to this training and the requirements and instructions of the Master Himself to all in His day, it would not perhaps have counted its members as already "saved," by the multitude, as real subjects of the Kingdom, regenerate and spiritual, but it would have been vastly more to the strength and power of the Church, and to the interests of the converts themselves.

Instead of being but a miscellaneous gathering of some who are on the Way and at various stages of it, with others who have not yet even entered it, while its truly regenerate are comparatively few, it would, as originally intended, have consisted of an outer circle of probationers who are on the Way, "being saved," and an inner circle of the truly regenerate, who have been admitted through this gate of initiation, into the Kingdom

itself, conscious Sons of God, and Members of the Brotherhood, the very Body of Christ.

And does this not mean that the Church, as such, always excepting a few, the discerning and mystic few, has lost sight of the deeper spiritual nature and meaning of those great doctrines which she so earnestly inculcates? Is Repentance itself, *e.g.*, no more deep and fruitful an experience of soul than that through which many of the so-called penitent pass? Is it not that great, convulsive crisis, through which the man passes, whose issue is that awakening of the soul, that "opening of the mind," to the perception of spiritual realities? Is not Faith, as we have said, that very faculty of spiritual perception, the assurance of things unseen, born of the spirit in the soul, and the seed of its future birth, a principle that results in and embraces all that follows, a sublime indifference to the personal self, a "setting of the affections on things above," an intense devotion to the Higher Self, a resolute reformation of life and conduct, an earnest effort after self-control, a patient endurance and constant perseverance, an implicit Confidence and a conquering Faith that abandons all and surrenders self to *the Christ* of God, thereby realising birth true and full into Life, and the disciple, now regenerate, *is* saved?

Such are the conditions and the Way of Salvation. And Regeneration, what is this, in the mind and teaching of the Christ, but the climax of the Way, the culmination of the progressive inner experiences of the soul, by which the Kingdom is actually entered, and its Salvation and Life are realised? And is not this, about which the average Christian speaks so much and understands so little, an experience, a critical and crucial experience of far greater, richer, profounder significance and moment than is popularly supposed? Is it anything less than that great and eventful Fact, on account of which, or by means of which, initiation was granted of old, and is still granted, into sonship to God, real and conscious union with God; such a state as all the Initiates of old, of every religion or none, have entered upon, with all its glorious heritage of divine life and wisdom and power?

Is it not a singular fact that while the Church speaks so

much of Regeneration, yet the Master, the Christ Himself, says very little of it, at any rate in the Synoptical records, even to His disciples, as though it were an experience to which they had, generally, by no means attained, but towards which He was leading them? And so He limits Himself to those instructions which are necessary to fit them for it. It is only in the later and mystic Gospel of John that He is made to dwell on it, thus marking an advance on the Synoptics, and evidently written by one who is acquainted with it, and the inner life and its mysteries, by experience; and so a proper complement to the Synoptics.

What then can this great and critical and eventful fact of experience be, but that Initiation spoken of by all true Mystics, in esoteric schools of all kinds, East and West, and desired so eagerly, and striven for so earnestly by all disciples, all pupils and candidates; that experience so solemn, so awful, and yet so blessed, through which men are initiated by the Christ into the Kingdom of God?

If all that is meant by the Occultist and Mystic, by the Egyptian or Hindu, when he speaks of Initiation, is that which is meant by the Regeneration spoken of by Jesus, and referred to in the mystic Gospel of John, then it is certainly a doctrine, and a fact, of far greater import than the Church to-day has any idea of, and an experience through which but few of its members or teachers have passed. Taking Regeneration in this fuller sense, how many Initiates are there in the Christian Church to-day? How many have been truly, fully born again, become members of the family of God, subjects of the Kingdom of God? How many have become "perfect" in the sense of being initiated therein; "perfect men" in "Christ Jesus"? If this be indeed the sense in which Regeneration should be regarded, and was regarded by the Master Himself, and by Paul and the rest, what a degradation has it suffered at the hands of the many, and even of the Church itself, materialised and blinded by the influence of the Age and the World in which it lives! And if so, is it not high time that the deeper, richer significance of her own doctrines and terms should be re-discovered and restored, that with an intelligent and spiritual understanding of them consonant with that

of her Lord, and of all her more mystical sons, she may be fitted to fulfil her mission in the world, and as a witness and guide to the realities of "the Kingdom" may be able to take the lead in the growing spiritual movement that has begun for the world?

CLERICUS.

EARTHQUAKES AND VIOLENT STORMS: AN ENQUIRY INTO THEIR PROBABLE CAUSE

THE recent outbreak of volcanic activity in the West Indies, and the yet more recent tremor that passed over the central counties of England at the end of March last, have stimulated enquiry into the probable causes of such seismic phenomena. In this connection some of the theories which have been advanced may be tested, and though, of course, no single instance can be regarded as conclusive evidence of the truth or falsity of such theories, yet illustrations can be drawn to any extent from historical records, and a number of these should fall into line with the theory as stated before the latter can be accepted with any degree of confidence.

M. Delauney of the French Academy observed that earthquake periods may be grouped under four maximum curves, two of which begin in 1756, and 1759 respectively, each having a twelve years periodicity; the other two beginning in 1756 and 1773 respectively, and having a twenty-eight years period. This gives a mean range of 4·15 years for such disturbances to occur as from either of the cycles. This, I think, is quite too short a period to coincide with our experience, and a table setting out the various periods and their overlappings might easily be prepared and would certainly show that the groundwork of M. Delauney's theory is not altogether beyond criticism. It is stated that the return of the planets Jupiter and Saturn to certain longitudes where they meet with "cosmic streams of meteors" is the basis of this theory of seismic cycles. These longitudes are 135° and 265° from the vernal equinox, and the periods are of course the

mean orbital periods of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. But M. Delauney has proved neither his cosmic streams nor his earthquakes, and consequently his theoretical periods must fall to the ground. It might reasonably be concluded that the years in which the planets Jupiter and Saturn coincide in their occupation of the specified longitudes would be those of greatest disturbance, as for instance, 1780-1784, 1840-1843, 1864-1868, etc., and if this were approximately the fact there would be some reason for giving the theory more careful consideration. But in point of fact M. Delauney's periods are not those of greatest disturbance, nor are they inclusive of the years of activity still within our recollection, nor yet those to be found in the chronicles.

Like most other evils to which the earth is subject from time to time, the earthquake has not escaped association with the "sun-spot" theory. The same cause which is variously stated to be responsible for droughts, famines and low Nile tides, is often brought forward to account for volcanic and other disturbances. But for want of proper collaboration between the various theorists, the casual reader is left to discover the connection between earthquakes and low Nile tides.

A far more reasonable theory is that which has reference to the Eclipse period of 18 years. It has been recently observed that there is a certain connection between earthquakes and the Moon's distance from our orb. The attraction of the Moon upon the ocean has been extended to the subterraneous fluids and gases, and it is put forward with all seriousness that there is a predisposition to disturbances whenever the Moon is in its perigee or nearest position to the earth, about the time of the lunation. The Sun and Moon would then be pulling in the same direction and the nearness of the Moon to the earth would of course increase the pull. It is also presumed from these premises that the locality affected would be that which is immediately beneath the conjoined luminaries, that is to say, a place whose geographical latitude corresponds to the declination of the Sun and the Moon at their conjunction.

There is something to be said for this theory, although it does not apply in all particulars to the period and locality of a large number of disturbances. There is, however, the earth-

quake of August, 1883, which devastated the island of Krakatoa. The Moon was certainly in its perigee and very nearly over the island. But the Moon was in the last quarter and not at conjunction, so that the attraction of the Sun and Moon would not be in the same line. There is, in fact, nothing to show why the disturbance did not take place at any preceding lunation when the Moon was in perigee.

At the eruption of Mont Pelée in May, 1902, the conditions of the theory were exactly fulfilled, for not only was the Moon in perigee and in conjunction with the Sun, but both luminaries were immediately over the place of the outburst. Again on August 30th of the same year, the Moon was again in perigee and in the same declination with the locality of disturbance, but it was in the last quarter and not at conjunction. This was the date of the second outbreak.

It is evident, therefore, that the theory which has regard to the attraction of the celestial bodies is far more nearly in line with the facts than anything which has hitherto been suggested as a probable cause of seismic disturbances, and it is in extension of this theory that the following observations have been made.

Lunations are continually occurring from month to month, earthquakes are not so frequent. The Moon is in its perigee once every 28th day, practically in 27½ days, and it is after just 27½ times the Metonic cycle of 19 years, or 522 years, that the Moon comes to the perigee at the lunation. But curiously enough, this period of 522 years is exactly 29 periods of 18 years, and this is intimately connected with the Eclipse period. For after thirty-six such periods of 18 years all the eclipses repeat themselves in the same part of the heavens. If therefore the Moon being in perigee at the lunation has anything to do with the production of earthquakes, this period of 522 years should prove to be one which marks excessive disturbances.

If, however, the Moon has an attraction upon the ocean mass, it is also certain that it has an attraction on the earth's atmosphere in proportion to its saturation point, and this should be especially noticed at the lunation, when the Sun and Moon are pulling in the same direction. Now the cutting off of the Sun's rays by eclipse will mean not only the abscission of its

light, but also of all other modes of etheric vibration which it normally propagates, and consequently there will be an immense alteration in the electrostatic condition of the earth's atmosphere at the time of a solar eclipse, and the same will hold good in regard to any reflective power which the Moon may be said to possess and which suffers temporary abscission during the eclipse of that luminary.

Presuming certain electrostatic conditions to be instituted in the atmosphere at any time immediately prior to an eclipse, it follows that these conditions will be interfered with during the period of the eclipse; and this disturbance may continue for some considerable time afterwards. In order to restore the balance of power there must be a tremendous uprush of electrical energy from the centre of the earth, and it is this uprush which, in my belief, is the cause of earthquake disturbances, and volcanic activity.

In illustration of this theory it is only necessary to take the chief historical periods of great disturbance, and to note the positions of the luminaries and planets at the preceding eclipse. A comparison of the positions at the eclipse and at the date of eruption or shock, will probably lead to a fair estimate of the working value of this theory.

If we refer to the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii on the 24th August, A.D. 79, it will be found that the preceding eclipse fell on the 9th April, in longitude 18° and on the date of the great eruption of Vesuvius, Saturn had reached the same longitude. On that date the Moon was near its apogee (furthest from the earth) and very nearly at the full, being also in its South node and in South declination. Hence all the facts are opposed to the theory which has regard merely to "the perigee at lunation." On the other hand they form a suggestive basis for the belief that planetary configurations with the places of the celestial bodies at the eclipse may have some considerable influence in the production of seismic disturbances. We may follow up the idea in connection with other well-known disasters of the same nature.

The eclipse preceding the destruction of Krakatoa took place in May, 1883, and on August 26th, Mars had the exact longitude which was held by Jupiter at the eclipse, namely, 91.°

The earthquake at Martinique, already referred to, was coincident with the eclipse, but the second outburst of August 30th found Mars in exact opposition to the place of Saturn at that eclipse.

On March 6th, 1867, there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude 346°, and on the same day an earthquake occured in Asia Minor which destroyed 20,000 houses and over 2,000 lives. On the same day Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn at the same distance from Jupiter. But neither Jupiter nor Saturn were in M. Delauney's "cosmic streams," nor was the Moon near its perigee, being 267° distant from that point. Here again the facts are in favour of the eclipse theory of electrical disturbance.

In 1853 there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude 76° on the 6th of June. The superior planets Uranus, Saturn and Mars were in the same quarter of the heavens, being all between longitudes 40° and 55°. Jupiter was in opposition to Venus and forming the opposition to the place of eclipse. On the 15th July, Mars and Jupiter were in exact opposition, Mars being in the exact longitude of the eclipse, and Jupiter in exact opposition thereto. On the same day Cumana was totally destroyed by an earthquake. Not a single family escaped the disaster, over 4,000 lives being lost and all the public buildings destroyed, together with almost all the private dwellings. Here again the planetary configurations with the eclipse positions signalise the occurrence of vast electrical disturbances. But if we examine the theory of M. Delauney it is found that neither Saturn nor Jupiter were in the specified longitudes at the period of the earthquake, and on the other hand the Moon was not in perigee, being, in fact, within 17° of its apogee, and at only 5 days from the full, instead of near the conjunction.

Coming now to the recent disturbances in England and at Jerusalem at the end of March, 1903, we find a solar eclipse of considerable magnitude on the 29th of the month. The Moon was midway between its apogee and perigee at the conjunction, and neither Saturn nor Jupiter were near the points defined by M. Delauney's theory. But it will be observed that Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn in quadrature to Venus,

and on the date of the shock Mars was in opposition to the place of the eclipse, being in longitude 187°. Again the theory of planetary influence is justified.* Indeed, if we rightly consider the solidarity of the solar system it is impossible to escape from the conclusion that the conjunctions, oppositions and quadratures of the planets formed upon the earth's centre must have a direct gravitational effect upon the earth's mass, upon its atmosphere, and upon its subterraneous fluids and gases. I am of opinion that these facts have hitherto escaped the attention of scientific men, because of the habit of considering only the heliocentric positions of the planets instead of their configurations upon the earth's centre. It is certainly more logical to regard the geocentric positions of the planets, as I have done in all the above-mentioned cases, when the earth itself, and not the Sun, is the body upon which the effects of such configurations are registered. Similar configurations of the major planets in respect to the Sun's centre may be responsible for the production of sun-spots, which are merely rents in the luminous envelope of that body and probably produced by forces acting from within in response to others acting from outside sources. At all events the singular conformity of evidence in regard to eclipse positions and their effects upon our globe will render further research anything but an idle study.

The effects of the geocentric positions of the planets on the weather appear to be equally remarkable and worthy of scientific study. Prof. Falb of Vienna has made a series of investigations on this basis, and his weather cycle of 79 years is apparently based entirely on the conjunction of Mars and Mercury which is formed on the same day of the year after that interval of time. But if there be any fragment of truth in any observations based on this configuration of Mars and Mercury, there is every reason to presume an extension of similar effects as due to the configurations of other planets. From a long series of observations made during the past 15 years I am able to state with some certainty that similar and remarkable effects do occur from such positions of

* Since this article was penned another series of shocks has taken place in Wales. Violent disturbances occurred on the 22nd June, causing considerable consternation. Mars was then again in opposition to the place of the last eclipse as on the 29th March.

the planets. Saturn produces a negative condition of the atmosphere, lower temperature, heavy depressions and downfall. Uranus acts in a similar manner but with considerable alternation. Jupiter and Mars produce a positive condition and higher temperature. When "negative" and "positive" planets, as I may conveniently call them, concur in the production of effects, violent storms are the result. A few illustrations will serve to show the operation of this law.

On the 30th June, 1879, Saturn and Mars were in conjunction. On the same day there was a violent storm. On the 6th July, 1881, the same planets were in conjunction and with the same result. In July, 1881, Jupiter and Mars were in conjunction, and the extreme heat of that period will be remembered by many. The temperature in London was 97·1° in the shade. Perhaps one of the most interesting instances of this action of planetary conjunctions is that which attended the conjunction of Mars and Saturn on the 11th September, 1861, for on the previous day the Great Eastern Steamship set sail from Liverpool for New York, carrying the Royal Mails. On the following day it encountered terrific weather and was all but destroyed. No official notice of any of these storms was given, and it must be conceded that the omission was not due to any lack of interest on the part of those at the Meteorological Office, but rather to the defects of the system then and now employed. *The Times*, so far back as September, 1878, not only gave voice to this observed inefficiency of modern methods, but also afforded the highest encouragement to those who, like myself, have studied to bring new light to bear upon the situation. "To place the forecasts of the weather," says the writer in *The Times*, "even of the general weather of the coming season, on a sound basis, to gain the power of foretelling a cold spring, a wet summer, or a late harvest, would be to confer an incalculable benefit upon the people of this country."

I fervently hope that these few observations may not be without their value in this desirable direction.

W. Gorn Old.

WALT WHITMAN, A PROPHET OF THE COMING RACE

ALL parts of the universe are interwoven and tied together with a sacred bond, and no one thing is foreign or unrelated to another. This general connection gives unity and ornament to the world. For the world, take it altogether, is but one. There is but one sort of matter to make it of, one God that pervades it, and one law to guide it, the common reason of all rational beings; and one truth; if, indeed, beings of the same kind, and endowed with the same reason, have one and the same perfection.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THERE have been few greater figures among the teachers of the Western world during the last century, and none that has ventured to convey his message under a more unconventional form than Walt Whitman. In an age of immense material prosperity he comes as a gigantic pioneer, rough-hewing a way through the forest of shams, hypocrisy and all the vices of modern life; not, indeed, as an architect of a perfect building, but as a preparer of foundations for a coming race of men and women, healthy both in mind and in body, in whose certain advent he himself never once lost faith.

It is here proposed briefly to point out what was the substance of his message and how far it harmonises with the main teachings of the Wisdom Religion, and to illustrate, mainly by passages from *Leaves of Grass*, his teachings on the cosmos, the Divinity in all, universal love, the position of women, karma, the soul, death, and the final casting off of illusion.

No neat academic style is his, no smoothly turned verses, no rhyme or metre except in very rare cases. But he is none the less a poet, a maker, and his words strike home with all the force of tremendous hammer-blows. He disclaims all literary merit. "No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance,

or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism."* No, he will start free from all traditions, mummified creeds, the dust of libraries and lecture rooms, and seek the truth *sub divo*, not in temples made with hands. Beginning with this resolve to test every phase of life for himself, to balance up all the experience of sense, all that enters the wide sweep of his horizon; passing freely among and fraternising with people of every creed and profession, he renounces nothing, abjures nothing as common or unclean, but takes with equal brow the sunshine and rain, fair and foul, good and evil, in his search for the keystone that binds the arch of life, which he claims to find in the "fellowship, tender and trusting, of man with man."

Love, Democracy, Religion—each in its very widest sense—are the three words which embrace his views. He sees divine love in all "because, having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor any particle of one, but has reference to the soul." "The supreme and final science is the science of God, what we call science being only its minister." There is nothing base or mean to him, every atom is a temple of the most High God and "every inch of space is a miracle." And again:

I swear I think now, that everything without exception has an eternal soul.
The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!
I swear I think there is nothing but immortality.

He is filled to overflowing, intoxicated with this sense of the one heart that beats in everything. He has such a measure of perfect health, that life itself is a joy. God is everywhere, He is myself, therefore there is no irreverence in saying, "I am all, I am God."

Strange and hard that paradox true I give.
Objects gross and the unseen soul are one.

This same worship of Divinity pervades Richard Jefferies' *The Story of my Heart*, and it is interesting to compare these two pantheists, Jefferies, the frail invalid with his intense desire for health, Whitman possessing it, at least for much of his life, to the full, and both proclaiming that "to lay a hand upon the human body is to touch God Himself."

* *A Backward Glance o'er Travell'd Roads.*

Again he preaches the doctrine of a universal brotherhood and aims:

> Solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion,
> And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
> And that all the men ever born are also my brothers,
> And the women my sisters and lovers,
> And that a kelson of the creation is Love.

To his ideal picture he gives the name of Democracy, and this ideal has been treated in the same spirit and methods by his follower Edward Carpenter, in whose writings, however, we find theosophical teachings touched upon more definitely, and more emphasis laid upon the different vehicles of the ego. "His secret as a democratic bard," says Symonds,* "lies in this living and unselfish love of man, body and soul, bred by a generous unenvious commerce with his kindred."

Endowed with a magnificent physique and a strange magnetic nature that drew all things towards him, he carried out this ideal during the American War in 1862, when he devoted all his energies to nursing and cheering the sick and wounded soldiers. So much vitality did he thus put forth that his health, wonderful as it was, broke down, and being afterwards seized with paralysis he was a cripple to the end of his long life. It might have been expected that such a blow would somewhat change the tenor of his song, but he still holds with all he said before, only hinting here and there, in old age, that he fears lest a complaint should escape his lips, and in *Thanks in Old Age* and *The Calming Thought of All* he testifies that it is good to have lived and learnt, good to pass on in the certainty that "the round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes continue."

His treatment of the question of sexuality has aroused the bitterest antagonism. Crude and naked as it is in places, it raised an outcry from Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Prurient and others; but to the seeing eye, Whitman's ideas on this subject do not come as a shock, nor with a taint of indecency. How, indeed, he asks, can there be such a thing as obscenity? Treating, as he does, this vital question with all earnestness and a sense of its mystery, upholding the sanctity of sex and teaching that it is

*_*Walt Whitman: A Study*, p.144.

ignorance of such things that kill body and soul, he does not deserve the taunts that have been levelled at him. Above all he insists on "woman's great future and her redemption." He cries aloud for a "strong and sweet female race, a race of perfect mothers," and sees in this the salvation of America, body and soul. "Man the bodily consonant, woman the spiritual vowel," as an English writer quaintly puts it, must combine indeed to form the perfect *verbum* or utterance on earth. "Love of man to man as well as woman"—this is the part of his doctrine which has seemed strange to some. Yet it would seem that in the distant future love regardless of sex must be the ideal love. In this particular, he recalls the passionate worship of beauty, male and female, which characterised the Greeks, and says, almost in the words of old Socrates, "there never was a time when I was not in love with somebody." And in truth he is, in many respects, Socrates made flesh again—Socrates with his perennial cheerfulness, imperturbable calm and indifference to externals; in his persistent search for the truth among all sorts and conditions of men, in his love for "the human form divine," in the cosmic range of his insight, his deep inward conviction of a life beyond death,—altogether a strange figure of a prophet, and, as such, condemned to suffer at the hands of those he seeks to save.

His intuition grasped the doctrine of karma, and to no subject does he attach greater importance than the fact that effect treads upon the heels of cause. "I see that the elementary laws never apologise." He knows of "no possible forgiveness or deputed atonement," and declines to separate one part of life from every part. In the *Song of Prudence*, which it is interesting to read and compare with Emerson's *Compensation*, he maintains that:

> All that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence;
> Not a move can a man or woman make, that affects him or her
> In a day, month, any part of the direct lifetime, or the hour of death,
> But the same affects him or her, onward, outward,
> Through the indirect lifetime.

And again:

> The spirit receives from the body just as much as it gives to the body if not more,

Who has been wise receives interest—
The interest will come round—all will come round.

Every good thought, word, deed, on any part of the globe, "on any of the wandering stars, or on any of the fixed stars, by those there, as we are here," have their everlasting effect. "I suspect their results curiously await in the yet unseen world, counterparts of what accrued to them in the seen world."

I believe of all those men and women that fill'd the unnamed lands,
Every one exists this hour here or elsewhere, invisible to us,
In exact proportion to what he or she grew from in life, and out
Of what he or she did, felt, became, loved, sinn'd in life.

Next, in the matter of religion, it is emancipation from the letter that killeth that he seeks. Creeds and dogmas must eventually vanish, together with "materialistic, bat-eyed priests" preaching a material heaven and hell, "sad, hasty, unwaked somnambules walking the dusk," as he calls them. But goodness remains, and love of humanity can console.

"The priest departs, the divine literatus comes." He does not say bibles and religions are not divine, "but it is not they who give the life, it is *you* who give the life."

He says in *November Boughs* (1888): "The people, especially the young men and women of America, must begin to learn that religion (like poetry) is something far different from what they supposed. It is, indeed, too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consign'd any longer to the churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—Saint this or Saint that."

Love, Democracy, Religion he claims to be sufficient, and to the sufficiency of this new old gospel a striking tribute is paid by a great English man of letters, whose life was long a struggle with suffering, mental and bodily. "For my own part, I may confess it shone upon me when my life was broken, when I was weak, sickly, poor and of no account: and that I have ever lived thenceforward in the light and warmth of it. In bounden duty towards Whitman, I make this personal statement; for had it not been for the contact of his fervent spirit with my own, the pyre ready to be lighted, the combustible materials of modern thought awaiting the touch of the fire-bringer, might never have

leapt up into the flame of life-long faith and consolation. During my darkest hours it comforted me with the conviction that I too played my part in the illimitable symphony of cosmic life. When I sinned, repined, sorrowed, suffered, it touched me with a gentle hand of sympathy and understanding, sustained me with the strong arm of assurance that in the end I could not go amiss (for I was part, an integrating part of the great whole): and when strength revived in me, it stirred a healthy pride and courage to effectuate myself, to bear the brunt of spiritual foes, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."*

Many another will be ready to subscribe to this. Whitman's influence for good will be found incalculably great, a seed growing silently and in the dark, perhaps, as yet, but none the less sure of bearing a plentiful harvest in due season. Yet Whitman is no mere optimist, owing his cheerful creed to health and strength, and closing his eyes to the darker side of nature. He also felt the burden of the mystery of life; to him, as to all, occurs the same old question of whence, what, and whither? As the ocean of life rolls mysteriously round him, "as I ebbed with the ocean of life," he feels but as "a little washed-up drift," that he has not once had the least idea of what he really is. "What am I after all," he asks, "but a mere name?" Yet thus much he can see, that the little that (so far) is Good, is steadily hastening towards immortality, and that the vast all that is called Evil is hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead. After balancing up all that he has learnt in life, he gives the answer, bravely deciding to do and endure: "That you are here—that life exists and identity, that the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse."

With advancing years came inevitably that sympathy with suffering and ignorance, that large and tender pity for mankind which the young cannot feel, that consciousness, ever increasing, of the real behind the apparent real, of "thy body permanent, the body lurking here within thy body," together with a greater sensitiveness to the unseen influences around, that feeling of which Jefferies† with true intuition, writes: "This hour, rays or undulations of more subtle mediums are doubtless pouring on us

* John Addington Symonds, *Whitman*, p. 35. † *Story of my Heart*, cap. II.

over the wide earth, unrecognised, and full of messages and intelligences from the unseen."

Though he still sings of life, he "minds him well of death," and knows that "grand is the seen but grander far the unseen soul of me."

My body done with materials, my sight done with my material eyes,
Proved to me this day beyond cavil that it is not my material eyes
Which finally see, nor my material body which finally loves,
Walks, laughs, shouts, embraces, procreates.

Hence he will leave, he hopes, his "excrementitious body" and seek his real body, for the soul to him is real, not by proof and reason, but by growth; this soul he likens, in its efforts to guide the animal, to a "noiseless patient spider, testing and venturing and throwing out its web" till the needed bridge be formed. In an hour of anguish, when the burden of the flesh is heavy, he cries aloud for emancipation, almost in the words of Paul:

O to disengage myself from these corpses of me,
Which I turn and look at where I cast them,—
To pass on (O living! always living!) and leave the corpses behind.

He firmly believes in the endless change, the πάντα ῥεῖ of Heracleitus, the flux and reflux in all vehicles of life.

They are alive and well somewhere;
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if even there was it led forward life,
And does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.
All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier.

A singer of the commonplace, of health to be acquired by all not organically diseased, of simple life, clean food, pure drink, a worshipper in a bodily temple, swept and garnished and made a fit dwelling-place for the great sojourner within, he drank his fill of the cup of life, never despairing "however seeming woe may be," for "all will be well in the infinite capacity"; confident that his teachings would sooner or later be found to be true, and mocking the farce called death, he laid him down with a will, for the house of his creed was fashioned on a rock;

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.
I laugh at what you call dissolution
And I know the amplitude of time.

Of Whitman we may aptly say, in the words of one who shared the spirit of his teaching: "He who sees in this world of manifoldness, that One running throughout it all; in this world of death he who finds that one infinite life; and in this world of insentience and ignorance, he who finds that one light and knowledge, unto him belongs eternal peace. Unto none else, unto none else."*

Depart upon thy endless cruise, old sailor.

F. L. WOODWARD.

"CHARITY AND DUTY TO ONE'S NEIGHBOUR"

"CHARITY creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates."

ON May 16th, there appeared in *The Athenæum* a remarkable review of a remarkable book (*Life and Labour of the People of London: Religious Influences*, by Charles Booth, 7 vols., Macmillan & Co.). The subject is of such enormous importance, and the problems it presents in such glaring light are so fundamental and cry so loudly for solution, that we feel we shall confer a benefit upon those of our readers who have not already seen it, by reproducing almost *in extenso* the very able summary and pertinent remarks of a periodical which prides itself on its moderation in all things, whose conservative tendencies are beyond reproach, and whose worst enemy would not accuse it of extravagance.

The first impression made by reading these seven stout volumes is of the enormous extent of the religious activity of London. In every particular district—north, south, east, and west—Mr. Booth lights upon a universal parochial system, with each parish honeycombed by agencies of some slightly varying religious denomination; with gigantic missions essaying sensational

* Swâmi Vivekananda, *Addresses: Mâyâ*, No. 3, *ad finem*.

appeals, and with the more militant forms of new religions marching through the streets, beating drums or blowing trumpets or haranguing at every corner. The general result is of an almost physical sense of noise. One half of London seems engaged in entertaining the other half with soup and bread with a view to its subsequent spiritual edification. In a very real meaning the impression is driven home that if but a fraction of the energy expended in London had been expended in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

It is only when by the use of imagination one can place all this noisy effort in the midst of the desolation of London's immensity that one is able to understand the possibility of the general somewhat sombre impression in which Mr. Booth sums up his conclusions. These centres of spiritual aspiration are embedded in a grey indifference which forms, as it were, the matrix of which London's working populations are composed. In every quarter of the city the same lesson is repeated. "They try by this plan and that to reach the people, but mostly in vain"—his verdict on the more specific East-End—might be written as a summary of the whole investigation. "Much that is done seems rather to do harm than good, and, on the whole, all the effort results in disappointment," comes from one district. "All have empty churches, and the general attitude of the people is that of complete indifference," is the summary of another. "Of the other churches some are High and some are Low, but all are about equally inoperative," is a dismal statement concerning the centre. "The people have ceased to reckon with anything but the material side of life" is from an increasing suburb. "All tell the same story: 'the work is hopeless,'" is from another. "Those of the poor who attend religious services are mostly bought" is a succinct summary from a local minister. The final impression is of a vast mass of the people tolerant and even sympathetic to the perplexing activities of church and mission; willing in many cases to absorb relief, and in others to participate in organised social activity; but opposing a contented and stubborn indifference to the efforts of all the various religious bodies to awaken spiritual aspiration.

One or two common delusions, fostered by the deplorable nature of too many mission appeals, are effectually dispelled by these volumes. The most insistent of these is the conception of the poorer parts of London as vast, neglected areas, where people, almost heathen, are beyond the reach of any religious organisation. Mr. Booth, on the other hand, discovers over the whole town a persistent and somewhat undignified struggle between competing religious bodies; and in any particular choice slum area a competition, rising into an almost open warfare, for possession of the field. Round the city he finds the whole population visibly tainted by the corrupt influence of competitive charity:

"'Irreligion,' said one incumbent, 'is the result of all this bribery; we are all in it, church and chapel are equally bad. It begins with the children;

buns to come to Sunday School, and so on, so that they grow up with the idea that the Church is simply a milch cow for tracts and charity.'"

The typical East-End, the happy hunting-ground of the slummer, is "overdone with religion and relief." In St. Luke's he finds on Sunday afternoon "visitors from five different agencies in the buildings, bribing the people to come to their meetings." In Soho, "nowhere is the clash of rival doctors so great as here." But even the far-off regions at the limits of the city tell a similar tale. In Deptford "the poor parts are indeed a regular Tom Tiddler's ground for missions, and we hear of one woman, busy at the wash-tub, calling out, 'You are the fifth this morning.'" In Greenwich there is "too much competition for the moral health of the people." In Woolwich the inhabitants are "fought over by the various religious bodies with more than common vivacity." Even in the new districts, whose development almost immediately into slum areas is one of the most appalling revelations of Mr. Booth's book, the same astonishing competition is shown. Down in Wandsworth "religious activity takes the shape very largely of missionary efforts, competing with each other, not without mutual recrimination." In Kilburn "there are four churches after every poor family," and the observer wonders at the strange struggle "fought over men's bodies for their souls." Something different from lack of presentation or monetary contribution, or the offer of all the varied forms of religion, must be discovered to account for the indifference everywhere displayed. "The outcast who has never heard of Christ," states Mr. Booth, quoting a more than usually blatant mission appeal, "does not exist in London."

These competitive charities become most pernicious when they are definitely used to wean adherents from a rival faith. It is a somewhat dismal commentary on the nature of the forces behind the distribution of modern charities to find that while a particular mission in a neglected district fails to evoke particular support, a mission planted down to combat the influence of some rival Christian body never seems to lack money or adherents. This is especially true of the opposition to the new Ritualistic energies which in the past twenty years have swept into all the poorer quarters of London. "The record of the Evangelical mission," says Mr. Booth of one district, and a similar commentary is repeated all through the volumes, "is simply that of a struggle with the High Church for the souls and bodies of the children. It is dole *versus* dole and treat *versus* treat, and the contest openly admitted on both sides, while people taking the gifts with either hand explain how careful they must be when attending service that the other side knows nothing about it."

"This atrocious system," as Mr. Booth rightly calls it, is a very distressing revelation of the superior power of religious rivalry to religious charity.

The general conclusions of the different phases which the religious life of London assumes under different social conditions present no very startling differences from the commonly accepted opinion. The well-to-do and those

with social aspirations, including the West of London and the wealthier suburbs, are mainly members of the Church of England, generally of that "moderate" variety which makes no very great claim upon time or energy. The middle classes as a whole, especially that vast pool of them which covers the hills of North London, are strongly Evangelical, whether gathering into extremely Low churches or into the big Congregational and Baptist tabernacles. The working classes remain contentedly indifferent to all forms of religious appeal; but men of strong personality manage to gather round them isolated groups here and there. These are especially of the new High Church views, developing mainly in the growing working-class suburbs. The poor are found either clinging to the small Primitive Methodist tabernacles and other groups of sects scarcely represented by any class above them, or are indifferent. The one exception is among the Catholic poor, who seem, according to Mr. Booth, to retain devotion to that one among all the churches which possesses the secret of transcending the limits of class divisions. And at either extreme the very rich and very poor—those indecently dowered with wealth or the lack of it—remain in London, as always, as a whole impervious to any kind of religious or spiritual influence.

It will be seen that this book opens up large problems for the solution of which we seem not to have obtained even a glimmer of light. There is, for example, the continual emphasis upon this enormous stream of charity flowing down through the various religious agencies from the rich to the poor. In the aggregate it must amount to millions; no district is untouched by its efforts. We hear of mission funds with incomes of ten or twenty thousand a year; some businesslike, some not audited at all, or "audited in heaven"; 25,000 children fed in one winter by one mission; over a million men having received shelter, cocoa and bread from another; in a third to all comers a free night refuge: these are the kind of entries that appear in successive pages. Yet the problem of poverty is no nearer solution. Nor do the attempts to bring men within the reach of the Gospel by means of the offer of food and gifts appear to create permanent results. That the whole system does more harm than good is the verdict of those familiar with its results. One would think it was almost time for a definite and united appeal to the members of the different churches and the charitable rich seriously to consider the harm that is being done by the cruelty of their kindness. . . . .

A kind of despair is likely to seize upon the social reformer as he sees all the evils that, with enormous expenditure and heroic effort, are being checked in central districts, flourishing with a kind of fungus-like growth in regions on the outskirts of the town that seem equally neglected by God and man. The problem of expanding London with "its horrible creations going on under our very eyes" is one that may well demand the attention of statesmen who have abandoned as insoluble the problem of the centr congestion.

Behind all this, and perhaps more important, is the question of the survival of the religious life of the people; and one naturally enquires if Mr. Booth has any reason to advance for the failure of the enormous efforts put forth by the various churches. Here he is very cautious in his pronouncements. On the one hand he sees that the churches themselves fail to provide any uniting effort towards the realisation of a visible kingdom of God. With all their charity they are very chary in appeals for justice. They have come to be regarded as the resorts of the well-to-do and of those who are willing to accept the charity and patronage of people better off than themselves. Their tone is felt to be opposed to the idea of advancement. They are considered on the whole as representing an attempt of the wealthier classes to inculcate among the poorer patience, contentment, satisfaction with present social arrangements; to buy off any effort towards reform that might prove explosive with gifts of meat and coals and a vision of a better world in the future. Mr. Booth also emphasises the extent to which the divergence between principles and practice found among employers of labour who sweat their workers or combine an unctuous rectitude with a keen business instinct causes repudiation of the whole thing as an organised hypocrisy among the more independent artisans. At the same time he is not blind to the other side of the picture. The indifference to religion is largely accompanied by indifference also to any intellectual effort, to political and social action, to the advancement of any ideal cause, and to anything except the crudest forms of excitement and animal pleasure. "It was supposed," he says of one place, "that as men would not come to church they would go to the hall of science. Not a bit of it. Of the two they would perhaps prefer the church, but what they really want is to be left alone."

"What they really want is to be left alone." This is the final verdict on the investigation of thirty years into the life of the incalculable unknown populations that make up the congestions of the labour cities round the capital of the empire. The reading of this monumental work will at least serve to break up the complacency that holds that the highest flower of progress has been attained at the centre of the Anglo-Saxon world, and will show the vastness of the problems of civilisation and democracy in their larger meaning that here challenge the efforts of the coming century.

What a terrific indictment; and still we expend millions yearly on sending out thousands and maintaining tens of thousands of missionaries among the "heathen." What is the root of the error, for error it plainly is? We do not pretend to sufficient wisdom to say, but if we might venture to prescribe from the medicine chest of the healers of the soul we would hazard a small dose of Chuang Tzŭ as a preliminary sedative.

Chuang Tzŭ belongs to the fourth and third centuries B.C.

He was a disciple of the great sage of the seventh century B.C. who is now commonly spoken of as Lao Tzŭ, who taught men to return good for evil and to look forward to a higher life. More than this he professed to have found a clue to the solution of the riddle of existence. He declared that this could not be put in words as a system, that those who spoke did not know, and that those who knew did not speak. Such doctrines as these were not likely to appeal to the sympathies of a practical people like the Chinese, and in the sixth century, shortly before Lao Tzŭ's death, there appeared another sage, known to the West as Confucius, who taught that charity and duty to one's neighbour, charitableness of heart, justice, sincerity and fortitude were the whole duty of man. In opposition to Lao Tzŭ he professed to know nothing of a God, of a soul, or of an unseen world, and declared that these things were better left alone.

In course of time the sublime ethic of Confucianism became swamped by materialism; against this Chuang Tzŭ arose, and in inspiring terms pointed out the weak spots in the system of China's most venerated prophet. Chuang Tzŭ is regarded as an arch-heretic by the literati, but he did not preach a new doctrine, he, as Confucius, did not invent, he handed on the doctrine of his master Lao Tzŭ.*

In the chapter "On Letting Alone," (pp. 119 ff.) we read:

There has been such a thing as letting mankind alone; there has never been such a thing as governing mankind.

Over-refinement of charity leads to confusion in virtue; over-refinement of duty to one's neighbour leads to perversion of principle.

Be careful not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal.

By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky. No bolt can bar, no band can bind—such is the human heart.

Of old, the Yellow Emperor first caused charity and duty to one's neighbour to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. In conse-

* The above information and the following quotations are taken from *Chuang Tzu, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer*, translated by Herbert A. Giles. (London: Quaritch; 1889)—a book beloved by all Theosophists who have read it.

quence of which, Yao and Shun wore the hair off their legs in endeavouring to feed their people. They disturbed their internal economy in order to find room for charity and duty to one's neighbour. They exhausted their energies in framing laws and statutes. Still they did not succeed.

Those who see what is to be seen,—of such were the perfect men of old. Those who see what is not to be seen,—they are the chosen of the universe.

Low in the scale, but still to be allowed for,—matter. Humble, but still to be followed*—mankind. Of others, but still to be attended to,—affairs. Harsh, but still necessary to be set forth,—the law. Far off, but still claiming our presence,—duty to one's neighbour. Near, but still claiming extension,—charity. Of sparing use, but still to be of bounteous store,—ceremony. Of middle course, but still to be of lofty scope,—virtue. One, but not to be without modification,—TAO. Spiritual, yet not devoid of action,—GOD.

Therefore the true Sage looks up to God, but does not offer to aid. He perfects his virtue, but does not involve himself. He guides himself by TAO, but makes no plans. He identifies himself with charity, but does not rely on it. He extends to duty towards his neighbour, but does not store it up. He responds to ceremony, without tabooing it. He undertakes affairs without declining them. He accommodates himself to matter and does not ignore it.

While there should be no action, there should also be no inaction.

He who is not divinely enlightened will not be sublimely pure. He who has not clear apprehension of TAO will find this beyond his reach. And he who is not enlightened by TAO,—alas for him!

What then is TAO?—There is the TAO of God, and the TAO of man. Inaction and compliance make the TAO of GOD: action and entanglement the TAO of man. The TAO of God is fundamental: the TAO† of man is accidental. The distance which separates them is great. Let us all take heed thereto!

The Master I serve succours all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues his blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, he does not account himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and fashioning the various forms of things, he does not account himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek (p. 88)

"I am getting on," observed Yen Hui to Confucius.

"How so?" asked the latter.

"I have got rid of charity and duty," replied the former.

"Very good," replied Confucius, "but not perfect."

Another day Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

* Rather than guided.

† Does Tao = Dharma? Chuang Tzu called the clue Tao, or the Way, and explained that the word was "to be understood metaphorically, and not in a literal sense as the way or road upon which men walk."

"How so?" asked Confucius.

"I have got rid of ceremonial and music," answered Yen Hui.

"Very good," said Confucius, "but not perfect."

On a third occasion Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

"How so?" asked the Sage.

"I have got rid of everything," replied Yen Hui.

"Got rid of everything!" said Confucius eagerly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have freed myself from my body," answered Yen Hui. "I have discarded my reasoning powers. And by thus getting rid of body and mind, I have become ONE with the Infinite. This is what I mean by getting rid of everything."

"If you have become ONE," cried Confucius, "there can be no room for bias. If you have passed into space, you are indeed without beginning or end. And if you have really attained to this, I trust to be allowed to follow in your steps" (pp. 89, 90).

Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbour are surely not included in our moral nature. Yet what sorrow these have involved. Divide your joined toes and you will howl: bite off your extra finger and you will scream. In one case there is too much, in the other too little; but the sorrow is the same. And the charitable of the age go about sorrowing over the ills of the age, while the non-charitable cut through the natural conditions of things in their greed after place and wealth. Surely then intentional charity and duty to one's neighbour are not included in our moral nature. Yet from the time of the Three Dynasties downwards what a fuss has been made about them.

Those who cannot make perfect without arc, line, compasses, and square injure the natural constitution of things. Those who require cords to bind and glue to stick, interfere with the natural functions of things. And those who seek to satisfy the mind of man by hampering with ceremonies and music and preaching charity and duty to one's neighbour, thereby destroy the intrinsicality of things (pp. 101, 102).

In the days when natural instincts prevailed, men moved quietly and gazed steadily. At that time there were no roads over mountains, nor boats, nor bridges over water. All things were produced, each for its own proper sphere. Birds and beasts multiplied; trees and shrubs grew up. The former might be led by the hand; you could climb up and peep into the raven's nest. For then man dwelt with birds and beasts, and all creation was one. There were no distinctions of good and bad men. Being all equally without knowledge, their virtue could not go astray. Being all equally without evil desires, they were in a state of natural integrity, the perfection of human existence.

But when Sages appeared, tripping people over charity and fettering with

duty to one's neighbour, doubt found its way into the world. And then with their gushing over music and fussing over ceremony, the empire became divided against itself (pp. 107, 108).

Confucius began to expound the doctrine of his twelve canons, in order to convince Lao Tzu. "This is all nonsense," cried Lao Tzu, interrupting him. "Tell me what are your criteria."

"Charity," replied Confucius, "and duty towards one's neighbour."

"Tell me, please," asked Lao Tzu," are these part of man's original nature?"

"They are," answered Confucius. "Without charity the superior man could not become what he is. Without duty to one's neighbour he would be of no effect. These two belong to the original nature of the pure man. What further would you have?"

"Tell me," said Lao Tzu, "in what consists charity and duty to one's neighbour?"

"They consist," answered Confucius, "in a capacity for rejoicing in all things; in universal love, without the element of self. These are the characteristics of charity and duty to one's neighbour."

"What stuff!" cried Lao Tzu. "Does not universal love contradict itself? Is not the elimination of self a positive manifestation? Sir, if you would cause the empire not to lose its source of nourishment—there is the universe, its regularity is unceasing; there are the sun and moon, their brightness is unceasing; there are the stars, their groupings never change; there are birds and beasts, they flock together without varying; there are trees and shrubs, they grow upwards without exception. Be like these; follow Tao; and you will be perfect. Why then these vain struggles after charity and duty to one's neighbour, as though beating a drum in search of a fugitive. Alas! Sir, you have brought much confusion into the mind of man" (pp. 166, 167).

"If I do not know," said Nan Yung, "men call me a fool. If I do know, I injure myself. If I am not charitable I injure others. If I am, I injure myself. If I do not do my duty to my neighbour, I injure others. If I do it I injure myself. My trouble lies in not seeing how to escape from these three dilemmas."

"When I saw you," said Lao Tzu, "I knew in the twinkling of an eye what was the matter with you. And now what you say confirms my view. You are confused, as a child that has lost its parents. You would fathom the sea with a pole. You are astray. You are struggling to get back to your natural self, but cannot find the way. Alas! Alas!" (pp. 298, 299).

"Wisdom manifests itself in the external.*

"Courage makes itself many enemies. Charity and duty towards one's neighbour incur many reproaches.

* Whereby the internal suffers.

"To him who can penetrate the mystery of life, all things are revealed. He who can estimate wisdom at its true value,* is wise. He who comprehends the Greater Destiny, becomes part of it. He who comprehends the Lesser Destiny, resigns himself to the inevitable" (p. 433).

G. R. S. M.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 438)

THE NATURE OF DESIRE

WHEN the Monad sends forth his rays into the matter of the fifth, fourth, and third planes, and appropriates to himself an atom of each of these planes (see Paper II. on the Evolution of Consciousness), he creates what is often called his "reflection in matter," the human "Spirit," and the Will-aspect of the Monad is mirrored in the human Âtmâ, whose home is on the fifth or âtmic plane. That first hypostasis is indeed lessened in powers by the veils of matter thus endued, but it is in no way distorted; as a well-made mirror produces a perfect image of an object, so is the human spirit, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, a perfect image of the Monad, is, indeed, the Monad himself veiled in denser matter. But as a concave or convex mirror yields a distorted image of an object placed before it, so do the further reflections of the spirit in, or involutions into, yet denser matter show but distorted images thereof.

Thus, when the Will, in its downward progress, veiling itself farther on each plane, reaches the world immediately above the physical, the astral world, it appears therein as Desire. Desire shows the energy, the forth-going, the impelling characteristics of Will, but matter has wrenched away its control, its direction, from the Spirit, and has usurped dominion over it. Desire is Will discrowned, the captive, the slave of matter. It is no longer Self-determined, but is determined by the attractions around it.

* Sc. at nothing.

This is the distinction between Will and Desire. The innermost nature of both is the same, for they are verily but one energy, the outward-pushing energy of the Âtmâ, the one motor-power of man, that which impels to activity, to action on the external world, on the Not-Self. When the Self determines the activity, uninfluenced by attractions or repulsions towards surrounding objects, then Will is manifested. When outer attractions and repulsions determine the activity, and the man is drawn hither and thither by these, deaf to the voice of the Self, unconscious of the Inner Ruler, then Desire is seen.

Desire is Will clothed in astral matter, in the matter which by the second life-wave was formed into combinations, the reaction between which and consciousness would cause sensations in the latter. Clothed in this matter, the vibrations of which arouse sensations in consciousness, Will is modified into Desire. Its essential nature of giving motor-impulses, surrounded by matter which arouses sensations, answers by outward-going energy, and this energy, aroused through and acting through astral matter, is Desire.

As in the higher nature Will is the impelling power, so in the lower nature Desire is the impelling power. When it is feeble the whole nature is feeble in its reaction on the world. The effective force of a nature is measured by its Will-power or its Desire-power, according to the stage of evolution. There is a truth underlying the popular phrase, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint." The mediocre person can be neither greatly good nor greatly bad; there is not enough of him for more than petty virtues or petty vices. The strength of the Desire-nature in a man is the measure of his capacity for progress, the measure of the motor-energy whereby that man can press onwards along the way. The strength of a man's reaction on his environment is the measure of his power to modify, to change, to conquer it. In the struggle with the Desire-nature which marks the higher evolution, the motor-energy is not to be destroyed but transferred: lower Desires are to be transmuted into higher, energy is to be refined while losing nought of its power, and finally the Desire-nature is to vanish into Will, all the energies being gathered up and merged into the Will-aspect of the Spirit, the Power of the Self.

No aspirant, therefore, should be discouraged by the storming and raging of desires in him, any more than a horse-breaker is displeased with the rearings and plungings of the unbroken colt. The wildness of the young untrained creature, and his rebellion against all efforts to control and restrain, are the promise of his future usefulness when disciplined and trained. And even thus are the strainings of Desire against the curb imposed by the Intelligence, the promise of the future strength of Will, of the Power-aspect of the Self.

Rather does difficulty arise where desires are feeble, ere yet the Will has freed itself from the trammels of astral matter; for in such case the Will to Live is expressing itself but feebly, and there is little effective force available for evolution. There is some obstacle, some barrier, in the vehicles, checking the forthgoing energy of the Monad, and obstructing its free passage, and until that barrier is removed, there is little progress to be hoped for. In the storm, the ship drives onward, though there be peril of wreck, but in the dead calm she remains helpless and unmoving, answering neither to sail nor helm. And since, in this voyage, no final wreck is possible, but only temporary damage, and the storm works for progress rather than the calm, those who find themselves storm-tossed may look forward with sure conviction to the day when the storm-gusts of Desire will be changed into the steady wind of Will.

The Awakening of Desire

To the astral world we refer all our sensations. The centres by which we feel lie in the astral body, and the re-actions of these to contacts give rise to feelings of pleasure and pain in consciousness. The ordinary physiologist traces sensation of pleasure and pain from the point of contact to the brain-centre, recognising only nervous vibrations between periphery and centre, and in the centre the re-action of consciousness as sensation. We follow the vibrations further, finding only vibrations in the brain-centre and in the ether permeating it, and seeing in the astral centre the point at which the re-action of consciousness takes place. When a dislocation between the physical and astral bodies occurs, whether by the action of chloroform, ether, laughing gas, or other

drugs, the physical body, despite all its nervous apparatus, feels no more than if bereft of nerves. The links between the physical body and the body of sensation are thrown out of gear, and consciousness does not respond to any stimulus applied.

The awakening of Desire takes place in this body of sensation, and follows the first dim sensings of pleasure and pain. As before pointed out* pleasure "is a sense of 'moreness,' of increased, expanded life," while pain is a shutting in or lessening of life, and these belong to the whole consciousness. "This primary state of consciousness does not manifest the three well-known aspects of Will, Wisdom and Activity, even in the most germinal stage; 'feeling' precedes these, and belongs to consciousness as a whole, though in later stages of evolution it shows itself so much in connection with the Will-Desire aspect as to become almost identified with it." "As the states of pleasure and pain become more definitely established in consciousness, they give rise to another; with the fading away of pleasure there is a continuation of the attraction in consciousness, and this becomes a dim groping after it"—a groping, be it noted, not after any pleasure-giving object, but after a continuance of the feeling of pleasure—"a vague following of the vanishing feeling, a movement—too indefinite to be called an effort—to hold it, to retain it; similarly with the fading away of pain there is a continuation of the repulsion in consciousness, and this becomes an equally vague movement to push it away. These stages give birth to Desire, the first differentiated aspect in consciousness—Desire to continue or to experience again the pleasure; Desire to avoid the pain. And here it should be noted that this arising of Desire as an aspect of consciousness faintly marks off the two remaining aspects, memory of past pleasure and pain indicating the germination of thought, and this stimulating the germ of Activity."

This arising of Desire is a feeble reaching out of the life in search of pleasure, a movement of the life, undirected, vague, groping. Beyond this it cannot go, until Thought has developed to a certain extent, and has recognised an outer world, a Not

* "The Evolution of Consciousness," December, 1902

Self, and has learned to relate various objects in the Not-Self to the pleasure or pain arising in consciousness on contacting them.

But the results of these contacts, long before the objects are recognised, have caused, as above indicated, a division in, a forking of, Desire. We may take as one of the simplest illustrations the craving for food in a lowly organism; as the physical body wastes, becomes less, a sense of pain arises in the astral body, a want, a craving, vague and indeterminate; the body, by its wasting, has become a less effective vehicle of the life pouring down through the astral, and this check causes pain. A current in the water that bathes the organism brings food up against the body; it is absorbed, the waste is repaired, the life flows on unobstructed; there is pleasure. There results from this that Desire is cloven in twain. From the Will to Live arose the longing to experience, and in the lower vehicle this longing, appearing as Desire, becomes on the one hand a longing for experiences that make the feeling of life more vivid, and on the other a shrinking from all that weakens and depresses. This attraction and repulsion are equally of the nature of Desire. Just as a magnet attracts or repels certain metals, so does the embodied Self attract and repel. Both attraction and repulsion are Desire, and these are the two great motor-energies in life, into which all desires are ultimately resolvable. The Self comes under the bondage of Desire, of attraction-repulsion, and is attracted hither and thither, repelled from this or that, hurried about among pleasure- and pain-giving objects, as a helmless ship amid the currents of air and sea.

The Relation of Desire to Thought

We have now to consider the relation that Desire bears to Thought, and see how it first rules and then is ruled by the latter.

The Pure Reason is the reflection of the Wisdom-aspect of the Monad, and appears in the human Spirit as Buddhi. But it is not the relation of Desire to the Pure Reason with which we are concerned, for it cannot, in fact, be said to be directly related to Wisdom, but to Love, the manifestation of Wisdom on the astral plane. We are to seek rather its relation to the Activity-

aspect of the Monad, shewing itself on the astral plane as sensation and on the mental as thought. Nor are we even concerned with the Higher Mind, which is creative Activity, Manas, in its purity; but with the distorted reflection of this, the lower mind. It is this lower mind which is immediately related to Desire, and is inextricably intermingled with it in human evolution; so closely joined, indeed, are they, that we often speak of Kâma-Manas, Desire-mind, as of a single thing, so rare is it, in the lower consciousness, to find a single thought which is uninfluenced by a desire. "Manas verily is declared to be twofold, pure and impure; the impure is determined by desire, the pure is desire-free."*

This lower mind is "thought" on the mental plane; its characteristic property is that it asserts and denies; it knows by difference; it perceives and remembers. On the astral plane, as we have seen, the same aspect that on the mental plane is thought appears as sensation, and is aroused by contact with the external world.

When a pleasure has been experienced, and has passed away, Desire arises to experience it again, as we have seen. And this fact implies *memory*, which is a function of the mind. Here, as ever, are we reminded that consciousness is ever acting in its threefold nature, though one or other aspect may predominate, for even the most germinal desire cannot arise without memory being present. The sensation caused by an external impact must have been many times aroused before the mind will establish a relation between the sensation of which it is conscious and the external object which has caused the sensation. At last the mind "perceives" the object, *i.e.*, relates it to one of its own changes, recognises a modification in itself caused by the external object. Repetitions of this perception will establish a definite link in memory between the object and the pleasurable or painful sensation, and when Desire presses for the repetition of pleasure, the mind recalls the object which supplied that pleasure. Thus the mingling of Thought with Desire gives birth to a particular desire, the desire to find and appropriate the pleasure-giving object.

* *Bindopanishat*, 1.

This desire impels the mind to exert its inherent activity. Discomfort being caused by the unsatisfied craving, effort if made to escape the discomfort by supplying the object wanted. The mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action, in order to satisfy the cravings of Desire. And similarly, equally prompted by Desire, the mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action in order to avoid the recurrence of pain from an object recognised as pain-giving.

Such is the relation of Desire to Thought. It rouses, stimulates, urges on, mental efforts. The mind is, in its early stages, the slave of Desire, and the rapidity of its growth is in proportion to the fierce urgings of Desire. We desire, and thus are forced to think.

Desire, Thought, Action

The third stage of the contact of the Self with the Not-Self is Action. The mind having perceived the object of desire, leads to, guides and shapes the action. Action is often said to arise from Desire, but Desire alone could only arouse movement, or chaotic action. The force of Desire is propulsive, not directive. Thought it is that adds the element of direction, and shapes the action purposively.

This is the ever-recurring cycle in consciousness—Desire, Thought, Action. The propulsive power of Desire arouses Thought; the directive power of Thought guides Action. This sequence is invariable, and the clear understanding thereof is of the profoundest importance, for the effective control of conduct depends on this understanding, and on its application in practice. The shaping of Karma can only be achieved when this sequence is understood, for evitable and inevitable action can only thus be discriminated.

It is by Thought that we can change Desire, and thereby change Action. When the mind sees that certain desires have impelled to thoughts that have directed actions which were productive of unhappiness, it can resist the future promptings of Desire in a similar direction, and refuse to guide actions to a result already known as disastrous. It can picture the painful results, and thus arouse the repellent energy of Desire, and can

image the blissful outcome of desires of the opposite kind. The creative activity of Thought can be exerted in the moulding of Desire, and its propulsive energy can be turned into a better direction. In this way Thought can be used to master Desire, and it may become the ruler instead of the slave. And as it thus asserts control over its unruly companion, it begins the transmutation of Desire into Will, changing the governance of the outgoing energy from the outer to the inner, from the external objects that attract or repel to the Spirit, the inner Ruler.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN

MOST of the things we say . . . . are not necessary.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

"THE low sun makes the colour"—it lit the smooth green fastnesses of the Downs with changing hues of splendour. The flat juniper bushes were dark; so were the great yews the hand of a wandering God had planted there to make the white hawthorns fairer in blossoming time. There was much gorse abloom, and far below the hill-top where the four men sat (for they rested among the gorse and juniper bushes under a little crooked tree fettered with traveller's joy), they could see a white ribbon-like road, a glimmering pool fringed with alder and willow, and an old house in the hollow of the hills; it had a brick-walled garden formally laid out in the Dutch fashion, and planted with old box trees. The smell of the box might have been carried to them if the hour had been noon, and the sun smiting the boughs with his strength. There was no sound save the wind in the grass, and the clang of a far-off sheep-bell. High on the hill above the house was a ruin; the ruin of a tiny chapel. The four men were a naturalist, a doctor, a young Anglican priest and a playwright.

"There is a holy well, still hung with votive offerings, where the chapel is," said the naturalist. "It was a place for pilgrimage; a sort of Lourdes."

"Those miracles of healing are queer facts in nature," said the doctor.

"You grant them to be facts?" said the priest.

"As much facts as hysteria," replied the doctor drily.

"You see the house below," remarked the naturalist. "It has been bought by a health-cult."

"I beg your pardon?" said the doctor. He spoke with a severity not intended for the naturalist, but due to the fact that his mental eye was resting upon the health-cult.

"They are a set of people who have retired from the world in order to gain healthiness of body. They try to simplify life, they aim at good thoughts and gentle emotions as therapeutic agents. They eat pure food, breathe pure air, drink pure water, rise early, bathe twice a day in winter, and thrice in summer, in order that their bodies may be strong. They do not frequent cities, or engage in what people call the active work of the world, while the world persists in remaining in so insanitary a condition, physically, mentally and morally."

"This pursuit of health as the highest goal is weakness," said the young priest. "It is as much a sin as the self-indulgence and luxury which cause so much disease. The old worshippers of the pagan battle-gods had a stronger, manlier faith:

> For on earth they thought of My threshold, and the gifts I have to give;
> Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little longer to live."

This man was giving himself body and soul in a fight with the darker side of that power which shows itself forth in great cities as well as on green downs. He who lives the faith that is in him, even if he be partly mistaken in his faith, as indeed all men must be, wields a power greater than his who believes a truth, and lives it not. The priest's voice stopped the talk for a few minutes. Only the wind whispered to them of wisdom. The doctor spoke first.

"That is all very well," he said, "but healthiness of body, if it can be arrived at without using quack methods, is very desirable."

"You'd rather die in orthodoxy than be cured by quackery, wouldn't you?" said the playwright.

Mild and soft was his voice, but the doctor, very properly, did not answer him.

"An attitude of mind that promotes health is desirable," he said. "A vigorous body is worth having, even in the interests of the soul, if you believe you have a soul."

"It is not life's goal," replied the priest. "It is not worth any sacrifice."

"Perhaps," said the playwright to him, "you would be interested to hear of a set of people I met in the far North last year; a queer little community they were! These tended their souls as some enthusiastic gardeners do their gardens. But they were very separative—though not intentionally or consciously so. Each man and woman was set upon developing the latent powers —mystical powers—of his or her soul. The outer affairs of the world hardly touched them. Those people didn't appeal to me—except as 'freaks.'"

"They would not do so," said the naturalist. "Your business is to hold the mirror up to nature—present-day human nature. Your interest is in the developed organism, not in the germ."

"I should rather like an explanation of that saying," said the playwright.

"Have you never thought," said the naturalist, "that certain new characteristics, embryonic forces of the future in fact, are beginning to develope here and there in the race? The pioneers of that new development would strike the present growth as 'freaks.'"

"But they are, so far as I can see, a less admirable and effective set of people. Your 'forces of the future' should unite the old powers with the embryonic, shouldn't they?"

"Look at it in this way," said the naturalist. "Pure speculation all of it, of course! Let's suppose a power at the back of all Nature trying to make itself seen and known. Let's suppose it to be complex; in other words possessed of all possibilities of powers to be made manifest in course of time. Bit by bit—one by one—it calls them forth; and then they are seen. It is willing

to be placed at a passing disadvantage in order to bring out a new power. Suppose each man or woman to be a phase, an attempt, more or less successful, to express a selection of the infinite varieties of possibilities which are out of sight, but capable of becoming visible. The more 'effective' people will be those in whom a well-practised, matured power common to a large section of the race, a force of the present in short, is showing itself. The less effective (such as your soul-cult people) are instances of the same power trying to take a new departure. Not always so. A savage isn't that kind of person; but your soul-gardener sometimes is. Then you may get a third type. The people who halt between two opinions. They feel in their souls the pressure of the power that wants to make this new departure; but the strong building which that central power fashioned in the past for its own ends, fights because it feels as though it were being stripped of life and consciousness. When the power grows a little stronger it compels to that new departure; sometimes the man seems to be the weaker in consequence."

"Why or how?"

"Because when the outer man has given consent, the power takes up new tools, and lays the old wholly out of sight. Then the outer man is sometimes despised and laughed at by those who do not understand, and indeed he is often stupid, self-absorbed, and without sense of humour. But what would you have? If you were wholly absorbed in learning to see a cabbage garden, you wouldn't notice heaven's harmonies, though you might happen to be a Wagner. The power behind doesn't mind. He's learned to hear, he hasn't learned to see; he doesn't mind people laughing and criticising; he knows you can't make an apprentice into a skilled workman all at once."

"The view is interesting," said the doctor. "It assumes a good deal, however. But to me your 'soul-gardeners' are a morbid type. They are selfish, too, more selfish than the natural human sinner."

"I hope," said the young priest, earnestly, "you are not bitten by that modern mania of whitewashing sin, that most immoral doctrine that nothing is in itself immoral unless it be so in the eyes of the sinner."

"I trouble myself little with these questions," said the doctor. "It is my business to cure bodies, not to save souls. I am too hard worked to be a sinner myself, or a saint either. I work, I don't live."

The priest looked distressed. The playwright, who saw this, spoke with a view of lessening that distress.

"The 'modern mania' is the doctrine of non-morality," said he. "I am, as you know, a very average person as regards conduct. I am neither much more nor much less, selfish, greedy, covetous, and bad-tempered than other people. But of this I am sure: to be successfully non-moral one must be *great*. Short of greatness you only succeed in being immoral. What is your business? To be good. That is a business more than sufficient for most of us."

"I think you are right," said the naturalist. "But sometimes you will meet a man or woman who is like a reed-pipe for the breath of the Gods. I mean a great force sweeps out into the world through them; such people don't bother about their souls because they have forgotten they have them. They can no more be soul-gardeners or partisans than Nature can; they do not say 'I am of Paul' or 'I am of Apollos'; for them the universe they are trying to build grows 'I.' They are never introspective."

"That is very much my meaning," said the playwright, "I have known men with high moral standards, and men whose standards were low. I have met with but two really non-moral men, and they were both of them great; supremely great in their own lines. Non-morality is not for the little folk, nor for the moderate-sized ones, nor even for the great who fight for their own hand; if they do dabble in it they'll hurt themselves—*badly*."

"People sometimes learn by being hurt," said the doctor.

"I don't deny it," answered the playwright. "I only remark that some of us would prefer comfortable ignorance to painful instruction; and it is well we should know what price we must pay for our knowledge."

"That is a point to remember," said the naturalist. "If you" (to the priest) "wish to fight this 'whitewashing' doctrine successfully, don't deny its truth. Preach the shifting moral

standard, and point out this fact. No man breaks the commandments, either the simple Judaic code, or the more complex modern one, without paying pain as the price. It doesn't matter whether he knew the commandments or not; he will dispel his ignorance by its wages—pain. Say to us, who talk philosophically of the Power that is neither good nor evil, and all the rest of it: Remember this; when the savage does not see the sins of the civilised as sin, it is because he is a savage. Note that fact, when you start the 'whitewashing' process because your conscience is a little lazy. Last year I discussed this 'good and evil' question with a man who declared there was an ultimate and final criterion of good, which he seemed to identify with harmony and beauty. He said: Good is the governing law of the highest imaginable form; it is only when you go beyond form that there is neither good nor evil."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "What is the use of talking of what you don't understand."

"Very little," said the playwright. "Save that it might get on our nerves to live in a silent world. Let me tell you of my two non-moral men. One was an artist who saw God as Beauty, and fell so in love with his vision that he saw nothing besides. This man did not know he had a soul. The other was a saint who was lost in what Maeterlinck calls 'the spirit of the hive'; he founded a religious house for the glory of God, and saw that house as though it were his own soul through which the power of God might flow to the world. He never thought whether he had a separate soul at all. But a man must grow a soul, aye! and 'save' it too, before he can ignore it as that man did."

"I've met a non-moral person of another type," said the doctor. "Non-moral because she honestly confused her own sensations with the laws of the universe. She was simple, too; for she imputed those sensations to others, and thought she understood human nature."

"If our friend here is right," said the playwright, "she probably took her sensations for the workings of the 'power beyond.'"

"And would be partially correct in her opinion," said the naturalist. "Many sensations probably lie rooted in the 'sub-

conscious self,' which is a kind of 'power beyond,' but not the ultimate power."

"This kind of analytical research into the nature of the promptings of your 'power beyond,' is the curse of the present day," said the doctor. "Those who ignorantly worship the method, backed up and abetted by persons like yourself" (to the playwright) "cherish the delusion they are enlarging other people's views of life. Ah! It is a neurotic age!"

"I suppose you think you have explained the problem by your last five words," said the playwright, for it is but human to retaliate.

"I daresay you observe a good many interesting phases of human nature in your profession," said the naturalist.

"Unfortunately the 'seal of the confessional' binds me as it does our friend here. But I will tell you of a case which did not come under my professional observation. It was that of a girl; she was clever, quick, sympathetic, very ready to notice and understand other people's difficulties; but she had a bad bringing up. Her mother was a dreadful old woman, and her father wasn't exactly a pattern to youth. The girl was pretty; but ladies looked disapprovingly at her and said she was frivolous, 'bad style,' 'fast,' and so on. This poor child was riding, when her horse bolted and she was flung against a wall. She lay for seven days unconscious. When she grew better a change was noticed in her; she would lie for hours murmuring prayers to herself; she refused meat and wine; when it was suggested she should go out for a drive, or be carried to the garden she was distinctly 'shocked.' Her vows, she said gently and rebukingly, would not suffer her to go abroad. She was perceptibly shocked by her mother's dress and tone; she was kind to her, and after a while she offered her grave and gentle spiritual advice, as from an admitted superior to an undoubted inferior. Her mother became first furious, then hysterical and afraid of her. She did the same thing to her father. He was surprised; and then grew to be rather impressed, conscious-stricken, and repentant. Till her death, that is to say during six years, she lived the life of an 'anchoress,' eating frugally, fasting often, giving really helpful and searching advice to many,

rising at night to pray, refusing to talk of worldly matters, or to have luxurious clothes and furniture. At times a strange phase asserted itself; she was seized by a strong desire for the amusements or pursuits of the world; she would spend hours in weeping because she wished for 'the life she had left.' Gradually the memory of her 'frivolous' life asserted itself as a vague sense that she had not only desired but partaken of these pleasures; and she was bowed down with remorse. A lunatic I know who believes in reincarnation thought the girl remembered a past life (a phase stored away in a sub-conscious self), a past life in which she had secretly indulged in longings for pleasures, innocent in themselves, but forbidden by her vows."

"A *lunatic* you know!" said the playwright. "I believe in reincarnation myself. Most sane people do."

"I cannot agree with you there," said the young priest. "The Church has never taught such a doctrine."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the playwright.

"This at least must be said," observed the naturalist. "It is a reasonable doctrine, even though some lunatics may hold it. There are moreover analogies in Nature which seem to support it."

"The only man I ever knew, barring yourself, who held such a view, was an undoubted lunatic," said the doctor to the playwright. "He was an anti-vivisectionist, for one thing."

"*That* stamped him," said the playwright, with a tone in his voice as though his sub-conscious self was laughing, unobserved by his serious waking consciousness. "'Fore God, sir, you are one will not serve God if the devil bid you.' My soul-gardeners believed in reincarnation, but even that fact does not prevent me from accepting a doctrine which appeals to my sense of reason and justice."

"It is a mere hypothesis," said the doctor.

"So is your existence to me," said the playwright. "I infer you exist because of certain impressions which are made on my consciousness. I postulate you, therefore, in order to account for them.' There is nothing unscientific in a belief in reincarnation. It is the evolutionary hypothesis pushed a little further, into the realm of soul:

I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.
Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

"That's poetry," said the doctor. "Life is prose. Tennyson is not my gospel."

"You can with equal truth say Life is poetry," replied the playwright.

"I have a practice in the West-end," observed the doctor, "and I am a visiting physician at an East-end hospital. I make no further remark."

"Find me the ugliest bit of prose you choose in West or East," retorted the playwright, "I will bet you anything you please I find the poetry in it. I don't say you can always feel the poetry in life; I say it is there, and can be seen. You may take your prose poetically, or your poetry prosaically."

"It is so," said the naturalist. "See the setting sun. And think of the noontide. The sun is an excellent machine for ripening peaches for the market in the view of the gardener. The sun is God made visible to other eyes. There is no question but that the gardener is right. But is the other view therefore wrong?"

"Everything is true," said the playwright sententiously.

"I cannot agree with you there," said the priest quietly.

"Nor I," said the doctor. "Some things are blatantly and patently false."

"That also is true," said the playwright, unabashed.

"You know you have flatly contradicted yourself, I suppose?" remarked the doctor.

"Certainly," said the playwright. "Thus one arrives at truth. For me, I worship 'holy Folly.' These things are a question of mental standpoint and the experience of the moment. You believe in evolution, I suppose."

"Of course," said the doctor.

"There's no 'of course' about it. I know a man who says there is no such thing. There is but one inexplicable all-consciousness, and—appearance. There is, in short, nothing but consciousness."

"He was a crank, I suppose," said the doctor, who was, like all mankind, ignorant in many directions.

"I don't see," observed the naturalist, "why these two views, the evolutionary and non-evolutionary, should not both be true."

"That is what I am trying to say," replied the playwright. "For us these Downs *are*, and all living forms on them are in process of development or decay. But suppose we were shifted to some state in which we could pass freely to and fro in 'solid' matter, then we should feel the formerly real world to be unreal. We might carry that upwards higher and higher along an almost infinite chain of developing forms; step by step as we went the step below would become the unreal appearance; from the highest or innermost point we might arrive at an unchangeable position to which all was mere appearance, perceived simultaneously; and evolution would be pure illusion."

"That means," said the priest, "God is the only reality; He is unchangeable, and all else mere symbols of Him."

"You can put it so if you choose," said the playwright.

"What do you mean by a symbol?" asked the naturalist. "Heaven itself may be as much a symbol as earth; all things visible and invisible that stand between you and the Changeless, between you and yourself if you like the phrase, may be symbols; but that does not imply that they are not living truth; nay, they may be in very fact that which they symbolise."

"That is an impracticable, paradoxical statement," said the doctor. "It means nothing."

"Where there is nothing there is God," replied the naturalist.

"Do you know what you mean by that statement?" said the doctor.

"I do," replied the naturalist. "I mean that the things best worth knowing can never be told. I mean that there are some things—those which lie deepest—which can only be thought of in contradictions and paradoxes."

"It is better not to think or speak of them, then," said the doctor.

"Therein," answered the naturalist, "I am disposed to agree with you."

The priest had risen and walked away; he leaned against the rough bark of a yew, turned his face to the West, and his thoughts to the God Who weaves the weft and warp of souls. He was praying, but not for himself; he prayed for the infants, both babes and grown men, crying dumbly in the darkness. The priest was giving for these mind, soul, body, all he had to give. He ate coarse, scanty food that he might have wherewith to feed the starving; he drank no wine lest he should cause his brother to offend; he turned his face, year in and year out, from the beauty and grace of life; he toiled unpraised, unknown, unapplauded, for love of those "for whom Christ died"; so consumed was he by the love of God in this, that he never stopped even to count his soul gains, even to think whether he was renouncing aught.

The priest closed his eyes, and was conscious there is a God Who judgeth the earth. The naturalist was conscious the sun was going down, and the peace of sleep was stealing over the great Downs. The doctor and the playwright were conscious of each other. Perhaps they were all conscious of the same great fact—the one Fact.

The land grew dark; a night-jar began to purr in the big box tree by the house below; a light shone from the window; a great white miller-moth floated by; a bat flickered between the dark smooth curves of the Downs and the pale arch of the twilight sky. A market cart jogged slowly along the ribbon-like white road; it was driven by a girl; she and her companions were singing:

Thy Hand Creation made and guides;
Thy Wisdom time from time divides.
By this world's cares and toils opprest,
O give our weary bodies rest.
That while in frames of sin and pain
A little longer we remain,
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.*

"Through the clamour of chattering tongues, and wrangling minds," said the naturalist, "through complexity and theorising

* Vesper Hymn.

and hypotheses, and all the cumbrous machinery of life, we shall find our way back to a simplicity which is Wisdom."

"Else we had better never have been born," said the playwright. "I only theorise and semi-psychologise from a vice of the mind. Also I make my living thus."

"The wood in which I live has taught me this at least," said the naturalist. "There are a great many paths through it, but all of them lead to the same gate."

"So with life," observed the doctor. "The paths lead to the same gate—death."

"A gate that leads nowhere," replied the playwright, "would not be worth making."

The voices of the girls died away in the distance. The night was so still that the bubble of water in the garden fountain could be heard; it was very dark, but they saw the glimmer of white lilies against the old box trees.

"The dew is thick on the turf," said the naturalist. "The day is past and over. Let us go home."

"Let us go home," echoed the young priest. "But let us go in silence."

"So a man learns," replied the playwright, "all that he ever knows."

Therefore in silence they went down the hill, and breathed the perfume of the dew-wet downs. From very far away the carillon of a little village church played the tune of a hymn. It was like a voice that sang a lullaby over the sleeping earth; and when it died into silence the soft rush of the night wind took up the burden of the cradle song.

MICHAEL WOOD.

MAN is called a child by a daimon just as a child is by a man.—HERACLITUS.

THE SOUL ERRANT.

THE Soul was discontented, for the Body fettered her, therefore she prayed the Lords of Life that for a while she might be free to wander over the Earth as she would, and her prayer was granted.

"I will return soon to you, my Body," said she, "but for a while I have leave to go forth and spread my immortal wings, and see with clearer eyes than those of flesh."

"But you must come back soon," said the Body wistfully. "Indeed, it were best you did not go at all. I have strange forebodings."

But the Soul would not hear, and smiling spread her wings, which, however, seemed weaker than she had hoped.

How good it was to be free of that heavy clog!

"Now, indeed, I can do good and not evil," she thought.

Up, up she soared, leaving even the ecstatic larks far below, till she remembered that men dwell on the green earth, not in the blue skies, and therefore she drifted reluctantly downward.

In her slow and slanting descent she spied a field thick with tall yellow corn which was falling beneath the sickles of the reapers. A noisy bell clanged forth noon and the men ceased their toil for an hour. They flung themselves down in the shade and ate and drank in silent content. Here surely in the midst of sunshine and plenty was innocence and happiness.

But in the corner of the field by the gate leading into the hollow lane the Soul with her new-purged vision beheld the making of a tragedy.

A tanned, powerful man pleaded vainly with a slip of a girl. Her heart ranged itself on his side but her puny vanity urged against sweet surrender. "Bring him to your feet," it whispered.

"O foolish maid! On you depends a man's soul for good or ill," said the Soul in passionate remonstrance.

But, alas! her voice had no force to reach the foolish heart to which it spoke, and the ears to which it was addressed were too dull for aught spiritual. A human voice alone would have had power to penetrate them, and the Soul, thwarted and defeated of her kindly purpose, could but sigh and turn her flight elsewhere.

But wander where she would it was ever the same. Her gentle voice could be heard but by ears sensitive to the whisper of conscience and attuned to things spiritual. The fiery curses of hate, the vapid laughter of folly, the lying voice of flattery overwhelmed her soft notes. The cry of the oppressed was not the more audible in that the Soul lifted up her voice. Her broad wings hung unused, how could she soar selfishly aloft and leave men unaided in their sin and misery?

"I was wrong," she mused sadly, after many days had passed and she had spent her strength for naught. "The Body was right; I must deal with men as a man. I will return, and, it may be, do good now that I have learned wisdom."

So she returned to the Body she had left so long ago.

The Body was at ease and dwelt prosperously in the land, and all men spoke well of him. True, he had mourned the Soul's departure, but that was long ago, and now it irked him to be reminded of his loss.

"I have returned to you, my Body," said the Soul, "and it had been well if I had never left you."

"But I no longer need you, O Soul," replied the Body. "I have never been so happy and free from care as without you."

"It is Death which benumbs you, not Life," said the Soul, and her voice rang so true that it carried conviction to the Body, whose heart still beat sound, and thrilled at the voice of the Soul.

So the Lords of Life were merciful to the Soul, and permitted her to return, humbler and wiser, to her erstwhile diligent servant and now unwilling partner the Body, for she had learned the lesson that the one without the other "shall not be made perfect."

E. D. FARRAR.

TRANCE, POSSESSION AND ECSTASY*

WE have now reached the concluding chapters of Mr. Myers' work, and it is in the pages now to be considered, that we find the most conspicuous advance as compared with the position which he occupied ten years ago, an advance due to the steadily growing volume and cogency of the evidence which has been brought together. But before passing to the evidence for the actual occurrence of "Spirit Possession," it will probably be both useful and instructive to follow Mr. Myers through his discussion of the notion of Possession itself.

Defined in the narrowest way, Possession is a more developed form of motor automatism, but in describing it more fully, the special import of the term implies the claim that the automatist, in the first place, falls into a trance, during which his spirit partially "quits his body," or at any rate enters into a state in which the spiritual world is more or less open to its perception, and in which also—and this is the novel element—it so far ceases to occupy the organism as to leave room for an invading spirit to use it in somewhat the same fashion as its owner is accustomed to use it.

The brain being thus left temporarily or partially uncontrolled, a disembodied spirit sometimes, but not always, succeeds in occupying it; and occupies it with varying degrees of control. In some cases (*e.g.*, Mrs. Piper) two or more spirits may simultaneously control different portions of the same organism—*e.g.*, the voice and the hand, one control producing automatic writing, another speaking through the medium.

The controlling spirit proves his identity mainly by reproducing, in speech or writing, facts which belong to *his*

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. Myers. See the articles "Science and the Soul," "Man's Deeper Self," and "The Problem of Post-Mortem Communications," in the last three numbers.

memory and not to the automatist's memory. He may also give evidence of supernormal perception of other kinds.

His manifestations may differ very considerably from the automatist's normal personality. Yet in one sense it is a process of selection rather than of addition; the spirit selects what parts of the brain machinery he will use, but he cannot get out of that machinery more than it is constructed to perform.

This theory of possession, Mr. Myers remarks, cannot be said to be inconsistent with any of our proved facts. We know absolutely nothing which negatives its possibility. Nay more, it actually supplies us with a powerful method of co-ordinating and explaining many earlier groups of phenomena, if only we will consent to explain them in a way which, at first sight, seemed extreme in its assumptions—seemed unduly prodigal of the marvellous. And he goes on to say that he thinks that the Moses-Piper group of trance-phenomena cannot be intelligently explained on any theory except that of Possession.

Reviewing our earlier groups of phenomena, Mr. Myers points out that the theory of Possession connects itself naturally with the alternating use of brain centres by alternating personalities, which thus appear as one link in the chain leading up to the Possession of the organism by an invading spirit. Genius, again, as we saw, suggested a sort of Possession of the brain centres by the subliminal self; while in sleep we found that the spirit sometimes appears to travel away from the body and perceive distant scenes clairvoyantly.

In the hypnotic trance or in spontaneous somnabulism, we often find a quasi-personality occupying the organism, while the sensitive's own spirit often claims to have been absent elsewhere, and sometimes exhibits real clairvoyant power.

In the study of telepathy, again, we meet with an influence which suggests an intelligent and responsive external presence, and telepathy with the living leads on to telepathy from the dead; a fact implying that the communication does not depend on vibrations from a material physical brain. But when motor automatism develops into Possession, there is apparently no communication between the discarnate mind and the *mind* of the automatist, but rather with the brain only of the latter.

Even in ordinary cases of telepathy, the percipient's brain may sometimes be influenced by his own mind and sometimes by the agent's; and veridical hallucinations likewise show traces of the spiritual and physical elements mingling in various degrees as we pass from clairvoyant visions to collective apparitions. The same stages, again, are to be seen in the case of apparitions of the dead—leading up to complete possession of the automatist's brain by an extraneous spirit.

It should, however, be remembered that Possession by spirits is difficult to distinguish from cases of secondary personality, where the organism is controlled by another synthesis of its own spirit, and hence we must be careful not to ascribe to spirit-control cases *where no new knowledge is shown in the trance state.* And, further, we should expect spirit-control to be subject to the same limitations that we find in controls by secondary personalities; *e.g.*, the external spirit is not likely to be able to produce utterance in a language unknown to the automatist. We must also note that in both sets of cases, and also in dreams, memory seems to fail and change in a capricious way; also it is always difficult to get into continuous colloquy with a somnambulist, who generally follows his own train of ideas, so that we should not be surprised to encounter similar difficulties in conversing with spirit-controls.

On the whole, therefore, our expectations must thus be very different from the commonplace or even the poetic notion of what communication with the dead is likely to be; and as a matter of fact the actual phenomena fail to comply either with the orthodox or traditional line of expectation or with romantic anticipations, or even with the notion that they should subserve some practical purpose. This is in itself an argument of some weight for the natural and really spontaneous character of the phenomena, which pretty conclusively disposes of the often used argument that they are due, wholly and entirely, to either imagination or expectation.

On the other hand, the problems of Possession form the natural sequence of our earlier problems; the actions of the possessed organism show the furthest stage of motor automatism, while the incursion of the possessing spirit exhibits the completest form of telepathic invasion.

Mr. Myers now enters on a brief discussion of what are usually spoken of as the "physical phenomena" of spiritualism; but he does not go fully into the subject, since it lies outside the main line of his own argument. In an appendix, however, he gives an extremely ingenious and suggestively interesting sketch of a "Scheme of Vital Faculty," which should be of great assistance and value to future investigators.

Mr. Myers then takes the reader through a few specimen cases, leading up to a discussion of the trance-manifestations of Mr. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper.

It is impossible here to enter into any detailed discussion of these cases, and any brief account would be both misleading and wholly inadequate. The reader must therefore be referred to Mr. Myers' work itself for the former, and for the latter to the able and voluminous discussion of them in the S.P.R. reports, which is still actively proceeding. But it must be added that another case, in many respects even more remarkable than Mrs. Piper's, has been under observation for several years, and when the time comes for its publication in detail, it will probably strengthen considerably Mr. Myers' conclusions.

Indeed this whole chapter was still unfinished at his death, but he had evidence enough before him, in his own opinion at least, to warrant his writing as follows:

We must now remember that this series of incidents does not stand alone. The case of Mrs. Piper is, indeed, one of the most instructive in our collection, on account of its length and complexity, and the care with which it has been observed. But it is led up to by all our previous evidences, and I will here state briefly what facts they are which our recorded apparitions, intimations, messages of the departing and the departed, have, to my mind, actually proved.

(*a*) In the first place they prove survival pure and simple: the persistence of the spirit's life as a structural law of the universe; the inalienable heritage of each several soul.

(*b*) In the second place they prove that between the spiritual and the material worlds an avenue of communication does in fact exist; that which we call the despatch and receipt of telepathic messages, or the utterance and the answer of prayer and supplication.

(*c*) In the third place they prove that the surviving spirit retains, at least in some measure, the memories and the loves of earth. Without the persistence of love and memory should we be in truth the *same?* To what extent has any philosophy or any revelation assured us hereof till now?

Passing now from the study of Possession to a consideration of Ecstasy, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Myers himself on the subject, and then add a very few from the fine passages in his Epilogue, in which he, as it were, condenses the outcome of his life's labours.

Among the cases of trance discussed in this chapter we have found intimately interwoven with the phenomena of possession many instances of its correlative—ecstasy. Mrs. Piper's fragmentary utterances and visions during her passage from trance to waking life—utterances and visions that fade away and leave no remembrance in her waking self; Moses' occasional visions, his journeys in the "spirit world" which he recorded on returning to his ordinary consciousness; Home's entrancement and converse with the various controls whose messages he gave;—all these suggest actual excursions of the incarnate spirit from its organism. The theoretical importance of these spiritual excursions is, of course, very great. It is, indeed, so great that most men will hesitate to accept a thesis which carries us straight into the inmost sanctuary of mysticism; which preaches a "precursory entrance into the most holy place, as by divine transportation." Yet I think that this belief, although extreme, is not, at the point to which our evidence has carried us, in any real way improbable.

To put the matter briefly, if a spirit from outside can enter the organism the spirit from inside can go out, can change its centre of perception and action, in a way less complete and irrevocable than the change of death. Ecstasy would thus be simply the complementary or correlative aspect of spirit-control. Such a change need not be a *spatial* change any more than there need be any spatial change for the spirit which invades the deserted organism. Nay, further: if the incarnate spirit can in this manner change its centre of perception in response (so to say) to a discarnate spirit's invasion of the organism, there is no obvious reason why it should not do so on other occasions as well. We are already familiar with "travelling clairvoyance," a spirit's change of centre of perception among the scenes of the material world. May there not be an extension of travelling clairvoyance to the spiritual world? a spontaneous transfer of the centre of perception into that region from whence discarnate spirits seem now to be able, on their side, to communicate with growing freedom?

The conception of ecstasy—at once in its most literal and in its most lofty sense—has thus developed itself, almost insensibly, from several concurrent lines of actual modern evidence.

It must still, of course, be long before we can at all adequately separate —I can hardly say the objective from the subjective element in the experience, for we have got beyond the region where the meaning of those words is clear—but the element in the experience which is recognised and responded to by spirits other than the ecstatic's from the element which belongs to his own spirit alone.

In the meantime, however, the fact that this kind of communion of ecstasy has been, in preliminary fashion, rendered probable, is of the highest importance for our whole inquiry. We thus come directly into relation with the highest form which the various religions known to men have assumed in the past. It is hardly a paradox to say that the evidence for ecstasy is stronger than the evidence for any other religious belief.

Of all the subjective experiences of religion, ecstasy is that which has been most urgently, perhaps to the psychologist most convincingly, asserted; and it is not confined to any one religion. From a psychological point of view, one main indication of the importance of a subjective phenomenon found in religious experience will be the fact that it is common to all religions. I doubt whether there is any phenomenon, except ecstasy, of which this can be said. From the medicine-man of the lowest savage up to St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, with Buddha and Mahomet on the way, we find records which, though morally and intellectually much differing, are in psychological essence the same.

At all stages alike we find that the spirit is conceived as quitting the body; or, if not quitting it, at least as greatly expanding its range of perception in some state resembling trance.

Observe, moreover, that on this view all genuine recorded forms of ecstasy are akin, and all of them represent a real fact.

We thus show continuity and reality among phenomena which have seldom been either correlated with each other or even intelligibly conceived in separation. With our new insight we may correlate the highest and the lowest ecstatic phenomena with no injury whatever to the highest. The shaman, the medicine-man—when he is not a mere impostor—enters as truly into the spiritual world as St. Peter or St. Paul. Only he enters a different region thereof; a confused and darkened picture terrifies instead of exalting him. For us, however, the very fact that we believe in *his* vision gives a new reality to strengthen and aid our belief in the apostle's vision of "the seventh heaven." "Whether in the body or out of the body," whether the seer's spirit be severed for the time from his organism or no, such inlet and introgression does occur.

It is these subjective feelings of vision and inspiration which have to many men proved the most impressive and fruitful moments of life. While not allowing an objective truth to their revelations, we shall now be prepared to admit a reality in the subjective experience. There is no special point at which we must assume a barrier interposed to the inward withdrawal and onward urgency of man.

We need not deny the transcendental ecstasy to any of the strong souls who have claimed to feel it;—to Elijah or to Isaiah, to Plato or to Plotinus, to St. John or to St. Paul, to Buddha or Mahomet, to Virgil or Dante, to St. Theresa or to Joan of Arc, to Kant or to Swedenborg, to Wordsworth or to Tennyson. Through many ages that insight and that memory have wrought their work in many ways. The remembrance of ecstasy has inspired religion,

has forwarded philosophies, has lifted into stainless heroism a simple girl Yet religions and philosophies—as these have hitherto been known—are but balloon-flights which have carried separate groups up to the mountain summit, whither science at last must make her road for all men clear. It is by *breach of continuity*, by passing from one element to another, that they have been able to soar so high. For science, on the other hand, the *continuity* of the Universe is, in fact, its key.

The task of our race in its maturity must be to rise to those same heights with that steady tramp as of legions along a Roman road which has already gathered in the earthly knowledge of earlier ages within the *pomœrium* of scientific law. The continuity of the universe, that is to say, so far as by us comprehensible, must needs be a continuity of *objective*, and for that very reason of symbolic manifestation. All the objective is symbolic; our daily bread is as symbolic as the furniture of Swedenborg's heavens and hells. To our embodied souls the matter round us seems real and self-existent; to souls emancipated it is but the sign of the degree which we have reached, and thus the highest task of science must be to link and co-ordinate the symbols appropriate to our terrene state with the symbols appropriate to the state immediately above us. Nay, one might push this truth to paradox, and maintain that of all earth's inspired spirits it has been the least divinised, the least lovable, who has opened the secret path for men.

Religions have risen and died again; philosophy, poetry, heroism, answer only indirectly the prime need of men. Plotinus, "the eagle soaring above the tomb of Plato," is lost to sight in the heavens. Conquering and to conquer, the Maid rides on through other worlds than ours.

Virgil himself, "light among the vanished ages, star that gildest yet this earthly shore," sustains our spirit, as I have said, but indirectly, by filling still our fountain of purest intellectual joy. But the prosaic Swede—his stiff mind prickly with dogma—the opaque cell-walls of his intelligence flooded cloudily by the irradiant day—this man as by the very limitations of his faculty, by the practical humility of a spirit trained to acquire but not to generate truth—has awkwardly laid the corner-stone, grotesquely sketched the elevation of a temple which our remotest posterity will be upbuilding and adorning still. For he dimly felt that man's true passage and intuition from state to state depends not upon individual ecstasy, but upon comprehensive law; while yet all law is in fact but symbol; adaptation of truth timeless and infinite to intelligences of lower or higher range.

The concluding portions of this chapter, left, as already remarked, uncompleted by Mr. Myers at his death, deal with the problems of Precognition and Retrocognition, of Time, Foreknowledge, Free-will and Destiny. But although the discussion contains some fine and suggestive thoughts, it does not seem to me that we have as yet a sufficient accumulation of facts and

careful observations to render the enquiry very profitable. Let us pass on therefore to the Epilogue, from which I propose to make a brief series of extracts, which will serve to complete the picture I have been endeavouring to give in this REVIEW, of the scope and character of Mr. Myers' work:

I need not here describe at length the deep disquiet of our time. Never, perhaps, did man's spiritual satisfaction bear a smaller proportion to his needs. The old-world sustenance, however earnestly administered, is too unsubstantial for the modern cravings. And thus through our civilised societies two conflicting currents run. On the one hand, health, intelligence, morality,—all such boons as the steady progress of planetary evolution can win for man,—are being achieved in increasing measure. On the other hand this very sanity, this very prosperity, do but bring out in stronger relief the underlying *Welt-Schmerz*, the decline of any real belief in the dignity, the meaning, the endlessness of life.

There are many of course who willingly accept this limitation of view and who are willing to let earthly activities and pleasures gradually dissipate and obscure the larger hope. But others cannot thus be easily satisfied. They rather resemble children who are growing too old for their games;—whose amusement sinks into an indifference and a discontent for which the fitting remedy is an initiation into the serious work of men.

A similar crisis has passed over Europe once before. There came a time when the joyful naïveté, the unquestioning impulse of the early world had passed away; when the worship of the Greeks no more was beauty, nor the religion of Romans Rome. Alexandrian decadence, Byzantine despair, found utterance in many an epigram which might have been written to-day. Then came a great uprush or incursion from the spiritual world, and with new races and new ideals Europe regained its youth. . . . .

What the age needs is not an abandonment of effort, but an increase; the time is ripe for a study of unseen things as strenuous and sincere as that which Science has made familiar for the problems of earth. For now the scientific instinct,—so newly developed in mankind,—seems likely to spread until it becomes as dominant as was in time past the religious; and if there be even the narrowest chink through which man can look forth from his planetary cage, our descendants will not leave that chink neglected or unwidened. The scheme of knowledge which can commend itself to such seekers must be a scheme which, while it *transcends* our present knowledge, steadily *continues* it;—a scheme not catastrophic, but evolutionary; not promulgated and closed in a moment, but gradually unfolding itself to progressive enquiry.

And then, passing to a Provisional Sketch of a Religious Synthesis, we find Mr. Myers writing:

. . . We may divide the best religious emotion of the world in triple fashion; tracing three main streams of thought,—streams which on the whole run parallel, and which all rise, as I believe, from some source in the reality of things.

First, then, I place that obscure consensus of independent thinkers in many ages and countries which, to avoid any disputable title, I will here call simply the Religion of the Ancient Sage. Under that title (though Lao Tzü is hardly more than a name) it has been set forth to us in brief summary by the great sage and poet of our own time; and such words as Natural Religion, Pantheism, Platonism, Mysticism, do but express or intensify varying aspects of its main underlying conception. That conception is the co-existence and interpenetration of a real or spiritual with this material or phenomenal world; a belief driven home to many minds by experiences both more weighty and more concordant than the percipients themselves have always known. More weighty I say, for they have implied the veritable nascency and operation of a "last and largest sense"; a faculty for apprehending, not God, indeed (for what finite faculty can apprehend the Infinite?) but at least some dim and scattered tokens and prefigurements of a true world of Life and Love. More *concordant* also; and this for a reason that till recently would have seemed a paradox. For the mutual corroboration of these signs and messages lies not only in their fundamental agreement up to a certain point, but in their inevitable divergence beyond it;—as they pass from things felt into things imagined; from actual experience into dogmatic creed.

The Religion of the Ancient Sage is of unknown antiquity. Of unknown antiquity also are various Oriental types of religion, culminating in historical times in the Religion of Buddha. For Buddhism all interpenetrating universes make the steps upon man's upward way; until deliverance from illusion leaves the spirit merged ineffably in the impersonal All. But the teaching of Buddha has lost touch with reality; it rests on no basis of observed or of reproducible fact.

On a basis of observed facts, on the other hand, Christianity, the youngest of the great types of religion, does assuredly rest. Assuredly those facts, so far as tradition has made them known to us, do tend to prove the superhuman character of its Founder and His triumph over death; and thus the existence and influence of a spiritual world, where men's true citizenship lies. These ideas, by common consent, lay at the origin of the Faith. Since those first days, however, Christianity has been elaborated into codes of ethic and ritual adapted to Western civilisation;—has gained (some think) as a rule of life what it has lost as a simplicity of spirit.

From the unfettered standpoint of the Ancient Sage the deep concordance of these and other schemes of religious thought may well outweigh their formal oppositions. And yet I repeat that it is not from any mere welding of these schemes together, nor from any choice of the best points in existing syntheses, that the new synthesis for which I hope must be born.

It must be born from new-dawning knowledge; and in that new knowledge I believe that each great form of religious thought will find its indispensable —I may almost say its predicted—development. Our race from its very infancy has stumbled along a guarded way; and now the first lessons of its early childhood reveal the root in reality of much that it has instinctively believed. . . .

The *religious upshot*, I repeat:—for I cannot here reproduce the mass of evidence which has been published in full elsewhere. Its general character is by this time widely known.

Observation, experiments, inference have led many enquirers, of whom I am one, to a belief in direct or telepathic intercommunication, not only between the minds of men still on earth but between minds or spirits still on earth and spirits departed. Such a *discovery* opens the door also to *revelation*. By discovery and by revelation—by observation from without the veil, and by utterance from within—certain theses have been provisionally established with regard to such departed souls as we have been able to encounter.

First and chiefly, I at least see ground to believe that their state is one of endless evolution in wisdom and in love. Their loves of earth persist; and most of all those highest loves which seek their outlet in adoration and worship. We do not find, indeed, that support is given by souls in bliss to any special scheme of terrene theology. Thereon they know less than we mortal men have often fancied that we knew. Yet from their step of vantage-ground in the Universe, at least, they see that it is good. I do not mean that they know either of an end or of an explanation of evil. Yet evil to them seems less a terrible than a slavish thing. It is embodied in no mighty Potentate; rather it forms an isolating madness from which higher spirits strive to free the distorted soul. There needs no chastisement of fire; self-knowledge is man's punishment and his reward; self-knowledge, and the nearness or the aloofness of companion souls. For in that world love is actually self-preservation; the Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist, "neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls. . . . .

Nay, as to our own soul's future, when that first shock of death is past, it is in Buddhism that we find the more inspiring, the truer view. That Western conception of an instant and unchangeable bliss or woe—a bliss or woe determined largely by a man's beliefs, in this earthly ignorance, on matters which "the angels desire to look into"—is the bequest of a pre-

Copernican era of speculative thought. In its Mahomedan travesty, we see the same scheme with outlines coarsened into grotesqueness;—we see it degrade the cosmic march and profluence into a manner of children's play. . . . .

The sacred tale of Buddha, developed from its earlier simplicity by the shaping stress of many generations, opens to us the whole range and majesty of human fate. "The destined Buddha has desired to be a Buddha through an almost unimaginable series of worlds." No soul need ever be without that hope. "The spirit-worlds are even now announcing the advent of future Buddhas, in epochs too remote for the computation of men." No obstacles without us can arrest our way. "The rocks that were thrown at Buddha were changed into flowers." Not our own worst misdoings need beget despair. "Buddha, too, had often been to hell for his sins." The vast complexity of the Sum of Things need not appal us. "Beneath the bottomless whirlpool of existences, behind the illusion of Form and Name," we, too, like Buddha, may discover and reveal "the perfection of the Eternal Law." Us too, like Buddha, the cosmic welcome may await, as when "Earth itself and the laws of all worlds" trembled with joy "as Buddha attained the Supreme Intelligence, and entered into the Endless Calm."

I believe that some of those who once were near to us are already mounting swiftly upon this heavenly way. And when from that cloud encompassing of unforgetful souls some voice is heard—as long ago—there needs no heroism, no sanctity, to inspire the apostle's ἐπιθυμία εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι, the desire to lift our anchor, and to sail out beyond the bar.

What fitter summons for man than the wish to live in the memory of the highest soul that he has known, now risen higher;—to lift into an immortal security the yearning passion of his love? "As the Soul hasteneth," says Plotinus, "to the things that are above, she will ever forget the more; unless all her life on earth leave a memory of things done well. For even here may man do well, if he stand clear of the cares of earth. And he must stand clear of their memories too; so that one may rightly speak of a noble soul as forgetting those things that are behind. And the shade of Hêraklês, indeed, may talk of his own valour to the shades, but the true Hêraklês in the true world will deem all that of little worth; being transported into a more sacred place, and strenuously engaging, even above his strength, in those battles in which the wise engage." . . .

Science, then, need be no longer fettered by the limitations of this planetary standpoint; nor ethics by the narrow experience of a single life. Evolution will no longer appear as a truncated process, an ever-arrested movement upon an unknown goal. Rather we may gain a glimpse of an ultimate incandescence where science and religion fuse in one; a cosmic evolution of Energy into Life, and of Life into Love, which is Joy. Love, which is Joy at once and Wisdom;—we can do no more than ring the changes on terms like these, whether we imagine the transfigurement and apotheosis of conquering souls or the lower, but still sacred, destiny which may be some

day possible for souls still tarrying here. We picture the perfected soul as the Buddha, the Saviour, the *aurai simplicis ignem*, dwelling on one or other aspect of that trinal conception of Wisdom, Love, and Joy. For souls not yet perfected but still held on earth I have foretold a growth in *holiness*. By this I mean no unreal opposition or forced divorcement of sacred and secular, of flesh and spirit. Rather I define holiness as the joy too high as yet for our enjoyment; the wisdom just beyond our learning; the rapture of love which we still strive to attain. Inevitably, as our link with other spirits strengthens, as the life of the organism pours more fully through the individual cell, we shall feel love more ardent, wider wisdom, higher joy; perceiving that this organic unity of Soul, which forms the inward aspect of the telepathic law, is in itself the Order of the Cosmos, the Summation of Things. And such devotion may find its flower in no vain self-martyrdom, no cloistered resignation, but rather in such a pervading ecstasy as already the elect have known; the vision which dissolves for a moment the corporeal prison-house, "the flight of the One to the One."

"So let the soul that is not unworthy of that Vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and every witchery, and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her, calm; calm be the earth, the sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of Vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him and is He; and then surely shall one know His presence when, like a god of old time, He entered into the house of one that calleth Him, and maketh it full of light." "And how," concludes Plotinus, "may this thing be for us? Let all else go."

We have now completed our analysis of Mr. Myers' work and have endeavoured on the one hand to give our readers some idea of the cogency and close-knitted character of his arguments and evidences, as well as on the other to indicate the deep earnestness, the lofty fervour, the magnificent language and style which give to the work a distinction and a quality very rare indeed in these days. It only remains, therefore, for us in a concluding article of this series to touch upon some of the points of contact between Mr. Myers' thought and our own conceptions and to indicate a few of the problems upon which further investigation and fuller light are needed.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE VOICE OF THE DRUM

I CANNOT tell you the name of the country wherein the events, about which I am going to write, happened, for it is unknown to me; nor can I say with any authority whether it is near or afar off. Some hold it is here, some there, while others again say, with wise-sounding words: "What matter! That which is true of one country is likewise true of another, since there can be but one truth, and one wheel of life, with its alternate spokes of gladness and sorrow, whether it be at the north, the south, the east, or the west." But these latter are chiefly mystics, and there are few among us who understand the language which they speak, or care to understand it.

On the borderland of this country there lies an immense range of snow-clad mountains, along whose base a winding river flows. This river, so the people of the country maintain, has its source among the mountains, but no man has ever yet traced it to its limit, and come back to tell the tale. Its waters, which are as clear as crystal, and as cool as snow, are called by the people the "waters of oblivion," since those who taste of them, or bathe therein, are plunged into a deep sleep, which is as unfathomable as death itself.

Across the mountain range people are continually passing into the nameless country, but, since they must pass through the waters of oblivion ere they reach it (for no man has ever yet been able to build a bridge across the river), they are unable to tell anything of the country which lies beyond the mountains, and from which they have come.

There is also a tradition among the people of the nameless country, that, after death, the souls of those who have crossed the mountains return to the land whence they came, but, since none can return to the nameless country, after once passing the mountains, to tell whether these things be true or not, there are many among the people who hold it but as a fable,

Now, when the people who come from beyond the mountains awake out of the deep sleep into which they have been thrown by crossing the river of the waters of oblivion, they must first of all learn to speak the language of the people among whom they have come, for it is strange to them, as, indeed, are all the manners and customs of the people.

To this nameless country there came, at the time about which I write, a man whose name is unknown to me, despite the fact that erelong all the country rang with stories of his learning, and of his great love for the people among whom he had come.

Now it happened that when this man had learned all there was to know about the people who dwelt in the nameless country, and had read their books, and heard their traditions, he was not satisfied with the amount of his knowledge, but burned with an eager desire to know more about the country whence he had come, and about the country wherein he dwelt, and about the river of the waters of oblivion, of which no man had found the limit, and ever as he pondered upon these things, there sounded in his ears the muffled beating of a distant drum, which seemed to bid him leave his life of ease by the river bank, and wander on and on, seeking he knew not what of knowledge about the things which were to him, and to all other men in the nameless country, as a sealed book.

And so, ere long, he left his home by the river-side, and set forth to explore the nameless country, and to ponder upon those things which were unknown to him; and ever as he went the distant rumbling of the drum sounded clearly in his ears, and led him away from those things which were dear to his heart, forward and onward—he knew not why, he knew not whither.

Before he left his home by the river bank, he filled a flask with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, for he knew not what sort of country he might wander in, nor when he might need such a draught.

Now this man was not the only one who was journeying through the nameless country, but many others were travelling by the same road, some of them led on by the beating of the drum, which others could not hear. He spake not to any man about the things whereof his soul was full by reason of their

mystery, for his lips would not give utterance to those things which he longed to express, and so he journeyed alone.

Now the country through which he passed was marvellously beautiful. By the roadside grew flowers and fruits in tropic profusion. The land was a land of many waters, of mists and refreshing dews, and ever and anon along the banks of the streams grew vegetation more wondrous than he had ever yet dreamed of, crystal lakes gleamed before his eyes, like opals in the sunlight, and snow-capped mountains reflected the glories of the setting sun. Beautiful song-birds filled the air with their throbbing music, and delighted his eyes with their glorious plumage.

Now as the man looked about him he felt thrilled to the soul by the beauties which he saw, and he longed to tarry among them, and drink deep of their delight, but ever as he paused the muffled beating of the drum sounded in his ears, and bade him linger not.

Then was the man torn asunder by his desires, and by that other thing which led him forward, willy-nilly, he know not where, and as he went he reasoned within himself thus:

"Why do I long with such a bitter, cruel longing for these things which are within my reach, when there is that which seems to warn me against them, as from evil? Is beauty, then, evil?"

And lo! the distant beating of the drum seemed to resolve itself into words, which answered him, saying:

"These things which thou seest are but things of the moment; their beauty will fade. Go thou forward to those better things which yet await thee, and whose beauty is eternal!"

But as he wrestled with himself upon these things there came to the man's mind some words which he had read in a book belonging to the people of the nameless country, and whose rhythmic beauty had haunted him. The words were these:

Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the prophet's paradise to come;
Ah! take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

And the man paused by the wayside, and his soul was disquietened within him.

Once more the voice of the drum sounded in his ears, saying: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

But from the depths of the man's memory came more sweetly cadenced words:

> The bird of time has but a little way
> To flutter; and the bird is on the wing.

And so the man closed his ears to the voice of the drum, and wandered from the pathway he had been following, and filled his soul with the beauties which surrounded him, and drank deep of their delights. But lo! as he drank he found many dregs of bitter where he had at first thought all was sweet; and many of the flowers which had looked so enchanting from the roadside were bruised, and the fruits were worm-eaten at the core, and upon the faces of the men and women who surrounded him, he saw traces of tears, and lines of sorrow, where at first he had seen naught but joy.

And the man struggled to return to the road which he had left, for he was filled with loathing for all those things which were not what they seemed, but his head grew dizzy, and his feet were heavy, and he groaned in spirit that he had ever left the roadway.

Now while he was struggling to return to the road he had left, and while his spirit was anguished within him, further words which he had read in his home by the banks of the river of the waters of oblivion returned to his mind:

> Drink! for you know not whence you come, nor why:
> Drink! for you know not why you go nor where.

And so he remembered the flask which he had brought with him, filled with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, and he drew it forth, and tasted thereof, so that he fell asleep where he was, and many people saw him from the roadway, and passed him by, saying: "He is drunken with wine," and their souls were filled with loathing for him.

Now it happened that as they spake these words, and passed along their way, the voice of the drum sounded fainter in their ears than it had done before, and some of them wandered from the road, though they knew it not, but cried saying: "Follow us, and we will lead you to the place you fain would reach!"

But one among the people who journeyed along the road stopped beside the fallen man, and carried him to a place of comfort, and tended him while he slept; but as the man opened his eyes once more in consciousness he who had cared for him passed along his way (so that the man knew not who had helped him), and lo! as he went the voice of the drum sounded clear and joyful in his ears.

Now when the man came to ponder upon the things which had befallen him, he was broken in spirit, and sore ashamed that he had ever been drawn from his purpose, and he flung away what yet remained to him of the water in the flask, and resolved henceforward to let no happening draw him from his path.

And behold, the man's soul was filled with love for him who had helped him in his need, and he longed to be like him, and his heart beat with a great, strong pity for all who faltered by the way, and ever as he went spake he words of comfort to those who were in need of it, and spake of his own suffering to those who were tempted away by the beauties which they saw, and no one who was in need or in sickness ever asked of him in vain. And the man's face grew in beauty, and his eyes shone with a clear and steady light, and children paused in their play to look at his face as he passed, and to wonder at his beauty.

And the voice of the drum sounded clearer and clearer in his ears, foretelling joys which awaited him; and sorrow and suffering became to him as things of naught.

Now years went by, and the man's strength began to fail him, and though he had never ceased to ponder upon those things which he understood not, he knew no more about them than when he had left his home by the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion, but though his limbs were racked with pain, because of his age, he journeyed on, gladly following the voice of the drum which led him, for sorrow and joy and pain had become to him as one and the same thing.

Now as he journeyed a strange thing befell; for as he looked about him it seemed as though all that he saw were familiar to him, though he did not know the country he was in. This feeling grew more and more intense as he became weaker in body, and he said: "It is but an old man's fancy," but even as he

spoke he recognised the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion where he had first crossed it into the nameless country, and this sight filled his soul with a great sickness, that he had spent all his life in vain, and had only returned to the point from which he had departed, for, in his humility, he counted as naught those good deeds which had made him famous among the people.

And the words of a long-forgotten poem sounded once more in his ears, saying:

> . . . The phantom caravan has reached
> The nothing it set out from. . . .

And with a great cry he fell upon his face, and stretched forth his hand and dipped it into the river of the waters of oblivion, and drank of the water thereof.

When the people of the nameless country found him lying dead upon the river bank, they digged a grave and buried him where he lay. They placed no stone to mark the spot, for they did not know his name, but deep in the hearts of the people of the nameless country is engraved a grateful elegy for a man who once wandered among them, and who had ever shown a great strong love toward his fellow-men.

M. E. WILKINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

VICARIOUS SUFFERING*

THE members of the Theosophical Society forming a body of students and not of doctrinaires, I am glad to learn that Mr. Powis Hoult did not find in my "Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" any of that hard-and-fast dogmatic teaching which he rightly deprecates from the theosophical standpoint in another part of his paper. The extension of the subject has been supplied by Mr. Hoult in a manner entirely satisfactory to me, and I hope to other readers of the REVIEW; that is to say, what the priest calls in St. Lydwine's *Life* "the law of the solidarity of evil," Mr. Hoult proceeds to show is the same idea as the

* See the papers "Vicarious Suffering" and "Notes on Vicarious Suffering in China" in the June issue.

solidarity of good, as shown in the exercise of mercy and help towards one another that lies within the power of the meanest, according to his ability. The law of the one is the law of the other. Why Mr. Hoult thinks I am bound to give my conclusions when I only intended to throw out a suggestion is a puzzle to me. What do the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW care for the opinion of Miss Kislingbury, or why should I do their thinking for them?

Surely it is better to present for their consideration facts which appear to be well authenticated and which have not perhaps come within the ken of every one; it even seems to me that the accumulation of such transcendental facts is just one of the reasons for which the Theosophical Society exists. The notes on the beliefs in China furnish most interesting evidence towards the same end.

I should like to be allowed to add another incident related by the late Augustus Hare in one of the early volumes of his book entitled, I think, *Memorials of my Life*. When his adopted mother, really his aunt, Mrs. Julius Hare, to whom he was deeply attached, was seriously ill, Mr. Hare went down to St. Peter's (they were living in Rome at the time) and offered at the tomb of the Apostles with great fervour of devotion to sacrifice a certain number of the years of his own life if they might be added to that of his mother. Mrs. Hare forthwith recovered, but of course we do not know whether Mr. Hare's life was shortened in consequence, as no one can say how long he would have lived. Perhaps *he* knows it now.

The question that I put in my paper has remained untouched, namely, *why* one physical life must be taken when another is given. Is it that the life-principle (Prâṇa) is limited in quantity, as oxygen and other elements are supposed to be an unalterable quantity? Can any one answer this?

At the end of his paper Mr. Hoult professes to have made only a suggestion. Here we are on a par, and I hail a fellow-student.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THERE are few in the world who attain to the teaching without words and the advantage arising from non-action.—TÂO TEH KING.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Date of Jesus

Did Jesus live 100 B.C.? An Enquiry into the Talmud Jesus Stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. By G. R. S. Mead. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price ? 9s. net.)

In this book Mr. Mead takes up another branch of his life-work, the study of the Christian origins; this time sifting the polemical writings of the Jews against the Christians, for the grains of truth which may seem to be mixed with the indubitable inventions of which they mostly consist. There is nothing so important to keep in mind in this connection as that Judaism as we now see it is, if anything, younger instead of older than Christianity. What took place in the first century A.D. is precisely analogous to what happened to the old Hinduism at the rise of Buddhism, to the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation; in the presence of a young and active "heresy" the old religion crystallised and hardened itself that it might not be swept away in the flood. The process so graphically described by the Rabbins as "making a fence round the Torah," the process to which we owe the faith and ritual of the Jewish nation as it now presents itself, was carried out with direct reference to the Christian religion then being formed and shaped in the midst of the adherents of the older faith. The "fence" was, to a very considerable extent, intentionally and avowedly a fence against the Christians; and we might expect, therefore, to find in the Talmuds and other Jewish documents a good deal of information as to what the hated Reformation actually believed and taught, mixed up with the inevitable strong language, and to gain some confirmation or otherwise of the Gospel histories of the life of Jesus.

From the very thorough examination Mr. Mead has made of his materials no very great result of this kind is arrived at. Those who look for unintentional testimonies to the truth of the popular Christian

Lives of Jesus will be much disappointed. But the picture drawn by the Jewish controversialists of the Christ himself is one of really enormous interest to Theosophists. In the first place they know nothing of him as the simple carpenter's son of the Gospels; he is to them the favourite pupil of the greatest teacher of the Law in their most brilliant period, about 100 B.C.; possessed, according to one story, of the highest secrets of Egyptian magic, according to another, of the Ineffable Name of Jahwe Himself, the Name the knowledge of which gave him almost all power in earth and in heaven. It seems to account for much of the horror and indignation with which the new religion was received—to the Jews he was no unknown Galilean, but their own greatest and best man, who had, alas, gone wrong and set himself up for God. Now, we know that Jesus himself did not do this; but we also know that almost immediately after his death the tendency to make him the equal of God began to show itself in the Church, and it is evidently against this the Jewish statements are directed. Similarly Mr. Mead regards (with great probability) the scandalous stories about his birth as the Jewish reply to the story of the Virgin birth which began to shape itself about the end of the first century (the *original* Gospel did not contain it, and it is due to theological necessities, not to any historical tradition). But the most curious thing of all is that there is from beginning to end of the Jewish sources no word of the crucifixion! All they know is the older story which peeps out in the Acts in the speech of Peter at Joppa—that "he was slain and hanged upon a tree"; that is, that he was stoned and his body exposed on a tree till evening. The story that "he was crucified under Pontius Pilate," the Jews (who ought to know) do not even take the trouble to deny.

Now it is true that these main points are surrounded by a luxuriant growth of fable of all kinds, and hence are, for the ordinary reader, to a certain extent discredited; but we Theosophists are aware that they are precisely the very statements made by those of our body who are able to see for themselves what actually did happen, and to us they are confirmations of a view at first sight so strikingly improbable as that suggested by Mr. Mead's title. Fifty years ago even to ask such a question as "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" would have been impossible; but the freedom of treatment of the Gospel narratives by even the most conservative of modern critics has changed the situation. Only those who have followed the later criticism can know how great a relief it would be to have another

hundred years between the Teacher himself and the state of things described in the Acts as existing almost immediately after his death; a state of things absolutely impossible then. For an example we need only take the developed Christian community Saul found at Damascus—according to the received chronology, within a year or two of Christ's death. Quite the greatest difficulty we find in framing for ourselves a picture of the Christian origins is (upon the supposition that Jesus himself taught the old Wisdom religion and no other) to account for the apparently universal conviction of his followers to the contrary at a time when, according to the ordinary statements, his personal teaching could not possibly have been forgotten.

But any investigation of this would take us too far from our immediate subject, and we return to Mr. Mead's book. In his "Foreword" he draws attention to the profound modifications produced in the new religion by the complete acceptance by its earlier followers of the prevailing Jewish belief of the divine authority of the so-called Law of Moses; a belief apparently shared by the Teacher himself, if we give credence to the traditions contained in our present Gospels. He shows how interesting a study it *should* be to modern Christians to know how the Jews themselves spoke of Jesus and what was the view taken of him by the immediate successors of those among whom he lived and to whom he preached. There are, of course, many to whom any enquiry of this kind will seem simple blasphemy, as a century back it would have been to all. In answer, our author says:

"When, then, we take pen in hand to review part of the history of this great strife between Christian and Jew in days gone by, we do so because we have greater faith in present-day humanity than in the inhumanity of the past. Let us agree to seek an explanation, to confer together, to sink our pride in our own opinion. . . . . But this book is not intended for the man whose 'Christianity' is greater than his humanity, nor for him whose 'Judaism' is stronger than his love of human kind; it is not meant for the theologian who loves his preconceptions more than truth, or for the fanatic who thinks he is the only chosen of God. It is a book for men and women who have experience of life and human nature, who have the courage to face things as they are; who know that, on the one hand, the Churches of to-day, no matter how carefully they strive to disguise the fact, are confronted by the gravest possible difficulties as to doctrine; whilst many of the clergy are becoming a law unto themselves, or, because

of the terrorism of ecclesiastical laymen, are forced to be hypocrites in the pulpit; and, on the other hand, that Judaism cannot continue in its traditional mould without doing the utmost violence to its intelligence."

For readers who answer this description there will be nothing but pleasure in following Mr. Mead through the chapters in which he examines the evidence, internal and external, for the ordinarily received date of Jesus. After these comes an interesting account of the origin and nature of the Talmud, in the course of which he brings out fully the view I have already referred to, that as Christian "orthodoxy" was first brought into existence by the Fathers, so there had been much freedom of belief amongst the Jews until the faith was fixed by the Mishnaic Rabbis of the early centuries after Christ. In a chapter on its later history he details the shameful and sorrowful way in which, over and over again during the Middle Ages, the Jewish books were condemned and destroyed by Christian authorities who could not read a single word of them. Next comes the discussion of the Talmud's references to Jesus, and what external evidence can be gathered in their support; then the Talmud Mary stories; those of the magical powers he is said to have gained in Egypt; references to him apparently under the name of Balaam; and finally the directions given in the Talmud as to the treatment of his followers by the orthodox. After this we have a full discussion of that exceedingly curious and disgraceful libel known as the Toldoth Jeschu, which has furnished much occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, but which cannot be excluded from the plan of a treatise like the present.

The Jewish authorities having been thus exhausted, our author turns to the Christians; and we shall certainly not complain that here he has given us much interesting matter which does not quite further the strict purpose of his book, in the shape of an examination of some curious statements of the Church-Father Epiphanius. It begins under the heading "On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians" and discusses the origin of the names "Christian" and "Nazarene," referring under the last to the exceedingly attractive suggestion that the birthplace of Jesus was in fact the Bethlehem of the Nazareth country, that the nativity in Bethlehem of Judea is a blunder and that a *town* of Nazareth did not, at that date, exist. From this we pass to certain strange particulars of various sects denounced by Epiphanius, who was a heresy-hunter of the most furious type, but who sometimes

lets drop a valuable hint amidst his wild flood of words. From these and other sources it becomes quite clear that the assumption of the present race of biblical critics that "Gnosticism" was unknown until the second century—the presumed fact by which they undertake to settle the dates of all the earlier writings—is quite unfounded, spite of the positive statement of the Church-Father on whom they rely. Gnosticism, a true portion of the Eternal Wisdom, was not *invented* in the second century A.D., and did not come into existence as a "heresy" of the then novel Christian faith; and until this is clearly understood, scholars will always be at sea in examining the Origins. Curiously enough, Epiphanius records certain stories then current, which, in Mr. Mead's hands, seem to be wholly inexplicable except as records of a tradition, still surviving in the fourth century, that Christ was indeed born, as the Jews have it, one hundred years B.C.

Our author's well-known dislike to seeming to press what appear to him conclusive arguments beyond the validity which his opponents might fairly recognise is well shown in the "Afterword," which sums up his results and compares them with the incomplete revelations received from our clairvoyant seers to which I have already alluded. He is content to leave his question without authoritative decision, but presses upon his readers with great earnestness that the secret of Christianity, as of the elder religions, is not in the physical facts of the Founder's life, but in the inner, spiritual meaning for the manifestation (in the veiled and half-secret way in which such manifestation is alone possible) of which the facts exist. Of what that spiritual meaning of the life of the great Teacher Jesus may be, Mr. Mead gives us a valuable hint in the following passage:

"I have heard it suggested that the genesis [of the Gospel story which criticism is endeavouring to recover in the form of the 'common document' is to be traced to the sketch of an ideal life which was intended for purposes of propaganda, and which could be further explained to those who were ready for more definite instructions in the true nature of the Christ mystery. To a certain extent it was based on some of the traditions of the actual historic doings of Jesus, but the true historical details were often transformed by the light of the mystery teaching, and much was added in changed form concerning the drama of the Christ mystery; allegories and parables and actual mystery doings were woven into it, with what appears now to be a consummate art which has baffled for ages the intellect of the world, but which at the time was regarded by the writer as a modest effort

at simplifying the spiritual truths of the inner life, by putting them forward in the form of what we should now call a 'historical romance,' but which in his day was one of the natural methods of Haggada and Apocalyptic."

After discussion of the statements made on this subject in Mr. Leadbeater's book, *The Christian Creed*, our author proceeds—in words to which we would draw the reader's attention as the kernel of the book, expressing, as they do, the main fact which seems to dawn through the confusion:

"This view, then, can only remain as a speculation until objective research into the nomenclature and thought-atmosphere of the early mystic schools, convinces us that the main secret of Christian dogmatics is almost entirely hidden *in the mysteries of the inner experience.* At present this latter view is repugnant to most minds engaged on the study of Christian origins, but that it is a very legitimate view I am myself becoming more and more convinced with every added year of study bestowed on the beginnings and earliest environment of Christianity.

"And in this connection I would venture to say that the actual objective physical history of Jesus himself is one thing; the continued inner presence of the Master whose love and wisdom and power were in the new dispensation first made externally manifest through Jesus, is another matter. The former is mainly a question of pure objective history, though psychologically it becomes complicated with mysterious influences with which our present very limited knowledge of psychic science is not competent to deal, while the latter is a question of subjective activity, of vision and spiritual experiences, of an energising from within, a divine leaven working in the hearts and minds of disciples of every class of society and range of ability, the actual inner history of which no purely objective research can ever reveal.

"From all this there emerged in course of time a view of history and dogma that gradually shaped itself into ever more and more rigid uniformity; a sameness which we cannot discover in the days when the leaven was most actively working. In earlier times this later special view—let us call it Nicene Christianity—was at best one of a number; nay, in the earliest days it would have been probably unrecognisable as the view of any circle or group of immediate disciples of the Master."

One may add, in taking leave of this valuable work, that it is just in the view here suggested that we find the needful transition from the

popular stories to the explanations given by our seers. If we clearly understand that neither to those who wrote the Gospels nor to those who received them were the actual facts of any consequence except as to the lessons they taught;—that what we now require as "historical accuracy" was unknown to all and would have been utterly uncared for if it had been known;—that the "truth" of the historical romances baptised by the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John depends (just as that of "Michael Wood's" tales in the REVIEW) solely upon their inner meaning, the deep secrets of the inner life which they partially reveal and partially veil;—we shall then be prepared to take our share in the work which lies before the Christianity of the twentieth century—the new development of its faith on the lines from which it was unhappily so long ago drawn aside by the materialistic ignorance and party rancour of the Fathers of the Nicæan Council.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

"BLACK MAGIC" IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Shambles of Science. By Lizzy Lind af Hageby and Leisa K. Schartau. (London: Ernest Bell; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

THE first effect on the reviewer who read this book was a feeling of regret at the lack of any "swear words" in the available vocabulary of society, strong enough to express indignation at the state of things it reveals. The next was a fervent wish that some "invisible helper" would make it his or her nightly business "to poke an astral finger" into the physiological pie by mercifully putting an end to the tortures of the miserable victims of laboratory experiment who are left to suffer "for further examination." But such effects are impracticable, and the third result was to send for a dozen copies in order to distribute them—not to sympathetic friends but—to honest waverers who still linger shivering on the brink and fear to plunge their souls into a denunciation of twentieth century "black magic."

The Shambles of Science has been written by two young Swedish ladies, students of physiology, who vouch for the accuracy of the statements it contains. They came to England for the express purpose of finding out the truth for themselves, and entered upon a regular course of study at various London laboratories. "We have given our full names and addresses," they write, "and paid our fees. Whenever medical students have spoken to us about vivisection, we have made no secret of our opinions. . . . We now think that

some of the things we have heard and seen in England may be of interest to English anti-vivisectionists, and we have therefore decided to compile part of our notes and reflections and to publish them." So the things of which we read in this volume are done, not by some remote continental experimenter in the dim past, but here, in our own city, and in the immediate present. Every experiment described is capable of verification, for the name of the laboratory and date are given in each case. The authors write: "The names of the lecturers and demonstrators have been omitted in the accounts of the experiments, as this is not meant to be a personal attack, but an indictment against the system."

Nothing could be more straightforward than the method of attack which these intrepid women have made upon the system of teaching physiology in our Medical Schools, and we think that the most special of special pleaders will be hard bestead to explain it away. We should rejoice to believe that this book may do the same service for the humanity of the twentieth century that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for that of the nineteenth. What we want is *to know;* to have light thrown into dark places; to have evidence at first hand. It has often been said that the testimony of one eye-witness is worth any amount of the negative testimony of those who have *not* seen. In this book we have the signed testimony of those who have investigated for themselves, and a terribly damning piece of evidence it is. Not because it gloats over the descriptions of horrors—for the details are clothed in the decency of scientific language—but because it tears away that flimsy veil of "anæsthesia" which is so often thrown like a cloak of charity to hide a multitude of sins from the eyes of a too inquiring section of the British public.

This is no place to enter into particulars as to the actual things seen; no one who has suffered from sciatica or neuritis, or sat in a dentist's chair and had him touch with the most delicate sympathy the exposed nerve of a tooth, can fail to imagine some trifle of what it may mean to have nerves dissected out and stimulated by the electric current, while some prominent organ of the body (such as the kidney or spleen), dragged from its place, has been enclosed in a box but still attached by nerve and vascular connections to its owner's agonising frame. All this to get records of blood pressure which may (or may *not*, for the valuelessness of the varying results are frequently quoted from the lecturer's own lips) result from such abnormal conditions.

In addition to the exposure of the anæsthesia fraud, the most vital lessons to be learned from this volume are: first and foremost the degrading and deteriorating effects on the professors, students and laboratory attendants themselves. The joking, smoking and laughter which often accompany these demonstrations are frequently recorded, and it is pretty obvious that however much the vivisector may suffer on public platforms and in the pages of public journals, from the "painful necessity which *compels* him to stifle his humane feelings for the sake of a diseased humanity," he exhibits no such traces of repugnance to his work in the lecture theatre.

Experiment, experiment, experiment, is the cry, and what was said of Magendie—that he substituted experiment for thinking—is true of many of his followers. "It is much more inconvenient to give careful thought and meditation to difficult problems presented by the living organism than to 'thrust in the knife and see what will come of it.'"

The second important fact, which the authors demonstrate, is the inexactitude of results. This is well indicated in a chapter of notes taken down from the lips of the professors during demonstrations. They are truly effective. The same may be said of the section on "Frogology," which exposes "the uncertainty, want of logic and clear definition" of all the text-books on "reflex movement," which is another of those "blessed words" used to hoodwink a too confiding public.

In conclusion, for the work these ladies have done we warmly thank them, on the ability and restraint they have shown we heartily congratulate them, and for the success of their effort towards the uplifting of the human race we sincerely pray.

E.

A Prentice Mulford Précis

The Gift of the Spirit. A selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford, with an Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London Philip Wellby; 1903.)

The writings of Prentice Mulford, either in the six-volumed edition of the White Cross Library or in the first edition of the above English selection, are familiar to most of our readers. Their merits are evidenced by the steady demand which has made a new edition imperative, even amid the flood of more or less imitative literature which

recent years have brought upon the market. Their faults are hardly less obvious, and some of them are frankly pointed out by Mr. Waite in the able Preface and Introduction which he has furnished to the selection now before us. There are eighteen essays in the volume and they represent the pith of Prentice Mulford's work. Readers who make his acquaintance in this volume are spared the repetition and reiteration which become a wearisome feature of the fuller edition of his writings. Theosophists will find much that is familiar in thought stated in original and forcible ways, for Mulford's ideas on re-embodiment, thought-transference, other forms of consciousness, etc., were in many ways similar to our more systematised views, but with turns and twists which render them peculiar to himself and evidence the fact that his were original inspirations, bearing the impress of the personal channel through which they came, and to some minds these very imprints of individuality carry a message with added force. "He that hath ears to hear" let him hearken to the spiritual message of Prentice Mulford as set forth in these pages.

The publisher is to be congratulated on the improved dress in which he has clothed the new edition. E. W.

The "S.P.R." and its Work

The Society for Psychical Research. By Edward T. Bennett. (London: Brimley Johnson; 1903. Price 1s.)

In this chatty and well-written little book, Mr. Bennett gives us an account in outline of the formation and work of that Society for Psychical Research to which Myers, Gurney and others devoted so much of their lives. Having been its Assistant Secretary for twenty years, Mr. Bennett writes with a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with its working and the results attained, and no one can glance through his account without being forced to realise how much has been done under the Society's auspices, and how real, how pressing, how vitally important are both the problems themselves with which it is concerned and the methods by which these problems are being attacked.

Mr. Myers' posthumous work gives us the very quintessence of the twenty years' labours of the organisation; but its perusal is a laborious task and needs some preparatory acquaintance with the subject, and as a general introduction, an outline sketch, no one could do better than read this pamphlet of Mr. Bennett's and—take up the study of these matters in right earnest. B. K.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, June. "Old Diary Leaves" have nothing of general interest this month. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Heaven World" follows; then H. Prasad speaks on "Universal Brotherhood"; C. Kofel gives an interesting summary of Prof. Bose's researches on the manifestation of life in metals and plants; W. G. John undertakes a difficult task in discussing the precise relations between the mind and the body which it temporarily occupies. We should ourselves be inclined to demur to his fundamental principle, which he thus lays down: "Whatever lines of argument my mind may suggest to me, I shall never attempt to free myself from the never-failing operation of the law that, whatever the *appearances* may point to, the body of any particular man in his totality of character up to date, looking at him all round, will infallibly be in exact keeping with the points of progression of the real man himself." Now, to our mind, the assumption of such a law is purely arbitrary, and the facts do not confirm it. The first elementary, foundation principle is that a man's body expresses, *not* his progression up to date, but (on the contrary) only so much, or so little, as the karma of his *past* life permits, and this may be, and frequently is, entirely inadequate to the expression of his present self. To take Mr. John's own example, the case of Socrates. Here, there can be no question that the satyr's face represented precisely the predispositions he brought over with him from his last incarnation. As he himself said of it, it showed his *nature*—what he might have been, but for the "philosophy" which taught him to starve out the lower propensities; and we may be quite sure that in his *next* incarnation it would not reappear. A lack of full grasp of this confuses an otherwise thoughtful and valuable study. Next, S. Stuart begins a "Cyclic Retrospect" of the last 2,000 years; and the discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Avatâras* is continued by M. C. Sutariya and T. Ramachandra Row.

Central Hindu College Magazine, June. The Report of the Movement is a very satisfactory one, and shows that the system of the College is taking root in the Hindu mind and that similar institutions are multiplying. The literary contents of the Magazine are well up to its mark.

Theosophic Gleaner, June. This magazine continues on its new plan, and gives an interesting selection of new and old.

The Dawn, May, concludes Sister Nivedita's vigorous protest against the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women

in India. She says: "Probably no single fact has tended to widen the distance between the races in India like this of Missionary slander. Certainly nothing has so deepened our contempt. The only class of Europeans who have been admitted to Hindu homes at all, and have made a business of reporting what they saw there, have been Protestant missionaries, medical and other. It seems as if to them nothing has been sacred. In all lands, doctors and clergymen see the misfortunes of the home and professional honour keeps their lips sealed. But here all has been put upon the market!" Sister Nividita forgets that the living and the future of the missionary and his wife and family depend on the reports he sends home. As long as the English and American "religious world" require such reports they must be provided. Did not a leading minister, after having been kindly received in India, go home and tell his congregation: "The Hindus have no religion and no morality except what they have learned from the missionaries!" He knew well what they wished to hear from him, and that he *must* say it.

Also from India: *The Arya*, April, with a very good paper on the education of Hindu girls; *Siddhanta Deepika; Indian Review*, June; and a particularly good number of *East and West* for June. It is difficult to choose the best of its articles, but one (unsigned) entitled "Forty Years Ago," and giving the writer's experience when a boy at Surat, should not be missed. It gives a picture of social relationships between white and brown at that time, not only pleasing in itself, but suggestive of serious thought for those who have the future welfare of India at heart.

The Vâhan, July, has an interesting account of the Memorial Service for the late Miss Louisa Shaw and a notice of her life by her colleague, Mr. Hodgson Smith. The "Enquirer" contains answers to questions on the experiences of physical life indispensable for the development of the Ego; on the three Aspects of the Self, given by Mrs. Besant as "Knowing, Willing, and Energising"; on "The Aspect of Knowledge"; and the distinction between the Subjective and Objective Mind.

Lotus Journal, July, keeps up its interest. The more solid portions are "Science Talks," by W. C. Worsdell, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Law of Cause and Effect."

Bulletin Théosophique, July, reports good results from the President-Founder's recent visit to Geneva.

Revue Théosophique, June. This number has a report of a rather

elaborate service (as we can hardly help calling it) in Paris on White Lotus Day, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Invisible World," of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and M. Revel's "Mystic Silence."

Theosophia, June, has an editorial upon White Lotus Day, short papers by C. J. Schuver on "Mary Worship," and by M. J. Vermeulen on "Purity"; together with translations from Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Leadbeater.

Théosophie for July reproduces notes from M. Kohlen's lectures and a short but valuable instruction by Dr. Pascal on "Heaven and Hell."

Luzifer, July, contains a paper by the Editor on "Initiation and the Mysteries," the continuation of the Mlle. M. v. Siver's interesting discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, Dr. Huebbe-Schleiden's "Ideals of Life," and an elaborate study of Goethe's "God and the World" in the light of Theosophy, by Julius Engel.

Sophia, June, continues R. Urbano's paper on "Mystery," and E. Gonzalez-Blancoon "Hylozoism," and has an interesting account of "The Magician, Don Ilan of Toledo," by V. D. Pérez. Also translations from Maeterlinck and Mrs. Besant.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for June, has translations from Mrs. Besant and Miss Edger, and a lecture, "Easter Meditation," by Herman Thaning.

South African Theosophist, June, concludes the Editor's paper on "Easter" and W. Wybergh's valuable "Hints on Study." The "Enquirer" has a capital "getting round" the common objection that Theosophy is antichristian; and when the "Activities" can tell us of nineteen new members for the month (making in all 106), it is no wonder that the President found the "Old Country" surprised and pleased!

With the June number *Theosofisch Maandblad* of Semarang completes the second year of its useful existence. *Theosophy in Australasia*, for May, and the *N.Z. Theosophical Magazine* for June, both speak hopefully of the future, and furnish interesting and instructive reading for the present.

Also received: *Mind*, for July, with a valuable study on "Reincarnation," by Frank D. Mitchell; *Modern Astrology*, July, in which Mrs. Leo continues her exposition of the "Wisdom-Religion"; *La Nuova Parola*, July, where P. Raveggi gives a very important study of the "Idea of Continued Existence of the Soul amongst Modern Poets," which we should be glad to see in English; *Light*; *Dharma*; *The Anglo-Russian*; *The Light of Reason*.

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