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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

(AMERICAN EDITION)



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EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT AND G. R. S. MEAD

SEPTEMBER 15, 1904

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- To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.
- To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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FORMERLY "LUCIFER"

FOUNDED IN 1887 BY

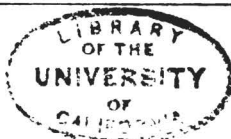
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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ANNIE BESANT AND G. R. S. MEAD.

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THE
THEOSOPHICAL
REVIEW

VOL. XXXV SEPTEMBER 15, 1904 No. 205

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Bishop of Lahore seems to have benefited by his Indian experiences, and preaching at S. Mary's, Cambridge, he spoke frankly of some of the advantages of the Indian civilisation. Referring to the simplicity of the material side of Indian life, he said :

Advantages of
Indian Thought

The extraordinary simplicity of native life is an aspect which cannot fail to strike even a passing visitor to India and the sense of which deepens the longer one stays in the country and the closer one enters into contact with it. Physical conditions, no doubt, account for a great deal of this—the warmth and light which remove, or greatly relieve, so many bodily needs of which we cannot but be conscious in these harder, colder regions of the north, while at the same time they make it so very easy to satisfy, from the abundance of prolific nature, those needs that remain. But even though this simplicity may thus, in large part, be due at first to physical causes there can be no doubt that it has reacted with the greatest force on their mental and spiritual state, and has in great measure saved them from that materialism, that too entire dependence on outward conditions of life, that tendency to find in merely material progress the keynote of civilisation, which we cannot but be conscious of and lament among ourselves.

He next dwelt on the “instinctive religiousness” of the Indian :

It is not merely that they have naturally no affinity whatever to materialism. This passes into a positive trait, for in their independence of the outward and material world, meditation on the inner, the unseen world, seems to come so much easier, more naturally, to them than to us, so that, as has been truly said, "The Oriental stands as a witness to the reality of the Invisible above the visible." Does it not seem a humiliating thing for us, who long above all else to go to them with the Gospel of Life as messengers of their Heavenly Father, and witnesses to the fact and the fulness of the spiritual world, that, in some respects, they have undoubtedly already a more deeply seated religious instinct in them than is at any rate at all general amongst Englishmen, and certainly a far greater aptitude for abstruse thought or theological speculation? But in God's name let it be to us not a humiliation but a cause of thankfulness and joy, and a further incentive to bring into the fulness of the light those to whom God has already given by the working of His Holy Spirit such striking witness of Himself and of their kinship with Him.

Moreover, this aptitude for thought is not confined to those who are what the West would call educated :

From a long personal experience I can bear witness to the extraordinary aptitude with which they engage in discussion or speculation on the deepest philosophical and ethical questions possible—and that not merely in the case of the upper or more educated classes, but not infrequently in the case of the very poorest and most wholly illiterate persons as well.

This trait has been remarked by all careful students of Indian life ; lads, who in the West would care only for sports, are found in the East discussing metaphysical subjects. Lastly, the Bishop laid stress on " their marvellous patience and forbearance and even, in very many cases, a real cheeriness and contentment under circumstances the most adverse, and that would try to the utmost the patience of almost any of ourselves." This grows largely, as the Bishop said, out of the simplicity of the physical life, the indifference to the body and the things of the body, giving rise to a hardiness less frequently found among more pampered nations. It is also due, as the Bishop did not say, to the belief in reincarnation and karma woven into Indian life, a belief which teaches a man to accept what comes without complaint, and makes him consciously master of his own destiny.

* * *

I HAVE sometimes remarked that Indian poverty is not so terrible as the poverty of the slums in large western towns, and a young

Indian Poverty Indian lady, who has been investigating slum conditions in a very thorough manner, entirely endorses this contention. In an interview with a representative of the *Daily News* the following passage of arms took place :

“But,” ventured our representative, “would you not also find much of such work crying aloud for you in India? Poverty in India must be more terrible even than in London.”

“No! no, a thousand times no! Nothing of the sort,” cried the young Indian actress, with warmth and energy. “Exclude our dreadful periods of famine, of the causes of which I will not stop to speak, and take our normal condition. Though we are frightfully poor, abjectly poor, we have not the hopeless misery, the brutality, and the utter destitution that you have here. Sometimes I am implored to go out as a missionary—me! a missionary to India!—and some Englishman asks me to do it, and he wonders when I snap round and tell him to go to work at home in his own country. Nothing makes me so angry as to hear some poor little paltry man talk about missionary work among a people who have three thousand years of civilisation behind them, and make believe that he is going to do them no end of good.”

* * *

It is good to see how things are changing in India in regard to right reason in matters religious. Sir P. N. Kṛiṣṇa Mūrti, K.C.I.E., lately called a meeting of Paṇḍits to decide on the re-admission into caste of a Hindu who had returned to India after three and a half years' study in Japan. The Paṇḍits, basing themselves on Hindu sacred law, unanimously decided for his re-admission without any purificatory ceremony. It is less than a year since the highest Hindu authority in Southern India received back into caste a Brāhmaṇa who had been called to the bar in England. The steady, quiet work of Hindu Theosophists, who have been working for reform without breaking with orthodox opinion, has brought about this widening of opinion.

* * *

MUCH interest has been aroused in England by a dream of Mr. Rider Haggard, thus related by himself :

Animal I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable
Consciousness and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property
of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among
brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water.

My own personality in some mysterious way seemed to me to be arising

from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle.

In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying. Then everything vanished.

The dog appears to have been killed, on a bridge, by a passing train, shortly before the time of the dream, and to have fallen into the water below. Many explanations have been suggested to explain the undoubted facts, some of them more puzzling than the facts. Mr. Rider Haggard, having left his physical body asleep—as we all do every night when we go to sleep—was “on the astral plane”; *i.e.*, his consciousness was working in the subtler matter of his astral body. The dog, suddenly shot out of *his* physical body and therefore also in *his* astral, naturally, in his puzzled bewilderment, thought of, called to, his trusted human friend; and Mr. Rider Haggard, as naturally, responded and was drawn to the place where his favourite lay dead. The only slightly abnormal fact was the “carrying of the memory through,” the fact that Mr. Rider Haggard succeeded, on his return to his physical body, *i.e.*, on awakening, in impressing on his brain the experience he had passed through during sleep. Animals, as well as men, have astral bodies, which persist after death, as many butchers, sportsmen and vivisectionists find out to their cost on the other side. Some other cases have been published in confirmation of Mr. Rider Haggard’s experience. Mr. M. H. Williams, of Pencalenick, near Truro, being at the time in Germany, dreamed that one of his servants went to fetch water from the well, accompanied by his pet terrier and a large retriever. On the way she patted the terrier several times, and, in a passion of jealousy, the retriever pounced on him and strangled him. Mr. Williams, shortly after, received a letter describing the canine tragedy just as he had seen it. Again, a gentleman engaged in reading became suddenly possessed with the idea that his cat had been caught in a rat-trap in the barn; he at once went thither, and found pussy in durance. Here, the thought-current of appeal must have come from the cat.

(Mr. Rider Haggard’s own account of his experience may be found in the *Times* of July 21st.)

THE Very Rev. Dean Harris, of the United States, has been travelling in South and Central America for four years, and has come to many conclusions identical with the records of the Ancient Wisdom. He regards the North American, Mexican and South American Indians as all belonging to the same stock, the great Toltec civilisation. He thinks they came from :

Testimonies to the
Secret Doctrine

A lost continent, destroyed by volcanic eruption, or submerged in the Atlantic. I have visited the Azores, mere peaks in the ocean, 350 miles from Africa, 800 miles from Portugal; Fayal, Horta, Pico, Flores and the rest of them. It is evident that they are volcanic, and the remains of a lost continent. St. Kitts, St. Vincent, Guadeloupe, Martinique, where the great disaster was, nearly all the West Indian islands, except the coral ones, are volcanic. These islands must have belonged to the mainland of a lost continent. In Dominica, Columbus found animals which could not have got there in any other way. The fer-de-lance, the deadly snake, the agouti, a tailless rabbit, the opossum, on these islands are proof of the earlier continent. It was destroyed in some remote catastrophe in immemorial times, and the animals are all that is left to testify to it.

The Dean recognises also the destroyed continent of Lemuria in the Pacific. He speaks of the vast blocks of stone set up in the temples of Palenque, the architecture not inferior to that of Egypt. The pyramid of Cholula was another wonder, the making of which tradition assigned to a race of giants. How luminous are all these facts to the student of the *Secret Doctrine*.

* * *

THE Ven. W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, has been preaching against Theosophy in the pulpit of S. Paul's Cathedral, trying to prove that it is irreconcilable with Christianity. He pointed out the similarity of many theosophical teachings with those of Gnosticism—a most important and significant truth. Both “explain away by allegorical interpretations the teaching of Christ, and lean much on the strange and groundless imagination of the transmigration of souls.” It may be remembered how the great Gnostic, S. Paul, “explained away” the story of Abraham and his wives in Gal. iv. 22-31. The Archdeacon is not quite as candid as one might wish, for he says that Theosophists assert that S. John Baptist was Elijah and that the

Yet another
Assailant

Baptist says he was not, while he ignores the statement that Christ, like the Theosophists, says that he was, and that the Theosophists' allegation is entirely based on the saying of Christ (S. Matt. xvii. 11-13). Also he says :

When the Jews, a heretical sect of whom, the Essenes, held the false doctrine of reincarnation, asked our Lord whether the man that was born blind was born so on account of his own sin, our Lord altogether repudiated the idea.

The Archdeacon ignores the fact that the "Jews" in question were the disciples ; a reference to the text will show that there was no repudiation ; if the words were a repudiation, then they also mean that the man's parents were sinless !

Lastly, the Archdeacon says :

There is a great deal more that might be said of Theosophy, but I think I have set enough before you this afternoon to show that with any real Scriptural and truly Catholic Christianity it is entirely incompatible. It is a mere revival of the ancient Gnostic heresies which were answered for ever by the great Fathers of the Church, Clement, Origen and the rest. Indeed there was one early writer, the historian Hippolytus, who had himself before his conversion been an initiate of the Greater Mysteries. He conceived the strongest horror of them, both as regards associations and teachings. In the preface to his treatise he affirms that the secret finally imparted was the consummation of wickednesses ; that it was only through silence and the concealment of their mysteries that the initiated had avoided the charge of atheism ; and further that if any person had once submitted to the purgation necessary before the secret could be communicated, there was little need to secure his silence by oath ; since the shame and monstrosity of the act itself would be sufficient to close his mouth for ever. That was the statement of Hippolytus about the Greater Mysteries of his own day ; about modern Theosophists we know nothing except their own fantastic speculations.

The inuendo of the last phrase is one which it is impossible to characterise in language which would be at once fitting and courteous. So we will leave it in its native indecency. H. P. B. did well to distinguish between the Christianity with which Theosophy had no quarrel, and Churchianity. This truly is Churchianity in a most un-Christian form.

* * *

Science Siftings gives an account of the teachings of Mrs. Margaret Gladstone Stuart, grand-niece of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, with

The Aura regard to the aura. Mrs. Stuart states frankly that her theory is not new, but very old ; it is, in fact, a restatement of the ordinary theosophical teaching on the subject, and the colours given are those that are stated in Mr. Leadbeater's *Man, Visible and Invisible*. In this connection the following note, dealing with the colour of sounds, from a correspondent signing "Dacre Lane" is interesting :

It is some ten years now since I have known this perception of colour in sound to be an actual experience. I half-guessed it to be such when, studying the Froebel Kindergarten system some years ago, I found the use of the coloured modulator such a success in teaching the relation of the notes in the major scale for sight-singing. It seemed to me that little children perceived the sounds intuitively when represented in colour. Later on, while experimenting with the K.G. system in a school of high-caste Hindu children in Central India, I found again, to my surprise, that from the coloured modulator they could understand our major scale and the relation of the dominants to the sub-dominants as they could not by any other method. It was the colour interpretation that appealed to them. And this was the more extraordinary as it is well known that Indian music is inharmonic to English, and they have half-tones and quarter-tones not possible on any but our stringed instruments, and not found in our system of music. In my own experience violin tones are always in purple, and all related tones of red and blue. The 'cello interprets sunset colours of rose and flame, and the human voice, both for speaking and singing, is always charged for me with as infinite gradations of colour as of tone. In fact, I may say that no sound is to me without colour.

* * *

A CONSIDERABLE wave is passing over Society just now in favour of a non-flesh diet. Several doctors declare that uric acid proceeds inevitably from flesh, and that by eliminating flesh foods and such vegetable foods as also produce it in excess, we may be free from rheumatism, gout, and many other evil things. Dr. Haig seems to have led the way in this, and one meets people who are following "Haig's cure." Some, who do not wish to abolish the flesh-pots completely, recommend a temporary abstention : thus Dr. Dabbs writes :

Against the Slaying of Animals
It would be a very good thing for us all if, for one month every year, we changed our diet from meat, beer, spirits, wine and loaded heavy meals, to vegetables, fruit, fish, maccaroni, and rice, and avoided all alcohol. I am sure

it would be good for us, body and brain, and would make a greater difference to us than merely changing our environment and calling that alone "a complete change."

The London *Daily Chronicle* is responsible for the statement that "Society" is being improved in this direction :

The number of adherents in society to a vegetarian diet increases daily. Lord Charles Beresford is a rigid vegetarian, so is Lady Windsor, and Lady Gwendolen Herbert, an aunt of Lord Carnarvon. Baron and Baroness de Meyer eat nothing but nuts and vegetables, though their dinner parties are always perfectly appointed, and every luxury is put before their guests. The apostle of vegetarianism is Mrs. Earle, sister to the Dowager Lady Lytton.

* * *

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH—in sending to the *Daily Telegraph* an account of a large religious meeting in Tokio, comprising men and women of the various faiths found in Japan, No hatred the vast majority being, of course, Buddhists—remarks: "I have found absolutely no creed bitterness amongst the natives of this wonderful land." There never has been any creed bitterness among Buddhists, and this is the more remarkable as it is a proselytising religion.

* * *

MR. J. L. TAYLER, writing on *Aspects of Social Evolution*, bases the new sociology on Temperament, and he points out, what we have so often urged, that there is a thoroughly healthy form of nervous temperament, which is a type of progress and not of degeneration. Woman, Mr. Tayler thinks, is on a higher plane than man, being "less governed by passions and appetites," but she has less driving power than man both physically and mentally, so her area is more circumscribed. The new society will be more than ever unequal, because of increasing specialisation. The idea of caste will continue, based on intellectual and moral capacity, and the highest caste, in possession of the highest capacity, will rule. Occupation will be determined by capacity in every rank of life. Such is the scientific view of the future. It looks much like the past on a higher turn in the spiral.

THE ESOTERIC MEANING OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., P. 547)

Now, a few words as to the esoteric sense of the particular clauses of the prayer. Take this: "Hallowed be Thy name." A name considered objectively, or as uttered by human speech, is properly, a descriptive word. We are not at present, however, treating the Lord's Prayer from the objective, but from the subjective point of view. We are dealing with its subjective, its esoteric, sense as the petitionary expression of the soul's innermost experience. In this sphere the Divine, like all other thoughts, is a conceptual image, but, of course, it could not be an image at all, if it did not possess more or less of definiteness.

Thus the idea "God" in our consciousness stands out by itself like a star, clear above and outside of every other notion, attracting our homage, constraining our reverence. And when prayer is at its best, in those extremities of pain and sorrow when every stay seems to have gone from us, and we feel ourselves unsupported and sinking into a bottomless abyss—an experience that comes to every man at some time or other—at such moments the "star," as I have called it, is everything to us, it is all we have; we gather up our whole being and cast ourselves down before it with earnest cries to the Name. But to what Name? In the Pater Noster, which is the utterance of the experience of the race, the Master has left the Divine name blank, for the reason that there are as many subjective names of God as there are human minds who have experienced His indwelling; and every individual conception of Him, because merely partial, and unspeakable in its fulness, is essentially secret and exclusive. Each man's height or depth of feeling, rapture or agony, fills up the blank in its own way in "Hallowed be thy Name." That is man's side; now

for the other. "Thy Kingdom come." Not only does the worshipper's subconsciousness hallow the Name, the "star," the great Triad, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but upon the other hand the Divine Trinity responds to the hallowing with a more or less energetic reaction, so that the Power, the Will, and activity of Love (the activity of God is no other than Love), descending from their respective heights, take possession, step by step, of the successive planes of the worshipper's inner Self. The prayer that the Trinity may thus incarnate within his being is, consciously or unconsciously, the man's continual innermost cry. He craves that the Higher Self may be blended with the lower, that it embody itself in his emotions, that it mix with his mental processes, that it become fused in his spiritual aspirations. Such is the steady growing hunger of human nature, and the hunger of a man's nature is his prayer. "Make every consciousness that I have," he says, "Thy dwelling, nay, let it be Thy Palace. Govern there, rule there, and rule without a second." There is a wealth of meaning, however impossible of distinct expression, throbbing in the two or three words, *Adveniat Regnum Tuum*, "Thy Kingdom come." The next and deeper cry still is the twofold petition united in one, for the perfect renunciation of the lower self to the Higher, and for identification of the will of the Higher Self with the will of the lower self, in such measure that the below shall be as the above, and the above shall be reflected in the below. In short, this is a prayer for the consummated union of the divine and human wills. There are occasions in every human life, as in the hour of the Master's own agony in Gethsemane, in which this twofold hunger fills the foreground of the mind. As the noise of the storm goes over us, deep calleth unto deep; that is to say, the depths of our being in all their planes and sub-planes of experience, hunger to be occupied by the three-fold Higher Self.

At these times, complete renunciation on the part of the human Ego to the Divine is a distinct craving of the innermost soul. It is a part of the passion of love. We not only are willing, but we desire and long to lift ourselves out of our self-dependence, to fling ourselves off our own footing into the infinite abyss, and, sinking there, to fall into the arms of the Divine Father. The

common word for this is resignation, from *resignare*, the taking off the seal of our own personality.

I need scarcely say, however, that the clause means more than resignation. The cry: "Not my will" is lost in the still louder cry: "Thy will be done . . . done . . . done," completely "done" in all my planes of consciousness, so that the below shall be as the above. In other words, the surrendering human Ego drowns itself in the active individuality of the Divine Ego. "Thy Will be done—*sicut in caelo et in terra*—on earth as it is in Heaven."

In order that this may be accomplished, however, it needs that our various consciousnesses participate in Him even more richly still. He must interpenetrate our whole substance to its ultimate fibre, as food interpenetrates the finest capillary veins. And since this prayer to do His will concerns not one or two, but all the planes of our existence, we ask here that He come to us, not merely upon the night side of our being, when we are apart from common life, but upon its *day* side, its daily side, when our soul in the course of revolution upon its axis has its face towards, not the astral, but the physical plane.

"I am the Bread of Life," said the Christ. In the petition before us, the soul responds to that announcement. Feed with Thyself our whole being, physical, emotional, mental and spiritual; transmute Thyself into each and all, so that, at every daily revolution of our consciousness towards the light of the sun, we may be continually made alive by the flowing of Thine activity within us, doing Thy will on earth as it is done in Heaven.

The climax, however, is yet to come. Behind all this inner craving for perfect union with the Divine lurks the embarrassing sense that, after all, and in spite of all, the lower self is separated, is separated irreparably from the Higher, is banished, degraded in the nature of things to a lower level, by the incompetence, the incompleteness, the undevelopment of its nature, by "oughts" so to speak, that is, by debts which it cannot pay, and which, apparently, it cannot be forgiven. Now let us be entirely clear about this. Quite true, a debt cannot be forgiven. If, for instance, a man works for a week in my garden, then, no matter

what he may generously do or say about it, it is not in his power to annul the fact that I owe him his week's work. If I work in his garden for a week, or give him the equivalent money (for money is labour in a portable shape), in that case my debt to him is cancelled. But the debt cannot be annulled in any other manner.

What can be annulled is the sense of debt, and this is possible, as I have intimated, by the other party's incurring as much debt to me as I have incurred to him. I work in his garden, that puts him in debt to me; he works in my garden, that cancels his debt to me. And there is no other way of forgiving debt than by exchange of work.

Now we go a little further. We read of the inner Christ that He has taken upon Him our sins, our debts, or in other words, our guilt. Bible theology is all based upon this idea; Church dogmas and Church ritual are built around it.

Notice the word "guilt;" Anglo-Saxon:—*gyllt*, connected with gold and gilding, meaning a fine imposed for trespass, and signifying in spiritual things the penalty that comes on consciousness when the man trespasses, or goes beyond his bounds. Our nature thus becomes guilty when it transgresses its boundaries, and the boundaries to our desires which we ought not to transgress are called "Laws."

But that which made the human laws, the decalogue, for instance, and is outside of the decalogue, and the only one that is outside, is God. When we break through the edge, therefore, of the ten commandments, we trespass upon God. Consequently it is obedience to our boundaries which constitutes what we owe, or in other words, our debt.

Now then, we solemnly ask God to forgive us our debts. But the question arises: "How can He forgive?" The popular reply is: "Our debt is assumed by another." Yet again, how is it possible that the breaking through our limits to the degree, for instance, of committing theft or murder, with the sense of guilt for committing it, how is it possible that this can be taken upon his consciousness by an outsider, who has not committed the crime at all? It is impossible.

And yet, let us walk softly here. No truth so widely held as

this but contains within it some justification. Universal religion, in all time, rings with the doctrine that another has assumed and suffered for our debts. There must be something in it, and there is. For the underlying verity is that, in a mysterious way, the two consciousnesses mix. The other who has thus taken upon Him our being is the very foundation of our spiritual nature, is not an outsider and not really "another" at all. A man is *divine*, just as truly as he is human. And the divine within us is never fundamentally separate from human nature. God is incarnated in humanity, so that He is not outside of the veriest criminal that exists. It is for this reason that the spectacle of Christ crucified—nay, it is for this reason that all the atonements in the various mysteries and ethnic religions—by dramatically representing our innermost constitutions, draw the very heartstrings of mankind. This is not merely an external spectacle, it is our constitutional internal experience. He is in us always, in the foreground of us when we are good, in the background of us when we are evil, but always in us. We, on our part, go outside of our human bounds (which are laws) in our trespasses; He, on His part, crosses His divine boundaries in His incarnation, being, as the great Initiate S. Paul says, made under the law, and when the two natures consciously blend, we and He, He and we, our trespasses are cancelled or forgiven.

This clause of the Lord's Prayer expresses the lowest step of Divine involution in our being. The deepest cry of the soul is for the perfect identification of God and man, so that God becoming human, and man becoming divine, the two may be together upon the same level.

Despair, as in the suicide, is another word for the self-disgust that tries to fling itself on the rubbish heap of Nature (just as if there were such a thing), because it thinks itself too low for God to reach down to, and because it fails to recognise that there is no depth of degradation in all the works of His hands, to which the Father in Heaven does not reach down. He is bound with all our bonds, and no human being is lower than He.

Thus then ensues cancellation of all sense of trespass. Our Father is in us, close to us, has abolished the distance between

us, and has put Himself on the same level with us as neighbour is with neighbour, man with man. So we say: "Father in Heaven, forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Now, as we have said, this is the last rung in the ladder of Divine involution. The Svastica, the Cross, whether cosmic, spiritual or historic, keeps glimmering through all the clauses down to this point, like an apple of gold in a network of silver.

But here ensues the opposite movement, *viz.*, evolution, the turn of the wheel, the ascending arc.

The progress upwards sets in from man's night to his dawn, and his dawn to his noon; from man's winter to his spring, and spring to summer; from man's death to his resurrection and his resurrection to ascension. We speak in this way because all the vestures of Nature, even the astronomical, necessarily take their form from that which is innermost, the divine human Spirit. Such, then, is the theme that shines through the remaining clauses of the prayer, until the ascent finds its termination in the climax: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory," where the knot of the infinite circle is tied, so to speak, in the Absolute, or Amen.

Observe that while the stages of the involution, or progress downwards, have been given in detail: "Mayst thou come into deep and realised relation with us so that we hallow Thy name"; nearer: "May Thy power take possession of our being"; nearer: "May Thy will be our will"; nearer: "Feed us now on Thy bosom, as a mother feeds her child"; nearer still: "Be within our very depths, where our trespasses lie, so that Thou art even as ourselves, and on our lowest level, we and Thou, Thou and we, one with one another"; while the stages downwards are thus given in detail, it is otherwise with the opposite arc. The Stations of the Cross are the experience of all souls whatever, and are therefore recounted in the prayer of all souls. But the Stations after the Cross are the experiences of different souls, according to their degrees of development. Some have passed through few, some have passed through many. For this reason they are not given separately; we have only the large inclusive motto of the whole ascending arc, which is: "*Lead us.*"

Observe two things about it. We are no longer as before mere recipients of spiritual aid, but, with His leadership, we walk on our own feet. And again, we have here the cry of the soul that has passed the line, and has been initiated and is the opposite of what it was before. Now the worshipper desires the steady evolution of his consciousness towards the Divine, and desires that only ; before, he was induced by illusion to ask for things in time and space, which tempted or drew him back from the Divine.

Many, perhaps most, men's prayer is: "Lead us into wealth or other forms of success. Lead us into temptation." The enlightened one, on the contrary, who is on the ascending arc, is occupied more and more as he ascends with the evolution of his being out of imperfection. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." This petition, though expressed in two or three words, must be the occupation of our innermost being for æons to come, since the answer to it includes all possible growth and spans the entire interval between humanity and God. At the same time I may say that it is well for every mind, so far as its degree of development permits, to follow with its eyes along the ascending line, and to keep track of the several ascending stages to which our Lord referred when He said: "In My Father's House" there is not merely awaiting for each one ultimate Destiny, but there "are many mansions," or preliminary resting places, landing places, so to speak, along the Temple stairway (*μοναί*, the word is, remaining or resting places). In all ages, countries and cults, prophets have pointed upwards to successive grades of spiritual quality which the soul of man must attain to in the course of what is called Sanctification. "The fruits of the Spirit are Love, Joy, Peace," etc.; that, however, which has not been sufficiently regarded is the successive resting places or seven heavens, as the Jews called them (S. Paul speaks of being caught up to the third), in which these qualities are to be exercised. The practical importance of having some conception of these rests upon a law, which is this: It is only by keeping in view the preliminary stages which lead up to a distant object, that we are enabled to have a just idea of the object itself to which these lead.

This law, with which we are all familiar on the physical plane is even more imperative on the spiritual. Thus, many have succeeded in sweeping out of their minds the intermediate beings that are the connecting links between man and God. And they are proud of their success in this respect. They have conceived of all the instrumental causes between God and us as things, things without thought, a mere series of billiard balls, impinging on one another, with God at the far end of the cue, and man at a pocket of the Cosmos, receiving the impulse of the last ball. They have been scared into this by a ghost called Anthropomorphism.

But in the eyes of the wiser majority of men the Heavens are full of spiritual beings of thinking minds, loving hearts, and keen perceptions, multitudinous in every spot both of light and shadow, and exercising their functions on all the planes.

Many Protestants—not all, I am a Protestant myself—think they have done a fine thing in sweeping these entirely away. They have thus swept the Heavens bare. It is stupid, nay, it is worse than stupid, for in so doing they have blurred and obscured the world's idea of God. The human mind is so constituted as to be compelled to think that if there are no Spirits between, there is no Spirit at the far end ; that is to say, if there are nothing but billiard balls, so to speak, all the way up, then there is nothing but a billiard ball to start with.

Now, a similar unhappy result follows from refusing to recognise the intervening stages between man's present physical plane and the ultimate perfection that popular theology calls Heaven. As a matter of fact, if you deny these intervening planes and successive dwelling places, if you deny the intermediary stages of evolution by which the imperfection of the earthly man is made to fall off gradually through the ripening within him of the Divine Man, in ascending planes and successive incarnations, if you think of the root and the flower as without an interval, or the sinner as immediately succeeded by the saint, the earthly John Smith, grocer, who waters his whiskey and sands his sugar, by the sublimated John Smith, who, as he is described on tombstones, "dwells in the bosom of God," you have an absurd, a ridiculous, contradiction in terms that no reasoning can surmount.

Blot out of men's sight or thought the intervening degrees by which perfection is attained, and is it a wonder that they cease to believe in a future perfection at all?

"Deliver us then from imperfection or the evil," the one evil that there is, therefore *the* evil. This is to constitute our deepest cry, not only while we occupy the present fugitive body, but in all our coming incarnations, as well as transitions from one vehicle to another, until complete deliverance shall bring us to the climax, expressed here by the Doxology.

Now the union is perfected. As S. Paul says to the Colossians: "The Father hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son. By Him," the Apostle continues, "were all things created." At last, therefore, we are no longer in the stream, but at the source, the source of all the courage that in the past has raised our despondency, of all the vigour that has sustained our struggles, as of all the lustre that has haloed our attainment, in the various planes of spiritual result. It is our final, innermost experience, not only that He is in us, but that we are lost in Him: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory."

This closes the subjective, or individual, view of the Pater Noster. But it is impossible to close without just indicating the larger, the objective scope of the prayer. There is a wider domain than the individual Spirit both for the divine involution and the divine evolution. We can figure to ourselves the union of the subjective and objective most conveniently perhaps in this way.

From and outside of the defining lines of man's physical body are the pulsating lines of his aura, which transmit their vibrations in continually widening circles in the ether, out and still outward, infinitely. In this way God's involution into man and man's evolution up to God, of which each of us is subjectively a centre, become external as well as internal phenomena, are universal as well as individual, objective as well as subjective. The experience of the individual and the experience of the cosmos are the same. Man in short is the Microcosm of which the Universe is the Macrocosm, and that which is the perfection or goal in the one case, *viz.*, the consummated union of the

lower self with the higher Self, is no less the perfection or goal in the other.

Thus the doxology: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory" is the expected, longed for experience not merely of the perfected soul, but of the perfected cosmos. Let Matter and God be at one; thus the Canticle: "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Finally, there is one characteristic which prevails unexceptionally in the universe, both in its parts and in its totality, *viz.*, Motion. Both the subjective and objective, both the upper and the lower sections of the great circumference are animated throughout by movement. As Ezekiel's vision has it: "The Wheel rests not, day nor night." The human mind, however, is incapable of thinking otherwise than that there is a transcendent origin for all this motion, and that there must be rest somewhere. This brings us to the final word of the Prayer. The word *Amen*, as may be seen in any ordinary Hebrew dictionary, means that which is fixed. It is the Absolute, as near as we can conceive the Absolute. It is the Name which the Thebans gave to their Supreme Deity, the Support of the Universe. It is the name too which the Romans borrowed in the form of Jupiter Ammon. But what is more to the present purpose it is, in all probability, the old Âryan word Aum, or Om, the immovable and unchangeable Source of all. On this the cosmos rests, or rather the ever-moving wheel revolves, as a wheel moves upon its axis. "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

GEORGE CURRIE.

TO-DAY is your day and mine; the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—DAVID STARR JORDON, *The Philosophy of Despair*.

THE DEFINITIONS OF ASCLEPIUS UNTO KING AMMON

II.

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., P. 513)

ABOUT THE SOUL'S BEING HINDERED BY THE PASSION OF THE BODY

[Now] in the case of those professing the harmonious art of muse-like melody—if, when the piece is played, the discord of the instruments doth hinder the intent [of him who makes the piece], its rendering becomes ridiculous.

For when the instruments break down [just] when they're wanted [most], the maker of the music must needs be laughed at by the audience.

But he [himself], with all good will, exonerates his art from breaking down; he blames the weakness of the instruments.

Now God is in His nature the [great] music-maker.

Further, not only in His making of the harmony of His [celestial] songs, but also in His sending forth the rhythm of the melody of His own song[s] right down unto the separate instruments,* God is unwearied.

For with the gods there is no growing weary.

[Nay, more], whenever a musician, above all other men, desires to enter in a contest of his art—when now the brass† has rendered the same phrase of the [composer's] skill and afterwards the wood-wind‡ played the sweet notes of the melody upon

* ἄχρι τῶν κατὰ μέρος ὀργάνων,—that is, to "parts" as opposed to "wholes"; "wholes" signifying generally noumenal or celestial essences, "parts" meaning the separate existences of the phenomenal or sensible world.

† Lit., trumpets.

‡ Lit., the flute-players.

their instruments,* and they complete the music of the piece with pipe and plectrum—[if any thing goes wrong,] one does not lay the blame upon the inspiration† of the music-maker, the better [one].

Nay, [by no means,]—to him we render the respect that is his due; we blame the falseness of the instrument, in that it has become a hindrance to those who are most excellent—embarrassing the maker of the music in [the execution of] his melody, and robbing those who listen of the sweetness of the song.

In like way, as regards the weakness that doth hinder us because of body—for this scarce any pious looker-on blameth our race.‡

Nay, let him know God is unwearied spirit§—for ever in the self-same way possessed of His own science, unceasing in His bliss, the self-same benefits bestowing everywhere.

And if the Pheidias—the demiurge—is not responded to, by lack of matter to perfect his skilfulness, although for his own part the artist has done all he can—let us not lay the blame on him.

But let us, [rather,] blame the weakness of the string,|| in that, because it is too slack or is too tight, it mars the rhythm of the harmony.

So when it is that the mischance occurs by reason of the instrument, no one doth blame the artist.

Nay, [more;] the worse the instrument doth chance to be, the more the artist gains in reputation by the frequency with which his hand doth strike the proper note,¶ and more the love the listeners pour upon the music-maker.

* ἄρτι δὲ καὶ αὐλητῶν τοῖς μελικοῖς τὸ τῆς μελωδίας λιγυρὸν ἐργασαμένων.
—I do not know what this means exactly. Ménard translates: *quand les joueurs de flûte ont exprimé les finesses de la mélodie*; Patrizzi gives: *melicis organis melod' a dulcedinem*.

† τῷ πνεύματι—? or perhaps simply breath, or blowing.

‡ The race of the Rays, presumably; that is, the race of the Logos, of those who are "kin to Him"—even as the "race of Elxai" (see "Concerning the Book of Elxai" in my *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.*, p. 375—London; 1903), and the "race" of the "Devotees" or Therapeuts (see Philo's *De Vita Contemplativa*, 891 P., 473 M.—Conybeare, p. 40, and note for references to other tractates of Philo).

§ Referring to the "inspiration" or "breath" above,—ὡς ἀκάματον μὲν ἴστι πνεῦμα ὁ θεός. Compare *John*, iv. 24: πνεῦμα ὁ θεός—God is spirit.

|| The metaphor has become somewhat mixed by the introduction of Pheidias, who was a "musician" in marble and ivory and gold, and not on strings and pipes.

¶ τῆς κρούσεως πολλάκις πρὸς τὸν τόνον ἐμπεσοῦσης.

So, in like fashion also, without complaint against Him, let us, most noble sirs!—set our own lyre in tune again, within, with the Musician!*

Nay, I have seen one of our artist folk†—although he had no power of playing on the lyre‡—when once he had been trained for the right noble art,§ by making frequent use of his own self as instrument—enharmonised by mystic practices according to the cure of souls||—so that the listeners took what he had had to do for [conscious] brilliancy,¶ and were exceedingly amazed.

Of course you know the story of the harper who won the favour of the god who is the president of music-work.**

[One day,] when he was playing for a prize, and when the breaking of a string would have become a hindrance to him in the heats—the favour of the better one supplied him with another string, and placed within his grasp the boon of fame.

A grasshopper was made to settle on his lyre, through the foreknowledge of the better one, and [so] fill in the melody in substitution of the [broken] string.††

And so by mending of his string the harper's grief was stayed, and fame of victory was won.

And this I feel is my own case, most noble sirs!

For but just now I seemed to make confession of my want of strength, and play the weakling for a little while; but now, by virtue of the strength of [that] superior one, as though my song about the king had been perfected [by Him, I seem] to wake my muse.

For, you must know, the end of [this] our duty will be the

* The text is corrupt; I read οὐκ ἔχοντες for οὐκ ἔχων τὴν. . .

† He means, presumably, one of the trained contemplatives of his community.

‡ That is, apparently, although he could not normally play the lyre (καὶ χωρὶς τῆς κατὰ λύραν ἐνεργείας), yet on one occasion he did so "phenomenally."

§ πρὸς μεγαλοφυῆ ὑπόθεσιν, sci., of "contemplation."

|| Lit., of string[s],—κατὰ τὴν τῆς νευρᾶς θεραπείαν,—where the *therapeia* reminds us strongly of the Therapeuts.

¶ τὸ χρεῖωδες εἰς τὸ μεγαλοπρεπὲς θέμενοι.

** Apollo, presumably.

†† The song of the cicada was so pleasant to the ear of the Ancients, that we frequently find it used in poetry as a simile for sweet sounds. Plato calls the grasshoppers the "prophets of the Muses."

glorious fame of kings, and the good will of our discourse [will occupy itself] about the triumphs which they win.

Come then, let us make haste ! For that the singer willeth it, and hath attuned his lyre for this ;—nay more, more sweetly will he play, more fitly will he sing, as he has for his song the greater subject of his theme.

Since, then, he* has the [stringing] of his lyre tuned specially to kings, and has the key of laudatory songs, and as his goal the royal praises—let him first raise himself unto the highest king of all—the Good.

Beginning, [then,] his song from the above, he, [thus], in second place, descends to those who hold the power of him who's made in His similitude.†

Since kings themselves, indeed, prefer the [topics] of the song should step by step descend from the above, and where they have their [gifts of] victory presided o'er for them, thence should their hopes be led in orderly succession.

Let, then, the singer start with God, the greatest King of wholes.

God is for ever free from death ; [He is] both everlasting and possessed of [all] the might of everlastingness.

[God] is the glorious Victor, the very first, from whom all victories descend in orderly succession, to victory succeeding victory.

Our sermon, then, doth hasten to descend to [kingly] praises and to the kings who are the presidents of common weal and peace—whose lordship in most ancient times was placed upon the highest pinnacle by God supreme.

For whom the prizes have already been prepared before the weakness [of their foes] in war [has even shown itself] ; of whom the trophies [even] have been raised before the shock of conflict.

For whom it is appointed not only to be kings but also to be best.

At whom, before they even stir, the foreign land‡ doth quake.

* *Sci.*, the singer.

† That is, according to "The Perfect Sermon," the second God, or cosmos ;—but here more probably meaning the Sun.

‡ τὸ βάρβαρον.

III.

ABOUT THE BLESSING OF THE BETTER [SELF] AND PRAISING
OF THE KING

And now our theme doth hasten on to blend its end with its beginnings—with blessing of the better [self] ;* and, afterwards, to make a final end of its discourse upon divinest kings who give us the [great] prize of peace.

For just as we began [by treating] of the better [self] and power above—so we'll bend round the end again into the same—the better one.

Just as the Sun, the nurse of all the things that grow, on his first rising, gathers in himself the first-fruits of their yield, using his rays as though it were vast hands, for gathering in their fruits—yea, [for] his rays are [truly] hands for him that pluck the first-fruits, as though it were the most ambrosial [essences] of plants—so, too, should we, beginning from the better [self], and [thus] recipient of his wisdom's stream, and turning it upon the garden of our souls above the heavens†—we should [direct and] train these [streams] of blessing back again unto their source—[blessing] whose entire power of germination [in us] He hath Himself poured into us.

'Tis fit ten thousand tongues and voices should be used to send His blessings back again unto the all-pure God, who is the father of our souls; and though we cannot utter what is fit—for we are [far] unequal to the task—[yet will we say what best we can].

For babes just born have not the strength to sing their father's glory as it should be sung; but they give proper thanks for them, according to their strength—and meet with pardon for their feebleness.‡

Nay, it is rather that God's glory doth consist in this [one] very thing—that He is greater than His children; that the

* τοῦ κρείττονος,—that is God, or the inner God, the "better one" of the last book.

† εἰς τὰ ἡμέτερα τῶν ψυχῶν ὑπερουράνια φυνά.

‡ Lit., "in this."

beginning and the source,* the middle and the end, of blessings, is to confess the father to be infinitely puissant and never knowing what a limit means.

So is it, too, in the king's case.

For that we men, as though we were the children of the king, feel it our natural duty to give praise to him. Still must we ask for pardon [for our insufficiency], e'en though 'tis granted by our sire before we [even] ask.

And as it cannot be the sire will turn from babes new-born, but rather will rejoice when they begin to recognise [his love] †—so also will the Gnosis of the all [rejoice], which doth distribute life to all, and power of giving blessing back to God, which He hath given [us].

For God, being good, and having in Himself eternally the limit of His own eternal fitness, and being deathless, and containing in Himself that lot of an inheritance that cannot come unto an end, and [thus] for ever ever-flowing from out that energy of His—He doth send tiding to this world down here [to urge us] to the rendering of praise that brings us home again. ‡

With Him,§ therefore, is there no difference with one another; there is no partiality|| with Him.

But they are happy all. One is the prescience¶ of all. They have one mind—their father.

One is the sense that's active through them—their passion for each other.** 'Tis Love†† Himself who worketh the one harmony of all. ‡‡

* Reading ἀρχὴν for χάριν.

† Lit, "at their recognition,"—ἐπὶ τῆς ἐπίγνωσεως—a play on ἐπιγνῶσις and γνῶσις, and a parallel between the wisdom of God and the royal knowledge of the king.

‡ εἰς τὸνδε τὸν κόσμον παρέχων τὴν ἀπαγγελίαν εἰς διασωστικὴν εὐφημίαν,—where it may be possible to connect ἀπαγγελία with the familiar εὐαγγέλιον.

§ ἐκείσε.

|| τὸ ἄλλοπρόσαλλον.

¶ πρόγνωσις.

** τὸ εἰς ἀλλήλους φέλτρον.

†† ὁ ἕρως,—the Higher Love.

‡‡ Compare this with the striking words of Plotinus (*Enn.*, v. 8. 4): "They see themselves in others. For all things are transparent, and there is nothing dark or resisting, but everyone is manifest to everyone internally, and all things

Thus, therefore, let us sing the praise of God.

Nay, rather, let us [first] descend to those who have received their sceptres from Him.

For that we ought to make beginning with our kings, and, after practising ourselves with them, and [thus] accustoming ourselves to songs of praise, then raise our pious hymn unto the better [self].

[We ought] to make the very first beginnings of our exercise of praise begin from Him—and through Him exercise the practice [of our praise], that there may be in us the exercising of our piety towards God, and of our praise to kings.

For that we ought to make return to them, in that they have extended the prosperity of such great peace to us.

It is the virtue of the king, nay, 'tis his name alone, that doth establish peace.

He has his name of king because he hath the kingship and supremacy beneath his feet,* and is the lord of reason† and of peace.

And in as much, in sooth, as he hath made himself the natural protector of the kingdom which is not his native land,‡ his very name [is made] the sign of peace.

For that, indeed, you know, the appellation of the king has frequently at once repulsed the foe.

Nay, more, the very statues of the king are peaceful harbours for the tempest-tossed.

The image of the king alone has to appear to win the victory, and to assure to all the citizens freedom from fear and hurt.

G. R. S. MEAD.

are made manifest ; for light is manifest to light. For everyone has all things in himself and again sees in another all things, so that all things are everywhere, and all in all, and each in all, and infinite the glory. For each of them is great, since the small also is great. And the sun there is all the stars, and again each and all are the sun. In each, one thing is pre-eminent above the rest, but it also shows forth all."

* βασιλεύς γὰρ διὰ τοῦτο εἶρηται, ἐπι δὴ [? ἐπειδὴ] τῆ βασιλείᾳ καὶ τῆ κορηφαιότητι [? κορυφαιότητι] κατεπεμβαίνει.

† Or, of the word.

‡ τῆς βασιλείας τῆς βαρβαρικῆς.

THE "LOST SOUL."

"THERE is a sickness not unto death, but unto life."—MERIZKOWSKI.

"IT is as if you suddenly had the sense of all nature, and exclaimed, 'Yes, it is true.' . . . You do not forgive anything, for there is nothing to forgive."

John Maxse read these words without understanding them ; for no man knows that which he has not lived ; nor can he who recognises the whole Law of Life in an ethical code, be expected to cast from his system forgiveness. But he viewed the sentiment as the legitimate conclusion of atheism ; and he read faithfully all things in which he thought he discerned "the modern spirit" ; John Maxse was essentially modern, so modern that he was often in the rearguard rather than in the van of thought. He had in him nothing of the prophet, nor of the pioneer, though he earnestly believed himself to be the latter. He laid down the book and went out in the whirl of a March north-easter, across flat green meadows, touched here and there with the gold of celandine, by dykes wherein the water shivered past dry brown rushes, and under boughs of budding "palm," and hazels covered with delicate catkins and the tiny crimson touches of spring and new birth. John Maxse was on a visit to his father, who preached in a little brown chapel with white-painted diamond-paned windows. John Maxse's father was a minister of the old school ; he had little sympathy with these days of tolerance and widening thought and belief. He was a religious man, where John, his son, was ethical. There are those who think religion and ethics are one and indivisible ; let them pause and consider with themselves if this be so.

Joseph Maxse received as his law of conduct the Will of the Divine Object of his worship, the pivot of his soul. His ethical code was summed up in the phrase, "the Lord's Will" ; he

believed that Will to be opposed to theft; had he deemed otherwise he would have stolen with no question as to the righteousness of his action; disinclination and natural honesty might have deterred him—not conscience; for doubt as to the perfect Righteousness of the Divine Will would have been impossible to him. This temper of mind is, I hold, a form of religion divorced from ethics.

John Maxse, on the other hand, viewed religion as ethics, pure and simple. Ethics—his ethics, his code of righteousness—constituted the Eternal Law. Religion, save as it conduced to good conduct, was valueless in his eyes. In other words he had so little idea of religion as the devout soul knows it, that he had not the slightest idea of its existence, or the faintest suspicion that he did not understand it. He understood it as little as he did "Kirillov." Father and son were alike in this: neither would have agreed that "there is nothing to forgive."

The old man, in his black gown, thin, sharp-featured, with stiff, grey beard, colourless face, and light, glassy, excitable eyes, was a contrast to his big, loose-limbed son, with his thick, strongly growing hair, broad brow, and genial, flexible mouth.

The old minister had not intended to speak on the after death fate of the impenitent, but he was one who followed "the leading of the spirit," and when, in turning over the leaves of his Bible, it fell open at the words: "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," he began, at first with hesitation, but finally with passionate force, to describe the torments of the lost. John Maxse was a student of Dante; he had recently lectured without a qualm on the "Inferno"; with much inconsistency he was shocked when his father, with unusual power and vividness, drew a picture of hell, more vital, more tragic, and curiously more real than the works of the poet's genius. John Maxse felt an intense repulsion as he listened; not only because the sermon was to him false, impossible, and wellnigh blasphemous, but because of the presence of one listener, who was a stranger to him. This man entered the Church quietly just before the sermon began. He was young, well dressed, well built, and moderately good-looking. He was dark-haired, and grey-eyed; his face was thin; it was clean shaven and the moulding of the

lips and chin could be seen: they were strong and sensitive. He was very quiet in his movements; and, after he had seated himself, extraordinarily still; when he took his place, he flung one arm over the side of the low pew, the long, supple hand drooping towards the pavement. Having assumed this attitude, he never moved a muscle either of his body or his face. He listened very attentively. At last the old man stopped, excited and panting; he sank on his knees in prayer, and the congregation knelt too. The stranger also knelt, and rested his head for a few minutes on the front of the pew. Then he rose, put half a crown in the plate which was held at the door, and walked slowly, like one to whom time is nothing, over the meadows in the whirl of the north-easter. John Maxse and his father walked down the narrow field path behind him; they caught him up; he stepped from the path to let them pass; as he did so he raised his hat to the preacher, with a quaint old-fashioned courtesy; his eyes and lips smiled, a faint smile that gave John Maxse a sensation of acute distress. He did not speak till they entered the minister's little house.

"That was a piteous face," he said, half under his breath. His father took off his coat, and hung it, and his hat, on a peg before he answered. When he did so his voice shook.

"It was the face of a lost soul," he said. "That man is damned—now while he lives. And he knows it."

John Maxse was still smarting from a sermon which outraged his sense of justice, his morality, and his common sense.

"If you believe that, father," he cried, "I wonder you can ever enter your church, let alone your pulpit, again."

"We won't discuss this, John," said the old man, his voice quivering. His son was silent, angry with his father, and more angry with himself because he had pained him. The next day he left the minister's house for London, where he remained till June, when he went westward for a three weeks' walking tour. Early in the morning he stood on the cliffs, and looked downwards at a sheltered lotus land, a vale of healing. Here, years before, a great landslip had taken place; nature, of a tempest's wreck, had fashioned a sheltered garden of delight, where tree and bush, fern and flower, could riot at their will in reckless prodigality of growth. Into this still, perfumed paradise Maxse

descended by a steep broken path ; and thus descending came upon a green chasm between two jagged masses of rent earth, now covered with sweet short turf, yellow rock rose and wild thyme ; in the chasm was a little green tent, pitched where a glimpse could be caught of the sea, and of the grey line of the Dorset coast. Lying on the turf, outside the tent, his eyes fixed on the horizon, was a young man, dark-haired and grey-eyed. When he saw Maxse he smiled, and stood up. Maxse, seeing that he was recognised, paused. The tent-dweller spoke first.

"We have met before," he said. "We listened to a sermon together last March, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Maxse hastily. "My father was the preacher."

"Indeed. It was—a very eloquent sermon."

"It was a very painful one to me."

"To *you*. Why?"

"Because I hoped that monstrous teaching was exploded. Fires that burn and do not consume!"

"But *can* there be no fire save the terrestrial? May there not be a fire that burns and tortures and does not consume?"

Maxse raised his eyebrows.

"The laws of nature—" he said. "Surely——"

"Do you think we have learned all the laws of nature?"

"No. But I should not like to think that doctrine true."

"No. I do not like it either. I didn't like those people in Martinique being burned by volcanic fires."

Maxse was silent for a few minutes.

"This is a beautiful spot," he said at last.

"It is."

"Have you camped here long?"

"Six weeks."

"Alone?"

"I—yes, I suppose so."

"Rather lonely."

"Yes. Rather lonely. What do you think constitutes loneliness? Being five miles from a station?"

"No. Being alone."

"Or being in hell?" said the other with a quick glance and smile. "Being 'a lost soul, and knowing it.'"

"Good heavens! How do you know my father said that?"

"I didn't know he said it. But I felt he thought it. He got into touch with me, somehow; and he felt there was—something wrong. I was sorry. It distressed him."

Maxse was compassionate. He cast off the usual reserve of the Anglo-Saxon; he laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder.

"*What* is wrong?" he said. "Tell me."

"That's really very kind of you," said the other gently and gratefully. "I should have felt it last March. I hope to God I shall feel again some day. But I don't know."

He looked smilingly at John Maxse; his manner had an ease and freedom unlike his silent rigidity of three months before, yet this ease and freedom were more painful than the cold stiffness. The rigidity had been like the forcible repression of feeling; the ease and graciousness hid its absence.

"Last March," he said lightly, "I was suffering infernal agonies. I could not have spoken of them to my best friend, or to the mother who bore me. Now, that I don't feel at all, and would give the thing I used to value most, the sight of my eyes, to be suffering again, I am perfectly willing to tell a stranger 'what's wrong.' Would you really like to hear? Then you shall."

He lay down on the thyme-scented turf, rested his head on a patch of yellow rock rose, and began to speak; the way in which the man laid bare his soul to a chance wayfarer proved the truth of his words. He did not feel. He was numbed to the core of a once aching heart.

"My name's Rufus Thorn," he began lightly and placidly, "I am twenty-eight years old. I used to make my living by writing. For the last two years I haven't worked at all. When my money is gone, I shall turn crossing-sweeper or pickpocket, I suppose."

He paused. Since Maxse made no comment he went on.

"I think Nature made me what is called sympathetic. I adapt myself quickly to other people, and to different ways of living and thinking. And from my youth up I had a passion to *know*, not a passion to learn, or know about things; but to know by *becoming*. When I was nineteen I went on the stage for two

years ; partly to know a new phase of life, partly to throw myself into different forms of human nature. They said I should have been a great actor if I'd stuck to it ; but I didn't care whether I was great or small, so I didn't stick to it. I went to Brent—do you know Brent ? Father Standish's place."

"I've heard of it."

"I've stayed there often. Father Standish said that what I longed to know was God. It had never struck me before. I thought I sought a fuller sense of individual life. I suppose it comes to the same thing."

Maxse knitted his brows and looked puzzled ; he lived chiefly in his works, and in his thoughts concerning the social problems which touched him most nearly. Rufus Thorn went on speaking :

"I was in touch with my fellow-men to the full. I seemed to understand everyone I came near. I tried to understand the lesser lives, too ; the animals and the plants. Sometimes I succeeded. I sat in the woods alone, and felt the life of the trees and earth fuse with my life. Everything was on fire with life ; nothing was outside myself ; everything seemed to be shifting, changing, growing ; when life grew so keen and so perfect it couldn't be expressed in one way, it expressed itself in another. I felt as though I were what the birds are, a link between the life of Gods and men, a door between the seen and the unseen. I felt the life of the Powers that fashion nature. I suppose you have thought there is a world finer, subtler, more elusive than the world we see ? "

"I have thought of it as a possibility."

"Have you ever thought there might be a 'lower deep' than this life of earth ? "

"No. How could there be ? The higher must be aware of the lower."

"I don't know that ! The universal knows all it contains, I suppose. But the higher *isn't* always aware of the lower. Suppose the power that keeps us alive, and makes us endure comes from above. It doesn't *know*, but it wills to know, and it presses outwards resistlessly. It learns to know and recognise itself in the depths ; each stage of the way, as water rises, it fights towards it,

source, and takes no notice of the stage it leaves behind. Now if you seek for God you think of Him as above you, and take no thought of your life that lies hidden in the depths. But it is there, and it too is fighting upwards; blindly too, I think, not knowing what it tries to reach. But if one day it reaches *you*, as you know yourself, that is to say, if it begins to express itself through the brain you thought of as your special property, then as it unites with you, it feels as though it had known you all the time, and had waited and watched your every action from the darkness. That holds good of ordinary memory; when you remember, in the act of union knowledge comes, and you are heir to all the garnered memories of that region of your life. Perhaps you would feel the same, if you consciously reached God. Suppose your life in the depths was much stronger than your life here, as you know it; that is, if the force you call life played much more strongly in that region than in this; then when it rose up and reached you—the you of to-day—it would eat you up, blot you out, and there's no knowing what would become of you. But if you were the stronger, or were equal, you would only feel something that was you, and not you (you might call it a mood), making a battleground of your body and soul. Perhaps there may be an hour when the power that keeps us alive takes possession of its kingdom through and through, region after region; holds and watches it from above; and the seat of knowledge lies there, instead of craving upwards from below. But till that time comes I do not believe that any one part of us is more our 'real self' than any other. We don't know our 'self' at all; only the different little wheels and springs of the machine it works, now one, and now another."

He watched a shining star of thistle-down drift between him and the throbbing life of the sky.

"As for me," he went on, "(I'm obliged to talk about 'me,' you understand) I had struggled to become both the above and the below; to feel all the little wheels and springs and pulleys at once. I suppose the below was the nearer, though I never guessed it. I never realised where I should find myself. When people are convinced that *here* is their real centre of life, they are safe from heaven and hell."

"Safe from heaven!"

"It sounds queer. But I think if a man gained the full consciousness of heaven it would mean bodily death; unless, as Dostoevski suggests, it meant bodily transformation. How bored you must be! I'll be quick. I was at Brent. I had been out all day. There was a frost; the pine trees were silver; the sky above them was violet, fading into gentian blue; a southern blue. I burst the limits of my narrow soul; it seemed the wildest egoism to demand 'individuality' of Nature. I didn't ask it. I didn't want it. The only thing that mattered was that something which lay hidden at the root of things should be expressed. I went into the chapel and listened to the organ. There, suddenly, without any warning, I became aware of the life of hell."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I became aware of the life of hell. I did not enter any region I could see and analyse as Dante did; I saw nothing. I wish to God I had! But I knew hell was a concrete fact, and a part of my life was there."

"You mean you realised the pain and sin of the world."

"I mean nothing of the kind. I realised *that* long ago. I have seen, and felt, and shared in a great deal of the pain and sin of the world. Even when I was a little child I became 'acquainted with grief.' I mean that in a moment I was in hell; and I knew there was a life hidden in darkness, as well as a life raised in glory. And I was in it. I was there."

"What was it like?"

"If I could describe it, it would be only earthly agony and sin. Besides, the details were not clear. Sin! you don't know what sin means. The standard is different. You don't know their sins, nor they yours. That runs through all. A cat thinks a dog's virtues are idiotic; the self-respect of a cat is crime to a dog. Never shall I forget the eeriness of it all. I went to town; stayed with my brother, and lived as he did; dances, dinners, theatres, 'bridge.' All the time I was in hell. The sense that it was always there was horrible. The life of the world went on; the bliss of the Gods might be; the heaven of heavens might also be—but the depths were there too. I left

London and walked about the country. If I had told anyone I should have raved, and been locked up as a lunatic. So I held my tongue. Two days after I heard your father preach, I was sitting by a pond in Surrey. It was warm and sheltered; the gorse was beginning to bloom. The smell of gorse has always delighted me; that day I did not care much about it. I noticed this; and then I noticed something else. I did not care about this world of terror I had feared for three months of mortal life. I was aware of it, just as I was aware of the sun on my face, of the gorse scent, of the song of a lark above my head; and I felt and cared as little concerning it as I did for all of these. Loneliness doesn't express the feeling; isolation isn't the word; unconsciousness doesn't express it. I'm quite conscious. I can feel. I'm not alone. But I don't care. It isn't pain. I wish it were. It's moral paralysis."

He was silent. Maxse watched him. He shut his eyes, and lay still and rigid, but his mouth twitched and trembled, and his throat swelled.

"I think you would rather be alone," said Maxse.

"I would. If you don't mind."

Maxse rose.

"Good-bye," he said. Rufus Thorn made no answer. Maxse walked on for a few paces. The other called him back; he turned. Rufus Thorn's white face was quivering; there were tears in his eyes.

"I seem to be ungrateful and discourteous," he said. "I don't mean to be. I have just realised what I have done. It has brought the power of feeling back with a vengeance. I must have been mad to tell you. I feel as though I had been flayed alive in the market place. You can't forget. Will you be silent?"

"Of course. May I come back and see you to-morrow?"

"Y—y—yes. If I'm gone you will know I couldn't face you."

"I hope you will face me."

"So do I. Because I should like to see you again."

Maxse shook his hand and left him. He could not sleep for thinking of Rufus Thorn's pale face and agonised eyes. He

started early in the morning for the once storm-rent garden of peace. The green tent was still there, and so was Rufus Thorn; he came forward smiling.

"I hope you no longer feel you have been flayed in the market place," said Maxse.

"No. Night has brought counsel; and perhaps a better sense of proportion. I am returning to the market place, *i.e.*, London, to-morrow. Let me make you some coffee."

He began to make the coffee; and as he made it, he talked gently, pleasantly, gratefully, to the bewildered Maxse.

"Tell your father," said Rufus Thorn, "that unless a man be willing to lose his life, he shall not find it. He will agree to that. Ask him what is a man's life, his body, or his soul."

Maxse raised his eyebrows.

"You are preaching a very queer doctrine."

"O yes! And probably I don't understand what I talk about. Only it has struck me that he who *willingly* helps to fashion the dark root whence light springs upwards, is as great in service and in power as he who shines in glory. I wondered too, whether it could ever be that a poor human soul might learn, in bitter darkness earned by sin, to dwell in that darkness gladly, and therein serve God; though once he chose it hoping to serve himself. I wonder whether *in itself* the darkness is baser than the light. I wonder whether the depths have sin in them, for those who are native thereto, whose needs God fashioned them to serve."

"Are there any native thereto?"

"I don't know. I am only human; and a stranger in that land. Will you give your father my message?"

"Who counselled you last night?" said Maxse abruptly. "Your counsellor saved your reason."

"We set great store by our reason. But I was willing to stake reason along with the rest."

"Then you are one of those who fight to win. I wish I knew who counselled you!"

Now this Maxse never knew, though often in the future he talked with Rufus Thorn. But the story of the night lies in the Garner-house of Dreams; thence I will draw it for any who care to hear.

MICHAEL WOOD.

LIFE AND FORM

IN the February and March numbers of this REVIEW, Dr. Wells wrote two articles on "Private Revelations," in which he draws attention to what appears to him to be a discrepancy between certain statements made by Mr. Leadbeater in his book *The Other Side of Death*. Mr. Leadbeater had said: "At present the physical plane is the principal theatre of our evolution, and a great deal of very necessary progress can be made only under its . . . conditions."* And again, Mr. Leadbeater had said: "Its (the astral plane's) possibilities, both of enjoyment and of progress are in every way much greater than those of the lower level."† These two propositions Dr. Wells considers to be "mutually destructive."

But surely if we consider the matter carefully it will be evident, not only that these teachings are perfectly consistent, but that they are also exactly what we would expect *a priori*. At present, for us, that is to say for the average man, the physical plane is the principal theatre of our evolution. And why? Because it is only on this plane that our self-consciousness is fully developed. I say "fully developed" but perhaps "comparatively developed" would be a more correct expression; for even on the physical plane our self-consciousness, the power of the Ego to detach itself from the objective world, varies within very wide limits. But comparatively speaking, it is on the physical plane, and on that alone, that the average man has attained to a self-consciousness worthy of the name. Does it not follow, then, that the physical plane must be "the principal theatre of his evolution" so far as he has any hand in that evolution? For it is only where there is self-consciousness that the centre, as an organic unit, begins its growth. Previous to this stage there is

* P. 47. † P. 52.

consciousness, but it is the Logic consciousness working upwards ; not the consciousness evolving from a centre.

But although, for the average man, the physical plane offers, at present, the principal theatre of his evolution, it must at the same time be borne in mind that the possibilities of the physical plane are immeasurably less than those of the superior planes, the astral and, *a fortiori*, the mental. The tremendous inertia of the physical, as compared with the other two worlds, offers such resistance to action that the one may be likened to a lump of coal from the coal pit, the other to the same as it glows in the fiery furnace. In the one case the energy is cabined, cribbed, confined in every direction ; in the other, the energy is set loose. Hence in the higher worlds, " the possibilities, both of enjoyment and of progress are, in every way, much greater than those of the lower level," always provided that we are in a position to take advantage of them. At present the bulk of us are not able to take advantage of them ; for we have not developed self-consciousness on those planes. At present our progress must be that which we make for ourselves on the physical plane, where our eyes are, to some extent, opened, and we have some power of ordering our lives. In the future, when we have a similar power of ordering our lives on the astral and mental planes, our possibilities of progress will " in every way " be " very much greater than those of the lower level."

These remarks serve as an introduction to my principal thesis. In the May number of the REVIEW appeared a paper, by Miss E. M. Green, sounding a note of warning against the ever-prevalent tendency of the human soul to wrap itself up in the form, forgetting that the form is but a transient phase, and with the growth of the soul the time soon comes when it must be broken in pieces. " The life, while conditioned, sustained, and perfected through form, may yet know no rest in any one form if it would mount upward through a world of forms to that of which *all* forms are but a partial expression." We must " see to it lest the plastic walls of our beloved Theosophical Society crystallise slowly but surely round us into ramparts of dogma and of creed."

To this, in the same number, Dr. Wells rejoins : " If all we have learned from earlier mystics is to be rejected as mere

'forms'—to be cast aside when a new seer bids—I do not see what becomes of our Theosophy. If we are to throw away the teachings we have received as being mere 'changing forms' where is the need of a Theosophical Society? Are we to be 'blown about with every wind of doctrine'?"

And there the matter remains. A wide and deep principle has been touched by both writers, the one laying emphasis on the continual recognition of the impermanency of the form, the other laying emphasis on the necessity of the form for the shelter and stability of the soul. Both writers are, without doubt, possessed by an aspect of the truth. Can we go a little further back and see where the two views harmonise?

At the outset the question arises: What do we mean by "form"?—what are the forms referred to?

Now "form," in the very widest, in the philosophic sense of the word, must exist on all planes where we have manifestation. It may be said, of course, that that necessity is but one of the limitations imposed on our thought by the methods of the reason. Reason living among a world of forms can no more conceive anything outside that world than a blind man can conceive colour or a deaf man can conceive sound. This is granted. Higher than the rûpa levels of the mental plane, it may be, the conception of form that we, living in the world of forms, have, and necessarily have, is transcended. We may take it, verily, that the form of thought that prescribes forms for us, whose consciousness is on lower levels, breaks up when we rise above them, and we emerge into a sphere where concepts that we now regard as "necessary truths" give way, and are seen to have been but a very partial expression of something far wider. This is granted; and therefore, to avoid any danger of misconception I purpose to confine myself to the use of the word "form" as existing throughout the three worlds, the physical, the astral, and the lower mental.

The necessity of form in the physical world for the evolution of life scarcely needs demonstration. Without it there could be none of that interaction between subjective and objective whereby consciousness is evolved from its very lowliest estate. It is, indeed, the friction of form against form that converts the life *in*

posse into the life *in esse*, even as it is the friction between two surfaces that converts the unmanifested electricity into the manifested, or the latent fire of the lucifer match into the flame. In this world we should note that not only is it the breaking up of the form that releases the energy contained within it, but, in proportion to the thoroughness of the breaking up of the form, so is the intensity of the energies released. Physical scientists have now, I believe, come to the conclusion that the tremendous energy manifested by a gramme of radium, inexplicable on the ordinary theories of molecular disintegration, may, nevertheless, be explained on a transcendental theory of atomic disintegration; that is to say, the energy manifested is far too great to be accounted for by the theory of the disintegration of the larger units of cohesion, but may be accounted for by the theory of the disintegration of the units that go to make up those units. This, though a side issue to my main argument, serves its purpose in illustrating, not only that the manifestation of life in its lowest stage—that is, what the physicists call “energy”—comes by the breaking up of its encasement, but that the more completely its encasement is broken up, so much the more completely is the life set free.

But what is the need for forms in the astral and mental worlds? Admitting that we must have forms if we are to have differentiation or manifestation, what is the necessity that these forms should be possessed of any stability whatsoever? Where is the need for the form that may offer any resistance to the movement, the growth, or the expansion of the life? Why not a perfectly fluidic form, responding perfectly to the impulse within it? Surely, it may be objected, anything that offers resistance to the life must militate against the progress of that life.

But a little further consideration will show us that this is the very proposition that we have to meet with a direct negative. As a matter of fact, unless the life is to be dissipated into, so to say, thin air, unless it is to fall back again into the great ocean of life whence it came, and so lose that nucleus or centre which it is the great purpose of its earlier evolution to acquire, it must have these walls against which to expend itself, and rebound with all the added impetus of the concussion; it must

have the form that may circumscribe its activity, else it loses itself owing to the very wideness of the sphere over which it spreads. Put in other words, we must needs build a house for our soul to dwell in, a house that will shelter our darling from the winds of heaven ; otherwise those winds, good in themselves and needful for our health's sake, will sweep away our very life, and we shall rise up some wintry morning to find our darling has taken wings to herself and flown away, and a chilliness, the chilliness of death, encompasses us round about.

We see, then, the necessity of form : we see, also, the necessity of form being broken up when by the expanding life it has been stretched to its utmost limits. We should now be in a position to face the main problem as to what measure of stability in form best conduces to our welfare. Can we discriminate so far as to say whether a particular form has, for us, become a hindrance rather than an advantage ? whether it aids or retards the growth of the soul ? and can we say when it is desirable that this particular form should be broken up ?

It seems to me the answer to these questions must be, No : we ourselves cannot consciously discriminate, since such discrimination would imply that we could see outside ourselves, and view the processes of our own growth. The life itself will reveal to us when the forms in which we have clothed our philosophy or our religion have become a restraint rather than a help. We find that the dogma embraces not the wider view howsoever much we may stretch its meaning ; doubts as to its validity come in. There is uneasiness : that is the beginning of the wider life, the death-throes of the form. Then, should the life have drawn much sustenance from the form, and the form have grown rigid with the length of time it has served the life, there will be suffering—suffering whose intensity is as the strength needed to break through the bonds that confine—but the process must go on if the consciousness is to expand.

Think, for example, of the man who has pinned his faith to the verbal inspiration of the Bible. It seems to him as though all his religion was going, as bit by bit the faith has to be given up before the discriminating reason. Afterwards he finds that the change is merely from a narrower to a broader basis for his

faith. But it is only when he has transcended the form and can view the wider field, that he can consciously say: "this form had become too narrow for my life." Intimates, especially those more advanced than himself, would, doubtless, have been aware of the coming change before the man himself. It is only in looking backward on them that we may see the forms out of which we have grown. Then we may regard them even as the butterfly may regard the chrysalis shell out of which she has emerged. But the forms in which we at present live and move and have our being—that which makes the skeleton-framework of our consciousness while we dwell within the limitations of the mental world—these forms, if they harmonise with the life, we cannot view objectively, since they are part of the very truth itself for us. Nay, more, it may be beyond our powers of conception to see how they *could* be transcended. But we must not fall into the fallacy of assuming our powers of conception to be the limits of the possible. Man may be the measurer of the universe, but he is only the measurer of the universe for himself. Take karma and reincarnation. We, as Theosophists, not only believe these doctrines, but it is perhaps inconceivable to us that they can ever be transcended. We may find certain logical difficulties with regard to karma, and we admit that reincarnation is for the three worlds only; but, although we grant certain limitations in their application, it is inconceivable to us that these truths, as truths, can ever be transcended. And yet one must admit that karma and reincarnation, wide and far-reaching principles no doubt, are yet *forms* of our belief, and when seen from above, instead of seen, as it were, from a point in the midst of their workings, may be found to be but partial expressions of still wider-embracing truths. Nor should this consideration in the slightest degree shake our surety of these or other principles that we receive. They are perfect truths for us now, and to admit that there may come a time when we shall perceive that they were only formal expressions is but equivalent to saying that at present we only know in part, that hereafter we shall know more; but only when we lose ourselves within the Divine shall we know all, and come face to face with Truth absolute. Then, indeed, all forms are transcended, since we are one with the Life Itself.

Deeper thought on this illimitable theme verily carries us into worlds far beyond the mental. We shall see the necessity of form to express the truth until we arrive at the All-Truth; the necessity of form to express the good until we arrive at Absolute Goodness; the necessity of form to express the beautiful until we are one with the very spirit of the Beautiful.

Therefore, when one of our foremost writers objects that his house should be toppled over, though we may heartily sympathise with him, we can say, "It is well"; for if the time has come when the life within needs must grow, and the house that he has built will not allow of its growth, then that house will be toppled over, and surely it is well that it should be. But if there is still room for the growth of the life within, then the house will stand, howsoever much the winds may shake it; and so again, it is well.

And when, further, another of our writers warns us against the danger of a continuing faith in any one form, we say: It is true that no form is permanent, but since a certain permanency is necessary for the growth of the life, take heed lest you destroy the form before the needs of the life demand it, so that the life cries out, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Oftentimes the danger of the form being broken up too soon is far greater than the danger that the form too long confines the ensouling life. For, although, in the last case, there may be more suffering to be gone through, in the first case it may be that the life itself is dissipated, *in tenuous auras*, and becomes of no effect.

POWIS HOULT.

A PRAYER.—Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and, down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.

R. L

THREE QUESTIONS

[This article is a translation of a story of Leo Tolstoy's issued by the Free Age Press, 13, Paternoster Row, E.C., from which a number of Count Tolstoy's later works can be obtained. It is translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M.]

A KING once reflected that if he knew the right time when to begin every undertaking ; if, moreover, he knew with what people he should work, and with whom he should not ; and above all, if he were always to know which of all undertakings is the most important—then he would never meet with failure. And having thus reflected, the king announced through all his realm that he would grant a great recompense to whoever would teach him *how to know the proper time for every action, who are the most necessary men, and how to avoid making a mistake as to which is the most important of all undertakings.*

Concerning the first question some said that in order to know the proper time for every action one should beforehand draw up a programme for every day, month, and year, and strictly adhere to what has been thus fixed. Only then, said they, would every act be fulfilled in its proper time. Others said that one could not decide beforehand when to accomplish each act ; but that one should refrain from distracting oneself with frivolous amusements and be always attentive to all which is taking place, and then do that which is required. Others said that however attentive the king might be to that which takes place, one man cannot always correctly decide what should be done at what time, but he should have the advice of wise men, and according to this advice should decide when to act. Others said that there are cases when there is no time to inquire of counsellors, but when it is necessary to decide on the instant whether it be the time or not for the beginning of a certain undertaking. And in order to know this it is necessary

to know beforehand what will take place. And this is known only by the augurs. And that, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action one should consult the augurs.

The second question was also answered variously. Some said that those most necessary to the king were his helpers—the rulers; others said that the most necessary to him were the augurs; others again, that the men most necessary to the king were the physicians; yet others that the most necessary were the warriors.

In reference to the third question—What is the most important work?—some said that the most important work in the world is the sciences; others said that it is the military art; others said that the most important thing is the worship of God.

All the answers were different, and therefore, the king did not agree with any of them and did not grant the recompense to anyone. And in order to ascertain the right answers to his questions he decided to consult a hermit whose wisdom was held in great repute.

The hermit lived in a wood, never going anywhere else, and received only common people. Therefore the king dressed himself in simple clothes, and, before reaching the hermit's hut with his bodyguard, he got off his horse and went alone to see him.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging trenches in his garden. Seeing the king he greeted him, and immediately resumed his digging. The hermit was thin and weak, and whilst thrusting his spade into the earth and turning over small lumps of soil, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said :

“ I have come to thee, wise hermit, in order to ask thee to give me answers to three questions: What is the time one should bear in mind and not allow to pass that one may not afterwards repent of it? Who are the most necessary men, and consequently with whom should one work more and with whom less? And what are the most important actions, and therefore what work amongst all others should one accomplish first? ”

The hermit listened to the king; he answered nothing, but spat into his hand and again began to peck at the ground.

"Thou art tired," said the king. "Give me thy spade; I will work a bit for thee."

"I thank thee," said the hermit, and having handed over his spade he sat down on the ground. Having dug two trenches the king stopped and repeated his question. The hermit did not answer anything, but got up and stretched out his hand for the spade.

"Now rest thou; let me go on," he said.

But the king did not return the spade, but continued to dig. An hour passed, and then another. The sun had already begun to descend behind the trees, and the king thrust his spade into the earth and said:

"I came to thee, my wise man, for an answer to my questions. If thou canst not answer them say so, and I will go home."

"There is someone running this way," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king looked round and saw that a bearded man was indeed running from the wood. The man had his hands on his belly; from under them flowed blood. Having run up to the king the bearded man fell down and lay turning up his eyes without moving and only faintly groaning. The king, together with the hermit, undid the man's clothes, and discovered a large wound. The king washed the wound as well as he knew how and bound it up with his handkerchief and the hermit's towel. But the blood did not cease to flow, and the king several times took off the bandage soaked with warm blood and again washed the wound and bound it up. When the blood stopped, the wounded man came to himself and asked for drink. The king brought some fresh water and gave it to him. The sun had in the meantime quite set and it had become cool. Therefore the king, with the help of the hermit, conveyed the bearded man into the hut and put him on the hermit's bed. Lying on the bed the wounded man closed his eyes and appeared to fall asleep.

The king was so tired from walking and working that having begun to dose on the door-sill, he fell asleep, and so deeply that he slept through the whole of the short summer night; and when he awoke in the morning he could not for a long time understand

where he was, and who was that strange bearded man lying on the bed and looking at him fixedly with shining eyes.

"Pardon me," said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw the king was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know thee, and I have nothing to pardon thee for," said the king.

"Thou dost not know me, but I know thee. I am that enemy of thine who has sworn to revenge himself upon thee because thou hast executed my brother and deprived me of my property. I learnt that thou hadst gone alone to the hermit and I decided to kill thee. I intended attacking thee when thou shouldst be going away. But a whole day passed and thou didst not come. Then I left my ambush in order to ascertain where thou wert and I came across thy bodyguard. They recognised me and wounded me. I fled from them, but losing blood I would have died if thou hadst not dressed my wound. I wanted to kill thee, but thou hast saved my life. Now if I remain alive and shouldst thou desire it, I will serve thee as thy most faithful slave and will order my children to do the same. Pardon me."

The king was very glad that he had succeeded so easily in making peace with his enemy and transforming him into his friend; and he not only pardoned him but promised to restore to him his property and also to send his servants and his physician to fetch him.

Having taken leave of the wounded man the king stepped out into the porch, looking around for the hermit. Before leaving him he wished to ask him for the last time to answer the questions he had put to him. The hermit was in the garden, crawling on his knees by the trenches, which had been dug the day before; he was planting vegetable seeds in them.

The king approached him and said: "For the last time, wise man, I beg thee to answer my questions."

"But they are already answered," said the hermit, seating himself on his haunches, and looking up at the king standing before him.

"How answered?" said the king.

"Why, plainly," answered the hermit. "If, yesterday, thou hadst not pitied my weakness and hadst not dug these trenches

for me, but hadst returned alone, that fine fellow would have attacked thee, and thou wouldst have repented that thou hadst not remained with me. Consequently, the right time was when thou wert digging the trenches, and I was the most important man, and the most important work was to do good to me. Then when the other ran up, the most important time was when thou wert tending him, for if thou hadst not dressed his wound he would have died without reconciling himself with thee. Therefore the most important man then was again he, and that which thou didst unto him was the most important act. Thus, remember, that the most important time is only one: *now*; it is the most important because only at that time have we got power over ourselves; and the most necessary man is *the one with whom at each present moment we are in touch*; and the most important work is *to do good to him.*"

To R. T. H. B.

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever Gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate :
 I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE NATURE OF MEMORY

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., p. 537)

Now, having noted the changes in the vehicles which arise from impacts from the external world, the response to these as changes of consciousness, the feebler vibrations produced in the vehicles by the reaction of consciousness, and the recognition of these again by consciousness as memories, let us come to the crux of the question: What is Memory? The breaking up of the bodies between death and reincarnation puts an end to their automatism, to their power of responding to vibrations similar to those already experienced; the responsive groups are disintegrated, and all that remains as a seed for future responses is stored within the permanent atoms; how feeble this is, as compared with the new automatism imposed on the mass of the bodies by new experiences of the external, may be judged by the absence of any memory of past lives initiated in the vehicles themselves. In fact, all the permanent atoms can do is to answer more readily to vibrations of a kind similar to those previously experienced than to those that come to them for the first time. The memory of the cells, or of groups of cells, perishes at death, and cannot be said to be recoverable, as such. Where then is Memory preserved?

The brief answer is: Memory is not a faculty, and is not preserved; it does not inhere in consciousness as a capacity, nor is any memory of events stored up in the individual consciousness. Every event is a present fact in the universe-consciousness, in the consciousness of the LOGOS; everything that occurs in His universe, past, present and future, is ever there in His all-embracing consciousness, in His "eternal now." From the beginning of the universe to its ending, from its dawn to its sunset, all is there, ever-present, existent. In that ocean of ideas, all is; we, wandering in the ocean, touch fragments of its contents, and our response to the contact is our knowledge; having known, we can

more readily again contact, and this repetition—when falling short of the contact of the outside sheath of the moment with the fragments occupying its own plane—is Memory. All “memories” are recoverable, because all possibilities of image-producing vibrations are within the consciousness of the LOGOS, and we can share in that consciousness the more easily as we have previously shared more often similar vibrations; hence, the vibrations which have formed parts of our experience are more readily repeated by us than those we have never known, and here comes in the value of the permanent atoms; they thrill out again, on being stimulated, the vibrations previously performed, and out of all the possibilities of vibrations of the atoms and molecules of our bodies those sound out which answer to the note struck by the permanent atoms. The fact that we have been affected vibrationally and by changes of consciousness during the present life makes it easier for us to take out of the universal consciousness that of which we have already had experience in our own. Whether it be a memory in the present life, or one in a life long past, the method of recovery is the same. There is no memory save the ever-present consciousness of the LOGOS, in whom we literally live and move and have our being; and our memory is merely putting ourselves into touch with such parts of His consciousness as we have previously shared.

Hence, according to Pythagoras, all learning is remembrance, for it is the drawing from the consciousness of the LOGOS into that of the separated Self that which in our essential unity with Him is eternally ours. On the plane where the unity overpowers the separateness, we share His consciousness of our universe; on the lower planes, where the separateness veils the unity, we are shut out therefrom by our unevolved vehicles. It is the lack of responsiveness in these which hinders us, for we can only know the planes through them. Therefore we cannot directly improve our memory; we can only improve our general receptivity and power to reproduce, by rendering our bodies more sensitive, while being careful not to go beyond their limit of elasticity. Also we can “pay attention”; *i.e.*, we can turn the awareness of consciousness, we can concentrate consciousness, on that special part of the consciousness of the LOGOS to which we desire to

attune ourselves. We need not thus distress ourselves with calculations as to "how many angels can stand on the point of a needle," how we can preserve in a limited space the illimitable number of vibrations experienced in many lives; for the whole of the form-producing vibrations in the universe are ever-present, and are available to be drawn upon by any individual unit, and can be reached as, by evolution, such a one experiences ever more and more.

Let us apply this to an event in our past life: Some of the circumstances "remain in our memory," others are "forgotten." Really, the event exists with all its surrounding circumstances, "remembered" and "forgotten" alike, in but one state, the memory of the LOGOS, the Universal Memory. Anyone who is able to place himself in touch with that memory can recover the whole circumstances as much as we can; *the events through which we have passed* are not ours, but form part of the contents of His consciousness; and our sense of property in them is only due to the fact that we have previously vibrated to them, and therefore vibrate again to them more readily than if we contacted them for the first time.

We may, however, contact them with different sheaths at different times, living as we do under time and space conditions which vary with each sheath. The part of the consciousness of the LOGOS that we move through in our physical bodies is far more restricted than that we move through in our astral and mental bodies, and the contacts through a well-organised body are far more vivid than those through a less-organised one. Moreover, it must be remembered that the restriction of area is due to our vehicles only; faced by the complete event, physical, astral, mental, spiritual, our consciousness of it is limited within the range of the vehicles able to respond to it. We feel ourselves *to be* among the circumstances which surround the grossest vehicle we are acting in, and which thus touch it from "outside"; whereas we "remember" the circumstances which we contact with the finer vehicles, these transmitting the vibrations to the grosser vehicle, which is thus touched from "within."

The test of objectivity that we apply to circumstances "present" or "remembered" is that of the "common sense." If

others around us see as we see, hear as we hear, we regard the circumstances as objective; if they do not, if they are unconscious of that of which we are conscious, we regard the circumstances as subjective. But this test of objectivity is only valid for those who are active in the same sheaths; if one person is working in the physical body and another in the physical and the astral, the things objective to the man in the astral body cannot affect the man in the physical body, and he will declare them to be subjective hallucinations. The "common sense" can only work in similar bodies; it will give similar results when all are in physical bodies, all in astral, or all in mental. For the "common sense" is merely the thought-forms of the LOGOS on each plane, conditioning each embodied consciousness, and enabling it to respond by certain changes to certain vibrations in its vehicles. It is by no means confined to the physical plane, but the average humanity at the present stage of evolution has not sufficiently unfolded the indwelling consciousness for them to exercise any "common sense" on the astral and mental planes. "Common sense" is an eloquent testimony to the oneness of our indwelling lives: we see all things around us on the physical plane in the same way, because our apparently separate consciousnesses are all really part of the one consciousness ensouling all forms. We all respond in the same general way, accordingly to the stage of our evolution, because we share the same consciousness; and we are affected similarly by the same things because the action and re-action between them and ourselves is the interplay of one life in varied forms.

Recovery of anything by memory, then, is due to the ever-existence of everything in the consciousness of the LOGOS, and He has imposed upon us the limitations of time and space in order that we may, by practice, be able to respond swiftly by changes of consciousness to the vibrations caused in our vehicles by vibrations coming from other vehicles similarly ensouled by consciousness; thus only can we gradually learn to distinguish precisely and clearly; contacting things successively—that is, being in time—and contacting them in relative directions in regard to ourselves and to each other—that is, being in space—we are gradually unfolded to the state in which we can recognise

all simultaneously and each everywhere—that is, out of time and space.

As we pass through countless happenings in life, we find that we do not keep in touch with all through which we have passed ; there is a very limited power of response in our physical vehicle, and hence numerous experiences drop out of its purview. In trance, we can recover these, and they are said to emerge from the sub-conscious. Truly they remain ever unchanging in the Universal Consciousness, and as we pass by them we become aware of them, because the very limited light of our consciousness, shrouded in the physical vehicle, falls upon them, and they disappear as we pass on ; but as the area covered by that same light shining through the astral vehicle is larger, they again appear when we are in trance—that is in the astral vehicle, free from the physical ; they have not come and gone and come back again, but the light of our consciousness in the physical vehicle had passed on, and so we saw them not, and the more extended light in the astral vehicle enables us to see them again. As Bhagavân Dâs has well said :

If a spectator wandered unrestingly through the halls of a vast museum, a great art-gallery, at the dead of night, with a single small lamp in one hand, each of the natural objects, the pictured scenes, the statues, the portraits, would be illumined by that lamp, in succession, for a single moment, while all the rest were in darkness, and after that single moment, would itself fall into darkness again. Let there now be not one but countless such spectators, as many in endless number as the objects of sight within the place, each spectator meandering in and out incessantly through the great crowd of all the others, each lamp bringing momentarily into light one object and for only that spectator who holds that lamp. This immense and unmoving building is the rock-bound ideation of the changeless Absolute. Each lamp-carrying spectator out of the countless crowd is one line of consciousness out of the pseudo-infinite lines of such, that make up the totality of the one universal consciousness. Each coming into light of each object is its patency, is an experience of the Jîva ; each falling into darkness is its lapse into the latent. From the standpoint of the objects themselves, or of the universal consciousness, there is no latency, nor patency. From that of the lines of consciousness, there is.*

As vehicle after vehicle comes into fuller working, the area of light extends, and the consciousness can turn its attention to any one part of the area and observe closely the objects therein

* *The Science of Peace.* (In the press.)

included. Thus, when the consciousness can function freely on the astral plane, and is aware of its surroundings there, it can see much that on the physical plane is "past"—or "future," if they be things to which in the "past" it has learned to respond. Things outside the area of light coming through the vehicle of the astral body will be within the area of that which streams from the subtler mental vehicle. When the causal body is the vehicle, the "memory of past lives" is recoverable, the causal body vibrating more readily to events to which it has before vibrated, and the light shining through it embracing a far larger area and illuminating scenes long "past"—those scenes being really no more past than the scenes of the present, but occupying a different spot in time and space. The lower vehicles, which have not previously vibrated to these events, cannot readily directly contact them and answer to them; that belongs to the causal body, the relatively permanent vehicle. But when this body answers to them, the vibrations from it readily run downwards, and may be reproduced in the mental, astral and physical bodies.

The phrase is used above, as to consciousness, that "it can turn its attention to any one part of the area, and observe closely the objects therein included." This "turning of the attention" corresponds very closely in consciousness to what we should call focussing the eye in the physical body. If we watch the action taking place in the muscles of the eye when we look first at a near and then at a distant object, or *vice versâ*, we shall be conscious of a slight movement, and this constriction or relaxation causes a slight compression or the reverse in the lenses of the eye. It is an automatic action now, quite instinctive, but it has only become so by practice; a baby does not focus his eye, nor judge distance. He grasps as readily at a candle on the other side of the room as at one within his reach, and only slowly learns to know what is beyond his reach. The effort to see clearly leads to the focussing of the eye, and presently it becomes automatic. The objects for which the eye is focussed are within the field of clear vision, and the rest are vaguely seen. So, also, the consciousness is clearly aware of that to which its attention is turned; other things remain vague, "out of focus."

A man gradually learns to thus turn his attention to things

long past, as we measure time. The causal body is put into touch with them, and the vibrations are then transmitted to the lower bodies. The presence of a more advanced student will help a less advanced, because when the astral body of the former has been made to vibrate responsively to long past events, thus creating an astral picture of them, the astral body of the younger student can more readily reproduce these vibrations and thus also "see." But even when a man has learned to put himself into touch with his past, and through his own with that of others connected with it, he will find it more difficult to turn his attention effectively to scenes with which he has had no connection; and when that is mastered, he will still find it difficult to put himself into touch with scenes outside the experiences of his recent past; for instance, if he wishes to visit the moon, and by his accustomed methods launches himself in that direction, he will find himself bombarded by a hail of unaccustomed vibrations to which he cannot respond, and will need to fall back on his inherent divine power to answer to anything which can affect his vehicles. If he seeks to go yet further, to another planetary chain, he will find a barrier he cannot overleap, the Ring Pass-not of his own Planetary Logos.

We thus begin to understand what is meant by the statements that people at a certain grade of evolution can reach this or that part of the kosmos; they can put themselves into touch with the consciousness of the LOGOS outside the limitations imposed by their material vehicles on the less evolved. These vehicles, being composed of matter modified by the action of the Planetary Logos of the chain to which they belong, cannot respond to the vibrations of matter differently modified; and the student must be able to use his átmic body before he can contact the Universal Memory beyond the limits of his own chain.

Such is the theory of Memory which I present for the consideration of theosophical students. It applies equally to the small memories and forgettings of every-day life as to the vast reaches alluded to in the above paragraph. For there is nothing small or great to the LOGOS, and when we are performing the smallest act of memory, we are as much putting ourselves into

touch with the omnipresence and omniscience of the LOGOS, as when we are recalling a far-off past. There is no "far-off," and no "near." All are equally present at all times and in all spaces; the difficulty is with our vehicles, and not with that all-embracing changeless Life. All becomes more and more intelligible and more peace-giving as we think of that Consciousness, in which is no "before" and no "after," no "past" and no "future." We begin to feel that these things are but the illusions, the limitations, imposed upon us by our own sheaths, necessary until our powers are evolved and at our service. We live unconsciously in this mighty Consciousness in which everything is eternally present, and we dimly feel that if we could live consciously in that Eternal there were peace. I know of nothing that can more give to the events of a life their true proportion than this idea of a Consciousness in which everything is present from the beginning, in which indeed there is no beginning and no ending. We learn that there is nothing terrible and nothing which is more than relatively sorrowful; and in that lesson is the beginning of a true peace, which in due course shall brighten into joy.

ANNIE BESANT.

THE GIFT

(AFTER GEORGE HERBERT)

THE offering of Love's burning is not pure
 While any thing remains,
 First do our pleasures go; then to make sure
 We add our sometime pains;
 Till from the crucible ourselves may dare
 To draw for the Beloved a gift most rare.
 Yet not alone such rich oblation serves
 The Master's Sense to please;
 For in man's heart lie ever some reserves,
 And He, awaiting these,
 Finds not content; nor is our gift complete
 Till with our sins we make the offering mete.

GUNAS, CASTE AND TEMPERAMENT

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., P. 554)

THEOSOPHICAL writings are found to emphasise the need of systematically cultivating and strengthening the mental powers, in view of that continuity of our nature which is so clearly shewn in the order of the faculties. General intellectual efficiency is required in order that the entire mind may be bent to the service of the spiritual side of the life. Phrenological practice shows that many are remiss in this matter in a way that they little suspect. For instance, it is an ordinary experience to find that certain brain-areas have been allowed to lie fallow, that a certain group of faculties with which the individual is well endowed has scarcely been called into activity, and has therefore never contributed its colour or quality to the mental operations. When effort is made, in such a case, to exercise the dormant powers, they are readily called into play. But once the person is habituated to the non-employment of any given faculty, he too frequently sets up the palsying assumption that it is not possessed, and thus closes his mind to the corresponding aspect of whatever he beholds. The loss is far greater than at first sight appears: it is a loss in depth as well as a loss in mental area. Our world corresponds to the powers we bring to its discovery. For the great majority of people, however, it positively needs the assault of what is looked upon as adverse experience to make them round out to the measure of what they can do and what they really are. It is unfortunate that recognised psychology has so little to say of the *signs* of faculty. The matter has to be left to the self-exploration of the individual.

No one seriously undertakes this self-exploration without finding that he is something more than he had thought himself. We have our limitations, it is true; but to discover these is

already, in a certain sense, to be beyond them. If one faculty is weak it is found that others in union will substitute their service to cover the desired advance, and so we constantly view the one portion of our field by the light derived from the adjacent part, and learn to grow into infinities on every side. The plastic mind is capable of endless accommodations and is full of unexplained and unexplored resources. Nothing, however, so trammels it as does our disbelief, our too ready assumption of inability.

The most trying and disconcerting phase of mental experience arises when the Self initiates a movement of the habitual centre of consciousness from the rājasic to the sātivic level—otherwise, from the Motive to the Mental aspect of the nature. As we see from the scale of the faculties, the interests and ideals of the one are diametrically contrary to those of the other, and the new movement consequently involves a fundamental reconstruction or reversal of the habits of the life. This is the cranial view of the “Affirmation of the Will to Life” in opposition to the “Denial of the Will to Life,” treated of in Deussen’s* “Metaphysics of Morality” in relation to the Vedāntin philosophy. It is the turning-point from the Pravṛitti Mārga, the Path of Forthgoing, to the Nivṛitti Mārga, the Path of Return—from the life of *taking* to the life of *giving*. Directly the individual devotes himself consciously to further this movement, all the temperamental tendencies in which the life had been rooted have to be faced as active forces of opposition, and these can be seen to provide the particular difficulties with which each case is beset. The position which thus arises frequently constitutes an acute crisis in the life, and one sees only too much suffering involved in the reactions consequent on the generally disorderly attempts at reconstruction. These oscillations are familiar to the phrenologist as temperamental reactions, and the “temptations” they evoke are seen to follow the line of the individual constitution and cranial development, and to run into the corresponding perversion or excess. The intense emotional excitement that characterises some of our religious activities is not without its dangers in this direction. The reports of the Lunacy Commission suggest that one of our sorest needs is for a psychology applicable to this

* *Elements of Metaphysics.* Dr. Paul Deussen.

critical turning-point of human experience. Its phases appear to have been dealt with systematically in the yoga disciplines of ancient times, and human nature is still the same.

Parallel with our inability to guide the phases of individual growth runs the inadequacy of our attempts to solve the social problems of our time. On the one hand we are threatened by dangers arising from the increase of the unemployed poor, on the other by degradations arising from the increase of the ill-employed rich; and between these approximating extremes our straining individualism constantly presses new difficulties with which we do not know how to deal. We work upon no sufficiently comprehensive view of human need, human power and human destiny, and our disordered hereditary system would in any case annul its application.

If one may judge from a review of the work, the problem has been somewhat boldly faced by Mr. J. L. Tayler, M.R.C.S., in his *Aspects of Social Evolution*, just published. A new sociology is here proposed, and the natural basis upon which this must rest is found to be Temperament. The idea of caste must persist. The claims of class rule will be more and more urgent, but with well-ordered changes supremacy will be on account of natural powers and not the outcome of antiquated custom. Castes there will be, but castes based on culture, brain-power and morality. The characteristics of the individual must determine the employment for which he is best fitted. Those who are capable of the higher mental pursuits must have occupation found for them, to the end of the moral, mental and physical advantage of the race. The scum-parasitic class (here opposed to the slum aggregate at the other end of the social scale) will cease to be parasitic, says our author, if employed on physical-social work; its physical powers must be made to serve a social end, and that end "must be subordinate to that of all cultured, mind-loving people." The rôle of Medicine should be to estimate the relation of the various types of organism and their environment, to note the distinguishing characteristics of the types and to interpret them in terms of health and disease. There should be a science of preventive mental, as well as preventive physical, disease; there must be an individual preventive science as well as a collective. Time and

energy must be given to that most important work of all—the study of the relation of the *individual* to the individual environment. The review closes with a reference to Mr. Tayler's work, embodying what has been learnt by residence in the midst of slum life, as "a gallant and able effort to look some appalling facts in the face and to discuss them scientifically and soberly, and at the same time to seek for remedies for what must not persist—an effort worthy of the sympathetic study of all who care for the dignity of humanity."

The foregoing must suffice in evidence of independent observation leading again, in consideration of social problems, to the basic Guṇa-Caste-Temperament grading of human nature. The law of the multitude can only be formulated upon an understanding of the law of the individual life.

In conclusion, our review of the general subject of Cranial Psychology and Temperament fringes many questions as to brain-structure, brain-functions, mind, memory, consciousness and so forth, to treat which no attempt is made. Such aspects of the subject as have been brought forward, however, point to the conclusion that we are in actual possession of data relative to our human state of which neither the immediate value nor the ulterior significance has been sufficiently appreciated. As the brain-formation both records our past and evidences the powers that we now enjoy, so does it also stand a storied index of that which lies before us to achieve, a sign of right means to ends that are divine.

G. DYNE.

MAN's freewill is but a bird in a cage; he can stop at the lower perch, or can mount up higher. Then that which is and knows will enlarge his cage, give him a higher and a higher perch, and at last break off the top of his cage, and let him out to be one with the Freewill of the Universe.

TENNYSON; quoted from his *Life*, i. 318.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RADIUM

A FRENCH member sends us the following interesting notes on Radium, summing up the facts already known :

1. Radium is a simple body, allied to Barium ; it has its own spectrum of special lines, and all the characteristics of that which we call an element.

2. This Radium produces from itself, without borrowing from any external source, a constant quantity of energy, apparently indefinitely, without any appreciable loss during the time it has been under observation—four years. This energy—emitted under the form of light, heat ($+3^{\circ}\text{C}$. above the surrounding atmosphere) and electricity—is accompanied with the emission of something, at first regarded as a very subtle fluid, discharging electrified bodies by making the air a conductor. This has been called an emanation. Sir W. Ramsay has recognised this as a gas without chemical activity, like the inert gases in the air (belonging to the nitrogen group), and with an analogous spectrum ; it has a tension like vapour, is subject to the laws of weight and of Boyle-Mariotte. Ramsay has named it “Ex-radio.”

3. Ex-radio is luminous continuously ; it therefore emits energy, like Radium, but at the same time it diminishes in volume, and the luminous part of the narrow tube enclosing it grows shorter with each day. When the luminosity disappears, there is no more Ex-radio, but Helium has taken its place, yielding its characteristic spectrum as a simple body, and a volume four times that of the original Ex-radio, which has given it birth by losing energy.*

4. Ex-radio, like Helium, in isolation, has a mon-atomic molecule ; an atom of Radium will only yield a single atom of Ex-radio, decomposing into Ex-radio and energy (for Radium

* A small deposit is formed on the walls of the tube ; it is not yet understood—possibly it may merely indicate a change in the glass of the tube.

=225 and Ex-radio=160). By the quantity of Ex-radio emitted, the rate at which Radium should disappear has been calculated (no balance being sufficiently sensitive to weigh the loss), and it has been concluded that about the thousandth part of the weight transforms itself in a year, so that a thousand years would be required to exhaust the energy of transformation of an atom of Radium.

For the first time we gaze at a spectacle strange to the scientific man, accustomed to consider the atom as the indestructible substratum of the universe: a well-defined, simple body, Ra, transforming itself into another well-defined, simple body, Ex, of smaller atomic weight, *plus* a setting free of energy and of electrons; in turn, the new body, Ex, sets free energy and electrons and transforms itself into a third body, He, of still smaller atomic weight (He=4).

Such is the position of the moment.

A. DE G.

[If "matter" be indestructible, whither go the missing particles? Into the astral?—Eds. T.R.]

CONCENTRATION

WHAT is Concentration? A glance, to begin with, at the history and development of the word itself may not be amiss.

Concentration is derived from a Latin prefix and stem, *con*, together, and *cent*—as seen in *centrum*—the point of a stake or spur, a centre; and the verb concentrate—or in the older English form, *concentre*—means, literally, to bring to or towards a common centre or focus; to collect or gather as at a centre; to converge or meet at one point or place.

The term was at first most usually employed of military tactics; to concentrate in a campaign is to bring troops or forces close together, with the result that the action of the whole army is intensified by being brought to bear on one point. And this we

may take to be one of the two important effects of concentration, intensification of action through convergence of forces.

From military tactics, the term was taken over into the department of chemistry, where to concentrate is to increase the strength of a solution or liquid by contracting the volume—for example by evaporation. The result in this case is that non-essential elements are in varying degrees excluded or expelled, and thus we get the second of the two important effects of concentration—intensification of the property of a thing by removing what is weakening or impure, foreign or non-essential.

When the word is carried over from the physical into the realm of mind, there is taken with it these two ideas, and concentration in mental science means, on the one hand, the keeping of the mind fixed on one object or set of objects, and, on the other hand, the excluding or expelling for the time from the consciousness all that would detract from or weaken the consideration of the matter in hand. Diagrammatically the unconcentrated mind may be represented as a large sphere, bulging, perhaps, like an ill-expanded balloon now on one side, now on another, according as it is drawn (not driven) by currents of desire. The concentrated mind, on the other hand, is like a smaller sphere tapering down upon a fixed point. So much for the word and its meaning. Let us look more closely at the thing itself.

And at once we are thrown back on the subject of attention, for obviously concentration is but a particular degree or intensity of attention. Indeed it has been described as a state of exclusive and persistent attention. Phrenologists have dubbed attention, and especially that degree of it which we call concentration, a faculty of the mind: they have placed its seat at the back of the head, immediately above amativeness, and on a level with the organ of destructiveness; and they have described its function as that which maintains two or more powers in simultaneous and combined activity, so that they may be directed towards one object. That this may be based on truth is very possible, for physiologists are agreed that an act of attention contracts the occipito-frontalis, that muscle which occupies the whole region of the forehead, and which has its mobile point of insertion in the under-surface of the skin of the eyebrow and its fixed point of

insertion at the back part of the skull. In contracting from the back or near the phrenological region of concentration, this muscle draws to itself the eyebrow, lifts it, causing the brow to wrinkle, the eyes to open wide, and occasionally (particularly in young children) the mouth. All this, however, pertains to the physiology of attention, to its working through and in the physical organism; and as our present purpose is rather to discuss the thing that lies behind the bodily appearances, we shall more nearly hit the mark if we describe attention simply as the mind at work, or beginning to work, in which case concentration may popularly and not inaccurately be described as the mental body with its coat off.

The states of attention and concentration may be produced in two different ways; first, by an outward impact impelling attention through sensation; second, by inward direction following upon a deliberate decision of the Self. In the first case, the attention is described as reflex, passive, spontaneous; in the second case, voluntary, or active, or volitional. In the former case the state of attention is non-induced and uncontrolled by the Self; in the latter case it is both induced and controlled.

Here let me utter a gentle protest against the tendency of some psychologists to lay undue stress on reflex attention, and to describe it as natural attention in contrast to voluntary attention, which they style artificial. A rose does not become artificial by cultivation, and the mind of man is to be measured and explained not by its lowest but by its highest types. Because there are certain motor manifestations which accompany attention in the child or the savage, such as the open mouth, staring eyes, raised eyebrows, slackening of respiration, throwing forward of the body, and so on, these are not therefore, as alleged by some writers, the necessary conditions, the constituent elements, the indispensable factors of attention, and the close observation of the mechanism of reflex attention does not throw such an illuminating light on the study of voluntary concentration as is sometimes claimed. It is possible to give too much consideration to the evolution of the form, and too little consideration to the working of the thing itself.

How, then, is the art of voluntary concentration acquired?

First of all, by the outside impacts of our environment attracting our spontaneous attention. At birth the Self is largely unconscious of its physical surroundings. It has hardly awakened on the earth-plane, and it is therefore unable, first, to come to a deliberate decision about any mundane matter, or, second, to exercise the inward direction following thereon, which are the characteristics of voluntary attention. Until the Self is itself able to decide and thereafter to exercise its various vehicles, these vehicles must be exercised for it by exterior attractions. The pain caused by want of nourishment, the pleasure born of a plentiful supply, these are the earliest impacts on an infant's surroundings that cause it eagerly to search for the mother's breast, and when it is found to concentrate on it until satisfaction follows. A bright light, a moving object, these are subsequent attractions causing reflex attention or concentration, and psychologists allege that when the infant has reached the age of five or six months there is evidence of voluntary attention, although in a very rudimentary form.

As the child grows, the earliest educational problem that presents itself to its parents is that of voluntary concentration. How is the child to be made voluntarily to attend to things that are not in themselves attractive to it? How is the state of exclusive and persistent attention to be fostered? Take for example swimming, and let us put aside for the moment the Spartan method of South Sea mothers, who throw their offspring into the water, leaving them to come to shore as best they may. A child, let us suppose, has been induced to learn to swim; the Self has decided; but the moment the child is plunged into the water, and realises how helpless it is in the unaccustomed element, then not only is there a want of exclusive and persistent attention towards the attainment of its ambition, but there is most frequently a violent and spontaneous effort in a contrary direction. This repulsion is most readily overcome not by any frontal attack, so to speak, but by what is known as the indirect method, by awakening the child's desires, by letting him watch accomplished swimmers, and suggesting the possibility of his becoming like even unto them, by dwelling on the manliness of the sport, by promising a reward if he will take the first step

without flinching, and so on. Indirect attractions are made to take the place of, or at least to strengthen, the original attention which had become weakened through unpleasant experience, and when next the ordeal comes upon him, the boy sets his lips firmly together, brings his mind to a point, and generally goes through with it. And if he does not, still in the effort made is the germ of ultimate success; for a longer or shorter time there has been voluntary concentration. Similar illustrations might be multiplied endlessly, all showing the value of indirect attractions, and what the parents and teachers of a child do for it, we who have seized the reins of our own chariot must do for ourselves.

How are we to train ourselves in concentration? By an exercise of the will, is the answer perhaps that rises readiest to the lips. But will is not a "thing in itself," a faculty of the mind, a motive force that we can let loose as an engine-driver lets loose his steam-power by opening a valve. Will or volition is a pure abstraction, and it is as incorrect and absurd to talk of *the will* as it would be to speak of *the authority*, or *the knowledge*, or *the control*, when we mean authority, knowledge or control viewed for the moment abstractly from the Self who authorises, knows, controls. If we put the question in this form: How do we will to concentrate? we at once see that to reply: By an exercise of the will, is not to answer at all. There are two steps in the process. First of all, the act of willing. This is twofold in its nature, being the deliberate recognition by the Self of the wisdom of one course of action, and the folly of another, with the intention (inseparably involved in the recognition) of following wisdom and refraining from foolishness. I emphasise the inseparableness of this twofold process, because I am utterly unable to conceive of a person, even a "black magician," recognising the wisdom of a certain course, and deliberately willing to do the opposite. Such a conjunction is contrary to the nature of things. It is true that a man may have such an imperfect recognition of the wisdom of a certain course, that he may be unable to decide whether to follow it or not, or his recognition may be only relative to himself, and may be absolutely mistaken, and appear so to one who is on a higher level; but we are so constituted that if we clearly perceive the good we cannot but choose it. Willing

therefore, is the instinctive, innate, automatic decision of the Self when it recognises, or fancies it recognises, the wisdom of any particular course.

But a man may will to follow a certain course without being able to perform it. We may wish to attend or to concentrate our attention, and yet fail to do so. This failure arises from our inability to take the second step in the process of voluntary concentration, which consists of the controlling of our vehicles, the mind and desire bodies, and of fixing them on a particular point. So long as we permit our thoughts to wander, as the wind blows, where they list, so long as our passions and emotions have free play, so long will states of exclusive and persistent attention—in another word, concentration—be impossible. When we talk in popular terms of a man having a weak will, we mean not that he does not know what course to follow, but that he is unable to carry out his will, *i.e.*, the decision of the Self, owing either to want of control of his mental and passional natures, or to these natures being without sufficient vitality. There is much written in these days about “will-power,” as it is termed. The phrase is not a very lucid one, and it is seldom explained that the power referred to is simply the vital force that is inherent in our various vehicles. We carry out the decisions of the Self by means of the force in our mental and passional bodies, and the more force there is in these bodies the more readily is the work done, *provided the force is controlled*. Will-power is not a new force, but simply old forces under control. It is mental force and passional force obedient to the Self and directed to a particular end.

This control of the vehicles is the most needful part of our education, and a state of uncontrolled mind and passion co-existing with a will to do what neither mind nor passion will brook, is surely a situation familiar to all. No philosopher has expressed the position of matters more clearly than Paul in the seventh chapter of his Letter to the Romans. “That which I work,” he says, “I know not” (identifying, you will observe, recognition of wisdom or knowledge with a decision of will). “For not what I would do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. . . . The good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practise. . . . I find then the law, that to me,

who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see a different law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members."

Why should it be so difficult to control our vehicles? Plainly control in this case does not mean merely the overcoming of inertia, but the warring against active opposition. The explanation lies in the fact that the elemental essence of which our mental and passional bodies are largely composed is living matter travelling along a line of evolution, as we ourselves are doing, only in the case of this elemental essence the line of evolution is downwards, while ours is upwards. The *summum bonum* of the elemental essence is to plunge ever and ever deeper into the material, till, reaching the mineral kingdom, it begins the upward climb. But what is good for it is evil for us, and hence there must always be antagonism between it and us, the warring between the Self and its members that S. Paul speaks of. The elemental essence of the astral body craves for emotions and desires of all kinds, while the elemental essence of the mental body craves for variety. Pure desires and high and restrained thoughts will do much to expel such elemental essence, and our astral and mental bodies will be more controllable.

In conclusion, let me enumerate some hints and rules for attaining control of our vehicles, and, with control, concentration of thought. To begin with, it is an advantage to have quiet surroundings. Impacts from outside draw and divert a wandering mind, and it is worth while putting ourselves beyond the reach of these. After progress in control is made, quiet surroundings become unnecessary, and interruptions may even be courted as a test of control. Under proper training, the mental body ought to become so elastic (so to speak) that it may fix on one point, and at command of the Self, in an instant, wholly remove from that point, and fix on another for a required length of time, thereafter returning to the first without (and this is the difficulty) carrying with it any half-conscious activity regarding the intermediate point. The mind is apt on its return to the first point, to give it only its divided attention, thereby showing that it is not yet entirely under control of the Self. The secret of

success of the head of a large firm lies in his ability to endure endless interruptions, to take up and discuss with subordinates difficulties about which they seek solution, and the moment that each retires, to return unperturbed to the consideration of his own work at the very point at which he dropped it, and with undivided concentration.

A second useful rule to keep in mind is to practise bodily passivity. Reflex attention is always accompanied with bodily strain, open mouth, staring eyes, and so on, and voluntary attention is apt to be accompanied with the same outward marks. But this bodily attention, as we may call it, is not only unnecessary, it is positively wasteful of energy. The champion racquet player of the day takes care when at his game to relax all muscles but those actually in use at the moment, and he finds that thereby his powers of endurance are much increased. So in concentrating attention, which is an attitude of the mind, we ought to relax our bodies, thereby setting free all our energies for the mental exercise.

An absolutely essential rule need only be mentioned, for it is insisted upon in all the schools, I mean regularity in our study of the art of concentration. Ten minutes every morning—no more is required for some time, yet by the law of habit, and the cumulative effects of little by little, the gain is enormous.

As a last hint, begin with physical objects: take a comparatively simple picture, look at it quietly for a minute or two, and then close the eyes and see what image the mind retains. Open your eyes, look at the actual picture, compare it with your image, note where the latter was defective, and again shut the eyes, and try to get a clearer image. Go from simple pictures to more complex. Then turn to books; read a chapter of a book, and having shut the volume, take your pencil and make an attempt to summarise your reading. Lastly, come to thinking, and taking a simple subject, hold it in your mind, and work out a rational, developed line of thought. The highest exercises are in meditation with consequent illumination; and here we pass from the process of concentration to its highest and ultimate end.

EVAN J. CUTHBERTSON.

A DREAM

I WAS on a vast, an illimitable plain, where the dark blue horizons were sharp as the edges of hills. It was the world, but there was nothing in the world. There was not a blade of grass nor the hum of an insect, nor the shadow of a bird's wing. The mountains had sunk like waves in the sea when there is no wind; the barren hills had become dust. Forests had become the fallen leaf; and the leaf had passed. I was aware of one who stood beside me, though that knowledge was of the spirit only; and my eyes were filled with the same nothingness as I beheld above and beneath and beyond. I would have thought I was in the last empty glens of Death, were it not for a strange and terrible sound that I took to be the voice of the wind coming out of nothing, travelling over nothingness and moving onward into nothing.

"There is only the wind," I said to myself in a whisper.

Then the voice of the dark Power beside me, whom in my heart I knew to be Dalna, the Master of Illusions, said: "Verily, this is your last illusion."

I answered: "It is the wind."

And the voice answered: "That is not the wind that you hear, for the wind is dead. It is the empty, hollow echo of my laughter."

Then, suddenly, he who was beside me lifted up a small stone, smooth as a pebble of the sea. It was grey and flat, and yet to me had a terrible beauty because it was the last vestige of the life of the world.

The Presence beside me lifted up the stone and said: "It is the end."

And the horizons of the world came in upon me like a rippling shadow. And I leaned over darkness and saw whirling stars. These were gathered up like leaves blown from a tree, and in a moment their lights were quenched, and they were further from me than grains of sand blown on a whirlwind of a thousand years.

Then he, that terrible one, Master of Illusions, let fall the stone, and it sank into the abyss and fell immeasurably into the infinite. And under my feet the world was as a falling wave, and was not. And I fell, though without sound, without motion. And for years and years I fell below the dim waning of light ; and for years and years I fell through universes of dusk ; and for years and years and years I fell through the enclosing deeps of darkness. It was to me as though I fell for centuries, for æons, for unimaginable time. I knew I had fallen beyond time, and that I inhabited eternity, where were neither height, nor depth, nor width, nor space.

But, suddenly, without sound, without motion, I stood steadfast upon a vast ledge. Before me, on that ledge of darkness become rock, I saw this stone which had been lifted from the world of which I was a shadow, after shadow itself had died away. And as I looked, this stone became fire and rose in flame. Then the flame was not. And when I looked the stone was water ; it was as a pool that did not overflow, a wave that did not rise or fall, a shaken mirror wherein nothing was troubled.

Then, as dew is gathered in silence, the water was without form or colour or motion. And the stone seemed to me like a handful of earth held idly in the poise of unseen worlds. What I thought was a green flame rose from it, and I saw that it had the greenness of grass, and had the mystery of life. The green herb passed as green grass in a drought ; and I saw the waving of wings. And I saw shape upon shape, and image upon image, and symbol upon symbol. Then I saw a man, and he, too, passed ; and I saw a woman, and she, too, passed ; and I saw a child, and the child passed. Then the stone was a Spirit. And it shone there like a lamp. And I fell backward through deeps of darkness, through unimaginable time.

And when I stood upon the world again it was like a glory. And I saw the stone lying at my feet.

And One said : " Do you not know me, brother ? "

And I said : " Speak, Lord. "

And Christ stooped and kissed me upon the brow.

F. M.

EMOTION VERSUS REASON

“ALL *knowledge is concise description, all cause is routine.*”* This brief statement sums up in a masterly fashion the most profound conclusions of Modern Science. It is epoch-making; and points to nothing short of a revolution in our manner of feeling, and our mode of thinking. At last we have reached the irreducible minimum, the precise definition, the clear meaning of knowledge. An *explanation* of things has been seen to be impossible—not because they cannot be grasped by the mind as we know it—but simply because there is nothing to explain. “There is no preconceived Design (*sic*) in the order of the Universe, no intelligible purpose”† discernible at the back of *things* (*i.e.*, constructs); so that we may say that *purpose*, as applied to things as they appear, is an altogether illegitimate pseudo-concept. A *percept*, or a purpose perceived in things, it can never have been, for that has been shown to be due—not to external things in themselves but—to our mode of thought, the calibre of our minds. We have at last come down to fundamentals, and we find them to be—not things as they appear, but things and ideas, or constructs and concepts, as they *are*, in and of the mind.‡

The ancient and time-honoured view-point has now been shown to be an apparitional self-delusion, due to the natural unfolding of the mind as it appears from the surface outward—from within out—resulting in the traditional “explanations” of phenomena, and naïvely erroneous deductions drawn from these phenomenal apparitions in projection, as it were, outside self.

It is the sole function of Science to give us an adequate

* Karl Pearson. *Grammar of Science*.

† Herbert Spencer.

‡ For details in relation to some of the principal aspects of the impregnable idealistic position one may refer those who are unfamiliar to two world-renowned and in the main quite unrefuted philosophers and their followers:—the Buddhist Ashvaghosha in the East (*The Awakening of Faith*), and the Christian Bishop Berkeley in the West (*Principles of Knowledge and Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous*).

description of our position in the unfolding mind and in relation to our ever-changing state. "All cause is routine," and the routine it is assumed may be due to the "perceptive faculty," or more generally to the mind or minds that it is assumed collectively produce it. It is quite irrational to postulate "routine" as due to some purely conceptual phantom such as an Abstract Cause; and the well-known emotional "demand of causality in reason" carries us no further than a *desire* to be quit of thinking, and come to a stand at some point, usually an unconditioned homogeneity, in which the mind can rest. It is the natural result of what we call our limitation, or conditioned finality, that we ever seek, and think to find, our supreme satisfaction in the cessation of thought. Thus it is that so many find, in transcendental axioms and unknowable authoritative declarations of exoteric religions, so much solace and unreasoning satisfaction. For it is just here that belief, or mental inertia, relieves the subjective strain, to which the untrained mind is quite unequal, and which even the strongest cannot prolong indefinitely, without a *point d'appui*.

A First Cause, in any other sense than antecedent, is seen to be a fetich and is simply a confession of weakness, by which we declare that we have had enough of it, and that here at last we must rest. Those who advocate this sort of subterfuge say to us something of this sort: Have we not by eliminating everything thinkable reached an ultimate simplicity, and must not this be the First Cause—the producer of the ever-growing complexity, from which we now, by conceptually reversing the process of evolution, at the last abstract it? Surely this irreducible concept of *ours*, must be the first and final cause; and this because *we* cannot think of anything further and cannot imagine a still more unthinkable abstraction. Here, then, we must stop, and in doing so we postulate, nay more, we dare affirm, a first and uttermost Cause.

This class of futile reasoning has now given place to the rational conception of *routine*. It is admittedly based on the flux of things, that by an irresistible prejudice we conceive to actually take place before our eyes, in a world external to ourselves. It is due to what has been well called the "eye theory of things," or

things as they appear; and it is of course the obvious and perfectly natural description of the evolution of phenomena. Also we may note that the whole of the scientific method is based on these temporal sequences and spatial correlations of the mind; which may perhaps be comprehensively and expressively summed up as Objectivism. Now this most rational science, which has cleared the ground and led us to this point, at the crux deserts us. In front of the Arcanum, "reason" abdicates.

This mechanical and superlatively useful materialism, based in its evolution theory on things as they appear from the surface outward (from within out) leads those who seek *realities* straight into the apparitional desert of bewilderment. Despite its success as a universal provider of comforts, and its furtherance of the arts both æsthetic and destructive, it has really given us nothing but *utilities*, and has proclaimed its opinion that all else is futile. It has, however, done us considerable service in proclaiming its absolute scepticism in relation to what it cannot see with its eyes. It still believes—and this is one of its few remaining delusions—that the mind or the Ego, or whatever it is that seems to see, is located somewhere at the back of the eyes, through which sight-mirrors it gazes out of its head upon an external world of animate and inanimate things. It may not always admit this quite natural view of the multitude, and, if challenged, will talk learnedly about "neurons," or perhaps, if very psychic, the "subliminal self" will be produced from the cavern. The whole of modern science is based on the assumption that the mind can be located *in* the brain: and that it is a function of this highly nervous and material organ, although nobody so far has caught the mind asleep in the brain-box, not even in the mysterious pineal gland; but surely it cannot be doubted that it is there, like the fetich in its hut, although invisible.

The mind as the product of matter—whether viewed as Nature, or Tao, or Prakriti—must be *in and of the brain*: as the result of the evolution of Spirit, matter can only be conceived as *an image in the mind*. But from the view-point of matter this mind is too subtle, it cannot be even weighed in the delicate balance of the chemist; it is assumed to slip through, like the hypothetical molecules, atoms, and electrons, and this, although

there was a time not long ago when it was asserted to run to "no more than 4-02 ;" also anciently it was "described as being in size like a grain of barley or rice, and later to be of the size of the thumb, in shape like a man, flame-coloured . . . as a breath."*

The grossly limiting and irrational superstition of the mind located inside the brain-box has arrested the progress of thought for centuries, and especially in psychology, as taught in the text-books, it still bars the way to liberation from the trammels of things as they appear. It is still argued that the mind must be in the skull, because, if that object be damaged or destroyed, the mind, which it is assumed inhabits that brain-box, ceases to manifest and, consequently, to exist. The mind is here identified with the mere instrument. The form is mistaken for the substance. The mind is the product of matter and disappears with the dissolution of mere form and colour. A "construct" with which the mind is habitually associated disappears, and this from the view-point of certain individuals, who therefore argue: "it has ceased to manifest, *ergo* it has ceased to exist." This is the result of identifying mind with its manifestation, the substance [Bhûtatathatâ],† with the appearance. If its utility be questioned, it might be replied that utilities are not the measure of Reality, but that, in any case, this view-point has the merit of liberating the mind from the trammels of the conventional illusion of mere name and form. Things are outside the head—undoubtedly—but both head and things are inside the mind, conceiving projections, and perceiving them. But then, this simplicity is too obvious to be granted.

Pre-conceived notions obscure this fundamental truism, although it was both seen and realised ages ago by seers in the East, and more modern philosophers have voiced it with less insight ; but it has been totally ignored practically.

H. KNIGHT-EATON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* Rhys Davids. *Buddhist India*. Pp. 251-2.

† Ashvaghosha. *The Awakening of Faith*. P. 153.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

AN Irish mystic has written a little poem called *That*. Here it is :

What is that beyond thy life
 And beyond all life around,
 Which, when thy quick brain is still,
 Nods to thee from the stars ?
 Lo, it says, thou hast found
 Me, the lonely lonely one.

Many other mystics have attempted a like amplification of the famous phrase of Plotinus, "The flight of the alone to the alone;" but there is a simplicity and directness in Mr. Weekes' poem which distinguishes it from other renderings of more tangled metaphysics. The very name of the poem is luminous, because it is no name at all: we have to supply out of our own spiritual experience the noun to which it is relative. The poem has the exuberance of attainment: does not Winifred Lucas speak of "those brief ecstasies of flight of the alone to the alone"? It claims a more splendid and daring familiarity with the eternal and the infinite than even the writings of the American mystics: Emerson, who would have us hitch our waggon to a star; Walt Whitman, whose cradle was "ferried by cycles." What is *That* which "nods to thee from the stars"? Faust exclaims: "*Wer darf ihn nennen?*" and the great legends of Eros and of Lohengrin teach the fatality of limiting the unknown by a name. It is enough to rest in the supreme knowledge that we have found that which we sought.

But it is not only from the stars that it nods to us. We are growing slowly to the realisation that the material is the mere vesture, more or less transparent, of the spiritual, and that the real part of a fact is its soul. In art, in literature, in the drama, this teaching is becoming more and more imperative, and, in the

struggle after expression, what Jacob Boehme calls "the first light of God" is beginning to triumph over "the light of outward reason." In G. F. Watts' work, in his heroic wrestling with the problems of chaos and of creation, the eternal and the immortal appear to us barely veiled by the clothing of matter; and in the recent exhibition of William Blake's pictures, we seemed to pass behind the framed paintings on the walls into a region of bodiless aspirations and emotions, terrors and ecstasies.

It is more overwhelming still when That nods to us across the footlights, from the stage which has grown to be so closely associated with artificiality, with vanity, with narrow and sordid convention, to name only the less hurtful features of the modern theatre. At this end of the dramatic season the newspapers and reviews have been full of articles commenting on the leanness of the year, on the exceptional number of deserved failures, and on the slightness or unworthiness of the few successes. But the critics do not condescend to look outside the commercial drama, which is merely a puppet-show, worked by strings which become increasingly obvious under the glare of increasingly exaggerated light. "No shining candelabra," says Mr. W. B. Yeats, "have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

For those that have eyes to see and ears to hear, these past six months have been rich in the most exquisite dramatic experiences. I suppose there is no question that *Where There is Nothing* is one of the greatest mystical plays that has ever been written: there exists certainly no more vivid expression in any language of extremest mysticism than the great scene in the monastery where Paul Ruttledge puts out the candles one after one. "We must get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life. We must put out hope, as I put out this candle. And memory, as I put out this candle. And thought, the waster of life, as I put out this candle. And at last we must put out the light of the sun and of the moon and all the light of the world, and the world itself."

It is wonderful and significant that this play should have been produced even for a couple of times upon the London stage, and should have found on the whole so large a measure of comprehension. This tragedy of Paul Ruttledge forms a very curious

contrast to another production of the Stage Society's this season, labelled more emphatically *A Soul's Tragedy*. Literature affords few parallels more striking than this play of Browning's and Mr. Yeats' *Where There is Nothing*—the one so characteristic of the Englishman and the optimist, the man of broad and genial humour and of tolerant outlook upon life: the other brimmed to the full with Keltic mysticism, with the agony of aspiration and yet close to the simplicities of Nature. We watch Chiappino's fall and murmur to ourselves, "The pity of it!" but all the while we are chuckling over the rich and delicious worldliness of the Papal Legate. Browning's play has for refrain: "I have known three and twenty leaders of revolts;" and ends on the climax: "I have known four and twenty leaders of revolts." Chiappino's tragedy is the failure of character under the stress of worldly temptation. Paul Ruttledge does not fail, though they kill him and destroy his work; yet his is more truly a tragedy of soul: the brave and hopeless war of the spirit against the bondage of material things.

Maeterlinck's theme in *Pelleas and Melisande*—recently performed with Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as its chief exponents—has kinship with Mr. Yeats' motive in *Where There is Nothing*. It is, however, the unhappiness of the soul in its prison-house of mortal life that Maeterlinck seeks to portray, and he has chosen a different medium of drama for his purpose. His play has the remoteness of a faery dream. The poet embodies the Soul under the form of a lovely and unhappy woman, weeping, terrified, having lost her way in the world, and afterwards imprisoned in a sunless castle, married to a Prince who measures her actions by incomprehensible material standards that bewilder her innocence. "I am not happy, I am not happy," murmurs Melisande. About all the scenes hangs a heavy atmosphere of dream, tangible almost as the gauze veil behind which the earlier performances took place.

Milton is not usually included among the mystics, but Blake would hardly have chosen to illustrate *Comus* had he not felt some kinship of inspiration with the Puritan poet, and the Lady is indeed a distant sister of Melisande, more limited in definition, and enchanted in the snares of a less subtle coil. In witnessing

the charming open-air performance of *Comus* by the Mermaid Society, one is driven to give the masque a high place among the dramas of soul.

But to one play-goer at least no play spoke with such direct and arresting vigour as *The King's Threshold*, by Mr. Yeats, acted by a body of amateur players come over from Dublin for the week-end. There are some who hold that this is a political allegory, and that the Chief Poet on the threshold signifies Ireland; but this seems too narrow an interpretation, and we would rather regard him as a symbol of the things of the soul. Distant in time, remote from the problems of everyday life, *The King's Threshold* yet appealed with a force and an intimacy that were almost terrifying. It seemed as if some new faculty were awakened to apprehend it; we were rapt away to another plane; and That nodded to us from the stage.

D. N. DUNLOP.

FROM MANY LANDS

AMERICAN SECTION

JULY has been a quiet month in the American Section. Mr. Leadbeater spent it at Ridgewood, resting from his work in the field, but busy with his books and correspondence.

He spent the first week in August in Newton Highlands, Mass., going from there to Toronto, to remain until the 30th. One striking result of his work in America is seen in the great increase in the sale of theosophical books. The business of the Chicago Book Concern is four or five times greater than in 1901. Members and branches buy much more largely than they did, and many orders come from persons whose interest has been aroused by hearing Mr. Leadbeater speak. The Chicago Public Library buys Mr. Leadbeater's books as fast as they appear. There are many other indications that thinking people are seeking some expression of the truth to which they can give assent. An inquiry at the leading booksellers in Chicago for Sabatier's *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*, elicited the remark: "that is a wonderful book and selling well."

Our Chicago people are looking forward to Mr. Leadbeater's too brief stay with us during Convention week with lively anticipations, and with an ever-deepening sense of the great debt of gratitude we owe him for his untiring labours among us. However unfavourable the astral conditions in Chicago may be for most of us, he truly walks her streets attended by battalions of loving thoughts and good wishes.

E. S. B.

BRITISH SECTION

Biblical study is being earnestly taken up in England in a way far removed from the "Bible class" of our childhood. At Oxford, during the vacation term, no less than seven lecture courses have been organised, in addition to numerous single lectures, for the benefit of serious women students; among the course subjects we find: "The Influence of Hellenic Religion at the time of the Rise of Christianity," by Prof. Percy Gardner, and "The Condition of the Eastern Roman Provinces at the time of S. Paul," by Prof. Ramsay. Single lectures offer: "The Mystic Element in New Testament Doctrine," by the Rev. W. R. Inge; "Disputed Readings," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare; "The New Uncanonical Sayings of our Lord," by Dr. Grenfell. All serious study of religious subjects is a welcome sign of growing thought on a matter vital to national life, and Theosophists rejoice in all such work, as serving the WISDOM.

Mrs. Besant's tour in the provinces, after leaving Bath, included Birmingham—where the audience filled the Town Hall, kindly granted by the municipality—Sheffield, Hull, York, Bradford, Leeds, Didsbury, Manchester, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Newcastle and Harrogate. The Manchester Branches are developing, and are attracting many thoughtful men and women, as will be seen further in the paragraph below. Middlesbrough is forming groups for systematic study during the winter of "Elementary Theosophy," "Christianity in the Light of Theosophy," and "The Scientific and Philosophical Aspects of Theosophy." Bradford is also shewing a healthy activity. The Northern Federation held its forty-second Conference at Harrogate; the afternoon meeting was occupied by a well-arranged set of useful papers on "Animal Consciousness," and a previous set of papers on "Man and Death" was on sale. The public lectures were in the handsome Kursaal, which was well filled. The new rooms of the Lodge are large and convenient.

The South Manchester Branch of the Theosophical Society, upon

entering its new and spacious premises, hopes very shortly to bring forward another feature in connection with its public work. The Branch originally met at the house of the President, but the enquirers' meetings soon became too large for the accommodation, and a move was made to a large room, over a shop, in the vicinity. This was opened by Mr. Keightley in June, 1903. In the autumn, lectures were given in one of the public Halls, books and pamphlets were sold, and much enquiry was the result. It was then decided to move into larger premises, and these have been secured, most conveniently situated in a good centre, in a thickly populated district. The lecture hall will hold about 300 people, the lodge-room about 80 ; and, with ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms, form a very complete and comfortable suite, with an entrance at each end of the building. The Lodge meets each week, and there are also meetings for special study. There is a fair lending library. Once a fortnight an enquirers' meeting is held. There are quarterly re-unions of the three Branches. Each month a tea is provided for the Branch members only, and an hour is devoted to conversation, followed by an address, or ten minutes' papers, by two or three members. After the holidays public lectures will be given every fourth Thursday in the month ; and on the Sunday evenings meetings will be held, with music and readings, followed by a theosophical address.

DUTCH SECTION

Of work in Holland there is not very much to report for the last two months. After the days of the Congress, when the zenith of activity was reached, the Section seems to have entered a period of rest—the Lodges and their workers are taking their summer holiday in order to be ready to resume labour at the beginning of September. And surely a year of strenuous exertion may be expected. Whatever the Congress may or may not have been to the whole of the European Federation, in Holland it has done a great deal in placing the Society on a higher standard in the estimation of the public. The Theosophical Movement has shown itself to be one of the important world movements. But this higher opinion which our Dutch compatriots will in the future have of our Society will greatly increase our responsibilities, and will probably bring us more serious attacks than ever before ; so that our members will have to exert all their strength next year, in order to rise to their opportunities, and to ensure the steady growth of the Section and the regular spreading of theosophic thought in Holland.

J. J. H

GERMAN SECTION

A General Theosophical Congress for Germany, Austria-Hungary and Switzerland, is arranged in Dresden for September 24th to 26th. It is, according to the circular, an open gathering; there are no delegates, but anyone is welcome who is interested in the Theosophical Movement, whether technically a member of the Theosophical Society or not. Two public lectures are to be given, one by Dr. Franz Hartmann, and one by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary of the German Section. The conveners quote the following words of H.P.B. to the Fourth Convention of the American Section:

“The Masters require only that each shall do *his best*, and, above all, that each shall strive in reality to feel himself one with his fellow-workers. It is not a dull agreement on intellectual questions, or an impossible unanimity as to all details of work, that is needed; but a true, hearty, earnest devotion to our cause which will lead each to help his brother to the utmost of his power to *work* for that cause, whether or not we agree as to the exact method of carrying on that work. The only man who is absolutely wrong in his method is the one who *does nothing*; each can and should co-operate with all, and all with each, in a large-hearted spirit of comradeship, to forward the work of bringing Theosophy home to every man and woman in the country.”

INDIAN SECTION

The attack attempted in Benares on the Theosophical Society and the Central Hindu College has collapsed in the most ludicrous way. It was engineered by an eccentric gentleman, who was only laughed at for his pains, and some at least of the names attached to his circular were not genuine, if, indeed, any were.

In the Southern Mahratta country, the indefatigable Mr. Jagannathiah has been hard at work, and has been delivering lectures to large audiences. At Kurundwad a Branch was formed with the help of the Chief, who joined the Society, and fed a large number of the poor in honour of its opening. The Mahratta Brāhmaṇas are difficult people to move, harsh and narrow, and if Theosophy takes root among them the whole country will be benefited.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

E PUR SE MUOVE

Some Elements towards the At-one-ment of Knowledge and Belief.
By William Routh, M.A. (London : Elliot Stock.)

THOUGH, from a theosophic point of view, this book is behind the times, yet it is a distinct advance on any other treatise within our knowledge that has been produced by an ordained member of the Church of England ; therefore we welcome it as an earnest of more to follow, as a leader in the vanguard of the Church, and as a sign of the times with regard to orthodoxy ; and also as an expression of a growing section within the pale of the Church itself, the body of clergy and laity that bitterly regret the Dean of Ripon episode, which witnessed the withdrawal of his publicly expressed belief respecting the Incarnation. We trust that Mr. Routh will stick to his guns and be unsparing with his shot and shell. Such artillery is needed just now, when we have witnessed the prohibition of a well-known clergyman by a well-known and, as we thought, a broad-minded, tolerant Bishop of the English Church.

We welcome this book because of its sincere attempt to reconcile Faith and Reason, and widen the horizon of both the Theologian and the Materialist. It was indubitably the attempt to perform this task that caused some to despair, give up reason, and submit to the infallibility of the Pope, and others to give up Faith and take to a soulless materialism. Yet they all sought for truth, unconsciously recognising that "there is no religion higher than Truth." They, however, seemed no nearer the discovery at the end of their search than they were at the beginning. They had reached an *impasse*. They needed to blend Faith and Reason to lift them out of their perplexity. This the author sets himself to accomplish, and, though he makes a brave attempt, we cannot say that he is convincing, because of the demands and concessions which he makes from those on either hand.

Christianity has made one gigantic mistake all along the line, namely, the alienation of science and religion. Instead of regarding science as a handmaid, it has in modern times opposed it as an enemy ;

and this accounts to a great extent for the present attitude of science towards religion. It is an agreeable change to find this theological writer stating at the outset that all "scientific trends of thought when combined together can only make for good." We are entirely in agreement with him in his protest against the straying of science into realms of which it cannot judge. On page 7 the author acknowledges that: "Apart from this book (the Bible), or collection of books,* it is safe to say that we have nothing which can reveal to us the true nature and will of God except what we can gather from Nature, which is His handiwork, or, as we have called it already, the realisation of His dream. But in studying Nature we are forced to call to our help all the resources of Science under all its aspects. Thus it is plain that Science is far from being an enemy of Religion. Rather is it the requisite which is indispensable for arriving at a true conception of things as they actually are, even as concerns the nature of God Himself and of His treatment of men."

"Nature," he further says, "reveals no science of good and evil as taught by most of the Churches. Moral codes superimposed upon the law of Nature have caused all the confusion of conventional morality which has cramped and distorted the human being out of his original mould." This sounds like an echo of our own teaching.

Mr. Routh's attitude towards Theology can only be explained, he says, by taking its main tenets separately and stating his belief with regard to each one. In a short review it is impossible to go through the whole gamut of his attitude, but we will endeavour to show his trend of thought, which will justify our favourable reception of his work. "The Creation," he states, "is a realised dream of God—matter and its laws are an emanation of the Divine Mind." Whence did the author obtain this view that matter is spirit densified, if not from theosophic writers? "That we become Sons of God is conditional on our attaining a very high and exacting standard of living." In thus writing the author *implies* that not all will grasp immortality. In this he claims that his view is not unlike the poet Browning's, though by no means identical with it. But with regard to the question of immortality the author says that the justice of God demands this for *every* soul, because God has implanted a fierce and irrepresible yearning for life hereafter, and the author appeals in support of his belief in unconditional immortality to the wastefulness and conservation observed in Nature.

* [This appears to ignore all other Scriptures!—Eds. T.R.]

Mr. Routh casts off all anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and regrets that he must speak of God as "He" because there is no other term available. He hates to "narrow the Supreme with sex." We would suggest the term "THAT" as being exactly what he needs; it has this recommendation that it is biblical: "I am 'That' I am."

The idea that "God having expressed His will to create, retired," is endorsed by our author in a question and answer. "Did the Author of Creation," he says, "retire from the supervision of the system, deputing to other beings the moral and social government of this world? *We think He did.*" (The italics are Mr. Routh's.)

The whole trend of the book is a feeling after teaching much of which the author would find in the works of members of the Theosophical Society.

J. N. D.

HYSTERONPROTERONISM

The Rise of English Culture. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. With a Brief Account of the Author and his Writings. (London: Williams & Norgate; 1904.)

WHEN in 1886 an anonymous writer under the title *Antiqua Mater: A Study of Christian Origins*, asked the thoughtful English-reading public to entertain the utterly anarchical thesis that Christian documents were entirely the result of the literary industry of late mediæval monkdom, he could hardly expect to obtain a very patient hearing; when in 1889 he further pressed home his point in another volume, *The Rise of Christendom*, with even greater assurance, he can hardly have been surprised that more moderate men should say that "Johnson had the Benedictines on the brain."

Edwin Johnson departed from this, to him, historically intolerable world in 1895, and is presumably now busy with the "astral" counterparts of the mediæval Benedictine *scriptoria*, and most probably revising his too one-sided opinions.

The book before us is a posthumous work, edited by his friend Mr. Edward A. Petherick, and continues the contentions of his chief life-work with marked ardour and greater assurance than ever. His special theme is "that English Story is a branch of Church Story, and that it rests not on the testimonies of witnesses who were living in the times of which they profess to relate, but on the dreams and themes of Church artists, who were sitting down to their work at an epoch much nearer our own than we are wont to suppose" (p. 552).

This epoch is the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In other words, "what we call English History is the poetic invention of the Tudor period" (p. 221). There is, however, an audience for Johnson's work of which he did not dream when he wrote it (about 1890), but which should find much to their liking in his laborious investigations. We mean those who are persuaded that much of the finest literature of the Elizabethan and immediately preceding period, not only in England but also on the Continent, was the product of a guild or syndicate, at the back of which was the organising and inspiring genius of Francis Bacon.

Johnson, it is true, asks us to believe too much—and that, too, even if we be by nature of the most robust scepticism; but, on the other hand, he is exceedingly useful as a relentless exposé of the utterly unhistorical methods of all medieval literary composition, and also has done great service in insisting upon a fact which we are all too prone to forget, that MSS. and records prior to the fifteenth century are far rarer than we are wont to suppose; indeed, that it is almost impossible to get at truly reliable evidence for ninety-nine per cent. of the statements which are accepted on all hands as legitimate history.

But when Johnson asks us to believe that the Vulgate was the Latin Bible of the monks of the fifteenth century only, that Greek and Hebrew texts were derived from this Vulgate, that Jerome and Tertullian and Augustine were monks or monkish writing-groups of the later middle ages; that not only so, but that the Hebrew Bible was only a little earlier; that, for instance, *Daniel* was written in the times of the Abarbanel (when we know that Porphyry, c. 250, for instance, dealt with this famous apocalyptic in a highly critical fashion, showing its provenance amid early Maccabæan surroundings)—then we can only hope that there may be an "astral" counterpart of Oxyrhynchus, if of nothing else, in his "heaven-world."

But with him the basis of the Christian story is the Arab legends in the first place, then the coming of the Jews to Spain in the steps of their conquering Moslem brethren, and then, though several centuries later, the invention of Christian history and scripture in the busy monkish *scriptoria*.

It is with no feelings of pleasure that we are constrained to pass an unfavourable verdict on Mr. Johnson's life-labours, for we cannot but admire a man who, through so many weary and laborious years, in the face of the greatest prejudice, contempt, obloquy and neglect,

valiantly held to his conviction and continued his struggle single-handed; nor can we but most deeply sympathise with a man who, for years a minister of religion, and a teacher of Christian history and theology, found his most honest efforts to get at the historic truth, not only frustrated at every turn, but revelant of the clearest possible proofs of the most widespread literary dishonesty and the busiest industry of fraudulent book-making.

Nevertheless, it cannot but be admitted that this good man, like so many other good men, was the victim of an *idée fixe*, and that he had not yet learned the wise sanity of the old Greek gnome, "nothing too much." In spite of this, however, he has not toiled in vain, for though his main contentions, especially with regard to Christian origins, cannot stand, a mass of detailed research in little trodden fields of literary and historical industry has been piled up by his unflagging industry, and the discriminating scholar will thank him when the literary sciolist throws away his books with annoyance.

G. R. S. M.

SOME BOOKS FROM INDIA

The Ashtāvakra Gîtâ. Trans. by Rai Bahâdur Lala Baijnâth, B.A.
(Allahabad: Liddell's Printing Works. Price 8 annas.)

Easy Introduction to Yoga Philosophy. By Sris Chandra Vasu, B.A.
(Allahabad: 38-40 Bahâdurgunj. Price Re 1.)

Vedânta Tattva-Traya. Trans. by Manomatha Nâth Paul, B.A., B.L.
(Same address. Price Re 1.)

Transactions I. and II. of the Bengal Theosophical Society.
(Calcutta: 28/2 Jhâmâpuker Lane.)

Sûrya Gîtâ. Translated by Lena M. Chamier. (Madras: Oriental Publishing Co., Mylapore.)

RAI BAHÂDUR LALA BAIJNÂTH will be known by many of our readers, and they will be prepared to welcome his new publication. The learned judge introduces the translation with a brief note on Indian philosophy, and a summary of the contents of the book. The essence of this Gîtâ may be said to be in the verse: "One who imagines himself bound, is bound indeed; one who imagines himself free, is free indeed. The popular saying, 'as the thought is so is the action,' is true. . . . Learn to realise thyself as the ever-permanent

Intelligence, the One without a second." There is a fine song, expressing the joy of Self-realisation, and this joy more or less pervades the whole book.

Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, the well-known translator of Paṇini, has issued a very useful little book as an introduction to the Yoga Philosophy. It is based on Patanjali, and will be found useful by those who wish to know something of Yoga.

The *Tattva-traya* is a book belonging to the Rāmānuja school, that which asserts the "three truths" (tattva-traya) of the Self, Nature and God. The Self is Chit, Consciousness, the I; Nature is Achit, the non-conscious, the Not I; God is Īshvara, the Ruler alike of Chit and Achit. The knowledge of these three is necessary for liberation. We have here the teaching of the Viśiṣṭādvaita School of Vedānta, so widely followed in India. The little book before us takes up each of these truths in turn, and expounds them, and the reader will find the exposition useful and instructive, even though he may not be willing to rest finally in this trinity.

These Transactions, edited by Bābu Priyanāth Mukhopādyaaya, and written by "The Dreamer," are a good sign of Lodge activity. They are well printed and form pretty little books, and their contents are well worth study. "The Dreamer's" dreams always yield pleasant and useful reading, for he possesses a very able brain, well stocked with theosophical lore. The first Transaction, *The Life Waves*, is a most valuable summary of "origins," a comparison between the teachings on the subject of the Purāṇas and the *Secret Doctrine* being made. Then the states of matter as arising from the modifications of Brahmā's consciousness are traced out, and the five-fold field is described, the result of the First Life Wave. Transaction II. is occupied with *The Third Life Wave*, the projection of the Monad, and with the "co-ordinating and organising energy of the Second Life Wave." "The Dreamer" again explains most skilfully, aided by the light of Theosophy, the paurāṇic accounts, and it would be wonderful to find how the modern presentments of some of our "seeing" students are confirmed by these ancient writings, were it not that, after all, both are dealing with the same facts. *The Second Life Wave* is to be Transaction III.

It is difficult to judge of the value of this edition of the *Sūrya Gītā* as a translation, without reference to the text. The whole flavour is

modern, not ancient, but whether this is due to the writer of the treatise or to the translator it is impossible to say. Such a phrase as: "the objective forces of nature were created by the differentiated will to live," is certainly not a translation of any ancient Hindu sentence. Moreover, the book is wordy, not terse, and its thought diffuse, not concentrated. It is nicely printed, but the illustrations are very poor.

A. B.

OCCULT ARTS

Telepathy. By R. D. Stocker. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, Price 1s. net.)

Planchette and Automatic Writing. By Ida Ellis. (Blackpool: The Ellis Family, Promenade.)

A Primer of Clairaudience. By J. Barker Smith. (Upper Norwood: Imperial Press, Price 1s.)

MR. MYERS' book has drawn much attention to the Occult Arts, and everyone is now talking of telepathy. We cannot say that Mr. Stocker's little book can be of any use to the student, but it may be of some service to beginners.

Miss Ellis points out, after describing how Planchette is worked, that the writing may be done by the soul of the person whose hand is on the board, or by some other soul, and she relates instances of its use. She remarks that the controlling intelligence sometimes claims to come from Mars or Jupiter, and seems to think the claim may be true. Very unlikely, at least, though it is rash to say that anything is impossible. Miss Ellis gives a much needed warning as to the danger of implicitly trusting in the statements made through Planchette writing, since the influences on the other side are as varied as on this, and the messages may come from either side. In automatic writing, Miss Ellis thinks that a concentrated condition of mind is superior to passivity.

Mr. Barker Smith proposes to issue a work on Clairaudience, the result of twenty years' study, and meanwhile publishes a small primer in which he deals with "voices," contending that Christianity and Muhammadanism both "owe their origin to voice manifestation from unknown and mostly invisible sources." On the other hand voices drive people to insanity, suicide and murder. Hence such phenomena deserve scientific study. A few historical instances of clairaudience are given.

A. B.

OLD WORLD RUNES

The Nibelung's Ring. By W. C. Ward. (London and Benares :
The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s. net.)

MR. WARD'S most interesting essay, first published in *The Meister* in 1889, fully deserves separate issue. It is a most careful and intuitive study of the great tragedy. The *Nibelungen Lied* is taken as the myth of the "progress of the human soul, its contests, its victories and defeats, and its ultimate redemption by the power of Divine Love." We heartily commend the booklet to our readers.

A. B.

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

The Odes of Confucius. Rendered by L. Cranmer-Byng.

The Sayings of K'ung the Master. Selected by Allen Upward.

The Duties of the Heart. By Rabbi Bacheye, trans. by Edwin
Collins. (London: The Orient Press, 26, Paternoster
Square, E.C. Each 1s. net.)

THESE delightful little books, charmingly got up, should have a very large sale among lovers of eastern wisdom. The first contains selections from the *Shi King*, or Book of Poetry, and Mr. Cranmer-Byng has utilised the prose translations of Professor Legge, and has given us metrical versions of the poems. The Odes were compiled by Confucius from earlier collections, from 1765 B.C. to 585 B.C., and breathe the spirit of an elder day. Prays the Emperor Ching :

Let me be reverent, be reverent,
Even as the way of Heaven is evident,
And its appointment easy is to mar.
Let me not say, " It is too high above " ;
Above us and below us does it move,
And daily watches wheresoe'er we are.

It is but as a little child I ask,
Without intelligence to do my task ;
Yet learning, month by month, and day by day,
I will hold fast some gleams of knowledge bright.
Help me to bear my heavy burden right,
And show me how to walk in wisdom's way.

And how sweet is this lament :

The little boat of cypress rocks
 There by the side of Ho ;
 He was my only one, whose locks
 Divided in their downward flow.
 Till death betide
 His bride,
 I'll wed no other.
 O Heaven ! O mother !
 Far from me be the thing defiled !
 Will you not understand your child ?

“Confucius,” it seems, is our anglicising of K‘ung-fu-Tzse, which means “K‘ung the Master,” and some of his sayings are given for our learning by Mr. Allen Upward. K‘ung the Master described himself as: “A transmitter, and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients,” and so well did he transmit that now, when he is himself among the ancients, he rules most of China. Said he: “At first my way with men was to hear their words, and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct.” “I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot learn from it the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.” O wise Master !

Rabbi Bacheye is truly a Son of the WISDOM, and he leads the learner along the path that leads thereto. In teaching humility, he says: “The truly humble man will mourn for all the mistakes made by other men, and not triumph or rejoice over them.” “If one does not trust in God, one trusts in something, or in someone, else. And he who puts his trust elsewhere than in the One Eternal, removes God and His ruling Providence from over him, and puts himself in the hands of that thing or person in whom he trusts.”

A. B.

THE ACORN THEORY OF EVOLUTION

The Law of Evolution : its true philosophical basis. By J. Scouller.
 (London : Grant Richards ; 1903. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS admirably printed and very nicely got up octavo volume is in a certain aspect one of the many “signs of the times,” while in another it arouses no little regret and occasional impatience in the mind of the

careful student—especially the well-read student of Theosophy. Indeed, it is not a book in which such a student is likely to find either stimulus, suggestion or useful information ; but rather one that will do any work it has capability to do among those minds to which the whole conception of a spiritual evolution, whose expression science traces in the evolutionary development of form, is undreamt of and unknown.

It is a sign of the times, in so far as it advances the conception of “transmigration,” or reincarnation, as *the* clue to many problems ; in so far as it embodies a vague and imperfectly grasped groping after the idea of spiritual evolution ; in so far as it echoes in its general tendency and keynote the growing responsiveness of thinking men to the deeper realities of truly spiritual thought. But it arouses regret in a careful student through its well-meant but imperfect attempts to criticise scientific conceptions which the author has not understood, and to dispose of controversies whose real meaning and bearing he has not grasped. And it irritates from its over-confident laying down of the law about subjects of great difficulty and problems wrapped in obscurity, on the basis of a shallow and superficial acquaintance with the mere surface of the work that has been done upon them.

As against these necessary criticisms, however, must be set the fact that the author has produced a book not unlikely to prove useful to many who are as yet wholly unprepared for anything more thorough-going or more adequate to the problems dealt with. And thus, as an addition to the rapidly growing volume of literature which is preparing the way for the coming of a new life among men, Mr. Scouller’s book deserves a welcome, not unappreciative, not over critical, from those who are labouring in the same direction, and who remember that H. P. B. said that it was the mission of the movement she initiated to “reconcile Science and Religion.”

B. K.

KARMA RE-NAMED

Titasus. (Edinburgh : Colston & Co. Price 1s. net.)

THIS book is said, in the Introduction, to have been obtained by occult means, and to have been given by a Master named Ozeus ; but it is a little difficult to see why such means were necessary, as it contains the ordinary theosophical teachings, set forth somewhat less clearly than in the treatises that do not claim so august an origin.

Apart from any question of occultism, the book is a good little treatise on karma, tracing the unfolding of the spirit through the mineral, vegetable, and animal up to the human kingdom, and then through the stages of human growth. By a curious reversion, soul is made to be superior to spirit—the spirit “evolves from Spirit to Soul”; it is clear that the writer has the idea of the Higher Manas sending out its rays as the Lower Manas, and it is only the terminology which is unusual. The writer points out that men, by slaughtering animals, protract their stay in the animal kingdom, a point often forgotten.

It is useful that theosophical ideas should be spread in books not professedly theosophical, and this little volume might usefully be given to anyone likely to be alarmed by the theosophical imprint.

A. B.

ASTROLOGY

Astrology for All. By Alan Leo. (London: 9, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W. Price 7s. 6d.)

THE Second Edition of the first vol. of *Astrology for All* is so much enlarged and improved as to be practically a new work.

It is the first of a series of seven volumes in which it is intended to deal exhaustively with the science of Astrology, exoteric and esoteric, and it should be especially acceptable to Theosophists, as it elucidates and furnishes another basis of proof for the great truths taught by the Ancient Wisdom.

In his preface the author thus states his conception of its relation to one of these fundamental Truths: “The *first principle* upon which the science of Astrology rests is that the whole universe is actually what the term implies—a Unity; and that a law which is found in manifestation in one portion of the universe must also be equally operative throughout the whole. The consequent to this major premise is, that our own solar system being in itself a complete whole, those laws which are operative among the major constituents of that system, *viz.*, the planetary bodies, are also in force among the lesser components of the same system—to wit, ourselves, and the other objects on this earth, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, whether human, animal, vegetable or mineral. The *second principle* is that by a study of the motions and relative positions of the planets the operations of these laws may be observed, measured and determined.”

The first volume of this work is purely elementary and deals chiefly with the Individuality and Personality, as represented by the

Sun and Moon. Students of Theosophy know that the term "Individuality" is applied to the permanent reincarnating Ego, which in Astrology is represented by the Sun; and that the "Personality" signifies the lower bodies which the Ego takes during his sojourn on earth, symbolised by the ever-changing Moon.

In the first chapters, the Signs of the Zodiac, their nature and characteristics, and the influence they each exert on the physical body, are described with the aid of diagrams. Then the results produced by the varying positions of the Sun and Moon in the twelve signs in each month in the year and the Soli-Lunar Combinations, or Polarities, are dealt with at great length and very clearly. Each sign is taken separately and the personal and individual characteristics of the man who comes into the world with the Sun or Moon in such sign at the time of birth are carefully described.

To the functions and general influence of the planetary bodies is given a comparatively small place. An exhaustive account of these heavenly bodies, their different aspects and various relations, with all that these signify, will appear in the second volume. The Rules for casting a horoscope are also reserved for the next issue.

Two valuable additions are made to the book—a complete list of the positions of both Sun and Moon is given for the years 1850-1905, and a condensed statement of the natal influence exercised by each degree of each decanate of every sign—360 in all—is added.

We can but wonder at the ingenuity, patience and industry which claim to have discovered and verified a different character for each man born during every successive four minutes of the day and night throughout the year. Some people make merry over these calculations. But why? We see around us an infinite diversity among our own limited circle of friends and acquaintances. What produces this variety? It seems to be more or less independent of parentage, social position, or general environment.

If we seek for the causes which bring down these differences to the manifested planes, what can we imagine as more powerful to produce them than the vault of heaven, with the magnetic occult forces which lie within it?

Mr. Leo is to be congratulated on the general appearance of the new edition and its rapid sale, and we wish him equal success with the rest of the series. We hear that the second volume will appear in January next, under the title of *How to Cast a Nativity*.

U. M. B.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, July. "Old Diary Leaves" this month contain notices of the late Svāmi Vivekānanda and Mr. Gandhi, from both of whom much good was hoped—hopes frustrated by their early death. The Colonel's return to Madras, and the Governor's visit to the Pariah Schools, form the remainder of the instalment. Next we have the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's "Magic, White and Black"; and of Harihara Aiyar's "Stray Thoughts on Mysticism," in which he describes "the Hindu method of obtaining cosmic consciousness." Fio Hara gives a valuable summary of "The Secret Doctrine of Racial Development"; and J. D. Crawford "A Criticism of the New Thought Movement." The number is concluded by Mr. Mead's article "Concerning H. P. B." reprinted from our own pages.

Central Hindu College Magazine, July. The most important paper in this number is the address on "The Significance of the Central Hindu College" by one of the Professors, A. K. Ukil, M.A. The rest of the number is very readable, but even our best good-will cannot accept the illustration as a representation of a white marble hall. The printers evidently do not understand the handling of these delicate plates. We are glad to find that progress is being made with the building of the Girls' School, and we hope that due notice will be taken of the statement that "if the movement is to be at all a National one there will have to be a very liberal response to Mrs. Besant's appeal."

Theosophic Gleaner, July. N. F. Bilimoria gives an interesting paper on the Zoroastrian Haoma; Mr. Jussawalla's lecture on Vegetarianism is continued; and S. M. Desai has a learned discussion of "Sutakas in the Zoroastrian Scriptures." The number ends with a portion of a lecture by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno.

Also from India:—*The Dawn*; *The Sun of Truth*; *East and West*, a number of more than usual interest; and *The Indian Review*.

The Vāhan, August, has succeeded in beating up some contributions to the "Stray Notes." The questions treated in "The Enquirer" are: "Does Theosophy condemn music as appealing only to our lower nature?" (paraphrased by G. R. S. M. as "Is Theosophy a 'hass'?") and "From a Theosophical standpoint would not a mystical interpretation of the Bible remove many of the difficulties of the Higher Criticism?"

The Lotus Journal, August, has a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on

the uses of a Lodge meeting, which every member of a Lodge should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." The prettily illustrated child's story, and Mrs. Besant's "Man as Master of his Destiny," are continued.

Revue Theosophique, July, opens with an interesting paper by B. Keightley on "Psychism and Mysticism." Translations fill up the rest of the number.

Theosophia, August. In this number M. v. Ginkel's interesting account of the Great Pyramid is continued, and the Social Problem is discussed by Chr. J. Schuver. Translations from Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Besant, and of Michael Wood's "Yuein the Harper" are given, and Dr. v. Deventer continues his valuable extracts from Plato's *Timæus*.

Theosophie, August, is mainly filled with Mr. Mead's much appreciated article on H. P. B. from our pages, and gives also a portion of Mrs. Besant's "Helping the So-called Dead."

Der Vâhan, August, contains R. Schwela's "Considerations upon the Eightfold Path," and the conclusion of Mme. von Schewitsch's "Hints on Practical Theosophy." From the latter we extract a few lines: "I must give an answer to a question constantly put to me: 'What are the ethical commandments which we are bound to obey?' I answer, there are *no* general rules binding on all. Whoever desires such, shows that he has not yet taken in and assimilated the whole marvellous height and depth of the Theosophic doctrine. What for one man—on the step of development on which he stands—may be perfectly lawful, for another, living under a higher and more detailed law, may be the deadliest of sins!" Next is continued the appreciation of the new volume of *Old Diary Leaves*; Dr. Soltau's "Mithras-Religion and Christianity" is concluded, and the usual space is devoted to Questions and Answers, original and from the English *Vâhan*.

Sophia, for July, has the somewhat rare distinction of being sufficient for itself—entirely original. We venture to congratulate the Editor; translations, however good, can never quite speak to the reader as a paper *thought* in his own tongue does. The running translation of H. P. B.'s "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan" does not affect this. Besides a study of Karma by V. Diaz Perez, we have two interesting astronomical papers, and the continuation of S. Gonzalez-Blanco's "Hylozoism."

Also received with thanks: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophic Messenger*, which records, but not entirely approving, a proposition to form

a Theosophical Settlement—"a productive and manufacturing centre on lines similar to that of the Roycrofters in East Aurora"; *South African Theosophist*; *Theosophy in Australasia*; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*; *Theosofisk Maandblad*, containing our brother J. van Manen's farewell to Java, and an Editorial giving an account of his unwearied labours for the cause during his visit.

Also: *La Nuova Parola*; *Mind*; *Logos Magazine*; *Light*; *Humanitarian*; *Destiny*; *Round-About*.

Under the title *Man and Death* we have a neatly got-up six-penny pamphlet whose sub-heading, "A brief outline of the late F. W. H. Myers' work, 'Human Personality and its survival of bodily death,' with a critical review and commentary, being a condensed Report of the Conference of the Northern Federation, Harrogate, May 28th and 29th, 1904," sufficiently explains its purpose. There are many to whom such a summary as this will be more useful than the original work. The task of giving a brief outline of so extensive a work, and one which (it must be confessed) is so refractory to any attempt at abbreviation, is no light one; and we heartily congratulate the Northern Federation on the discussion and still more the anonymous reporter who has prepared it for the press. We hope that this valuable work will be the first of a series of "Transactions"; from the specimen, all readers will feel sure that much must be said at the meetings well worth preserving in print.

Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open hearts; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

WM. HENRY CHANNING.

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbours good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbour is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

R.L.S.