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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have received a circular from the Anagarika Dharmapala, the General Secretary of the Maha Bodhi Society, announcing his opening of the Manual and Agricultural Training School in Isipatana, Benares, the historic deer park in which the Lord Buddha preached His first sermon after His enlightenment. Mr. Dharmapala says that in this Training School it is intended to teach :

Arts and crafts, modern agriculture, dairying, fruit-canning, cattle-breeding, bee-keeping, weaving, mat-making, basketry, embroidery, glazed pottery, book-binding, drawing, illuminating, wood-carving, cabinet-making, metal work, electro-plating, enamelling, printing, soap-making, umbrella-making, shoe-making, clay modelling, hygiene, practical use of electricity, agricultural chemistry, etc. I have secured the services of a young Englishman—Mr. C. H. Viggars—who will teach agriculture ; and I expect to secure competent teachers from Germany, Denmark, Italy, America and Japan, for the other departments.

Mr. Dharmapala asks for financial support in his enterprise and Mr. Neel Comal Mukerji, Holy House, 29, Baniapuker Road, Entally, Calcutta, will receive any contributions. We cordially wish Mr. Dharmapala success, and trust that his School will be carried on in such a way as to win confidence and com-

mand success. Technical training, especially in agriculture, is sorely needed in India, and all efforts in the direction of reviving her perishing arts and crafts are efforts with which all lovers of India must sympathise.

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A VERY interesting exhibition was opened in London in July, at University College, of antiquities reft from Egypt by Professor Flinders Petrie and other explorers. The Professor unearthed at Ehnasya, sixty miles from Cairo, a temple which was first erected 2,500 B.C., and was five times re-constructed, the latest ruins being as modern as 150 A.D. One beautiful gold statuette bears the date 700 B.C. A Theban temple dating from 2,500 B.C. has also been unburied, and herein was found a three-cornered loaf of unleavened bread. Many papyri have been found, but they are all modern, the oldest being only of 150 B.C. We wonder if anyone still believes in the date printed by authority in the Bibles, "Creation of the World" 4,004 B.C. Is it not time that this absurdity was altered ?

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THE lost ten tribes of Israel have turned up again, this time in Japan! "An eminent French savant," quoted in the *St. James' Gazette*, is the authority, and he says the The Ten Tribes? Japanese are the missing Israelites. Tradition is the first witness, a tradition among the Samurai that they came to Japan from western Asia. Of this landing they have still pictures, and these early Samurai are depicted in "the ancient armour of Assyria and Media, and are shod, like the ancient princes of Israel, with badger skins. They wear the tachi, or Persian sword, and some bear the ancient Israelitish unicorn-shaped spears, others the spear of the ancient Median infantry."

My informant, further, described a species of war-dance which he had seen at Kiyoto on the occasion of a big festival. It took the form of a sham fight to music, in which combatants, armed with helmet, shield, and spear, represented the first warriors of Japan. But their dress was unmistakably that of ancient Persia, while the long Japanese war bow, which will send an arrow through a deal board, is an exact facsimile of the Assyrian weapon.

There are also pictures in possession of the Japanese Imperial family painted on silk dark with age, rolled up in camphor-wood boxes, which have been handed down from father to son for numerous generations, representing scenes showing all the ancient Jewish Temple instruments, and figures whose features are quite peculiarly Jewish. One, painted on a small bronze-tipped roll, represents a fiery serpent lifted on a pole and enveloped in flames. In some of the shrines, too, there may be seen rare copies of this in bronze.

In some old pictures are represented an unmistakably Jewish altar of incense, with a startlingly Jewish-looking priest beside it, a shepherd and sheep, a camel, and a prince on a white mule, neither of which are Japanese animals. Another scene exhibits a king receiving gifts from a queen and she in return from him; while a chariot is also shown, drawn by four horses abreast, in which is seated a distinctly Jewish-looking personage. Besides the unleavened bread, the table, laver, the altar of incense, and the seven-branched candlestick are all found in the Shinto worship of Japan. Three volumes are published in Japan containing the "Jin dai," or secret characters of the sacred age. In the first the writing closely resembles the characters found on the rocks of Sinai, otherwise no traces of them are to be found in any living or dead language. The Japanese say they came from God. The second volume contains writing resembling the snake-shaped characters of Persia, and may be ancient Median writing; while volume three exhibits some of the arrow-headed writing of Nineveh and Babylon.

All this may be true, and yet the Japanese may not be the "lost ten tribes." Fourth Race people the Japanese certainly are, and the tide from old Atlantis set from the West eastwards over Asia. But the presence of all these Atlantean remains is no proof that the Japanese were Semites. They spring from the Mongolian stock.

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IN our April number under the heading "Without Teaching" we quoted a lengthy and an apparently careful and circumstantial account taken from *The Daily Mirror* of alleged
 Corrections psychic phenomena of a very unusual kind said to be produced at will by a certain Herr von Braulik of Milwaukee. We have now received a communication from a Chicago colleague who has instituted inquiries at Milwaukee, with the result that Milwaukee itself seems to know of no such man and no such phenomena. *Sic transit!* The date of the *Athenæum*, in which appeared an interesting article on the

“Synthesis of Cosmic and Æsthetic Rhythms,” noticed in our June issue, is April 30th, not April 20th.

IN the *All Saints', Margaret Street, Church and Parish Paper* for June, the Vicar answers a question on Reincarnation in the following way :

Reincarnation This is a word which the Theosophists have adopted to express the doctrine of metempsychosis ; that is the doctrine that after death man's soul may pass into another body, of more or less favourable condition according to the merit of the previous life. Pythagoras taught that this other body might be either of man or beast, and such seems to be the present belief of the Brahmans. The Theosophists, however, seem to restrict their theory to migration from one human body to another, so that though the personality passes from body to body, man never ceases to be man.

Our Lord's disciples seem to have supposed that the blind man of S. John vi. had had a previous existence when they ask : Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind ? Our Lord replies that the man's blindness was due neither to his own [pre-natal] sin nor to his parent's sin, but his answer does not condemn the hypothesis that pre-natal sin was possible.

The belief in some sort of metempsychosis has been held in the darker ages as a pious opinion by some Christians, and we should hesitate to affirm that the idea which underlies it cannot possibly be accommodated to the Christian faith.

The Vicar goes on to say that he thinks “the general position of Theosophists is incompatible with the Catholic faith.” This view appears to be based on the individual opinions of a few Theosophists, not a very solid ground. It is interesting to notice that the belief in reincarnation has been held by some Christians in the “darker ages,” a somewhat peculiar term to apply to the times of Tertullian, S. Clement of Alexandria and Origen. The Vicar acknowledges the force of the passage in S. John vi., and it is well that he considers the doctrine to be not wholly incompatible with Christianity.

BUT what about the position ^{* * *} taken up by Canon Cheyne and Canon Hensley Henson with regard to the Virgin birth ? Canon Cheyne says frankly that the story is derived from the mythology of Babylonia and Egypt, and that the Jewish writer of the Gospel

Born of the Virgin
Mary

derived it from a non-Jewish source. Truly the story long antedates the birth of Jesus, and belongs to Him when regarded by Christians in His divine, not His human, character. The clothing of the LOGOS in virgin matter is a truth as ancient as religion, and should not be lightly repudiated, though it must be recognised as a truth common to many religions; Mr. Leadbeater's *Christian Creed* gives the story in its original form, and it is true of every "Christ" in His divine character. Canons of the Church, guided by historical criticism, should also seek for the deeper truths embodied in the "myths" they find in all religions, else will they reduce Christianity to a mere empty shell. A religion stripped by historical criticism must re-clothe itself with the fair garment of Theosophy, if it would avoid the condition of Adam and Eve after the eating of the apple.

* * *

CANON CHEYNE does well in repeating the contention of Origen that the Church is not merely a hospital for the morally sick but also a union of men devoted to the highest ideals and to historic truth. Origen called such men Gnostics. That the Church may be such a union she must enjoy freedom of thought and of speech, and Canon Henson's plea for liberty to preach "the well authenticated results of historical criticism" must be granted. The Bishop of London has unwisely put himself in the wrong by suggesting the possibility of his taking action against the bold Canon. Canon Henson caustically replies that as Canon of Westminster he is outside the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and as Rector of S. Margaret's, Westminster, "I neither receive institution from the Bishop of London, nor take with respect to him any oath of canonical obedience." The Bishop should surely have known that he has no episcopal authority over Westminster. I remember when Dean Stanley explained to me the great value of the position of Dean of Westminster Abbey to a clergyman of liberal views, in that no Bishop could close his mouth. Dr. Ingram seems to have been a very pious and hard-working parish clergyman, and it was a pity to drag him away from his useful labours, to crown him with a mitre too heavy for his wearing.

* * *

A PREMONITION, only too sadly verified, came to Mrs. Harold Hornby regarding her husband, when he failed to return home at the expected time. Mrs. Hornby had prepared her husband's supper for his expected return about 1.30 a.m., and had gone to bed. She awoke trembling, at 1.15 a.m., and although her husband was not yet due, felt so confident "that something terrible had happened," that she roused the house and sent word to the police. "I feel that he is drowned," she said to a *Mirror* representative. A week later her husband's body was found in the Thames. The publication of her presentiment before the discovery gives evidential value to the premonition.

* * *

A REMARKABLE article appeared in *Le Matin* some few weeks ago. There was a little astronomical fête at the Eiffel Tower to celebrate the summer solstice, and at this M. Flammarion remarked that the Sun was a living, but not a thinking, star. Against this, M. H. Harduin, the writer of the article, rebels. "What does he know about it? What do we know?" he asks pertinently. "We seem to say to the Sun, to the gigantic Sun: 'You are the Being from whom emanate energy, light, heat, life; you are not capable of thought; that belongs to some infinitesimal parasites, crawling on a little ball lost in immensity. You do not even suspect their existence, for rising a poor five or six thousand metres above the ball they inhabit, one cannot see them, they cease to exist. Yet these microscopical beings think themselves the only creatures capable of possessing a conception of the universe, imagine that they are a centre, and that creation has no object beyond their miserable and ephemeral existence.' Probably the Sun would think it quaint enough if we could thus harangue him. Why should we suppose that thought is the possession of the infinitely small, merely because he has a head, a brain, some arms and legs, while the Sun has none? Might not intelligence dwell quite as well in an immense organism with a different form, such as the Sun? The Sun lives, he moves, and his life radiating upon us enables us to live. And they want us to see in him unconscious matter! It may be objected that we do not

perceive the manifestation of solar intelligence. And he? does he perceive ours?" M. Harduin goes on to reflect upon the extreme insignificance of our earth and ourselves. If a compression of a few millimetres happened to the earth, it would be flooded with burning lava, and in a few minutes the human race would have perished, "fifteen hundred millions of men would be annihilated. You will admit, surely, that such an event would be an important one. For us, certainly, but even for us only for a few minutes. But from the distant point occupied by the Sun, it would not even be visible, and the disappearance of these fifteen hundred million men would change nothing, would not trouble for an instant the order of the universe. It would be an absolutely insignificant fact. Let us, then, be modest, and cease to think, as we were taught at school, that man is the supreme end of the creation, and that the universe exists for him." The idea that the Sun is a living and thinking Being is, of course, true, and it is cheering to see the statement in so unexpected a quarter. One thing more M. Harduin needs to learn: that there is nothing either small or great; man is not truly dwarfed by the immensities of space, for that which dwells in mightiest Suns dwells in minutest Atoms.

* * *

REALLY, Lord Glenesk, this new nightmare is too terrible. His Lordship suggests a farthing newspaper, consisting only of headlines. It is bad enough to have all the newspapers written in the style of *Tit-Bits*, and to have hideous headlines jumping at one out of the pages. But to have nothing but headlines! It recalls the old woman who cried: "Lor! it did give me the jumps."

Snippets more
Snippety

* * *

THE Bishop of Ripon has been making some very keen but true remarks as to the condition of the Church in his charges during his triennial visitation. At Bradford he spoke of the need of meeting the changed conditions of modern life:

"Get back to
Christ"

No Christian man could feel happy or satisfied with the religious condition of our times. Attention had been drawn to the results of the census of the attendance at public worship in London. Some eighty-two per cent. of the population went to no place of worship at all, so that scarcely one of

five was a worshipper. Nor was there a deep impression as to any predominant signs of spiritual earnestness. The question was, how to deal with this indifferentism. Should services be modified so as to attract? Should they adhere to present methods of worship? Should they get rid of the sand and grit of dogma from their teaching? When he came to observe the moral ineffectiveness of much of the religious work done in England, he was tempted to ask whether they did not misinterpret their Master's teaching. The harvest was poor and thin, disproportionate to the work of the agencies employed. While acknowledging the good of those agencies, he said that the Church could not be content to be merely conservative in its influence—a mere breakwater against the flood of evil. Unless some revival of religion took place, the bulk of the people would evidently lapse into indifference. If he were asked what the Church needed to recover her confidence and her power, his answer was, "Get back to Christ"—the Christ whom she had forgotten, neglected, and misunderstood.

Herein truly is the Church's safety. If she can lead her people away from books to a living Master, she will regain her place and her influence.

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THE *S. James' Gazette* quotes the history of a Mr. Hocart, of Guernsey, who pulled down a cromlech to use the stone, as a parallel to the story of the mummy-case which
 Beware the Curse wrought so much havoc among its temporary possessors. And it is noteworthy that the *S. James' Gazette* prints this story from MacCulloch's *Guernsey Folk-Lore* without any comments on "superstition." Here it is:

Early in the last century a cromlech, or "Druid's Altar," stood in a field belonging to a certain Mr. Hocart in Guernsey. Mr. Hocart used the best part of the stone for the lintels and doorposts of his house, with the rest made paving-stones for the English market, and exported the refuse piece for road material. Then followed the vengeance of the dead whose grave he had disturbed. The house was barely finished when it was burned to the ground; the fire killing two servants who had been sent to clear away the rubbish left by the builders. Two ships, in each of which Mr. Hocart had an interest as shareholder, were used to carry the rest of the granite to England, and both perished with their ill-omened cargoes. Mr. Hocart, hoping to evade his fate, went to live in Alderney, where his new residence shared the fate of his Guernsey house. He then resolved to return to Guernsey, but during the voyage something fell from aloft, fractured his skull and killed him.

GOETHE'S CONCEPTION OF THE SOUL*

ON the day of Wieland's funeral, of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter, I remarked such a solemn tone in Goethe's whole manner, as we were seldom accustomed to see in him. There was something so softened, I might almost say so melancholy, about him; his eyes frequently glistened; even his voice, his manner of speaking, were different from what was usual.

This might possibly be the cause that our conversation took a direction towards the super-sensual, for which Goethe commonly showed a repugnance, if not a contempt: completely on principle, as it appears to me; for it was more consonant with his natural disposition rather to confine himself to the Present, and to all agreeable and beautiful objects which nature and art offer to the eye and the observation in paths accessible to us.

Our departed friend was naturally the principal subject of our conversation. Without deviating greatly from its current, I asked him on one occasion, when he spoke of the continuance of existence after death as a thing of course: "And what do you think is at this moment the occupation of Wieland's soul?"

"Nothing petty, nothing unworthy, nothing out of keeping with that moral greatness which he all his life sustained," was the reply.

"But not to be misunderstood; as we have entered on this subject, I must go somewhat deeper into it. It is something to have passed a life of eighty years in unblemished dignity and honour; it is something to have attained to that pitch of refined wit, of tender, elegant thought, which predominated so delightfully in Wieland's soul; it is something to have possessed that

* From *Goethe and his Contemporaries*. From the German of Falk von Müller, etc. With Biographical Notices, and Original Anecdotes, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. Second Edition. London: Published by Effingham Wilson; Royal Exchange (1836).

industry, that iron persistency and perseverance, in which he surpassed us all. Would not you willingly assign him a place near his Cicero, with whom he busied himself so cheerfully up to the time of his death ? ”

“ Don’t interrupt me, when I am trying to give to the course of my ideas a perfect and calm development. *The destruction of such high powers of soul is a thing that never, and under no circumstances, can even come into question.* Nature is not such a prodigal spendthrift of her capital. Wieland’s soul is one of Nature’s treasures ; a perfect jewel. What adds to this is, that his long life had increased, not diminished, these noble intellectual endowments. Again, I entreat you, think attentively on this circumstance. Raphael was scarcely thirty, Kepler scarcely forty, when they suddenly terminated their respective lives, while Wieland—”

“ How,” interrupted I with some surprise, “ do you speak of dying as if it were a spontaneous act ? ”

“ That I often allow myself to do,” replied he ; “ and if you are pleased to consider it under a different aspect, I will (since at this moment I may be permitted to do so) tell you my thoughts upon the subject from the very bottom.”

I begged him most earnestly not to withhold any of his opinions from me.

“ You have long known,” resumed he, “ that ideas which are without a firm foundation in the sensible world, whatever be their value in other respects, bring with them no conviction to me ; for that, in what concerns the operations of nature, I want to *know*, not merely to conjecture or to believe. With regard to the individual existence of the soul after death, my course has been as follows :

“ This hypothesis stands in no sort of contradiction with the observations of many years, which I have made on the constitution of our own species, and of all other existences ; on the contrary they furnish fresh evidence in its support.

“ But how much, or how little, of this individual existence is worthy to endure is another question, and a point we must leave with the Deity. At present I will only make this preliminary remark. I assume various classes and orders of the primary elements of all existences, as the germs of all phenomena in

nature; these I would call souls, since from them proceeds the animation or vivification of the whole—or rather *monads*; let us always stick to that Leibnitzian term; a better can scarcely be found to express the simplicity of the simplest existence. Now, as experience shows us, some of these monads or germs are so small, so insignificant, that they are, at the highest, adapted only to a subordinate use and being. Others, again, are strong and powerful. These latter, accordingly, draw into their sphere all that approaches them, and transmute it into something belonging to themselves; *i.e.*, into a human body, into a plant, an animal, or, to go higher still, into a star. This process they continue till the smaller or larger world, whose completion lies predestined in them, at length comes bodily into light. Such alone are I think, properly to be called *souls*. Hence it follows that there are monads of worlds, souls of worlds, as well as monads of ants and souls of ants; and that both are, if not of identical, of cognate origin.

“Every sun, every planet, bears within itself the germ of a higher fulfilment, in virtue of which its development is as regular, and must take place according to the same laws, as the development of a rose tree, by means of leaf, stalk, and flower. You may call the germ an idea, or a monad, as you please; I have no objection. Enough that it is invisible, and antecedent to the visible external development. We must not be misled by the *larvæ*, or imperfect forms of the intermediate states, which this idea or germ may assume in its transitions. One and the same metamorphosis, or capacity of transformation in nature, produces a rose out of a leaf, a caterpillar out of an egg, and again a butterfly out of the caterpillar.

“The inferior monads, too, belong to a superior because they must, not because it particularly conduces to their pleasure. This takes place in general naturally enough. Let us observe this hand, for instance. It contains parts which are every moment at the service of that chief monad, which had the power, at their first rise into being, to attach them to itself. By means of them I can play this or that piece of music; I can make my fingers fly as I will over the keys of the pianoforte. They certainly thus procure me a delightful intellectual pleasure: but

they are deaf; it is the chief monad that hears. I may therefore presume that my hand, or my fingers, are little, or not at all, interested in my playing. The exercise of monads, by means of which I procure for myself an enjoyment, is very little for the good of my subjects; unless, perhaps, that it tires them.

“How much better off they would be as to sensual enjoyments, could they, instead of idly roaming over the keys of my piano, fly about the meadows like busy bees, perch in a tree, or revel among its blossoms; and doubtless, the materials for all this exist in them. The moment of death, which is thence most appropriately called *dissolution*, is that in which the chief or ruling monad dismisses all those subordinate monads which have hitherto been faithful vassals in her service. I therefore regard the quitting life, as well as the rising into it, as a spontaneous act of this chief monad; which, from its very constitution, is utterly unknown to us.

“All monads are by nature so indestructible that even in the moment of dissolution they do not abate or lose anything of their activity, but continue their progress uninterruptedly. They quit their old connections only to enter into new ones at the same instant. At the change, all depends upon the degree of strength of the germ of fulfilment contained in this or that monad. Whether the monad be that of a cultivated human soul or of a beaver, of a bird or of a fish, makes an immense difference. And here, as soon as we desire to explain to ourselves in any degree the phenomena of nature, we come to the class or order of the souls, which we are compelled to assume. Swedenborg examined into this in his peculiar manner, and employs an image for the illustration of his thoughts, than which a more felicitous one could not, perhaps, be found. He likens the abode in which souls dwell to a space divided into three main chambers, in the centre of which is a large hall. We will assume now, that out of these three chambers various sorts of creatures, as, for instance, fishes, birds, dogs, cats, etc., repair into the large hall; certainly a very mixed company! What would be the immediate consequence? The pleasure of being together would soon be at an end. Sudden and violent friendships would give place to more violent quarrels;

at length like would consort with like ; fish with fish, bird with bird, dog with dog, and cat with cat ; and each of these several kinds would endeavour, if possible, to get possession of a separate chamber. Here we have the full and true history of our monads, and of their departure from this earth. Each monad goes to the place whither it belongs : into the water, into the air, into the fire, into the stars ; nay, the mysterious attraction which draws it thither, involves at the same time the secret of its future destination.

“Annihilation is utterly out of the question ; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful, and yet baser monad, and subordinated to it—this is unquestionably a very serious consideration ; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it, in the way of a mere observation of nature.”

At this moment, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe, who had a natural antipathy to dogs, sprang hastily to the window, and called out to it : “Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me !” A most strange and astounding address to any one unacquainted with the trains of Goethe's thoughts ; but to those familiar with them, a burst of humour singularly well-timed and appropriate.

“This rabble of creation,” resumed he after a pause, and somewhat more calmly, “is extremely offensive. It is a perfect pack of monads with which we are thrown together in this planetary nook ; their company will do us little honour with the inhabitants of other planets, if they happen to hear anything about them.”

I asked him whether he believed that the transitions from their actual state and circumstances into others were accompanied with consciousness in the monads themselves.

To which Goethe replied : “That monads may be capable of a general historical retrospect, I will not dispute, any more than that there may be among them higher natures than ourselves. The progress of the monad of a world can and will elicit many things out of the dark bosom of its memory, which seem like divinations, though they be at bottom only dim recollections of some foregone state ; just as human genius discovered

the laws concerning the origin of the universe, not by dry study but by a lightning flash of recollection glowing on the darkness ; because itself was a party to their composition. It would be presumption to set bounds to such flashes in the memory of spirits of a higher order, or to attempt to determine at what point this illumination must stop. Thus, universally and historically viewed, the permanent individual existence of the monad of the world appears to me by no means inconceivable.

“As to what more nearly concerns ourselves, it seems to me as if the former states or circumstances through which we and our planets have passed, were too insignificant and mean for much of it to have been, in the eyes of Nature, worthy to be remembered again. Even the circumstances of our present condition would stand in need of great selection, and our chief monad will at some future time grasp the whole of it at once, and summarily : *i.e.*, in one grand historic point.”

This expression of Goethe's recalled to me something similar which Herder once said concerning the soul, when he was greatly out of humour and out of spirits with the world.

“We are now standing face to face in the churchyard of S. Peter and S. Paul,” said that immortal man, “and I hope we shall stand face to face in like manner in Uranus ; but God forbid that I should carry with me the history of my sojourn here in these streets, lying on the Ilm, in all its minutest details ! I, for my part, should regard such a gift as the greatest torment and punishment.”

“If we give ourselves up to our conjectures,” said Goethe, continuing his remarks, “I really do not see what should prevent the monad to which we are indebted for Wieland's appearance on our planet, from forming in its new state the highest combinations this universe can present. By its industry, by its zeal, by its high intellect, which enabled it to master so large a portion of the history of the world, it has a claim to everything. I should be little surprised, inasmuch as I should find it entirely agreeable to my views of the subject, if thousands of years hence I were to meet this same Wieland as the monad of a world, as a star of the first magnitude ; were to see him, and be witness how he quickened and cheered everything that approached him by his beautiful

light. To fashion the misty substance of some comet into light and clearness—that were truly a welcome, gladsome task for the monad of our Wieland; as indeed, speaking generally, if we suppose the eternity of the actual state of the world, we can admit no other destination for monads, than, as blessed co-operating powers, to share eternally in the immortal joys of Gods. The work of creation is intrusted to them. Called or uncalled, they flock together of themselves; on every way, from all mountains, out of all seas, from all stars; who may stop them? I am certain, as you here see me, that I have been there a thousand times already, and hope to return thither a thousand times again.”

“Pardon me,” interrupted I, “I know not whether I should call a return without consciousness a return; for he only comes again who knows that he has been in the same place before. During your observations of nature, gleamy recollections, and points of light from another state of the world, at which your monad was perhaps itself a co-operating agent, may have burst upon you; but all this rests only upon a *perhaps*; I wish we were in a condition to attain to greater certainty on matters of such moment, than we can attain for ourselves through dim divinations, and those flashes of genius which sometimes lighten the dark abyss of creation. Can we not come nearer to our object? Can we not figure to ourselves One Loving Chief Monad as the central point of creation, which rules all subordinate monads of this universe in the same manner as our soul rules the inferior monads subordinate to her?”

“Against this conception, considered as faith, I have nothing to say,” replied Goethe; “only I am accustomed to attach no extraordinary value to ideas which have no foundation in sensible perceptions. Aye, indeed, if we did but know the structure of our own brain, and its connections with Uranus, and the thousand-fold intersecting threads along which thought runs hither and thither! But then we should not be conscious of the flashes of thought till they struck. We know only ganglions, portions of the brain; of the nature of the brain itself we know as much as nothing. What then can we pretend to know of God? Diderot has been greatly censured for saying: ‘If there is not a

God, yet, perhaps, there will be one.' According to my views of nature and her laws, however, one may very easily conceive of planets out of which the higher monads have already taken their departure, or in which they have not yet been called into activity. A constellation is required, such as is not to be had every day, to dissipate the waters and to dry up the land. As there are planets for man, there may just as well be planets for fishes or for birds.

"In one of our former conversations, I called man the first dialogue that nature held with God. I have not the least doubt that this dialogue may, in other planets, be kept up in a language far higher, deeper, and more significant. At present we are deficient in a thousand of the requisite kinds of knowledge. The very first that is wanting to us is self-knowledge; after this come all the others. Strictly considered, I *can* know nothing of God but what the very limited horizon of sensible perceptions on this planet affords ground for; and that, on all points, is little enough. Hereby, however, *it is by no means asserted, that, by this limitation of our observations on outward nature, limits are likewise set to our faith. On the contrary, the case may easily be, that by the immediateness of divine feeling in us, knowledge must necessarily appear as a patchwork; especially on a planet which, wrenched out of its connections with the Sun, leaves imperfect all observation, which therefore receives its full completion by faith alone.* I have already taken occasion to remark in the *Farbenlehre*, that there are primary phenomena, which, in their god-like simplicity, we ought not to distrust and disparage by useless enquiries, but leave to reason and to faith. Let us endeavour to press forward courageously from both sides, only let us keep the boundaries which sever them rigidly distinct. Let us not attempt to demonstrate what cannot be demonstrated, sooner or later; we shall otherwise make our miserable deficiencies more glaring to posterity by our so-called scientific works. Where knowledge is full and satisfactory, indeed, we stand not in need of faith; but where knowledge falls short, or appears inadequate, we must not contest with faith its rights.

"AS SOON AS WE SET OUT FROM THE PRINCIPLE THAT KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH ARE NOT GIVEN TO DESTROY EACH OTHER, BUT TO SUPPLY EACH OTHER'S DEFICIENCIES, WE SHALL COME NEAR TO AN ACCURATE ESTIMATE OF THE RIGHT."

REJUVENESCENCE IN NATURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 367)

LET us turn now to consider human life, not from the point of view of the unfolding of the higher powers, but from that of the normal career of the average man. He forms no exception to the rule of obeying during his life-history the law of Rejuvenescence. In his case the action of this fundamental law becomes spread over three worlds, and this for the natural reason that the energy or soul informing man's physical frame is unable, owing to the utter complexity, so to speak, of its nature, to exhaust itself in that medium, but must perforce carry on its activities, exhaust itself, in further material forms after the physical body is worn out. In other words, three material bodies, varying only as to the degree of subdivision of their particles, are here necessary for the soul's proper energising. Is there aught transcendental and unscientific in this idea? No, I think not; it will harmonise even with Hæckelian lore; for still we see, and should ever see, the soul, or the appropriate energy (here self-conscious), informing the human body, inseparable from a material basis. There is, I think, nothing in its nature at all comparable to the extrinsic, vitalistic principle which is the *bête noire* of all true scientific and philosophic thought.

Now, after seventy or eighty years of physical existence, the objective, waking, energising life of the man draws to a close, and the soul begins to swing round along its natural spiral curve towards the antithetic phase of its existence, *viz.*, the subjective restful life. But in so doing, it must needs pass through the astral world.* And this latter is truly the intermediate state by means of which the transition between the two so opposite phases of life, the objective and subjective, is effected. Hence the reason why

* It must be borne in mind that I am using throughout *symbolic phraseology* and illustration.

the astral is both a world of effects and a world of causes. It must necessarily combine the qualities and characteristics of both the physical and the heavenly worlds, which it continuously unites by means of an unbroken series of events. It is only when the opposite point of the cycle has been reached, when all the coarse outer skins of our passions, in the several degrees of their coarseness, have been cast off; in other words, when the complete transition has been accomplished, that the world of effects pure and simple, the heaven-world, is attained. Here, in the chrysalis-state; here, in that utterly subjective condition of perfect rest and bliss, commences the important function of passive assimilation of all the varied experiences of the previous waking (physical) and half-waking (astral) life. What transformations here take place! what alchemy here finds the sphere of its wondrous operations! Experiences built up into faculties; items of character form-

ed by processes which far transcend our ken. But inasmuch as there was a limit to the number and variety of the experiences erstwhile passed through, there must also be a limit to the process of assimilation of those experiences, and hence, sooner or later, an end to life in this purely subjective world. The continued swing of



FIG. 8

the spiral curve as it proceeds in a backward yet upward direction marks the commencement of a new phase of life, affording the death-blow to the conventional idea of an eternal existence in

heaven. Again, through the transitional astral region, where an appropriate desire-body for the new life is once more assumed, until the soul awakes, *rejuvenised*, into an active vegetative existence, as it has done so many times before, and at this point commences a fresh cycle of the spiral path of man's evolution (*Fig. 8*). When fruit and seed are ripe, the time for the germination of the latter into a new life of vegetation has arrived. Normally the soul must have grown, for it is an ascending spiral path, and this renewed cycle of its life must be at a higher level than the last.

It would seem that this dual life of man may be regarded as quite analogous to the two alternating phases of life in the Moss, Fern, etc. In these latter the spore-bearing phase is termed the neutral, asexual, or antithetic generation, because it arises as the product of the union of both sex-elements in the sexual generation and is, physiologically, strongly contrasted therewith. In the same way our devachanic life may be regarded as neutral and antithetic in contrast to the physical life, because in the former all sex is necessarily absent, male and female are as one, souls there "neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels," the normal sexless inhabitants of that world; the life there is purely fructifical, like the Moss-sporophyte; while the physical and lower astral life are alone sexual and the opposite of fructifical, and, therefore, in these respects correspond to the rejuvenised sexual phase in the above-named plants.

I would here introduce a point which is probably of real analogical significance, although in this, as in that of the other illustrations given in the earlier part of this article, only those, I fear, who are at once familiarly *au fait* both with the botanical facts and with the theosophical teachings, will be able thoroughly to appreciate the matter. It is only those plants which, in the course of their evolutionary development, have reached the level of the Bryophytes—*i.e.*, the Mosses and Liverworts, and, of course, all above these latter—which give rise, as a result of the sexual act, to the fructifying, spore-bearing, or neutral generation. The forms of plant-life below the Bryophytes in the scale, *viz.*, the large groups of the Algæ and the Fungi, have never risen to the great office of producing the antithetic fruiting condition as a well-defined and distinct stage in their life-history. In their

case, as a result of the sexual act, a new sexual plant is again reproduced, or, as in the Algæ, a zoospore-stage is intercalated, which, however, cannot be regarded as an independent generation. In some forms of Algæ, however, such as *Ædogonium* and *Coleochæte*, and in some Ascomycetes among the Fungi, there is a distinct though faint foreshadowing of a sporophyte or neutral generation, which, indeed, is the homologue of this latter in the typical Moss or Fern, etc., but in development and elaboration of structure will bear no comparison whatever therewith.

Here it is clear that the Algæ and Fungi represent the unevolved or savage tribes of the human race, whose lowly status in the scale of life will not allow of the intercalation or elaboration during their existence of any antithetic or fruitional stage: there is no heaven-life for them, although for some, we are told, there may be a dim, short, rudimentary taste of that glorious state, which, however, is no way comparable to the devachanic existence of the more evolved races of men. And just as among the Bryophytes, which, as a class, normally produce a well-differentiated fruiting generation, there are lowly forms, like *Riccia*, in which this stage is exceedingly simple and undifferentiated, so also amongst the higher races of men, with whom an elaborate devachanic life is the normal course of things, there exist, in the hodge- and slum-life of the land, many persons for whom, like the savage of the South Seas, the tide of life ebbs and flows within the narrow bounds of earthly and astral life.

How wise is this scheme of alternate phases of life combined with Rejuvenescence. The being born again *de novo* each time means for the man an obliteration of the past with all its painful memories, and the disheartening reflections which would inevitably accompany the latter in a review of the age-long past. In spite of the disadvantages from the theosophical point of view, the mass of humanity has much to be thankful for in that it believes the present life to be in reality something brand-new!

Note also that it is the dual, cyclic principle involved in the beneficent spiral which, regarded from every point of view, in the large and in the small, yields the rhythm and the music to the whole of life; in the spiral is involved both the poetry and the prose of the universe, but where is the poetry in a straight line?

A gospel of hope and perennial cheer is involved in this doctrine of Rejuvenescence. Always a fresh chance for the present wasted life, or for the fulfilment of hitherto unrealised aspirations! We shall be born again on earth, where the loved and lost will re-appear for our embrace, but where enemies too will cross our path if we have been foolish enough to raise them now. Recognising the jointed segments (our innumerable separate earth-lives) as constituting *one* great trunk, *one* continuous life, we may rationally and scientifically build for the future just as if there were no separation, nor death, nor rebirth, which are the factors concerned in the jointing and segmentation of our tree of life.

If one more illustration from analogy may be permitted, I would suggest that the dual cycle of our existence may be further elucidated as follows: our active physical life—during which our energies are poured forth unceasingly—along with the astral life—during the progress of which those outgoing energies gradually diminish, and are finally withdrawn as we pass on to the devachanic plane—may be compared to the kinetic energy of motion by which a stone is thrown up into the air; this energy is gradually exhausted until, finally, the stone comes to rest, say, on the edge of a cliff. Its outgoing energy of motion has now become changed into the potential energy of rest, which consists in an assimilation and focussing, as it were, of the previous energy; while this latter re-awakes once more when the dislodged stone, under the impulse of gravitation, falls again to the ground. The force with which the stone ascends is always equal to that with which it descends; for “action and reaction are equal and opposite.” In the same way the output of force or energy during our physical, and the earlier part of our astral, life, consisting in the accumulation of experience, results hereafter, in the “heavenly places,” in a transmutation or focussing of this experience into faculties, *i.e.*, into potential energy. When the time for reincarnation arrives, we gravitate once more to earth; for the very desires which impelled our previous energising, the momentum of which landed us “up” in devachan, now, by a potent terrestrial magnetism, drag us earthward once again. It is a law of physics that no energy is ever put forth without a corresponding recoil. This phenomenon obtains in cosmic as in mundane

spheres; for even the great Outbreathing and Inbreathing of Brahman, giving rise to the alternate phases of Manvantara and Pralaya, are governed by the third law of motion.* This latter, combined with Rejuvenescence, is also the real *rationale* and the final justification of the teaching given to us with regard to the evolution of the planetary chains, the planets themselves, and the successive races and sub-races of men inhabiting them.

So also the principle of the Conservation of Energy implies that of Rejuvenescence. When a stone is struck with a hammer, the energy of motion of the latter becomes annihilated, as such, with the stroke; but, on the instant, the same energy, undiminished in quantity, re-appears in a new form, *viz.*, that of heat, while, under certain conditions, the heat may in its turn vanish, and re-appear as electricity; hence these various new forms are merely the successive and continuous expressions of the same fundamental and, as it were, ensouling energy. How obviously this applies to the successive earth-lives of man needs no further demonstration, while the infinitesimally short period (practically nil) between the annihilation of one and the reappearance of another form of energy would correspond to our neutral or subjective life in devachan.

Cycle after cycle is thus repeated, until the human life reaches perfection, has attained the end of the first great cycle of the vaster spiral path of evolution on which the smaller one we have been considering is wound as a spirilla. In the hands of the crude theologic teaching of dogmatic Christianity the metamorphosis of insects has often been held up as an illustration or analogy in the lower world of our great principle of cyclic rejuvenescent life. Death and resurrection! Yes! may not the caterpillar and the chrysalis well represent man's dual life: his alternating objective and subjective existence in the manifested universe? First, the active, waking, growing stage; then the outwardly dormant, yet inwardly and preoccupiedly busy, assimilating stage of the chrysalis. This life eventually culminates for each man in his becoming a Logos or Deity, possibly symbolised by the Butterfly: the highest, most beautiful, and perfect condition of existence; no longer bound by the close and the dull

* Or, the third law of motion is one of the reflections of the Breathing.—ED., T. R.

limitations of the grub's or the chrysalid's life, by the law of a dual existence ; but soaring on golden wings of freedom in the sunlight streaming through the immaterial air, and feeding no longer on the coarse herbage of the earth, but on the sweet ethereal nectar of the Gods. Himself the product and culmination of a previous cycle of evolution, He is now able to lay the germ (the egg) of a new universe, a new cycle of limited, conditioned development. As the butterfly represents the murgence of duality into unity and the termination of the cycle of life, in the same way is it the great Logos, the One without a second, into whose Being all merges at the end of the cyclic life of the solar system.

Thus we see that the after-death states of existence, along with the process of reincarnation, are merely the natural phenomena resulting from the working of the principle of Rejuvenescence, whose wider sphere of operations, as compared with that obtaining in the lower kingdoms of the physical world, is the natural result of the great complexity (of which Self-consciousness is the chief factor) of the soul, or appropriate life-energy, informing the human body. The field of evolution merely comprises three worlds instead of one, each successive world being distinguished from the preceding solely through having the matter composing it (the same in all three worlds) more finely subdivided.

The group-soul, with its off-shoots the individual souls, so characteristic of the three lower kingdoms, exhibits a similar cyclic and dual life to that of the human soul ; for, as I understand it, each separate soul informing each individual plant or animal does not really lose its individuality on passing into the group-soul on the death of the plant- or animal-body, but has a dual (subjective and objective) life in two worlds, and is thus a foreshadowing in simple guise of the human soul-life which is to succeed it beyond. For ever as we rise higher in the scale of life, energy expands* and increases in complexity until, far, far ahead, Omnipotence and Omniscience are attained.

The idea of Rejuvenescence is simply set forth in the old Sufi mystical *Masnavi*, where we read : " I died from the mineral and became a plant. I died from the plant and re-appeared in an

* Shewn clearly in the figure of the Caduceus, *Secret Doctrines*, i. 550.

animal. I died from the animal and became a man. Wherefore then should I fear? When did I grow less by dying? Next time I shall die from the man that I may grow the wings* of the angels. From the angel too must I seek advance. All things shall perish save His Face. Once more shall I wing my way above the angels. I shall become that which entereth not the imagination. Then let me become naught, naught, for the harp-string crieth unto me: Verily unto Him do we return."

In touching thus merely upon the fringe of the subject of Rejuvenescence, I believe that I have also, however briefly and crudely, struck the real scientific basis underlying the idea of "reincarnation" and the *post-mortem* life; at any rate, some faint endeavour has been made to harmonise the teachings on these intangible matters with facts and principles well known and familiar; though in order fully to rescue them from the unique, isolated position in the scheme of things which in the minds of many students they still appear to hold—I refer to those who, wrestling with the subject as something incomprehensibly transcendental and *sui generis*, make with it, so to speak, a mountain out of a mole-hill—it would be necessary to elaborate the whole subject much more fully than there is here space for. Let it suffice to have merely indicated that there exist adequate and, I believe, true analogies for the process of reincarnation and its attendant phenomena throughout the whole of that Nature with which we are familiarly acquainted.

We cannot do better than call to mind what G. H. Lewes has so well said†: that "all phenomena are simply modifications of each other, being, indeed, only different expressions of equivalent relations, different signs of the same quantities. This is the grand doctrine of equivalents, which is illustrated in the convertibility of forces. It penetrates beneath the diversities of expression, and searches out the identities of Nature." He adds: "the establishment of equations through abstraction of differences is the product of all reasoning"; and this is the real aim of all investigation of nature.

It would not, of course, advance us one more step in the

* Note the idea of expansion of the life implied in this acquisition of a new method of locomotion!

† Prolegomena to *History of Philosophy*.

direction of proving the truth of reincarnation, etc., if we state that, on the great principles set forth above, the presence in our midst of these phenomena would appear to be a logical necessity ; so let the matter rest where we have left it.

Yet, in conclusion, I would add that I believe the surest way of arriving at an appreciation and assimilation (however partial and imperfect) of theosophical teachings with regard to the subtler regions of the world, lies in testing those teachings by comparing them—as far as they are susceptible of such treatment—with the known facts of nature and the generally accepted theories of science ; in a serious attempt to co-ordinate and harmonise them with phenomena and the laws governing the same which are more directly cognisable by our senses. We should reason from the known to the unknown. How rapidly the path is being smoothed for us in this direction by the present-day brilliant discoveries of science many will be able to appreciate.

Well spake the bard who rose to true spiritual and poetic heights by means of contact and close familiarity with those ordinary things of sense which he, as well as modern scientists, have shewn to be so replete with mystery :

To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind which builds for aye.

W. C. WORSDELL.

THE highest love for all things is for us a literal source of life. The more things in the world of Nature to which we can give the higher love, the more of their natural love and life shall we get in return. So as we grow, refine, and increase this power of recognising and loving the bird, the animal, the insect or, in other words, the Infinite in all things, we shall receive a love, a renewed life, strength, vigour, cheeriness, and inspiration from not only these, but the falling snow-flake, the driving rain, the cloud, the sea, the mountain. And this will not be a mere sentiment, but a great means of recuperating and strengthening the body, for this strengthens the spirit with a strength which comes to stay, and what strengthens the spirit must strengthen the body.

The Gift of the Spirit.

PRENTICE MULFORD

THE DEFINITIONS OF ASCLEPIUS UNTO KING AMMON

I.

ABOUT THE SUN AND DEMONS

GREAT is the sermon which I send to thee, O King—the summing up and digest, as it were, of all the rest.

For it is not composed to suit the many's prejudice, since it contains much that refuteth them.

Nay, it will seem to thee [as well] to contradict some even of my [previous] sermons.

Hermes, my Master, in many a conversation, both when alone, and sometimes, too, when Tat was there, has said, that unto those who come across my books, the exposition [of the themes] will seem most simple and [most] clear, though, on the contrary, it is unclear, and has the meaning* of its words concealed.

Nay, it will be still more exceedingly unclear, when, afterwards, the Greeks will want to turn our tongue into their own,—for this will be a very great distorting and obscuring of [even] what has been [already] written.

Turned into our own native tongue,† the sermon keepeth clear the meaning of the words [at any rate].

For that its very quality of sound, the [very] power of the Egyptian names, have in themselves the bringing into act of what is said.

As far as, then, thou canst, O King—(thou art [indeed,] all-powerful)—keep [this] our sermon from translation; in order that such mighty mysteries may not come down to Greeks, and

* Lit., the mind.

† This presumably means from the hieroglyphic into the demotic—τῇ πατρῴῃ διαλέκτῳ ἐρμηνευόμενος.

the disdainful speech of Greece, with [all] its looseness, and its surface beauty,* so to speak, take all the strength out of† the solemn and the strong—the energetic‡ speech of names.

The Greeks, O King, have novel words, energetic of “argumentation” [only]; and thus is the philosophising of the Greeks—the noise of words.

But we do not use words; we use the mightiest sounds of deeds.

Thus, then, will I begin the sermon—by invocation unto God, the universals’ lord and maker, [their]; sire, and [their] encompasser; who though being all is one, and though being one is all.

For that the fullness of all things is one, and [is] in one, this one not coming as a second [one], but both being one.

And this is the idea§ that I would have thee keep, through the whole study of our sermon, Sire!

For should one try to separate out “all” (which seems to be both one and same) from “one,”—he will be found to take|| his epithet of “all” from [the idea of] multitude, and not from [that of] fullness¶—which is impossible—for if he part “all” from the “one,” he will destroy the “all.”

For all things *must* be one—if they indeed *are* one. Yea, they are one; and they shall never cease being one—for then the fullness would be at an end.

Thou canst see on the earth a host of founts of water and of fire forth-spirting in its midmost parts.

In one and the same space are seen [all] the three natures, of fire, and water, and of earth, depending from one root.**

Whence, also, it is believed there is a treasury†† of matter as

* Or, perhaps, smartness.

† Make jejune, so to say—*εξίτηλον ποιήση*.

‡ That is, “words of power,” words that *do* things.

§ Lit., mind.

|| The construction is very elliptical; *εκδεξάμενος* simply.

¶ That is, completeness, perfection,—*πληρώματος*.

** Compare “The Perfect Sermon,” Chap. iv.

†† A magazine, a store-house,—*ταμειον*. The term “treasure” is found in most lavish use in the Greek-Coptic Gnostic works.

a whole. It sendeth forth of its* abundance, and in the place [of what it sendeth forth] receiveth of the substance from above.†

For thus the demiurge—I mean the Sun—keeps heaven and earth. He pours the essence down,‡ and takes the matter up—drawing both round himself and to himself all things; and from himself§ giving all things to all, he lavisheth [on them] unstinted light.

For he it is whose goodly energies extend not only through the heaven and the air, but also on to earth, right down unto the lowest depth and the abyss.

And if there be an essence which the mind alone can grasp,|| this is his substance,¶ the reservoir** of which would be his light.

But whence this [substance] doth arise, or floweth forth, he, [and he] only, knows.

Or rather, though, in space and nature, he is near [er] to himself††—just as *he*‡‡ is not seen by us, [so, in his turn] he [does not see,] but understands it§§ with his mind, by force of [his] conjectures.||||

The spectacle¶¶ of him, however, is not left unto conjecture;

* *Sci.*, matter's.

† *τὴν ἄνωθεν ὑπαρξιν*,—*hyparxis*, substance or subsistence, a word of frequent use and highly technical meaning with the last of the Neo-Platonists, especially with Proclus.

‡ Lit., brings or draws down; *κατάγων* = *deducere, elicere*—used frequently of magic arts.

§ *ἀπὸ ἑαυτῶν*, pl., a very curious reading; probably an error for *ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ*.

|| *νοητὴ οὐσία* = *intelligibilis essentia*.

¶ *ὄγκος* = *moles*, mass, bulk, volume; in later philosophy it means "atom," and may mean so here, of course in the philosophical and mystic and not in the physical sense.

** *ὑποδοχή* = *receptaculum*.

†† *Sci.*, than we are.

‡‡ That is, the real Sun.

§§ *Sci.*, his substance.

|||| The text is very elliptical: *ἢ καὶ τῷ τόπῳ καὶ τῇ φύσει ἐγγὺς ὢν ἑαυτοῦ, μὴ ὑφ' ἡμῶν ὀρώμενος στοχασμῶν δὲ βιαζομένων νοεῖ*. Patrizzi translates: *Vel quia ipso loco, et natura prope se ipsum existens, non a nobis conspicitur cogit nos per conjecturas intelligere*—which certainly does not represent the Greek. Ménard conjectures brilliantly but in entire emancipation from the text: *Pour comprendre par induction ce qui se dérobe à notre vue, il faudrait être près de lui et analogue à sa nature*. The idea reminds us of the ignorance of Ialdabaoth in some of the Gnostic creation myths.

¶¶ Or, outer sight.

nay [for] his very rays,* in greatest splendour, shine all round on all the world† beneath.

For he is stablished in the midst, wreathed with the cosmos,‡ and as a skilful charioteer, he safely drives the cosmic team,§ and holds them in,|| lest they should run away in dire disorder.

The reins are life, and soul, and spirit, deathlessness, and genesis.

He lets it, then, drive [round] not far off from himself—nay, if the truth be said, together with himself.

And in this way he operates¶ all things.

To the immortals he distributeth perpetual permanence; and with the upper hemisphere** of his own light—all that he sends above from out his other side,†† [the side of him] which looks to heaven—he nourisheth the deathless parts of cosmos.

But with that side that doth embrace, and doth shine round the all of water, and of earth, and air, he vivifies the [lower] hemisphere,‡‡ and keeps in motion birth-and-death,§§ and [all its] changes.

As for the animals||| in these [the lower] parts of cosmos—he changes them in spiral fashion,¶¶ and doth transform them into one another, genus to genus, species into species, their mutual changes being balanced***—just as he does when he is dealing with the cosmic bodies.†††

* Lit., his very sight,—*αὐτῇ ἢ ὄψις*, that is, his rays, *ὄψις* being used of the visual rays which were supposed by the science of the time to proceed from the eyes.

† Or, cosmos.

‡ Wearing the cosmos as a wreath or crown; the visible sun being regarded as a "head." See "The Perfect Sermon."

§ Lit., car or chariot—*ἄρμα*.

|| Lit., binds it to himself—*ἀναδήσας εἰς ἑαυτόν*.

¶ *δημιουργεῖ*.

** Lit., periphery—*τῇ ἄνω περιφερεία*.

†† Lit., part.

‡‡ *κύτος* = a hollow, vase, or vessel; a synonym of the "periphery" above.

§§ Lit., genesis.

||| That is, those subject to death, as opposed to immortals.

¶¶ *ἑλικος τρόπον*,—*helix* is used of circular or spiral motion. Compare αἱ κινήσεις καὶ ἑλικες τοῦ ρανού.—Arist., *Μεταφ.*, II. ii. 27.

*** *ἀντιτασσομένης τῆς εἰς ἀλληλα μεταβολῆς*.

††† Lit., great bodies; this presumably refers to the elements, but may also refer to the zodiac—the "great animals."

For in the case of every body,— [its] permanence [consists in] transformation.

In case of an immortal one, there is no dissolution; but when it is a mortal one, it is accompanied with dissolution.*

And this is how the deathless body doth differ from the mortal, and how the mortal one doth differ from the deathless.

Moreover, as his light's continuous, so is his power of giving life to lives continuous, and not to be brought to an end in space and in abundance.

For there are many choirs of dæmons round him; and they who company with him are like to hosts of very various kinds, and are not far from the immortals.

Thence those of them who have attained unto the spaces of the gods,† watch over the affairs of men, and carry out the orders of the gods—by means of storms, whirlwinds and hurricanes, by transmutations wrought by fire and shakings of the earth, with famine and with war requiting man's impiety,—for this is in man's case the greatest ill against the gods.

For that the duty of the gods is to give benefits; the duty of mankind is to give worship;‡ the duty of the daimones is [to give] chastisement.

For all the things men [blindly] do—through error, or foolhardiness, or by necessity, which they call fate,§ or ignorance—these are not held chastisable among the gods; impiety alone is guilty at their bar.

The Sun is the preserver and the nurse of every class.¶

And just as the intelligible world, holding the sensible in its embrace, fills it [all] full, distending it with forms of every kind and every shape—so, too, the Sun, embracing all in cosmos, doth make full the births of all and strengthen them.

When they are weary or they fail, he takes them in his arms again.

And under him is ranged the choir of dæmons—or, rather,

* Compare "Sermon to Tat," I. (Ménard).

† Lit., "the land of these"—that is, of the immortals.

‡ Or, to be pious.

§ *εἰμαρμένην*.

¶ Genus.

choirs; for these are multitudinous and very varied, ranked underneath the groups of stars,* in equal number with each one of them.

So, marshalled in their ranks, they are the ministers of each one of the stars, being in their natures good, and bad, that is, in their activities (for that a dæmon's essence is activity); while some of them are [of] mixed [natures], good and bad.

To all of these has been allotted the authority o'er things upon the earth; and it is they who bring about the multifold confusion of the turmoils on the earth—for states and nations generally, and for each individual privately.

For they do shape our souls like to themselves, and set them moving with them,—obsessing nerves, and marrow, veins and arteries, the brain itself, down to the very heart.†

For when each one of us is being born and made alive, the dæmons take us—those ministers, according to that class of birth [we have deserved],‡ who hold that rank in each one of the stars.§

For that they|| change at every moment;¶ they do not stay the same, but [ever] circle back again.

These,** then, descending to the two parts†† of the soul, by means of body, set it‡‡ awirling, each one according to its own activity.

But the soul's rational part is set above the lordship of the dæmons—designed to be receptacle of God, a ray of whom shines through the Sun within the rational soul.

Such men are few in all. To them the dæmons are subser-
vient;§§ for no one of the dæmons or of gods has any power against one ray of God.

* ὑπὸ τὰς τῶν ἀστέρων πλινθίδας. πλινθίς=πλινθίον, and is used of any rectangular figure, and also of groups of stars as in Eratosth.—*apud* Strab., II. i. 35, II. v. 36 (*Lex.*, Sophocles); compare αἱ τῶν πλινθίων ὑπογραφαί, the fields, or spaces, into which the Augurs divided the heavens, *templa*, or *regiones coeli* (*Lex.*, Liddell and Scott).

† Lit., viscera.

‡ οἱ κατ' ἐκείνην τὴν τιμὴν τῆς γενέσεως.

§ That is to say, presumably, as the planets change.

|| The planets; though it may also refer to the dæmons.

¶ Lit., point—κατὰ στιγμὴν.

** The dæmons, as ministers of the stars.

†† The rational and irrational, presumably.

‡‡ The soul.

§§ καταρμονῖται, the reading must be faulty, I doubt whether any such word exists in Greek.

As for the rest—they all are led and driven, soul and body, by the dæmons—loving and hating the activities of these.

[This] reason* [then,] is not the Erōs who's deceived and who deceives.

The dæmons, therefore, exercise the whole of this economy† upon the earth, and [that,] too, through the organs of our frames.

And this economy Hermes [himself] hath spoken of as the Heimarmenē.‡

The world intelligible,§ then, depends from God ; the sensible from the intelligible [world].

The Sun, through the intelligible and through the sensible cosmos, pours forth abundantly the stream of good from God—the demiurgic task.

And round the Sun are the eight spheres, dependent on him—the [sphere] of the fixed stars, the six [spheres] of the wanderers, and the one [sphere] around the earth.

And on the spheres depend the daimones ; and on these, men.

And thus all things depend on God.||

Wherefore God is the sire of all ; the Sun's [their] demiurge.

The cosmos is the engine of the demiurgic task.

It is intelligible essence that doth govern heaven ; and heaven, the gods.

The daimones are governed by the gods, but govern men.

This is the hierarchy¶ of gods and daimones.

Through these God makes these things for His own self.

And all [of them] are parts of God ; and if they all [are] parts—then, God is all.

Thus, making all, He makes Himself ; nor ever can He cease [His making], for He Himself is ceaseless.

* This reason (λόγος) is, of course, the ray (ἀκτίς) of God, the "light-spark" of the Gnostics ; and this Erōs is the lower Love, not the Divine Love who inspires Hermes in "The Perfect Sermon" and who is mentioned below in Bk. iii.

† διοίκησιν.

‡ Or, Fate.

§ Or, cosmos.

|| Compare this with the note on "The Perfect Sermon," Chap. iv.

¶ στρατία = lit., army. Compare the "soldier" degree of the Mithriaca.

Just, then, as God doth have no end, so doth His making have no end—and no beginning.

[ADDENDUM*]

[TAT.] IF thou dost think [of it], O King, [there 're] even bodies which have no body.†

[AMMON.] What bodies?—(asked the King.)

[TAT.] The bodies that appear in mirrors—do they not seem to be incorporeal?

[AMMON.] It is so, Tat; thou thinkest like a god;—‡ (the King replied.)

[TAT.] There are incorporals as well as these—for instance, the ideas§—dost not thou think so, [Sire]?—[which], though incorporeal appear in body, not only in the case of things ensouled, but also in the case of those which have no soul.

[AMMON.] Thou sayest well, O Tat!

[TAT.] Thus, [then,] there are reflexions of incorporals on corporals, and of the corporals upon incorporals—that is to say, [reflexions] of the sensible on the intelligible world, and of the intelligible [world] upon the sensible.

Wherefore, give worship to the images, O King, since in their turn they have their forms|| from out the sensible.

(Thereon His Majesty arose and said:)

[AMMON.] Should we not [now], O Prophet, see about the comfort of our guests? To-morrow, [then,] will we resume our sacred converse.¶

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* In the MS. or MSS. which lay before Patrizzi, the following fragment has there been plainly added by some scribe from a totally different treatise, for as that learned Humanist pithily remarks: *Videntur sequentia ex alio libro sumpta.*

† Or, are incorporeal.

‡ *θείως.*

§ Also meaning "forms" simply.

|| A word play, referring to the ideas (forms) above.

¶ *θεολογήσομεν.*

A PEN PORTRAIT FROM A WORD SKETCH

HURRYING people, loitering couples, flaring lamps, lighted windows, here and there an organ playing and children dancing in the road. By and by all these sights and sounds grew rarer, save the lamps; we were speeding northwards and leaving the busy streets. It was a sweet, soft evening, with the breath of spring in it, and in the sky thin fleeting clouds played at hiding the stars. Northward still, to quiet streets, where passengers by foot or carriage were rare; on one side were trees, and on the other, retired houses behind garden strips; and still the lumbering omnibuses toiling by. Then a turn into a wider yet more deserted road; no more omnibuses now, and the houses stood apart; gardens around them and trees in the gardens. And here, before one of the houses, the cab drew up. I remember standing in a flutter of expectation beside Sir Reginald, waiting for the door to be opened. I have a vague impression of a paved path through a garden, of entering a house and crossing a hall; and then we were in a lighted room. The room seemed full of people, and in the centre—for they were all gathered round her—sat a woman. She was stout, elderly, unwieldy somewhat in figure, badly dressed; but there was the massive, imperious face, and there the protruding, penetrating eyes. In front of her was a little table covered with outspread cards, and beside them a brass ash tray in which lay a cigarette. She looked round, welcome on her face, as we came towards her. "How do you do, Reggie?" and then to me, as Sir Reginald introduced me: "Glad to see you, my dear."

We took our places in the circle, and for the next hour I looked and listened. The things that struck me most were, first, the powerful personality of the woman—never before or since have I come into contact with a being so strongly magnetic; then the grasp and force of her intellect; then her complexity. All

the evening she talked, sometimes considering problems, scientific or philosophical, sometimes jesting, sometimes skimming with crisp epigram or apt epithet the surface of things. I never met anybody who possessed to an equal extent the almost obsolete art *de tenir salon*; without the slightest effort she did it: everybody was interested, everybody was at ease, everybody able to give of their best. And all the time she played Patience, never losing her hold on the game, never ceasing to follow the thread of her own or another's discourse; and all the time she smoked cigarettes, rolling them with her beautiful hands—the only beautiful things about her. There were people of all nationalities present, people one might have seen any day anywhere, and people such as I had never seen, with strange un-English faces. For men came from all parts to consult this woman, from all countries of Europe, and from all the continents of the world; and laid before her the most abstruse questions, and listened with deference to her explanations or opinions. All the time I was trying to find the dominant note in the wide chord of her being, and always when I thought I had struck it, the key changed, and I had to readjust the scale. For at one time I thought her chiefly a woman of the world, at another an enthusiast; now she was an unreasonable child; and again a dispassionate philosopher. She was the embodiment of culture, the most refined, modern, and complete, then steeped in an atmosphere semi-barbaric; she was a Frenchwoman in wit, subtlety, and charm, and anon the daughter of a half-tutored race. Once she lost her temper and swore energetically, and once the piercing eyes were soft with tears as someone present told of a noble deed. Inscrutable, yet with a primitive simplicity, she was attractive both to women and to men; to men, I realised, pre-eminently so. And yet there was curiously little of the woman about her; I think I never saw anyone who so impressed me with the idea of sexlessness. Her attitude and atmosphere were not those of a woman, but of a comrade. The physical, perishable parts of her seemed to count for nothing in the attraction she created; it was the wide, fearless, forceful mind, the masterful and magnetic personality of the woman that drew men to her—or repelled them; for, in common with all strong personalities, she excited

fierce antagonism, and I suppose there was never anybody better hated than she. . . .

Sir Reginald took a seat beside her, and they spoke together—I think of the researches he was making; but I heard little of what they said, for some of the other people in the room began to talk to me, and I was soon completely interested in what they told me of the life they led. But by and by the little company of two and our bigger one were merged into a single group again, and we sat talking together, the woman of the picture chatting comfortably as an ordinary elderly lady might have done, but always interesting in the substance, and original in the expression, of what she said. And as we sat there round the fire in the quiet room, a strange thing happened; for our hostess stopped suddenly in what she was saying, and her face grew pale and set. Startled, I glanced at Sir Reginald, but he nodded reassuringly, and looking round the circle, I saw that, though everybody was silent, nobody seemed disturbed. And then a voice spoke, a strange odd voice, new to my ear, altogether different to the voice I had listened to all the evening; a man's voice, but it came from the lips of the rigid figure in the chair. It spoke with a curious tone of authority, and spoke of marvellous things, some of which I could understand, some of which were incomprehensible to me, none of which I can set down here. It spoke for about ten minutes; and then, after a moment's space of silence, the elderly lady, with the face I knew so well from the portrait in Sir Reginald's room, was chatting again, taking up her talk at the very phrase where she had left it.

I have come to the conclusion, in my passage through the world, that people are far too fond of explaining or trying to explain everything. If they ever hear of anything they do not understand, they immediately begin to try and reduce it to the terms of something within accepted experience. Thus on the rare occasions on which I have spoken of the fact I have just described, I have invariably been assailed with suggestions as to acting, ventriloquism, and trickery. There is an explanation, which to me, personally, is satisfactory, of what I saw and heard that evening, but at the time I knew of none, and I simply wrote down what happened as it appeared to me through the evidence

of my senses ; the only evidence, I know, to which many people attach any importance, although, illogically enough, they maintain the while that the senses may be deceived.

When we took our leave, my hostess held my hand for a moment. " Will you ever come in amongst us ? " she said.

" I don't know," I answered.

She looked keenly at me. " You may, you have eyes that look that way."

After that evening I never saw her again, but in later days I have read some of her books—books much of the substance, and many of the theories, of which she is supposed to have invented : a curious accusation, to my mind, for it would have been far more wonderful to have invented than to have compiled and translated them, as she professed to have done. I never saw her again, but I have never forgotten, and never shall forget, the marked impression she made upon me. O wonderful woman of the potent personality, of the strange gifts and the contradictory character ; reviled and revered ; hated fiercely and loved fervently, with the love and hatred that power alone can evoke ; you did a work in the world that only you, with just your virtues and just your failings, could have done. Much mud has been plastered on your name, much devotion has been laid at your feet ; and half the world has written *Charlatan* upon your grave, and the other half *Prophetess*. Men will long dispute as to your aims and practices ; but there is your book, written years ago, in which is stated much that science then jeered at, and that science has since proved to be true ; theories still scorned, but which may be verified yet ; doctrines which have permeated insensibly the thought of the day ; traditions which lead back from man's evolution to his origin. In many lands you stirred up strife, and some of the sounds you drew from the harp of life were discords ; yet I think it is harmony you have bequeathed to the song of the ages hence, and that time will spell out your message as one of econciliation and peace.

GEORGE COLMORE.

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THEOSOPHY IN OLD ENGLISH

BEOWULF

To students of Theosophy, all theologies are interesting; and surely to the English Theosophist none is more so than the pre-Christian theology of his own forefathers. To discover what that is we must read the oldest English poems not merely in translation, but in the original, and we must be equally on our guard against anachronisms in our translation and interpolations in the manuscript.

The vernacular poems which have been handed down to us from Anglo-Saxon times bulk less than the complete works of Shakespeare; and the most important of them, both as to quality and quantity, is the Saga of *Beowulf*, a poem in three thousand two hundred lines of Old English alliterative measure. Although our manuscript (Vitellius A. xv. in the British Museum) is as late as the tenth century, scholars agree in considering *Beowulf* to be not only the oldest Epic in English but the earliest extant in any modern language. Internal evidence, historical and linguistic, shews it to have been written between 511 and 752 A.D. Its sources, however, are of much greater antiquity; for, like the Homeric poems, *Beowulf* embodies traditions from heroic ages; in it we find, incidentally, the oldest version of the Niebelungen Lied, related by one who heard it from an eye-witness of the events.

These various materials, reminiscences from the continental life of our ancestors, were probably not welded into an artistic whole till after the Teutonic settlement in England. The poem is therefore contemporaneous with the spread of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms; and it is interesting to notice that while some commentators find a "genuine pagan ring" in it, others declare that it is "unmistakably Christian in spirit."

For our own part, we must confess that we see nothing distinctively Christian in any part of the poem. References there undoubtedly are to the Old Testament ; but these are strongly suspected to be late interpolations ; and there is no hint of the New. The ideas expressed on such subjects as the creation of the world and the destiny of man are much older than Christianity, though many of them have been indorsed and reinforced by the later revelation and corroborated by modern science. It seems to us that translators are too apt, on the one hand, to read Christianity into certain religious phrases, and, on the other, to neglect those that have no specific meaning for the orthodox Christian of to-day. There is a tendency, for instance, to regard the variety of designations of the Deity which are found throughout the poem as being due mainly to the rules of alliteration upon which Old English versification is based, and to translate them all equally by the most usual terms of modern theology. This method, besides doing scant justice to the wide vocabulary of the original, fails to shew us the different aspects which the poet wishes to present in their several contexts. The simple word "God," for example, is translatable wherever it occurs as especially "the universal principle of *goodness*." "God" and "good," indeed, have exactly the same form at this early stage of our language, the capital letter being added at the discretion of the modern editor. Thus, throughout the poem, it is "God" who grants the hero success against his adversaries, the enemies of "goodness," and gives him the certainty of reward after victory. This is the most general of the designations employed ; and its emblem is *light*. The sun is the "beacon of God" ; and so all-pervading does the poet feel this divine goodness to be that he speaks even of fiends and monsters as the unconscious instruments of its power, bearers of the wrath of God, carrying out the Good Law.

The words *Ælmihtig* and *Scyppend*, the Almighty and the Shaper, are used by the court minstrel when he relates the origin of man and the subsequent creation of earth to be his dwelling ; while *Nietod*, literally the One who measures, or sets boundaries, always has especial reference to Him who controls human destiny, who decides not only particular forms of life on earth

and their mortal limits, but also the scope and conditions of each life hereafter. With this latter attribute are also associated expressions signifying the Judge of Deeds, and the Eternal, Holy and All-wise Lord ; while the Wielder or Guardian or King or Prince of Glory, the Protector of Heaven and Ruler of the Skies, are the names chosen where the attainment of heavenly bliss is being mentioned.

The Fatherhood of God does not seem to be a prominent idea in the poet's mind. Only twice do we find the Deity referred to as Father. It is the *Lif-Free*, the Lord of Life, who gladdens the Danes by sending the first Beowulf, the long-desired heir to the throne, a royal child to comfort the folk. "To his son Healfdene," we are told, "there afterwards awoke in the world, four children in succession." One of these, we may note in passing, Hrothgar, was reigning in Denmark when our hero Beowulf, a prince of the Geats, crossed the sea to rid the Danes of the Grendel terror.

That expression, "there awoke in the world," ought surely not to be translated simply "there were born"; for, as it stands, it is thoroughly in keeping with the constantly recurring phrase "in the day of his life," or "in that day of this life," which we refuse to regard as a mere poetical tag. The poet never loses sight of the idea of physical life being but an incident in the immortal life of the soul; that he regards it as the waking part, the working day, is clear from these two metaphors and many another allusion.

Of the various words meaning "life," *feorh* seems to apply chiefly to life's day in this particular sense, the period of mortal life; and, consequently, sometimes to the "life-blood" or the "vitals." We find it in such expressions as "in all my life," or "never in my life," and also in speaking of losing one's life in battle or giving away the lives of others as slaves, or being taken prisoner like Beowulf's uncle Hygelac (the historic Chochilaicus, King of the Goths) whose "*life* passed into the hands of the Franks." It occurs also in innumerable compounds such as we might translate by "*mortal* wound," "*fatal* step," "*deadly* blow," "*inveterate* hate," "*undying* enmity," "*sick to death*," "*struggle for life*," "*the bane of existence*," and so forth.

Similar uses are found for the word *ealdor*; but it further expresses the life that passes from this world to other regions, as when Beowulf's father is spoken of as "abiding many winters ere aged in years he departed from the court, turning elsewhere, to a life apart from earth." *To aldrē* and *to lifē* both come to mean "for ever"; while *to wīdan feore* only means "for a long time."

Lif itself expresses the contrast to *lic*, the body, in the frequent phrases about severing body and soul. Beowulf, in close fight with an adversary, tells him that he shall not escape thence except without the quick body; and when the hero is approaching the "end of life's lent days on earth," it is said that "not for long will flesh array his princely soul." His faithful retainer, Wiglaf, seeks in vain to revive him, but "he might not," says the poet, "hold back the beloved chieftain's life; nor might the will of the All-Wielder be changed one whit. To every man will God decree judgment according to his deeds, even as he doeth now."

The poet had evidently no thought of divine justice being suspended, till a far distant Judgment Day should make a sudden sharp division between the eternally blessed and the eternally accursed. He conceives of it as actively operating here and now, under the same eternal law which will continue to rule our destiny hereafter. "Everyone," he assures us, "shall gain by striving the inevitable place prepared for the children of men, the soul-bearers, the sojourners on earth." *Lif-sceaft* is thus his word for destiny; for our destiny is, according to him, exactly what our *life shapes* for us. Fate, as he understands it, is only the fulfilment of this law. "Fated and ready" are therefore the epithets he couples together by no means from prosodic necessity.

Even the terrible Fate that befell the Danes in the cannibal visitations of the Grendel are felt to be the result of some national sin. There is more than a hint that the evil was not met in the most courageous spirit. It was easy to find, as the poet ironically remarks, men who were willing to seek sleep in the remote rafters, leaving the beautiful hall to the nightly raids of the monster; and when Beowulf the Geat comes to offer his services he openly answers the taunts of the jealous courtier, Unferth, by telling him that had he been as brave as he was boastful, never would the

Grendel have perpetrated such horror against the aged king. It is in the end more by moral strength than by skill in fight that Beowulf prevails; his undaunted courage cows the fiend: for he will use no weapons or armour, and even meets him single-handed, trusting that his valour is not inferior to that of his adversary.

In his own land, we are told, far-seeing men had blamed his enterprise but little (though they loved the youth); for they foresaw success. He probably has their prophecies in mind when in offering to cleanse Heorot from the accursed visitant, he says: "May I be strengthened by the good wishes of Higelac; and may he whom death shall take rely on the justice of the Lord."

As we read the descriptions of the loathsome Grendel we feel more and more that moral force is the appropriate weapon with which to oppose him. He is first spoken of as "that fiend of hell who, disliking the sounds of music and feasting that arose from Hrothgar's court, began to plot evil against it." He is next called the *maarc-steþa*, literally the march-stepper, which might, we venture to think, be interpreted by the light of another passage where *maarc* refers to the boundary or limit of human life; for this Lone-goer seems to hover on the boundary between physical and ghostly existence. The poet goes on to say that "Grendel held the moors, the fens, and fastnesses, and had inhabited the home of monster kinds ever since his Maker had proscribed him. After nightfall was the grisly spectre wont to visit Heorot. There he would find a troop of Æthelings sleeping after the feast, unconscious of danger or of the misery of men. Soon would this wight of destruction, grim and greedy, fierce and furious, seize the thanes from their resting-places; thence he would hasten away, faring homewards, exultant, with his booty to reach his lair with his fill of slaughter. . . . He knew no remorse; from no compassion would he desist; nor could he be bought off with any bribe."

So raided and wickedly strove the one against all; until the stately hall stood empty. Then came Beowulf and his fourteen followers, who obtained permission to guard Heorot at night. Thither came Grendel from the moors, under lowering mists, bearing God's wrath and bent on ensnaring some hall thanes. The steel-clamped doors sprang open at his touch, and there he

stood, swollen with rage, at the entrance of the hall. Soon the fiend was treading the decorated floor, in wrathful mood; from his eyes the baleful light shone like flames. The great brute laughed aloud at the sight of the Geats, determined ere day should dawn to sever the soul from the body of each, so that an abundant feast would be his.

But it was not decreed by fate that he should eat more of mankind after this night. Beowulf watched him calmly, gauging how the man-scather would fare under his grasp. The giant did not pause to think, but with one rush he seized a sleeping warrior unawares, tore him in pieces, bit into the flesh, swallowing huge mouthfuls and drinking the blood in gulps. Soon had he devoured the mortal remains, even to the feet and hands.

Then that lord of crimes stepped towards Beowulf, but only to find that never in middle earth had he met so powerful a hand-grip in any man. He became afraid, *in mood and in mind*, but there was no escape. . . . Beowulf, mindful of his speech overnight, stood upright and grappled with him close; the eoten made to go; Beowulf followed. The monster deliberated how he might escape to fen-hollows, but he felt the power of the champion's fierce grip. That was a bitter journey that the harmer had taken to Heorot. The lordly hall resounded with clamour. . . . Many of Beowulf's earls brandished their swords, wishing to defend their lord; but they could not do so. . . . No war-bill could reach the scather; he was proof against every blade. Nevertheless his soul-severance would come miserably to him on that day of this life, and the alien spirit would travel far into the power of fiends. Then did this foe to God, who had often in wanton mood done violence to mankind, find that his body would serve him no further. . . . Sore pangs the horrid giant endured, for he was mortally wounded on the shoulder; at last the sinews sprang; the flesh was sundered. Beowulf conquered; Grendel had to flee, mutilated and dying, to the fen slopes to seek his friendless dwelling. He knew then for certain that his life had come to an end. . . . It was a clear sign to the Danes when the arm of the Grendel, from the hand to the shoulder, was displayed as a trophy on the gables of Heorot.

But the trouble is not over, for no sooner have the tables been removed after a feast of rejoicing and the warriors and courtiers, Scyldings and Geats, composed themselves to sleep on the benches of the hall, than Grendel's mother, that monstrous hag, the ravening were-wolf, sprang upon them, wroth and greedy to avenge the death of her son. She possesses herself of Grendel's arm and seizes Hrothgar's favourite counsellor.

Beowulf is not present, but on hearing of this fresh horror, he is ready for action. He comforts Hrothgar by saying it is better to avenge the death of a friend than to mourn him too sore. "Each one of us," he adds, "must bide the end of this world's life; and it will be best hereafter for that warrior who ere his death can win most glory."

Accordingly an expedition is fitted out to track the foul sprite to his lair. On this occasion Beowulf does not disdain the use of armour and even accepts Hunferth's loan of the poisoned sword "Hrunting." Before plunging into the loathsome waters of the mere, to the edge of which the monster's tracks have led, the hero lays commands on his followers as to the disposition of his property should they see him no more. Then his struggle with the evil brood of water demons begins.

Soon was the were-wolf conscious that from above a man was searching out her home. She sprang at him and dragged him to her cave, where no water entered. Firelight guided his arm and he struck her head so fiercely with his sword that it rang a terrible war song. But it could not hurt her. In wrath Beowulf cast it away; he had recourse to his strength of grip. The were-wolf's clutch was fierce, and Beowulf fell in the struggle; but his mail armour saved him from her sword-thrust, and the Holy God who awards victories, the All-wise Lord, Counsellor of Heaven, gave judgment true when Beowulf stood once more erect.

Then the warrior saw a Sword of Victory among the store of weapons in the cave, a keen-edged eoten blade, wrought by giants of old and greater than any weaker man could wield. With this he fells the woman of the mere, and from Grendel's lifeless body he severs the head so as to bring both it and the sword-hilt up through the water as spoils; the steel blade had melted in

the poisonous gore of the demons. Long ere he reaches the surface, Hrothgar and his thanes have given him up for dead and returned sorrowfully to Heorot. Beowulf's own followers, however, are still waiting in hope and they joyfully help him to carry the heavy booty to the king. Four are required to carry the Grendel's head.

Rejoicings and rewards greet the victorious champion; gifts and compliments are exchanged; and, ere the Geats depart in their ship, laden with jewels, Beowulf gives to Hrothgar the golden hilt, the giant's work of old.

The poet here makes a digression on the history of the relic. "This wondrous work of smiths," he says, "passed, after the fall of devils, into the possession of the Danish prince; and when that fierce-hearted man, God's adversary, guilty of murder, resigned this world, it passed into the power of earthly kings."

"Hrothgar spake," continues the poet, "gazing on the hilt on which was written the origin of the ancient war, after the flood, that flowing ocean, had slain the race of giants; insolently had they borne themselves. That was a people estranged from the Eternal Lord; to them, therefore, the Ruler gave a final reward through the surging of waters. Likewise was it marked, set and said in runic letters on the mounting of bright gold, for whom first was wrought that sword of choicest steel and wreathed hilt."

Beowulf's third adventure, his conquest of the fiery dragon, comes late in life and gives him his death-wound. The thoughts with which he faces death, as he sits beside the cave of his vanquished enemy, are worth our consideration. He gazes at the giants' work of old, and notices how each arch of stone is raised on its pillars to hold up the everlasting cave.

"Now would I give over my battle-weeds to my son," he says, "did any heir of my body survive. For fifty years have I ruled my people; and no neighbouring king dared come against me with his hosts or cause me alarm. I have abided my appointed time on earth, held well my own, sought no quarrels, and sworn no false oaths. Stricken now with deadly wounds, I may rejoice that when my life departs from my body, the Ruler of men cannot reproach me with the slaughter of any of my kinsmen. Now, beloved Wiglaf, now that the worm lies asleep with

his wounds and bereft of his hoard, go and see the treasure 'neath yonder hoary rock. Hasten now that I may view the ancient wealth and realise that gold and those wondrously wrought gems, so that I may more easily, after beholding the rich jewels, leave this life and land that I have held so long.' . . .

"Then, sorrowfully gazing on the gold, the aged chieftain said: 'I thank the Prince of all, the King of Glory, the Eternal Lord, for these beautiful ornaments which I now behold, and which I have been able thus to win for my people ere the day of my death. I have done wisely in laying down my life to gain this wealth; use it for the needs of the people; I shall be here no longer. Bid my brave warriors, after the funeral fire, build to my memory a bright beacon at the shore's point, on the high cliffs of Hronesness, so that sailors who drive their ships over the misty seas will henceforth call it *Beowulf's Mound*.'

"Then the brave-hearted prince took the gold circlet from his neck and gave it to the young spearman, together with his gold-adorned helmet and corslet, bidding him enjoy them well, and saying:

"'Thou alone art left of our race of Waegmunds. Fate has swept away all my noble kinsfolk, to meet courageously that which He who sets limits has shaped; and I must follow them.' Of the thoughts of his heart this was the last word spoken by the veteran ere he turned to the pyre with its hot, surging flames. His soul departed from his breast to seek the destiny of soothfast men."

* * * *

"The story of Grendel and Beowulf," says Mr. Stopford Brooke in summing up the various modern theories concerning it, "is thus a mixture of the folk-tale (which, he had already pointed out, has its basis in actual experience), the nature myth, the heroic legend and the poet's imagination of a noble character."

We agree with him that "the character of the hero is well hewn out in the poem and is the best piece of art in it," and we should add that it compares very favourably with the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, who, in their pettiness, boastfulness,

deceitfulness and superstitious fears, seem pitiably childish beside the sturdy, straightforward, courageous and faithful Beowulf, Hrothgar and Hygelac. Far from resembling the type found in classical epic, indeed, the English ideal of the Viking age is essentially the same character as that of Chaucer's "verray parfit gentil knyght," who "loved chivalrie, trouthe and honour, fredom and courtesie."

No literary connection has yet been traced between the Greek and English epics; yet there would seem to be a common source for such imagery as the Old English *spear-warrior*, meaning "Ocean," and the classical Neptune. A common source might also be postulated for certain ideas on man's destiny here and hereafter; especially the inexorableness of Wyrd, or the Fates; and the wandering of spirits after death.

A careful study of the Old English text, with the translations and commentaries of various scholarly editors, leads us to offer a humble protest against their dismissing as meaningless tags those phrases in which, as we have endeavoured to shew, certain theosophical notions are expressed. By examining into their meaning we have been led to the conclusion that the writers of what we are pleased to call "heathen poetry," had, in many respects, a philosophy of life and an understanding of death at least as enlightened as much that passes for Christian culture in the literature of our own day.

E. H. C. PAGAN.

Now, in time, I seek, as if it were far beyond me, that goal of my Selfhood, that complete expression of my will, which in God, and for God, my whole life at once possesses. I seek this goal as a far-off divine event,—as my future fortune and success. I do well to seek. Seek and ye shall find. Yet the finding,—it does not occur merely as an event in time. It occurs as an eternal experience of this my whole striving. Every struggle, every tear, every misery, every failure, and repentance, and every rising again, every strenuous pursuit, every glimpse of God's truth,—all these are not mere incidents of the search for that which is beyond. They are all events in the life; they too are part of the fulfilment. In eternity all this is seen, and hereby—even in and through these temporal failures—I win, in God's presence and by virtue of His fulfilment, the goal of life, which is the whole of life. What no temporal instant ever brings, what all temporal efforts fail to win, that my true Self in its eternity, and in its oneness with the divine, possesses.

The World and the Individual, PROF. JOSIAH ROYCE.

GRAINS OF SAND

ON a sandy beach of the far-off Pacific shore, one bright autumnal day, was seated a woman writing a letter. The broad blue ocean stretched far out and wide: the warm, golden sun cast its brilliancy over the quiet beautiful scene, and everywhere was peaceful serenity and calm. Was it inspiration or intuition that prompted that soul to enclose a little handful of sand, taken from the outer verge of a prehistoric continent, and place it in that letter? That sand lies before me now, and it brings to me memories of past ages. Do you mind my telling you of them?

From these grains of sand extended a broad and level plain, in the centre of which was a temple of magnificent proportions. As I strolled towards it, I became aware I was in a land of another age, a land of Jurassic formation. The people I saw were of another race, Titanic in stature, and of a reddish complexion. The arms and ornaments they bore were of bronze, the temple itself was entirely of bronze, and I had evidently stumbled upon a land existing in the Bronze Age. People were going into the temple, and I ascended the broad steps, thirteen in number, and found myself in an outer court. A gigantic and perfect specimen of manhood guarded the entrance to the inner portion of the temple. He challenged my approach by presenting his spear to my heart. Involuntarily, I gave a sign, the spear was lowered; as he stretched forth his hand, I leolinely interlaced my fingers with his, and I was allowed to enter. I found myself in a vast temple whose form was that of an oblong square: graceful columns supported the roof, which was almost entirely covered with the zodiac of Asuramaya, recording the then and future history of the globe: occupying a prominent place was a representation of the mystic septenary Dragon. Great statues of bronze, ornamented with gold and silver—which seemed to be

sacred metals—were placed in niches about the temple: these represented the Sacred Mathematics, Geometry, the Sacred Male Moon, the Winged Egg.

The walls of the temple were covered with the tanned skins of huge, antediluvian monsters, on which were traced the sacred and secret records extending back into the night of time. The interior of the temple was lighted by invisible means, and a soft, mellow light pervaded every portion. The air was redolent with the vapour of incense and the perfume of flowers; melodious music entranced the senses; tripods, lighted by flames of various colours, cast a wan, meteoric light, and a feeling of sublime peace prevailed everywhere. Two ranks of warriors, armed with glaives, their heads covered with mitres of bronze, on which was emblazoned in gold the Triple Tau, extended around the entire outer space. Seated upon a splendid throne of ivory, with hangings of Tyrian purple at the back, holding in his hand the Hammer of Thor, was the great Hierophant. He raised his right hand and silence ensued, a silence that could be felt; then followed a mantram which opened the door between mortals and immortals. The atmosphere was dense with inter-ætheric vibrations, the secrets of all were laid bare, and each man looked upon his Self, as it really is. The MYSTIC NINE was struck, announcing the first appearance of light, to resume labour for the general good of humanity. The Grand Hierophant descended from his throne, and standing in the centre of the temple, facing the East, asked the Light to lighten their labours, to dispel the darkness which veils Truth, to unite mankind, to remove the band of error from their eyes, so that the whole human race, led to Truth through their philosophy, may present but one family of brothers, offering from all points of the compass an incense pure and worthy of the Grand Architect.

The scene changed. I saw the neophyte, clad in spotless white, led twice round the temple, in the track of the heavenly bodies depicted on the floor in circles, containing the plan of the celestial hemisphere and zodiacal signs, to teach that man must observe all nature, submit all to the examination of reason, experience, and analysis, directing all towards his perfectibility. I saw again, the neophyte ascend the Seven-Runged Ladder;

pass through the trial of the four elements; descend into the bowels of the earth, where he was instructed how to form himself for humanity, of which he was part; I saw him cross the raging flood, and ascend the twenty-one steps leading to the Asylum of the Dead, where he was instructed that equality, liberty and fraternity form the most precious heritage of humanity, that men are equal and that justice is based on the great law of reciprocity. I saw the holy baptism of the neophyte; the sprinkling of the eyes, forehead, hand and body, consecrating it to the greater Glory of the Divine Architect; the placing of the Sacred Ring, worn over a special nerve in direct correspondence with the heart; the investiture of the purple triangular Apron, bordered with the Cobra and the Sun; the presentation of the Winged Egg; the Grand Invocation Sign given in Three Breaths: the esoteric explanation of the celestial vault of the temple with its nine heavens, and nine celestial powers presiding therein; the clear, ringing voice of the Hierophant concluding as follows: "Look upward to the celestial vault of this temple. You canst take your place therein if worthy. You have lived, died and risen. It may be for the first time that the Light has penetrated your soul and illumined the far-off regions. The interior voice which vibrates within you will now become intelligible, and you will comprehend THE GOD WHICH AGITATES, as did the entranced Sibyl of olden days." The sons of the "Giants from the East" bent their heads in lowly reverence; the "Lords of the Dazzling Face" made obeisance; the petals of the "Flower of Power" vibrated in unison, and the place was filled with a soulful harmony. Silence ensued—then light—and I found myself contemplating the little pile of sand which had brought to me a whiff of old Atlantis.

Some of you have looked into the depths of Masonic science and have found it a void. O rash ones! you have only lifted the outmost semblance of the first veil of the mysterious Temple of Isis. Go! blaspheme not that of which you are ignorant. Would you participate in the Mysteries? The materials lie all around us, needing only the celestial fire to transform the flint of ages into transparent crystals, beautiful and shining gems of Truth.

A SILENT WORKER.

THE NATURE OF MEMORY

THE nature of memory is a problem which has been troubling theosophical students for many years, and perhaps I may only succeed in troubling them still further by offering a theory on the subject ; on the other hand it is possible that I may succeed in helping them a little by the presentation of a view that is to myself helpful and clarifying.

What is memory ? and how does it work ? by what means do we recover the past, whether near or remote ? For, after all, whether the past be near or remote, belonging to this or to any anterior life, the means which govern its recovery must be similar, and we require a theory which will include all cases of memory, and at the same time will enable us to understand each particular case.

The first step towards obtaining a definite and intelligible theory is a comprehension of our own composition, of the Self with its sheaths, and their inter-relation. We must bear constantly in mind the facts that our consciousness is a unit, and that this unit of consciousness works through various sheaths, which impose upon it a false appearance of multiplicity. The innermost, or most tenuous, of these sheaths is inseparable from the unit of consciousness ; in fact, it is this sheath which makes it a unit. This unit is the Monad, dwelling on the Anupâdaka plane ; but for all practical purposes we may take it as the familiar Inner Man, the Tri-Atom, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, thought of as apart from the âtmic, buddhic and mânasic sheaths. This unit of consciousness manifests through, abides in, sheaths belonging to the five planes of its activity, and we call it the Self working in its sheaths.

We must think, then, of a conscious Self dwelling in vehicles that vibrate. The vibrations of these vehicles correspond, on the side of matter, with the changes in consciousness on the side of

the Self. We cannot accurately speak of vibrations of consciousness, because vibrations can only belong to the material side of things, the form side, and only loosely can we speak of a vibrating consciousness. We have changes in consciousness corresponding with vibrations in sheaths.

The question of the vehicles, or bodies, in which consciousness, the Self, is working, is all-important as regards Memory. The whole process of recovering more or less remote events is a question of picturing them in the sheath—of shaping part of the matter of the sheath into their likeness—in which consciousness is working at the time. In the Self, as a fragment of the Universal Self—which for our purpose we can take to be the LOGOS, although in verity the LOGOS is but a portion of the Universal Self—is present everything; for in the Universal Self is present all which has taken place, is taking place, and will take place in the universe; all this, and an illimitable more is present in the Universal Consciousness. Let us think only of a universe and its LOGOS. We speak of Him as omnipresent and omniscient. Now, fundamentally, that omnipresence and omniscience are in the individualised Self, as being one with the LOGOS, but—we must put in here a but—with a difference; the difference consisting in this, that while in the separated Self as Self, apart from all vehicles, that omnipresence and omniscience reside by virtue of his unity with the One Self, the vehicles in which he dwells have not yet learned to vibrate in answer to his changes of consciousness, as he turns his attention to one or another part of his contents. Hence we say that all exists in him potentially, and not as in the LOGOS actually: all the changes which go on in the consciousness of the LOGOS are reproducible in this separated Self, which is an indivisible part of His life, but the vehicles are not yet ready as media of manifestation. Because of the separation of form, because of this closing in of the separate, or individualised, Self, these possibilities which are within it as part of the Universal Self are latent, not manifest, are possibilities, not actualities. As in every atom which goes to the making up of a vehicle, there are illimitable possibilities of vibration, so in every separated Self there are illimitable possibilities of changes of consciousness.

We do not find in the atom, at the beginning of a solar

system, an illimitable variety of vibrations ; but we learn that it possesses a capacity to acquire an illimitable variety of vibrations ; it acquires these in the course of its evolution, as it responds continually to vibrations playing upon its surface ; at the end of a solar system, an immense number of the atoms in it have reached the stage of evolution in which they can vibrate in answer to any vibration touching them that arises within the system ; then, for that system, these atoms are said to be perfected. The same thing is true for the separated, or individualised, Selves. All the changes taking place in the consciousness of the LOGOS which are represented in that universe, and take shape as forms in that universe, all these are also within the perfected consciousnesses in that universe, and any of these changes can be reproduced in any one of them. Here is Memory: the re-appearance, the re-incarnation in matter, of anything that has been within that universe, and therefore ever *is*, in the consciousness of its LOGOS, and in the consciousnesses which are parts of His consciousness. Although we think of the Self as separate as regards all other Selves, we must ever remember it is inseparable as regards the ONE SELF, the LOGOS. His life is not shut out from any part of His universe, and in Him we live and move and have our being, open ever to Him, filled with His life.

As the Self puts on vehicle after vehicle of matter, its powers of gaining knowledge become, with each additional vehicle, more circumscribed but also more definite. Arrived on the physical plane, consciousness is narrowed down to the experiences which can be received through the physical body, and chiefly through those openings which we call the sense-organs ; these are avenues through which knowledge can reach the imprisoned Self, though we often speak of them as shutting out knowledge when we think of the capacities of the subtler vehicles. The physical body renders perception definitive and clear much as a screen with a minute hole in it allows a picture of the outside world to appear on a screen that would otherwise shew a blank surface ; rays of light are truly shut off from the screen, but, by that very shutting off, those allowed to enter form a clearly defined picture.

Let us now see what happens as regards the physical vehicle

in the reception of an impression and in the subsequent recall of that impression, *i.e.*, in the memory of it.

A vibration from outside strikes on an organ of sense, and is transmitted to the appropriate centre in the brain. A group of cells in the brain vibrates, and that vibration leaves the cells in a state somewhat different from the one in which they were previous to its reception. The trace of that response is a possibility for the group of cells; it has once vibrated in a particular way, and it retains for the rest of its existence as a group of cells the possibility of again vibrating in that same way without again receiving a stimulus from the outside world. Each repetition of an identical vibration strengthens this possibility, each leaving its own trace, but many such repetitions will be required to establish a self-initiated repetition; the cells come nearer to this possibility of a self-initiated vibration by each repetition compelled from outside. But this vibration has not stopped with the physical cells; it has been transmitted inwards to the corresponding cell, or group of cells, in the subtler vehicles, and has ultimately produced a change in consciousness. This change, in its turn, re-acts on the cells, and a repetition of the vibrations is initiated from within by the change in consciousness, and this repetition is a memory of the object which started the series of vibrations. The response of the cells to the vibration from outside, a response compelled by the laws of the physical universe, gives to the cells the power of responding to a similar impulse, though feebler, coming from within. A little power is exhausted in each moving of matter in a new vehicle, and hence a gradual diminution of the energy in the vibration. Less and less is exhausted as the cells repeat similar vibrations in response to new impacts from without, the cells answering more readily with each repetition.

Therein lies the value of the "without"; it wakes up in the matter, more easily than by any other way, the possibility of response, being more closely akin to the vehicles than the "within."

The change caused in consciousness, also, leaves the consciousness more ready to repeat that change than it was first to yield it, and each such change brings the consciousness nearer to the power to initiate a similar change. Looking back into the

dawnings of consciousness, we see that the imprisoned Selves go through innumerable experiences before a Self-initiated change in consciousness occurs ; but bearing this in mind, as a fact, we can leave these early stages, and study the workings of consciousness at a more advanced point. We must also remember that every impact, reaching the innermost sheath and giving rise to a change in consciousness, is followed by a re-action, the change in consciousness causing a new series of vibrations from within outwards ; there is the going inwards to the Self, followed by the rippling outwards from the Self, the first due to the object, and giving rise to what we call a perception, and the second due to the re-action of the Self, causing what we call a memory.

A number of sense-impressions, coming through sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell, run up from the physical vehicle through the astral to the mental. There they are co-ordinated into a complex unity, as a musical chord is composed of many notes. This is the special work of the mental body : it receives many streams and synthesises them into one ; it builds many impressions into a perception, a thought, a complex unity.

Let us try to catch this complex thing, after it has gone inwards and has caused a change in consciousness, an idea ; the change it has caused gives rise to new vibrations in the vehicles, reproducing those it had caused on its inward way, and in each vehicle it reappears in a fainter form. It is not strong, vigorous and vivid, as when its component parts flashed from the physical to the astral, and from the astral to the mental ; it reappears in the mental in a fainter form, the copy of that which the mental sent inwards, but the vibrations feebler ; as the Self receives from it a re-action—for the impact of a vibration on touching each vehicle *must* cause a re-action—that re-action is far feebler than the original action, and will therefore seem less “real” than that action ; it makes a lesser change in consciousness, and that lessening represents inevitably a less “reality.”

So long as the consciousness is too little responsive to be aware of any impacts that do not come through with the impulsive vigour of the physical, it is literally more in touch with the physical than with any other sheath, and there will be no memories of ideas, but only memories of perceptions, *i.e.*, of

pictures of outside objects, caused by vibrations of the nervous matter of the brain, reproducing themselves in the related astral and mental matter. These are literally pictures in the mental matter, as are the pictures on the retina of the eye. And the consciousness perceives these pictures, "sees" them, as we may truly say, since the seeing of the eye is only a limited expression of its perceptive power. As the consciousness draws a little away from the physical, turning attention more to the modifications in its inner sheaths, it sees these pictures reproduced in the brain from the astral sheath by its own re-action passing outwards, and there is the memory of sensations. The picture arises in the brain by the re-action of the change in consciousness, and is recognised there. This recognition implies that the consciousness has withdrawn largely from the physical to the astral vehicle, and is working therein. The human consciousness is thus working at the present time, and is, therefore full of memories, these memories being reproductions in the physical brain of past pictures, caused by re-actions from consciousness. In a lowly evolved human type, these pictures are pictures of past events in which the physical body was concerned, memories of hunger and thirst and of their gratification, of sexual pleasures, and so on, things in which the physical body took an active part. In a higher type, in which the consciousness is working more in the mental vehicle, the pictures in the astral body will draw more of its attention; these pictures are shaped in the astral body by the vibrations coming outwards from the mental, and are perceived as pictures by the consciousness as it withdraws itself more into the mental body as its immediate vehicle. As this process goes on, and the more awakened consciousness responds to vibrations initiated from outside on the astral plane by astral objects, these objects grow "real," and become distinguishable from the memories, the pictures in the astral body caused by the re-actions from consciousness.

Let us note, in passing, that with the memory of an object goes hand in hand a picture of the renewal of the keener experience of the object by physical contact, and this we call anticipation; and the more complete the memory of an event the more complete is this anticipation. So that the memory will

sometimes even cause in the physical body the re-actions which normally accompany the contact with the external object, and we may savour in anticipation pleasures which are not within present reach of the body. Thus the anticipation of savoury food will cause "the mouth to water." This fact will again appear, when we reach the completion of our theory of Memory.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE ESOTERIC MEANING OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

EVERY religion has its secrets, or in other words is essentially esoteric. As S. Paul says, spiritual things are only spiritually discerned. It is for this reason that they are called Mysteries, from the Greek word $\mu\hat{\nu}\omega$, to whisper, or speak imperfectly.

But although the subject of spiritual experiences is unable to utter them to others adequately, or to make others feel as distinctly as himself the impulses received in his secret mind from the Divine Power and Will and Love, he can nevertheless do something. He can express his mysteries partially, in the form of significant symbols, which will be good as far as they go.

He can do more. He can hand down the symbols to succeeding generations, who will in turn receive, re-mould and transmit them to still others, in an infinite variety of forms, in sacred biographies, in sacred art, in dramatic mysteries, in creeds, in theological dogmas, in ecclesiastical rites. And to the extent that this is done, or can be done, esoterically religion is transmissible and transmitted. Thus the late Dr. Hatch's tenth Hibbert Lecture in Oxford has demonstrated the enormous influence upon Christianity of the Greek Mysteries, which were nothing more than the deeper experiences of the human soul, expressed and handed down in dramatic form.

The no less trustworthy scholarship of Mr. G. R. S. Mead has rendered similar service to the world on a broader scale but

along the same lines. Indeed it appears that a current of esoteric religious truth has been flowing down the course of history from the first. The Greek Mysteries themselves, which according to the Oxford Lecturer are the embryo of Christian rites, had their essential origin in races long anterior to the Greeks, and bear the stamp of the most primitive thought. We cannot but believe that the pre-historic Circle, the Triangle, the Svastica, the Cross—all of them, in their origin, so remotely anterior to Christianity—were the groping of pristine love and feeling after the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the LOGOS, (the Christ, who, eternally interwoven in universal human nature, identifies Himself unceasingly both with life and death, with the humiliation of man's spirit, and with his triumph. On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that the authority of religion, as of all other truth, is not derived from the antiquity of its tradition. It is not authoritative because it has been transmitted, but it has been transmitted because it is authoritative. Truth, as such, like the priesthood of Melchisedec, is without father or mother or descent. Its one test is experience. And just as it is the facts exposed by physical experiment which furnish the foundation of physical science, so it is the phenomena of spiritual experience wrought within our consciousness which are the solitary ground of all creed, and alone can establish the reality of spiritual doctrine. Absolute truth does not, of course, admit of degrees. But confidence in truth is a relative quality, and admits of many degrees. Thus the confidence of the man in the street in the truths of astronomy or of higher mathematics, is one thing, whereas the confidence of Lord Kelvin or Flammarion is quite a different thing, for the reason that, to the man in the street, these things are merely a matter of testimony, while to the scientists they are intellectual experience. The mere layman would be a fool if he said that he had no confidence in them whatever; but I fear he would be no less a fool, if he regarded others' testimony, however respectable or venerable, as possessing equally convincing value, so far as he is concerned, with the experience of his own mind, acquired by his personal study. Moreover, conviction as to the reality of a phenomenon demands that it shall have been experienced, not by a part only

of man's nature, but by his whole nature, not by the physical and mental planes merely, but by the spiritual plane also. The planes of human consciousness are often spoken of as if they were intrinsically distinct and successive like so many shelves in a book-case. The truth is, that while separable in imagination and for purposes of argument, they are absolutely inseparable in fact. Thus a physical representation of any kind, uncorroborated by the understanding—as a mirage-ship in a desert—is an untrustworthy experience. So also a physical *and* intellectual representation such as popular science gives of the objects of nature, what is called “a scientific description” is also, because it is partial or incomplete, untrustworthy. The mind, by virtue of its own nature, insists on knowing the causes that lie behind, and it is useless for science to endeavour to choke enquiry at this point. There are some questions, eternal questions, that owing to the very constitution of a man's being, he cannot stifle if he would. It must be observed too, that theories, or theoretical explanations furnished by the inductions of reasoning, are likewise without permanent value, since they rest upon logic and not observation. They are liable to be overturned at any instant by a new experience of facts. Witness the recent breakdown of the atomic theory. This held its place as the ultimate explanation of the sensible universe so long as men were ignorant of the rarer modes of substance. When, however, in the course of experiments with some new metals, radium especially, a conception of more attenuated planes of matter than had hitherto been dreamed of began to be evolved in a few scientific minds, then the doctrine of a continuous chain of finer natural forces stretching out and away behind all sensible phenomena, began to be confirmed; the fate of the atomic theory was shortly sealed; and the explanation of the universe which had held sway for centuries, undisputed, found itself suddenly deposed by one or two new facts, and died in a few months. On the whole it comes to this: that the only real knowledge is experience; the only knowledge that is serious and safe, the only knowledge upon whose certainty a man should be willing to take any great risks with regard to himself, ought to be found not without, but within himself. Other people's arguments, whether rational or sentimental, will not do. The

Bible itself will not do. The testimony of our dearest friend is not enough. The result of any or all of these is no stronger than faith or belief. But faith is a quality which is rather admired by us, as the endowment of others, than trusted for the support we expect from it ourselves.

And our admiration for heroic believers is accompanied too by some surprise that in their case so slight a power sustains so great a weight. Above all, faith or belief is emotional, fluctuating, indefinite, indistinct. Knowledge upon the contrary is very different. It is neither emotional, fluctuating nor indefinite. And what is needed in extremities, what is indispensable in times when everything else gives way, is to feel beneath our feet familiar foundations, which consist, not in believing, but knowing, in other words *Experience*. S. Paul declared that the ground of his own spiritual character and spiritual expectations was not "I believe," but "I know in whom I have believed."

Now the Lord's Prayer is a traditional symbol whose value stands on the highest possible ground. It is the expression of the innermost spiritual experience of the human race. It is not set forth merely for those who profess and call themselves Christians, any more than for Jews, Muhammedans or Hindus as such. It is the cry of universal *Religion*, of the universal yearning of men to re-bind, or re-join (*religare*) the lower self to the higher Self, in other words the soul to God. Observe how imperatively it is imposed. It is no mere pious counsel or accidental arbitrary collect. It is given as a commandment, and like all other commandments finds its justification in the constitution of human nature.

The imperativeness of the injunction "When ye pray say," or "After this manner therefore pray ye," shows that there are certain respects in which the Pater Noster is the form of all prayer, in fact, the Prayer-Law. Because man is as he is, and what he is, he is to pray in "this manner" and not otherwise. Now what is it that constitutes "the manner"? We get some general light from the preceding verses, Matt. vi. 6-8, which it will be well to consider, before taking up the expressions of the Prayer itself. "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the Synagogues

and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray use not vain repetitions as the heathen do. For they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

1. Observe that what is here spoken of is not public, but private prayer. It is not "when ye pray," but "when thou prayest, thou shalt not be," etc.

2. The word "Closet"—when thou prayest enter into thy closet—ordinarily interpreted as a private room, a sort of domestic oratory, is in reality nothing of the kind. It is neither more nor less than a store-closet, where the owner keeps accumulated produce of different kinds, and stores his various household goods. The common misapprehension is probably due to the Vulgate, which translates the word by *Cubiculum*, a resting chamber, a bedroom in fact, which certainly *ταμείον* never was.

3. "Pray to thy Father *which is in secret*." The commonly accepted meaning, "offer thy petitions where others cannot see thee," is surely unsupported by the Greek. *Τῷ 'εν τῷ φανερω* can only mean "the Father that is in the Secret," or "in the secret place," so that the command is: "Pray thou to thy Father who dwelleth in what is at once thy highest plane, thy 'Heavens,' and also the most secret recesses, the very crypt, of thy nature." At that centre He is in touch with the petitioner's secret consciousness, and from that centre will Himself give out or give back, on the plane of His child's visible being, the results of this invisible communion. (Notice that *ἀποδοῖμι* does not mean to "reward," but to give back or to restore.)

4. "When ye pray use not vain repetitions as the heathen—*ἔθνηκοι*, or foreigners—do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking." The Greek word means *do not stammer*, and says nothing about vain repetitions. The root means a stammerer, and the injunction against stammering prayer recalls Isaiah's prophecy about the perfected spiritual state: "In those

days the hearts of the thoughtless shall understand and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly ;” and again ; “ Foreigners, a fierce people of a stammering tongue that thou canst not understand.” Now we see what our Lord means by, “ When ye pray, do not stammer as foreigners.” There are some undeveloped souls, who are as yet aliens to their higher Self, the indwelling Father that is in their Heavens. These speak and think in another tongue. Their thoughts about divine things are like a foreigner’s stammering language in addressing strangers, with whom he can hold no real communion, and whose consent to his wishes he tries to obtain by the urgency of the manner of speech, more than by its substance. “ When ye pray,” our Lord says, “ be not ye like stammering strangers, since in reality ye are not strangers,” “ your Father knoweth,” etc.

Such then are the general laws of our spiritual constitution, which determine “ the manner ” of our approach to the Father in the Kingdom of Heaven within us, and which the Master thus carefully represents, by way of introduction to the Lord’s Prayer. Our prayers are to be offered within the secrecy of our breast ; they are to be the outcome of the experiences stored in the soul, with its door shut ; they are to form an intimate and unbroken communion between the child that asks his Father “ in the Highest,” and the Father who thus dwelling at the source of all our thoughts knoweth before we ask Him. So much for the Master’s introduction.

Now turn to the Pater Noster itself, taking it clause by clause, in order that we may find a more detailed answer to the question : What are those fundamental contents of universal spiritual experience or spiritual desire which necessarily express themselves in human prayer ?

“ Our Father,” not my Father. The first step, though it is a long one, towards self-knowledge is only securely taken when we come to understand that within ourselves, and at the same time interwoven with the world outside, is another besides ourselves, of whose existence we are normally unconscious. This is a hard, for many, an impossible, saying. There is a good deal of talk about “ Solidarity ” ; but it is a comparatively new word, and as ordinarily understood, the notion of its meaning is ex-

tremely vague. We of the money-making Western races are so accustomed to thinking of the self as an independent unit, making its own separate way in the world, that the opposite notion, the organic connection of all spiritual beings in one continuous piece, like a web of cloth, is an almost inconceivable idea. And yet the operative activity of this "other self" at once within us and without us, is the incessant experience of every soul. You must often have been struck with the fact, especially when a somewhat perplexing subject is under consideration, that thought within the human bosom is of the nature of a dialogue, so that two interlocutors are engaged in it, who present their arguments alternately, each addressing the other. You may also have observed that, of the two, *the other*, the outsider, so to speak, gives the impression of frequently changing his identity. He is sometimes that of our own deliberate individual conscience, sometimes that of parents and others whom we have held in reverence in the past, sometimes the voice of the immediate circle of society about us. Our thoughts are, in fact, communications more than they are memories. Thus we act more wisely than we know when we set up statues in honour of the great dead. These statues are something more than mere memorials of the past. Their essential meaning would seem to be that the saints, the heroes, the leaders of men, although they have moved forward from the physical body, yet continue, as truly as ever, to rule the world still, nay, that they rule it more powerfully than before, like the ascended Christ Himself, because enthroned upon a higher plane. And the statues, which we erect and that all generations honour, bear testimony to a subconscious notion among mankind, that there is a solidarity, a communion, a permanent continuity and interplay of life between visible and invisible humanity, between the great dead and ourselves. But the solidarity of contemporary mankind, the mutual connection of the universal living race, is no less real than the other. I remember when the doctrine first came home to me by the way of hypnotism and telepathy—new names which express the revival, the re-discovery and popularisation of some of the deep truths of nature that were the foundations of the oldest faiths. Some twenty years ago the Rev. Arthur Tooth, a well-known

ritualistic clergyman, was temporarily in charge of a hypnotic asylum for the cure of inebriates at Croydon, near London, and had been asked to cure a second time a former patient, a certain Scotch woman who had relapsed into her old ways. "Must I bring her up to Croydon?" said her husband. "Possibly it is not necessary," was the answer, "at any rate I'll try. Let me know," Mr. Tooth continued, "if, on next Thursday morning at half-past nine o'clock your wife falls asleep in her chair, and remains asleep for an hour!" And she did. Now people have grown accustomed to telepathy since that time, but they were not then. Personally, I confess I cannot get used to it yet. Here was the influence as we call it, of mind over mind, not across a table or in a room, or a hall, but extending over miles, so that, between this hypnotist who was in Croydon and the woman he put to sleep, who lived in Stirling, in Scotland, 400 miles of territory presented no more obstacle than if they had been three feet or three inches. "Influence" is not the word for this. The hypnotiser and his patient were in touch, and their two minds were one, like the flowing together of two drops of rain, *instantly*, notwithstanding that they were physically 400 miles apart. The fact in nature which this telepathic incident illustrates is that state of solidarity in the race which enables human thought to be practically ubiquitous, so that wishes or ideas, prejudices or opinions of any sort, anywhere, like a drop of carmine in a vessel of water, tend to universal dissemination. The spiritual universe, like the robe of Christ, is woven from top to bottom without a seam. A solitary man or woman, an isolated I, does not exist. As the Bible puts it, Humanity is "One family in Heaven and earth." And, in one family, it is not "my" house, but our house, and our table, and our brothers and sisters round it, so that when each or any of these speaks to his Father, it is likewise "Our Father." Notice in passing that the word "Heaven" is, in the Greek Heavens, *οὐρανοῦς* not *οὐρανῶν*. It is Heavens too in the Latin version: *Pater Noster qui es incoelis*, not *coelo*. The French version likewise has it in the plural. And as we shall see later, "Heavens" it most certainly is esoterically.

We now come to a still profounder experience, where we find that obedience to the doctrine "Know thyself," becomes

increasingly difficult, for the question is "which Self?" That which we loosely call "ourself," is in a state of constant flux. The cells of the body alternately live and die from one minute to another, and our thoughts are still more fugitive than the atoms of the body. Even trained minds complain of the difficulty of concentration. In the midst of all these fluctuations, however, there is something that abides persistently, whose identity continues from infancy to the grave. Thus the man of seventy recognises in himself, when he will, the little child of the nursery, the youth at college, or the mature man. As a matter of fact the existence of whatsoever he has been essentially continues. Not only the infant and the school-boy, but all the succeeding phases of personality that were superimposed upon one another, like mask superimposed on mask, show themselves from time to time, as still present in the old man. When his regiment marches past him to a familiar tune, the aged soldier on the verge of the grave is once more five-and-twenty. Or when she reads a well-written novel, whose love-scenes and love-embraces are vividly depicted, the venerable bowed woman that cannot rise from the chimney corner without her crutch or her grandchildren's help, turns and smiles, with the blush of a coquettish maiden, just touching seventeen. Yes, whatever has been still remains. The human Ego, throughout the process of its development, loses nothing. As S. Paul signifies in the memorable passage in which he teaches the doctrine of Evolution: "We are not unclothed, but clothed upon." But a further question arises: What is it which, sustaining these successive experiences like a string of beads, constitutes man's identity? One thing is certain: whatever it is, it is neither born of our own purpose, nor maintained by our own power. We have not even been consulted with regard to it. Obviously there exists within us, in addition to our conscious selves, another Self, another power than our power, another will than our will, another activity than our activity, which, superior to our Self, is nevertheless within us. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." This other occupant governs supremely all our planes of consciousness, giving birth to each, holding them together unceasingly as their basis, and from time to time developing each according to its capacity. Now,

the element within us which is thus the Parent and the Sustainer of our feeling, our mind, our Spirit, is itself feeling, mind, and Spirit.

This is the Self of ourselves, God in our bosom, our very own Father in our very own Heavens. As the poet says, He is "nearer to us than thinking, closer than hands and feet." We know nothing in all the universe as certainly as we know Him. His activity, involved within our Spirit, our mind, our emotions, is the innermost fold of our being. But notwithstanding that in one aspect He is thus near, so that He could not possibly be more near, yet during our physical existence, so long as our power of *realising* the spiritual continues to be so imperfectly developed, the Self of our selves seems to be far away (which is probably the reason why most men think of Him as dwelling somewhere above the stars). He has a common basis with our nature, for has He not descended to the lowest point in us all? He at the same time towers above us to an infinite height, whither our conceptions cannot ascend, and thus appears to be inconceivably remote. There is a gulf between. And it is the closing of this gulf which constitutes the aim of *religatio*, or religion. Our innermost soul thirsts for the Most High; we yearn not merely to lie at His feet, but to grow up to His fulness of stature, and rest our head on His bosom. In short, every human soul at the base of its nature is the Infinite One's own child, and throbs with the potentialities of a son of God. Therefore, when a man takes refuge in his own Holy of Holies, which temples made with hands vainly endeavour to represent, the cry that wells up in the petitioner is that of his deepest hunger—what other cry could it possibly be?—"our Father, who art in Heaven."

Now notice how the prayer progresses. While each successive clause adds to the urgency of its predecessor, the underlying theme is the same in all. Come nearer, come nearer, we to Thee, and Thou to us. Let the gulf be done away, and we and Thou draw continually closer, Spirit to Spirit, each to each. There are seven steps of approach. Some are from the side of the lower self moving upwards to the Higher, as: "May we hallow Thy name, may we do Thy will." The greater number, however, represent movement of the higher Self towards the lower: "May Thy Kingdom

come." Nearer still: "May Thy will be done, in the below as in the above." Still nearer: "Touch us with Thine own hand, as it were. Feed day by day the various planes of our being." Then we have the last stage of the higher Self's descent. Blot out the gulf of separateness: "Forgive us our debts, our Father in Heaven, by dealing with us even as our brother, upon the same level." At this juncture is the turn of the circle, the beginning of the long ascending arc. "Lead us, lead us by an upward movement, such as will not draw or permit us to fall backward, but will deliver us continually more and more from evil."

Thus shall we attain the climax, the great finality. "For Thine is the Kingdom," etc. This last sentence, according to the majority of critics, was not originally spoken by Jesus, yet the heart of mankind has always felt the justice of appending the doxology to the prayer. The consummated union between the lower self and the higher Self, in which the human and the divine faces come together, as it were, is the real significance of all doxologies. Thus, in the old Hebrew one: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face appear upon thee (as it is in the original), and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee"—the Vulgate has it, "the Lord convert His countenance upon thee—and give thee peace." So in the later doxology also, where the human soul ascribes its glory, the lustre of its light, to union with the Trinity: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be world without end."

One sees how naturally it serves as the finish of the whole structure: lead us upward, deliver us and seat us beside thyself on the throne of permanent triumph over the incompleteness and imperfection of the lower nature. This prayer once fulfilled, the circle is complete and the gulf closed. Now at last we are in God and God in us. In the arc of involution God became man; in the arc of evolution man is become God. The two are finally one in power and will and love. "Thine is the Kingdom"—and there is no other—"the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

GEORGE CURRIE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GUNAS, CASTE AND TEMPERAMENT

(CONTINUED FROM p. 407)

THE previous articles should give a fairly clear idea of the general grounds of phrenological study and of the important place that considerations of Temperament and Quality hold in its scheme of thought. The mere data upon which its psychology is founded are of considerable complexity, but all these outer signs have to be considered, and their mutual interaction carefully judged before the still more complex mental values can in any given instance be estimated. But the order of the faculties upon our "head," and that of the Temperaments in our human Mendelejeff's table, will at any rate shew that the individual who has assured himself of the truth and validity of cranial psychology will approach Theosophy with his mind peculiarly disposed to appreciate its fundamental teachings.

Phrenology, in the broader aspect in which we are here considering it, manifestly has its limitations. It offers a key, however, to the understanding of many aspects of human nature, normal and abnormal, which we can hardly afford to neglect. And if we turn from direct consideration of the brain itself as an index to mental condition, and follow the scale of the states of consciousness revealed by investigation of psychical phenomena, we again recognise the order of the planes of our "head" and the values attaching to each. The highest level of the "head" has been associated with a spiritual quality and with the undying causal body, while psychologically it is the centre from which the intellectual faculties (lower manas) are co-ordinated in the expressions of genius. Below this we have the psychic level, corresponding with the "dream-land" of sleep and with the more usual mediumistic states. Lowest, we have the merely physical functions represented. With this the student should com-

pare Myers' account of the different levels of man's psychic consciousness.*

Again we see, along this line of psychical research, that values emerge with the co-ordinated synthesis of the elements of consciousness in the unifying spiritual sense of the Self. It is the illumination of the mind by this spiritual Self which constitutes the genius of religion, morality and art in their unceasing effort of reformation: and it is this alone which reveals to the understanding the deeper mystical significance of the myriad illusory constructs, visions and forms of the lower worlds—mental, psychic and physical.

Moreover, Phrenology answers, provisionally, a host of questions regarding the basic differences between men in character and ability, in moral development, in susceptibility to religious or other ideals, by shewing that human beings are of fundamentally different types, seven in number. This alone sweeps away many vain expectations and shews the futility of men's efforts to overrule one another in matters of feeling, judgment and faith. And it shews the necessity of conceding to every man the right to think after the order of his own mind and upon his own material for thought. New material may always be suggested, but there is no *thinking* by deputy; and there can be no profit, when the thinking stage is reached, in pretending that others' conclusions are one's own.

Temperament, Quality, and Size of brain witness to variations of type and to qualitative and quantitative differences which separate men as widely as though they were denizens of different worlds. Intolerance, uncharitableness, over-contagiousness, the expectation that others should find revelation or regeneration in the occurrence which most considerably or most recently disturbed us, are seen to be as illogical as the supposition that all chemical elements should behave alike in the presence of some given reagent. Nothing seems to represent the situation better than do the members of the Groups and Series of Mendelejeff's table. Every man must move according to the law of his type, and must begin his transmutation at the level at which he finds himself within it, evading nothing, overleaping nothing,

* *Human Personality*, i. 77-74.

but working out his own salvation through his own experience and finding it ultimately in the depths of his own being.

Our cranial psychology shows that there belongs to every individual a certain natural "next step" of movement which he must discover for himself, and which, obviously enough, can only be fulfilled by his own self-determined mental re-adjustment. *What* that next step precisely is he must learn from the phases of his own consciousness, from the sense of need of further growth which may arise within him; and the question *how* he is to effect it must be solved by consideration of the circumstances in which his life is cast. It is clearly observed that it is the usurping, egoistic Motive Temperament which most frequently prompts evasions of real issues and sows the heavy crop of suffering which follows upon them: it is this "personality" which blinds our view of the deeper principles of life and makes booty of the better promptings of the Self. When one recognises the tragic *rôle* the undisciplined Motive Temperament plays in human experience in the above connection, the *Gîtâ* treatment of Dharma and of "the Rajas-energy; all-consuming, all-polluting,"* reads as familiar psychology.

Character and idiosyncrasy, ability and disability, and, in a general sense, beliefs and disbeliefs, are accounted for by these phrenological studies in so far as they are seen to be determined by physical conditions which may to a considerable extent be understood. The problem of life is presented in the light of a natural and intimate relation of consciousness to organism—or, as we should say, of life to form. But if one embarks upon these investigations in the belief that man is a spiritual entity, the order of this intimate relation is difficult to understand when considering Temperament with its suggestion of "pre-existing" causes whereby the type of the organism is in the first place decided. This presses the question a stage further back and fixes the attention upon the life-aspect of the problem; for it is obvious that, from the very outset, there is more life, there is an ampler and loftier life-possibility, with one person than with another. One is thus engaged with the question why human souls should come into physical existence so differently endowed, some born into

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, iii. 35, 32.

such fulness of self-conscious life while others die from so little. If the latter filled nature's purpose with humanity, why need the former appear? Character, considered in reference to the scale of our "head," shews that we depart without attaining to our full measure, and new-comers are seen to begin at a higher level than that at which others cease. On the one-life theory this seems incomprehensible. Character-stages which have been studied on the unfulfilled scale of our powers, and the fact that nature does not encourage evasions, suggest that the undone yet awaits performance. Different types and qualities of human organism thus come to be thought of as adapted to the several needs of different types of human souls who, moreover, are of different degrees of development as they enter upon physical experience. In a more final sense, then, the understanding of the progress and purpose of human life must be sought in the order of these incoming Egos. Character and mental and moral growth were judged to be both the evidences and the means of some orderly and inclusive spiritual evolution which linked the human, animal and vegetable kingdoms in one coherent, progressive scheme. But the details and the mechanism, so to speak, of this scheme could not be divined from the evidences of phrenology, though the latter (that is to say *my* phrenology) strongly suggested its existence. With the understanding of Reincarnation, however, this ulterior problem of Temperament is cleared up, and in a manner which completely satisfies its several terms.

We have so far considered the ascending scale of our two diagrams principally in its reference to human life in general. In its reference to the individual we find a psychological illustration of the principle of recapitulation with which we are made familiar by embryologists, who indicate the series of earlier and simpler biological forms through which, let us say, the unborn human young passes to its more complex development at birth. Every man commences a psychological ascent of the planes as represented by the levels of his own brain, thus recapitulating for himself the movement which we have attributed to the race. The psychological stages of this ascent are often clearly illustrated in the activities of a really progressive life, wherein the dominating centre of consciousness steadily rises with the years from level to

level, and thus co-ordinates the entire mind to the expression of higher and higher purpose. But though we all begin this ascent of the planes, which involves the calling into activity of the vehicles associated with each, this movement is not usually continued beyond the period to which we are forced by outer compulsion. In infancy we may be said to live in the physical instincts, requiring only food and sleep and bodily comfort. Later, careless, pleasure-seeking, sympathetic childhood finds us in the tide of Vital life. Later still, the vigorous action of our competitive games and pastimes and other rivalries tell of a Motive stage. And then follows a more serious period of life compelling more strenuous and mentalised effort in, say, business or profession: but the lower-mánasic Motive Temperament still represents the high-water mark, as shewn by the dominant ambition and self-interest.

The results of character-study along these lines of observation tend to make one look upon the outer circumstances of life, whether we are disposed to approve them or not, in a somewhat new light. One begins to suspect that there is an intimate correspondence of some kind between the compelling circumstance and the inner character-stage or mental state, and that the former exists and is "given" for the furtherance of the individual life—that, in short, there is far less of mere chance in these matters than is usually thought, and far less ground of complaint. We appear to be tied in a curious way to the problems contained in our given circumstances, and to be denied final escape from them until they have been faced and mastered: they seem to have intimately to do with us, and we with them, and in experience we fare worse and suffer more in any attempt to evade them by busying ourselves with other and more remote interests. This law or destiny appears to attach to every phase of human character and circumstance, compelling us in the end to choose a given orderly direction, but leaving us a certain measured freedom to consult our own convenience in the matter.

Sometimes, but all too rarely, one may trace the course of a continuously progressive life which appears to ascend through the stages of our scale by virtue of its own native buoyancy, sweeping through all the impediments that entangle ordinary

minds and soaring to further heights as to their native air. Such lives may show repeated self-adjustments as ever-growing knowledge and power are co-ordinated in richer and fuller expression and to higher and yet higher ends. The non-progressive vainly require of them "consistency," for their consistency is only with progress, and they move with a certain wholeness or completeness which shows no tags of attachment to whatever is outgrown. To these lives no circumstance appears to come amiss. They treat all events alike as stepping-stones, and forge virtue, joy and power where others drone complaints.

One gathers from these studies that the movements of the co-ordinating centre of consciousness from level to level are but reflections of some loftier spiritual progression within the Self, and that the stages and passages of terrestrial life are fragmentary intimations of some profounder unifying law of being which reigns supreme over all events and all contingencies. In the theosophical writings we find our detached surmises gathered together and linked into a connected and significant whole. Each sign is recognised and is given its deeper perspective of meaning. The principle of Reincarnation not only answers the question as to the origin of the Temperaments, but it also accounts for the arrest of the psychological ascent at one point with one individual and at another stage with another. To one man the nature of the ground is already familiar; to another it is new territory and new experience. Each recapitulates whatever lies in him to achieve, and then goes connectedly forward, taking up his own path anew at his own point and with his own "stepping-stone" before him. In the law of Karma, again, we find the principle wherein the outer conditions are meted to the life in a dispensation divinely ordered for our furtherance. We reap even as we sow, and the thoughts and acts of to-day weave the circumstance that shall clothe the morrow. Neither good nor ill attend us uninvited. Our good we are pleased to accept, saying that we *are* that measure of virtue or of power, and without thought of its being unfitting: but that other aspect of our being, our ill, is also our own affair, in pledge whereof it never leaves us till we mend it. And as we can right the world no further than we interiorly mend ourselves; this latter mending is, according to the Indian

teaching our Dharma—our own proper “next step,” which we attempt to evade at our peril.

Dharma—duty in the inner sense described—was the key thought of Hinduism, and we can judge of the direct and powerful influence which its understanding must have in the systematic development of mental and moral character. Profoundly influential also, in the same direction, were the ideals which were embodied in the thought of every individual, so that at no point should any man’s life lie void, cold and objectless within him. Every Caste was instructed in its own suitable ideals: every man had before his mind as a definite project a further step of self-realisation which the social order helped him to achieve. We see that the ancient Caste system, both in its outer observance and in its religious teaching and training, made perfect provision for the mental and moral development of the people: and we further see that in its application to the individual it safeguarded him against precisely those difficulties, dangers, mistakes and delays which character-study shews to beset the unguided efforts of to-day.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FROM A STUDENT’S EASY CHAIR

I WALK through the German fir-forests, one after the other, apparently infinite in extent; the stems, neutral-coloured, dim in twilight, rising to vague heights, make an effectual barrier against the world; they seem rather the abstractions of trees than trees, and follow one another with a loveliness and rhythm of monotony which stills the whole being and makes it ready for the reception of high mysteries. Here is the very atmosphere to nourish mysticism; here is the strange pale quiet, the aloofness, the soil wherein, as Swinburne finely says in his last poem, “The Altar

of Righteousness," springs and strives "From the root that is man, from the soul in the body, the flower that is God."

The mystics, those seekers of the unity which underlies all diversity, are very close to us here. When the trees move under the impulse of the storm, we think of the figures in Blake's drawings, swayed all one way by some overwhelming emotion of terror or of joy; and the gnarled roots of the firs, clawing at precipices, are grotesque with the distortion of an extreme asceticism. A phantom procession of the German mystics, and singers, and dreamers flits across the vistas of the glades—men who had attained that ecstasy in which state alone, as Plotinus holds, the soul of man can become one with the divine. The Meister-Singers pass on their way to the Wartburg to take part in the great competition of 1207; with them is Wolfram von Eschenbach, meditating, perhaps, his poem on "Parzival": he sees between the framing fir-stems visions of blue distance, and the goal of all dreams, the Holy Grail, symbol of supreme aspiration and mystical union, glimmers, it may be not so very far away. Wagner's exquisite modern interpretation of the Grail legend is based, Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump tell us, partly on Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem, but the fir-forests were no doubt as direct an inspiration to Wagner's philosophy and Wagner's music.

Thuringia may claim as hers the greatest of all mystics next to Plotinus, for Eckhart was born in this district in the year 1260. If any book is appropriate to these woods, it is the Selections from the German mystics of the Middle Ages entitled "Light, Life and Love" (Methuen), among which Eckhart's writings stand first. Surely the absolute identification of the soul with the Godhead has never been more wonderfully expressed than by the priest whose writings after his death were condemned by a Papal Bull enumerating seventeen heretical and eleven objectionable doctrines in them. "The eye with which I see God," writes Eckhart, "is the same with which He sees me. Mine eye and God's eye are one eye and one sight and one knowledge and one love."

In brooding over the works of these mystics, the fir-forests vanish away, and we see behind all their teachings the dazzling

infinitudes of Eastern skies. Laurence Binyon, in an interesting article in the *Independent Review* shows the unexpected kinship of Blake with the Orient, and makes a curious comparison between his drawings and the work of the Chinese painters of a thousand years ago, pointing out among other things how both "dwelt on rhythmically sweeping lines," and had for besetting weakness "a tendency to distortion and grotesqueness." So, too, the Grail legend is accounted by scholars mainly Oriental: in Wagner's "Parsifal" the permanent home of the Grail is on "a lofty mount" in India. Eckhart's doctrines are writ large in the Upanishats: thus, in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Oriental Poems*, recently selected by J. M. Watkins, we read in his translation of the Eastern Scriptures:

The uttermost true soul is ill-perceived
By him, who, unenlightened, sayeth: "I
Am I; thou, thou; and life divided." He
That showeth life undifferenced, declares
The Spirit what it is, One with the All.

All this mysticism that is so old comes to us of this generation with the vigour and flush of immortality. The Church clamped the winged thing in iron bars; and Science, denying its existence, buried it alive. But it has escaped from its fetters and from its grave, from the dogmas of Theology and Science that sought to strangle it. "To embrace a dogma," says a recent writer in *Dana*, "is an acknowledgment of intellectual failure." The magisterial attitude of the age, attacked by a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* as "the great delusion of our time" is slowly giving way: the supreme value of "supra-rational" ideals and inspirations is slowly gaining recognition. Science tends to become less insolently assertive, and even Theology ventures to shift its grounds a little. Psychologists like Professor James help to remove mysticism from the sphere of disease and delusion: in the *Hibbert Journal* the Lord Bishop of Rochester enters into friendly controversy with Sir Oliver Lodge on the Reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine. Professor J. A. Coe states his belief before the Union Theological Seminary in America that the scientific spirit of the day, instead of destroying personal religion, will aid in removing outgrown forms and

give it room for growth, and Maeterlinck's prose-poetry is the "flowering tuft" of Science. Everywhere there has been a great noise of the crashing down of barriers: Man of Science, Theologian and Poet alike are occupied with the mystical search for the unity that underlies diversity. Now there is margin of open space about our souls. And over this space there are coming to us the great Realities, the Brotherhoods of Wisdom: and there are voices in the firs.

D. N. DUNLOP.

CORRESPONDENCE

PRIVATE REVELATIONS

To the Editor THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

THE discussion upon "Private Revelations" started by Dr. A. A. Wells in the January number of the REVIEW is one which can hardly be surpassed in interest. For it touches upon one of those distinctions which are fundamental, not only in the Theosophical Society, but in humanity at large—I mean the distinction between the letter that killeth and the spirit that maketh alive. Starting with, for a text, the question of the alleged contradictory nature of certain limited statements of facts, the discussion in the May number seems to turn upon the nature of what Dr. Wells terms "solid, actual truth." If I may venture to say so, in his use of such language as this, Dr. Wells appears to forget that all truth is relative upon the lower planes referred to in the discussion, that Truth is only to be found in the absolute, and that, paradoxical as it may seem, anything that can be described as a "fact" must *ipso facto* not be synonymous with "Truth."

Dr. Wells points out quite rightly that the representation (on the lower plane) of facts of the higher (*i.e.*, I suppose, astral and mental) planes will vary with every seer, but he does not appear to recognise that even that which appears *upon that plane* as a "fact" or

as "the truth" is just as relative and incomplete in its nature as any ordinary physical plane fact. The consequence of this would appear to be that, however real any such fact may seem to be for any given time and for any given conditions, it too is subject to change and decay. If it be superseded later on, or even apparently contradicted by some other "fact," that does not make it less real or true in its own day, nor does it imply that the "fact" by which it is superseded is any more permanent or real than itself. In very truth "Here have we no continuing city" but not only "here" on the physical plane, but "there" on the astral and mental planes also.

But if this is so, what should be our attitude towards the "facts" of the three worlds described to us by H. P. B. and other seers, past and present. I think it must be different for different individuals, and that what is the correct and most helpful attitude for one might be very detrimental to another. It must depend upon the dharma of each. Thus, to make a broad division, it would seem that these "facts" are related in quite different ways to him who is treading the Karma Mârga, the path of action, or the Jñâna Mârga, the path of knowledge, or the Bhakti Mârga, the path of devotion. The first, perhaps, is mainly concerned in practical conduct, and to him the conception of an authority, more or less infallible as the case may be, is a practical necessity. The ideal he aims at is one which above all demands stability. The dharma of the student is quite otherwise. He is training himself in flexibility, plasticity, discrimination. For him the conception of authority, of "solid, actual truth" is a hampering one. For him the "logical completeness" of any system of thought is its death-warrant—the sign that for him it has outlived its usefulness. And if we turn to the Bhakta it would appear that to him all the "facts" of the three worlds are, comparatively, a matter of indifference. His development does not lie that way; rather is he trying, by purification, by worship, by devotion, to transmute that which in his lower nature manifests itself as emotion and desire into that higher, selfless love that manifests itself as sacrifice. This is not an intellectual process at all, in its typical aspect, and such a man will probably not only fail to see intellectual contradictions, but will not be in the least hampered by them if he does see them.

Far be it from me to suggest that any one of these paths is "afore or after another," for not only is there no such thing as a man whose dharma lies exclusively on a single one of them, but most surely do they all merge in one eventually, and lead to the same goal. Never-

theless, the distinction, considered as one of resultant tendency at any given moment, is a real and a useful one. It may throw some light upon the misunderstandings that cannot fail to arise when discussion takes place between persons of a different standpoint, when that standpoint is not recognised or allowed for. I myself was a sinner in this respect, when, in the January and February numbers of the REVIEW I discussed certain alleged "facts" concerning the constitution of the earth from the scientific standpoint, the student's standpoint, without making allowance for what, as subsequently appeared, was the very different standpoint of my opponent, Mr. Sinnett.

In the present instance, it would appear, as Miss Green has pointed out, to the sympathetic outsider, that Dr. Wells has given expression to the struggles for recognition of two rival points of view, neither of which, as so often happens, is worked out to its logical conclusion. If this were done, I think it would be found that each line of thought would be complete, and satisfactory, and helpful, and therefore "true" to one class of persons, and conversely unsatisfactory, incomprehensible and unpractical to the other class, and therefore *for them* "untrue." The scientific standpoint naturally seems an "agnostic" position to those who believe in the possibility and desirability of "solid actual truth" in this world of relativity, and this is no doubt true even of the very modified agnosticism of Miss Green (and I may add of myself), which consists not in any dogmatic assertion of the Unknowable, but rather in the less confident if more scientific "Now we know in part." On the other hand, the believers in "actual truth" are no doubt right in insisting upon the practical necessity of some sort of standard, some sort of cosmology for "every day's most quiet need," leaving aside the question of permanency. The scientific man, the follower of Jñāna in embryo, recognises this necessity in practice and makes use of it to further his advance. He knows that many a real and even striking advance in human knowledge has been made by the assistance of a hypothesis which was not only incomplete but which has since been shown to be absolutely wrong; witness the famous "phlogiston" theory of heat, by means of which such great advances were made in chemistry a hundred years ago. His method is to adopt a working hypothesis, which for practical purposes is treated as if it were a proved fact. The mental reservation is always there, but it does not obtrude, or interfere in any way with the usefulness of the hypothesis, during its active lifetime.

The time comes, invariably and inevitably, in the history of every such formulated statement, whether "proved" or otherwise, when it ceases to be serviceable and becomes a hindrance. Then the mental reservation makes its voice heard, becomes more insistent, and finally throws the "fact" or the hypothesis, into the melting pot, perhaps to re-emerge in a more developed form, perhaps to be finally discarded. The process is painful, whatever be the result, but it is inevitable, and the more closely the "fact" is hugged, the more closely the thinker identifies his consciousness with it, or to use Miss Green's metaphor, the stronger the wall of this house of creed and dogma, the more painful is the recasting. Now if this method can be employed in the very pursuit of knowledge itself, is it not possible that our brothers of the Karma Mârga may spare themselves much otherwise inevitable pain by making an effort towards reservation of judgment without detracting from the cogency of that which is to each one the "solid truth"?

On the other hand, it behoves the student not to give up without most careful thought a presentation of truth which has, may be, given a glimpse of the Truth to many of his comrades and to himself: "Be bold!" yet also "Be not too bold!" must ever be inscribed upon the portals of the shrine. Thus we can learn from each other, and advance hand in hand. And even as we do so, let us not be blind to that which the Bhakta has to teach us. Let us beware lest in our reverence and respect for the facts and teachings given us by our leaders and predecessors, or in our fearless pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, we miss that without which neither path leads to the goal. For "though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing." It is only when touched by the living fire of Bhakti that our "facts" become real, that our knowledge becomes wisdom.

The fact is that these difficulties and contradictions and incompatibilities arise in the measure of our deficiency in that which, because in its own place it is and knows all things, inevitably reconciles all differences.

W. WYBERGH.

FROM MANY LANDS

BRITISH SECTION

THE spread of the theosophical movement within the Church of England is being made inevitable by the progress of historical criticism among the highly educated clergy, and Theosophy will prove the salvation of Christianity spiritual and mystic, as ecclesiastical Christianity dies under the attacks of its own priesthood. The publication of Canon Hensley Henson's *The Value of the Bible and other Sermons* (Macmillan) is a noteworthy sign of the times; and Canon Cheyne's declaration before the Churchmen's Union, that some of the narratives of the *Old Testament* were coloured by Oriental mythology, that the cosmogony of Genesis was largely Babylonian, and that certain elements in the Bible were borrowed from a culture older and richer than the Jewish, shows the drift of advanced clerical thought.

The East and the West, a Quarterly Review for the study of Missions, contains in its July issue some useful articles for the student of the tendencies of Christian thought, published, as it is, by the orthodox Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Especially interesting to the Theosophist is the article by the Rev. G. B. Ekanayake on "The Buddhist Revival in Ceylon." The writer states that less than twenty-five years ago Buddhism was quiescent; now "Buddhist schools flourish everywhere; in most of the larger towns there are well-staffed colleges for higher education, and in the country for elementary education." In these Buddhism is taught; Buddhist orphanages have been established for the destitute; the press is largely used; efforts are made to improve the education of the priests; laymen give freely of wealth and time; the Buddhist who used to "mention apologetically that he was a Buddhist" "is now as proud of his religion as the Christian is." This splendid revival is due, as everyone knows, to the work of Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, and to Colonel Olcott most of all. Their profession of the Buddhist religion won the confidence of the Buddhist

world, and Colonel Olcott has splendidly utilised that confidence by building up the great revival of which the writer says: "It meets us in the street and at street corners. It waits for us in public places of resort and in railway trains. We come in contact with it whether it be in our educational or pastoral or evangelistic work. We see traces of it in the daily papers."

The Rev. John Barron is leading a very useful movement in Tavistock, Devon, where he is the minister of the Abbey Chapel. The following are the fundamental principles of this truly Catholic Church: "1. No subscription to be required to any Human Creed, or Articles of Doctrine; 2. The right of private judgment in the interpretation of Scriptures and other religious matters; 3. The right of all persons, duly qualified by Christian character and attainments, to preach the Gospel, conduct religious worship, and administer the ordinances of religion; 4. The recognition, as fellow Christians, of all persons in every Church who receive Jesus as the Messiah of God, the Saviour of the world from spiritual darkness and sin, and who sincerely endeavour to learn his doctrine, cultivate his spirit, and obey his commandments. The Church is not responsible for the views of its individual members. No person's religious opinions are questioned on his joining the membership of the congregation, nor is interference with them permitted; but each member is expected to show towards others the same tolerance which he demands for himself." Mr. Barron's sermons shew the same purely theosophical spirit, and he is, as is well known, a member of the Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Besant's tour in the South-West of England included public lectures at Southampton, Bournemouth, Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol and Bath. The lectures were attended by large audiences and followed with the closest attention. It was decided to form a new Branch of the Society at Clifton, as the distance is too great for it to interfere with the Branch in the City of Bristol. The large Colston Hall was used for the theosophical lecture for the first time in Bristol, and the Guildhall, by the courtesy of the Mayor, for the first time in Bath. The press has treated the lectures very fairly. Among other signs of changed feeling was a friendly invitation from the Discussion Class of the Old King Street Baptist Chapel, Bristol, to Mrs. Besant, to open a discussion on a Sunday on the principles of Theosophy. Unfortunately the tour arrangements prevented Mrs. Besant from accepting the invitation.

THE FRENCH SECTION

In summer, from July 15th to October 1st, the Headquarters of the French Section closes its doors, and the activities of the Theosophical movement are concentrated in the *Revue* and other publications. The Publication Committee has just issued a translation of *The Christian Creed*, by Mr. Leadbeater, and an original work by M. René André, *Histoire de l'Âme, ses véhicules et ses conditions d'existence*. In this the author has endeavoured to place within the grasp of the young students of Theosophy the complex study of the development of the human soul, from its humble origin up to the summit of its consciousness on the buddhic and âtmic planes.

A new independent Review, *La Voie*, has secured the collaboration of some members of the Theosophical Society, and will thus spread, in a new region, the ideas and the teachings of Theosophy. In its June number we find the opening of an essay by our brother, M. Louis Revel, on "Évolution de l'Âme." *La Revue de Paris*, in its May number, over the signature of André Chevrillon, had an interesting article, "La Sagesse d'un Pandit," a clever résumé of an interview at Benares between M. Chevrillon himself and our brother Bhagavân Dàs. All the principal points in theosophical teaching are clearly expounded; only the name "theosophical" is omitted. Thus are our ideas gradually filtering into the cultured minds of the French population, and are thereby helping in the combat against materialistic thought, so powerful at the close of the nineteenth century.

CH. BLECH.

AMERICAN SECTION

At the end of June most of the Branches of the American Section close their regular meetings for two months' vacation. A review of the work of the year, as mirrored in Branch reports and correspondence, shows a marked increase in the activity of the Branches. Some Branches have been dissolved, but more have been added, and of those now on the list, there is scarcely one which is not a real, live active centre.

A new method of propaganda work has been recently adopted in Branches visited by Mr. Leadbeater, which has proved so successful that it will probably be used extensively throughout the Section at all public meetings. It consists of a printed leaflet stating that classes are held for the study of Theosophy, to which anyone interested is

cordially invited, and at the end is a detachable slip of which the following is a sample :

Secretary, Washington Branch,
 American Section, Theosophical Society,
 222 A St. S.E.
 Washington, D.C.

I would like to attend a meeting of one of the study classes which you expect to form, on condition that I may withdraw at any time and that I incur neither financial nor other obligation.

Name

Address

In the pressure and rush of life over here, it is found that a person will fill out and mail one of these slips who would not take the time to write a letter. It also furnishes the Secretary of the Branch with a list for future use of the names and addresses of persons interested, even if all those who send in slips do not appear at the classes.

F. B.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE LOGOI OF JESUS

New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus. Edited, with Translation and Commentary, by Bernard P. Grenfell, and Arthur S. Hunt. (London: Henry Frowde; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

SOME seven years ago the world of scholarship and thought experienced a rare emotion. A battered leaf of papyrus had been unearthed from the rubbish heaps of Behnesa on the emplacement of the ancient Oxyrhynchus, some 120 miles south of Cairo. Much else had been unearthed, but this particular "find" was unique. It was the oldest known scrap of Christian scripture in the first place, and in the second it was the 11th page of a collection of "Sayings of Jesus" most of them being entirely new to modern Christian ears.

The controversy that ensued was of the utmost interest and importance: were the new-found Sayings genuine? Many scholars

were inclined, with varying degrees of confidence, to admit the presence of genuine elements in the new Sayings; many, as was only natural, strenuously opposed this view. When all was said and done, the honours remained about even—a most remarkable result, when one considers the almost invincible force of prejudice which is naturally wielded by the defenders of a most jealously guarded canon of tradition. Admit newcomers to the eternally closed precincts—*anathema* the very thought of it!

Hardly had the noise of the controversy died down when the same explorers, returning to the site, by a curious piece of good fortune, uncover, among other treasures, another battered piece of papyrus—another series of Sayings, in the same style, and with equally novel elements! Once more the world of thinking Christendom has to face one of the most intensely interesting problems that can arise in the whole field of New Testament history and criticism.

The new scrap of papyrus is part of a roll, not of a book as was the case with the 1897 “Logia.” The Sayings are written in single column, there being some forty-two lines, the last of which are sadly defaced, and the column is broken in the centre all the way down so that we have only half of it.

The paleographic judgment of the editors is that the copy of Sayings (a hurried and careless copy, differing very widely from the careful script of the 1897 “Logia”) was made somewhere about the middle of the third century. As for the original, that, they are of opinion, must go back to a very early date, even, perchance, to the first century. In fact they contend that the new “find” most amply confirms their contentions, and those of the scholars who have supported them, that the 1897 “Logia” are in all probability genuine, and very early—in fact dependent on source-literature.

The first question that arises on reading the new Sayings is: Are they part of the same collection as the 1897 “Logia”? This is somewhat to be doubted, though it is not impossible. In any case they are so similar, that the fact of scraps of two collections being found on the same site argues a very wide circulation of such collections in the early centuries in Egypt.

The main novelty in the new-found Sayings is that they contain an introduction or preface, and one of them has also a very simple setting, thus differing from the 1897 “Logia,” none of which had any setting.

The preface runs as follows: “These are the . . . words

which Jesus, the living (one), spake and Thomas, and he said . . . , Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death."

Here the first thing that arrests the attention is the phrase "Jesus the living one"—a phrase nowhere else, I believe, to be paralleled in any Greek or Latin early document, but perfectly familiar to students of the Greek Gnostic works in Coptic translation. Compare, for instance, its frequent repetition in the introduction to the first book of Jeû (Schmidt, *Gnostische Schriften in koptischer Sprache aus dem Codex Brucianus*, pp. 142-145). When, then, the editors confidently state (pp. 23 and 24) that none of the Sayings imply a post-resurrectional point of view, we would ask them to take the above fact into consideration, before finally making up their minds on the question.

The second most striking point is, of course, the "and Thomas," and opens up questions which we cannot at present determine. It is not very probable that the writer of the preface (no matter how naïf he may have been) could have imagined that Jesus himself spake a whole list of Sayings one after another to ". . . . and Thomas." It is probable that the preface-writer's idea was simply this: that these Sayings, many of which were not found in the Canonical Gospels, were to be referred to other sources which he names to the best of his ability. This was, presumably, the idea of the scribe,—a problem that has to be kept entirely apart from the consideration of the Sayings themselves and their real sources.

The third point which decides a question of 'great controversy raised by the "Jesus saith's" of the 1897 Sayings, tells us that these Sayings were called *Logoi*, not *Logia*.

Of the Sayings there are five, of which the first is known to come from the Gospel according to the Hebrews (if we can absolutely rely on the statement of Clement of Alexandria); and this is the strongest link in the chain of reasoning by means of which the editors would connect these Sayings, indirectly at least, with primitive days, for the Gospel according to the Hebrews must be referred to the first century.

We do not see, though, exactly, why the editors should translate βασιλεύσει as "he shall reach the kingdom"—he shall be king, rather, lord of himself, the true sovereign, ruler of the kingdom within.

The second Saying is very difficult to reconstruct, and we do not think the editors have succeeded in their very difficult task, as

may be seen from the very inconsequent nature of the answers to the reconstructed missing question.

“Jesus saith, (Ye ask ? who are those) that draw us (to the kingdom if) the kingdom is in Heaven? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whosoever shall know himself shall find it.”

So also with regard to the conjecture “city of God” at the end; it comes in very inappositely.

The third Saying is also very difficult to reconstruct, except the last clause which is found in almost identical words in the “triple tradition.”

The beginning of the fourth Saying also has parallel elements in the Synoptics, but its final clause is exceedingly important. It runs:

“Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed to thee. For there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised.”

“Nor buried which shall not be raised”—nor dead which shall not be raised from the dead—the root-teaching of the Good News to all men, even as in the Parable of the Prodigal who said: “I will *arise* and go to my Father,” and of the Father who said: “This my son was *dead*, and is *alive again*.”

The fifth Saying is almost hopeless, but it is of the nature of a question and answer, the disciples asking apparently concerning the true nature of fasting, prayer and almsgiving.

The carefully worded conclusion of Drs. Grenfell and Hunt is of the greatest possible importance to all students of Theosophy who are persuaded, or who have contended, that the mystical element in early Christendom is of equal dignity with the ethical and goes back to the very Founder Himself.

For thus the editors conclude: “The mystical and speculative element in the early records of Christ’s Sayings which found its highest and most widely accepted expression in St. John’s Gospel, may well have been much more general and less peculiarly Johannine than has been taken for granted.”

A point of great interest raised in the enquiry treating of the possible connection of the Sayings with a primitive Gospel of Thomas, is whether the Sayings may not have influenced the Gospel rather

than the Gospel have been the source of the Sayings. In other words, did Haggada, or narrative, follow Halacha, or teaching, or the reverse?

For ourselves we have not unfrequently speculated on the very probable fact that there were innumerable sayings of wisdom circulating in the mystic and religious communities of the time, and the question to determine in the case of most of them is when it was that "Jesus saith" was prefixed to them or any collection of them, or grouping of them according to certain tendencies,—in fact the making of collections of Christian Halachoth as with the Mishna, and then the secondary stage of comment and narrative, of Haggadic completion.

The scrap of a lost Gospel which the editors give us is also of great interest, but we have little space left in which to notice it. It can be connected directly with no Gospel we know. It is early; it handles the material of the "Logia Source" of Matthew and Luke given under the "Sermon on the Mount" with the greatest freedom.

Speaking of the lilies, it continues: "Having one garment what do ye (lack)? He Himself will give you your garment,"—where it is to be noticed that the Saying is addressed to the members of a community who used only one garment, and that therefore the "poor" of that community were voluntarily poor, as we have contended elsewhere.

Also to be particularly noticed is the dark answer to the question:

"His disciples say unto him, When wilt thou be manifest to us, and when shall we see thee? He saith, when ye shall be stripped and be not ashamed."

A Saying which decides the controversy as to the precise meaning of the "garment of shame" from the well-known quotation from the Gospel according to the Egyptians.

If we are not grievously in error the day will ere long dawn when with such evidence before us it will be as permissible to argue that the inner teaching was adapted to the simple understanding of the people, as that the mystical doctrines were decadent perversions of the simple popular teachings of the Master.

G. R. S. M.

A KELT ON KELTS

Dreams for Ireland. By Ethel Goddard. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.)

It is interesting to observe how this writer has, with striking discrimination of her country's powers and needs, touched alike the weak and strong places in the present Keltic revival, indicating the possible, nay probable, destiny of the nation, and also the lines which must be taken in order to ensure it against the disintegrating and self-destructive factors of hatred in its various forms maintained by a certain section of the populace. Miss Goddard writes with a force of conviction and poetic beauty of eloquence, and I feel I cannot do better than quote a brief passage or two, and leave the volume to speak for itself in the ear of those ready to hear.

The Battle Song resounds down the ages . . . before Irish eyes stands Cuchulain, and each other nation sees its own picture, always the same man of valour, painted perhaps in different colours. . . To-day the same conflict is waged . . . our Cuchulain fights on doggedly, more quietly than of old. Truly was the old tailor wise, the glamour of clothing is upon us. . . . We do not see . . . that Cuchulain, Fergus Aieell and the whole host of them are slaying, wrangling, bleeding and dying in our midst, often for trifles to which the Brown Bull would be a king's ransom; that the warriors in their chariots are day by day waging an honourable warfare for bread every whit as grand as any warfare of old. It is that the essence is hidden from most of us.

Again, clearly sensing a very real danger in this vivid revival of magic and "faerie," so delightful to the poet, she utters the following warning:

Not by a wailing laudation of the past or a denunciation of modernity can a people be saved; we must be brought to see that, gorgeous as our heroes were, they were akin to the commonplace men of to-day in their failings.

Here is another peril which menaces that land of promise, the root verily of all evil, assiduously watered by those who seek to delay evolution:

Our national fault is hatred, the murder sin which calls unceasingly for an "eric." Many maledictions have been launched at England . . . but a truth is that the hatred of Celt for Celt first drew the Saxon into Ireland. Spiritually we live vividly . . . but until in a grand magnanimity joined to a sorrowful humility we stifle the words of hatred, we have no right, in spite of all our straining endeavours, to speak of our Ireland as lover of all

the ideals. . . . Not content with the knowledge that we have a share in the infinite holiness, we arrogate to ourselves all the spirituality of the world.

There is a familiar ring in one of the closing paragraphs of these "dreams"; may they be realities at no very distant time.

In one hot instant of renunciation, which in the rapture of it would be no sacrifice, we would lay down all . . . just to look once upon the face of that Mystery towards which we strain. . . . Not with one gleeful shout may we make one radiant sacrifice, but only with a hoarse-voiced perpetual assent may we make a daily painful offering.

E. L.

VERSE BY THE WAY

The Music of Death. By J. Redwood Anderson. (Clifton: J Baker & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Price 2s.)

The Company of Heaven. By Evelyn Moore. (London: Elkin Matthews, Vigo Street, W. Price 1s.)

Poems. By Will Foster. (Selby: W. B. Bellerby & Son.)

The City of Is, and other Poems. By Frederick Milton Willis. (San Francisco, California: Mercury Press, Odd Fellows Building. Price \$1.)

Crumbs of Fancy. By Lotte. (London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.)

MR. ANDERSON has "music in his soul," and expresses it in "The Music of Death" and the following poems. At times his expression is faulty—but he is in good company here, with Wordsworth and Blake. "The Palace of Dreams" is, perhaps, as perfect in form as any of the poems. Listen to this wave of light and colour:

In the deep
 And shadowy land of sleep,
 Where the suns and moons, revolving,
 Silent watches keep;
 In a lone land.
 And solitary strand,
 Where huge suns forever are dissolving
 Into purple seas of rest,
 Purple oceans of the West,
 Dreamy, wavy waters, silent, still, deep;
 In the land that wonder covereth,

The deep and shadowy land of death,
Faëry halls, dream-haunted halls do stand.

Mr. Anderson should not lack readers among those who hear faëry music and see hidden beauties.

There is distinct promise in the unequal verses entitled *The Company of Heaven*. Now and again we are reminded of Christina Rossetti, by no imitation of style, but by a flash of the same spirit. For instance :

My buried form beneath the sod, must fail
To picture the perfection of my rest :
No reason is that ever shall avail
To move me when I am on Heaven's breast.
Full measure of all good is mine, full tide
Of all desire, all hope attain'd and crown'd.
Why should I seek that now am satisfied ?
Why should I labour when my fruit is found ?

"The Sea" has a pathos of its own, simple, poetic and poignant. None of these verses are common-place. They ring true.

These are pretty verses of Mr. Foster's in the main, gay or pathetic. Those in the lighter vein are, perhaps, the better. The two most characteristic specimens of either mood are "The Banquet," a ghastly tale of the revenge of a jealous husband, and "To a Spider." The last verses are a pleasing ending to a graceful fancy :

For lo, when Autumn fruit falls fast,
And the heart grieves
Because to death all fair things haste—
Flowers and green leaves.
When every hedge and tree is bare,
In morning mists,
Thou dost outspread thy treasures rare—
Pearls, amethysts.

Mr. Willis's Muse is . . . too luscious. Upon reading the last piece in the collected verses "Waltham and Margra," we seem to know why Waltham's pupils

Restless grown,
Were leaving me and drabbling angel-wings
In mire of logic, atom, flesh and bone.

We feel, ourselves, that a physiological text-book would be a suitable antidote, after perusing much of Mr. Willis's verse. There

is too much of "kissing his voluted finger-tips" and sich! In short there is too much purple and a scarcity of fine linen. Mr. Willis has qualities, however: "O Father of Light"—in spite of Americanisms here and there, unpleasing to the insular ear, in spite of lines that halt and lines that sprawl—expresses deep thought and sincere feeling. He can be lyrical too. This is noticeable in the following musical little melody:

Here, where the delicate vine interweaves
 In her arms the loveliest lily-bell
 That ever hath listened to all the woes
 That a delicate vine can tell,
 I'll make thee a couch—ah, the queenliest couch,
 Out of flowers, each breathing her soul out for thee,
 Out of violets, sighing and dying for thee.

Lotte must study more ere she faces a critical public; the "crumbs" are too literally such.

L. N. D.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, June. "Old Diary Leaves" for this month are mainly occupied with Psychometry, but conclude the history of the Colonel's visit to Europe in 1895. Then follow another portion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture "Magic, White and Black"; "A Theosophist's Experiences among the Spirits," by F. D. Hamilton; the conclusion of S. Stuart's "The Other Self—a Study of Consciousness"—a very interesting and valuable study, which forms the *pièce de résistance* of this number; "Stray Thoughts on Mysticism," by Harihara Aiyar; and a note by Hem Chandra Sen taking up the Hindu idea of the alternate breathing through the nostrils from the point of view of modern medical science.

Theosophy in India, June. This number opens with a repudiation by the Editor of certain expressions in an article in the last number which might be understood as offensive to our French brethren. It is a matter on which none of us are better qualified to speak than Prof. Arundale, and we all heartily join with him in expressing our appreciation of the great qualities of the nation which has been for so many centuries the leader of European civilisation. Miss McQueen speaks of the popular errors as to the scope and means of attainment of "Secret Teaching." Next, "S" continues the interesting study of the

rationale of Mantras; the report of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "The Three Worlds" is continued; "Theosophy in Creeds and Nations" is this time filled by a portion of P. E. Bernard's "Theosophy in France"; and "The Dreamer" continues his valuable series "Some Problems of Metaphysics."

Central Hindu College Magazine for June has much interesting matter, including an account of a visit to the Lick Observatory by B. Hodgson-Smith; but still more interesting to us is the Fifth Annual Report of the College, for the year ending September, 1903. When the Treasurer reports that "the financial outlook is good" we may implicitly believe him. The work of the College seems to be going on satisfactorily and what is said of the religious instruction is of much promise. That the pupils learn to read and appreciate the masterpieces of their own literature is of far more than merely religious value in their training as citizens. What is reported of the extended use of the series of Text Books of Hinduism in the colleges and schools all over the country is most encouraging, as extending the work far beyond the pupils of the C.H.C.; and everyone who remembers the effect of the similar work done by Col. Olcott for the Buddhists of Ceylon will concur with the concluding remark: "The general impression of the Committee is that these books have supplied a long-felt and urgent want, and they are inclined to agree with the opinion of some sympathisers that they represent in a sense almost the most important work of the Central Hindu College Association so far."

Theosophic Gleaner, June. After a paper by "X" on "Ideas of God" we have here a lecture to the Lodge at Bombay by D. D. Jussawalla on "Vegetarian *versus* Meat Diet," opening with the correct statement that "every member of the Theosophical Society is free to hold any opinion on this or any other subject." With this principle kept in mind, nothing but good can come of the discussion. Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture and Mr. Leadbeater's "How Clairvoyance is Developed" make up the more important contents of this very readable little magazine.

The Dawn, June, continues the exceedingly important series of "Thoughts on Hindu Social Reform on National Lines," which should be read by all who are interested in India. "The Educational Policy of the Government of India" will also repay study.

The Vahan, July. In this number we have a further series of answers to the curious question if it be possible to love humanity in

spite of having been made to feel like a meddling fool in one's attempts to serve it. Is there *any* worker for humanity who is so profoundly satisfied with himself or herself as *not* to have felt himself a meddling fool, and this many times over? And why should we hate Humanity because *we* are meddling fools? "I pause for a reply!" The other question treated of in the Enquirer is: "Does the chanting of Mantras really surround one with good influences?"

Lotus Journal, July, contains a report of Mrs. Besant's lecture at Battersea, "Man as Master of his Destiny"; Mr. Leadbeater on the "Hidden Side of Music," and the conclusion of Michael Wood's story.

Bulletin Théosophique for July, announces the death of M. Léon Clery, one of the contributors to the *Revue*, from whom much good work had been hoped for.

Revue Théosophique, June, has only translations, excepting the history of the activities and replies to questions, for which the Editor is responsible.

Theosophia, June. After an interesting "Watch-Tower," the original articles are "On Some Practical Difficulties," by Ada Waller; "The Great Pyramid," by H. J. van Ginkel is continued; as is E. Windust's story "In the Wood"; and Dr. van Deventer continues his study of Plato's Doctrine of Reincarnation by a series of extracts from the *Timæus*.

We have also to congratulate our Dutch friends that *De Prins*, the illustrated paper of Amsterdam, has found room for an excellent reproduction of the group photo of the Convention. They are in advance of England in this point.

Théosophie, July, gives an account of Mr. Mead's visit to Brussels in May. The leading article bears the well-known name of J. C. Chatterji. A quaint illustration of the risks besetting a *too* literal translation is furnished by the statement of the objects of this little print—"la vulgarisation des idées théosophiques"; which is certainly not what *we* mean by vulgarisation!

Der Vahan, June. This steadily improving Magazine opens with the continuation of Mme. von Schewitsch's "Hints on Practical Theosophy," in which she quotes with deserved approval some of the teaching of our well-known Scotch friend, Ananda Maitreya, Bhikshu; though we hardly think he will relish being described as an *Indian* Buddhist—an imaginary member of a non-existing class! Her remarks on the atmosphere of prayer, of spiritual aspiration and

peace which is *felt* by a sensitive in a *really* holy place (Temple, Mosque, or Church) are very true. A long "appreciation" of *Old Diary Leaves* follows; abstracts of the *Theosophist*, and of Mr. Mead's article in the May REVIEW; then original answers (which should have the questions printed before them—we can't always refer to the previous number) and translations from the English *Vāhan*. D. R. gives a speech made after the reading of one of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures, adding some considerations which he slyly suggests might, if given in the lecture, have been unpopular, "and Mr. Leadbeater takes great pains to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of his audience"; and a very full number ends with a study of "The Mithras Religion and Christianity," by W. Soltau.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, May, contains a lecture by Gustaf Lindborg, and the conclusion of Michael Wood's story translated from the REVIEW.

Theosophic Messenger, June, has instead of "Search-Light" a set of "Gleams from the Press," which being from the American Press is a much more lively selection than we can make from our dull, matter-of-fact English newspapers; one is of a lady whose consciousness, owing to the presence of a worm in her pineal gland, was transferred to pre-historic times, and who behaved in all respects as if her bed-room were in truth the "cave-dwelling" she seemed to believe it. Pity the experiment can't be repeated—"under test conditions"!

Theosophy in Australasia, May, gives us a lively selection on other lines. It quotes the *Sydney Bulletin*, which, after reproducing the statement of Canon Driver in his Commentary on Genesis that "we are obliged to conclude that the first eleven chapters of Genesis contain no account of the real beginnings either of the Earth, Man, or human civilisation," very pertinently enquires why this manifestly false legend should continue to be taught in schools as a divinely inspired Revelation? It will not be long before common sense will *require* an answer. A very finely-expressed lecture on "The Message of Theosophy" is signed S. S., and the original answers to questions (*not* copied from the *Vāhan*) are of much value.

From *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* for June we learn that our energetic brother, Mr. W. A. Mayers, has succeeded in setting on foot an Intellectual Culture Association at Cairns. The Rev. Archdeacon Campbell is President, and a Methodist Minister one of the Vice-presidents; the monthly meetings are "for the reverent dis-

cussion of subjects relating to Religion and Religious Life"; a full list of proposed subjects being added. That it should be possible to bring ministers of the various Christian denominations into such an organisation along with Theosophists is of itself a sign of progress, and a very hopeful one. It is with us as Cardinal Newman told his fellow Catholics—the abstract distrust and dislike of us and of our doctrines is bound to give way when they mix with us and see for themselves that we have neither horns nor tails. Only we must mind that they *do* see it!

Our readers will not expect a detailed analysis of a work with the title of *El Dosamantismo* (Dosamantism is the Scientific Religion, in opposition to Semitic Occultism, which is a League of International Anarchism), Mexico, 1904. The writer is the enthusiastic pupil of the Master, Don Jesus Ceballos Dosamantes (whom not to know argues yourself unknown), and the enemies of society against whom he fights are Papus, Peladan, and the Jesuits. All will soon be set right; when the book which the Master Dosamantes is even now bringing out is published, then will iniquity be struck down like an ox, and "Dosamantism" usher in the Golden Age. Amen with all my heart—but!

Also received with thanks: *Sophia*; *Modern Astrology*; *Bulletin de l'Institut Générale Psychologique*; *La Nuova Parola*; *Mind*; *Animal's Friend*; *Logos Magazine*; *Humanitarian*; *Herald of the Golden Age*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *South African Theosophist*.

W.

THREE GATES OF GOLD

" If you are tempted to reveal a tale some one to you has told
 About another,
 Make it pass, before you speak, three Gates of Gold—
 Three narrow gates: First—Is it true?
 Then—Is IT NEEDFUL?
 And the next is last and narrowest—Is IT KIND?
 And if at last, to leave your lips, it passes through these gateways three,
 Then you the tale may tell, nor fear what the result may be."