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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THAT Peace has at last been allowed to spread her gracious wings over the scene of the ensanguined struggle in the Far East which has for nineteen long months amazed the world, is a matter for the most sincere congratulations. It may, indeed, be thought by some that Peace and Peace at any price can naturally be the only thing desirable for Theosophists under any circumstances; and as a matter of fact we have during these months had it insistently urged upon us by some of our colleagues that now was the time for the Theosophical Society to show its true humanity, to declare aloud throughout the world the iniquity of war, and to combine its forces in every way possible to aid to bring it to an end. Our colleagues were surprised and distressed that not a single one of the numerous periodicals of our Society had had the courage to "speak out." Was it not the duty of every Theosophist the world over, to use every effort to secure that "Peace on earth" which the Christ came to give?

Peace

And, indeed, what more desirable thing can there be for us

in the struggle and conflict of life than Peace? We are ever longing for it, and never attaining it. But what Peace is it that the Christ comes to give? Is it a false external peace when all is at war within? Is it a pretence and a lie that He comes to give, a patched-up truce of physical expediency, while all is at strife in the heart? Is it not rather He Himself who brings the sword to hew in pieces such an illusion of material accommodation? "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

And was not this the mysterious problem that Arjuna could not understand, and because of this very doubt that Krishna gave the instructions of wisdom related in the *Gîtâ*? And, beyond all others, Theosophists of to-day are students of the *Gîtâ*, and that is why they cannot belong to a "stop the war at any price" party; by the Songs of the Blessed One they have been taught to stand up and not to cower at the bottom of the chariot, they have learnt that the duty of a warrior is to be fulfilled most excellently in a righteous war.

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The Virtue of the King

AND how otherwise than by this war could the world have learned certain lessons prepared for it by the Wisdom that guides human affairs? Astonishing as have been these lessons in general they all pale before the central fact that has been made manifest. In an age of exaggerated individualism and self-seeking, of insubordination and revolt against authority, we have seen the spectacle of a whole people merging their will in the will of their monarch and ascribing their virtues to the Virtue of the King, while on the other hand the monarch lives in and for his people and is the immediate means whereby the national spirit acts as a united whole. As the Military Correspondent of *The Times* of August 31st, whose enthusiastic utterances we have quoted at length on other occasions, well says:

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The Way of the King

WE have thought it strange and assuredly it was unconventional, that Japanese commanders should ascribe their victories to the illustrious virtues of the Emperor of Japan. We have thought, conceivably, that this ascription of victory to the *imperatoria virtus* was little more than a polite fiction, sacrificing to courtesy what was denied to truth. But, if this has

been our view, we have been mistaken. The Emperor in Japan is the heaven-descended head of a Socialistic Monarchy, the ideal to which another Emperor, in another sphere, aspires rather than attains. The *ordo*, or way of the Kings, is as much a living force to the Japanese Monarch as *bushido*, the way of the knights, is to his subjects. This *ordo* is as much the subject of his constant and unwearied thought as *bushido* is among the Samurai and their disciples. It is the subject of discourses to the Imperial ear on the part of a high dignitary of State most fitted for the task; the Emperor is the first of his people not only by reason of his birth, but because he is entirely devoted to the continual study of the interest of his country, strict in his life, and attentive to the destinies of his people to the exclusion of all else. It is to the Emperor of Japan first and foremost that the world owes peace.

The virtues of the Emperor, to which commanders by land and a continually refer, and the qualities of his ancestors, to the protection of whose spirits Admiral Togo attributes, in second line, the merits of the culminating victory at sea, are no fictions in Japanese eyes, but living realities, implicitly credited, whether we ascend or descend the hierarchic scale of armies or fleets. Whether other Monarchs in other lands would patiently submit, in their maturer years, to the lectures of a professor upon the whole duty of Kings, and whether they would always follow the appointed paths, even if they listened, is a subject upon which it might be *lèse-majesté* to dwell. What is certain is that Japan, from the keystone to the foundations of the arch of government, possesses binding materials of native sort which secure stability in the commonwealth such as, perhaps, no other country can boast, and that both the moral and the patriotic basis of government and people is firmly established both in the hearts and heads of governors and governed.

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THIS is, of course, no new thing, in theory at least, in the history of the world; it is the old ideal of the King as the divine ruler.

Great Births

But this ideal has so long been forgotten that its realisation in fact comes as a shock to the world, a shock that all the more amazes the self-complacency of the West, in that it has not been shown forth in some Christian nation but in a race of the Far East that less than forty years ago was regarded as scarce "civilised" according to Western notions. What is it that has produced the sudden flowering of this people? What was it that produced the sudden rise of Greece in the fifth century B.C.? Can evolution, as it is generally understood, account for these sudden births of greatness? We think not, but rather that the lesson the world has been taught, if it have ears to hear and eyes to see, is that there

is an immediate providence in things that shapes the ends of the world's destinies. All has been done with deliberate purpose, as part and parcel of the great plan and economy of the world-growth.

There, in the Far East, has been worked out for us an example of a Great Birth in the mode of a monarch and nation united—in which every unit of the nation forms as it were an atom in the body of the King; the people are himself. This example has been worked out on great lines, too great for any but the wisest to understand in any but its broadest outlines. But even so, surely it may be taken as an example of a type,—the copy of a pattern, the manifestation of an idea, the actualising of an ideal.

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The Kingship of the Heavens

ARE we, then, too daring in supposing that all that comes before our consciousness, all that transpires in our apprehension, is intended for no other purpose than to teach us the lesson of our greater selves; that all is devised to bring to birth in us the realisation of the divine nature that is the ground of our being? If, then, the true king is he who has the nation as it were within himself, as a company of souls grouped with mutual bonds into an ordered host for the high purposes of the divine economy, may it not be that he who aspires to be king of himself, and so to attain the kingship of the heavens, must strive to realise a similar state of things within his own nature? In other words, must not he who would in some way realise the infinite possibilities of the Christ-nature, endeavour to shake himself free from the isolation of an exclusive individualism, and begin to learn that the sole way of winning towards the Christ ideal is by daring to believe that others are himself,—and that, too, not in some vague theoretical fashion, but that in actual fact he has potentially within himself hosts on hosts of atoms corresponding with every soul that lives, that he has been made in the image of the universe itself, and that he himself is the link between the image and the Original?

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SUCH at any rate is the sublime hope held forth to struggling

humanity by great teachers. The promise of the Christ to his disciples was that they should be Kings. In another tradition we read "I have said ye are Gods, and ye are the Children of the highest"—"if ye come forth out of Egypt,"—the symbol in this tradition of the bondage of ignorance. And again, in another tradition, in the echoes of the Mysteries of Egypt preserved in the *Pistis Sophia*, we read:

Ye are Gods

"When Andrew had said these words, the Spirit of the Saviour was moved in Him and He cried out and said: 'How long shall I bear with you, how long shall I suffer you? Do ye still not know and are ye ignorant? Know ye not and do ye not understand, that ye are all angels, all archangels, gods and lords, all rulers, all the great invisibles, all those of the Midst, all those of every region of them that are on the Right, all the great ones of the emanations of the Light with all their glory; that ye are all, of yourselves and in yourselves in turn, from one mass and one matter, and one substance?'"

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BUT to come down from these sublime heights and these dazzling doctrines, which are too brilliant for the faith of any but a very, very few. We are so used to think of the spiritual life in only one set of conventional terms, that we are blind to the vast majority of its manifold manifestations. Thus, for instance, if we turn our eyes to India, we should naturally seek for manifestations of the spiritual rather among the sages and contemplatives of the land than in any activities of its present rulers. And yet who shall say that we should be rewarded with a true vision of the energies of the spiritual nature if we kept our eyes fixed solely in the one direction? To illustrate our meaning we may here append a quotation from Kipling's "The Last Relief," sent in by a colleague with the suggestion that it should be headed "First Steps in Occultism."

For the Virtue of the Empire

Nothing is easier than the administration of an empire so long as there is a supply of administrators. Nothing, on the other hand, is more difficult than short-handed administration. In India, where every man holding authority above a certain grade must be especially imported from England,

this difficulty crops up at unexpected seasons. Then the great empire staggers along like a North Sea fishing smack, with a crew of two men and a boy, until a fresh supply of food for fever arrives from England, and the gaps are filled up. Some of the provinces are permanently short-handed, because their rulers know that if they give a man just a little more work than he can do, he contrives to do it. From the man's point of view this is wasteful, but it helps the empire forward, and flesh and blood are very cheap. The young men—and young men are always exacting—expect too much at the outset. They come to India desiring careers and money and a little success, and sometimes a wife. There is no limit to their desires, but in a few years it is explained to them by the sky above, the earth beneath, and the men around, that they are of far less importance than their work, and that it really does not concern themselves whether they live or die, so long as that work continues. After they have learned this lesson, they become men worth consideration.

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Buddhism in Germany

WE all remember the famous cartoon of the German Emperor, in which the Christian nations of Europe, headed by the Kaiser himself, are depicted drawn up to withstand the "Yellow Peril" of the East, overshadowed by the figure of the Buddha; and rumour has it that it was conceived in the Imperial mind after reading some of our Theosophical literature. As the scare of the "Yellow Peril" has now given place to admiration of the qualities of humanity and moderation shown by a Yellow people in circumstances where such qualities as a rule are at their *minimum*, so perhaps the fear of the Buddha manifested by the Christian Emperor may in time give place to a recognition of the virtues of the Eastern Master and His teaching. At any rate the subjects of the Kaiser are clearly not of the Imperial way of thinking, if we may judge by the following instructive communication from the Berlin Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* of August 26th.

In a remarkable leading article, which is attracting considerable attention here, the *Vossische Zeitung* dwells on the continuous spread of Buddhism in Germany, not as a definite or organised creed or church, but as a potent influence, beginning to permeate large sections of the population. The leading Liberal journal draws attention to the decay of interest throughout the country in missionary and Bible societies, and to the decrease of the incomes of these societies as one of the surest evidences of this. Men nowadays, says the article, are more than ever interested in religious problems, more than ever religious, but it is religion no longer militant but

marked by that toleration which is more characteristic of Buddhism than of Christianity. The *Vossische Zeitung* reminds its readers that not long ago the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt gave a commission to the eminent sculptor, Professor Habich, to erect a huge statue of the Buddha in syenite, under the trees of his garden at Wolfgarten. This act was not a mere satisfaction of some æsthetic impulse, but significant of the profound alteration of public sentiment in matters of faith and dogma.

* * *

THE Public Press is getting nervous; it is beginning to believe in the possibility of "photographing thought," and wants to know what is to become of "society" under the new conditions. We wonder what the writer of the following paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 26th would have had to say if he had had *Man Invisible* and *Thought Forms* given him to review? He, at any rate, seems quite scared enough as it is when he writes:

"Photographing Thought"

The snapshot fiend is bad enough even now, while his range is limited to externals; and imagination has for some time shrunk from the vision of an intolerable future when he will be able to take X-ray negatives of one's bones and other intimate secrets without asking leave. But the prospect opened up by the latest claim of "psychic" science is even more appalling. One Commandant Darget, it is claimed, has succeeded in obtaining photographs of his own thoughts by placing his fingers over the plate and thinking hard. Of course he "willed" the photograph; but there is a further claim that an unconscious subject, asleep and dreaming, had a sensitised plate placed on his forehead, and an eagle, presumably the theme of his dreams, came out on it. Snapshots of thought would make the world uninhabitable. No man or woman could conceal the metaphorical skeleton in the cupboard any more than the actual skeleton under the skin. Polite lies of the "So glad to see you" or "So sorry I have a train to catch" type would be checkmated by the danger of the snapshot camera's brutal unmasking of the truth. Private inquiry agents would no longer be needed. Ministers on the Treasury Bench could no longer evade Opposition catechisms by "official" answers; and Peace Conference representatives could not bluff one another. In short, the world would become impossible, and a timely protest against the thin end of the wedge is imperative.

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WE should have thought, however, that even for the paragraphist's own view of the matter there was nothing to be scared at, but rather that the discovery of such a possibility should be heralded as the dawn of a millennium, when men would at last be forced

On Seeing Thought

to act as they thought, seeing that speech would no longer be capable of disguising their real intentions from their fellows. Society would thus be regenerated instead of being rendered intolerable.

We fear, however, that neither the capacity of seeing thought-forms nor yet even the possibility of photographing them, will put an end to the lying of men to one another. For even as now many can disguise their feelings, can wear an outward appearance of calm in the greatest internal distress, smile in anger, bear themselves with apparent courage when they are quailing within, appear interested when they are really bored, wise when they are ignorant, and ignorant when they know, so when clairvoyance becomes normal men will learn to control their thought-forms, and keep their real thought from those they do not wish to see it. If man can hold his tongue, and control his expression of countenance and gestures, so also he can withhold his thought, or, at any rate, learn to control his thought-forms.

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A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:

The Now Usual in Literature

It is a commonplace that the most modern of sciences, psychology, is wearing a channel which admits the theories of Theosophy into the public prints and mention of Theosophic doctrine, often sorely travestied, occurs more and more frequently in popular fiction of the day.

In a volume of short stories dedicated by Mrs. Atherton to that master of psychological analysis, Henry James, one entitled "The Bell and the Fog" founds some fantastic romancing upon the possibility not only of the soul's reincarnation, but of the working out of past misdeeds through reincarnation, inferring indeed the doctrine of Karma.

That in another story in the same book "The Striding Place," a man is made to say gaily "Some day, when I am tired of the world, I shall go to India and become a Mahatma," does not detract from our satisfaction that some of the underlying ideas of the Wisdom are coming to be more and more familiar in the mouths of the new peoples of the West.

W. B. YEATS AND A. E. (GEORGE RUSSELL)

W. B. YEATS and A. E. are both of them Mystics and both of them Irishmen. They have both been profoundly influenced by the wisdom of the East, and they both look to ancient Irish legend for their inspiration. A further kinship of spirit may be deduced from the fact that Mr. Yeats dedicates his "Cross-ways" to A. E., and that A. E. dedicates his "Earth Breath" to Mr. Yeats.

This common bond of nationality, of faith and of sympathy gives promise of fruitful comparison between the two poets. For comparison implies a certain degree of relationship: great distances of character and temperament are impossible to bridge.

Within the limits of a general resemblance differences become concentrated and analysable. By studying such differences we may be able to gain a better idea of the aims and methods of these poets, than if we were to view their work separately, without point of contact to place, or divergence to measure by.

Both poets are mystics. But Mr. Yeats is attracted rather by the distinctively occult side of mysticism—its ritual, its symbology, its odd reversal of accepted standards. To some extent at least, his is the mysticism of the magician. He devotes a chapter of "Ideas of Good and Evil" to magic; some of his sketches have a magical basis, while others deal with the obscurer mysteries. In his poetry Mr. Yeats wields the magician's wand: he "calls out shapes and phantoms from the crags and solid earth as fast as a musician scatters sound out of an instrument." "Immortal mild proud shadows" haunt the Seven Woods of Coole, and faery men and women knock at the door of the peasant's cabin at Kilmacowen, and the Water-Sheogues "leave lonely the long-hoarding surges; leave the cymbals of the waves

to clash alone" and help the Demon Merchants to carry off the Countess Cathleen's gold.

The mysticism of A. E. is the mysticism of a visionary: he does not people the world with strange shapes as the magician does, nor hang remote and intricate meaning about the constellations; on the contrary, it is unity that he seeks, the unity that underlies all diversity. He sees in "the fires on the mountains, the rainbow glow of air, the magic light in water and earth," "the radiance of deity shining through our shadowy world." And wandering beneath the stars he writes in words that recall a famous phrase of Eckhart's:

> These myriad eyes that look on me are mine
> Wandering beneath them I have found again
> The ancient ample moment, the divine,
> The God-root within men.

Mr. Yeats has the power of the magician to cast a glamour: A. E. has the power of the visionary to reach an ecstasy. In reading Mr. Yeats's poems we feel as if there were a Druid spell over every word. The atmosphere is enchanted; a pale beauty is about us, and the low sound of lake water lapping on the shore, and of old fluttering beech leaves that will not hush. This is only to say that Mr. Yeats is a supreme artist, and that while he does not lack high inspiration, he has studied to use his instrument with exquisite precision. This is deliberately avowed in "Ideas of Good and Evil," where stress is laid on the importance to the artist of having some philosophy, some criticism of his art. In these Essays Mr. Yeats proves himself a critic of wide illumination, and his theories about literature and about art have deep purport. Of art, for instance, he says: "All art is indeed a monotony of external things for the sake of an interior variety, a sacrifice of gross effects to subtle effects, an asceticism of the imagination." His profound knowledge of his craft gives him the power to lure us with strange beauty, and capture our souls in a glimmering net.

A. E. does not possess this conscious mastery over words; his poetry has imperfections and weaknesses; occasionally inspiration has not given sufficient impetus to lift its faltering wing. But then we must remember that he has taken for subject the

ecstasy of the mystic vision, and the "ancient hours ere we forgot ourselves to men." He is the one poet of modern times who has at least partially succeeded in portraying for us the stupendous and dazzling range of this "expanded consciousness"—in annihilating time and space, and drawing the whole pageant of the heavens captive in his train. For sheer visionary force we have seldom read anything to equal A. E.'s prose sketch, "The Birth of a Star." The birth of the planet is heralded by music, "Avenues and vistas of sound. They reeled to and fro. They poured from a universal stillness quick with unheard things. . . . And now all around glowed a vast twilight; it filled the cradle of the planet with colourless fire. . . . . At that centre a still flame began to lighten; a new change took place and space began to curdle." And how pregnant this phrase spoken by Lilith, the Enchantress of Dante: "I captured his soul with the shadow of space; a nutshell would have contained the film."

Those who are lovers of A. E.'s verse could name poem after poem that holds this ecstasy crystallised and intact. We choose "Sacrifice" in illustration:

Those delicate wanderers,
  The wind, the star, the cloud,
Ever before mine eyes,
  As to an altar bowed,
Light and dew-laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise:
  Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue and gold,
  Through dreamland take their flight;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
  He symbols forth his days:
In gleams of crystal light
  Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

The loveliness of the earth breathes continually through Mr. Yeats's poems. We read of the "deep wood's woven shade," of

" shining winds and star-glimmering ponds," of the " dove-grey edge of the sea." But A. E. has a little of the mystic's distrust of the outer glory that dims the inner sight: " the eyes of light are blinded in the white flame of the days," he says. The loveliness in his poems is rather the fluid loveliness of sky, than the more solid loveliness of earth: and speaking generally, the shadows of woods and of waters are in Mr. Yeats's poems, and in A. E.'s, the greater benedictions and mysteries, " the moth-wings of the twilight," " the wet dusk silver-sweet," and " the diamond night."

W. B. Yeats's tenderness is for the world of nature, and he has learned, perhaps from William Blake, whom he has studied elaborately, a loving sympathy for its tiny inhabitants—the squirrels of Kyle-na-gno, the slumbering trout in the pools above Glen Car, and even the worms that spire about the bones of the Man who Dreamed of Faeryland. Towards human suffering Mr. Yeats's attitude is the attitude of the artist: he understands it, but remains detached. The high anguish of the Countess Cathleen, the frustrate longing of Maire in " The Land of Heart's Desire," the bitter failure of Paul Ruttledge in " Where there is Nothing "—these and other portrayals of sorrow are noble and convincing: but an enchanted light is about them—the magic of old times and of faery.

A. E.'s tenderness is for the world of humanity now, as it is—the world that has foregone its ancestral birthright, that has wandered away from its earlier glory.

> The hidden light the spirit owns
> If blown to flame would dim the stars
> And they who rule them from their thrones.

Let us make this contrast in attitude clearer by bringing together two characteristic poems—W. B. Yeats's "Michael Robartes remembers Forgotten Beauty," and A. E.'s " Divine Vision."

Both these poems deal with remembered beauty; with the passing away of this beauty; and with the eternal beauty that survives all change.

And first to consider the vision of the two poets.

Mr. Yeats writes:

When my arms wrap you round I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world;
The jewelled crowns that kings have hurled
In shadowy pools, when armies fled;
The love-tales wove with silken thread
By dreaming ladies upon cloth
That has made fat the murderous moth;
The roses that of old time were
Woven by ladies in their hair,
The dew-cold lilies ladies bore
Through many a sacred corridor,
When such grey clouds of incense rose
That only the Gods' eyes did not close. . . .

A. E. writes:

This mood hath known all beauty, for it sees
O'erwhelmed majesties
In these pale forms, and kingly crowns of gold
On brows no longer bold,
And through the shadowy terrors of their hell
The love for which they fell,
And how desire that cast them in the deep
Called God too from his sleep. . . .

There is a langourous spell in Mr. Yeats's vision too vague to be wholly sensuous, yet deriving partly from the image of human love with which the poem opens. A. E.'s lines also possess a shadowy enchantment, but instead of merely wavering before us in a series of exquisite pictures, they reveal a tenderness of anguish, a radiance of understanding, that bring us within the inmost heart of humanity. Those jewelled crowns hurled into shadowy pools flash with the strange and romantic gleam of battles long ago: but the crowns of gold seen above the brows of the disinherited of to-day are the promise of final victory in the battles that have lasted throughout time.

And now for the conclusion of these poems.

Mr. Yeats writes:

For that pale breast and lingering hand
Come from a more dream-heavy land,
A more dream-heavy hour than this;
And when you sigh from kiss to kiss

I hear white Beauty sighing, too,
For hours when all must fade like dew.
But flame on flame, deep under deep,
Throne over throne, where in half sleep
Their swords upon their iron knees
Brood her high lonely mysteries.

A. E. writes:

O Pity, only seer, who looking through
A heart melted like dew,
Seest the long perished in the present thus
For ever dwell in us.
Whatever time thy golden eyelids ope
They travel to a hope;
Not only backward from these low degrees
To starry dynasties,
But, looking far where now the silence owns
And rules from empty thrones,
Thou seest the enchanted hills of heaven burn
For joy at our return.
Thy tender kiss has memory we are kings
For all our wanderings.
The shining eyes already see the after
In hidden light and laughter.

The divinity of Beauty is Mr. Yeats's text: and A. E.'s the divinity of man. The high lonely mysteries of beauty lie hidden flame on flame, deep under deep, throne over throne—and these images fill the vistas of the poem with soft densities: but A. E.'s vistas stretch to infinitely greater distance, and are free of all lovely bewilderment: we look back from these low degrees to starry dynasties—and forward to the enchanted hills of heaven.

For to A. E. the Divine Vision has been vouchsafed, and he knows that the ideal is within the immediate reach of man. "Here and there," he writes, "some rapt dreamer more inward than the rest sees that Tir-na-noge was no fable but is still around him with all its mystic beauty for ever." But many of Mr. Yeats's plays gain their most haunting loveliness from the fact that his characters dream of those enchanted hills of heaven, and ever after are tortured by unappeasable desire. "I lay a curse upon you," says the Faery Cleena to Hanrahan the Red, "and you shall see the Rose everywhere, in the noggin, in woman's eye, in drifting phantoms, and seek to come to it in vain; it

shall waken a fire in your heart, and in your feet and in your hands. . . ."

The Rose is the most persistent symbol in Mr. Yeats's poems and signifies the Ideal: ideal beauty, the Land of Heart's Desire; ideal human love whose home is beyond the Shadowy Waters; and divine love, "the kingdom of God which is in the Heart of the Rose."

Each of these three forms of the ideal finds in Mr. Yeats dramatic expression. Maire Bruin, prisoned in her cabin, is haunted by dreams of the wild and starry freedom of the faery world—the Land of Heart's Desire—so that she cannot mind the griddle or milk the cow; and even the love of her husband is weak against the lure of her dreams. After the faery man and woman have knocked at her door she cries out:

> Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
> For I would ride with you upon the wind,
> Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
> And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

"And the lonely of heart is withered away." For Maire's soul follows the calling of the faery child. But the Rose of Beauty lives on immortal.

> We and the labouring world are passing by,
> Amid men's souls that labour and give place,
> Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
> Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
> Lives on this lonely face.

And in his poem "To the Rose upon the Rood of Time," Mr. Yeats prays that this vision may be given to him, to see

> In all poor foolish things that live a day
> Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

A. E. would seem to regard beauty rather as a stage in the soul's progress. The beauty that wanders through Mr. Yeats's poems is soothing as dew—hers is a "holy quietude": but A. E.'s "Vision of Beauty" bewilders with vast and dazzling change—the change that is preliminary to a greater revelation; it has the hurtle of an overwhelming experience, the rush of infinite travel. It is a dawn-picture; the veil is lifted by a hand of fire; and through the rainbow cincture of twilight and the

starry spaces the poet reaches the mystic heart of beauty and the secret of her thought.

Here of yore the ancient mother in the fire mists sank to rest,
And she built her dreams about her, rayed from out her burning breast.
Here the wild will woke within her lighting up her flying dreams,
Round and round the planets whirling break in woods and flowers and streams,
And the winds are shaken from them as the leaves from off the rose,
And the feet of earth go dancing in the way that beauty goes.
And the souls of earth are kindled by the incense of her breath,
As her light alternate lures them through the gates of birth and death. . . .

So the suns and stars and myriad races mount the spirit spires of beauty and reach onward through the glimmering deeps of silence to where life and joy and love are lost within the mother's being. A. E.'s often-quoted poem of "The Great Breath" which blows at evening, when the old blue flower of day is withering, has the same implication.

The quest after ideal human love is written of in Mr. Yeats's "Shadowy Waters," where Forgael seeks "the soft fire that shall burn time when times have ebbed away." And as Maire goes out through the gates of death to the Land of Heart's Desire, so Forgael and Dectora pass by the same way to find the boughs

Of chrysoberyl and beryl and chrysolite
And chrysoprase and ruby and sardonyx

where love is made imperishable fire.

In Mr. Yeats's lyrics, love is a power terrible, overwhelming in its might.

When an immortal passion breathes in mortal clay;
Our hearts endure the scourge, the plaited thorns, the way
Crowded with bitter faces, the wounds in palm and side. . . .

Even the cry of the curlew carries with it the memory of the torture of love. "O, curlew, cry no more in the air," says Hanrahan,

Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast. . . .

But with all its anguish love is an immortal passion; and in the vision of Hanrahan the Red he sees "the famous lovers of old time, Blanid and Deirdre and Grania . . . and because they sought in one another no blossom of mere youth, but a

beauty coeval with the night and the stars, the night and the stars hold them for ever from the unpeaceful and the perishing, despite the battle and the bitterness their love brought into the world."

It is because of the blossom of mere youth—the mortal loveliness that is in Mr. Yeats's love-poems, "the pale blossoms of breasts," "the cloud-pale eyelids falling on dream-dimmed eyes," that love is in them a scourge and a crown of thorns. Human love as A. E. conceives it, is so infinite that it fills up the heavens, and when lovers return to the consciousness of self it is to be drawn away from the fulness of love. Love swallows up even the beloved in its ecstasy:

A vast desire awakes and grows
Into forgetfulness of thee.

And because only the divine part is loved, love is without torture, without arrow, without death.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love-soft eyes:
They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes. . .

The quest after divine love is written of in Mr. Yeats's "Where there is Nothing": and Paul Ruttledge in his desire for supreme union reaches the extremest outpost of mysticism, where, in the crypt of the monastery church, he extinguishes light after light, exclaiming: "We must become blind and deaf and dizzy. 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 lights of the world and the world itself. We must destroy the world; we must destroy everything that has law and number; for where there is nothing there is God."

Ideal beauty; ideal human love; ideal love divine; in Mr. Yeats's plays these are the dream-shafts that pierce the will, the flame that burns up the soul. As A. E. writes:

What of all the will to do?
It has vanished long ago
For a dream-shaft pierced it through
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think ?
Some one offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up.

So Maire was stricken ; so Paul Ruttledge was consumed.

The domain of mysticism embraces the farthest explorations of the spirit : and in so infinite a country it is inevitable that the landscape should appear different to those voyaging in different directions, though towards the same goal. The marvel indeed is the unanimity of all as to its general features. The little domain of nationality may include within its boundaries a far wider unlikeness—especially if that nationality be Irish. But the mystics of Ireland, brothers in spirit and in blood, have a double kinship, and Ireland has spoken to Mr. Yeats and to A. E. with the same voice. They are risen for no political reason, to gain legislative justice; for no economic reason, to increase the material prosperity of Ireland; but for a spiritual reason—to keep inviolate her soul.

To both these poets Ireland is still, as of old, the Isle of Saints, the Isle of Destiny. To her alone of Western nations a spiritual heritage has come down intact out of the past. Her sons have always lived close to the great mysteries, in intimate communion with nature; and eyes made clear of gross preoccupations have seen the divinities that walk her valleys and her hills.

And to-day both these poets hold this virginal purity threatened by a civilisation that in some of its aspects is material, coarse, aggressive, almost brutal. They foresee that the evil sensationalism of the cheap English press will end by killing out all subtle intuitions and delicate appreciations: and that the low innuendoes of the English Music Hall may in time eat as with a cancer into the ideals of the race.

What armoury can these poets oppose to influences so near and so insidious ?

Their answers are characteristic. For one has seen the Divine Vision, has taken Pity for his master, and knows that man is by nature immortal, and might be, if he would, divine. Against this materialism that threatens he would raise a spiritual flame; he would awaken the fires, he would rouse the Celt to a know-

ledge of his true ideal and destiny. "I declare the true ideal and destiny of the Celt in this island to be the begetting of a humanity whose desires and visions shall rise above earth illimitable into God-like nature, who shall renew for the world the hope, the beauty, the magic, the wonder which will draw the buried stars which are the souls of men to their native firmament of spiritual light and elemental power."

It is the dream of the idealist—the dream of the visionary. But in this strange country of Ireland, action turns into dreaming, and dreaming into action; and as Mr. Yeats has pointed out, "the powers that history commemorates are but the coarse effects of influences delicate and vague as the beginning of twilight." Perhaps already in Ireland the flames are stirring once again to the wind of song that is blowing about her.

Against the materialism that threatens Mr. Yeats would raise a more definite barrier. He would create an Irish literature—that is, a literature which though written in English and not in Gaelic, should be flooded with the passions and beliefs of ancient Ireland. Both Mr. Yeats and A. E. are in heart-whole sympathy with the Gaelic movement, but as they do not write in Gaelic, the point need not detain us. Gaelic legend Mr. Yeats holds to be a more abundant fountain of inspiration than any in Europe, and the Celtic movement he defines as "the opening of this fountain, and none can measure of how great importance it may be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world." He has himself written a long poem on "The Wanderings of Oisin," and touched upon Gaelic legend in various lyrics.

Mr. Yeats would create an Irish drama—that is a drama filled with symbolic and historic Ireland. To this end he has written several volumes of plays, symbolic Ireland appearing in such plays as "Kathleen na Houlihan," and historic Ireland in such plays as "On Baile's Strand." These plays are on the whole more dramatic in vigour and intention than those already referred to, and have a stronger definition in character, and a humour that is sometimes a little conscious and sometimes a little cruel. His activities have, however, gone far beyond the activities of the poet: he it is who has been chiefly instrumental

in establishing the Irish National Theatre in Dublin; by lectures, by various writings, by the occasional magazine he edits called *Samhain*, he has spread broadcast his manifold ideas on the relation of the actor to the play, on the right method of speaking verse, on the proper subordination of scenery, and kindred themes. A. E.'s play "Deirdre" was, we believe, performed at this theatre—Deirdre, "who alone among the women who have set men mad was at once the white flame and the red flame, wisdom and loveliness," to quote Mr. Yeats. This play of A. E.'s is in prose, and in reading it we note a certain lack of technical workmanship; the material is not sufficiently wrought; but we were fortunate in seeing some scenes of it acted at one of the "Original Nights" of the London Irish Literary Society, with Miss Violet Mervyn as Deirdre—and she brought to her acting such exquisite inspiration that the birds of Angus in very truth circled about her with dazzling wings. She had known how to disentangle the soul of the poet.

And finally Mr. Yeats would recreate the Irish arts. "Here in Ireland, where the arts have grown humbler, they will find two passions ready to their hand—love of the unseen life and love of country."

Love of the unseen life, love of country, and that Eternal Beauty whom Mr. Yeats worships, are all to be found in "To Ireland in the Coming Times," which sums up his own personal attitude towards his country.

> Know, that I would accounted be
> True brother of that company
> Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong
> Ballad and story, rann and song. . . .

and then he tells how Beauty came to Ireland, and of the unseen life that is behind his poems.

> For in the world's first blossoming age
> The light fall of her flying feet
> Made Ireland's heart begin to beat;
> And still the starry candles flare
> To help her light foot here and there;
> And still the thoughts of Ireland brood
> Upon her holy quietude.
>
> For may I less be counted one

With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
Because to him who ponders well,
My rhymes more than their rhyming tell
Of the dim wisdoms old and deep
That God gives unto man in sleep.
For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro.

Sometimes in his prose writings Mr. Yeats's love of Ireland becomes a little strained, a little fantastic; he is inclined to be a trifle resentful if Irishmen take any other than Irish subjects for their inspiration; and he would have their poetry reflect only the scenery of Ireland. "I had a conviction, which indeed I have still, that one's verses should hold, as in a mirror, the colours of one's own climate and scenery in their due proportion. . ." He speaks, indeed, with a faint scorn of the "reds and yellows" that Shelley gathered in Italy. But often colour is more subjective than objective: and the reds and yellows of A. E.'s poems, clear as jewel-light, to which Ireland has only given a mistier radiance, may spring, not from the wisdoms of the East, where his thoughts have dwelt, but from "an infinite expectation of the dawn."

So W. B. Yeats, the artist, the lover of Beauty, would have Ireland the Island of the Arts—the arts which he sees becoming once again the ritual of religion. But A. E. would have Ireland the Island of the Saints, and ritual counts for little where the soul attains the blessedness of saintship, which is union with the divine. Everything fades to insignificance beside this sublime experience. "Yet what does it matter whether every Celt perished in the land, so that our wills, inviolate to the last, made obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls."

In these ideals for Ireland, so like, and so unlike, we may find crystallised the subtle differences which separate the work of these two mystics.

IAN MÖR.

HE whose mind is made unhappy by what another eats and drinks finds no composure by day or night.—*Uddnavárga.*

A FUTURE SAINT FRANCIS

"TRANSLATE S. Francis into the twentieth century, interpret his message (if any) to that age"; so ran work set for some Oxford Extension students in a provincial town—in itself a sign of the times.

This is a curiously fascinating subject, and one which it is possible to frame in many a setting. Can S. Francis of Assisi, *the* Saint *par excellence* of the thirteenth century, ascetic, poet, mystic, devotee, be conceived as existing in this prosaic twentieth century world (which dislikes heartily the race of Saints)? has he any message to deliver to this age?

To both questions, I at least would give a hearty affirmative. S. Francis can be translated into this present century, where indeed there is great need of his saintly yet genial presence. The message he would deliver is one which some amongst us are endeavouring now to teach and a very few to practise. From him, master worker in his own particular line of work, could come an inspiration that would work wonders.

Deprive the figure of S. Francis of the accidentals belonging to his age, country and religion, look at the man as in fundamentals he is seen to be, and it will appear why such a man could influence this age. The fundamental characteristics of S. Francis were love to God and man, sincerity and thoroughness. It was impossible for him to separate thought from action; in consequence, as he was a follower of Christ, he followed literally His teaching, and the Christ-like life will always tell. In an age of Christian Endeavourers, when societies are founded to attempt to follow more literally in general life the Christian code, a Christian teacher (or as for that a teacher of any religion), who will practise Christian ethics as S. Francis once did, will meet with an enthusiastic reception.

If—or shall I say when: it *is* a possibility to me—S. Francis

appeared to-day, his genius would adapt itself anew to supplying the leading want of our religious life, and would supply it as he did—almost unconscious of special effort—when he taught those half-forgotten, unpractised truths, whose re-proclamation and practice revivified Christianity.

For a great man—and a Saint is a specialist in the religious life—is influenced only to a certain degree by his surroundings and environment. He reacts on them differently to most, uses them, not they him ; he stands always in advance of the crowd, and perceiving that to which they are deaf and blind, helps them through his superior knowledge, largely by practising in accordance with his vision.

Ample need has the twentieth century of a voice to repeat the appeal S. Francis made to the thirteenth: "Give up all and follow Christ, and He shall give not only peace but joy unto your souls, and you shall teach others to follow in His steps." The internal conditions of Christianity differ very largely from those in which S. Francis worked. This is pre-eminently a transition age, and an age replete with religious problems. The Church is attacked furiously without and within. Denied wholly by many are her doctrines, which are questioned even within by candid friends. Critics point to facts of knowledge to which the Church would fain shut her eyes ; and many demand, sensibly enough, a re-statement of ancient dogma more in accordance with present knowledge. The many Societies, occult, mystical, semi-mystical, the numerous adherents of the Christian Science and New Thought movements, show the necessity many feel for spiritual nourishment and practice other than that orthodoxy provides, for the majority of the people who belong to these societies are genuinely religious. To such as these S. Francis would appeal with instant success, if he repeated to-day the essence of his message of old. For Brotherhood, the claim man has on man, the unity and beauty of the spiritual life that underlies all form, is the keynote of modern religious and ethical sentiment as it was that of the Saint who loved the lepers, who preached to his sisters the swallows, who cared for the wolf, who sang the praises of both our mother the Earth and brother the Sun. The catholicity of the love and charity of S. Francis would

appeal as irresistibly to this age as before. The personal charm of the man which the *Fioretti* reveal in every page would tell as it told then. Personal charm, fascination, that mysterious quality we feel but cannot define, are, as history shows us, marked and ever present in the influence exerted by any successful teacher, spiritual or secular; for it is largely through the love such men inspire that their words convince. The love that flows from one who truly loves his fellow-men will smooth the way for S. Francis when he comes to us again as it did before; love, single-mindedness, sincerity, will vanquish all obstacles. His humanity will tell, so will the absence of all dogmatism, all insistence on authority in his message. This age is sick to death of dogma and doctrine, jealous of authority, justly perhaps suspicious of saints, disliking asceticism still more, yet will fall an easy victim to one who conceals the saint under the child, who hides wisdom under lack of book-learning, who, the humblest of the humble, will rule his world again through love. The poetic strain in the man will attract the cultured, as his simplicity and directness will draw the ignorant; he will proclaim to both that religion of the heart for which so many devout souls long. Through memory of his own past sufferings will S. Francis be able to deal with those "twice-born" souls who only through suffering can find peace, of whom there are so many.

How S. Francis will deliver his message, in the terms of what religion, I do not know. I confess I think it highly probable he will couch it in terms of *no religion*. He will sound again, I know, keynotes of his past playing. "Plain living, high thinking," in some fashion he will advocate, that is certain. He will practise whatever teaching and mode of life he advocates, and practise it so well it will be a mark to know him by.

Compassion to the poor and helpless he will show; he will strive to abolish class distinctions, to do away with the barriers erected by differences of race and station and wealth; he will be a consolidating, uniting influence. He will exercise the force of superior knowledge, and specialisation always makes its way. His knowledge will not be that of books or science or of politics, but that first-hand knowledge of the science of the soul by which he will be known. The knowledge of spiritual fundamentals the

thirteenth century Saint possessed, derived from intimate communion with the Divine, will be his again to-day. To him again the ideal will be the real; again he will proclaim the essential belief of all religions, that happiness consists in sacrifice, in an attitude of receptiveness to spiritual influences in which all can participate. In this twentieth century world, in which the "Lady Poverty" is shunned as men shun death itself, in which with all the ardour of their souls men worship money and the power money gives, again will many hearken to the voice that cries: "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor and follow me, and I will give you peace."

Science and psychology will help S. Francis in his work to-day as they would not have helped him even a few years ago. Science is beginning to sort its facts and theories into a coherent whole, and sees all Nature as an orderly expression of Law moved by a conscious Power. The New Psychology, showing—as usual, frequent and natural—happenings and experiences of soul and body, which before, for want of knowledge, were classified as miraculous, supernatural or superstitious, will aid his work. S. Francis will be able, in preaching spiritual truths, to point to his own experiences and those of others, to prove his case, without danger of being considered fool or knave. His wider vision, his knowledge of more worlds than the physical, will, as before, help him to guide, illuminate, console, those who hear him, and who seek his counsel.

I see S. Francis in the twentieth century, reformer, saint, mystic, poet, ascetic, teacher, friend; a lover of his kind, followed with love and hatred alike, both blessed and cursed, comprehended and adored, misunderstood and hated; he will live a life of hard toil and simplicity, learned with a wisdom of which mere knowledge takes no account, proclaiming anew his gospel of love to God, goodwill and peace among men.

If I could choose for S. Francis the setting of his new pilgrimage in matter, I would place him in the East, the true home and birthplace of religions. The East needs him so sorely; for the first time in her long history the East is beginning to turn her back on her own teaching, to scramble for riches as the West does, to see the mâyâ of this world's appearances as the reality,

and see reality as illusion. The religious life as he could live it to-day in the East would be as the taking up of a familiar work; even now, to-day, under its sunny sky could S. Francis wander at his will, begging his living from door to door, when work was not to be had, undisturbed by law or magistrate. There, too, he would be speedily recognised at his true worth and surrounded by crowds of devoted disciples, to whom his doctrines of poverty, self-devotion, single-mindedness, asceticism, his visions and ecstasies, his sense of union with the Divine, would be familiar, precious, recalling many an ancient teaching of the past.

This alone I know, that wherever, whenever S. Francis appears, he will be one of those:

> Thro' whom,
> God, stooping, shows sufficient of His Light,
> For us i' the dark to rise by.

And happy will be those who can add, as his own surely will: "And I rise."

ELIZABETH SEVERS.

A FAREWELL

WHEN, at the end of life, these eyes I close,
And smiling him a welcome, take Death's hand,
And follow him into the silent land,
Where, lessons learnt or unlearnt, each one goes,
Think kind, glad thoughts of me; for if all those
Who love me here, whom I love, understand
That by their happiness mine own is planned,
And for each tear they shed, one from me flows,
And such is my belief, then they will send
Away from all their thoughts of me the least regret,
And they will smile, and none of them will fret,
And as they made me sad or happy here,
So still their fancies with mine own will blend,
And firm, strong prayer will ever keep me near.

FEN HILL.

ADAM'S TWO WIVES

THE time-honoured personage whom we speak of as the first man is referred to in one genealogy as a son of the Deity; and cannot, in any view, be regarded as an ordinary mortal. Josephus says: "This man was called Adam, which in the Hebrew tongue signifies one that is red, because he was formed out of red earth compounded together; for of that kind is virgin and true earth." Josephus, however, was not inspired. Fuerst, in his Hebrew lexicon, is disposed to disregard the suggestion of redness, and to derive the name from Admah, the firm ground. Either way, Adam is associated with the earth: and in the idea of many nations the Earth itself is Divine.

In Egypt the personage called Seb is frequently figured lying on the ground, his limbs covered with leaves. In documents and monuments of priestly origin he appears as the personified earth; and he is called the Earth-God. Yet his name denotes "time" and "star"; besides which the number five has the phonetic value *Seb*. It can hardly be accidental that he is made the instrument for adding five days to the year of 360 days, to complete the measure of time. It appears that formerly the year had consisted of only 360 days; and of course the calendar was liable to get into confusion, and a remedy was looked for. It is affirmed by Herodotus that the Egyptians possessed a year of twelve months containing thirty days each, and that they added five complementary days to complete the tale. These five days were not distributed among the months, but were brought in at the end of the year as a "little month." They were dedicated to certain divinities, were called the birthdays of those divinities, and were kept as holidays. The Egyptians themselves tell the story in symbolic language, and invest it with poetry; for it was not the manner of the ancients to record sacred events in plain prose. Everything connected with the measurement of time and

the accuracy of the calendar was sacred in their eyes, because it was concerned with bringing earthly usage into harmony with heavenly law. Unless they knew the times and seasons they could not observe the religious festivals on the proper days, and the Gods would punish them for their neglect. Their agricultural operations would not be duly timed, and their crops would not prosper. The institution of a year of 365 days was a great step towards accuracy; and the story is poetically related as follows: The Sun-God Ra, having discovered that his wife Neith, the Goddess of the Heaven-circle, was secretly associating with Seb, laid a curse upon her, that no day should be available for the birth of her children. Thoth (or Hermes), however, loved her as well, and as he was the God of time-arrangements, he played draughts with the Moon-Goddess and won certain portions of time from her, enough to make five days more. Then the divine children were born—Osiris, Aroeris, Typhon, Isis and Nephthys—one on each of these days. The five days were the birthdays of the five Gods, and they are hardly distinguishable from the Gods themselves. They were not distributed among the months, but were kept apart and observed as holidays.

It is very curious that there should be certain resemblances between Seb the Earth-God and Adam, whose name connects him with the ground. Typhon and Osiris were rival brothers, like Cain and Abel. They married their sisters Nephthys and Isis; and in Rabbinic tradition, though not in Scripture, Cain and Abel married their twin sisters. Typhon murdered Osiris, but Osiris was avenged by his son Horus; who reigns at last securely in place of his father. It reminds us that Seth was given in compensation for Abel; though the parallel is not very close. But what strikes us chiefly in these ancient traditions—if any general parallel was ever intended—is that Adam corresponds to Seb, and Seb is associated with the year of 360 days. This correspondence would perhaps lead the Jewish Rabbins to relate concerning Adam the same things that were told of Seb. At all events they have handed down certain traditions which fit into the astronomical story very well when they are interpreted symbolically.

The year of 360 days cannot have continued long without a

supplement. In the space of six years the calendar would be out of accord with the seasons by a full month, and in thirty-six years summer and winter would be reversed. It was convenient, no doubt, to have twelve months of thirty days each; and so convenient to have a circle of 360 degrees that from that day to this it has never been altered. But may there not have been some device of intercalaries? An extra month every sixth year would keep the reckoning as near to accuracy as an addition of five days to every year. On the supposition that such a lunar supplement was given to the Adam year to render it complete, it would be quite in accord with ancient eastern speech to describe it as a companion with whom the man consorted.

In my *Myths of Greece*, I have shown that Artemis is a divinity who represents a calendar arrangement of this very kind, an extra month brought in at intervals, to make perfect the year of Zeus. The festival of Artemis appears to have been a holiday month in the 120th year, to compensate for an annual omission of one quarter of a day: but the principle of the device was the same. In Egypt the corresponding festival was held in honour of the Goddess Bubastis or Pasht; and part of the ceremony consisted in recognising her relation to Time, by offering to her the clepsydra or water-clock. Naville, the Egyptologist, describing the Festival Hall in the Temple of Bubastis, says that "this offering of the clepsydra is one of the most frequent in these inscriptions: it certainly had some reference to the astronomical meaning of the festival and to its coincidence with a date of the calendar."

Pasht of Egypt may have been the divinity whom the Jewish Rabbins had in mind when they framed their stories about Adam's first wife. They say that Adam, while in Paradise, was fascinated by Lilith, and lived with her for 130 years before he married Eve. The statue of Pasht had the head of a cat or a catlike animal; and the ruins of Tel Basta, where the Goddess had her temple, have been found to contain a cemetery of cats. Many other Egyptian divinities had animal heads—the jackal, ibis, hawk, crocodile, etc.—and the symbolism is not difficult to understand. The months of the year were of course correlated with the divisions of the Zodiac, which had animal signs; and the

divinities were associated with these. The Goddess Sekhet was lion-headed, because she was associated with the month and sign Leo, the "house" of the sun at midsummer. The Pasht month, we may assume, received the sign of the Cat—or, as Naville thinks, "the wild cat or a kind of lynx"—because it was intercalated as a second lion. In any case there is no doubt about the association of the cat with the lion on the one hand and the moon on the other. It is fabled that Noah passed his hand over the back of the lion, the animal sneezed, and the cat came forth from its nostrils. According to Plutarch, a cat placed in a sistrum denoted the moon. Ovid calls the cat the sister of the moon; and says that Pasht took the form of a cat to avoid Typhon.

Adam's first charmer, Lilith, has the same clear relationship with the moon, and, therefore, with the intercalary month and festival; though this has not hitherto been recognised. In the Rabbinic tradition, Lilith was the queen of the female demons. She is pictured with wings and long, flowing hair; she delighted in wild gambols, and is called "the evil dancer." If etymology is any clue to her character—as it appears to be in the case of Eve—she is the spirit of the Night, for the word Lilah means night. Evil things are said of her, especially that she sustains herself on the life of infants, whom she slays at night. The company she keeps seems to be quite consonant with this propensity: Isaiah (xxxiv. 14) couples her with howling creatures prowling among ruins. Rabbi Jose warned people not to go out unattended at night, especially on Wednesdays and Sabbaths, "for then Lilith haunts the air with her train of wicked spirits."

This, then, is a first approximation to a knowledge of the character of Lilith: she is a baleful spirit of the night hours, a sort of Hecate—the Greek lunar Goddess, of whom some dreadful things are told.

But the Moon-Goddess may also be regarded as a charming Diana—"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair." According to the Kabalistic Rabbins, Lilith assumed the form of a beautiful woman, and deceived Adam, becoming his wife on the night before his reception of Eve. Such stories have seemed to be only idle tales while we had no clue to the allegory, but if they are traditions of a time when the year of 360 days received an

occasional extra month as its complementary, they record a fact of ancient history. The horror and the beauty which seem contradictory in Lilith are reconciled when we remember that the influences of Night may be either beneficial or hurtful. The heathen were superstitious and invoked the Goddess Lucina when women were in labour.

The Jews employ charms against Lilith to this day; and it is believed in Palestine that she sometimes takes the form of a cat, and is addicted to stealing new-born babes. Some curious instances are given in a paper on folk-lore in the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund, July, 1904. Lilith is called La Broosha by Spanish Jewesses, and El Karineh by the fellahin: she is a demon who comes in the shape of a great black cat, and she steals new-born babes. This is what great Pasht, the Goddess of Bubastis, has come to, degenerating with the ignorant! Modern folk-lore is often the irrational débris of ancient myth; and the myth, in its first form, was perfectly rational symbolical teaching.

Here, then, we seem to have the meaning of Adam's dalliance with Lilith before he married Eve. In the symbolic terms of the ancient legend, this alliance records the fact that the expulsion from the primitive circle or garden had been preceded by some ill-advised association of Sun and Moon in primitive worship and calendar-making. The priests were astronomers; and all calendar-making was an ecclesiastical and religious business, an earnest endeavour to learn the exact rule of the heavens, and bring the routine of human life into accord with it.

Lilith, as Goddess of an intercalary month supplementing the year of 360 days, belongs to a temporary arrangement; and as the system was fruitful of evils she fell into disrepute and was discarded. The next arrangement, in Egypt and elsewhere, was to give five "additional days" to every year, instead of waiting six years or more and then intercalating a month or more. The Rabbins would be acquainted with the legend which made these five days to be the birthdays of five divinities, the offspring of Seb and Neith; and, as they had already likened Adam to the Earth-God, they would proceed to assimilate Eve to the Heaven-Goddess. Eve, the "mother of all living," must be viewed as the

mother of five children, bringing five more days into the year. Seb and Neith had two sons, Typhon and Osiris; and Typhon murdered Osiris, as Cain killed Abel. The two Egyptian brothers had twin sisters, whom they married; and Rabbinic tradition tells the same story about Cain and Abel. Thus we have four out of the five: but about the remaining one there is something so peculiar in the Egyptian account, that the Jewish Rabbins may have felt at a loss for an exact parallel. In the Egyptian story the fifth child is Horus: but in one version he is a son of Osiris and Isis, in another there is an "elder Horus," brother of Osiris and Isis, born on one of the five days. The Rabbinic story also varies, sometimes giving two wives to Abel, and sometimes making the total number of children more than five. In any case the Rabbinic legend connects Lilith with the year of 360 days, and makes Eve the mother of the additional five. Lilith precedes Eve, and is discarded. The earlier arrangement represents Paradise, a state of primitive simplicity which did not last. It is said by some that Adam and Eve were not married till after the expulsion; as it is plainly declared that the birth of Cain and Abel was later.

In the end of the story, as we have it in Milton, it is very pathetic to read how Adam and Eve, when expelled from the happy garden, looked back and dropped some natural tears: yet they wiped them soon. The world was all before them, where to choose their place of rest; and

> They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

Tradition follows them to Ceylon or elsewhere, but we will not now pursue the subject further.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

> THERE is an inmost centre in us all
> Where Truth abides in fulness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
> The perfect clear conception which is Truth.
>
> BROWNING.

THE DESTINIES OF NATIONS

II.

In my last month's article I pointed out that certain great ideas, necessary for the evolution of the race, may be said to belong especially to the civilisations of the East, and that those ideas were in danger of being trampled out by the advancing western civilisations. We saw that that was a danger to humanity at large, the ideals of both eastern and western civilisations being necessary in the future of the world; and that it became necessary for some definite interference to take place to re-establish the balance of thought. I now want to draw attention to the nature of that interference, to show what lies behind the destinies of nations, and what forces guide the current of affairs, so that we may see through the veil of events to the forces that guide them. The great world-drama is not written by the pen of chance, but by the thought of the Logos, guiding His world along the road of evolution. In the course of that evolution many beings are concerned. We have to look on this world as part of a chain of worlds all closely interlinked, all the inhabitants of these different worlds having something to say in those parts of the drama which are being worked out in each. We are all living in three different worlds, and not only in one; and whether in the physical world, or in the next world, the astral, or in the third, the heaven world, the inhabitants are busy with the general conduct of affairs which affect all three. Life becomes enormously more interesting when we recognise that it is shaped not only in the physical world but in other worlds as well, and that when we trace the destinies of nations we find that those destinies stretch backward, and that the working out in the present is largely conditioned by the energies of the past.

Let us look for a moment on the rough plan of the whole, Let me put it as though it were a great drama written by a

divine pen. The story of the world, and the various parts of the actors on the stage, are all therein written. What is not laid down is who the actors shall be, and with regard to this a large amount of what is called choice comes in. This drama is the manifestation of certain great ideas in the Divine Mind, ideas written, as it were, in the heavens; for it is suggested in very ancient thought that what we call the signs of the zodiac have a definite connection with the course of human affairs. Of that, in the broad outline, there is no doubt in the minds of any who have penetrated somewhat behind the veil. The importance of these starry influences cannot be over-estimated; for inasmuch as human beings are related in the composition of their physical and other subtler bodies to the worlds among which they move in space, there must be magnetic relations existing between them and the system of which they form a part, and at certain epochs in the history of evolution there will be one or another dominating influence present in the atmosphere in which men think and act, and they can no more escape that influence than their bodies can escape the influence of the far-off sun. The great drama, then, is the grand plan of human evolution. It is full of parts which are to be played by the nations, but not necessarily by this or that nation; for the nation qualifies itself to play a certain part which may be offered to more than one nation, and one or another may rise to the height of its great opportunity.

Leaving that for a moment, let us ask a question as to the forces which help to adapt players to parts. Is there to be found, in what seems the great chaos of human wills, any guiding forces which bring the actor and the part together? You cannot well have a drama vast as the world-process, as evolution, and then a great gap between the Author of so vast a plan and the individual players who make up the nations and choose the parts. How is the right player to be brought into touch with his part in the history of the nation, in the history of individual successive births and deaths? That is the next point to grasp.

Now the vast machinery for bringing together the parts and the players is found in the hierarchies of superhuman Intelligences recognised in all the religions of the world, and in the occult teaching on which they are founded. Not one great religion of

the past or of the present that does not see surrounding the world and mingling in its affairs the vast hierarchies of spiritual Intelligences into whose hands is put the work of bringing together the players and the parts. You will see, if you turn to the religions of the nations of the past, how they have recognised these workings as playing a great part in the practical shaping of the destinies of nations. Not one great people of antiquity that did not have its own national "Gods."

The word "Gods," however, as used in the English tongue, is very confusing, for it is applied not only to those great hosts of Intelligences, but also to the Supreme, the LOGOS, the Author of the drama. Now in the nations that have other religions than the Christian this confusion does not arise. It is when the Christian is contemplating those whom he calls the "heathen" that the greatest confusion arises, for over the whole of their vast theology he uses the one name "God." And yet he might easily escape that by remembering that his own cosmogony is only a reproduction of the older thoughts of these more ancient peoples. In the East there is one name which is used for these Intelligences —the name "Devas," from the root "*div*," to "shine" or to "play"; the "shining ones," or the "playing ones," would be the English translation. When Bunyan so often used the term "shining ones" he was using a quite eastern phrase, for it is by that name that the East knows this great hierarchy of Intelligences. Among the Christians and Mussulmâns, whose religions are drawn largely from the Jewish, the name "Angel" is used, the terms "Angel," "Archangel," "Cherubim," "Seraphim," and so on, being represented in the older faiths either by the word "Deva" or by a word derived therefrom. "God," in the Christian sense, is known by other names, and no confusion arises.

In all the old religions these Devas played an enormous part, and each nation had its own particular set of Devas. The Egyptians regarded certain superhuman Intelligences as their earliest law-givers, and the connection between the human law-giver, the Divine King, and the Deva is always clearly marked. Every civilisation takes its rise in a little group, partly human, partly superhuman, to which it looks back and from which it

draws its laws. The Greek had his Demigods or Heroes, and his Gods or Devas. So among the Chinese, the Japanese, the Persians, the Indians, the same idea is found of the nation being founded by the group which contained the human law-giver and the Deva who worked with him in the building of the nation. Celsus hints that the Beings "to whom was allotted the office of superintending the country which was being legislated for, enacted the laws of each land in co-operation with its legislators. He appears then to indicate that both the country of the Jews, and the nation which inhabits it, are superintended by one or more beings, who . . . . co-operated with Moses, and enacted the laws of the Jews" (Origen. *Con. Cel.* V. xxv.).

Now the Divine Kings, the Heroes, passed, but the Deva remains still at the head of each nation, a real existence in the astral and heavenly worlds, with a crowd of less developed Intelligences under his guiding hand. And when you come to the Jews you find that idea very clearly laid down in their scriptures. I pause for a moment upon it, because the sentence I am going to take from the Old Testament, from Deuteronomy, gives exactly the idea which I want us to take in considering the working out of a nation's destinies: "When the Most High divided the nations, when He dispersed the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the angels of God; and the Lord's portion was his people Jacob" (Deut. xxxii. 8, 9, *Septuagint*). To many modern readers the latter part of that sentence, "the Lord," may sound surprising, for they are accustomed to connect that word with the Supreme God; but we can see from the whole of the sentence that it is the name "Most High" which indicates the LOGOS, the manifested God, and He divides all the nations of the world according to the number of the angels, and to one great angel, "the Lord," He gives Jacob, Israel, as his peculiar portion. Origen, in dealing with this, alludes to the "reasons relating to the arrangement of terrestrial affairs," and points out that in Grecian history "certain of those considered to be Gods are introduced as having contended with each other about the possession of Attica; while in the writings of the Greek poets also some who are called Gods are represented as acknowledging

that certain places here are preferred by them before others" (*Con. Cel.* V. xxix.). And so he points out that after what he regards as the symbolical dispersion, at the building of the tower of Babel, the different nations were given to these groups of celestial beings (*Ibid.*, xxx.). These beings were worshipped in their respective nations, who followed their own "Gods," and not those of other peoples (*Ibid.*, xxxiv.).

This idea of "the ministry of angels" is very general among the early Christians; thus we have in *Hermas* the vision of the building of a tower:

"And I answering said unto her, These things are very admirable; but, lady, who are those six young men that build?

"They are, said she, the angels of God, which were first appointed, and to whom the Lord has delivered all his creatures, to frame and build them up, and to rule over them. For by these the building of the tower shall be finished.

"And who are the rest who bring them stones?

"They also are the holy angels of the Lord; but the other are more excellent than these. Wherefore when the whole building of the tower shall be finished, they shall all feast together beside the tower, and shall glorify God, because the structure of the tower is finished" (*1st Book of Hermas*, Vision iii., 43-46).

Clement (*1st Epistle*, xiii. 7) quotes the text above referred to. Also the following remark about Jesus, made by Satan to the Prince of Hell, is noteworthy: "As for me, I tempted him, and stirred up my old people the Jews with zeal and anger against him" (*Gospel of Nicodemus*, xv. 9). The Jews were under Saturn, or Jehovah, according to Origen. The same idea is taught among the Mussulmâns. They regard the angels as taking a very active part in the affairs of men. And it is hardly necessary to remind you that in the great epic poems of India, the *Mahâbhârata* and the *Râmâyana*, you find the Devas mingling with the affairs of men, so that when great quarrels are to be decided they manifestly take part in the strife, each struggling for the particular tribe or nation placed in his hands for its evolution. A correspondent, Mr. Tudor Pole, of Bristol, tells me that there is an old Teutonic legend that on New Year's Eve

all the "Inner Rulers," the angels, of the nations assemble before the Council of the Gods to receive their orders for the coming year; each has his request to make as to the destiny of his nation during the coming year; the Council arranges the part that each nation shall play during the ensuing year, and the Great Lords are consulted. Finally, the Rulers disperse, somewith music and joy, some weeping, some in great agony.

In Greece there is much mingling of "Gods" and men, and the Greeks, despite their philosophy, took the matter as real, not as fairy-tale, although the philosophers in Greece, as among the Hindus and Buddhists, did not worship these "Gods." In the 7th book of the *Odyssey* we read how "Minerva meets Ulysses, in the likeness of a young maiden bearing a pitcher," and she guides him to the palace of Alcinous, a palace guarded, in Atlantean fashion, by immortal gold and silver dogs, made by the mind of Vulcan. And so again in many another tale, written when men's minds were less blinded than they are to-day.

Of course, in modern times this idea has disappeared, and it must seem like a fairy tale to modern readers when one brings such thoughts into touch with what may seem to them such much more real things, the strifes of Kings, and the politics of the modern world. And yet behind all these the co-ordinating forces are still continually at work; and when the time comes for a nation to play a triumphant part in the current history of the world, then, many years before the time of the triumph, there are guided into that nation by the Devas souls which are fitted for its building up and guidance in the coming struggle. And when the time comes for a nation to sink low in the current history of the world, there are guided to incarnation there souls that are weak, undeveloped, cruel, tyrannical, having fitted themselves to fill such actors' parts in the great national drama. Let us keep, then, that theory in mind: the drama on the one side; this great co-ordinating agency on the other, guiding the self-chosen actors to their appointed parts.

And now let us look at some of the nations themselves, and see how far the destinies that they are working out fit in with this view of a guiding hand behind the veil. Let us take for one

instance the building up of a mighty western empire, so that the great Fifth Race, with its evolution of the concrete mind, might play its part in the drama for the benefit of humanity at large. And let us see, if we can, whether certain definite currents may not be traced which show a plan definitely worked out, and not the mere mingling of the chaotic wills, ambitions, and selfishnesses of nations.

Slowly was prepared this part of a nation to stand high above the nations of the world. The first nation to whom that part was offered was Spain, who had been preparing for it by a very marked and extraordinary evolution. Into her was poured the great flood of learning which linked itself with the dying philosophy of Greece, and drew its rich stores from the Neo-Platonic schools; into Southern Spain came the great incursion from Arabia, rich with all the knowledge brought from the mighty schools of Bagdad, which spread over Southern Spain and thence over Europe. To her was sent Columbus, who made it possible for her to spread her conquering troops across the Atlantic and subject the new world to her imperial sceptre. How did Spain meet that wondrous opportunity? In the wake of Columbus came the army, subjecting Mexico and Peru to her sway, and destroying their ancient civilisations, outworn and ready for destruction. She had laid upon her shoulders the task of building up in that new world a civilisation based on the solid foundation left there by Atlantis, capable of supporting the structure of the new thought and knowledge. All know how she missed her opportunity, how she drove out from her own country the Moors and the Jews, the inheritors of the knowledge, the philosophy, and the science; and how, in the new world, with her greed of gold, she cared nothing for the peoples placed in her hands, but trampled them into the dust. So her part in the drama was taken away and offered to another people.

Another nation became a candidate—a nation which, with many faults, had also many great virtues. England, spreading abroad her race, more and more subjected to her sway land after land. She gained the offer of a world-empire by an act of national righteousness—the liberation of the slaves from bondage, accompanied by that great act of national justice which sacrificed no

one class but placed the burden of the liberation on the whole nation. For that, those who guided her destinies were offered the possibility of world dominion. All the nations that tried to establish themselves in that great land of the East, India, one after another failed, until the English race placed its feet therein. The story of the placing is not good to read, and many crimes were wrought, yet on the whole the nation tried to do its best and to correct the oppressions wrought in India—then so out of reach—as witness her action towards her great pro-consul, Warren Hastings, when she brought him to trial for his evil deeds, in the face of the world. So, despite many faults, she was allowed to climb higher and higher in the eastern world, partly also because she offered, with her growing colonies and language, the most effective world-instrument for spreading the thought of the East over the civilisations of the West. All know how far that has gone, how all over Northern America, in far-off Australasia, as well as in her own land, eastern thought and philosophy have everywhere penetrated, so that the treasures of Saṃskṛit learning, kept so jealously until the time was ripe for their dispersion, are being spread over the surface of the globe.

Continually, by lessons ever repeated, those Higher Ones who guide the nation are striving to impress upon England the lesson that by righteousness alone can a nation be exalted in the long run. And in a critical moment, when luxury was growing too enervating, too selfish, the terrible lesson of South Africa branded on the English conscience the lesson that duty and right must go before luxury. Through the fires of disaster a lesson was taught to England which, may God grant, she has learned for her future guidance.

And then there came the question of what nation should be chosen for the work of lifting up those ideals of the East of which I wrote last month. India, at this stage of the world's history, could not do the necessary service: she was learning her lessons under a conqueror; but there was a nation in the Far East which had within it the possibility of learning the lesson, and the Devas of the nation began to concern themselves with the attempt to train up in that far-off island a people who should be fit for the mighty task of uplifting eastern thought, of show-

ing that conquest might go on hand-in-hand with gentleness and self-control, and that a nation might spring into a mighty power without losing its sense of duty. The work began by a change in the education of the people, which might make a nation conscious of itself, and then into the soil thus prepared a group of heroic souls was born. The Mikado of Japan, a mighty soul, fit to incarnate for that nation its own greatness, fit to use such power that in brief space of years he might transform the nation, put it into new shape, evolved in it unknown forces, and at the same time showed out a personality so wonderful that all that nation look to him as ruler by Divine Right, from whose sacred person flow the powers which in the nation are shown forth, every triumph reflecting new glory on his personality. And round him gathers one great one after another, for the labour of raising up the nation, until at every point of importance you see a statesman, a general, an admiral, fit to lead a people from triumph to triumph. A group of strong souls is guided to incarnate there, in order that the nation may fulfil its destiny; for no nation can be great unless at the centre there be an ideal, and a perfect loyalty and self-devotion. It is no mere lip phrase, but voices a feeling deep in the heart of the soldier and of the general, when they thank their Ruler for the victory in the field, and with the eastern devotion say that he is the representative of God amongst them.

Glance at the other nation in the great duel which is being fought in Eastern Asia, and see how strangely Russia, a nation with a great future before her, is being guided through the frightful valley of humiliation. The preparation for that calamitous part in the drama lies in that which has gone before, even within the limits of our own lives. There was a moment, some twenty-five or thirty years since, when a wondrous opportunity came in Russia's way. Although ill-judged, there was a noble impulse underneath the freeing of the serfs, and there was a possibility that that act might be turned to good purpose for the nation, and raise it higher, instead of leading it wellnigh to destruction as it has done. And then there came out of many souls born just then among the nobles of Russia, one of the most wonderful things the world has seen—a flinging of themselves

out of their own rank down amongst the poor, the ignorant and the down-trodden, a giving of themselves by the lads and the girls of the nobility to the lifting up of the people, not by a far-off charity, but by a wondrous impulse of uttermost self-sacrifice. And how was that met? The divine compassion of those youths and girls was met by the fortress of Peter and Paul, by the mines, and deserts, and snows of Siberia. Nothing more terrible has been wrought by a government of any people within modern times. And terrible the Nemesis. Driven by despair, their attempts to uplift in all gentleness met with the knout and the underground dungeon, with starvation for the men, with dishonour for the women, what wonder some of them went mad! What wonder that some of them at last, after years of patience, after cruellest sufferings, answered with the bomb to the knout! This state of affairs was created in the first place by the bureaucracy and not by the victims. Thousands upon thousands of those who would have redeemed Russia died on the scaffolds, were slaughtered in those frightful mines, until at last the patience of the Gods grew exhausted, and the time came for the government to learn that governments exist for the helping and not for the crushing of their peoples.

So that Russia chose by her past that terrible *rôle* which now she is playing on the stage of the world. Against her are all the forces that make for progress; against her from the astral world the myriads that she sent there before their time—all her martyrs, all her victims, are struggling against her. Hence the record of unexampled defeat. And at home, revolution, anarchy, assassination and mutiny are threatening her government fabric from every side, until for Russia at the moment, there is only that Valley of the Shadow of Death to be trodden from end to end; and with pain at heart, but with steady hands, her angelic guardians guide her through the defeat and the disaster, willing that their charge should learn her lessons whatever the price she pays. For in those clearer eyes the nation's agony for the moment matters little, beside the lessons that through that agony are learned; and until the tyranny itself is crushed, and the rulers of Russia learn their duties to the people, she must still tread the winepress of the divine wrath.

And see how Russia has been prepared for it. Among all her rulers not one strong man; weakness and uncertainty everywhere, changed policy at every moment. Mark the government of him who should be the father, but is the tyrant, of his people —perhaps not a bad man in himself, but utterly unfit for his post. It is part of the destiny of a nation that, when the hour of its doom strikes, nothing but weakness is born into its governing classes, so that those who would not rule aright may lose the power to rule. And on those terrible battlefields of which we have read records in the daily press, is there anything more pathetic than the dauntless courage of the soldiers, and the hopeless incompetence of the officers? It is not that the soldiers do not fight, but that they are led by men who know not how to lead.

It is thus that nations are guided from above, and into the nation that has to go downwards those are guided who inevitably drag it downwards. The same was the case in Spain—a child King, and not one able man among the ministers who could guide it right in the struggle with Cuba and America.

And how are these leaders chosen? They are chosen by their own lives in the past. A man is found unselfish, brave, and noble, and such a one, in the countless choices of his daily life, is making the choice for the splendid part that hereafter in humanity he shall play. And so with those who are great outside, but have to play a sordid part. By countless selfishnesses and preferring of themselves, by taking ever the lower path instead of the higher, those men choose also their parts in history.

Thus it is that the Occultist looks on human history, and sees preparing around him on every side the men and women who are to be the players of the future in the more prominent parts of the world-drama. For none forces upon us any part, nor imposes upon us any special place in the world-drama. We choose for ourselves. We build up ourselves for glory or for shame, and as we build so hereafter shall we inevitably be. Hence it follows that for a nation to be great its citizens must slowly build up greatness in themselves. Hence it is that the greatness that you see now in Japan is a greatness that you can recognise among her ordinary men and women, who are willing

to sacrifice all that is dearest for the sake of their country and the glory of their chief.

And so with England, if she would fill the mighty part which is before her in the near future. She must build up her sons and daughters on heroic models, by placing righteousness above luxury, thought above enjoyment; by choosing the strenuous, the heroic, the self-sacrificing in *daily life*, and not petty enjoyments, small luxuries, and miserable sensual gratifications. Out of rotten bricks no great building can be built, and out of poor material no mighty nation may be shaped. The destinies of nations lie in the homes of which the nations are composed, and noble men, women and children have in them the promise of the future national greatness. And as we make our conditions better, higher and more evolved souls shall be born amongst us. While we have slums and miserable places we are making habitations for little evolved souls, whom we draw into the nation. Under the ground the root grows, out of which the flower and the fruit will come, and poor the gardening science which places a rotten root in the ground and expects from it a perfect flower and a splendid fruit. If we would have England great among the nations, and make her destiny an imperial destiny as the servant of humanity at large, we must cultivate the soil of character, plant the sound roots of noble, righteous, simple living, and then the destiny is inevitable, and the nation will be cast for an imperial part in the drama of the world.

ANNIE BESANT.

O BELOVED Pan, and all ye other Gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I have may be at peace with those within.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GODHEAD

III.

To Thee, Supreme! Eternal Mind of God!
All creatures sing
A joyous hymnal of the fierce life
Of early Spring.

The shadows of some glorious dream of Thine,
Thou perfect Mind!
Are sin and sorrow in the lesser thought
Of human kind.

Within the shining marvel of the wood
Where happy things,
Untouch'd by folly of man's wisdom, flit,
On joyous wings;

The pageant of the Gods sweeps gloriously,
In wondrous speech,
Of amethyst and golden, rose and blue;
A Voice in each,

To chant one letter of the Holy Name
God's angels know;
And whisper in the careless strife-dull'd ears
Of men below.

The birds alone the magic whisper hear;
Their voices ring
From morning until eve; telling the world
A secret thing.

Cease thou from struggle and the anguish'd strife
To save thy soul;
The flow'rs are shining in the meadows; and—
He is the whole.

In the magic of a cool, pale dawn Dale Patrick went forth from the city. Throughout the night he failed in his vow to think no

more in order that he might know. For he was greatly bewildered; as one, who sees the high office and necessity of shame and penitence following sin, must needs be when it fails him. For he knew the inner penance of the soul that repents to be the holiest of the sacraments of God; the veiled but outer sign that, in the most secret shrine of the heart, the God within and the bound and tortured God without have felt the other's presence; though the without knows not as yet the within as his very Self.

To find himself treading the way of sin was bewilderment enough; for very long he had known that his failings and failures generally came by way of his virtues; but to find, in the hour of realised sin, that he could not tread the way of repentance was more bewildering still.

He could not feel what he used to feel when he did amiss; once he possessed a very keenly torturing and sensitive conscience; once both soul and body winced under a sense of wrong doing. Now he condemned his action unflinchingly; without shame, without torture, without wincing. Now the sins of others seemed harder to be borne than those that clung to him; though out of these also, hopelessness, agony, and shame were gone; but there was in them a tragedy, a pathos, a helplessness he could not feel in his own. Other people's sins seemed to be so piteous; he sorrowed for them with a curious tenderness, an unutterable pity; he mourned for their pain; he mourned because they did not know a secret he knew, but was powerless to tell, unless it were in the words:

"Make Me thy single refuge! I will free Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!"

Thus spoke the Voice of the Christ in the East; and like unto it His words to the peoples of the West:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

In the past Dale Patrick rejected the thought of vicarious atonement, which is indeed incapable of explanation to the mind; but now a knowledge seemed to be his, which was expressed "as in a glass darkly" by those words.

Thinking thus, he reached a little country station, got out, and walked down a road he knew which led to the woods.

He crossed a meadow which was full of buttercups; he saw a lark rise towards the pale grey-blue sky; he heard the thrushes and the nightingales singing in the wood towards which he was going; and he saw a wood-pigeon having his morning bath in a little stream. Along the border of that stream marsh marygolds were growing, and here and there clumps of water forget-me-nots. In the wood shrew-mice were playing, and the tiny fine sound of their voices pierced through the rustle of the dead leaves stirred by their little bodies. The wind-flowers and cherry-blossom were gone, and so were the primroses, save for a patch here and there. But the cowslips grew on the border of the wood, and the blue-bells and the little white stitchwort were in their glory. On one side of the path the wood was thick; it might have grown in a wonder world, an enchanted forest; pathless, full of strange perils and portals, leading to the Land of Marvellous Night. On the other side was a stretch of mossy ground, covered with dog violets, and here were bushes cut down low to the earth, so that the eye could range over a wonderful violet-blue distance, with curtains of pearl-pale mist swaying gently over the low hills which lay on the horizon. Sin! it was the dream of a diseased brain, and a foolish morbid heart!

God had looked upon the world at His Sunrising, and it was very good. The birds knew no sin; the rabbits nibbling the dew-drenched clover knew none. Sin was an invention of man's sick brain and narrow mind; it was human—God knew it not.

But even as his heart spoke thus, he knew it was not perfect truth, though it held a truth; twisted, like many such an one, into a lie.

A bird, a small brown wren, with a voice much greater than its wee body, lit on a beech bough by his side, a great bough sweeping earthwards, shining with a wonder of green fire lit by the torch of a God.

Under the bough he lay; and the squirrels investigated him with as much suspicion and conviction of his unworthiness as though they had been human philanthropists, bent on displaying the charity which suffereth long and is kind.

He shut his eyes; the wood grew full of presences woven into a Holy Catholic Church held in the bounds of One Supreme

Presence; and lo! the Kingdom of Heaven, which cometh not by observation, was an accomplished fact. To try to at-one man with God! It was already accomplished by "His one oblation of Himself once offered" before the beginning of the world; to try to save one's soul, to save oneself by "works"—it was all in vain, because it was already done by one stupendous "Sacrifice." These were the phrases of the revival meeting; but they were only truth to him when they were revealed by the wisdom of the wood. Man's efforts were but to gain that growth, that stature which should make him know what had been from the beginning. He could do nothing to make that kingdom more real which was Reality; he could only labour towards the hour when "he believed with a lively faith," when his "memory should be restored by God."

From the ages of the past echoed an old monk's voice; the voice of an aged man who died in the arms of him who was now known as Dale Patrick, just before the Brother Gorlois felt his first remorse and shame: "The soul of a holy house, my father, is like the kingdom of God, it cometh not by observation; it is from the beginning. . . ." It was borne on the echo of a Voice more mighty: "Thy present is My past, which I foreknew; and thy past My present; and thy future is also present with Me. Behold! I am; and there is naught save Me at any time. The things thou seest and holdest, lovest and hatest, fearest and scornest, are shadows of thy trembling mind, rooted in Me; and this thy mind but the shadow of My Thought thereof."

Dale Patrick opened his eyes and looked at the wood. Herein was the shadow of the Godhead's Mystery which none may see, and live as we know life; there was but its shadow—not its substance; its forth-appearing as in a vain show—no more! And yet there was in it a rest for the people of God, and a silence of perfection.

For therein was that which we know as evil and pain; but it was neither evil nor pain in the still and changeless Mind of the Wood; and therein was that which the babes of a day perceive as joy and virtue; but it was not joy nor yet virtue in the Mind which made it.

And therein were many living beings, visible and invisible to human eyes, and yet they were no more than changing shadows flung on the warp and weft of the loom whereat wrought the Mind of the Wood.

In the wood, where the bluebells were as a violet veil of mist fashioned of living light, was the harmony that knows itself not as such; and the jar and strife which is the sound of the shuttle plied by the Mother of all Tales, without which no wood was ever yet either fashioned or sustained. But the wood in its upbuilding, built not with clatter of tongues but with song of birds, it praised the Mind of the Wood by its unconsciousness of growth, by its unconsciousness of itself, and of the Mind Who dreamed the bluebell's hue and perfume, the wonder of the curled bracken, the faint pale marvel of the life of leaves like green-white fire shining from mist that wrapped distant glades in a haze of violet blue.

No one could discern the wonder of each bluebell head; they were linked together by a shifting film of quivering light that bound them in a sacred brotherhood to interpret to man the thought of the God who made them; here and there among them shone a patch of campions like rosy flame.

Dale Patrick rose up from the earth. He knew a secret upon which his lips were locked for ever by powerlessness to utter it. For it is thus with the secrets of the Son of God, and thus with the Secret of all Secrets which is the Mystery of the Godhead; they can only be known; they can never be told. There may be those who know them in plain day; of this I, who write, am ignorant; but this I know: There are those who know them as the light touch of a Hand in the Darkness, and the seal on their lips, let them speak as they will, is always—Silence.

THE SONG OF THE HEART OF THE WOOD.

THE City of the Lord, thy Father's House,
Abides with thee, O child, in memory.
A memory that, given to thy dreams,
Thy strife-fill'd day forgets.
On many battle-fields the peace of God
Shall visit thee, and make thee to endure;

Until at last by battle thou shalt win
That prize of God, the vision of the Land
That was from the beginning. Child, in truth,
Thou canst not make of any son of man
A brother linkt more closely unto thee
Than God thy Father drew those links at first,
Within His Bosom in the Land of Peace.
But, brooding on that perfect unity,
Believing on the Kingdom of thy God,
Thou shalt call forth His Power; His full Life
Shall flow in ways most manifold thro' thee;
And thou shalt feed thy enemies; shalt give
Strength to thy foe to rise and smite thee down;
Thy God is in the soul of him who smites,
As in the heart of him who loveth thee.
Give, child, to all; and trouble not thy mind,
If thou shalt give to him who hateth thee
The pow'r to work his will; which is not thine.
For God hath need of him and need of thee;
And in the City of thy Father's House
Thou with thy foe art linkt in unity.
The Body of the Lord within the height,
Is his and thine alike. Fix there thy mind;
And leave the turmoil of the world to Those
Who know Their Father in the ways of gloom,
As in the Light that shineth in the dark.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE knowledge of good and evil at a certain point passes away, or becomes absorbed into a higher knowledge. The perception of sin goes with a certain weakness in the man. As long as there is conflict and division within him, so long does he seem to perceive conflicting and opposing principles in the world without. As long as the objects of the outer world excite emotions in him which pass beyond his control, so long do those objects stand as the signals of evil—as disorder and sin. Not that the objects are bad in themselves, or even the emotions they excite, but that all through this period these things serve to the man as indications of *his* weakness. But when the central power is restored in man and all things are reduced to his service, it is impossible for him to see badness in anything.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE-WAVE

THE new impulse towards the Higher Life, sent by Theosophy through western civilisation, is showing itself in various directions, and two hopeful movements are in progress which mark the strength of this impulse.

One of these is a little settlement at Bushey, Herts., where, supported and directed by members of the Theosophical Society and by a Lodge of Co-Masons—a Masonic Order in which women and men are equally eligible—a group of workers is gathered which seeks to infuse idealism into all its artistic labours, and to bring beauty and simplicity into daily life. It seeks to interpret hidden things by symbols, and to work as one body, rather than as a group of individuals. The Guild of S. Máhel—for thus is the group named—has already to show some admirable wood-carving and metal-work, and a picture of one of its women-artists, "The Stirrup Cup," is one which most of our members would like to see on their walls. By living simply but beautifully, by thinking nobly, and by seeking inspiration from Nature, the members of the S. Máhel's Guild hope to find and embody new inspirations in Art.

The second movement, of which one expression is the Guild of S. Michael, is a more ambitious one, and its own prospectus speaks best its objects and its hopes.

THE GUILD OF S. MICHAEL

"He will hasten it in His time"

The Founders of this Society believe that the present unfolding of spiritual life has made ready a time peculiarly opportune for this movement, which it is their intention to carry on undeterred by the lethargy of materialism, the disease which, in their judgment, gives rise to most of the ills from which society suffers.

They do not doubt that these ills must be attacked from every side by the uplifting of Great Ideals and the restoring of Beauty and Symmetry to Life, but the particular difficulties with which they are concerned can, in their judgment, best be treated by the revival of the various Crafts and Arts on traditional lines, in a system that will provide for the simultaneous development of the spiritual, mental, and physical side of man's nature. They also attach the greatest importance to bringing man once more into direct relationship with the soil and restoring agriculture to its proper position in the national life, and they consider that it would be an invaluable experiment to form groups, as self-supporting as possible, so that wealth might be withdrawn from circulation in its present channels to nourish healthy organisations. In their industrial organisations they propose, as opportunity offers, to restore the well-approved hierarchical system, in order that skill may train the apprentice, that the spirit of reverence may be regained, and that the master workman may take his rightful place in the organisation and direction of labour.

Their endeavours will be directed to so moulding the forces of life, that work, looked at as a ritual for the creative forces within us and a vehicle of the emotions and aspirations that demand expression in every healthy life, may become dignified as an end in itself, and creative art may again grow amongst us exalted by mysticism, the eye that pierces through the veil of matter and sees the creative spirit within the form it shapes.

They recognise the futility of the doctrine that the best interests of the many are to be secured by the unfettered competition of individual self-interests, and propose to substitute in this Society, and in their relations with all Societies inspired by similar principles, the spirit of Brotherhood and mutual respect.

The primary object of the Guild of S. Michael is to aid a revival of the various Crafts and Arts and restore them to their place in the general life as purifiers, refiners and revealers of the divine.

Membership of the Guild of S. Michael will imply approval of this object, a general agreement with the ideals outlined hereafter, and an undertaking to give general help in the work of the Guild.

Members will be required to take at least one share of one pound in the Company owning the workshops of the Guild, and the show-room organised for the distribution of craft work.

The Guild will also be glad to receive subscriptions and donations from those who wish to help in this way: such donors will be informed from time to time of the work and receive notices of the publications. A fund of this character will be most useful in spreading the views of the Society.

The Secretary of the Guild is Miss Gertrude Spink, Artificers' Guild, 9, Maddox Street, London, W.

To this is added the following:

Explanatory Note

To those who have watched the growth of the Arts and Crafts movement during the last twenty years the value of such an organisation as the Guild of S. Michael will be obvious. Such observers will know that many of the craftsmen and organisations have either been submerged or their ideals have been sacrificed to commercialism, and workshops started with great enthusiasm have degenerated into enterprises conducted on ordinary business lines.

These failures, though doubtless to some extent due to want of idealism, arise in the main from the almost insuperable difficulty of the artist who finds his inspiration crushed when he comes into communication with that section of the public who, whilst superficially interested in craftsmanship, have no knowledge or understanding of the conditions under which work of real beauty can be produced.

It is, in fact, essential, and this should be the first work of the Guild, to organise the consumer as well as the producer.

Members of the Guild are asked to take shares in the business, as they will thereby have a voice in the election of directors, thus securing that the business be carried on on the right lines.

The Metal and Jewellery workshops of the Artificers' Guild and the Gallery in Maddox Street will be directed by members of this Society, and as the necessary funds are received work-

shops for embroidery, weaving, printing, and other crafts will be added.

It will thus be seen that the Guild of S. Michael is to consist of members of the general public who wish to support the movement for the ennobling of Arts and Crafts, without themselves being operative Artists or Craftsmen. It has to make the public opinion which will support noble types of Art, and discourage showy and meretricious work, and members of the Guild, in their lives and houses, should set an example of seemly and beautiful living. This movement also has been pioneered by members of the Theosophical Society or of Co-Masonry, although no sympathy with either movement is sought for among members in general.

It would perhaps surprise the general public to know how many useful movements in the religious and artistic worlds have been started and nursed in their early days by Theosophists; and it is not insignificant that the entrance of women into Masonry is accompanied by the attachment to Masonic Lodges of Guilds of Artists and Craftsmen, so that operative crafts may be aided by the speculative, as in the past.

A. B.

ILLUSION

GOD and I in space alone,
  And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead,
  And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said;
  "A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead—
  There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
  "Meeting YOU here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there hell
  And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;
  "Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin;
There is no you—you never have been—
  There is nothing at all but ME!"

From *T.P.'s Weekly*, June 30th, 1905.

THE IMMENSITIES

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; so wrote the ancient Hebrew hymn-maker, echoing the dominant thought of the religious consciousness of his race.

"The beginning of philosophy is wonder"; thus the genius of Greece expressed itself through the written word of Plato, a sentence that in later years became a dogma of the Gnosis.

We might contrast these utterances; we might, by dwelling solely on the differences conjured up by the words, elaborate a thesis on the opposition of Jew and Greek in things religious, and illustrate it by many examples drawn from the history and literature of these two typical peoples.

But no matter how seemingly effectively this might be accomplished, no matter how true in fact the antitheses might appear to be to the practical reason, to the contemplative mind the still voice whispers: "They both look to the same; they mean within the same; they speak a different language of the mind; that is all."

For that fear which is the beginning of wisdom, is the germ of Perfect Love which casteth out all fear; it is the beginning of that Perfect Love itself,—itself first looking at itself, new to its own contemplation, dissolving itself to be itself. It is the awe of its own greatness, the marvelling at its own beauty, which is ever too vast, too dazzling, for it in its becoming; for becoming is in time, while being is in the eternity. It thus dissolves itself into itself, its dissolution being its genesis, and its genesis its own regeneration.

In very truth is wonder the beginning of wisdom; and wisely was it that in ancient days the master bade the pupil contemplate the heavens.

Gaze then at the immensities of space and wonder at the marvels and the mysteries that dwell within its measureless pro-

fundities. There they shine forth, each in his own peculiar glory, suns in countless profusion, galaxy on galaxy, marvel on marvel, mystery on mystery, each infinitely transcending the wit of human mind, the utmost power of man's imagination.

There in the quiet and the stillness they shine forth, the watchers and eternal witnesses, the all-seeing eyes of God, who see with their own light, the self-revealing greatnesses,—vast beyond realisation, and yet but atoms in the great economy of Him whose inexpressible transcendency they faintly mediate to such ones of the little minds of tiny mortals here below as contemplate the heavens.

We moderns call them suns, and think that we have seen them; we have devised as well light-picturing instruments to register the countless suns our naked eyes cannot behold. But have we *seen* a sun? Have we ever truly seen the heavens? Some of the wise ones of the ancients say we have not; we have seen but reflections of the heavens and their denizens. At any rate the Pythagorean school taught that the air shut out the sight of heaven, and mortals saw no more of the True Light than fish can see of things on earth. The Plain of Truth began above the air.

And in this I would subscribe myself a follower of Pythagoras, as in much else. I know I have not seen the heavens, I have not seen a sun, but only so much of those mysteries as mortal eyes can bear. I have seen as through a veil shinings and spaces. But does this constitute me a contemplator of the heavens? Is contemplation the seeing of appearances,—or rather of veiled sights? And how many veils are there upon the Great Mother, —or rather, how many veils has she most lovingly bound round our eyes that we may not be blinded?

Who has revealed the Vision, who has made plain the Mysteries, who has raised the Veil of the Temple for mortal eyes? Is it the passing fashion of the day in physical theorising that is to be accepted as the way the truth and the life in the gnosis of things? Is it the phase of mind that laughs to scorn the immemorial belief that the suns are bodies of great souls, that shall be regarded as the genuine successor of the instruction of the hierophants of old?

What authority has been given to the thinking apparatus of some ephemeral dust-specks on the bosom of one planet of a single sun to banish Soul from the Kingdom of the Heavens, and to reduce the Fulness to the emptiness of bodies of purely physical atomicity?

Shall such vain opinions be called true visions of genuine contemplators of the heavens? Are they not rather passing mind-phases of gazers at the reflections of the Mysteries only—thin shadows of the realities? For a Mystery is not some small hidden thing, or some artificial secret; a Mystery is a reality, a true being, a greatness, an eternity, an æon.

Yet even when thought of physically alone, even when the reflections of Those-that-are, even when the surface-shadows of the Realities alone are considered, how marvellous and wonderful are they! How even with such insanely self-imposed limitations does the intellect expand as it endeavours to measure itself with the provable immensities that open infinitely before its purely physical observation!

To what height then of wonder on wonder does not the spirit soar when it adds soul and mind to its contemplation, and dares to imagine to itself its own possibilities? And who is to say that this is illegitimate, that this is unscientific, if science means gnosis? Is it unscientific to search out and to seek, to aspire to, and to worship the inner nature of things,—ay, even to dare to imagine wrongly, according to the received formularies of the day, when there is the authority of great souls in the past that such an exercise of the spirit is natural, and the legitimate way of growth?

And if the heavens and their denizens are so marvellously great and beautiful, even when seen so dimly in reflection, how much more marvellous is it that man with his microscopic frame should dare not only to gaze upon their greatnesses, but even to penetrate the veil of their mysteries? What infinite daring, what measureless potentiality must there not be in him, that he who in comparison is so infinitely small should have the hardihood to scrutinise the infinitely great, and seek to measure himself with the immeasurable?

What daring is there not in him? Even his persistent error

shows this; for has not man, as long as we have record of him, dared to define the indefinable? Has he not set forth system on system, each boasting itself to explain how this all came into existence, each proclaiming the manner and way of deity?

And his persistent error is this, that in definition he has ceased for the moment from the "fear of the Lord," he has ceased from "wonder"; in imagining a beginning he has come to an end. He has not defined the universe, he has simply defined himself.

But even this error seems provided for in the great economy of things; for once that he has defined himself or let others define the universe for him, is he not thrown back on himself, and has he not to learn in small what he might otherwise have learned in great? It is still the same problem in other terms; for small and great are but two facets of one and the same mystery.

The universe is no more measurable by size as the infinitude of greatness, than it is by size as the infinitude of minuteness.

As there is no conceivable end to the vastness of things, so is there no imaginable limit to the smallness of things. Thus are there immensities of smallness as there are immensities of greatness.

To think this, to respond to so natural a feeling of the contemplative mind, requires no authority from physical theorists whose century-old banking house has just been bankrupted by over-speculation. In ancient days it had long been written that if He is greater than the great, so also is He smaller than the small.

As, then, there are universes without, so also are there universes within; as there are heavens without, so too are there heavens within; as there are suns without, so are there suns again within.

And of what kind are these suns within? Have we ever seen them? Do we not rather see some dim reflection of them as through a glass darkly—even in our imagination of them? An atom—what is it? Is it not a universe—a mystery, an æon? For what is size? Have things in themselves size, or is this not rather a quality bestowed upon them by the ignorance of man,

who persists in measuring the universe and all therein by the stick of his physical body, instead of by the canon of his mind and the infinitude of his own spirit?

And if man's high privilege is to contemplate the heavens—the heavens above and the heavens below, the heavens without and the heavens within—so also is it his joyful task to contemplate his fellows, his connate immensities and brother mysteries, the suns of his immediate galaxy. Shall he venture to number these, to say how many there may be? Must there not be an infinitude of these like to himself? Can he count even their bodies? And shall he say their bodies are less "numerous" than their souls? Is the divinity of his humanity to be counted by number? Is it so many, and of such a kind, that he can definitely number the spirit that is the ground of his being?

Not so thought Plato of old, when his mind went forth to contemplate the immensities. For when he set himself to image to himself the numbers of the souls of men, he ceased from definition and bowed his head in marvel before the sight revealed to his amazed intelligence. The souls of men were infinite, for were they not equal in number to the stars? Could it be otherwise, for were not all things made after the Pattern?

And so it would seem that man not only stands midway between the infinitely great and infinitely small, but standing midway between them, he embraces both infinitude—he the immensity of immensities—if he but dare to add marvel to marvel in his daring. Such at any rate seems to be the promise and potency of the divinity in man, the contemplator.

But if someone should say that these and such like thoughts are blasphemy against High God—let him reflect that there is greater blasphemy in making man, the Son of God, less than the highest image man can think out of himself. For is not the maker greater than the image?

And if it be rather blasphemy for man to tell himself how little he is without at the same time also telling himself how great he may be, how much more ill-speaking is it to image God as less even than what man can think of his own possibilities? And yet how many delight in setting limitations to Divinity? It is chiefly those who know but little of the immeasurable possi-

bilities of human nature, who know but little of what man has thought even in the brief period preserved in physical record, who presume to be better acquainted with the ways of Deity than they are with the nature of a single human soul.

Even of those who have had some touch of a greater life, how many have there not been who, intoxicated with the first draught of deathlessness, drunken and beclouded with the excess of light, presume to set forth how the universe came into existence? They know in their senses that the place in which they are is narrow, and that the greatness exists. And straightway they set to work to create in their minds a new narrow place, by defining how the universe came into being.

And so we have many systems in the past constructed by seers and thinkers, showing simply where they individually have ceased and come unto an end, where their marvelling has for a time departed from them and they have closed their eyes to still greater sights.

And so they write down the vision as they think they have felt it; and as it is great and of a germinal universal nature, as compared with what they have previously known, they are filled with a desire to explain all things, and so they use the language of wholes and apply it to a single part of the ineffable mystery.

And yet these systems serve for the moment, provided they can awake in others some reflection of the marvel awakened in the seer or thinker; but when they fail in this they become hindrances and not helps, prisons and not open spaces, deadeners of thought instead of inspirers of effort.

Turn to the history of religion, especially in the Western world, and learn how theological systems have become Molochs to whom the fairest children of men's thought have persistently been sacrificed. Who can say how many marvellous intuitions have not been thus slain by timid souls who in fear have offered the most god-like imagination of their minds to the Idol of Received Theology?

Nor is petrified Theology the only substance out of which such idols are hewn; the idols fashioned out of crystallised Science also have claimed many a victim, claim many a victim to-day.

It is true that a new age is dawning in the world to-day, and

many idols are being overthrown; but when has a new age not been dawning in the world; and when has the world not replaced the old idols with new ones?

The man of the world is innately an idol-worshipper, and so long as he is of the world he will continue to be so. But this "world" is not the Cosmos of God, it is the false imagination of man, the world of opinion.

The True World alone is the Image of God, the Actual Universe,—physical, sensational, mental, moral, and spiritual,—the Son of God *par excellence*. In the image of this Image has man been made potentially, and his one duty, or rather his one joy, is to make that image like unto the Great Image in actuality.

And the mystery is this, that the potential is eternally in itself the actual; process is in the appearance of things, for process is becoming, and becoming is of time. Throned high above the dogmas of to-day stands the great figure of Evolution, to which we eagerly sacrifice the incense of our intellect. Will it, however, stand for ever supreme in its present form in the inmost shrine of the Temple of Opinion? Who can say? May not some newcomer cast it forth and take its place? Evolution in its officially worshipped form is a theory that finds no place for soul in the universe. Is soul subject then to process as body seems to be? This can hardly be, for process is of time and time is of bodies, made by bodies, and not by souls.

Evolution belongs to a quantitative conception of things and is measured by bodies; but the universe is not to be measured by quantity, for it is immeasurable, and even physicists have to resort to qualitative terms in their attempted measurement of its mysteries.

And if this be true of bodies, how much more impossible is it to measure a soul; for with soul there can be no such questions as how much or how little, how long or how short? Soul belongs to the eternal nature of things; it cannot be defined by body; it is known by itself alone as to what and of what nature it is.

When then we talk of an evolving soul, it is but ascribing the phenomena of everchanging bodies to the nature of the soul; for when we consider the matter more closely we find that we are still dealing with the phenomena of bodies, while the soul in its true nature still escapes us.

And yet the idea of an evolving soul, at any rate in the form of a man working out his own salvation and winning by his own efforts towards the realisation of his own divinity, is one that appeals strongly to a certain grade of strenuous minds. Such minds are strong for battle and lust after the riot and din of the combat. For them the world is a battlefield and not a magic circle of transformation, a school-house, or rather a penitentiary, where toil and labour alone are expected, and not a hall of initiation. They are the practical minds, they must be ever up and doing, must look after things themselves. They are the Marthas of the world; for them the world is a place to labour in and not for marvelling and wondering; for them the universe is not a miracle, but the result of ceaseless toil and labour; their God is a workman rather than a creator.

To such the opinion that the soul evolves, is a scientific theory; and so they set to work to evolve their soul. Their soul they seem to think is something they have, not something they are, or rather all they really are. What they evolve, however, is not soul, but body; and all bodies save one are prisons; no body, no matter how transcendent, save the One Body of the universe alone, is without its bolts and bars to fetter the spirit. Yet even in writing this protest against the limitation of the immensity, we have fallen into error and treated of the spirit as though it were a something that could be shut in body. Such is the imbecility of speech concerning the mystery.

But this strenuous faith is not the belief of the many, it is the titanic daring of the few. The vast majority of mankind has ever believed that a miracle could at any moment be wrought. And though it is true that the present phase of Western thought worships the idea of a universe of law,—though for the most part in the form of some dull, mechanical scheme of necessity,—nevertheless, the majority, even in the Western world, if we may judge by their acts, still believe in a God of wonder and miracle, who may at any moment give "unto this last" as unto those who have seemingly bore the whole burden and heat of the day.

Is this belief of the many, however, so utterly wrong? Is it not rather, if we look more closely, the belief of the will, if not of

the intellect, in the immeasurable possibilities of the soul at all times? The very follies of mankind prove this belief; for if we were absolutely convinced that the universe was solely a mechanism of law and not a miracle of law and a law of miracle unto itself,—if in other words we believed in the doctrine of unceasing toil under the law, instead of in the ever-present possibility of the miraculous freedom of the spirit, our heart would break.

For what is law in the way we usually regard it? Is it not essentially a symbol of limitation? And is not the universe illimitable, and the soul of man equally beyond all limit? Is not the soul in its very nature dowered with the freedom of the immensities?

Man then is free in the soul but bound as to body. But his body is an image of the universe, and the universe is free, for it is the Image of God. If then he can will himself to know rightly his body as immense, nay as immeasurable and the encompasser of all bodies, he will grow like to the Image, and Bound and Free, Heaven and Earth, will kiss each other.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE Ark of Israel and the Calf of Belial were both made of gold, and Religion has never since changed the metal of her one adoration.

—OUIDA.

LOVE always makes us better; Religion sometimes; Power never.

—S. LANDOR.

HE that cannot forgive breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man hath need of forgiveness.

LA femme recherche dans le prêtre le seul homme qui la console sans l'insulter, la domine sans l'opprimer, la plaigne sans la mépriser, et l'écoute sans l'interrompre.

* * *

One came to me at night, and took my hand,
Drawing the wings of darkness round my head,
So that we rose above the frosted roofs
And blackened chimneys to austerer air.
Then said a voice: "Behold, the Sight is thine.
Open thine eyes of vision to the world,
Be still and watch."

Along the winter sky
We sped like cloud-rack on the wings of wind,
Brushing the silver silence as a maid
Brushes the webs from out an empty room.
So swept we sky and space, and left all bare;
Nor moon, nor star, nor track of winged cloud,
Nothing but emptiness, uncoloured void.
And so we gained Space-edge, a desolate tract,
Barren of all save Echo, voice of Time,
Who whispered hollow music through the chasm,
Telling strange tales, the echo of strange deeds.
Within my sight there stood the pictured Voice,
Wrapped in a robe of many-coloured dyes;
Now gold, now argent, blue as tropic seas,
Purple as pomp, or red as martyrs' blood.
Each hue spoke of its own, in its own tongue.
"Here hold Earth's memories," said He who led:
And I, who followed, marked them as we rose,
Lifting across the verge to farther spheres.
Then blossomed on my sight a bower of green,
Lush-grassed, full-bosomed meads, where apples flung
Their petals on the sward; where drowsy kine
Lay in green pastures by the water-side.

And I: "Let us abide awhile, this place
Is sooth for us,—a happy isle." But He,
My Guide, sped yet the faster through the boughs
Set thick with fruit and blossom, to deep shades
Where yew and cypress met in denser green;
Darkness o'er-laid with darkness, interlaced
With deeper shadow, lichen-broidered gloom.
Like shades between the shadows so we passed;
And ever sounded faint and frail the thin,
Sad music of a harp, where elf-airs blow.
"Unlock thy sight," spoke once again my Guide,
"For we approach the hidden places. Bare
Thy feet, and walk with awe. Behold this ground
Is holy to the holiest." We passed
Within a sudden space of fire, which turned
And wheeled and span in whorls as though alive,
Till that we stood within a ring of fire.
Fire-gold above, and violet fire beneath,
All fire, in shapes, in crosses, and in rings;
Great wings of flame which beat the air to fire;
Vast figures in the flame who came and went,
Till all had passed within the veil, and Fire
Alone found semblance in the burning zone.
And lo, within its bound, beneath its arch,
Stood Twain, hands linked, in fiery garments clad.
Fire crowned each head, Their feet were shod with fire.
One wept, and from Her tears the flaming dew
Wavered and broke in tongues of living fire;
One laughed, and from the pulses in His throat
Leaped crescent flames, which winged beyond the zone,
And threaded through the darkness of the wood
Like new-born stars. His glory held my gaze,
For laughter such as His rang like the song
Of all the powers. The laughter of the Gods,
Heaven at one with Earth; the kiss of peace
'Twixt God and Man. In its wide harmonies
Heard I the Song of Righteousness as planned
By God, when all the world was new; before

Sorrow trailed sadly on the skirts of sin.
Such perfect joy I drank from out the fire,
I lived anew. The old life burnt away,
All fret, all turmoil gone; only the fire
Leaping anew with gladness, and the flames
Meeting, embraced the new-lit life within,
Welded and fused it to the heart of fire.
O Heart of Fire, that flames for all the world,
O Flaming Rose, that blossoms till the years
Strip off their moments in Eternity!
O Fire of Life, O Fire of Extasy,
Flaming for ever in the Heart of Love!
Then turned mine eyes, as though beyond my will,
To Her who wept. She seemed to stand alone,
Close-linked to laughter, yet the loneliness
Of all the earth burnt in her tear-veiled eyes.
Alone, in heart alone, with sorrow's ill
Burning her heart, crowning her head with fire.
Her eyes held mine, and in their depths I read
Fathomless deeps of sorrow, deeps of sin.
Sin that flamed ever in a lake of fire,
Within a heart of flame; dark fire, that rolled,
And heaved, and burned anew with every pulse,
Then ran like rain of fire a-down Her robe,
And scattered with Her tears throughout the earth.
Star-fire and Sin-fire through the winding ways,
Went side by side, each lighting other, each
Guide and yet guided, leader led, and each
Flaming more brightly than the other. So
Burnt equally the laughter and the tears,
The joy of angels, and the sob of sin.
O Heart of Sin, O Altar of all Grief,
O Sacrifice of all the Earth, whose smoke
Rolls to unpiteous Heaven with a cry;
O Flower of Darkness, Thou whose petalled bloom
Unfading stretches to the farthest verge,
Dyeing the confines of the Realms of Space
With thine own barren Fire; O Fire of Woe,

Flaming for ever in the Heart of Pain!
I cried aloud: "Let Her forsake Her Choice,
Learning new joy from out Her Brother's lips.
Lord of all Laughter, teach Her burning mouth
To burn as Thine, with God's own Smile." But He
Hand-linked with Sin, lifted His eyes serene,
Smiling the while She wept. And in that smile
Heard I His answer as by tongues of fire:
"Whose is the Choice, the Laughter or the Tears?
Whose is the Weight, the Sorrow or the Joy?
Each mates with Each. Behold, the Twain are One,
Even as She and I, one Good, one Ill,
But parts of one Great Whole, the Shade, the Sun.
My Choice to me, to tread the Path of Flowers,
Her Choice to her, the Path of Flints and Thorns,
But each one Choice, the Heart of Living Flame,
Choosing at one with the Great Choice of All,
Willing at one within the One Great Will,
Burning at one with the Great Fire of All."
Then through the Zone of Fire there shone a Light,
Light beyond Light, and Fire beyond the Flame;
And in the Light heard I a Silent Voice
Which as It spake transfiguréd the Twain
So that Light shone from each; yet Twain were One,
Robed in the Seamless Robe of Unity.
Sin shone as God, God made Himself as Sin,
Crowned with a glory as of thorns of Fire.
Then spake the Voice, the Voice of all the Spheres,
And said: "Behold, the Handmaid of the Lord."

M. U. GREEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great amount of sin and misery that comes from bad temper, it would not be an advantage to have no temper. Temper is a form of energy, and so long as it is controlled the more of it we have the better.—REV. E. J. HARDY, in *Sunday at Home*.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE second part of Professor G. H. Darwin's presidential address to the British Association meeting in South Africa dealt with nature on the vaster scale, and gave the latest results of mathematical and physical investigation bearing on the origin of solar systems and the birth of planets. Everyone knows the nebular hypothesis by name at least, even if the acquaintance is of the most casual, but few know what immense difficulties, from the point of view of mechanics, the hypothesis involves. The old theory, due to Kant and Laplace, traced sun and stars to primeval masses of glowing gas. These great gaseous clouds on cooling condensed and any rotation they may have had at the beginning increased according to mechanical principles as contraction proceeded. Increased rotation flattened the mass and the form became unstable and a ring detached itself. The remaining central mass went through these phases again, and successive rings were shed, which in their turn condensed into planets, in orbits corresponding to the rings. All this seems very pretty and consistent, but Professor Darwin points out a new difficulty. Such rings could condense only about their centre of gravity, and if fairly balanced would, provided they collapsed, simply fall in on the sun. To form a planet the ring would have to be very lopsided or broken, and even then the planet would be much closer to the sun than the original ring.

The Birth of Worlds

* * *

AMONG the most interesting of the problems discussed by the President is that of the conditions of stability or instability in a given system. Now this is a problem of the most general description, and meets us in every physical thing, from the atom to the solar system. And not only in inorganic nature but also in living

Stability and Instability

bodies the same question faces us. Species are relatively stable forms and are separate from one another apparently because intervening forms which might have been produced were, under the circumstances, unstable. Variation too is now regarded as largely of the nature of sudden changes rather than a slow accumulation of minute differences, such "sports" being apparently due to a disturbance in a state of unstable equilibrium, though of what kind we have as yet no idea. A similar problem appears in the chemical elements or species. Why are they separate and why do we not find intermediate substances making a continuous chain? The most probable answer is that intermediate bodies are unstable and if formed have only a short life, while existing elements are relatively stable and are more permanent, although they also, in current theory, are in process of change. The most fascinating application of these ideas is the scheme of atomic formation lately put forward by Prof. J. J. Thomson. He shows us the progressive changes occurring in an ideal atom (consisting of electrons in an attracting sphere) on the addition of further electrons. A given form becomes less and less stable as electrons are added till complete instability causes an entire rearrangement and a sudden change of properties, following with suggestive accuracy the "periodic law" of the chemical elements. The atom here is a sort of minute planetary system, and an investigation into one system may apply with but little change to the other. Prof. Darwin deals with the planetary system from this point of view and suggests, among other things, a possible reason for the so-called "Bode's Law," which is a statement that the distances of the planets bear a very simple arithmetical relationship to each other. He points out that in an ideal system with a sun and one large planet there are certain orbits for small planets and meteoric stones which are stable or permanent and others where stability would not exist and the small bodies would in time be absorbed by the sun or large planet. The real solar system is too complicated for full analysis of this kind, but the solution of the problem would certainly show that the orbits of the known planets are permanent or stable ones, while other orbits are cleared of material owing to instability.

[G.]

The Most Recent Experiments in Cytogenesis

IN *The Athenæum* of August 12th, reference is made to the extraordinarily interesting results obtained by M. Stéphane Leduc from his experiments with gelatine cells and recently communicated by him to the Académie des Sciences. These most recent experiments in cytogenesis are of a startling nature and entirely confirmatory of the belief of "occult" science that there is no hermetically closed door between the domains of so-called "living" and "dead" matter. M. Leduc's experiments are summarised as follows by the writer in *The Athenæum:*

He finds that if a drop of solution of saccharose containing merely a trace of ferrocyanide of potassium be allowed to fall into a diluted solution of sulphate of copper, the drop becomes covered with a membrane of ferrocyanide of copper. This model cell, which he compares to the cell of Traube, will not only swell and increase permanently in size, but will throw out prolongations which also slowly increase. This he accounts for by supposing that the containing membrane is permeable to water, but impermeable to sugar. It can therefore receive assimilable material, but cannot dissipate its original contents. But mark the sequel. As the osmotic pressure within the drop increases, a slight protuberance appears at some point of its surface which gradually develops into a bud covered also with a membrane of ferrocyanide. This, in its turn, gives birth to a second, the second to a third, and so on, until there is thus constructed a stalk or cylinder which may be ten times the length of the parent drop. It takes this particular form, says M. Leduc, because the osmotic pressure within the drop seeks for the point in the membrane where the resistance is least, and this, one may add, seems to be always placed in one direction. Sometimes, even, the pressure is so great that the bud parts company with its parent altogether, and then begins to send forth buds and to form cylinders on its own account. It is difficult not to see in this a perfect analogy with the phenomena of nutrition, growth, and reproduction as exhibited by the more elementary forms of what is called "living" matter.

* * *

A Ghost Story from Moscow

THE following is rather a good ghost story which Laffan's Agency has thought it worth while to telegraph over from Russia. Our special interest is not so much in the story, though that itself if true presents us with phenomena that are by no means usual, but in the fact that one of the great News' Agencies of the world knows that editors are now only too eager to print such paragraphs. We take the cutting from *The Daily Graphic* of August 18th:

A story of apparitions is related in the Moscow "Listok." From the beginning of July Messrs. Th. E. Shalypin, K. I. Korovin, and V. S. Sieroff were resident on the estate of a friend in the Oroff province. Near this property there is an old tumulus of evil reputation which peasants of the neighbouring village carefully avoid, calling it a place under a curse and saying that it is frequented by unclean spirits, and that about midnight certain mysterious lights are seen, and with silent steps the shade of an unknown white woman moves about. The proprietor of the estate, hearing these tales, and not believing them, retold them to his guests. Then MM. Shalypin and Korovin decided to visit the tumulus, and after passing a small wood about midnight they got to the tumulus and then saw lights jumping about, burning brightly in the night, but shedding scarcely any light around. When suddenly on the top of the tumulus there appeared a white cloud, gradually taking the form of a woman, their nerves gave way and they fled panic-stricken.

Next day M. Shalypin, laughing at his previous night's fright, decided at all costs to investigate the mysterious apparition. Other guests known to the Moscow "Listok" at the estate joined, and they set out bravely to the number of seven. It was a clear but moonless night, and the tumulus showed itself in sharp outline as they got within sight of it, but they made only a few steps further forward when mysterious lights began to jump about, and on the top there appeared a wonderfully bright form of a white woman. This figure did not remain unmoved, but came down. All the investigators shivered and moved back, but M. Shalypin rushed forward to the figure that came on to meet him, and when they, as it happened, collided, he collapsed, falling senseless to the ground. At that moment the figure disappeared as though melting away into the air in smoke and the agitated lights went out suddenly. M. Shalypin's friends found him in a deep swoon in which he remained for half an hour. On his coming to he experienced a complete loss of strength and could remember nothing of the causes leading up to his adventure.

In a genuine materialisation *séance* it is the medium who is damaged when some ignorant sceptic attempts to seize the apparition; in our story, if true, it is the sceptic who is broken up,—a far more useful lesson to the materialist.

* * *

MRS. BESANT writes:

Soma or Samas

In the Stanzas of Dzyân, vii. 5, the following words occur: "And who perfects the last body? Fish, Sin, and Soma." On p. 284, *Secret Doctrine*, third edition, H. P. B., in a somewhat tentative way, refers to this 'Sin," as the allegorical "Sin," the "Fall of Spirit into matter."

As "Sin" perfects the "last body," and as the forming of Manu, the thinker, by the "Seven Lives and the One Life" and the "Fivefold Lha," had previously been noted, this does not seem satisfactory. The fall of Spirit into matter preceded the forming of Manu; it did not follow it, and the sentence remains unintelligible. I had always taken "Sin," in this passage, as the Chaldean name for the Moon-God, and was surprised to see it translated "péché" in the French edition; this name was, of course, familiar to H. P. B., who speaks (*e.g.*, p. 417) of "the Babylonian God Sin, called by the Greeks, Deus Lunus," and so on pp. 425, 426. But then a new difficulty arose, as Sin and Soma became one and the same, and the tacking of the Saṃskṛit name Soma on to a Chaldean duad, Fish and Sin, to make a trinity, seemed queer. A valued French correspondent makes a useful suggestion. There is a Chaldean trinity, Oannes, Sin and Samas—Fish, Moon, and Sun—and he proposes to substitute Samas for Soma, instead of adding the Vaidik Soma to the Chaldean Oannes and Sin. He remarks: "This is a good proof that H. P. B. did not compose and invent the Stanzas of Dzyân, but truly received them, and she may well have made a mistake in writing them down and in interpreting them." He sends various quotations, from which I summarise: The Assyrian Ea-nunu was rendered Oannes by the Greeks, and was the Egyptian Thoth, God of wisdom, teacher of arts and sciences; He floats on the primeval chaos, and is the "Spirit," the Third Logos. Sin is the Lunar God, Wisdom, sometimes called Nannar, the Shining, and is sometimes androgyne and is worshipped as Ishtar; He represents the Second Logos. Samas is the Solar God, Adar or Adra, the Fire ever-burning, unquenchable, the Chaldean equivalent of the First Logos. This substitution of Samas for Soma is reasonable, and renders the words intelligible.

Let the deathless depth of the soul be thy guide; and open wide to the height the whole of all its eyes.

From The Chaldæan Oracles.

FROM MANY LANDS

Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.

FROM AUSTRALIA

THE two principal seaports of North Queensland are Townsville and Cairns, the former containing about 13,000 and the latter 5,000 inhabitants. Of these two embryo cities Cairns by situation is destined to the first place in the future.

In these places within the past six years two small centres of Theosophical activity have been formed; and they have been tended and watered by means of the lectures and correspondence of Miss L. Edger. Although so far away from the centres of population, it was arranged that Mr. C. W. Leadbeater should visit these outposts of the Theosophical movement; accordingly, after six weeks' work in Sydney, Mr. Leadbeater reached Cairns, the most northern city, on June 22nd, and spent ten days of continuous work with the public and the few members of the Society. After thirteen hours by coasting steamer they reached Townsville on July 2nd, where the same programme was gone through, and our distinguished visitor took his departure for Brisbane on July 10th.

Each place visited contains a small group of earnest workers, and the result in attendance was about the same; quietly, silently and steadily, the foundation of a wider thought and more enlightened apprehension of the spiritual realities of life, are being laid. In the case of Cairns there have been developments in active operation which have assumed proportions of more than local interest.

In newly formed communities, where there obtains a continuous

influx of new life, the mental atmosphere is less restricted, the tendency being more freely to overstep the limitations of church or sect than in older and more settled communities. Taking advantage of the facilities which these conditions offered, an association was formed having for its "primary object the widening and deepening of the spiritual life on intellectual lines, the clarifying of our apprehension, and the extending of our knowledge of spiritual realities; and the realisation of their relation to our activities, individual and collective." The Committee of management consists of members of the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian communions, together with members of the Theosophical Society and others who are not connected with any Church organisation. Archdeacon Campbell is president, and the Secretary of the Theosophical Society vice-president.

The practical outcome of their bi-weekly meetings has been the transference of a portion of the activities of a Theosophical Lodge to a much larger audience, added to which there has followed the softening of differences and the realisation of a wider unity.

Just previous to the visit of Mr. Leadbeater the president and vice-president had by arrangement given three papers on some aspects of the New Psychology. By this cordial co-operation a larger section of the public than was otherwise possible were prepared to give sympathetic hearing to the lectures of Mr. Leadbeater. As the president was specially drawn to the phase of Theosophy presented by our visitor in his course of lectures, he accepted the offer to preside at the illustrated lecture, to the whole presentment of which he gave his unqualified assent from the platform as chairman of the evening. Also at each of the Sunday services the Archdeacon announced our lecture of the same evening, stating his intention to shorten his own discourse to give his people the opportunity to listen to "the distinguished teacher who was now on a visit to Cairns." On becoming acquainted with the cordial relations existing between the Anglican Church, led by its Archdeacon, and the Theosophical Society, Mr. Leadbeater remarked "that so far as he was aware, nowhere else in the world were the relations of so desirable a character between the Church and the Society as in Cairns." May it be an omen for good, the forerunner of many such *ententes cordiales* in coming years.

From Holland

The Dutch Branches have in this month of September resumed their activities after the summer vacation—though, indeed, the

summer months have not been a time of rest in all respects. In the first place there has been the Congress in London, which was visited by not less than fifty Dutch members, who, it is to be hoped, returned home with renewed energy and increased wisdom for their work; and in the second, we know of many members who, during their holidays, have found effective means of spreading Theosophy on journeys or during visits that brought them into contact with fresh people, formed new friendships or renewed old ones. Wherever a man is and whatever he is doing, the thoughts and ideals that are his own must always radiate out from him; and no one to whom Theosophy is more than a name, no one in whom it is a living reality, can live in the world of men without making that Theosophy either felt or heard.

The Bähler difficulty, about which some information was given several months ago, has at length found a most happy solution. Dr. Bähler has been completely acquitted of the charge of preaching Buddhism from a Christian pulpit, and of therefore meriting expulsion from the Christian Church. The Committee of clergymen selected to judge his case, decided that, as Dr. Bähler himself looked upon his teachings as purely Christian, and as different views of Christianity had always been tolerated side by side in the Dutch Reformed Church, therefore he could not be expelled for teaching karma and reincarnation as factors of Christian doctrine. Though his judges were far from sympathising with those teachings personally, yet they declared that Dr. Bähler could not be expelled because he held and taught them. This is a most important decision, for now it is settled once for all that a preacher may adhere to these two doctrines without fear of losing his living, and Dr. Bähler's courageous pioneer-work will probably prove to have opened the way to many followers.

S.

THIS psychic spirit, which the Blessed ones call also the spiritual psyche, becomes a god and a daimon that can assume any and every shape and an image; and in this last it is that the soul suffers chastisement. And with this the Oracles agree when they compare the life of the soul there (in Hades) to the phantasmal sights in dream.

SYNESIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

"AN ASTRAL GOSPEL"

"THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST"

By Holden E. Sampson

To the Editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

SIR,

Living in a distant part of the earth, and therefore far from the reach of the magazines and literary productions accessible to my more fortunate fellowmen, I am largely dependent upon the thoughtful kindness of friends, better situated, for the knowledge of what is being done and thought in the world. A good friend has kindly sent me some back numbers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, knowing my interest in the matters generally treated by its learned writers. My friend goes further and writes apologetically for sending me the March number, which contains a review by "G. R. S. M." of my book above-named. There was no need for any such hesitancy on his part, for, far from being painful to my feelings, I am most deeply interested, and not at all displeased with what I read therein, and am grateful to my friend for affording me the opportunity of learning Mr. Mead's views of my book. Knowing Mr. Mead (only, of course, by his writings) as I do, and the particular position he has established for himself in Theosophical and historical learning, especially of the periods immediately before and after the life of the Master, Jesus Christ, I could not have expected other than a comparatively unfavourable criticism of my work, however kindly and sympathetically he has been good enough to express himself. For this I have every cause to thank my reviewer. Whether or not you, as Editor, will be disposed to publish in the REVIEW the few words I am desirous to offer in reply to Mr. Mead's remarks, I am venturing to write the following, in the hopes that they may prove worthy of acceptance.

Mr. Mead has constructed a word with which he characterises

the whole of this book, and sweeps all that it contains beneath its overshadowing canopy—"*Astralism*," and the significant tendency of which he gently remarks is "an open door to madness rather than a short cut to true illumination." For this suggestion I was quite prepared, and perhaps I was a little surprised that it was not even more forcibly expressed. The term "Astral," in itself, appears to me very variable and convertible in its interpretation, and one is always much in doubt as to whether its user employs it as a term of depreciation or of approbation. When it is considered that the Astral Plane is that zone of light, or darkness, around this planet the most contiguous to it, no matter what planes or zones, superior to it, lie beyond this Astral Plane, it should not be overlooked that whatever communications come from the higher zones and reach the Earth plane, they are bound to penetrate and pass through the Astral Plane; and, in fact, is it not also true that communications from the Celestial Zones, or "Heavenly Places," are generally (with few exceptions) *mediated* from the Higher Beings, or the "Gods" (*Elohim*) through "Astral" agents or mediators, *i.e.*, beings, and hosts of beings, in the Astral Plane, sent forth by the "Gods" to be the message-carriers of the heavens to the occupants of this world? Whilst, therefore the messages are truly *Celestial* in origin and purport they are Astral in appearance, being delivered by the mediation of Astral beings to their earthly receivers. On the other hand, as, besides being the earth's immediately contiguous outer zone, or plane, the Astral Plane being also the "place" identical with the Scripture-term "sheol," "hades," "the outer darkness," "the abyss," and the abode of spirits not "being made perfect," but still persisting in evil, and hence denominated in scripture "demons" and "unclean spirits"; therefore these Astral beings likewise are capable of communicating with corresponding incarnate spirits upon the earth. And therefore there are "Astral" *and* "*Astral*," communications; there are some that originate from higher planes than the Astral, and some that are the specious and cunning concoctions of "demons" and merely "astral" spirits.

Then again, in regard to Mr. Mead's "*open door to madness*," which he refers to in his mention of "Astralism," I should like to ask Mr. Mead if it is not a fact that nearly every person who has manifested any strong gifts of psychic knowledge, and of a wisdom not derived from the accredited "schools," has had the honour and felicity of the attribution of his labour and words to "madness"?

"Madness," "Astral," and other words like "that blessed word Mesopotamia," are terms which are too easily, and too generally, indiscriminately hurled against any person who, in the higher paths of spiritual, psychical and mental discovery, has gone a wee step beyond his contemporaries, and finds himself *alone* in unexplored regions of experience until he has encouraged others to help him beat a track up to the altitude of his own attainment. It was the case with Jesus Christ, and with nearly every great teacher and discoverer, as history so constantly tells us. And generally those who employ this weapon of attack are they who themselves are not novices or tyros in the intellectual walk in which these victims of "madness" have made themselves such conspicuous pilgrims.

For the benefit of your readers, and as a matter of pure psychical interest, may I mention a few facts as to the manner in which I received and penned this so-called "Astral Gospel"? At the time I first wrote out the draft copy of this book I had never read any Theosophical book, and had only, years before, had the privilege of hearing a Theosophical address by Mrs. Besant, in her debate at Prince's Hall with a reverend gentleman named Coles. I was an earnest-minded young Church of England clergyman, as I am to-day (though no longer "young"), full of enthusiasm and zeal for Christ and Church. In later years I went abroad, to S. Africa, and there, some years ago, the Message came to me (as described in my preface). As a reader of *science* I was a mere novice at the time, almost a stranger to Darwin and Spencer, and a total stranger to Oriental philosophers and mystics. I had just had a passing glimpse of, and retained hardly a nodding acquaintance with, the writings of Anna Kingsford and Mr. Sinnett. The latter's *Esoteric Buddhism* I had cursorily read a few years before, but could not have reproduced a thought, or explained a term in his writing. Quite suddenly the mysterious psychical power to "write" seized my faculties, and the gift of a strange new power to see, thinkingly, vistas of thought that Mr. Mead has described as "illumination." I wrote by reams all that my mind "saw," and, not until I had learned to write discriminately and with intelligence born of years of experience in the psychic method, was I at last called upon to write a genuine thesis. All previous writing had been by way of collecting material from the psychical, or (if Mr. Mead so pleases) "astral" sources. I know they were "celestial," though coming to me by astral mediation. The result of this consecutive writing was the book above-named. At the

time I knew little or nothing of Theosophy, nor of "Metaphysical Science." I was a mere plain working parson, a preacher, then, to Kaffirs, and rarely saw a scientific book or paper. I certainly am innocent of being the rag collector suggested by Mr. Mead, and had no accumulations of "*tags and tatters of thought and phrasing that flutter in the Theosophic air to-day.*" As for "New Thought"—that American production of pseudo-mysticism, good, bad, or indifferent—I knew nothing of it, had never so much as heard of it, when I penned this book, I was only an ignorant evangelical parson. Only after I had it all written down in first draft did I come home to England from my Bush station, and, studying for a few months at the British Museum, where I transcribed most of my book, I was amazed to find that so much of what I had written was confirmed in what I found in other authorities. It was not till a few years after this re-writing of the MS. that I found my way to publishing it.

Mention has been made by my reviewer of the "hidden libraries" of the East. I think I am not mistaken in the belief that Theosophists make almost similar statements of the existence of these hidden treasures of literary remains. Mr. Mead, in his *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, speaks of them, and in the wonderful writings of Madame Blavatsky we are told that these literary possessions were at her disposal, and were largely used by her by psychical means. I can, on my own part, but describe my own experience of this matter. After having been thoroughly exercised in the methods of psychical working, I was enabled to live, as it were, a dual life. When in the body I was asleep, the soul was awake, and, though not apparently severed from the body, the soul projected itself from its material shell, as a ray of light shoots from the sun, and penetrated consciously the space without. It was then that all that was, in the material plane, purely solid and impenetrable, became penetrable, and the interior of matter was as clear and perceptible as the exterior. Thus, in the passage of the projected soul through space, to any distance (for distance and time were as if they were not), I was enabled to see into the mysteries concealed from the physical senses. My soul, daily and nightly, whilst the body lay asleep, wandered amongst planets and systems, beyond the earth and the astral plane, and likewise visited far regions of the earth that the body could never have penetrated. The material earth was no obstacle to the soul's progress, but was beheld as it was seen in physical conditions, as well as being perceived as it can only be perceived in psychical conditions. Thus it was that,

in psychical conditions, I penetrated and saw the places in the far East, where wise men and aged scholars lived, and where were concealed and guarded, immense treasures of ancient books, manuscripts, and countless precious things that have been lost for ages to human memory. In this state I was encouraged to study and examine these ancient works, and, though in languages that I knew not, I yet read with a perfect understanding. The meaning of the language was made apparent to me in the form of mental, or psychical, pictures, expressing the thoughts and ideas that the unknown languages conveyed. These pictures remained imprinted in my memory, and, in the awakened physical state, I was able to reduce to writing, in my own language, the precise ideas that had been conveyed to me in this manner. With such experiences to record and so indubitably remembered, is it strange that I should have, and should definitely state, the strong certainty of the actual existence of these "hidden libraries," even though such a statement is beyond the credibility of even Theosophical students?

The above account will explain Mr. Mead's objections to the "*modern*" form in which my book is written. I believe that the matter contained in this book is, substance and form, identical with the matter contained in the original works from which I obtained them, by the means above stated. But the language with which I have clothed these ideas is my own, the modern verbalisation of a modern mind, and not the crude, literal translation in archaic wording, which the ordinary reader would pass over. Thus, for instance, taking the example of what Mr. Mead calls an "anachronism," my use of the word "*telescope*"—"the Human Constitution is like a telescope"—everyone knows that the word "telescope" was not the *literal* translation of the phrase in the original. But the word "telescope," in modern language, exactly explains the original phrase. I might have used the term "concentric circles." But the "telescope," with its cylinders of various sizes, fitting one into the other, was, in a word, a perfect description of the meaning, and one that would appeal to more minds than any more literal and scientific term or description. I have, throughout the book, adopted the same freedom of translation, to avoid the archaism of language which too generally is adopted in translations from dead languages or oriental works, and makes them unintelligible to the lay mind. Again, in the frequent mention of the knowledge of Philosophers concerning the cosmical constitution of man, the cell and the organism, does Mr. Mead opine

that "modern science" is a *new knowledge*, and that the present teachings of scientists is a teaching for the first time given to the world? True, "evolution" and "telescope" are "anachronistic." But the ideas these modern words convey are as old as Time. Am I violating the canons of literary philosophy because I use a modern term to express ideas that were known and taught as much by ancient philosophers and masters as by modern *savants?* And is it quite fair and just to argue, as Mr. Mead argues, that "if the time-periods are so anachronistic, may not the general subject and its importance be equally topsy-turvy"? Because Mr. Mead thinks he has struck a clear blemish, and an unvarnished "anachronism," is it quite correct to condemn the whole? Even granted Mr. Mead is right in his view concerning the alleged "anachronisms," is such a sweeping deduction as he makes in discarding the whole subject as worthless, quite worthy of a reliable and discriminating reviewer? Because, in a field of wheat, there are what appear to be many tares, are we to plough up the whole field as worthless, and so deprive our neighbours of many bushels of good corn?

We are living to-day in the age of "shibboleths." The world is filled with innumerable philosophical and religious cults and societies. Each has its own tacit, if not formulated, creeds and formulas. It is this almost necessary, at any rate unavoidable, necessity for "shibboleths," in the form of creeds and formulas, that is the human element in the propagation of truth which inevitably tends to *sectism*, the most evil of all the bad effects of individualism in both religion and philosophy. Theosophy, with all its depths of wisdom and truth, cannot be said to be free from this human element, and all teaching that is not born of accredited Theosophical teachers has to pass the ordeal of testing by the measuring and weighing instruments of Theosophy, and accepted or condemned by the results. Mr. Mead speaks of the probable "religious movement" arising from the publication of this book, and the propagandising of its special tenets. It is these last remarks in his review that are to me of the greatest interest. My experience during the past few years has been somewhat curious in respect to the intercourse that I have had with many people, professedly aspirants to the spiritual blessings held out by those who are the leaders of different religious movements abounding all over the world. My book it seems, though not having reached a wide public, has found its way to many parts of the world. Correspondents in America, various European countries, India, South Africa, Australia,

and the West Indies, have written to me. These have been Theosophists, "New Thought"-ists, Christian Scientists, Romanists, Anglicans, and non-religious scientists. And the one clear message of all these numerous brethren who have written to me, is, that however great have been the intellectual and spiritual benefits derived from their experiences as novitiates [*sic*] in the special line of psychic and religious training and instruction to which they have submitted, they, one and all, confess that the end of it all has been in the recognition that they are not satisfied, that there is some lost or forgotten Wisdom still unknown and untaught, excepting in fragments that remain and are revealed in these Theosophical and mystical teachings to which they have lent their ear. Hence these pathetic letters. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

Now, Sir, if the teachings of the Cross and Serpent, as set forth in this book, and my other writings, were, to my knowledge, the product of my own unaided and originative brain or intuition; if I could boast that they were either inventions or dreams of my own; then I should hesitate to pronounce upon them with such assurance and certainty as I do, that they supply exactly that lost or forgotten Wisdom that the majority of mankind are seeking for without success. But, coming to me in the manner and form that they did, with so many painful and inscrutable physical and psychical manifestations and experiences, I can, without pride or overweening egotism, make these declarations concerning their Divine origin and perfect truthfulness. On the other hand, it will probably be of interest to your readers, if I said that, for the present, there is no "religious movement" arisen from this publication, at any rate of any visible kind. My experience has been that, with only one or two exceptions, the road that the "Cross and Serpent" points up to is too steep and rugged, too perilous to life and possessions and what the human mind calls "happiness," that "*few there be that find it.*" It will never become popular—and God forbid that it should!—until its power and influence have produced many essential changes in the organic nature of the human race. And those changes will require generations to accomplish. But the beginning is the important point, and that beginning will not be by any visible "religious movement," nor be the creation of one more organisation among the countless institutions scattered over the world's surface. Yet is it the "leaven" hidden in the three measures of meal until the whole is leavened, the grain of seed that will grow into a great tree. And for this end the Cross and Serpent

will remain "hidden," and be despised and trodden under the foot of man; but it will break through the crust of ignorance and indifference, thrusting aside in its inevitable progress the barriers of surrounding or opposing creeds and shibboleths, and will finally justify itself by its visible and over-spreading virility of form, and its indestructible Truthfulness. Then will be the time, and not before, that all the Truth, broken and scattered in all the "isms" and sects and societies, will find the Cross and Serpent is that which will link and unite them in one compact and whole Body of Wisdom—the Perfect Logos.

H. E. SAMPSON.

The Rectory, Turks Islands, W.I.

[I am very pleased to print so frank and interesting a letter from Mr. Sampson; if he had allowed a greater measure of this side of his nature to counterbalance the extravagances of his apocalypse, he would have enormously increased its utility. I could make my point good by innumerable quotations, but the title is enough, "The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Master of the Cross and Serpent: Along with His Discourses to His Disciples, according to the Testimony of Saint Matthew the Apostle and Evangelist. *Rendered from the Original Documents.*" A book with such a stupendous claim on the title-page must take the consequences of its pretensions; and I see no reason to alter a single word of my review. It would have been only too easy to have said far harder things, as any unprejudiced person may see for himself by reading the book and then my notice.—G. R. S. M.]

"THOUGHT-FORMS"

To the Editors of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

DEAR SIR AND MADAM,

In your review of Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's book on *Thought-Forms*, with reference to the three plates depicting music, you ask: "Would the same forms be seen by all seers who have developed their psychic sight to the same extent as he" (Mr. Leadbeater) "has?—or would they differ according to the musical training of such seers? We know that music is heard very differently by different people; is it then seen differently?"

A full answer to this very pertinent question, so far as we can give an answer, would, doubtless, entail a lengthy ontological disquisition, but perhaps an outline answer may thus be traced:

We have to begin with an inquiry as to why different people see alike on the physical plane.

I suppose, since Berkeley's time, it has been generally granted that the external world, as we know it, exists but as an affair of our particular consciousness. The colour green, as you see it, has certainly no existence apart from your conception; the music that I hear has certainly no existence as music outside my conception of it.

Nevertheless, in spite of this (which I take to be an incontrovertible position) we find that different people, receiving a sensation from the same object, are agreed (roughly) as to the nature of the sensation so received; and hence we find that different people are agreed (roughly) as to the qualities they attribute to the object that is assumed to be the cause of the sensation. Different people are agreed that the leaves of trees are green; different people are agreed as to the interval between A and B of the musical scale.

It would appear, then, that so far as our sensations are concerned, notwithstanding that these sensations have no objective counterpart, there is a fair consent amongst us. It is true that one man's sensational capacity is blunter or acuter than another man's, or one man may be entirely lacking in a particular sensational capacity that is common to most of us; but the reports of different men, possessing ordinary capacities, as to their perceptions of an object will be in substantial agreement.

To what is this agreement to be ascribed? Not to the objects themselves being the same, as is popularly supposed. The objects themselves have an infinity of aspects, and therefore, theoretically, we conceive the objects themselves might appear entirely different to each one of an infinite number of spectators. The agreement is due, evidently, to the sensational response of different men to outside impact being, generally speaking, the same. Put in other words, the agreement is due to the fact that the physical sense organs of the vast majority of us are at about the same stage of evolution.

Subject, then, to the further qualifications that I am about to mention, we may say that, if our astral and mental capacities of response are evolved to the same degree as those of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, we shall perceive the same forms in the astral and mental worlds as they perceive. Withal, these forms, we may take

it, have no existence as they are seen by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and as they have been depicted in the book under consideration.

The first qualification referred to is this:—I have said that physical plane sensations are (roughly) the same for all of us; but supposing two men are looking at a certain object, what one will report as having seen may be very different from what the other will report as having seen. What a man sees, that is, brings up fully into his awake-consciousness, will depend upon what part of the sensation he specially directs his attention to. His attention may be directed by his own will or it may be attracted by some one special quality or peculiarity in the object that he is already more particularly interested in; in either case his awake-consciousness does not spread itself, as it were, over the whole field of the sensation received, but concentrates itself on a part thereof, leaving the rest comparatively unnoticed. We see to some extent what we wish to see—that is, we unconsciously select, according to our idiosyncrasy, what we see from very much more that is to be seen, thereby making our perception utterly disproportionate as a whole.

That is one source of error affecting the accuracy of our observations of physical plane phenomena. Another is the colouring that we give to what does enter the awake-consciousness owing to our special temperament. An observation of an object is not the simple matter we might at first sight suppose it to be. Consciousness itself, from its storehouse of past impressions, always contributes very largely to the *data* which are supplied to it by the senses. For instance, in front of me I see a cube placed diagonally. The sense of sight merely reports the figure as having two dimensions; it is only because of the previous impressions I have received, and have retained in consciousness, that I am aware that it is a figure in three dimensions. Now this factor supplied from within, present in every perception we make, is so wholly an affair of the personality, *i.e.*, is so wholly the resultant of previous experiences, that it is naturally very different in different men, and therefore, entering into the perception, gives different colour to the report made.

These are reasons, then, why the observations of different men of the same physical plane phenomena will differ, and we must not suppose that the observations of any one man represent perfectly accurately the impression that has been conveyed as far as his outward physical sense. We can only, by comparing their reports, get,

approximately, the impression that the phenomena will make on men of like development and of like temperament.

Now it is fairly obvious that the sources of error incident to accurate observations of physical phenomena will be enormously greater when we come to make observations of astral and mental phenomena. In the deeper worlds of being consciousness is able to manifest itself so much more vividly than on the plane of matter. Substance, that which we can view objectively, responds to the slightest impulse from within; for it may be of the very nature of that impulse, its first expression, as in the case of an astral desire in the astral world. Thus it is that consciousness will give so much more of its own special colour, tone, call it what you will, to the perceptions than it did when those perceptions were of the physical plane.

But as the observer attains the power to penetrate further into the cosmic mystery, as he retreats inwardly further and further from the plane of his observation, so does he reduce to less and less potency these personal factors of the problem. That the personal factor has been entirely eliminated in the case of these observations which Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have recorded for us, they would be the very last to make claim. That, I take it, would be a metaphysical impossibility, since, as I pointed out at the beginning, a form as seen can but exist in the mind of the seer. I think we may assume that all the authors of this book do claim is that those who come to their own stage of evolution will see these thought-forms (roughly) even as they see them.

P. H.

WHEN thou dost see that Fire which hath no form, the holiest of the holiest, leaping with flashing rays down through the depths of all thy universe—then lend thine ear unto the utterance of that Fire.

From THE CHALDÆAN ORACLES.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

After Many Years

A Cry from Afar. Written down by Mabel Collins. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. 1*s.* net.)

This little book is addressed to students of the *Light on the Path*, and gives a new reading of that much-prized booklet. There is much in it that is valuable, as guarding against the idea that hardness is a qualification for discipleship, but, after all, that was only a misreading of the noble teaching. To take the present teaching as the only meaning of the *Light on the Path* would be much to diminish its value, but as one of the meanings it is interesting. Here and there, there is a touch of the old inspiration.

A. B.

For the Already Convinced

The Truth of Christianity, being an Examination of the more important Arguments for and against Believing in that Religion. Compiled from various Sources, by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D.S.O. (London: Wells, Gardner & Co.; 1905. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

We have here a well-printed book of over 500 pages, which does credit to the industry of its compiler. It is a book which will be thoroughly satisfactory to the vast body of people who are already convinced of the truth of Christianity, in its shape of, say, twenty or thirty years back, and who ask of a teacher only what will make them more thoroughly convinced than ever that they are right. And an author to whom "man is not only the highest being that has ever been evolved, but, as far as we can judge, the highest being that ever will be evolved on this earth" is sure of an admiring audience to which our dissent will matter nothing. As is quaintly the case with all old soldier's and sailor's studies of religion, his conclusions are given

out with a certain air of "General Orders," and one feels that his instinctive reply to anyone who ventured to differ from him would be instantly to order him into confinement. But the fixed bayonets are no longer at his command; and we may therefore venture to say that his book, whilst popular with a large class of what he would consider the most respectable people, is not calculated for our readers; is, indeed, hopelessly out of date as a contribution to the present-day Science of Religion.

W.

"Time, Times, and Half a Time"

The Rational Almanac, tracing the Evolution of Modern Almanacs from Ancient Ideas of Time, and Suggesting Improvements. By Moses B. Cotsworth, of York. (Price 5*s*. net.)

Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth, of York, is a person of great singleness of mental eye. In this amazing book he has ransacked the total field of Antiquity, only to find therein traces of the making of Almanacs. The vital and all-absorbing problem of the Ancient World, according to this investigator, appears to have been the determining of the true length of the year. After early man had discarded the measuring of time by the lunar month, for the more scientific method of calculation by the sun's shadow, vertical erections were needed that would cast an easily marked, pointed shadow which should indicate the hour of day. Hence the Pyramids of Egypt, Mexico, etc., Cleopatra's Needle, the Sphinx, Stonehenge, the Druidic conical erections of Silbury Hill, the Round Towers of Ireland, the Standing-stones, and Maes-howe of Sternness, and every other Obelisk, Mound and Monolith known to Archæology.

Concerning the Pyramids, there is nothing further to say, for this writer has finally explained them. As huge, shadow-reflecting observatories, they were "the result of the noble self-denial of the ancient races, who industriously and systematically toiled through so many generations to confer upon mankind the immense benefits we now almost universally enjoy through Almanac knowledge."

For what other purpose could they have been erected? They were not tombs, for "the sepulchral idea is manifestly inadequate to have ever induced man to undertake and waste such stupendous labours upon any monarch." They were not temples, for the

"priests could not address their congregations from the top of such high-spiked stones, devoid of foot-hold" (!!) (N.B.—"The Pyramid as Pulpit" is a novel and suggestive view of these venerable mysteries. We are grateful to Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth.) There remains, then, no other conclusion but that they were the origins of the "Gnomonic, or Shadow System of Time, designed to meet the greatest need of men towards gaining assured food supplies, by noting the right ploughing, sowing, etc., times from those simple observations."

This may be all very true; it does not, however, explain the inside of the Pyramids, which are, perhaps, their most suggestive aspects. We are led to wonder why erections which are neither temples nor tombs should have had insides at all. Our ignorance is profound, but Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth does not enlighten us. As a matter of fact, the purely astronomical explanation will only go a very little way. If the Pyramids be not in some way expressions of a national religion, they are hopeless enigmas. The "Book of the Dead" is probably the only real clue to the Great Pyramid, because the "House of the Master" is simply the sequel in stone to the "Book of the Master."

But this is not utilitarian enough for the "Rational Almanac."

In an interesting supplement the author works out with considerable ingenuity the theory that early man knew only a six months' year. It is necessary, therefore, to halve the chronology of the Jews up to the time of Moses, who, "as an Egyptian statesman, had learned the real value of the twelve months' year."

All this laborious research has the praiseworthy object of simplifying our present iniquitously irregular calendar. It is suggested that we throw Antiquity to the winds and adopt a year of thirteen months of four weeks each, twenty-eight days being the limit of each month, Christmas day, which is to have no week-day name, could be set apart as the extra yearly day, and fitted into the last week of the year as a duplicate Sunday. None can deny the convenience of such a simplification. Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth is a bold and ambitious reformer, and has certainly mastered everything that is to be known about his subject. The book fairly teems with erudition. He makes dimensional reforms, too, in the direction of book-binding, his well-got-up volume measuring eight by three inches.

C. E W.

Astrology in Holland.

Vier Lezingen over Astrologie. By Alan Leo. (Amsterdam, H. J. van Ginkel, Amsteldyk 76; $0.40, *Dutch currency*.)

Astrology is making its headway in Holland. We have before us a translation of a revised edition of Mr. Alan Leo's *Four Lectures on Astrology*, the original of which appeared in English some time ago. The school of Astrology, represented by Mr. Leo, rests on a theosophical basis, and thus explains many phenomena as yet unaccounted for by other schools—though accepted by these latter as experienced facts—answers many an open question, records many a fact forgotten or disregarded, and gives many an item of information new and valuable. (In which astrological school but the Theosophical, for instance, do we find allusions to the kâma rûpa, to the human aura, etc.?) Now a great deal of condensed information of this kind may be found in this little book, and as it is utterly impossible to explain each fact stated in so small a space, I refer those who, encouraged by the perusal of these interesting lectures, are desirous of obtaining more knowledge about the subject, to Mr. Alan Leo's larger book, *Astrology for All*. I learn that the Dutch public are eager buyers of this book, and this is not surprising when we consider that in the Dutchman are combined the metaphysical turn of mind of his one neighbour, the German, with the capacity for practical expression of the Englishman, his other neighbour, having, at the same time, a touch of that faculty of quick comprehension with which his French friends are so abundantly endowed. These and other considerations cause me to think that we may soon expect the translation of a more comprehensive work on the subject, and even perhaps in due time a Dutch astrological magazine.

B. I.

Psychical Research

Thought-Transference: A Critical and Historical Review of the Evidence for Telepathy, with a Record of New Experiments. By Northcote W. Thomas, M.A. (London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.; 1905.)

This is the first of a series of works in which the author proposes to sum up the evidence collected by the Psychical Research Society, and

make it available for the ordinary citizen, who cannot find time to read the whole of the thirty volumes published by the Society. In fact, it is supposed to be a kind of elementary text-book on the subject of which it treats.

We have first a defence of psychical research from the charge of being unscientific, and it is pointed out that only the expert in these matters is qualified to give an opinion on the various questions that arise in connection with the subject, whatever his knowledge in other fields of research may be. In connection with the position taken up by some scientists in regard to thought-transference, it is represented that consciousness is non-spatial, and therefore the argument against the possibility of thought-transference—that it involves action at a distance—falls to the ground. The existence of telepathy neither implies action at a distance, nor excludes it. In Mr. Thomas' opinion psychical research endeavours to establish its existence only, and might suitably leave the explanation of it to future generations.

The subject is discussed from the experimental side, the existence of clairvoyance is not assumed, no explanation is offered of sensory and motor automatisms, but it is simply represented that these are all methods by which ideas arise from the subliminal, and become part of the waking consciousness. [Students should compare this part of the book with the theories and explanations put forward in *Man and Death*.]

Then the author proceeds to illustration, and records a number of instances of thought-transference of various kinds, as well as a number of phenomena which he considers interesting in relation to the subject of thought-transference. These are followed by a series of definite experiments made in the rooms of the S.P.R., in reproducing pictures, colours and diagrams, also experiments with cards, all the results being carefully noted and classified.

The author considers that the establishment of the theory of telepathy, if true, and its formulation in the most definite terms possible, is the work which should really form the foundation of the whole structure of psychic science.

There is a thoughtful chapter on the theories in psychology relating to mind and matter, and the book concludes with advice and directions to persons willing to experiment.

S. C.

Divine Thrusting on

Directions and Directing. By H. S. Green. With a Foreword by Alan Leo. Astrological Manuals, No. V. (London: 9, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead; 1905. 1s. net.)

In this little manual Mr. H. S. Green, the well-known writer on astrology, explains, and indeed does something to classify, the various methods of "directing" employed by that weird and wayward constellation of prophets, in which he shines forth so clearly himself as a bright particular star.

"Directions" are dodges, seemingly arbitrary to the mere outsider, by which a certain type of tendency, more or less vaguely foreshadowed in the planetary positions at birth, is timed to illustrate itself. In this matter, be it proclaimed, all is not well in the astrological camp. The planets have, in their infinite humour, conspired together to produce more than one school of thinkers about themselves. There are the "primary" people, and there are the "secondary" folk; those, that is to say, who hold by the mundane movements of the planets after birth, and those who stake their "little all" on the influence, real or supposed, of the immediate postnatal peregrinations of these heavenly bodies in the *zodiac*. The former school resemble the Knights of Arthur's Round Table in being "few, but all brave." The latter, like other splendid majorities, have contracted the not unobjectionable habit of huddling together and "counting noses." Mr. Green will not pin himself to either faction, but prefers to think "that the two systems are really parts of one whole."

Apart from this little controversy, our private opinion is that Mr. Green and most other *mathematici* considerably overrate the importance of Progressed Lunar Directions, and hopelessly undervalue that of the common or garden "transit." Again, like other astrologers, Mr. Green sneers particularly at the influence in "transit" of Mercury and Venus. Yet, were the planets articles of vulgar sale and not mighty gods to be revered, we think we should ask for continuous benefic transits of Mercury and Venus, and, what is more, insist on having them.

R. C.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, August. "Old Diary Leaves" this month have much good reading upon "coincidences" and the calamities foreseen for us by various clairvoyants; the importance of which, however, seems to us minimised by the enormous proportion which have not come true—so far. Let us hope that the disturbances they behold on the astral plane may exhaust themselves there, and leave us poor humans in peace. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Rationale of Apparitions" is concluded; Mr. Warrington's "Sketch of Theosophy," prepared for the *Encyclopædia Americana*, we have already noticed. The Colonel gives an appreciative review of Maxwell's *Metapsychical Phenomena;* and the number is concluded by M. K. Ramasami Aiya's important "Religion of Science" and "Religion and Realisation," by E. Sundaram Iyer.

Theosophy in India, August. Here the larger papers are "Love," by the Seeker; "Organised Mind in Nature," by Fio Hara; and Miss Judson's "Christian and Theosophic Conceptions of Christ."

Central Hindu College Magazine, August. To us the most interesing part of this number is the good report of the successes of the pupils in their examinations; "better success this time than in any previous year." The illustration is the portrait of the Hon. Secretary, Babu Bhagavan Das, M.A.

Theosophic Gleaner, August, opens with a "Parting Word" from Mr. Bilimoria, who has given his time and labour to it with so much self-sacrificing devotion, under every kind of discouragement, for the last twelve years. In wishing the new Editor, Mr. Bahman P. Wadia, every success in his arduous task, we cannot forget, and we hope that the readers of *The Gleaner* will not forget, the late Editor's toils and troubles; the Masters "are not ungrateful," and They at least will keep in mind his labours in Their service, and that of his beloved country—the country which They also love dearly. The two White Lotus Day addresses, by R. N. Bijur and D. D. Writer, are both above the average of these productions, and show that the authors and the circle to whom they were addressed are passing above the mere panegyric to serious study of how to make H. P. B.'s work bear the fruit which was intended.

The Vishishtadvaitin is the first number of a new magazine published at Srirangam, and edited by A. Govindacharya, of Mysore. In the Editorial we are told that: "The consummation of the religious spirit in India was reached in the system of Shrî Râmanûja. He

very sagely welded together the elements of order and progress in religious institutions, and has given rise to a form of religion which has combined in it all that is good in every department of thought." With such a conviction a man is able to do much good; and we can fully sympathise with the desire "to bring the two sections of the Srivaishnavas together by explaining away the causes of the dissensions between them, and removing every obstacle in the way of their reaching to each other a brotherly and loving hand . . . and to remove every bar that hinders man *as man* from partaking the spiritual comforts and delights which our holy religion is capable of yielding; —bars which the caste-system has set up and which long-standing sentiments have guarded with zeal. Caste is a racial distinction, and religion is a spiritual experience; there can be no possible connection between the two." To such an ideal every Theosophist must give a hearty Amen.

The Vâhan, September. It is much to be regretted that neither Mr. Wybergh in our own pages, nor the querist in *The Vâhan*, has been able to obtain any satisfactory explanation of the phrase "pure food." A. B. C. suggests that "vegetable food is in its nature less apt for contamination than the more easily broken down protoplasmic structure of the animal kingdom"; but this is to confuse purity with indigestibility, and would prove that the human body is itself, as being *most* easily broken down, the most "impure" thing in creation —which is false; whilst A. B. imports an element of humour into the discussion by a petition to be allowed to "devour the humble pea" in peace. But our complaint is that the pea is *not* humble, but on the contrary a very vainglorious and censorious pea; and the unanswered question is "Why?" The other questions are as to the morality of an adept incarnating in another's abandoned body, the origin of a King's gold crown, the existence of a definite organ of self-consciousness in the brain, and clear sight in dreams.

Lotus Journal, September, gives us an excellent reproduction of a photograph of Mr. Leadbeater grouped with some of his boys—we beg Mr. B. Hodgson Smith's pardon for including him under that title, as we perceive he is growing a moustache, and we recall that at that time of life we ourselves were sensitive about our manly dignity. The literary contents include the remainder of Mrs. Besant's sermon and of H. Whyte's "Life of Gautama Buddha"; whilst Miss Mallet, having concluded her "Outlines of Theosophy," opens a series of "Some Saints of Christendom" with S. Francis of Assisi.

Revue Théosophique, August. Here we have translations of Mr. Leadbeater's "Vegetarianism and Occultism," and Mrs. Besant's "Genealogy of Man." The "Échos théosophiques" have a full account of the recent Congress.

Theosophia, August, has a paper, "Theosophy in relation to Religion, Philosophy, and Art," by J. van Manen; a farther portion of "The Soul in Popular Belief," by P. Peters; "The Legend of Upagutta," by A. G. Vreede; and a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Buddhism."

Der Vâhan, August, opens with a paper by Dr. Hensolt, "Ex Oriente Lux"; and we have the conclusion of "Marriage and the Woman Question," bringing us to the highly orthodox result that "the advocates of Women's Rights should intelligently link themselves with the Theosophical movement, and gain from it that now so rare sense of the Spiritual, with which the woman movement must be impregnated, for it is only in this Sign that it will conquer." Other papers are on the dangers of Hypnotism, Episodes of the Mahâbhârata, and a translation from Mr. Sinnett's "Stonehenge."

Of a packet of *Lucifer-Gnosis*, May-August, we have only space to say that the running articles by the Editor and others keep up their interest, though as to some of the statements made, as, for example, a curious system of human development upon all the planets in succession, we should be inclined to ask who has revealed them. We may notice two interesting and valuable papers by L. Posadzy, "St. Martin, F. Baader, and A. Mickiewicz, in contest with Modern Philosophy."

Omatunto is No. 5 of the Finnish magazine mentioned in our last issue. It is a well-printed and attractive looking number; and from an English table of contents thoughtfully enclosed we are moved to wish we could read it for ourselves. There is quite a considerable number of Theosophical works included in the list of books on sale.

Also received: *Indian Review; Theosophische Beweging; Théosophie; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophic Messenger*, with a much-needed warning as to Hypnotism in Revivals, and an account of the ignominious collapse of the "Religious War in Benares"; *Fragments*, our excellent little Seattle contemporary; *Theosophy in Australasia*, an excellent number, as is also the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine; Theosofisch Maandblad;* and *La Verdad*, our new Buenos Ayres magazine, the contents of which are much better than the rather sensational "Truth" on the cover would lead one to suspect, and to which we offer our best hopes and wishes.

Broad Views, September, gives the conclusion of the Countess of Cromartie's thrilling story "Ere Tara Fell"; and we have a study of "Socialism in the Light of Occult Science," which this is not the place to discuss; we will only say that in our view the real inequality of human beings is not so entirely decisive of all questions of Socialism as the writer seems to consider—there is much more to be thought and said on many points.

In the *Occult Review*, September, Dr. Hyslop presses with much force the evidence for the view (which he curiously seems to imagine an invention of Dr. Hodgson and himself) that even when we are actually coming into contact with *something* of the departed soul by means of clairvoyance, this is only a *portion* of the man, or as it is more natural for him to express it, the dreaming, not the waking consciousness. The article on "The Occult in the Nearer East," is this time furnished by Dr. Spoer instead of his wife, and deals with the use of Amulets. *Modern Astrology*, September, has a study of "The Sun, Lifegiver," by Mrs. Leo, and a rather unfavourable prognostic of our immediate future; *La Nuova Parola* gives us an interesting collection of stories bearing on the psychic perceptions of the domestic animals; *Mind; Notes and Queries; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Animal's Friend;* and *Humanitarian*, also received with thanks.

Our readers will be glad to know that Mrs. Besant's Queen's Hall lecture on the "Work of Theosophy in the World" has been printed in pamphlet form by the Theosophical Publishing Society.

We have received from the publisher, Max Altmann, Leipzig, a translation by A. von Ulrich of Mr. Scott-Elliot's *Lost Lemuria*, with reproductions of the maps.

England's Strength in Asia, by Sir Thomas Holdich, is a publication of the Central Asian Society, 22, Albemarle Street, W. The paper and the discussion reported after it are of a highly optimistic kind, and it cannot but be felt as an encouragement that men so thoroughly qualified to form an opinion on the subject are so confident of our strength in India. As suggested in the course of the discussion, Persia, rather than India, is likely to be the next point attacked.

We are pleased to see that Mr. W. Gorn Old's version of the *Tao-Teh-King*, under the title of *The Simple Way*, has reached a second and popular edition, the price being 1s., and the publisher Mr. Philip Wellby.

W.

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