THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXVII NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 219

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Convention of the American Section

FROM a number of press-cuttings sent us, the Convention of our fellow-workers in America, which assembled on September 17th at Chicago, seems to have been a great success, as indeed is the usual habit of such gatherings now-a-days. What, however, strikes us most is the changed attitude of the public towards our movement. We remember the days when the press in America thought Theosophy a proper subject for jest and ridicule; to-day all that seems to be changed, and we find the reporters impressed with the serious nature and cosmopolitan character of our assemblies. Moreover *The Chicago Sunday Tribune* devotes a whole page to an exposition of "man invisible," as set forth by our literature, and written up by one of our own members who is on the staff of that widely read journal. This article, entitled in the usual Journalese, "Scientist says Science proves a Future Life," is of a startling nature to the eye, for it is adorned (indeed they are excellently reproduced) with five of the aura-plates from Mr. Leadbeater's book *Man Visible and Invisible*. The chief feature of the Convention seems to have been the lectures delivered by

our friend and colleague C. Jīnarājadāsa, who is doing most excellent work both with the branches and before the public.

* * *

IN the Literary Supplement of *The Times*, of August 11th, there appeared a remarkable letter from Mr. Edmund Selous which will give the thoughtful reader much food for cogitation. We will first of all reproduce the letter, omitting the introductory and the concluding epistolographical formalities (N.B.—Don't shoot the writer, he's doing his best at Journalese!). Mr. Selous writes:

Two of a Creed which is now becoming popular

> In a review of my work, *Bird Life Glimpses*, . . . "attacking spiritualists and psychical theorists" is pronounced to be a "serious obsession" with me. This is really a mistake; and I hope it will be conceded that it is when I state that I am seven-eighths a spiritualist (the rest is doubt) and also a psychical theorist myself. Of course, in a book with such a title as mine bears, allusions to these and many other subjects must appear like digressions, but to me they are not so. Everything is interconnected, and watching birds has not only convinced me that they, as well as we—and, as I thence infer, all or most other animals—have a subconscious or "subliminal" portion of their being to account for, but has suggested to me also another way of accounting for it than by that theory of the subliminal self which the late Mr. Myers has raised, upon the narrow basis of a single species. My own hypothesis, which I tried vainly to bring forward in those "proceedings" where so much prominence had for so long been given to the other, relies only on the known laws of heredity; and the spiritual (or "metetherial plane") doctrine being here, as it appears to me, out of place, I can argue as if I had really that obsession with which I am credited —that is to say, as if I were really out of sympathy with the spiritualistic theory, and with psychical research generally. But widely different is the real truth.

Here we have a reviewer in *The Times* taking a famous traveller and naturalist to task for "attacking spiritualists and psychical theorists"; and here also we have Mr. Selous strenuously defending himself from such an aspersion, and confessing himself "seven-eighths a spiritualist," with the remaining eighth left out simply to balance the rush of the convinced seven. Both reviewer and author, then, are for us; so that we may well exclaim: "Excellent, excellent is the Kali Yug," as an old Indian sage remarked to the great scandal of the pious. But the Rishi's answer was that the Kali Yug hurried things up, so that liberation

could be achieved with an astonishing rapidity for him who went the right way, as compared with the slow march of the Golden Age. At any rate that was the impression his words left on our mind when we read the tale. He said it more gracefully and wisely; but he said "words to that effect."

* * *

The Celtic Renaissance in America

IT is pleasant to see that the great spiritual renaissance which is testified to by the Celtic Movement, especially and most naturally in Ireland, is spreading to the United States as well and receiving serious attention from Celtic scholars in American universities; not only so but President Roosevelt himself, who has great insight into the mysteries of true "*Weltpolitik*," and is a Celtic scholar himself, is strongly urging the study of the old sagas on Americans, because of the strong tinging of Irish blood that is in the new race of the New World. Our information is derived from *Tidings*, of August 11th, a weekly paper published at Los Angeles, California, and from it we take the following:

There is no doubt of the attraction that Celtic literature and Celtic antiquities have for university men. This was clearly seen from the enthusiasm with which the lectures on Celtic literature of the Irish poet, William B. Yeats, before the leading American universities were listened to. It is with the greatest pleasure that the Gaelic Leaguer and the student of Celtic are able to quote the President of the United States in connection with the subject. Mr. Roosevelt is a connoisseur of the older Irish literature, on which it is hoped he will soon finish a study, and in a recent speech he made this plea for the study of Celtic literature: "I hope that an earnest effort will be made to endow chairs in American universities for the study of Celtic literature and for research in Celtic antiquities. It is only of recent years that the extraordinary wealth and beauty of the old Celtic sagas have been fully appreciated, and we of America, who have so large a share of Celtic strain in our blood, cannot afford to be behindhand in the work of adding to modern scholarship by bringing within its ken the great Celtic literature of the past."

* * *

The Letters of the Virgin of Siena

THE mystics among our readers who have learned to interpret spiritually the language of ecstatic Christian saints, and who are not deterred from the study of their writings by the feelings of disgust which are apt to arise in the mind which persists in regarding

their symbolic language in its lowest form, will be glad to hear of a new translation of the Letters of Catherine of Siena. (*St. Catherine of Siena as seen in her Letters.* Translated and edited by Vida D. Scudder. London: Dent & Co.) In reviewing this book with the greatest enthusiasm a writer in *The Athenæum* of September 30th, refers to what he calls (and rightly so if it is read rightly) "that most exquisitely touching letter" on the death of Niccolo Tuldo which the Virgin of Siena wrote to Fra Raimondo, whom she addresses as "father and son." The circumstances were as follows. Niccolo Tuldo, a young gentleman of Perugia, was tried and sentenced to death for some hastily uttered criticism of the *Riformatori.* In bitter resentment against the injustice of his lot, he refused all religious ministration,—indeed he seems to have been a man who had not previously practised the faith of his fathers at all. For when Catherine went to him and his rebellious resentment gave place to submission to the Divine Will, he for the first time in his life received the Sacrament. He forgave his judge and went with resignation to the scaffold. His death is related by Catherine to Fra Raimondo as follows:

Only one fear was left, that of not being strong at the moment. But the measureless and glowing goodness of God deceived him, creating in him such affection and love in the desire of God that he did not know how to abide without Him, and said: "Stay with me, and do not abandon me. So shall it not be otherwise than well with me. And I die content." And he held his head upon my breast. I heard then the rejoicing, and breathed the fragrance of his blood; and it was not without the fragrance of mine, which I desire to shed for my sweet Bridegroom Jesus. And, desire waxing in my soul, feeling his fear, I said: "Comfort thee, sweet my brother; since we shall soon arrive at the Wedding Feast. Thou shalt go there bathed in the sweet Blood of the Son of God, with the sweet Name of Jesus, which I will never to leave thy memory. And I await thee at the place of justice." Now think, father and son, his heart then lost all fear, and his face changed from sorrow to gladness; and he rejoiced, he exulted, and said: "Whence comes such grace to me, that the sweetness of my soul will await me at the holy place of justice?" See, that he had come to so much light that he called the place of justice holy! And he said: "I shall go wholly joyous and strong, and it will seem to me a thousand years before I arrive, thinking that you are awaiting me there."

The end, the *consummatum est,* is thus told by Catherine, the initiator of his soul into the mystery.

Then he came like a gentle lamb; and seeing me, he began to smile, and wanted me to make the sign of the Cross. When he had received the sign I said: "Down! To the Bridal, sweetest my brother! For soon shalt thou be in the enduring life." He prostrated him with great gentleness, and I stretched out his neck; and bowed me down, and recalled to him the Blood of the Lamb. His lips said naught save Jesus! and, Catherine! And so saying, I received his head in my hands, closing my eyes to the Divine Goodness, and saying, "I will!"

* * *

A Coincidence?

IN our September "On the Watch-Tower" Mrs. Besant, under the title "Laus Mortis," wrote: "I don't know whence the following comes, but it is good," and then reprinted a poem by Fred. L. Knowles. We have now received the following note from a correspondent at Concord, Mass., U.S.A., enclosing a cutting headed: "Frederic Lawrence Knowles—Death of one of the most Promising Poets of America." Our colleague writes, under date September 21st:

At 3 o'clock yesterday my THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW came, and in glancing over it I happened to observe the verses on Death. At 6, my evening paper had the announcement that is herewith enclosed.

From the cutting we take the following appreciation of the dead poet written by Frank Putnam:

Born of a line of theologues and adherents, Frederic Lawrence Knowles was the spiritual child of Whitman and of Emerson. He had fairly mastered his instrument, and was rapidly acquiring wider vision. He was the laureate of New England in his last volume; had he lived and grown another decade he would certainly have become a commanding figure among American poets. Because he was in deadly earnest with his art. To him it was sacred, as it must ever be to genuine poets. He gave us many lyrics rich with a wistful beauty, others radiant with revolt, yet others steeped in simple gladness. His name is added to the long and splendid roll of New England's sons, who will not readily be forgotten.

Of the poems quoted in the column sent us we cannot refrain from appending the following verses, that breathe a lofty spirit of patriotism and tell of the future of the United States when full-grown into a homogeneous nation.

A Mother of fifty daughters,
Sunburnt and rude and strong,
She has had the glory of conquest,
And she waits the wonder of song.

By our fathers' swords! we love her!
And every child of her brood—
These starry States that cluster
In the pure, proud sisterhood!

We will dip no quill with feathers;
We will write with a blunted pen;
In the ink of our sweat we will find it yet,
The song that is fit for men!

* * *

Branch Work

FROM another correspondent, a nine years' member of our Society, we have received a letter deploring the "appalling readiness with which totally untrained and usually inefficient persons rush forward to 'teach' Theosophy." Our observant colleague goes on to say:

In the Branch to which I belong we practically, for about three-fourths of every term, have to resign our public platform to speakers who undeniably mutilate their mother-tongue, and who moreover extract from our grandest ideals all spiritual and heart force, leaving them barren intellectual platitudes. To watch the faces of visitors, under these circumstances, is undoubtedly an even greater lesson than to listen with "sweet patience" (if Mrs. Besant will forgive the statement), to our "lecturers." Granted all the good we may do by providing facilities of expression to the youngest and most faltering student, we still owe a duty to the public whom we invite to our halls, and on whom we depend to further advance the concepts and thoughts flowing through the Movement. Therefore it seems to me more advisable to keep our *private* meetings for the training and exercise of our myriad *naïve* "teachers," and, as far as possible, reserve our public platforms for those who are humbly learning a few things.

This is a wise suggestion and might well be taken to heart by the officers of most of our Branches. Let us train in private in our Branches and work strenuously together to improve each other; and let this be the *main* object of Branch organisation; we may thus the more rapidly develope some few of our members who have the capacity of lecturing for the presenting of Theosophy to the public in a dignified and sympathetic form. But do not let us imagine that everyone is to do this, and that we *must* address the public at all costs whether we know how to speak or no. To keep silence at the right time is wiser than to be always speaking, for when one so speaks he is apt to babble and not give utterance to words of wisdom.

WE take the following from the September issue of our interesting contemporary *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*. The paragraph is headed "Psychic Force," and tells us how Evan Roberts, the young Welsh Revivalist, has his strength renewed. A friend recently asked Mr. Roberts to explain how he was able to bear up physically so well.

The Power that maketh all things new

"I will tell you," said the young Revivalist, the characteristic smile lighting up his whole face. "The strain has told and does tell upon me, as it does or would upon any man engaged in similar work. I often feel in the morning after an unusually trying meeting of the previous day too weak and worn to turn out of bed. I am physically utterly broken down. Then, lying on my back in bed, I pray to my Father for strength to perform the work of that day only. And never yet has my prayer gone unanswered. No sooner have I prayed in my heart than I feel some mysterious power, energy, strength, being as it were poured into me. The sensation is somewhat like that of water being showered on the head. I feel it poured on my head. It flows, a vivifying stream, through my whole body and into every limb. I jump out of bed in full physical vigour, as supple and nimble of limb as a youth going to play."

This scrap of autobiography is of special interest to us as students of the hidden side of things; it is such confidences as these which enable us to appreciate with greater understanding the great movements that are stirring in the world of to-day.

* * *

IN our June issue under "Flotsam and Jetsam" we reprinted a highly instructive letter addressed by our colleague Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe to *The Times of India*, treating of earthquakes and planetary forces in connection with the disastrous catastrophe in Northern India which occurred on April 4th last. Mr. Sutcliffe has again written to the Indian *Times* (see the issue of September 19th), in connection with the recent disaster in Italy, and we herewith reproduce part of his communication for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in the mysteries of seismology. Our colleague writes:

The Earthquakes in Calabria

There is a rather interesting relationship between the earthquake which occurred in India on April 4th, and that in Calabria on September 7th. The Indian earthquake took place fourteen days after the Spring Equinox, and the Italian earthquake about the same time before the Autumnal Equinox.

This phenomenon is explainable on the planetary theory by the lines of force between two ultra-Neptunian bodies crossing the earth's orbit parallel with the line of the equinoxes and about fifteen degrees from the equinoctial points.

I have several times referred in your columns to the existence of two ultra-Neptunian planets whose positions were about 180 degrees apart, in which positions the lines of force between them must cross the earth's orbit; so that it could well be that the earth crossed these lines both on April 4th and September 7th, because in the case of such very distant bodies these lines will change very slowly.

If this hypothesis be correct we shall cross the same lines again about March, 1906, and should the next crossing be marked by similar seismic disturbances the three events will give sufficient data for the accurate determination of the positions of both these bodies.

* * *

"The Occult World"

THE *Standard* of October 9th had an exceedingly instructive article on "Psychical Research," by Professor Charles Richet of Paris, who is this year President of our English Society for Psychical Research. The article is remarkable not only for itself, but also because its sub-heading runs: "The Occult World." From it we take the following striking words of introduction:

Above the commotions of politics and business there is a power whose authority is growing every day—that of science. Shorter-sighted prophets have proclaimed its fall, but they witness its triumph. It has made its way everywhere, and now we have it trying to fathom what we call the occult world.

The occult is the unknown, the legendary, the plunge into the shade of fable or the mystery of secret religions. Thought-reading, divination of the future, levitation, the apparition or summoning of the dead, all that the poets call the World of the Beyond, what I have tried to characterise by the word —a trifle pedantic, perhaps—"metapsychic"—that is what the *savants* of to-day, after the simple have given it credence, have the hardihood to give a thought to it [*sic*]. To put it frankly, the popular tradition was not, on the whole, deceived. The occult world exists.

Our contentions are really growing too popular now-a-days. And to think that Professor Richet is the President of the very Society of which twenty years ago a committee endorsed the youthful mal-observations and erroneous conclusions of Dr. Hodgson, who imagined himself competent to solve off-hand the enigma of H. P. B., the embodiment of an occult world all to herself!

FATE AND FREEWILL

A Suggested Solution

It may seem presumptuous to attempt what so often has been declared impossible, namely to dispel the antagonism between fate and freewill; but I have succeeded in removing that antagonism in my own mind, and this article is written in the hope that it may be of service to others.

Freewill and necessity as ordinarily understood are opposite dogmas regarding man's relation to the universe and its Maker. The necessitarian view of the problem may perhaps best be explained by an illustration which, because of its aptness, has become common property.

Imagine a billiard table, absolutely level, perfectly smooth; and on the centre a billiard ball of some material responsive to electric energy. The ball is lying quite motionless and dead as we might say; but suppose that beside the table is a keyboard, by operating on which there may be turned on and shut off a number of electric currents of various strengths, which cross the area of the table from different points along its boundaries.

Now see what happens when you seat yourself at the keyboard and idly improvise a harmony of currents. The billiard ball springs to life, and appears to hurry, now hither and now thither, to linger at one point, and then to make a mad rush to another part of the table, as if endowed with the liberty of choice. To the casual onlooker, who may not know the secret of the keyboard, and who has no means of measuring the currents or of foretelling their distribution, the billiard ball appears to act on its own initiative and of its freewill; but the performer at the keyboard knows that every motion made by it is absolutely determined by him.

That mankind is merely the billiard ball of our illustration,

is the position taken up by the necessitarians. He may appear to choose and to exercise freewill, but in reality he acts exactly according to the sum of the forces brought to bear on him, whether these be his external environment or mental or moral bias.

Of course, the illustration given is very crude, and it might be made more elaborate and conformable to the real facts, for example, by supposing many currents of different natures as well as of different strengths, and billiard balls wholly or largely irresponsive to some of these currents. But make your illustration as complicated as you please, the necessitarians contend that you cannot slip in freewill or free choice.

The view of advocates for the freedom of the will is that man *has* choice, more or less limited. For will, to use Jonathan Edwards' famous definition, is that faculty or power or principle of the mind by which it is capable of choosing, and freewill is free choice.

Each position has its points of vantage that appear to be incapable of being carried by any frontal attack, and each has also its weak places that seem impossible to defend.

The dogma of freewill, on the one hand, when it seeks to conquer the intellect of man, is faced by the difficulty of the reign of law everywhere apparent. The stars have been set in their courses, and man has spelled out the laws that govern them, and can foretell to a second of time the next transit of Venus, though no eye alive to-day will see it. The laws of metals are known to him, and he can describe the exact behaviour of two metals when brought together. The vegetable and animal worlds are equally under increasingly complicated systems of law, and why should man alone be exempt? Is it not against the unity of nature to suppose that choice or freewill is possible to man any more than to yonder distant star?

In the absence of absolute proof to the contrary, is it not reasonable to suppose that, if we knew everything of the intricate network of forces that comprise a human being, we could predict to a nicety his next thought, and foretell to an ounce the force with which he will resist his strongest temptation, or the energy with which he will throw himself into a congenial task? Is

not everything governed by immutable law? Does a man not struggle and strive and wear himself out to attain his end, just because to do so is the law of his being; and another man, does he not glide easily, and without making what could really be called an effort, away from his ideal, on the backwash of the tide, just because to do so is the law of *his* being? It must now be held to be proved that there is a scheme of causation as perfect in the mental and moral worlds as in the physical.

Again the notion of liberty conflicts at once with another hypothesis of theological metaphysics, namely, the omnipotence of God; but on close examination, this hypothesis will be found to be but another statement of the scientific doctrine of a law-governed universe, and it need not be separately considered.

On the other hand, the acceptance of the necessitarian view of life seems rendered impossible so long as we continue to cling to the belief that man is morally responsible for his actions, for that again depends on his being wholly or partially a free moral agent. If it be the case that we are but puppets,—

> Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower,—

moved by an unseen hand at a game that pushes us off from the board; if we are but clay in the potter's hand out of which he may make some vessels to honour, but many more to dishonour, as it pleaseth him; if, in the words of the Apostle to the Gentiles, "God hath mercy on whom He will, and whom He will He hardeneth,"—then the question at once arises, as Paul foresaw that it would,—"why then doth He still find fault? For who withstandeth His will?"

The whole problem of life is so beset with difficulties that very many in despair have given up all attempt to solve the riddle of necessity and freewill. Others again,—and in this age of compromise, of accommodation and of opportunism, they are very many,—have agreed that logically they must declare for necessity as the only true theory of life, but that it really does not matter, as in practice it is a theory which always has been and must be ignored; in acting ourselves and in dealing with our neighbours' acts we assume that they and we are free.

Such an *impasse* is not very creditable, and I should like to do something towards pointing a way out or through.

To begin with, it must be recognised that however difficult it may be to maintain any freewill hypothesis under a reign of law, it would be absolutely impossible to postulate it in a world in which cause and effect did *not* exist, or could not be depended on. Choice is possible only in the universe which is built and governed by immutable law.

A moment's reflection will show us that this must be so. It is of the very essence of choice that it presupposes certain results along the line chosen, and that these results will be invariable. If I choose a ripe orange in preference to a green one, it is because I expect it to be sweeter, and that expectation is derived from the general experience that ripe fruit is sweet and unripe fruit sour. If I choose to avoid eating a poisonous fungus, it is because I have been told and believe that an opposite choice would result in sickness and even death.

Choice is a rational act, and presupposes a rational and therefore a law-governed universe. Where everything is chance, it is impossible for choice ever to gain a footing. If a particular result follows a particular cause,—if I know that B invariably follows A, and that *Z* follows Y, then there is room for choosing A or Y according as I desire B or *Z*. But if any result follows any cause,—if *Z* follows A as often as it follows Y, and if B follows Y as often as it follows A,—then rational choice between A and Y is out of the question, and there is no room for freewill, or will of any kind.

I do not think that it is necessary for me to elaborate this argument, because I cannot conceive but that it must have unanimous assent; and yet I should like to emphasise the importance of keeping it in mind, for it at once discovers a great deal of thinking on the subject of freewill and necessity to be very confused. It establishes, for example, this conclusion, that freewill and a law-governed universe (so far as our present investigation has gone) are not antagonistic, but, on the contrary, that ability to choose postulates a scheme of causation as perfect on the mental and moral planes as on the physical. For if Ignatius Loyola chose to elaborate a system of mental and moral training and to make that system binding on the members of the Society of Jesus, it was done only because of the full assur-

ance which he had that it would result in producing a certain type of mind as invariably as contortionists by their physical methods produce a man with a certain elasticity of bone and muscle.

Clearly, then, as far as we have proceeded, merely to assert the immutability of law is not sufficient to banish freewill, and much of the parade of that immutability that is made nowadays is irrelevant to the question at issue. As well assert and prove that the sea is full of water, and imagine that we have thereby made life impossible for the fish. There may be no such creatures as fish, but if there are they dwell in water; there may be no such thing as freewill, but if there is, its natural element can only be a law-governed universe.

If you wish to know what dwells in the sea, the simplest method of ascertaining is to let down a net, draw it to shore, and examine its contents. I propose, then, to follow a similar course with regard to the universe in the hope that I may be fortunate enough to lay hold on freewill.

The old division of the world was into the four kingdoms,—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human. If we examine the mineral we find it not to be dead as was once supposed, but vibrating with life, the various particles behaving in a manner that in the case of crystals in particular has been acknowledged by scientists to be a form of consciousness though of a very low degree. In plant life consciousness is more marked, as in the case of the creeper feeling for the trellis work and twining round it, and in animals consciousness increases rapidly, till it has its full development in man.

In man, consciousness reaches a stage that is very clearly marked, and is usually referred to as the faculty of reason,—by which I mean the power of thinking consecutively, the power of passing in mental review all the facts and principles bearing on a subject, and after carefully considering them, drawing conclusions in many cases conformable with truth.

Reason, pondering facts, discovered the law of gravitation, calculates eclipses, weighs the planets, and ascertains the constituent elements of the sun, and even of other and distant worlds. It can exercise itself on the most abstract and spiritual

theories as well as on those of a simpler character. Yet its beginnings are very lowly, and though it is convenient when speaking generally to associate reason with man, few persons now dispute that animals possess some reason. Many of their actions are evidently due to association of ideas, a principle that is intimately connected with reason.

As consciousness has its roots in the mineral kingdom, reason has its roots in the animal, and it is extremely difficult to draw lines and say,—within these only you will find consciousness and reason. Although for purposes of classification it is useful to draw such lines, Nature does not submit to them; she allows no gaps between her processes, and the delimitation of her boundaries is often purely arbitrary. This is the case with consciousness and with reason, and we shall find that it is so also with freewill. But to return to our definition of reason.

Reason is consecutive thinking, and it involves knowledge, and therefore power,—for knowledge *is* power. Now what is the kind of knowledge that reason,—and I speak more especially of reason as developed in man,—involves? *Knowledge of law.* And because knowledge is power, knowledge of law carries with it a possible power over law. That this is the case let me illustrate by two or three simple examples. Take first the law of gravitation.

A young child that is not old enough to learn its operation is at the mercy of the law of gravitation,—is in absolute bondage to it as if it were not a free agent. But let the child gain experience, and let it reason on its experience, and by-and-by it will learn to allow for the law, to take it into account as a factor in its life; and gradually but surely, step by step, it will come first to circumvent it, and then to utilise it, till as a full-grown man it knows that that very law which at first so limited and confined its early childhood is a gigantic lever with which mountains may be removed.

Again, suppose a man begins to practise gunnery; his shots are wide at first, but continued practice steadies them, and habit forms his aim so surely, that in the end it will cost him some trouble to fire as wildly as when he began.

These are examples from the physical plane, but many might

be culled from the mental and moral,—logical thinking, concentration of thought, honest thought,—these are achievements and attainments through the recognition and use of certain laws; and the more laws we know and are able to utilise, the less limited does our life become.

If, then, it is within man's power to rise above and utilise for his own advancement this law and that law, it is, philosophically speaking, possible to do so with any law, and ultimately with every law. It depends on his knowledge and will. The task will be easy and short to some, long and difficult to others who by their actions have made it so.

Freewill, then, we discover to consist of power acquired by knowledge of law, and we may now add another word to our description, and say that freewill consists of power acquired by *right* knowledge of law, in other words, by wisdom or truth. The addition of the adjective "right" to "knowledge" seems necessary, because in the evolution of the word it has acquired a bad as well as a good side to its character.

To know is to be able. The man who knows is (etymologically) the man who *can*, the *kingly* man; but he may be also, nowadays at least, the *cunning* man; and though cunning may be knowledge of a kind, it cannot be called right knowledge, it cannot be called wisdom, it cannot be called truth.

There is also a negative kind of knowledge which is not wisdom, for a man may know in a sense, and to a certain extent, without acting upon his knowledge, and in such a case also the will is enchained.

We are thus led to this conclusion that absolute freewill is correlative with absolute right knowledge, absolute wisdom, absolute truth. Two deductions follow: first, that so far as a man has aught of right knowledge, wisdom or truth, in that measure has he a limited freewill; and second, that, according as man has within him the potentiality of absolute right knowledge, wisdom or truth, so has he the earnest of absolute freewill.

And at this point we discover and put aside another mass of confused thinking on the subject. For there is a tendency to deny freewill to a man if it can be shown that in any particular

instance he has lacked it. The philosophers argue about freewill as if they knew of naught but two conditions, that of absolute freewill and that of its contrary. But as there are many grades of consciousness and of reason and of intelligence, so are there many grades of freewill from the humblest up to the absolute, and that we lack the highest degree is no evidence that we have not a lower.

But an objection may be urged to this conception of freewill, that it is not freewill at all, because it presupposes that the so-called free man will of two courses invariably choose the right, because it is his nature to do so. If will be under the control of reason, of wisdom, of right knowledge, or of truth,—call it what you will,—and if that reason be so clear and so much preponderating over desire and passion, that, of two courses open to it, it uniformly chooses the more eligible, then it is compelled by the law of its being, by its very constitution, so to act,—and can that which is compelled be called free?

To such an objection my answer is very simple,—namely, that *liberty, rightly understood, is not freedom to choose the wrong, or even freedom to choose one of two courses, but freedom to choose the right.*

In manuals of popular Christian theology you will frequently find it stated that our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the estate in which they were created by sinning,—or words to that effect. But such a view is exceedingly twisted and distorted. Freedom is not a horrid fate to which our first parents were abandoned; it is the grandest prerogative of the All-wise. And sin, or ignorance, to give it another name, cannot be the issue of freewill, since, as we have seen, freewill is the offspring of supreme wisdom.

Freewill is not a gift granted to the race at an early stage of its evolution, although the promise or earnest of it was. It is rather the goal, or one aspect of the goal, towards which humanity is striving, which can be obtained only through blood and tears, but which will in the consummation be worth all the pains.

The Greeks had an altogether different and much wiser conception of liberty from the thing usually understood by that word in modern language, for, as John Ruskin points out, "a

Greek always understood primarily by liberty deliverance from the law of his own passions (or from what the Christian writers call 'bondage of corruption'), and this a complete liberty; not being merely safe from the Siren, but also unbound from the mast, and not having to resist the passion, but making it fawn upon and follow him."

We are now in a position to review the situation, and we find that necessity and freewill ought not to be mutually exclusive views of the universe, for both are true. It is true, as the Greek tragedians had it, that whatever is fated, that will take place. Man, to quote Emerson, is hooped in by a necessity, which by many experiments he touches on every side, until he learns its arc. Nay, the Divine himself may not escape, for he is limited by his own nature. God himself cannot procure good for the wicked, said the Welsh triad. God may consent, but only for a time, said the bard of Spain.

On the other hand, to quote Emerson again, "limitation has its limits; is different seen from above and from below; from within and from without. For though necessity is immense, so is power. If necessity follows and limits power, power attends and antagonises fate. . . If you please to plant yourself on the side of necessity, and say Fate is all; then we say a part of Fate is the freedom of man. Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul. Intellect annuls Fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free. . . Just as much intellect as you add, so much organic power. He who sees through the design presides over it, and must will that which must be. We sit and rule, and though we sleep, our dream will come to pass."

The Divine must choose to act in accordance with his divine nature and not otherwise. Yes, but his nature is limitless, and therefore so also is his choice. Were man God, or to become God, then would his nature be limitless also, and being at once all-wise and all-powerful, he would enjoy perfect freedom. As it is, he stands midway between God and the animal, and tastes of the freedom of the one and the necessity of the other. Only,—the larger his nature, and the greater his wisdom, the greater and less confining the arc of necessity that hoops him in.

Now such being the situation, what light have the current

systems of thought to throw upon it? For the situation is not by any means free from difficulty,—as, for example, the curious position which man occupies, standing, like Janus, facing both ways; the inequalities of man and man, not merely their different attainments, but the lack of opportunity afforded to some, taken along with the apparent moral responsibility of all; and the cast-iron law of fate meting out what appears to be reward and punishment irrespective of the conditions under which the doer acts. With these and other difficulties modern thought is grappling, and of recent years much light has been thrown upon them.

To begin with, it is boldly asserted,—has indeed been asserted by the mystics in all ages,—that man is not merely the godlike animal, but from the point of view of evolution the god-becoming animal; that his goal is to become one with the All-wise, and therefore to enjoy his perfect freedom. This is, of course, simply another statement of the supreme Christian doctrine that man's *summum bonum* is that he should be one with God, and that "God as the Lord should be eternally manifested in him, making him an individuated portion of Divinity itself." Attain to that, and you have attained to supreme wisdom and truth, and therefore to freedom,—for the truth shall make you free; free, that is, from relapse into choosing the wrong.

But modern thought not only explains the half-finished building by pointing to the Architect's plans,—it shows how the edifice is reared, stone upon stone. We saw how the child learning to walk tried and failed, and tried again, how the gunner mastered his science by repeated efforts, and how power over any law, and consequent freedom, is attained by practice. And the question naturally arises, how can failure repeated never so often end in success?

The answer is that man lives on various planes that act and react on each other, and that the laws that bind the action on the material plane do not necessarily limit the idea on the mental plane. An act may have a direct result on the material plane, and an indirect result on the mental. Grant that there is a superior force outside ourselves that makes for righteousness,

then it follows that if a man through ignorance repeatedly acts in opposition to that force, he is bound sooner or later to suffer.

Such suffering awakens in him a sense of his folly, and he forthwith begins to try to act in accordance with his acquired knowledge of right. The first result of any such attempt is probably failure, for the man is bound in chains by his past ignorance.

But although the desired action may be doomed to failure, the thought that prompted the attempt,—which thought is simply action on a higher plane,—is a success, and becomes in turn a cause having its effect on the lower plane when the next attempt is made, and so conducting to success at length even there. The thought implied freewill in potentiality, and contains in it the possibility of freewill in actuality. Failure in action is no criterion of real failure; to have tried is to have succeeded.

Moreover, there is much reason for believing, and it has certainly been taught in almost every form of faith, that man's life,—the range of his being that is to say,—is vastly greater than his present consciousness, which is confined to this one earth life. Besides his earthly consciousness, man has a higher self which is not bound by the actions of the lower self, but which, on the contrary, is constantly prompting and attempting to guide the latter.

The existence of this higher self has been recognised in all ages; it is the daimon of Socrates, the "guardian angel" of Christian mythology, the "voice of conscience" of modern philosophy, the "counterpart soul" of some schools of occultism. These mystical theories of a daimon, a guardian angel, a counterpart soul, have to be more or less discarded when the subject is handled with precision; but the rejection of any number of explanations does not result in the disappearance of the fact attempted to be explained; and there is to-day a considerable body of evidence for the view that the evolutionary process is accomplished in man by help continually coming from above as it were, and that a man's material fate is continually being liberated by the power of his higher self.

This dual nature of man, the higher and the lower, and the whole process by which the higher liberates the lower, is graphi

cally described by Paul in his Letter to the Church at Rome. Who does not recollect the classical picture of the saint who has caught glimpses of truth, and who delights in the Law of God in the inward man, yet who finds in his members a different law warring against the law of his mind and bringing him into captivity under the law of sin, which is in his members? In his pain and distress he calls out: "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" The answer is: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!" That is to say, through his own regenerate self born of water and the spirit. For Christ is primarily not a person but a principle or a process, and Christhood is attained when the lower self of man (symbolically spoken of as water) rising up to its highest point of evolution, is anointed or informed by the descending spirit, man's higher ego. Henceforward to such a man there is no condemnation, for the law of the spirit of life makes him free from the law of sin and of death.

But what of the moral responsibility of the man who is still bound under the law of sin, and what of the injustice of the punishment that he suffers? The best thought to-day points us back to the root meaning of punishment, which has long lain covered over with the dust of an ignorant philosophy, for punishment is literally a fiery trial, and signifies purification,—fire being the great purifier,—indeed the two words are identical, for the Aryan *pur* is just the Saxon word *fire*.

Thus punishment does not look back on the ignorance, but forward to the dawn of knowledge, and it forms part of the process by which growth is possible. Suffering is thus not the law of the worm and of death but the law of man and of life; and once man has advanced sufficiently to recognise this, he will reckon with the Apostle that the sufferings of the present are not to be compared with the glory which shall be unveiled in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the unveiling of the Sons of God,—that is for the perfection of their higher nature; and the creation has been subjected to ignorance and consequent suffering for a season, not of its own will, but by reason of Him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption

and ignorance into the liberty of the glory of the Sons of God.

Thus, as Emerson says: "Every man needs to thank his faults and his misfortunes. If he can only recognise it, he is possessed of absolute good, which, like fire, turns everything to its own nature so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colours and from enemies became friends, so disasters and faults of all kinds prove benefactors.

> Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing.

No man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it; no man learns to control his temper till he has lost it again and again, and like the wounded oyster has mended his shell with pearl. Thus with Goethe we learn to repent none of our follies, because we wish to repeat none. They have been the strange means of our freedom.

But for such a liberation from the bonds of necessity, not one but many lives are necessary for each of us. Nature is a very, very slow worker, and we observe how many of her children are kept learning one painful lesson during the whole of one earth life, and scarce seeming at the end to have made much progress towards freewill. Such a condition of matters would be altogether meaningless unless there is given to man in this world or elsewhere time and space to work out his glorious destiny.

Viewed in this light, fate, or necessity, ceases to be a jarring terror, and falls with perfect fitness into its place in the divine cosmos. To quote Emerson once more:

"We can afford to allow the limitation if we know it is the meter of the growing man. We stand against fate as children stand up against a wall in their father's house, and notch their height from year to year. . . . Let us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity. If we thought men were free in the sense that a single exception, one phantastical will, could prevail over the law of things, it were all one as if a child's hand could pull down the sun. If in the least particular one could derange the law of nature, who would accept the gift of life? Let us build

altars to the Beautiful Necessity which rudely or softly educates man to the perception that there are no contingencies; that law rules throughout existence, a law which is not intelligent but intelligence, not personal nor impersonal, it disdains words and passes understanding."

It binds the ignorant with a band of iron, yet solicits the pure in heart to know and to become one with its omnipotence. And it shall make you free.

EVAN J. CUTHBERTSON.

THE HOUSE OF POWER

THERE is a certain green meadow, strange in no way, save by the memories it gives to a few of a waiting land, which is perhaps on earth, perhaps in the lands commonly invisible. It is very still; it seems always as though it were watched. About the hedges, about the great growth of grasses and field flowers which marks the place, there is always this air as of the glamour of dreams; yet the grass is as other grass, and the flowers as other flowers; the hay is mown and garnered yearly as in other fields. Nor is the field remote from the dwellings of men, or even from the fierce striving of a great city. One tree stands therein, flame-wise; it is a great poplar, with its leaves a-ripple in unearthly breezes when other leaves do not stir.

One evening I sat in the field of dream, and the leaves of the poplar, clapping like little hands of joy, told of a matter which may or may not be truth. Perhaps it is not true of that field, but of some other field of wonder, to which the gods have given the power of patience, and the magic of those who can wait.

"Verily," said the Prophet of Islam, "God will send to the people at the beginning of each age the Prophet who shall renew its religion." This, mayhap, is true of the renewal of every weaving of the Mother's loom, whereby the walls of Her Temple are decked.

Few think of the prophets' forerunners; few dream that the true Prophet of God sometimes passes by unrecognised by his brethren, and at best with his message not understanded. Few know how wearily, wearily, his messengers toil, until of many seeming failures is born success. Few know how the men who prepare the Way of the Lord, toil all unknowing, and their praise is given to another; for the springs of life are hidden from our eyes, and all our twilight babblings of men, and their actions and consequence, are as vain folly.

Now I heard the leaves of the poplar speak after this fashion:

"We pass with the summer's life; yet we bear record of the knowledge at the poplar's heart; and it bears record of the things which the trees of all lands have known; which knowledge is garnered in the Mother Soul of Trees."

Then, by grace and favour of the living heart of the poplar, I talked with the Mother of Trees, who told me this tale:

There was a company of men who sought to do a great work, fit for the striving of Gods; they thought the task was appointed them, and they never knew it when they failed; for the Powers are merciful and merciless in the same hour. They did a little good, and a little harm, and made a great stir; for they had riches, and influence, and wit. If the Gods had shown them the truth, namely, that the work which was being wrought was wholly other than they deemed, and their share therein was chiefly to fashion a passing pageant, they would have been crushed with great woe and sense of failure, and have ceased to toil; not seeing that a pageant has its place and fitting part in the great scheme of things as they are.

There was only one man of their number who would have worked had he seen thus. He was a Labourer, used to thankless and barren toil; by pure accident, it seemed, his lot was cast among them. When this Labourer finished his work for the day he would sometimes walk through two or three fields till he came to this field where the poplar grew; and there he used to lie down and go to sleep.

It was in this field at haytime that he was met by the Fool. The Fool came across the meadows playing a little pipe in sheer

idleness and joy of heart; for the man, being a fool, was insensately joyful, and there was no earnestness of purpose about him. He sat on a heap of dried grass and clover, and waited for the tired Labourer to wake; when he woke he smiled at him, and piped. The Labourer did not care for music, so he went to sleep again, and the Fool's piping wound its way into his sleep, and made music on the strings of his heart.

The Fool went into the place where so great wonders and strivings were going forward, and dwelt there as though there were no such things in the world as high ideals or illuminations of the soul, or indeed as serious work of any kind. He lived in a very small cottage, all alone, and he foregathered in an idle manner with the Labourer during such hours as he was not earning his daily bread. As for the Fool he earned nothing; he went to the field where the poplar grew, and there he piped. One day in summer time the Labourer was found dead; he was found by the Fool. Round his neck was a little amulet tied by a string; whence he had it, and why he wore it, no one knew. But he had worn it since his youth; and into it the tides of his life, and the tides, maybe, of a Life greater than his, had flowed, The Fool cut the string, put the amulet into his pocket, called help for a man who could be helped no more in this world, and walked away piping a song of gladness. He seemed to have no sense of the awe and solemnity of death.

He went to the field of dream, and there he dug at the poplar foot, and laid in the earth the amulet, and covered it closely, and went away, piping a thin elf-song. The place knew him no more; only the curlews called over the field, and the poplar leaves clapped their little hands in the place where the Fool once piped, while the Labourer slept.

But more than ever the dream-hush fell over the place, and it grew to be a land of delicate marvel and delight. There seemed to be always about it a girdle of watchers, who waited for an ordained hour. At last the hour struck.

It was the time when that should come to pass which those who practised the great wonders of striving, believed they were destined to accomplish.

They were but a memory now—a famous be-praised memory

—but their works and themselves had vanished like a blown-out flame.

There came forth from the Hidden Land, the Man of the Hour; and beside him one who was a seer. And the seer said:

"The appointed place where thy work shall be wrought has lived from the beginning in the constant Mind of God. Come forth! and we shall search for the spot which hath been prepared for thee."

Therefore they went through the land and visited many cities, and holy places, and shrines, and council chambers of the wise; and the Man of the Hour held his peace, and no one noted him; and the seer, who knew the Man's nature and office, made no sign.

In the seventh month of their pilgrimage they came to a field path leading through water-meadows. It was the time of buttercups, and the fields were golden.

They walked through the meadows till they heard the wraith of the music of a pipe which had long ceased to play. They came to a little field, wherein grew a poplar clapping hands of joy and merriment.

In the field two people sat who heeded each other not at all. One was a peasant boy in whose ear a God was whispering the secrets men learn of the Immortals; and the other was a poor widow, mourning her only child. The seer halted, and he said to the Man of the Hour:

"May God, in His Wisdom, open thine eyes, as He hath opened thy heart to the Word He would have thee speak."

Then the eyes of the Man were opened; and he saw rising from the poplar's foot a thin flame of power, where long ago the Fool buried in the earth the little charm which the Labourer carried above his heart; and from the flame of power streamed threads of fire; and the threads wove a web to hold the souls of men, that the power of the place might burn into their hearts and minds and brains. And the seer said:

"Here, O prophet of God, is the place thy Lord hath prepared for thee."

The Man of the Hour bowed his head silently; he entered the field, and built him a little hut at the poplar's foot; he sat there

daily in the quivering unseen wonder of the thin flame of power; and the fire entered his soul, so that he taught the Royal Secrets which are the birthright of those who are of the House of Power, and are unmarked by any other.

But as for me, when the tale was told I questioned the Soul of Trees after this fashion:

"Did the Labourer know that he, and no other, prepared the place for the Man of the Hour?"

The Mother of Trees answered:

"He did not know."

I said:

"If he had known, therein would have been joy. Why was he not given that joy?"

The Soul of Trees answered:

"He would have felt no joy. He cared neither for the Man of the Hour, nor the Lord of the Hour."

I asked:

"Would not the Fool have cared?"

"The Fool would have cared. The Man of the Hour was nothing to him; the Lord of the Hour was all."

"And he would have felt joy?"

"Yes. He always felt joy; and his joy would have been full."

"Why then was not the work his?"

"There is a book in your hand," said the Soul of Trees, "'How readest thou'?"

So I opened and read:

"Who is there will serve God for naught?"

"There be tasks," said the Great Tree, "that must be done neither for joy nor for the work's sake, but for the Lord of the Hour alone; He worketh—and no other. Now if it be thus with a man, that he shall say: 'So Thy work be done, may it be mine or his'; if he shall say: 'Not my work as I shall see it; but his, as he shall see it; it may be that his vision is more near to Thine'; —then he shall have the work given to his hands, or haply have it plucked thence. It matters to him nothing, either way. But if it be not thus with him, then the Lord of the Hour gives the work to such as the Labourer, who knew no joy therein; nor could

know it, nor understand that joy might be found by such a road."

I mused awhile.

"Could any man so toil?" I said. "'It matters to him nothing, either way.' *Could* a man toil thus?"

"He *could*," replied the Great Tree. "But he who treads a way so simple as this, shall be held by his fellows to be very subtle, and mayhap very evil; or if not so, a fool and half-distraught."

"I do not think," I said, "that any man so toils."

"Once I saw such a man," replied the Soul of Trees. "He sat under these boughs. He was fighting very fiercely at that time that his will might be done; and those who saw not as he saw ascribed to him many desires. But in truth he fought because he came of a knightly line, and the Lord had put in his hand the sword of the defender. But the Gods who beheld the man's heart knew he had only loosed that which he seemed to hold. Often when his mind and body fought, his heart was away by a little forest pool, where pink and purple heather filled the air with honey scent, and bog-myrtle with spices. Wee water-plants grow there, and blue and yellow dragon-flies dash to and fro. High in the air black swifts hurl themselves, shrieking for pure joy of life above the pine-tree tops."

"I know the place," I said. "O Tree of Solemn Knowledge, if the man thirsted thus for the pool shining by the forest track—as thirst full well he might, I know it—he was weary of fighting; it was false to say it was nothing to him, either way."

"O! idle mind," replied the Tree. "Should a man return to the clay whence he struggled forth? Should he cease to feel or to discern?"

At these words I held my peace; and the poplar leaves sang this song:

Not to the seeming-strong the battle is;
  But to the humble soul,
Who giveth all his ways and works to God,
  Who knoweth well the whole.

Not always by the pure Thy tasks are wrought;
  But sometimes laid on one,

Who droppeth tears of weariness and shame
When each day's work is done.

He faileth oftentimes who doth desire
To storm a mountain height;
Where to the glory of his name—and Thine—
He shall proclaim the Right.

But he—the little child—Thy message gives;
Who blossom-like doth grow,
Drinking the streams of peace and merriment,
That from Thy heart do flow.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE PYTHAGORÆAN SODALITY OF CROTONA

By PROF. ALBERTO GIANOLA, DOC. LITT. ET PHILOS.

(*Translated by E. K. from "Il Sodalizio Pythagorico di Crotone"**)

A CONTINUOUS and widespread tradition of antiquity, older even than the appearance of Neo-Pythagoræanism in the third century after Christ, narrates that the philosopher of Samos, after having travelled in the East—in Phœnicia, Babylonia, Chaldæa, Persia, India, and above all in Egypt—and after having acquired there a knowledge of the secret doctrines professed by the sages and priesthood,† came to Crotona, one of the most flourishing cities of Magna Græcia, where he attracted a number of admirers and followers, and instituted a celebrated Sodality. This was about the same time that Lao Tze appeared in China (600-520 B.C.), and Gautama Buddha in India (560-480).‡

Of this Sodality it is my present intention to set forth the

* Bologna; 1904.

† The *data* of the tradition which grew up round the life of Pythagoras and which may be considered merely as a mode of regarding him under a double or even triple aspect—historical, mythical, mystical—will be discussed in a future work on the sources of that tradition.

‡ *Cf.* the observations contained in Chapter i. of a Study by G. De Lorenzo on *India e il Buddhismo antico* (Bari, Laterza; 1904).

origin, duration and constitution, availing myself of information sufficiently extensive and detailed to enable us to form a correct idea of what has been left to us by, among others, Diogenes Laertius,* Porphyry,† Iamblichus,‡ Clement of Alexandria,§ not to mention the great classical writers of whom they made use in greater or less degree, with more or less sound criticisms, besides modern historians of Greek philosophy in general and the Pythagoræan movement in particular, such as Krische,‖ Chaignet,¶ Centofanti,** Zeller,†† Cognetti De Martiis,‡‡ Schuré,§§ and others.

* * *

As to the origin of the Institute, the united tradition tells that towards the LXII. Olympiad (530 B.C.) or shortly afterwards,‖‖ Pythagoras went to Crotona accompanied probably by numerous disciples who followed him from Samos,¶¶ and began to discourse in public in a manner which quickly won the sympathy of his hearers, who came in large numbers to listen to his inspired words,*** which taught them truths never before heard in that region and from such a man. He was received with great deference both by the people and by the aristocratic party who then held the reins of government, and such was the enthusiasm aroused by his teaching, that his admirers erected a vast building of white marble—*homakoeion* or public auditorium,†††

* *Vitæ et Placita clarorum Philosophorum*, VIII. i.

† *De Vita Pythagoræ.*

‡ *De Pythagorica Vita.*

§ *Stromat. Libri, passim.*

‖ *De Societatis a Pythagora in Urbe Crotoniatarum conditæ Scopo politico Commentatio* (Göttingen; 1831).

¶ *Pythagore et la Philosophie pythag.* (Paris; 1873).

** *Saggio critico su Pitagora*, 1846; in *Opere* (Firenze; 1870), vol. i., pp. 359 *sqq.*

†† *Die Philosophie der Griechen*, vol. i., p. i.

‡‡ *Socialismo antico* (Torino; 1889), pp. 459 *sqq.*

§§ *Les Grands Initiés* (Paris; 1902), pp. 267 *sqq.*

‖‖ The dates vary from 529 to 540 as to his departure from Samos; the first is admitted by Ueberweg, *Grundr.* i. 16, the other by Bernhardy, *Grundr. d. gr. Litt.*, pt. i., p. 755. Lenormant states 532. As to the arrival in Crotona, Bernhardy thinks that in 540 Pythagoras was already there.

¶¶ Iambl., 29.

*** See Porphyry, *o.c.* 20, who refers the statement to Nicomachus, and *cf.* Iambl., *o.c.* 30.

††† Note that Clement (*Strom.*, i. 15) identifies this word with *Ecclesia*, *i.e.*, the Christian Church.

in which he could conveniently proclaim his doctrines and induce them to live under his guidance.

The tradition as we find it in Iamblichus and Porphyry gives other particulars. It runs that Pythagoras had aroused such admiration* in the youth of the gymnasium, that when this became known to the magistrates and senators, they also showed a great desire to hear him; and that he, coming before the Council of a Thousand, met with such approval that he was invited to make his teaching public. Whereupon many assembled together, being incited by the fame of the great austerity of aspect, by the charm of eloquence, and by the profound novelty of reasoning of the stranger.

In short, his authority increased to such an extent that he soon exercised a real moral dictatorship in the city, which quickly spread abroad into the neighbouring districts of Magna Græcia, to Sicily, Sybaris, Tarentum, Rhegium, Catania, Himera, and Agrigentum. From the Greek colonies and from the Italian tribes of Lucani, Peucetii, Messapii, and even Roman peoples,† disciples of both sexes flocked to him; and the most celebrated legislators of those regions, Zaleucus, Charondas, Numa, and others, would have taken him for their master,‡ if by his means order, liberty, customs and laws could have been everywhere restored.§ In this manner, says Lenormant,‖ "he might have realised the ideal of a Magna Græcia as a *united nationality*, under the hegemony of Crotona, notwithstanding the differences of race among the Italianised Hellenes"; which, however, is an inexact statement, because, as we shall see, the intention of Pythagoras, both in his acts and his teaching, was neither political nor national, but essentially *human*. Perhaps, adds another writer,¶ it was not unknown to him that some success was due to the reception given

* See Iamblichus, *o. c.*, 37-57, a long extract from this discourse, which gives an idea of the *esoteric* instruction of Pythagoras.

† Diog., viii. 15; Porph., 22, etc.

‡ *Vide* Seneca, *ep.* 90, 6, cited by Posidonius; Diog., viii. 16; Porph., 21; Iambl., 33, 104, 130, 172; Ælian, *Var. Hist.*, iii. 17; Diod., xii. 20.

§ *Vide* Diog., viii. 3; Porph., 21 *sq.*, 54; Iambl., 33, 50, 132, 214; Cic., *Tusc.*, v. 4, 10; Diod., *Fragm.*, p. 554; Justin, xx. 4; Dion Chrysost., *Or.*, 49, p. 249; Plut., *C. Princ. Philos.*, i. 11, p. 776.

‖ *La Grande Grèce*, vol. i. p. 75.

¶ Cognetti De Martiis, *op. cit.*, p. 465.

him by a person with whom he must have had relations while in Samos, namely the celebrated Crotonese physician Democedes.

But doubtless more than to his personal acquaintance, the approbation shown to Pythagoras in Crotona and the enthusiasm aroused by him throughout Magna Græcia, were the effect, on the one hand, of the intrinsic merit of his doctrines and teaching, and on the other, of the disposition and attitude of those peoples to understand and appreciate him. For mysticism and every idealistic movement had always met with a hearty assent and with a great number of followers amongst them, whether in ancient, mediæval, or modern times.* To this attitude of the southern populations may be ascribed the rapid diffusion of the Pythagoræan doctrines, which were almost universally accepted; so that many of the best intelligence and highest morality, fired with admiration for the profound knowledge of the Master, mustered round him, and being desirous of penetrating more intimately into his philosophical system, the vastness and comprehensiveness of which they intuitively apprehended, came by degrees to live altogether with him, drawn into his orbit of thought and action by that spontaneous sympathy which the great apostles of humanity have always exercised over others.†

Thus was formed the Sodality, access to which was given to all good men and women;‡ and to this philosophical family the Master gave the same ordinances that he had seen carried out in the schools of the East and in Egypt, in which, as has been indicated, he had acquired the knowledge of the Mysteries.

The institute became at the same time a college of educa-

* Thus the religious idea of which S. Francis was paladin and knight, was started in Calabria by Abbot Gioacchino da Fiore (see Tocco, *L'Eresia nel M.E.*, lib. ii., c. i., e. 11.). Pythagoræanism always had a footing in Southern Italy, whence it penetrated to Rome with Ennius, and there arose with new splendour in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries with the school of Bernardino Telesio, which produced, among others, Campanella and Bruno. *Cf.* David Levi, *Giordano Bruno* (Turin; 1888), pp. 124 *et seq.*

† Porphyry relates that more than two thousand citizens with their wives and families were gathered together in the Homakoeion, lived in community of goods and regulated their lives by the laws given them by the philosopher, whom they venerated as a god (*op. cit.*, 20 *et seq.*).

‡ A study on the Pythagoræan women would be both opportune and desirable, as throwing light on many points. Special instruction was imparted to them, and they had initiations adapted to the duties of their sex. Iambl., *o.c.*, 267, gives the names of seventeen, all of distinction. *Cf. ibid.*, 30, 54, 132; Diog. viii., 41, *et seq.* Porph., 19, etc. See also Schuré, *op. cit.*, pp. 379 *et seq.*

tion, a scientific academy and a little model city, under the direction of a great initiate. And it was by means of theory accompanied by practice, and by science and art united, that was gradually reached that science of sciences, and that harmony of the soul and the intellect with the universe, which the Pythagoræans considered to be the arcana of philosophy and religion. The Pythagoræan school has a supreme interest for us because it was the most noteworthy attempt at lay initiation; it was the anticipated synthesis of Hellenism and Christianity, grafting the fruit of science on the tree of life, and becoming conscious of that interior and living realisation of truth which alone can produce a well-founded faith. An ephemeral realisation perhaps, but of capital importance because it had the fecundity of example.*

* * *

According to the greater importance given to one or the other of the constituent parts of the Pythagoræan doctrine, or to its exterior form and effects, so many have been the diverse judgments pronounced by students on the intention of the philosopher in creating this Sodality.

Some have seen only a *political* intention; thus, according to Krische, "the aim of the Society was merely to restore, consolidate and increase the decaying power of the oligarchs, and secondary to this, two other aims, of morality and culture: that is to say, to make of his disciples good and honest men, so that if they should be called to rule in the public cause, they should not abuse their power by oppressing the people; and these, confident that their well-being would be provided for, would be content with their condition; further, to encourage the study of philosophy by those who were fitted to govern the state, because good and wise government can only be expected from the learned and cultivated."†

How imperfect and incomplete is this opinion of Krische will appear in the sequel. The intentions of the reformer were not political only, but also moral, philosophical and religious. His

* Schuré, *op. cit.*, p. 314.

† *O.c.*, p. 101. *Cf.* the judgment of Meiners, *Hist. d. Scienc.*, etc., ii. 185, and the strange opinion of Mommsen, *St. di Roma antica* (Roma, Torino; 1903), i. 124 *et seq.*: "Such oligarchical tendencies were evident in the *lex solidaria* of the 'Friends' adorned with the name of Pythagoras; *it enjoined to venerate the dominant class as divine, and to treat as beasts the servile class*," etc. !!!

teaching was not intended only for Crotona or Magna Græcia, but for *mankind* in general; what it contained of political was but a part and by no means the principal part of an extensive scientific and philosophic system which should embrace all that was knowable. Otherwise, as Zeller justly remarks, we could not explain the physical and mathematical side of Pythagoræan science, and the fact that ancient testimony with regard to Pythagoras shows us in him the theurgist, the prophet, the wise man and the moral reformer more than the statesman.*

In reality he aimed at the elevation of his disciples in spirit and in action, whether by imparting to them universal culture and knowledge, or by making them practise the most rigorous discipline of the mind and the passions. By this means he gained his end of gradually improving on their civil and human side the citizens and all other men, since each disciple necessarily carried out of the school into his private and public life the doctrine and morality there acquired, spreading it by word and example among his family, relations and friends. And in consequence thereof a change would gradually appear in the government of the city, by the fact that the first to profit by and treasure the new doctrines would be the oligarchs, either directly, if they took part in it, or indirectly, if they were private citizens, thus imparting to the government a new influence and a more rigorous morality. The alliance between Pythagorism and the aristocracy, as Zeller again remarks, was not one of reason, but the result of the general influence of the School, which attracted the best minds; and if tradition represents the Sodality as a political association, this is true, inasmuch as its religious, ethical and scientific character was the result of the position held by the Pythagoræans in the field of politics; but properly speaking it was the contrary.

Very differently is the nature of the said Society estimated by Grote† who considered its character exclusively *religious*, and at one time active and highly influential, since its active members held offices in and under the government, while the contempla-

* See Heraclitus, in Diog., viii. 6; Herodotus, iv. 95; Zeller, *op. cit.*, i. 5, p. 328.

† *Hist. of Greece*, iv. 544; *cf.* Ritter, *Gesch. d. Philos.*, i. 365 *et seq.*

tives attended to study; just as it is in the organisation of the Jesuits, to whom, he says, the Pythagoræans have a notable resemblance. In short, according to him the followers of the philosopher were nothing but "a private and select nucleus of men, of *brothers*, who embraced the religious *phantasies* of the master, his canon of ethics, his germs [?] of scientific ideas and manifested their adhesion by particular rites and observances."

In all this there is scarcely even a shadow of truth; exaggeration has seized the hand of the author. Pythagoras doubtless had a religious conception, which formed the basis of all his esoteric teaching, and was the starting-point of his marvellous system of numbers which symbolised it; but there is no question of *phantasies* more or less strange or irrational which he could have wished to impress on his followers. Neither could this be said of the same religious doctrine which was taught in the Mysteries and philosophical schools in Egypt, in the East and in Greece, all one in substance, although diverse in form and exterior symbols—because they were everywhere derived from the same tradition and, in as far as they were mystical, had a solid foundation in reason and experience. Then as to the resemblance of the Sodality to the Jesuit Society—that is an error which shows very little penetration into the spirit which informed the more ancient institution. It is a judgment formed on outward appearance only, and a want of discernment of its importance, its efficacy and beneficence; in short, a false view of the work of one of the greatest thinkers and apostles that humanity has ever seen.

Much nearer the truth is the judgment of Lenormant, in that he saw under the forms of religion the *moral* intention of Pythagoras.* But still more just and complete, because corresponding to all the facts left us in the tradition of the Sodality, is that uttered casually by an Italian named Centofanti, who defines it as "a model Society which was intended to improve the condition of the commonwealth and aspired to occupy a noble and deserved position in its government. Besides this, it cultivated the sciences, had religious and moral aims, and promoted every art which could add perfection to life, *according to an ideal as broad as the capabilities of human nature.*"† With

* *Op. cit.*, i. 83. † *Op. cit.*, p. 401 *seq.*

him are almost in complete accord Chaignet* and Zeller,† according to whom the School was distinguished from all analogous associations "by its moral tendency," based on religious motives and guided by sane methods of education and scientific instruction.

Duncker wrote with much truth that Pythagoras was "not only the Master of a *new* wisdom, but moreover the preacher of a *new* life, the founder of a *new* cultus and the proclaimer of a *new* faith."‡ Only, such *novelty* must be understood as relative to the times and places; since, as has been said, the esoteric foundation of the doctrine had its origin in remote antiquity.

* * *

If, therefore, such was the intention of the Pythagoræan Society, if above all other considerations the Sage of Samos proposed to reform men from *within*, and thereby to modify, necessarily, the outward conditions of individual and social life, if he desired to build up a religion founded on interior sentiment and not on external practices of a worship to which there was no corresponding consciousness, and which would therefore become mere superstition and empty dogmatic formalism, it was quite natural that the new institution should arouse the fears of the reactionary and conservative elements of Crotonese and Italic society, and above all the anger of the ignorant aristocracy, who were excluded for their intellectual and moral deficiency, as well as of the priests, who saw themselves deprived of influence over the greater—and better—part of the young. And the calumnies they knew how to spread with that art which seems to be their privilege, easily found credence, as is usual, with the vulgar, and were promptly encouraged by others who saw their personal interests threatened. And it might easily happen—as with every new movement in the region of ideas—that some among the adepts and workers in the Society, either accidentally or from indiscretion or even dishonesty, might commit an error or some act of violent partisanship, which the enemies of the new doctrine would turn to their own advantage and give it undue prominence. But of this no mention has been made by any writer.

On the other hand, it has been expressly recorded that a

* *Op. cit.*, i. 98. † *Op. cit.*, i. 5, p. 326. ‡ *Gesch. d. Alter.*, vi. 636.

certain aristocrat named Chilon, who on account of his crass ignorance and ineptitude could not gain admission to the inner Sodality, "full of rage and anger," began to stir up the malcontents, to spread false rumours, to put in an evil light the ceremonies and secret action of the Society, keeping up the strife with that asperity and tenacity which came from offended pride and the certainty of receiving support from some others. In this manner Chilon, favoured by his high social position and by the democratic ideas then being diffused in Magna Græcia, was able to create in the Sovereign Council of the Thousand a strong opposition which made headway among the people, too easily deceived by outward appearances in which they saw nothing but mystery, and finally caused a real revolt against the philosopher and his followers (*circa* 500 B.C.) So that, if the movement was in effect led by the people against the rule of the aristocracy, the inspiration thereto came from the lower side of the aristocracy itself and the official priesthood.*

A decree of proscription at once banished Pythagoras, who after having in vain sought hospitality at Caulonia and Locris, was at length received at Metapontum, where he died not long afterwards. A fierce persecution was instituted against the Pythagoræans; some were killed, others were driven into banishment and became fugitives in neighbouring lands.

The life of the Sodality was thus extremely short, not longer than forty years; nevertheless, the efficacy of the Pythagoræan teaching lasted through many centuries; its flame was never extinguished,† but was religiously preserved and transmitted from generation to generation by the elect, to whom was confided by degrees the sacred deposit;‡ so that the foundation of the esoteric doctrine was maintained, and in all successive ages was more or less made known.

* See in regard to this what is said with much truth by Centofanti, *op. cit.*, p. 416 *et seq.*

† Aristotle tells us (*Polit.*, v. 10) that the Italic companies *(Syssitiæ)*, which were anterior to all others, *lasted all through his century;* of course by their amalgamation with the later Pythagoric institutes. See Centofanti, *op. cit.*, p. 383, and *cf.* Cognetti De Martiis, *op. cit.*, p. 466.

‡ Pythagoræanism appears in the Roman world and in mediæval and modern Italy in all periods of philosophic revival; this will be demonstrated in another work on its history and evolution. The Utopian Republic of Plato reproduces very nearly the same ideal of life as it was really practised in the Crotonese institute.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE BOOK OF RUTH

AN INTERPRETATION

Prefatory Note

THE fact that the Book of Ruth, while seemingly a simple idyll, or short historical episode, has been thought worthy of a place amongst the apparently more significant books of the Old Testament, must cause the earnest student of the deeper things contained in our Western sacred writings to seek for some reason, not observable at first sight, for the honour thus bestowed upon these four unpretentious chapters.

Bearing in mind the deep and inspiring meanings which have been found hidden in other equally "simple" portions of the Scripture by students who have followed the apostolic method (*Galatians*, iv. 24, 25) of seeking spiritual rather than physical history in the Biblical narratives, the popular Commentary that sees in the Book of Ruth merely a proof that Jesus sprang from both Jew and Gentile stock, and that the Almighty takes care of His children when in difficulty, will hardly be considered completely satisfactory or conclusive.

The interpretation here given is but one of several; but with this key the treasure-house reveals some of its many precious contents, arranged in such form and sequence as would of themselves make it impossible to doubt that the sweet love story is merely a veil that covers many mysteries, including the history of the evolution and involution of the soul.

While it is possible that the natural limitations of the writers may have led to some confusion of the planes of the interpretation, they do not, however, consider such possibility sufficient justification for withholding from fellow-seekers after truth the measure of light which has been vouchsafed to them in sleep and by illumination, especially as they have not been able to find, in

the course of considerable study, any more spiritual interpretation of the Book of Ruth than that which follows.

THE INTERPRETATION

Chapter I.

Elimelech and Naomi are the duality in unity called by some the Genius or Illuminator, by others the Subliminal Self or the Unconscious Mind. Figured as a sphere (the Moon) Elimelech is the thither or dark side in which is concealed the potential knowledge gathered up by the Soul as it once more starts out on its age-long pilgrimage towards and through the worlds of manifestation. Naomi is the hither or bright side from which radiates the soul-consciousness or positive knowledge whose area—crescent, half, or full—is the sum of the potential knowledge which, through the agency of life-experience, has been transmuted into conscious knowledge.

Being subject to law (karma) as long as manifestation is essential (v. 1: "In the days when the Judges ruled"), and under compulsion to seek further life-experience, since that previously obtained has been exhausted by transmutation into soul-consciousness (v. 1: "There was a famine in the land"), Elimelech and Naomi go to sojourn (stay temporarily) in the world of manifestation, the Land of Moab.

With them they take their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, their individual karma in its dual aspect of good and evil, impulsion and limitation.

Having reached the Land of Moab, Elimelech dies, for the potential knowledge is inoperative in manifestation; but, through the operation of the sons of Elimelech and Naomi, the latter becomes the mother-in-law of Orpah and Ruth, two Moabitish maidens, who in their duality represent the Soul on the human plane, passing upwards through the limitations of matter (Moab), as personal or local (Orpah) and individual or essential (Ruth), mental and spiritual, and now arrived at the point of conscious recognition between the embodied "ray" and the unembodied "orb"—the Illuminator (Naomi).

Exoterically, such marriage was a violation of the Mosaic

law; but (v. 4): "They dwelt there about ten years,"—a period parallel to that necessary before a Moabite could "enter into the congregation of the Lord" (*Deut.*, xxii. 3)—the Pythagoræan decad signifying "fully accomplished," the period of "all-completeness" requisite to enable the soul to function on its true plane.

Towards her true plane Ruth is now sought to be drawn by Naomi. The kârmic possibilities of the present manifestation have been exhausted (v. 5: "Mahlon and Chilion died"), there is now no longer famine in Beth-lehem-Judah; for they have gained a new supply of life-experience, and they may go back and eat the "bread that the Lord hath given His people" (v. 6). So "Naomi arose with her daughters-in-law that she might return from the country of Moab" (v. 6).

And now the test of true discipleship is applied. Naomi beseeches them to remain in Moab, then "Orpah kissed her" (v. 14) "and went back to her people" (v. 15)—for that which is born of the mind is mind and holds to the place of the mind; "but Ruth clave unto her" (v. 14)—for that which is born of the spirit is spirit and cleaves to spirit. So Orpah the mental remains with her own, though she too shared in the redemption when Boaz purchased the estates of Mahlon and Chilion; but Ruth, the image of the Divine, followed her Divine Guide.

"And they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest" (v. 22)—at the commencement of the *conscious* in-gathering, that stage on the journeyings of the Ego when Illuminator and Illumined can work consciously together, when the personal and the individual are in equipoise. And Naomi, who had gone forth in pleasantness in the beginning, had come back with the chastening recollection of the bitter waters of manifestation; full and satisfied at the going forth, she returned an hungered to the feast of new consciousness.

Chapter II.

The Human Soul now desires to take upon itself the conscious acquisition of spiritual knowledge: "And Ruth said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn" (v. 2). "And her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto

Boaz" (v. 3), and with a boldness beyond that of an ordinary stranger she "gleaned after the reapers among the sheaves" (v. 7), thus overstepping the right of the widow, the poor and the stranger to glean in the fields (*Lev.*, xix. 9, 10; *Deut.*, xxiv. 19-21), and venturing upon the grace and goodwill of the owner of that portion of the field. Nor was her boldness unrewarded, for she found favour in the sight of Boaz, who is the Personal God of her system, the Supreme Ruler of her realm, and "of the kindred of Elimelech" (v. 3), which name, being interpreted, signifies "My God is King."

So Ruth abode "fast by the maidens" of Boaz—who collectively stand for the feminine or intuitive principle to which belongs the office of reaping the truths of the Spirit. And Boaz "charged the young men that they should not touch her," for the powers of the regenerate Mind—collectively the masculine or intellectual principle which gathers and sorts and binds that which the Intuition has won from the fields of spiritual knowledge—are in no wise foes to the soul, but are, rather, her willing servants, "with joy drawing water for her from the wells of Salvation" (v. 9). But Boaz himself gives her of the "parched corn to eat" (v. 14), for Spirit only can take of the things of Spirit and give them unto her; and "she is sufficed" with the fruits of spiritual knowledge which have been reaped by the intuition and gathered by the intellect, and passed through the fire of illumination.

And now she gleans not stray straws, but handfuls which are placed purposely in her way (v. 16)—"for to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." And she returns to Naomi, for when the Illuminator and the Illumined are in conscious communion, the Illumined has power to hand over its new consciousness to increase the radiancy of the Illuminator without awaiting the period of assimilation between lives. Therefore Ruth continued to glean in the field of Boaz, and dwelt with Naomi (v. 23).

Chapter III.

And now the Illuminator seeks to bring the Illumined into complete union with her own Divine Spark; and the Illumined,

having perfect faith in the Illuminator, obeys willingly. Embracing the opportunity presented, exoterically, by the master sleeping, according to custom, among his sheaves during the important process of winnowing (esoterically an allusion to a mystery-rite), Ruth secures an entrance to the privacy of Boaz, and claims of him the right of a kinsman, that he marry the widow of a kinsman should he die childless (*Deut.*, xxv. 5). Again her zeal is rewarded, and Boaz commends her because "she followed not young men, whether poor or rich" (v. 10), but chose to ally herself with nothing less than the fullness of her own Divine nature rather than to turn aside into any single aspect of the Mind. And Boaz promised "to do unto her all that she required" (v. 11); for as saith the Prophet in the name of the Lord (*Ezekiel*, xvi. 8): "When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold thy time was the time of love. And I spread my skirt over thee and covered thy nakedness: yea, I sware unto thee, and made a covenant with thee, and thou becamest mine." Thus was the fullness of Ruth's harvest of knowledge accomplished. Now is the veil that had covered her countenance withdrawn; the Garment of Illusion has now become manifest as the vehicle of spiritual knowledge. Boaz, her seventh principle and sum-total of her other six principles, fills her veil with six measures of barley, and with these she returns once again to Naomi—for the office of the Illuminator ceases only with the ceasing of the necessity or desire for manifestation.

Chapter IV.

And now is the period of the indrawal and of the transmutation of all that was, into the substance of the Spirit, whereby the Spirit is the more enriched and the Father glorified.

"And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's.

"Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife" (v. 9, 10). Thus I have taken to me the knowledge that was Elimelech's, and the fruits of the karma of Mahlon and Chilion, and Ruth my bride eternal; and these I

have acquired "at the hand of Naomi" (v. 3-9), the Illuminator, the Initiator, and nothing is lost.

"So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife" (v. 13), and thus was accomplished the Mystery of the Divine Marriage. And this was the second marriage of Ruth, who also had been born again, as saith the Christ.

Then Ruth bare a son to Boaz; and he was called the son of Naomi, for she nursed him in her bosom, and he became to Naomi (v. 15) "a restorer of her life, and a nourisher of her old age." And in his person Ruth, the perfected soul, went forth to pass again into manifestation as a Conscious Redeemer.

And the name of the son of Boaz and Ruth was Obed, "a servant"—"for the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and of his lineage is the Christ.

MARGARET E. COUSINS.
JAMES H. COUSINS.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

MY friend, M. L., and I went to Iona in September, 1904. Whilst there we heard many tales of the place and people from friends who were steeped in the Celtic tradition.

"Do not go away," they said to us, "till you have seen Port-na-Larrigan. It is a strange, weird place; we do not know any legends about it, but it makes us feel as if a great tragedy has happened there."

M. and I started on Sunday, September 18th, to find the place, which had been described to us as a narrow, steep bay with the ruins of old circular buildings. The name, which I have spelled phonetically, means the "Bay of the Foundations," but no one now remembers anything of the buildings.

My friend and I tramped through bog and heather till we came to that part of the island where Saint Columba landed. There are many little bays there and we came suddenly on one that seemed to be a gash in the face of the cliff, a dark, narrow inlet where the sea crawled blackly among wicked-looking, jagged stones.

M. said to me: "This is weird enough for anything, this is the place!" I said: "Where are the stone circles? This place cannot be Port-na-Larrigan."

While we discussed the point we heard the sound of a pick-axe coming from the cliff opposite us (we were standing at the edge of the cliff looking right across the narrow bay), and at once our hope of spending a quiet time and getting into the atmosphere of the place vanished. We felt indignant; why should a native of Iona come there to pickaxe on this day of all days? The people were good Presbyterians and ought to be at church. Why pickaxe at all in that lonely place? We listened and wondered and suddenly a dog barked furiously and then stopped as suddenly as he began.

The sound of the pickaxing continued, and in a short time the furious barking recommenced, but now it was a barking of many dogs and they barked as they do when disturbed and frightened at night.

The sound ceased suddenly and it seemed so strange to me that several dogs could all at once stop barking that I waited listening for them to bark again, while my friend tried to find a way down to the bay.

I heard the dogs bark furiously again and stop simultaneously as before. Then I followed my friend, who had found a way of going down the steep cliff to the bay.

As I climbed down something like a very large bat or bird seemed to fall from a cliff on my right. It darkened the light, but I could not see it properly, and when I turned sharply to look there was nothing. It made a slight noise as it moved, and that was what drew my attention.

When I reached my friend she was standing on a rocky ledge about twenty feet from the sea level, and looking into the bay, which had a very steep beach of large cobble-stones. She caught my arm and said excitedly, "Listen!"

I distinctly heard someone trampling beneath us and striking the rock idly with a pickaxe as he walked. I wondered at this, as the sounds had seemed so unmistakably from the other side of the bay.

The trampling continued, and the person came directly

beneath us. We could not see that part of the beach, as the ledge on which we were standing overhung, but we could hear most distinctly.

M. said: "What a strange, heavy tread. It is not a man but a great beast that is trampling there!" And indeed the thing that walked there crunched the great cobble-stones as a man crunches gravel under his feet.

Almost as my friend spoke a great stone was hurled from beneath us. It was hurled with great force and came out sideways from the cliffs, travelling as a small stone travels that is flung to make "ducks and drakes." It fell on the other side of a small stream that is in the bay.

Immediately there was a strange sound, half howl, half groan. It was loud yet strangely muffled, almost like a giant shouting from a tomb. It seemed to me to come from beneath, but M. thought it came from the rocks above.

We hurried down into the bay but saw nothing, but twice the strange groaning sound was repeated, fainter and more far off each time.

M., who found it difficult to believe in the supernatural nature of the sounds, declared that someone must have fallen from the cliffs and searched for any trace. We stayed most of the day there but heard no more. M. raised the huge stone a few inches from the ground with difficulty.

We climbed all over the cliffs and saw a place high up from whence a great stone had been lifted. The stone which was thrown would have fitted that place, but it was high above the place from whence it was thrown. We saw two other places from which enormous stones had been lifted. These places would all have been above our heads as we stood on the ledge.

On the beach itself was a pre-historic grave which had been rifled. We took a bit of stone from the edge of it. Our friend X. held it in her hand (when we returned to Ireland), and in a few moments said: "This is a fire-stone; I do not like it. Now I am in some strange building. It is round and very old. It is a place of initiation."

Several days later she tried it again and said: "I see dark brown-skinned people with flat heads. They are very subtle-

looking, and have a fairly advanced civilisation. I see one specially; he is like a priest; he has a straight blue linen garment; he is old. He is walking towards a village. The houses are built of great blocks of stone; they are square and the doors have great square lintels. I *will not* go into a house. Now crowds of people come out. Some ceremony is to take place. We are coming to a lake. Such strange boats on that lake. They have grey sails like little bags. They are not drawn down; the little bags are just collapsed when they are not needed. The boat is driven by a screw or machine of some sort in the stern. Some one is handing the priest a strange lantern-shaped vessel with a living thing of some kind in it. I think it is a sacred animal. The priest wraps a red silk band all round his arm and hand before he takes the vessel. Now I see the animal; it is hideous; it is like a leech with eyes. It is for black magic; I will not look any more."

Our friend ⊙ tried the stone. She described the bay most exactly, but saw on the heather-covered cliff where we heard the first sounds of the pickaxe a grove of pine trees. She stood on the beach and said: "I see a flash of light go into the rock; I follow it and am in a cave. It is more a very narrow slit than a cave. The water comes in when the tide is high. It is very long and dark and narrow. I am going in but I do not like it. I will not follow farther. I will go to the wood. Now I am in the pine-grove on the top. A faint white mist pulsates through the trees. I have the feeling of a great prehistoric being but I cannot see plainly; the mist moves and hides everything. There is an uncomfortable feeling as of danger. The stone I hold is a fire-stone."

Now it is a curious fact that there is actually a cave or crack in the rock just as ⊙ described it. We did not discover it, but one of the first questions our Iona friends asked us was: "Did you go into the cave?" It is in the cliff on which we heard the first pickaxe sounds and was directly opposite to us as we stood on the ledge.

ELLA YOUNG.

ÂTMAN

THEOSOPHISTS have some idea of what is called the astral, some notion of what is meant by the mental, some feeling of what is referred to as the buddhic state, but few have any conception of the mysterious powers that lie enshrined in the word that has been chosen by them to designate that mystery which lies beyond thought and feeling, and which is nevertheless at the same time the ground of both feeling and thought.

This word is Âtman or Âtmâ,—Âtman if we use the stem and Âtmâ if we employ the nominative case; though as a matter of fact no distinction has so far been drawn between these forms in our literature.

And indeed it is well named Âtman, for Âtman is Breath, the Breath of God, who is almighty in His breathings on all planes; for not only is Âtman the self of things in the sense of self as something different from the things themselves, but it is also the essence of them on all planes. Âtman is God, God in activity,—God breathing into all things the breath of life,—not only life but the breath thereof.

Therefore is Âtman the mystery of mysteries; and though there are other terms, such as Paramâtman, which seek to add something to the main idea, they are extensions of the meaning only, and do not alter the basic conception.

What then is Âtman for us who must be content to spell the name out letter by letter?

Âtman! What power is in that word, but not for him who hears without understanding, like so many do to-day. To hear Âtman one must have become buddhic, and to be buddhic one must have given up the thought of self as apart from others, though not of others as apart from the self. To be buddhic one must have learned the secret of unity in variety, not of unity alone,—that would take us away from humanity,—but of unity

in variety, the many sharing equally in the one, and none preferred beyond the other. To be buddhic one must be single, not complex; pure, not impure; holy, not unholy; good, not evil.

To be buddhic one must be all this, but this is not all of man; for man includes both "this" and "that" at one and the same time. If man were wholly good, then good would become wholly evil for him, owing to the law of equilibrium, which should be the fundamental law of all men. Man is made up of the two natures—God and Devil; and if the one were to disappear, the other would equally disappear. You can't have only one of a pair of opposites.

But if something must be done for the one to become the two, and equally for the two to become the one, that something is hidden in the mystery of man, and the mystery of man is Âtman. It is not Buddhi that is the mystery of man, it is not Manas, it is not Kâma, it is Âtman,—Âtman first and Âtman last, Âtman beginning and Âtman end,—all is Âtman and without Âtman is nothing.

What then is Âtman? A mystery and a mystery of mysteries and yet the clearest thing in the world; it is everywhere always, nothing is without it.

All the books in the world can no better explain Âtman than sometimes a single phrase. Here and there in books on sacred things we come across such phrases, and stop arrested by the queer unreason of it, the apparent slip of the writer in a moment's unconsciousness,—and that is just what Âtman is, a moment's unconsciousness which is the consciousness of all time.

But some of my readers may think that all this is a loosing of all grip on facts and letting oneself drift in the dangerous currents of astral musings; they prefer to be anchored to the bed-rock of things and not to drift on the surface currents of idle dreaming.

But in what I have written am I, after all, asleep on the astral, rocked in the boat of idle musings drifting on the stream of fancy, or have I kept myself tied down to the bed-rock of solid fact that meets me every day and all day everywhere, and from which I cannot escape, no matter which way I turn or how long I stop still and let the world turn round me?

Âtman is Âtman and nothing else; you cannot explain Âtman in any other terms than itself. "The Self is known by the Self alone." Âtman is Âtman eternally, just as Âtman is Âtman in time and space, for the cosmos we think of is something very different from the cosmos we see.

This then is Âtman,—both macrocosm and microcosm, both great and little, subtle and gross, intelligible and sensible, permanent and impermanent, eternal and non-eternal, type and image, reality and appearance, what is and what is not, or what is and what exists, or stands out of being.

Now this is all not so difficult as it appears; it is a great mistake to think that Âtman is difficult. Âtman is not difficult, it is easy; or rather it is as easy as it is difficult; difficult and easy have no meaning for it, for difficult and easy are things which are not-easy and not-difficult, and therefore are and are not at one and the same time.

All of which no doubt appears a new departure into astral musings, but it is not. We are still anchored to the bed-rock of the matter and don't intend to get away from it, for we could not if we tried. It is not a rock that is easily left, for the universe is founded upon it; and by universe we mean not the cosmos but cosmic space; and by space we mean space that contains all the cosmoi in existence and all the cosmoi in being at one and the same time.

Is this again so strange? Âtman is not strange, but very familiar. Âtman is what you see, what you hear, what you feel, what you smell, what you taste, what you touch; Âtman is all this; and it is also what you think and what you do not think, what you fancy and what you don't fancy, what you have and what you have not, what you want and what you don't want, what you like and what you hate, what you desire in your inmost heart and what you loathe from the bottom of your being.

Âtman is all this, and it is more; it is god and devil, good and evil, life and death, wisdom and folly, power and weakness, joy and sorrow,—all this and more still, still more and more, until there is nothing left in any cosmos of sense or reason with which to describe it, and then to all that you must add that "nothing" —and still more will be required; for Âtman requires not only

our individual small cosmos or even our great cosmos, but Âtman wants all the cosmoi of all men, macrocosmic and microcosmic, to explain it, and even then It is not satisfied, for It is all and beyond It is naught; so that there is not anything that can in any way explain It, for even Silence is incapable of uttering the Great Name.

And what is this Great Name? The Great Name is Âtman; not Âtman as it appears to be in five letters—Â T M A N; but Âtman as you say it with your lips, as you say it with your mind, as you say it with your heart, as you say it with your being, as you say it with your non-being, which is the silence of your lower nature and the glad voice of your higher self.

Âtman is Âtman; Âtman is self and Âtman is non-self; Âtman is the Self of the self and the Self of the non-self; there is no Self that is not Âtman and no self that is Âtman; for self's are not the Self; the Self in one way of thinking may be the self's but the self's not added together but in coeternal and consubstantial union with each other and with the Self of All, the All-Self yet also a divided Self at one and the same time, that is to say eternally.

All of which again is a new puzzle for those who like such puzzles, and another sign of aberration to those who are looking for folly in what is being written; and there are of course many who do so. For the "many" always seek folly, because it is folly to be many when you can be one; it is, however, equally folly to be one when you can be many.

But lo and behold! another puzzle to add to the last, and folly added to folly, and so on *ad infinitum*, until the nonsense comes to an end; and then we begin again adding puzzle to puzzle for the foolish, and wisdom to wisdom for the wise; for he who is foolish is also wise, and he who is wise is also foolish, and no one can be either all one or all the other if he would be man.

For man is not a god that he should be good or not-evil entirely, nor is he a devil that he should be not-good or evil entirely, but he is both and yet neither of them, though doubtless we shall be here accused of puzzling once again, and rightly; for puzzling is the same as riddling, and riddling* is veiling, and veil-

* Lat. *ridellus*, Fr. *rideau*, a curtain.

ing is hiding, and hiding is concealing, and concealing is the same as revealing only the wrong way round, and revealing is unveiling and showing the naked truth for all who can read with their hearts as well as their heads, with their intelligence as well as with their intellect, with their selves as well as with their minds.

But who will believe that you can read with your heart, when it is known to be the brain that reads, or rather the mind through the brain? But are we quite sure that it is the brain that is the chief organ of the reader in the first place? Is it not rather the end organ and not the central station whence all things are despatched to their proper destination, and registered there, as at a branch post office, before being sent out into the world?

But of this be sure, whether we like it or not the brain cannot think or read without the heart, and so the heart is indispensable to it; but the heart can exist without the brain, and therefore the brain is not indispensable to *it*. It therefore follows that the heart is more important physiologically than the head, and therefore it is *naturally* more important than it, and its way of thinking is older and wiser than that of the brain, which is a comparatively modern invention, if you count by æons instead of by centuries, and æons of the cosmos and not of man,—a very different thing from the time-periods of man, who lives by the sun and moon and their mutual relations and not by the true Sun and Moon and *their* mutual relations. The former are the sun and moon which all can see for the trouble of raising the eyes, whereas the real Sun and Moon require far other eyes than those of earth to see them.

Therefore to get us back to our start, as all persons try to do when they have lost their way for a moment,—we say that those who look for folly in what is written will find it, and those who seek for wisdom will find it; those who seek for amusement will find amusement, and those who seek for good find good, and those who seek for evil find evil, each according to his own nature,—and this not only in our modest article but also in everything that is written in the whole world, for Âtman seeks Âtman and finds it, and Âtman is everything and everything is Âtman. But enough of this for the moment, for we are becoming as obscure as Heracleitus, or even more so. G. R. S. MEAD.

SOME IDEAS AND SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

EVERYONE knows that children's ideas and sayings are often very curious, and many of them are of considerable interest to Theosophists. Having known four little boys intimately, I propose in the present paper to record a few anecdotes which may be relied upon as absolutely authentic. I have added also some sayings of two little girls.

No. I.

At the age of six or seven, he was very much interested in Jacob Abbott's *Caleb in the Country*, and *Caleb in the Town*. He was, however, more interested in the other boys in the stories, David and Dwight, because they were bigger than Caleb, and at one time was so thoroughly persuaded that they were coming to visit him, that he actually used to run to the door to meet them whenever there was a ring. Soon after this, he began to identify himself with any character in whom he took an interest, and insisted on being called by his name. Thus, for a long time he was successively Fritz (of the *Swiss Family Robinson*); Hercules, till he read the account of his terrible end, when he preferred to become somebody else; and Basil (of the *Boy Hunters*). These were probably the three characters whose names he retained longest; but there were many others, maintained for a longer or shorter time.

When he became interested in Homer's *Iliad*, he often used to pray to the gods and goddesses on week-days (not on Sundays). When he read the story of the Argonauts, he was specially interested in Zetes and Kalais, because they had wings of their own, and could use their arms instead of being obliged to use feather dresses, the idea of which he had invented for himself, though he had perhaps not heard of them at that time (for he was not allowed to read fairy tales), and which he called "flying

coats." Somewhat later, he took it into his head, from Old Testament stories, that he ought to perform a sacrifice, and he seriously thought of burning his crossbow (his long bow he did not think he could spare), on a bonfire, as an actual sacrifice.

He was once naughty, and his mother told him that "God saw him," so he began kicking out into the room. His mother asked what he was doing, so he answered that she said God was everywhere, so he was kicking at God.

He was once very much frightened at hearing a fragment of a hymn about God coming to wake the dead; but was consoled by being told that the minister said that if the Day of Judgment came at all, it would not be for a long time, after we were all dead.

He was always forbidden to slide down the banisters; but did so occasionally, compromising with his conscience by sliding down sideways, instead of astride. At last he fell over, and his life was saved by an accident which might well be called a "miracle" in the popular acceptation of the term. He was nearing the bottom, when he overbalanced himself, and pitched forward, not on the stone floor, but on the middle of a small round three-legged table which stood in the hall close under the stairs (*not* a *séance* table, for Spiritualism was unknown in the house) where he balanced on his head for a few seconds, while the table tipped up once or twice, and then slowly turned over, and laid him full length in the hall, absolutely unhurt. He had just picked up the table, when his mother, alarmed by the noise, came out, and asked what was the matter. He answered, "Nothing"; when she said "Nothing! Why I thought you were killed!" He never told her; but also he never slid down the banisters again.

No. II.

Do children ever bring words from their last life with them? Years ago I read a story (quoted, I think, but am not sure, from Horace Bushnell's *Nature and the Supernatural*) respecting two brothers who used to talk together in a new and unknown language. One of them died at an early age, and the language died with him.

The boy of whom I am now speaking always used the word "*bankra*," in the sense "lie down." Could it have been a word which he brought through from his last life?

Soon after the war of 1870-1 (when he was about five or six) he was going one evening to a friend's where a Frenchman (he was really a Franco-Mexican, as it proved) was expected, so he was told not to say anything about the war, nor to speak German, which he had been brought up to speak, as well as English. So as soon as he saw the Mexican he said, "Do you speak German? I don't speak any French." The Mexican laughed, and said he wished he did. Another time he was travelling in Holland, and said to a lady in the railway carriage, "Parlez vous français?" but when she answered him, he said in English, "I don't know any more French."

On his first visit to a country town he was introduced to an uncle whom he did not know. So he said: "That's not my uncle, that's a gentleman."

No. III.

When he was about ten months old he was being carried down by the Thames one afternoon, and saw some dogs running into the water. He was very much distressed, crying and saying, "Bow-wow, bow-wow," and could not be comforted. Is it not very probable that he or someone belonging to him had been drowned in his last life? He was quite too young to have had any idea of danger from going into the water from the experience of his present life. At present, though he has no fear of death, he has a great dislike to the idea of drowning.

I have already published an anecdote about this little boy and the Theosophical Society in a previous volume of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW (vol. xxx., p. 487, August 15th, 1902).

The following anecdote, which I published in *Nature Notes* for March, 1905, p. 55, may be briefly noticed here. One day he was turning over some pictures of earwigs, which had just arrived by post, and apparently did not much like them, for he said presently, "Mr. God doesn't make earwigs." He was then, I think, about four or five years old.

No. IV.

This little boy (five years younger than his brother, No. III.) is now about five years old, and his sayings, noticed below, were spoken within the last few months.

About Christmas, he was turning over a book before the fire one very cold, foggy day, and came to the portrait of the author. So he asked where he was now? He was told he was in heaven, a very nice place, much nicer than this; so he asked: "Have they got a fire there?" But the idea must have made an impression on his mind, for he asked casually, some weeks afterwards, "Is it warm where God is?"

One day he began to say (perhaps in reminiscence of some hymn): "The Lord is buried in the ground." "No," said his brother, "he was buried in a cave." There was some discussion between the children, and presently the elder boy said: "The Lord means Jesus Christ." On which the little boy remarked, "He's a sort of God, I believe."

A thunderstorm once frightened his brother, of whom he is very fond, and who is more timid, though he is twice the age of the younger one. So the little boy said: "Don't be frightened, God will take care of us. I'll sit beside you. Give me a bit of your cake."

He has just begun to go to school (kindergarten), and says he is in the highest class, higher than the others, because he is up two flights of stairs. He added, "nearly up to God." Perhaps he was not so very far wrong; and I was reminded of Hood's pathetic lines:

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Still, we who are older have the consolation of the Virgin's words to the penitent in Miss Proctor's "Legend of Provence": "Didst thou not know, poor child, thy place was kept?"

No. V.

She once said to a medical student: "Do they cut off heads, too, at the hospital?" Hearing of a gentleman who had had three wives, she observed: "Just like Henry VIII. Did he kill them, or did they die of themselves?"

She was walking in the park at Dublin with some friends, when she suddenly asked a lady *àpropos* of nothing: "Did you ever hear of Cain and Abel?"

No. VI.

She was heard to say, when looking at one of the skeletons or models in the Whale Room at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, "Is this really the same whale that swallowed Jonah?" (I see in a review of the diary of the Vizier of the Alake of Abeokuta, that he mentions having seen the whale that swallowed Jonah, at the Natural History Museum; and also that he expressed his surprise at being shown a mummy at the British Museum, Great Russell Street, that was said to be 30,000 years old; whereas he had previously been instructed that Adam only lived 6,000 years ago.)

W. F. K.

To a Sea-Swept Rock

O! HARD and sharp and warmed by beating stress
Of Sun, and bright with salt from out the Sea,
I lay my naked body close to thee,
And fondly to thy face my lips I press,
And my salt tears add to thy brineness,
And all my senses pass away from me
Into thy pores. For Oh! mine used to be
Just such a densely prisoned consciousness!
I too came thundering from a cliff on high,—
And sun-rays beat,—and beat,—and burned me through!
I sensed the lapping waves about me lie,
And howling winds, and dashing breakers knew,—
Until my fragments crumbled all to sand.
Take thou my love,—thou too shalt understand.

"Michäel."

THE WISE WAY

In hundreds of little things we habitually recognise the existence of one right way and of many wrong ways. The major part of our civilisation, where it refers to material things, is, in fact, nothing more than the common acceptance of certain definitely right ways, and the common rejection of uncertain and very often indefinitely wrong ways. These right ways we are supposed to learn unconsciously. They are part of our heritage, and not to learn them readily or to fail to adopt them argues stupidity, or, in the aggravated cases, mental defect.

There is, of course, a number of things in which the right way is far from being securely established, and in such cases stupidity or lunacy (which appear later as perversity or crime or genius) does civilisation a service by challenging the national *obiter dicta*.

If civilisation, however, is no more than the common fund of certain right ways, it is plain that civilisation does not amount to very much at present. Anybody not devoid of imagination can easily construct a society superior in many respects to the existing society. Literary utopists, like Morris, Bellamy and H. G. Wells, have indeed attempted an entire reconstruction of society. But it requires no genius—in fact only a little imagination—to reconstruct society at least a little. Nor is it by any means true that the suggested improvements are always impracticable. We hold firmly to the axiom that the mind of man cannot clearly conceive the impossible, and that therefore no desire is really unfulfillable, since it is inevitably related to the laws of its own world. But if even the meanest among us can suggest an improvement in society it is plain, as has been said, that existing society is not a very complete or perfect thing. In other words, there are hundreds of things done which are not done in the right way, and which are therefore open to challenge, and can only be set right by being challenged.

Now the only proof that a thing is right is that it cannot be denied and need not be affirmed. Whoever takes the trouble to affirm the right way does so either because he is a fool or because he is a wise man among fools. And similarly whoever denies the right way—the *really* right way, one must write in these dull days—is either a fool or an incorrigible jester.

Nobody but a fool, for example, denies that twice two are four. Nobody but a fool denies that it is wise to eat enough. And on such obvious and undeniably right ways our civilisation is built.

It follows then that whenever a certain way is being challenged, and the challenger is not, strictly speaking, a fool, insensible of such plain things as bricks and mortar, we may be pretty sure that the way in question is not finally right.

* * * *

As it happens, however, human civilisation is not old enough, and therefore not experienced enough, to recognise that in all things there is a right way. In spite of the fact that civilisation consists of right ways, and grows by right ways, mankind at large has not yet reached the conclusion that in respect of all the unsettled problems there is but one right way. In the area of craftwork of all kinds the recognition of the right way is complete; and hence it is to the craftsmen that we may look for the best work. Socrates, in his quest for the wise man, found the nearest approach to wisdom amongst the handworkers,—they at least were masters of their craft. And Shaw quite recently instanced carriage-enamelling as an example of masterly craftwork. Our mechanical contrivances, too, are perfect after their kind. The right way in steamship building, for example, is obviously discovered, and nothing more completely satisfactory and unchallengable can be found. Nobody doubts that a steamship as a steamship is right and good. It answers its end perfectly, and if, in course of time, changes are made, they will be as natural to the existing steamship as leaves and flowers are to a plant.

But once outside the area of the crafts and we find ourselves in regions where not only right ways are unknown but even their existence is denied.

In matters of conduct, it is true, there are certain commonly

accepted ways which appear to be final, but the fact that they are open to intelligent challenge proves that they are not final. Society, with the thoroughly primitive and not highly evolved instinct of self-preservation, has affirmed them to be final, but the proof of finality is wanting. All our customs, laws, conventions are, in fact, compromises between various wrong ways.

For while it is true that society is built on right ways, it is also true that society may invent for itself ways which it will declare right when the discovery of the really right way is too difficult. Such conventionally right ways differ from the really right ways by being perpetually open to challenge, and in setting up such idols as if they were genuine gods, society opens the way to a constant struggle between itself and its members. The spectacle of society at war with the individual is too common in our day to excite much attention; but the fact is eloquent of the absence of the unchallengable right ways in society.

One need not go through the list of communal functions that are imperfectly performed. It will be enough to select a few.

* * * *

Our politics are distinguished by the complete absence of science. Properly speaking, the political world is exactly comparable to the vessel on which a number of would-be pilots wrangle for their turn at the wheel. It is the area of shout and counter-shout. Certain groups are formed consisting of men who, for the moment and by chance, agree in their conception of the art of piloting. But since none of them really understand the art, such groups are never long lived.

Such a state of things would be tolerable if the wrangling parties really recognised that there is an art of politics. But that is just what they do not recognise. They appear to believe that the only possible right way is the way that gets adopted or that can be got adopted. Cheerful experiment towards a recognised right way is humanly quite interesting and worth while. But dull and silly experiments, carried out without any notion of learning from them, are a severe tax on our most Christian patience. The final effect of such a proceeding is to drive every

sensible citizen out of politics altogether into a world of revolutionary mutterings or stark indifference.

In education the same general statements are true. Men, or bodies of men (and women), start up in the most unexpected places with a complete little suggestion of a right way—that is, of a little right way. If only, they seem to imply, their particular hobbyhorse were added, the collection would be complete. The educational world (and, most disastrously, the schools as well) is nothing more than an unclassified and unclassifiable museum of hobbyhorses, which have been wheeled into position, and have a semblance of life only by being constantly rocked. (The writer of this speaks as one whose task is to rock them !) Here once more, however, there would be no ground for human complaint if the bungling, the incompetence, the absurdity, were deliberate, if the experimentation were being carried out with some purpose in view. Experiments properly undertaken are as valuable when they fail as when they succeed. But our educational experimentation teaches our theorists nothing, because they do not admit that there is anything to learn. With them it is experiment for the sake of experiment—a worse offence when you are dealing with lives, than the equally absurd method of art for art's sake.

* * * *

One could go on enumerating instances of the national confusion—in fact the confusion of civilisation—regarding things of first importance. Truths are not hit upon singly, and one has sufficient faith in the future to be quite ready to accept a general imperfection without becoming pessimistic. What meets us in politics and in education meets us in the so-called liberal arts without exception. Outside, on the one hand, the crafts, and, on the other hand, science, there is nothing settled, nothing admittedly and finally right. And this, not because those regions are incapable of being reduced to order, not because by their very nature politics, education and the like are without a discoverable right way; but because the existence of a really right way, of an *art* of politics, education, is either denied or ignored.

* * * *

Now the suggestion I want to make is this. The first

business (or, let us say one of the first effects of the proper business) of the Theosophical Society, is to establish by affirmation the existence of a right way in all things. To my mind, the Society stands or falls by its power to maintain in its own ranks firstly, and in its circle of influence secondly, the conception of a certain rightness of method in respect of the smallest as well as of the greatest things. It would be presumptuous for the Society to *name* the right ways, to lay down its *obiter dicta* for the world at large, and there is no danger at present of the world accepting such rulings; but it is not presumptuous to affirm the existence of a right way. It is, in fact, the proper business of a Society claiming to be pupils of wisdom. How should there be masters of wisdom, if there were no wisdom? And what is wisdom but the power to choose the right way in all things?

It may be replied that the business of the Theosophical Society is the affirmation of the right way in some things only—in Religion, Philosophy, and Science. But that is a needless narrowing of the task, and completely ignores the areas of activity that are not religious or philosophical or scientific. Already, in point of fact, the stated objects of the Society (in Object Number Two) have proved inadequate. Education, for example, has been practically added in India, and art in England and Holland. There is no necessity, however, to add these by name to the list in the Second Object. So long as nobody feels himself bound to understand Religion, Philosophy, and Science technically, these names may be made inclusive enough. The point to remember is that a Society professing the study of wisdom cannot confine itself to any one aspect of wisdom. The wise man is wise all round—or he is only wise in respect of some things.

* * * *

It is well that from time to time we should each ask ourselves the questions: What is this Society to which we belong? What do we conceive it to be in regard to its place and purpose? At different periods we shall certainly give different answers; and these may be used as tests of the actual deepening of our experience. There was a time when one regarded the Society as the depository of truths. One sees now that it only aims at being

a depository of truth. Once one took the literature of the Society as the revelation of exact knowledge. Now one sees the literature as the forerunner of a still more splendid revelation of worlds unimagined before. Whether the knowledge so far conveyed is exact in details, who but a dullard cares? The great thing is that there are things to be known; the greater thing, that there are knowers; and the greatest thing of all, that we, too, may become knowers. I do not want to know before my time, to know vicariously. But it is good to know that there is something to be known, and that there are those who know. It makes the world more tolerable to realise that there are masters of wisdom in it. . . . Otherwise, with Stephano we might say: "They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us the State totters." My answer to the question: What is the Theosophical Society?—is therefore this: An association of people who believe there is a wise way in all things, and who have vowed to find this wise way for themselves.

* * * *

I distinguish at this point the wise way from every other way. The wise way is the right way, the right way is the wise way. You can say nothing more of it than that. There are certain ways called by such names as the virtuous, the Christian, the religious, the devotional, the pleasurable, the expedient. These may be the right way, but then again they may not. Whoever follows the virtuous way becomes virtuous, whoever follows the Christian way becomes Christian,—but not of necessity wise. I can conceive that the very opposite of all these may in some cases be the wise way—even sometimes the vicious way (I mean what Society has agreed to regard as the vicious way). The matter is too simple to be expressed clearly. No doubt some people follow a way because it is easy, and others because it is hard. Some choose the way of self-abnegation, and others the way of self-assertion. Some follow the best traditions, and others the worst. But, I repeat, the wise way is no one of these, though it may be all. The proof that one has found the wise way is satisfaction; one is exactly where one wants to be. The wise way proves itself the right way by leading a man to the

right place. He is happy there, he is where he has willed to be, he must therefore have come by the right way. Some chance may bring him to this right place; but chance cannot keep him there. Sooner or later he falls again into calamity—he has not found the really right way!

* * * *

Nor can any rules be laid down for a man's guidance in the matter of wisdom. By Act of Parliament, by ethical injunction, by Ten authoritative Commandments, you may make men anything you please—except wise. Wisdom comes from within; knowledge only comes from without. In wisdom there is a right way, but there are no right ways,—a paradox indeed, but a demonstrably necessary paradox.

Every circumstance that a man meets is figurable as a part of a circle. To make that circumstance complete and perfect requires that the man should supply just that part of the circle that is missing. It may be a word or a deed or a thought that is needed. It may be a highly commended virtuous word, deed or thought. But also—and here is the difficulty—it may be a commonly despised word or deed or thought. If one could calculate the circumstances beforehand, and draw up definite rules by which to regulate the required admixture of oneself, the thing would be comparatively simple. All the great ethical systems assume that there are such rules, and therefore that circumstances repeat themselves. But for the same individual circumstances are never exactly repeated. The more, in fact, he grows in wisdom, the more various are the changes in the circumstances he meets. To be bored is to repeat circumstances in appearance; but the wise man is never bored, and even the pupil of wisdom runs from boredom as from the plague. No, there is a right way, but there are no rules for it. Circumstances alone must determine what is the proper, the right thing to say or do.

* * * *

But what about the dream of being master of circumstances? Well, the only mastery of circumstances comes of making a right use of circumstances; and the right use of circumstances is to fulfil them, to add so much of oneself as will make them perfect, acceptable, satisfying to the backward glance of the

mind's eye. How many times have I regretted that under certain circumstances I failed to do the right thing because some one had told me that it was the wrong thing. I have been "Theosophic," "Christian," unselfish, good, only to look back and find myself a fool. On the contrary I (and you?) have been the opposite of these, only to feel afterwards, when the social bad conscience had faded away, that it was wise, right. Proof? I would do the same thing in the same circumstances again! To be master of circumstances is not to control them (that's the business of Karma), but to fit oneself into them, and out of the chaos to produce a personal cosmos.

* * * *

It is time, however, that we returned to our bleating sheep, politics, education and the rest, with which we started out. If I have said anything to the purpose, the rest need not occupy us long. We see (I hope we see) that there is a right way in these things—that is a very great deal. We do *not* pretend that we know which is the right way. Only we are prepared to affirm that whoever has these things in hand, and sets himself to the discovery of the right way, will surely find it. And the proof that he has found it will be that nobody will challenge him.

The basis of all art is craft, and the model in politics, in literature, in education, is not some system of thought but some system of handwork. When our artists can as infallibly produce their effects as our craftsmen produce theirs, then art will be art and not, as it is now, simply an empiricism. "If," we will say to the politicians, "if your art does not produce what it professes to produce, namely, a happy people, then you are no artists, but only bunglers and spoilers." And to the poets, musicians and painters we will say: "Tell us what you intend by your works. If you accomplish your purpose we will call you artists. If not, you too are bunglers who have yet to learn the right way."

* * * *

In conclusion (for I will suppose that some of my readers will draw out the staple of the argument), we may note one condition of the discovery of the right way. It is the discovery of an end, of a place to which a way may lead. "Only he who knoweth whither he saileth knoweth which is his fair wind and

which his foul." Until an end is proposed no way is either right or wrong. Until in politics and the rest we understand quite explicitly what we propose to effect, obviously any one way is as bad or good as any other way. Therefore, as pupils of wisdom, we must add to our affirmation of a right way, the affirmation of certain ends in all things. I do not venture to define them here; the task is not an easy one, but it is worthy.

A. R. O.

Woman to Man

This ever-growing argument of sex
Is most unseemly, and devoid of sense.
Why waste more time in controversy, when
There is not time enough for all to love?
Our rightful occupation in this life.
Why prate of our defects, or where we fail,
When just the story of our worth would need
Eternity for telling, and our best
Development comes ever thro' your praise,
As through our praise you reach your highest self?
Oh! had you not been miser of your praise,
And let our virtues be their own reward,
The old-established order of the world
Would never have been changed. Small blame is ours
For this unsexing of ourselves, and worse
Effeminising of the male. We were
Content, Sir, till you starved us, heart and brain.
All we have done, or wise, or otherwise,
Traced to the root, was done for love of you.
Let us taboo all vain comparisons,
And go forth as God meant us, hand in hand,
Companions, mates and comrades evermore;
Two parts of one divinely ordained whole.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(*From "Poems of Power."*)

ON THE WINGS OF MUSIC

In a corner of the crowded ball-room she hid behind a tall fern, her eyes dark with pain and loneliness, her heart aching. Why had she been dragged to the gay scene, which, though she loved, she hated. The luxury of it, the flowers, the music, the swing of the dancing, the beauty of the women, the sensuous life that filled the atmosphere, fascinated, intoxicated her,—though she loathed it. It was not for her, hers was a world apart, she was aloof from it all. No one wanted her, no one noticed her in her quiet corner.

Her sister, her beautiful face triumphantly happy, whirled by in the arms of her handsome partner. All was life, gaiety, apparent happiness. And the Girl who was outside it all sighed. The endless "Why?" that tortured her came back with stronger force. Why was such happiness not for her? Why could she not take what life offered, and be happy, in serene indifference to others' pain and misery. Ah, but to be away from it all, the turmoil and the uncertainty, the contradictions and the inconsistencies, the unrest. Just to have a long, long sleep after the weariness of so many years. Was it many years? She was but twenty, yet surely the weariness she had for it all had not accumulated in that short span.

Suddenly the dancing ceased, and from a band of unseen musicians came a soft, soft strain of music. The dancers looked at each other in wonder. Strange freak of a whimsical hostess to have such music at a ball; for it was Grieg's "Death of Ase."

Slowly, with a sweet solemnity, the mournful chords stole out, and the Girl listened with a feeling of warmth at her starved heart. She loved it, this music. It had always been familiar to her, it always brought a message of comfort, it was as the voice

of an old friend. Softly the chords rolled out, gradually descending, lower, lower, with a strange whispering undercurrent—lower —slowly—slowly . . .

And the brilliantly lighted ball-room faded away, and the Girl slept.

She was in a vast hall, a hall supported by pillars of stone, where the outer walls faded into blackness. Down the centre of the hall ran a long table, laden with fruits and wine. The diners had drunk deeply of the wine, and there was noise and revelling. A man with the head and shoulders of a Greek god, and a full sensual mouth, at the head of the table, urged his guests to be merry.

"Not always shalt thou be able to feast so," he said. "A few more moons, and the blackness of the tomb shall cease thy revelling for ever."

"For ever, thinkest thou?" a woman's voice asked. And the Girl who listened started, for she knew that voice, though where she had heard it she knew not.

"Yes, little one," he said, laying his hand caressingly on her fair head. For she was beautiful, with a beauty that the Girl loved, with hair like ripe corn, and the complexion of roses and milk. "The great gods give us but one life. And we must live that life while we may. In that black tomb yonder there is no wine, and no love, and no dancing, nought but the revels of the grave-worms. Nay, why shudderest thou, little one? We must all die."

"And I fear it," the woman cried, with a great terror in her voice. "The blackness and the loneliness! Ah, that thou couldst come with me. But I shall be alone—alone."

The man laughed.

"But thou wilt not know it, little one. When thy life goes back to the great gods, thou wilt be gone. That fair body of thine will know nought of the worms and the blackness and the silence."

The noise of revelling had ceased for a space as the guests listened to their host and his favourite.

"But if the great gods should want me to wake again," the woman cried. "What have I to offer them? Nought but a life

of revelling and drinking—nought. I shall tremble in their presence—and I shall be alone."

"The black spirits of the night have thee in their grip to-night, Aseas," a man cried.

"Or the plague hath thee," a woman said with malice in her voice. "Methinks thou knowest what is to come."

There was a clamour of disapproval.

"Silence to thy jealous tongue, Mara," the man at the head of the table commanded. "Methinks thou wouldst not grieve if the plague did take her. But the maid is not ill. 'Tis but the wine was sour. See, Aseas, I fill thee a glass from mine own bottle. Drink, and be happy. Thou art young, fair, and I love thee. What more could the gods give?"

The woman drank the wine with a sob in her throat.

"Nay, but I had a dream in the night," she said, setting the goblet down. "And the great gods said to me: 'Not thus shalt thou always feast and be happy. For thou knowest of life but happiness, and thou hast much to learn.' And I awoke trembling. And that dream is ever with me. And I fear."

"Be not foolish," her master said sternly. "Maids were to dance and be fair, not to dream dreams as the priestesses do. Dance for us—and be happy."

Obediently the woman rose from the table, with tears still on her smooth cheeks, and circled round in a maze of graceful steps. The sound of sweet pipes came from behind a column, and in time to the music she swayed to and fro, circling, advancing, retreating, bowing. And the magic of the music filled her veins and she forgot her sorrow. And the hair like ripe corn floated on the scented air, and the blue eyes sparkled and flashed; till finally she ceased in a graceful bow at her master's feet.

There was a storm of approval.

"That was well, Aseas," said the man who had spoken before. "Thou dancest as though thou wert still far from death."

The others laughed, and the noise of feasting went on as before.

And the gay scene faded away, and the Girl who was watching looked again and saw.

The scene was a small chamber, where a girl lay tossing in fever. And the face that had been so fair was drawn and white, and there were dark circles under the wide-open blue eyes and the ripe gold of the hair had gone.

A man and an old woman entered the room, and stood gazing at her.

"It was even as she said," the man whispered, his full lips trembling somewhat. "She will die."

"But she will suffer much," the old woman answered. "Shall I give her that which will cause her to sleep."

The man nodded.

"'Twill be best that she suffer not," he replied. "Farewell, Aseas, 'twill be long ere I find a maid who can dance as thou didst. But maids are plenty—and we must all die."

He quitted the chamber, and the old woman gave the sick girl a drink. The tossings and the moanings ceased, and she slept.

The scene changed again, and the Girl who watched was in a forest glade. From a dark blue sky the stars were peeping, and a soft wind whispered among the trees. She had been in the place before, and knew it and loved it. And from the darkness came the sound of soft weeping, and the low wailing of music, and the Girl waited.

Into sight there came a procession. At the head were two maidens with torches, and behind them others weeping, and carrying flowers, white flowers. Then came a bier, on which was a still form. White lilies covered the rigid figure, and the marble face gleamed white in the moonlight. The Girl looked. It was the face of the beautiful dancing girl, and the face of . . . With a shock that was yet not a shock she knew.

The soft music rose into the air in slow mournful chords. Solemnly, sweetly, it stole forth—slower, slower—deeper, deeper—that music she knew so well. The last chord died quiveringly away into silence, and the procession moved out of sight.

The Girl awoke, and gazed round the brilliant room with dazed eyes. And then she remembered—and knew.

ELSIE NORRIS.

THEOSOPHICAL MATERIALISM

THE note on p. 167 of the last REVIEW under "Flotsam and Jetsam," is one of many instances of what seems to me a curious inversion of Theosophical ideas. One constantly comes across illustrations of the intensely materialistic mode of thought which has become so prevalent in the Theosophical Society. No sooner is some curious or fantastic experiment published than it is seized upon as a proof of "occult" or Theosophic doctrine, although if it prove anything at all it may only support the most elementary materialism. Take this experiment on artificial cells. The only possibly novel point is the curious manner in which the globule gives way and makes "buds," but that is just about as mysterious as the very similar "bud" which a cyclist now and again finds on the inner tube of his tyre. No doubt living processes are imitated by such phenomena as are described (in a very misleading manner) by the writer in *The Athenæum*, but they have the same relation to life as the conjuror's tricks to the magic which he suggests.

Consider in detail this latest confirmation of "occult" views. A drop of sugar solution with a little ferrocyanide of potassium falls into a copper solution. The result is that a skin of copper ferrocyanide forms around it as a membrane. This is the compound which is used almost always in experiments on osmotic pressure. It possesses the peculiar property, common to most organic membranes, of being semi-permeable, that is, it allows a solvent to pass through but not the material dissolved in it. Osmotic pressure, it may be explained, is the pressure due to the dissolved substance, which acts almost as though it were a gas when the containing membrane is surrounded by the solvent or a weaker solution. Now water may pass freely through the membrane in both directions while the sugar cannot get out. The result is that the water inside will increase in quantity until its own

pressure, independent of the sugar, is equal inside and out, when as much will pass out as passes in and equilibrium occurs. Naturally the membrane must expand and if it is weaker at any point it will give there, and according to the observations forms a bubble or "bud." The process goes on and more bubbles are formed. There seems nothing astonishing in this, though no doubt the exact behaviour of the membrane could not be predicted.

Now there is one little fact which as I think entirely disposes of any suggested explanation of growth and reproduction on these lines. The whole process is one of constant degradadation, as the osmotic pressure decreases with dilution. *The Athenæum* writer seems to suggest that it is an increasing quantity, but this is no doubt merely careless writing. Such an idea would of course be nonsense. Thus our reproductive process goes on in a feebler and feebler fashion till the pressure is too weak to stretch the membrane further and "death" occurs, if one can apply terms of this sort to a common physical action, familiar to every beginner in chemistry. What possible suggestion is there of life in such an action—except the sort of suggestion a conjuror gives of magical powers? And if anyone fancies an explanation of life on such mechanical lines why tack it on to Theosophical or "occult" teaching, which, as I understand it, is essentially spiritual in its view of life? The reproduction associated with life has obviously no root in an action of this sort, which is merely the running down of the energy originally stored, just as mechanical in its nature as the running down of a wound-up clock. The continuity of life does not depend upon any original store of physical energy but upon the still uncomprehended power of *utilising* external energy—not creating it or transforming it into anything else.

Some people appear to be under the impression that by calling ordinary matter "living" they are avoiding the materialistic view, but this is little more than an illustration of the wonderful hypnotic power of language. To regard life as a "property" of matter as invariably associated with it as inertia is no less crudely materialistic than, as was quite common some thirty years or so ago, to regard it as a mere ephemeral result of

special chemical combinations. The famous saying of Tyndall, who saw in matter "the promise and potency of life"—I think that was the phrase—was more useful as a battle-cry than a piece of philosophy, and few people of intelligence would now think of proclaiming it as the last word of science. Suppose we call atoms living things, what then? Is the life of even the lowest of organised creatures merely the sum total of the quantity of "life" in the particles of its body just as its weight is the sum total of the weights of its atoms? Such an idea is absurd on the face of it; but otherwise what use is the idea of "living" atoms as an explanation of living creatures? I am not, of course, suggesting that atoms are not "living," but merely that attributing life to them is no sort of explanation of the way matter is organised in the bodies of the really live creatures of the higher kingdoms.

The illustration from the last REVIEW which has formed the text of my remarks is of course only a single instance, and a very trifling one, of the general tendency of one section of Theosophic thought. There are many other signs. Most prominent of all perhaps is the amazing use of "vibrations." No one interested in science can fail to be impressed with the importance of vibration. Without question, sound, light and radiant heat are true vibrations—that is, not merely changes but resolvable into regularly periodic ones; the characteristics of sound, heat and light depend on the rates of the vibrations. But one hears of extraordinary extensions of the idea, due apparently to the hypnotic power of words I have referred to. Electricity and magnetism are vibrations, according to some, because presumably they have heard of electrical vibrations or something of the sort. On the same lines a man would be a vibration because he could sing! But wilder than anything of this kind is the extension of the idea to life and consciousness. We find a tendency to regard the action of life on matter as a conversion of life vibrations into material vibrations or sense impressions as a reverse action. Thoughts actually make material vibrations of rates corresponding to the nature of the thoughts, and the spiritual or mental powers of an individual are reduced to capacities for vibration. Now there is no physical action more perfectly typical of

mechanical "laws" than a vibration. Wherever we find a vibration we find these elements—mass or inertia or some entity closely related to it, a restraining force directed towards the middle position of the vibration, and the disturbance which causes the mass to move. The first two are always present where vibration is possible. In them lies the power to vibrate, which depends upon the material structure and not upon any innate mysterious capacity of the substance in itself. Are we to reduce life and consciousness to such a mechanism? Suppose we "refine" our matter and increase the rapidity of our vibrations, do we therefore approach to the spiritual? I think not. A vibration remains just as mechanical however rapid it is, and matter remains just as material however much we rarefy it. In fact, velocity and density have nothing to do with the idea of higher or lower in the spiritual sense. The quality of music is not measured according to the pitch of the notes, or we should have nothing but piccolos and whistles, nor is a gas a higher form of matter than a solid. To go further. Matter is usually now assumed to be formed from an all-pervading ether—as whirls in it, or centres of strain, or electrical condensations. Every one of those theories implies that the density of the ether is enormously greater than that of ordinary matter, which is merely the mass involved in a very minute fraction of the ether volume. But we do not as a rule regard the ether as a more grossly material substance than the matter affecting our senses. Our natural tendency—it may be but a prejudice—is to regard the original substance as of a more subtle character, as its very name indicates.

There are many analogies between spiritual and physical facts which serve to provide material for our thinking upon the deeper problems of life, and I am not in any way objecting to a full use being made of "vibrations" or any other mechanical conception. But the application should be made with much care. Any idea that thought or feeling or life is a special kind of vibration of matter, whether we call it mânasic or astral matter, or any other name we think fit, is materialism of the crudest kind, in no way different from the old-fashioned sort which regarded, if I remember the phrase aright, thought as a secretion of the brain

as much as bile was a secretion of the liver. No amount of "rarefying" matter, or dividing it into plane after plane, alters the problem in the least degree. If one plane differs from another by its matter vibrating at a more rapid rate, the same question requires an answer on every plane, though we multiply the vibrations by millions upon millions. No amount of multiplication will change a material vibration into a living power or a flash of consciousness. What difference is there between a universe which is but an eternal collision of atoms and one which is reduced to the everlasting clashing of vibrations? The one idea is as hopeless as the other as an explanation of the generation of life.

It is curious to turn from the growth of the materialistic view in Theosophical literature to the astonishing development of the spiritual view in ordinary scientific and philosophical thought. The last number of *The Hibbert Review* (October) is an admirable illustration. Three contributions, "Mechanism and Morals," by Dr. James Ward, Professor of Mental Philosophy in Cambridge, and "Life" and a letter on Hæckel by Sir Oliver Lodge, all turn upon the same pivot. From the metaphysical side the paper by Professor Ward, really the Adamson Lecture given in Victoria University, is the most interesting.

If we consider instead of a material view of things spiritual, a spiritual view of things material, have we to encounter the same dead wall which blocks our view of any relation between mind and matter? I think the problem becomes entirely altered, even though the actual process of life and its influence on matter remain uncomprehended. In *The Secret Doctrine*, which is thoroughly antimaterialistic in its tone, the monadic system of Leibniz is repeatedly referred to, and is regarded as the nearest approach to reality of all ordinary metaphysical schemes. In fact, the metaphysical system suggested, though obscurely enough, in that book seems a modification of Leibniz, and is referred to as a kind of union of Leibniz and Spinoza. Now in Professor Ward's lecture the essential feature of Leibniz's philosophy is taken as the basis of the lecturer's thought, and on it he offers his suggestions as to the resolution of the contradictory views of the external world which he refers to

as the scientific and the historical. These phrases are, of course, used in a very technical sense. By the scientific view he means the expression of phenomena as matter in motion or the reduction of all changes in the physical universe to some indefinitely complicated differential equation, the solution of which would give the complete state at any moment. By the historical he means all that we include in individual progress, moral order, purpose, mental growth, and so on. The two worlds thus seen appear to be separate and distinct.

The chief feature in Leibniz's scheme is the resolution of all existence into centres of consciousness or monads. The external world of matter is an appearance. In itself it is composed of conscious centres, from the ultimate particles or atoms to higher centres governing groups of the lower; through cell monads to still higher beings, and so on to any stage we may like to carry the idea. Each monad has two aspects. For itself it is a conscious centre with its own innate activity. Its states are, however, reflected in its neighbours, and this reflection is the objective side of it. Matter is therefore the objective appearance due to what is truly in itself conscious activity in the lowest monads. The further idea of Leibniz, "pre-established harmony," which he brought forward to avoid the obvious difficulty of explaining how the states of one monad affected another, is too strained a conception to be considered nowadays, and Professor Ward entirely rejects it.

It is worth while to examine very briefly what influence such an idea might have on physical science. We are apt to suppose that science demonstrates that the world is composed of a definitely fixed number of "elements," each having atoms all exactly alike. It might be thought that chaos would result if the atoms of one element were not all quite alike. But from every side we are now having demonstrations that atoms are not identical in nature. Even in chemistry, which deals with atoms in bulk, the molecules of one element may apparently split up into atoms which, temporarily at any rate, behave differently—for instance, one is "negative" while another is "positive." Sometimes also the valency will change. In the now predominant electronic theory, atoms of the same element may even differ in

weight as well as properties, for an electron may be detached from an atom or attached to it without making a new element, as we use the word at present, but only altering its electrical properties. And if an atom is a sort of solar system of rotating electrons, no atom can be thought of as absolutely identical with another. Some may just have been formed by a rearrangement and others may be on the borderline of a further change. Science is in almost all cases dealing with an enormous bulk of matter in which individuality is swamped in an average. It gives ample room for great individual difference, and the most developed mathematical methods of dealing with physical problems emphasise the existence of the individual without altering many results obtained by less rigorous methods. For example, gases are treated by "statistical" methods, in which all possible actions of separate particles are allowed for and the results are obtained on the lines of probabilities. The particles of a mass of gas at any given temperature may move with any imaginable distribution of velocities provided the total energy remains the same. A single particle might therefore conceivably at some moment contain practically the whole energy while the others remain still or nearly so. But in a large number of particles such as we always deal with the chances of this are too small to be considered as actually possible, as the number of ways in which the energy can be distributed is so enormously great that any one special way is almost infinitely improbable. The number of distributions, indeed, in which no one particle very greatly exceeds the average is so large in proportion to all those in which a particle may be jolted into higher speeds that actually there can seldom be any extreme case. The laws of pressure, temperature and so on are thus deduced and they are seen to depend on treatment of large groups of individuals varying indefinitely in activity. I noticed in the most recent and the most advanced work on the subject, Jean's *Dynamical Theory of Gases*, an extreme instance of what is conceivably possible on such lines. The writer remarked that if a kettle of water were put on a fire it would usually boil, but in the course of infinite time such an action might result in the water freezing! That it doesn't do so is due to the fact that the number of ways in which it can boil

is so indefinitely greater than the number of ways in which it can freeze under the circumstances. The illustration seems grotesque and impossible but the idea it embodies is valuable.

One feature of interest in this method of regarding physical problems is its similarity to the methods used in considering ordinary statistics. The probabilities of railway accidents, of births and deaths and all events of life, are subject to the same treatment, which deduces laws from a consideration of great numbers of individuals who differ indefinitely amongst themselves. Suppose we assume a Leibnizian nature for our particles. Each is a centre of life and consciousness with its individual capacities, but there is of course an average stage for any given group. All the disturbances which we call collisions, vibrations, and so on, are the reflected side of the internal activity, real enough for us but not real in the same way for the monads themselves. Every monad may differ in its interior experiences, even in its stage of development, within limits, but the consideration of large numbers may enable us to deduce "laws" such as physical science propounds.

It is not of course my intention to present arguments for this or any other special metaphysical system—my acquaintance with them is of the slightest character—but merely to point out that whatever flaws may be found in idealistic systems, materialism of any sort is a meaningless juggling with words, whether based on the war of atoms or the conflict of vibrations, or any other mechanical conception. From any point of view we come against the incomprehensible. If atoms are monads the action of one on the other remains a mystery, but at least we have not an absolute gap between material action and consciousness as in a materialistic system. The Theosophical idea of different planes of nature also may be looked at from this point of view. If we think of the ultimate monads forming the "matter" of a plane as having a very low form of consciousness, this may differ in quality in different groups. Suppose one set of monads is at a stage of development in which it cannot reproduce the activities of another set. Say, as an illustration, one set is limited to sensations of light and another to sound. The two sets would not affect each other. One kind of matter might

"interpenetrate" the other without interference. A "plane of consciousness" in that sense would be a very real thing, and I find it difficult to attribute reality to such ideas as difference in "fineness" of matter or rapidity of vibration and so on, as applied to real differences of mental and spiritual life.

I have mentioned the contributions of Sir Oliver Lodge, but there is no need to deal with them in detail. No man of science has considered more carefully the problem of vitality from what may be termed a semi-metaphysical point of view. His mathematical and physical knowledge has equipped him to an exceptional degree with the ability to see the matter from the philosophically scientific side. The short paper and the letter in *The Hibbert Journal* should be read by everyone interested in the subject. In a condensed form his view is that life is not a form of energy (energy is used, of course, in its really scientific sense), but a guiding principle or controlling agency which incarnates and reincarnates in different physical forms, utilising physical energies, without altering them in quantity or transforming them into anything else, so as to build up organised bodies in which it can be expressed. Much of this would be accepted by the average man of science of the present day who has considered the question at all, and one could quote endless expressions of opinion from men of eminence. Only a year or two ago Lord Kelvin expressed his ideas in the most forcible manner and gave rise to some correspondence on this very question. The idea that life is vibration, or physical energy, or electricity ("hocus-pocus electricity" was, I think, Lord Kelvin's name for that special kind) or a mere resultant of any such things, is no longer a matter for serious discussion, and it seems to me well that in Theosophical circles analogous ideas should also be discarded. Without adopting any particular metaphysical idealistic system, we can at least recognise that no amount of extension of physical ideas, such as vibrations, planes of matter more or less refined, motion or energy, can afford any basis for a real understanding of problems of life and consciousness.

A. M. GLASS.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

THE question of immortality has proved not only of vital interest but of vital importance in men's lives. Ruskin indeed goes so far as to imply that fate cannot be bravely met or conduct wisely ordered unless we have definitely made up our minds on the subject,—unless we have grasped the hope of immortality, or confronted the fear of annihilation. Certainly the various futurities established by faith have reacted upon the present as a spur or as a deterrent. Where no specific teaching has been accepted, where no definite authority has been recognised, seekers have cut for themselves new avenues of approach, using what means seem to them best,—reason or insight, logic or vision. We have every phase of conclusion represented, from the superb confidence of Walt Whitman, from the philosophic doubt, the "*Grand Peut-être*" of Rabelais, to the heroic denial of John Stuart Mill standing by his wife's open grave. Any book, therefore, that can present with persuasion a new theory of immortality, or set an old theory in a new light, demands attention. The volume under review* adduces evidence for individual immortality that will probably be new to many of its readers. The sapping of the forces by which such immortality is achieved is the "Great Psychological Crime."

Immortality, according to this writer, is a matter of individual choice,—an achievement of the individual soul. It depends wholly on the cultivation of the four qualities that differentiate us from animals and that are exclusively human, namely, Self-Consciousness, Independent Choice, Reason, and independent, self-conscious and rational Volition. If we allow ourselves to be controlled by outside intelligences, either in this world or in any other, we jeopardise, if we do not entirely forfeit, those forces which will enable us to build up our immortality. These once forfeited, the ultimate destination of the individual "so far as science knows, is ultimate dissolution, disintegration, total individual extinction, and a resolution of the individual

* *The Great Psychological Crime:* Indo-American Book Co., Chicago. $2.00.

entity, physically, spiritually and psychically, back to the original elements from which it came."

The two chief methods by which outside intelligences obtain mastery over these vital principles of individual immortality are hypnotism, the control of a person in the physical body by a physically-embodied person, and mediumship, the control of a person in the physical body by a spiritually-embodied person. The first two parts of this volume are devoted to demonstrating that hypnotism and mediumship are manifestations of Nature's "Destructive Principle," and lead to the way of death.

The claims on which the author rests his conclusions must here be noted. "The subject-matter of this volume, and the ethics involved," he says, "have a basis in nature, in specific fact, in a definite school of learning, and in an exact science." He begins by carefully defining his terms, and postulating a number of "facts demonstrated" on which to found his argument. These facts, taken generally, concern themselves with the constitution of man. "All physical matter," the writer tells us, "both inorganic and organic, integrates conjointly with a finer ethereal or spiritual matter, in such manner as to constitute what may be properly termed a double material entity." This double, more generally known as the etheric double or astral, is called by the author the "spiritual body." Man thus consists, according to this classification, of a physical body and a spiritual body, controlled by the intelligent ego, or soul.

Many will deny the premises as they stand, and in that case it is useless to proceed to the conclusion. Others will be willing to accept them provisionally as a hypothesis, and others will admit their partial or complete truth. Granted the premises, the writer fully succeeds in proving the grave danger of hypnotism and mediumship to all concerned; he reveals indeed a condition of affairs astounding to us on this side the Atlantic. We ought, however, here to point out that the author states there is another process wholly different from mediumship, independent, self-conscious and rational, through which spiritual data can be obtained, together with definite knowledge of another life. A subsequent volume of the series will deal with this, Nature's "Constructive Process."

With regard to "Individual Immortality," the writer is not able to prove his case so satisfactorily. Why should immortality be arbitrarily vested in the four qualities above quoted? All that the author has sought to prove is that they differentiate man from the animal; but there are other obvious qualities that differentiate man from the animal, such as imagination, and a myriad subtler ones. Again the failure to persist on the spiritual plane does not, as the writer himself allows, necessarily involve annihilation.

The author leads us to his conclusions by short and careful steps, by an accumulation of commonplace illustrations, by recapitulation and repetition, by all the devices which have clearness for their sole end. No graces of style, no gleams of poetry, no flashes of beauty have been allowed to enliven and inspire the slow and occasionally tedious journey; our eyes have been set on the immediate path, nor allowed to wander beyond or above. And clearness has been achieved, a strenuous and sober indictment drawn up. We question, however, whether the battering-rams of the author are not too sweeping in their destruction.

For instance, it is assumed in this volume that the influences reaching man from the spiritual world,—the sphere in closest proximity to this planet,—are constantly vicious and evil, and in no case superior to the influences of men and women on earth,—they are, in fact, invariably exercised by ex-human beings. Our first duty, therefore, is to set up barriers on all sides against the terrible invasion that threatens to take possession of us. We, however, pause to ask: Is the control that reaches us from beyond exercised by ex-human beings only?—Cannot man so prepare himself that he may receive higher and more elevating influences? The author might allow this, but the absence of any reference to such a hope makes the volume one-sided in its horror. It terrifies us with a threat of death and hell; it affords no gleams of heaven to comfort and inspire. Perhaps, however, we are still at that stage of development when the fear of the depths of hell is a more efficacious spur than the inconceivably remote blessedness of the heights of heaven.

IAN MÖR.

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 CANADA

TORONTO, the oldest Branch (fourteen years old), has seventy-four members, and holds two public meetings a week; then follow Vancouver (seven years old), with thirty-one members; next Victoria (four years old), with eight members, and Montreal (a few months old), with eight members.

Toronto is the only Branch whose membership seems able to do much in the way of supplying public speakers; we have a dozen or so who can and do face our audiences, though the bulk of the work falls on the President, who is also a member of the American Executive, and a strong figure in local Freemasonry and Education. Vancouver has only one speaker, and for four years had a hard time to keep its charter; even now only about one-third of its members are active workers. Victoria was founded by Mr. Knüdsen, of Honolulu, and was evolved from a group of "New Thought" students.

There are two members in Winnipeg who are trying to form a group there, but they find the sense of caste a great barrier to public action. However they have strong hopes.

An old member of the Indian Section is living near Hamilton, Ont., and a group for study has been organised there.

The Toronto Branch has successfully arranged for addresses by various clergymen and hopes to have a useful and busy winter.

From New Zealand

News reaches us of considerable activity in the New Zealand Section, which has recently received both instruction and stimulus from Mr. Leadbeater's short stay. There are eight Branches already formed, and one in prospect at Gisborne. Of these eight, two are at Auckland and one at Onehunga, eight miles distant, one at Napier, another at Wellington, a Branch at Christchurch, at Dunedin and at Invercargill—the most southernly Branch in the world.

A correspondent from Auckland writes:

"The Section being centred here helps to make matters busy. Perhaps I had better say something about the work of the Section Office first. It presents always a busy hive of workers, for there is much to be done; the general routine of correspondence, etc.,—the attending to despatch of orders for the increasing sale of books which are sent right throughout the Colony. Then there is the work of editing the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, and despatching the Magazine to subscribers at the end of each month.

"Now for a piece of real news. After the next month's issue (September) the Magazine will be published entirely by Theosophists, and will probably be increased in size some four pages. Several members here have co-operated to purchase the necessary printing office accessories to enable them to publish the Magazine in good style.

"Also several of the members have become proficient in the art of type-setting, and in the other branches of the printing profession. There is every prospect of much good work being done for Theosophy by the acquisition of a printing press, and one of our first works in this direction has been the printing of Mrs. Besant's *A Lodge of the Theosophical Society* (in leaflet form). Our next work is the printing of a catalogue of books, etc., in the Book Depôt, which has been a 'long felt want' for some time. Then we are to publish an Index to the Third Volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, which has been compiled by Mrs. Marian Judson, President of the H. P. B. (Auckland) Branch, and when finished will prove a great aid to students who have been minus this very necessary aid to study. It will be uniform with the present Index to the First and Second Volumes, and so can be bound in with future and present editions.

"In the same building and on the same floor as the Section, is the home of the H. P. B. Branch, and also Dr. Sanders—our

respected General Secretary—has his office and consulting room next door. So there are many helpers at hand should they be wanted. The H. P. B. Branch, though the youngest but one of the New Zealand Branches, is already the largest in point of membership. Many activities are carried on, the latest being a training class for platform speakers. On Mr. Draffin resigning the Presidency, Mrs. Marian Judson was elected, but, unfortunately for us, Mrs. Judson goes to India in October, where she takes up a position on *Theosophy in India*, so we shall have to find another President soon."

From Madagascar

One of our members now travelling in Madagascar sends the following in a private letter:

"One thing of interest I tumbled across quite accidentally. We had to make exceedingly early starts, generally arousing the camp at least two hours before daylight. I then noticed that the natives seemed to deprecate noise in the vicinity of sleeping people, and they proceeded about the rousing of their fellows in a very quiet and gentle fashion. Talking to one of our Europeans who knows the natives well, I was startled to hear from him that their reason for this procedure arises from a belief that during sleep a man's Ambi-rua (I am not quite certain of the words or the spelling), which is equivalent to his second self, is wandering about, possibly at some distance from his body, and to wake him roughly, or suddenly, is bad in every way, as this prevents the Ambi-rua from returning quietly and naturally to its abode."

From Germany

It is very noticeable how in Germany natural science is arriving at results that, rightly considered, may serve as full confirmation of Theosophical philosophy. From the great number of these works we may for the present refer to the investigations of Sigm. Freud, the nerve-pathologist of Vienna, as recorded in his writings on the subject of dreams, and of wit and its relationship to the dream life. Prof. Camillo Schneider, of Vienna, as a result of his study of the brain and its activity, arrives at the acceptance of a four-dimensional space.

The Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians, just held at Meran, has resulted in some important discussions upon the difference between the right and left hemispheres of the brain—a difference long ago pointed out by Occultists. Of interest, too, is a

book by G. L. Dankmar, under the significant title *The State of Culture in Europe at the Reawakening of Modern Occultism.*

Dr. Steiner has just completed a lecturing tour in Switzerland and South Germany, visiting St. Gallen, Zürich, Basel, Freiburg i. B., Stuttgart, Nurnberg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Cassel, and Weimar. After his public lecture in each town he had a meeting for questions and discussion. A new Branch has been formed at Freiburg, and two more are in process of formation. The weekly public lectures in Berlin have begun in an over-crowded hall. Their subject is "Hæckel, the World-riddle and Theosophy."

S.

From Scandinavia

After the Convention the official work of the Section was suspended for the summer, but some good work has been done by private members in different places. The President of the Copenhagen Branch, Mr. H. Thaning, made an extensive tour through the provinces of Denmark, lecturing on Theosophy in ten towns. These lectures attracted many listeners and roused earnest interest. A practical result was the forming of a Branch at Århus, Jutland.

In Norway Fröken Eva Blytt has visited the extreme northern towns and given theosophical lectures there.

Countess Wachtmeister, who spent part of the summer in Dalekarlia, visited Gothenburg, Lund and Copenhagen. In all those places she held drawing-room meetings and worked as always to interest people in the cause to which she has devoted her strength and her life.

The Gothenburg Branch has suffered the great loss of its valued President, Mr. Gustaf Sjöstedt, who for a number of years has worked so devotedly and unselfishly for the Branch which he guarded with such watchful interest. He is followed in his progress towards further development by the loving and grateful thoughts of our members, who in him have lost a devoted and helpful friend.

The Gothenburg Branch has secured new and more convenient rooms, which will be opened next week. Mr. Sjöstedt had given much time and attention to the fitting up and arranging of these rooms, but passed away too soon to see all finished.

M. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Boëthius' Consolations of Philosophy

Die Tröstungen der Philosophie des Boetius. German translation by Richard Scheven. (Leipzig: Reclam Verlag.)

This famous work, though of world-wide reputation, is but little known to English readers, probably owing to the lack of a modern translation until the one recently published in the Temple Classics series. That made by our own King Alfred into Anglo-Saxon is spoken of by historians of that period, but a later one by Chaucer, printed by Caxton in 1480, is seldom mentioned and is perhaps only read by students of Middle English. As Boëthius wrote in the sixth century, his work is not counted among the classics, and has, perhaps for that reason, been overlooked by most Latin scholars. However that may be, it is now presented to us in modern form and is a most interesting record of the thoughts of a philosopher during his imprisonment, under the severe trial of loss of fame and favour, the ingratitude of those he had served and by whom he had been honoured, and the prospect of an early death. The form given to the arguments is that of converse with a heavenly being, who may be considered as the Spirit of Wisdom or Philosophy, interspersed with didactic verse in various metres. Questioning her pupil in the Socratic method, she leads him on to the final proposition that God is the source of all happiness, and as such to be sought above all earthly joys. Dante thus speaks in the *Convito*, after the death of Beatrice: "I set myself to read that book, not known to many, of Boëthius, wherein he, captive and downfallen, had consoled himself." The Italian poet mentions him in the Heaven of the Sun, as one of the throng surrounding S. Thomas Aquinas, in company with Albertus Magnus, Dionysius the Areopagite, and many others. He speaks of Boëthius as "the saintly soul, that shows the world's deceitfulness to all who hear him . . . . and from martyrdom and exile came it here." With this eulogy from one who ranks among the greatest of human minds we may fitly close.

E. K.

The Living Universe

Das lebendige All. Idealistische Weltanschauung auf naturwissenschaftlicher Grundlage, im Sinne Fechners. Von Dr. Bruno Wille. (Hamburg and Leipzig: Verlag von L. Voss; 1905.)

Nothing could illustrate better the difference between the philosophic thought of the sixth century and that of the twentieth, than a comparison between the work of Boëthius and that bearing the above title. Boëthius is Plato tinged with Christianity; Dr. Wille, or rather Fechner, is Schopenhauer corrected by Goethe. He pleads for the urgency of the heart doctrine in conjunction with the head in forming our theory of life and of the universe. So far as we can read between the lines of his long-drawn-out arguments, Dr. Wille wishes to find some means of reconciling the various conflicting opinions on the causes of man's unhappiness, of probing and finally healing it. To quote a few lines from the third chapter of his book: "What is required to heal the evils of our time is a theory of the universe based on a logical apprehension of the sense-world, while at the same time satisfying the needs of the heart; which will be both realistic and idealistic, and which will bring the knowledge of the physical world into line with religious devotion, artistic inspiration and moral edification." No doubt such an end is highly desirable, and perhaps we are already on the way to it, though it is yet but a far-off vision, and the road is long and toilsome. We are always seeking after new philosophies, but Fechner, on whose philosophic work Dr. Wille's pamphlet is a commentary, again derives from Goethe:

> The True has long ago been known,
> Binds noble spirits into one;
> Hold fast by the old Truth.

How to fit the old Truth into the new scientific garb without constricting the one or rending the other, is the problem of life to-day. Shall we ever produce a humanity compounded in equal parts of sound five senses, scientific grasp, poetic insight, perfect moral conduct and religious aspiration, all summed up in the individual? Such a consummation seems scarcely compatible with the idea (*Anschauung*) of a world where all is change, where part is illusion, and everything vibrating with an unexpressed longing for development towards some unknown end. Dr. Wille seems to find in Fechner's philosophy an answer to the difficulties with which modern thought is beset, but as

this writer's works are not much known in England, only the student versed in the difficult style of German philosophical writings can profit by them.

E. K.

Familiar Spirits

(i) Elementary Astrology. By Frank Ellis. (ii) Signs of Character in Face and Form. (Blackpool: The Ellis Family. Price 6*d*.)

The address of the publishers as printed on the covers is "Blackpool: The Ellis Family Promenade" (*sic*). As ignorant Southerners, we have not the least idea who the Ellis Family are, or in what part of Blackpool their promenade may be situated. It appears, however, that while they have incarnated *en famille* primarily, of course, for the purpose of taking a promenade together, they also have an eye to becoming publishers of occult, or, as we might prefer to call it, quasi-occult literature. The above-named booklets contain the utterances of this remarkable Family on the not entirely unconnected subjects of physiognomy and astrology. All praise to this Family, yclept Ellis! We wonder how many families, who have taken promenades at Blackpool or elsewhere, have the insight and discretion to study physiognomy and astrology? Families, after all, are only symbols of the universe, and when whole families take to becoming publishers of occult literature, one may perhaps be justified in supposing that the tide has turned, no less in the Grand Cycle, than at Lancashire Blackpool.

The chief fault of the book on astrology is that of most books on astrology. The desperately cut-and-dried way in which it lays down the law on the details of the highest and noblest of sciences (a science to the appreciation of whose immensities one can only hope to rise after piling Pelion on Ossa of experience), is probably due to the fact that the author has found his sources of knowledge in tradition rather than observation. There is, however, so far as we know, no exoteric tradition about the influence of the planet Uranus, except perhaps in Shakspeare, who knew most things in an intuitive sort of way. Mr. Ellis' remark, therefore, that Uranus is particularly strong in Gemini, Libra and Aquarius, is interesting, if true. Certainly there is something in common between the planet Uranus and the sign Aquarius, in that the influence of both is largely directed to self-negation of some kind. We would suggest to Mr. Ellis to take note of the natives of Uranus in Scorpio. In a few years they will grow out of childhood and form an interesting study.

The apparently extraordinary industry and entirely special knowledge exhibited in the book on physiognomy, make it very difficult to criticise. But, here again, one wonders how far the statements are based on mere tradition, and how far on experience. The author read books on the subject and told a large number of faces and heads. But did his experience merely consist in doing this, or did he try to correct his impressions by the facts? How many per cent. of professional phrenologists, physiognomists, palmists, or astrologers, attempt to study their "patients" by getting to know them? All else is mere guess-work.

The following "choice morsel" is to be found on p. 54:

"Artists, editors, teachers, milliners, and persons connected in the fancy business (*sic*) need a strong degree of the mental temperament, with a large bottom forehead, and the sides of the temples full."

R. C.

A Showman's Advertisement

The Bodie Book. (London: Caxton Press; 1905. Price 2*s*. 6*d*.)

This is a showman's advertisement, and very characteristic of its author's country. Artemus Ward, "the genial showman," is a type of the American; and, whatever his good or bad points may be, a Yankee always has in him the innate power to "run a show." It is a gift not to be despised; in time to come we shall understand better than most of us do now how much our own Society owes to this talent, when turned to good uses. But Mr. Bodie fights for his own hand, and (as already hinted) blows his own trumpet with considerable skill. We have little doubt that he knows enough to fool an average audience with great success; but he cannot expect us to help him.

W.

An Occult Art

Crystal Gazing, Its History and Practice, with a discussion of the Evidence for Telepathic Scrying, by Northcote W. Thomas, M.A., with an Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D. (London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.; 1905.)

In this useful little book, the second of the series mentioned above, some interesting details are given as to the method and history of crystal gazing. The author thinks the injunctions to be found in the Laws of Manu and elsewhere, not to look into deep water, are meant

to suggest its dangers. He has collected a large amount of material from many different countries, and from ancient, mediæval and modern times—material which might be made extremely useful if some person of genius could be found to pursue the task of organisation and explanation. The subject is surrounded with difficulties, and perhaps it is just as well that we do not understand the meaning and object of some of the incantations given, although they are quaint and interesting from a historical point of view. Perhaps it would simplify matters if we realised that crystals, ink, etc., are *means which enable some clairvoyants to see*, who would not otherwise be able to do so, just as some people cannot see without spectacles of a particular kind. Spectacles cannot give sight to the blind, but they can enable some people to use their sight who would imagine themselves to be blind if they had never had the opportunity of using spectacles. They can also help some people who see already to see more clearly. Certainly it is very important that the knowledge should spread in the world that there is such a thing as clairvoyant sight, for there are no doubt many persons still who are unaware that it exists. Mr. Thomas himself is apparently not yet convinced that there is such a thing, for he tells us in *Thought Transference*, p. 43, that the evidence for its existence is very slight. He treats crystal gazing as a subject in itself, not necessarily connected with other forms of clairvoyance, and he wishes to collect well authenticated material in regard to it.

The preface, by Mr. Andrew Lang, is devoted to the task of shewing that there *is* a faculty by which pictures are seen in crystals. He does not believe in crystal gazing, if this means "that it is worth while to pay half-a-crown or a guinea as a fee to a person who professes to discover by crystal gazing the whereabouts of lost property or of a missing friend, or to foretell events." But he *does* believe "that some people have the faculty of seeing faces, places, persons in motion, sometimes recognisable, in a glass ball, or in water, or any clear deep." The sceptic accounts for these cases by two theories,—either the seers are practising on one's credulity, or it is all imagination. The former theory is not admissible in a number of the cases cited; the latter, although it pretends to be an explanation, is in fact no explanation at all, and if a scryer often sees correctly things unknown to him before the scry, this is in itself a proof that he *does* see, and is not merely inventing or imagining.

He points out the likeness between the process of crystal gazing and that of watching visions of faces, places, and other things, with

closed eyes, between sleeping and waking. This likeness seems to surprise him, but surely it is exactly what one would expect. In one case the clairvoyant perceives astral objects with the help of a crystal, in the other case, without this aid.

Mr. Lang considers his own experiments as those of an amateur, and appeals to professors of psychology in general to make a series of scientific experiments.

S. C.

Japanese Women

Women and Wisdom of Japan. With an Introduction by Shingoro Takaishi. (London: John Murray, 50A, Albemarle Street; 1905. 1s. net.)

The last little book issued of the series of the Wisdom of the East deals with the Women of Japan, their position, their home life—they have no other—and the characteristics that have been developed by or in spite of, the complete absence of any physical, moral, or mental independence.

About 200 years ago Kalbara Ekken, the famous moralist of Japan and a great scholar in Japanese literature, wrote a little book called the *Onna Daigaku*—the Greater Learning for Women—and we are told by Shingoro Takaishi, who writes an introduction to it, that for generations this little book has enjoyed such a holy reputation that it has always formed part of the wedding trousseau of the Japanese bride, and that up to the present day the people have not, to any noticeable extent, departed from its doctrine..

What is that doctrine? It is a doctrine of complete obedience to authority and of almost the entire separation of the sexes except for domestic uses. "A woman must form no friendship and no intimacy, except when ordered to do so by her parents, or by middle-men," authorised by the parents. "She must never correspond with a young man." When unmarried she belongs to her parents; when married she belongs to her husband, "whom she must obey with fear and trembling." She belongs also to his father and mother, who may exact from her the most menial service, even when the household is a wealthy one. She must sew their garments, washing what is dirty and she must "never go abroad, but of necessity." Her visits to the paternal home must be rare, and with regard to other friends it is held to be generally inadvisable to do more than send a message occasionally to enquire after their health. "Let her never even dream

of jealousy," says this far-seeing authority; "if her husband be dissolute she must expostulate with him, but never either nurse, or vent her anger. If her jealousy be extreme, it will render her countenance frightful and her accent repulsive and can only result in completely alienating her husband from her." Further on we learn that "a woman must be ever on the alert. She must rise early and go to bed late," and must not indulge in sleep in the middle of the day. All very valuable axioms in the form of advice, but let not the Englishman sneer at them even in the guise of commands. How many thousands of our countrywomen live their lives, of sheer necessity, much under the same restraint, without even the aid of Kaibara Ekken's promise that "thus shall they escape celestial castigation."

Now what is the result on Japanese women of these somewhat severe regulations? According to Kaibara, "the five worst infirmities that afflict the female are indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness," and he says that seven or eight out of every ten women are liable to these five infirmities. Silliness he regards as the most serious of all and the parent of all the rest, because woman is too stupid to be able to perceive "that it is incumbent upon her, in every particular, to distrust herself and to obey her husband." Nothing is said of the more serious vices, untruthfulness, cruelty, neglect of household duties, or impurity of any kind. When we remember the very meagre chance these women have for self-development we are almost driven to the conclusion that a special Providence protects them. English travellers bring home the most flattering accounts of the womanliness, kindness, and gentleness of the Japanese women. One testimony runs, "How sweet the Japanese woman is! All the possibilities of the race for goodness seem to concentrate in her." Another says: "They are immeasurably superior to men," and this although Kaibara informs her that "if only she satisfactorily performs her duties as a human being, she may let prayer alone without ceasing to enjoy the divine protection."

One of our statesmen some years ago gave as his opinion that the most remarkable feature of the nineteenth century was the extraordinary advance made in the position of women in every department of human affairs.

That the Japanese woman has shared in this progress is shown by the complete change made in the legal conditions of divorce since Western civilisation obtained favour. Formerly all the grounds for divorce were against the woman—there were seven. 1. Disobedience

to father-in-law or mother-in-law. 2. Barrenness. 3. Lewdness. 4. Jealousy. 5. Leprosy, or foul disease. 6. Talking overmuch or disrespectfully. 7. Stealing. These matters are now regulated by the Civil Code and the conditions are all but equal for both men and women. Divorce can only be obtained through desertion, illtreatment, insult, immorality, criminal offences generally, or a second marriage (!)—a sufficiently elastic code according to English ideas !

In the introduction to this little book, an introduction full of sympathy and appreciation of his countrywomen, and assurances of help when they shall realise the necessity for a larger life and greater self-development, Shingoro Takaishi points out that the *Ouna Daigaku* is but an offshoot from the general principle of Japanese morality, which declares that nothing is nobler than self-sacrifice. He says: " The sole basis of the entire moral teaching of Japan consists of the spirit of unselfishness and complete submission to rightful authority." We have splendid testimony furnished by the late war that this grand ideal possesses the whole nation. Let us hope that in the future the men of Japan may see that it applies equally to their domestic ties as to their public life, and that the women may be given the opportunity of realising it through their own educated free will unhampered by the compulsion of ancient usage.

The appendix on the Japanese Revolution is well worth reading.

U. M. B.

"How it is Done"

Psychic Manuals V. Phrenometry: Auto-Culture and Brain-building by Suggestion. What it is and how it is done. Psychic Manuals VI. Healing: Mental and Magnetic. What it is and how it is done. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; Price 1*s*. net, postage 2*d*. extra.)

The above volumes are the completion of a series of Psychic Manuals which practically cover the whole ground of what is known as " New Thought " teaching. Therein one is told, in good, plain English, how to "do" soul-development, telepathy, "clairsensience " [!] will-training, brain-building, and healing, and if, after perusing these booklets, one is still dull enough to detect a lurking mystery, the fault does not lie with Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker. The books are clearly and intelligently written, and as introductions to the study of " New Thought " they will probably find many readers, who may learn at least of the

existence of such a thing as "soul-development," though they are pretty sure to miss the secret of how it is "done." But this is really as much as one ought to expect for a shilling. Mr. Stocker overreaches himself in the matter of promises.

The *theories* of healing and brain-building are concisely set forth in the above volumes; the next thing is to heal and to build.

C. E. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, September, announces that from the next number it will appear in a completely new and enlarged form, and that the foreign subscription will be reduced from 20*s*. to 12*s*. per annum, post paid. We hope that this bid for an increased European circulation will be well responded to, and will result in a net gain instead of a loss. "Old Diary Leaves" are mainly occupied with the visit of the King of Siam to Colombo. The other contents of the number are: "Some Misconceptions regarding Reincarnation," by E. E. Long; "Theosophical Harmonies," by H. Gordon; "The Unity of Religions," a lecture delivered before the Philadelphia Theosophical Society by A. W. Goodrich; Miss Davidson treats of "The Goal of Human Endeavour"; N. K. Ramasami Aiya begins a series of papers entitled "Thoughts for the Year"; and J. Jamshedji Modi gives an interesting account of the ceremony of feeding the sacred perpetual fire of the Parsis.

Theosophy in India, September. We are glad to record the statement on the cover of this number that the circulation of this magazine (the late *Prasnottara*) now reaches over 4,500 copies each month. "Seeker," in the conclusion of his paper on Love, gives a glowing panegyric of the love of God as taught by Jesus, with which not the most exacting Christian could find fault; though his linking of the names of Christ and Krishna as "the two ideals of love which build man in the image of his Maker; each in his own way having done incalculable good," will distress those who think they are glorifying God by insisting that for all the millions of years the human race had existed before Jesus was born He *had* "left Himself without witness" in the hearts of His children. But *can* anyone believe this of a God who is Love? D. M. O. protests that no one can safely undertake yoga practices of any kind without a Guru. Miss Judson continues her important study of "Christian and Theosophic Conceptions of Christ," and K. Venkata Rao continues his "Râmâyana Unveiled."

Central Hindu College Magazine, September. The illustration this month is the pleasant face of our old friend Miss Arundale, who does not look, as the Evangelicals of old time would have put it, "lifted up" even by so extensive a title as "Hon. Principal, Central Hindu College, Girls' School, Benares." Long may she wave! Amongst much good reading S. R. Narasimha's history of the Hindu Religious Revival seems to claim special mention; and we note that in consequence of the protracted illness of the Hon. Secretary, Babu Bhagavan Das, a gap has been filled up by the appointment as Acting Secretary of . . . Mr. G. S. Arundale, *semper paratus!*

Theosophic Gleaner, October, comes out under its new Editor, with a new cover. The Editor treats of "The Theosophical Society and its Message"; and amongst a good selection of short papers we may notice Mr. Sutcliffe's "Theosophy and Modern Science," and R. P. Masâni's "Persian Mysticism."

Also from India: a good number of *The Dawn*, and the *Indian Review*, for September, in which "The Mediæval Conception of Islam," by Mr. S. Khuda Bukhsh, and "Pantheism and the Vedânta," by Mr. V. J. Kirtika, will repay the reading.

The Vâhan, October. Mr. Sutcliffe contributes an important letter on the change of the obliquity of the ecliptic, in support of a frequently discredited statement of H. P. B. The "Enquirer" continues the subject of so-called Pure Food. We think that the rash statement in one of the answers that Vegetarianism is "the most valuable teaching *of the Theosophical Society*," should hardly have been printed in the *Vâhan* without editorial disclaimer. New questions are as to the purpose of creation, the authority for the 1,000-1,500 years' average between returns to physical life, and the real cause of senile decay.

Lotus Journal, October, opens with Mr. Leadbeater's account of his visit to Yellowstone Park, with a pretty coloured illustration. Mr. W. C. Worsdell gives another of his pleasant chats upon Natural History, whilst Miss Mallet concludes her life of St. Francis. The month's story has the unquestionable moral that it takes a supernatural interference to convince the "Superior Boy" that he is a nuisance. But—would even *that* do it?

Bulletin Théosophique, November. After the usual detail of Branch work we have here an interesting and useful collection of answers to the question: What can we say or do to encourage those who can't understand our system?

Revue Théosophique, September. We are happy to find in this

number, in addition to translations from Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, a long and serious study, by L. Revel, of "The Social Problem," treating it from the point of view of Mrs. Besant's later writings and showing how much was anticipated by the Saint-Simonians, especially Pierre Leroux. There is also the beginning of an interesting series on "Free Will," signed by Juliette Hervy, this first paper pointing out that there are certain limits—the maxima and minima of possible good and evil—set in each case by heredity and constitution, within which free will (at its freest) must work.

Theosofische Beweging, October, contains the Activities, in which the East Indies seem to be taking a more and more prominent share; and Dr. v. d. Gon's always pleasant chat about the publications of the month.

Theosophia, September. Here the Outlook has to congratulate itself that the case of Dr. Baehler has been settled by the special commission of the Synod in the sense of freedom; it has been decided that a man may preach Reincarnation and Karma and yet be held a faithful member of the Church. We fear our own country has not yet reached this stage of enlightenment. The chief articles are the continuation of the "Legend of Upagutta" and of "The Soul in popular Folk-lore"; "The Beginning of Free-thought" is a translation from Mrs. Besant; and there are also short papers on "Parsival" and the relation of Theosophy to Socialism—which last will furnish matter of discussion for many a year to come.

Théosophie, October, is mainly filled with Mrs. Besant's "Ideals of East and West" or, as the translator more picturesquely puts it, "The Yellow and the White Ideal." The questions contain a very pertinent enquiry as to what we are to understand by "Mystic Art," to which we should like to have some responses in our own *Vâhan*.

Also: *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophic Messenger*, September, which concludes Mr. Mead's "Concerning H. P. B." and gives an entertaining paper by S. E. Palmer entitled "The Enemies of Vegetarianism," which she shows to be (as usual)"those of its own household"; an interesting number of the Seattle "*Fragments*"; *Theosophy in Australasia*, August, with a study of Karma, as working in the transformation of character, signed Ernest Hawthorne (a name which carries us back to the earlier days of *Lucifer*), and a lecture, "The Unseen Forces of Nature," by H. W. Hunt; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, August and September; *Theosofisch Maandblad; La Verdad*.

Of other Magazines we have to notice:

Broad Views, October. Here we have "A Theory of Dreams," from the Editor. Mr. Baker's "Socialism from the Occult Point of View," and "Visions and Visions," will also be found interesting to Theosophists.

Occult Review, October. This is a good number, but without anything which calls specially for remark. We are glad to see that many are being encouraged to relate their super-normal experiences; it is only from a large collection of such facts that any conclusions of value can be drawn, and a selection for a special purpose, like the "Phantasms of the Living" is likely to omit just the cases which would throw light on the main points.

Modern Astrology, October; *Annals of Psychical Science*, September; *La Nuova Parola; Notes and Queries;* and *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal.*

The Religion of Science, a small sheet signed by N. K. Ramasami Aiya; *The Hindu Zodiac*, a reprint of Mr. Sutcliffe's article in the *Theosophist; Phenomena, Bewildering, Psychological*, a lecture by the Ven. Archdeacon Colley on Spiritualism; No. 30 of the *Bibliotheca Teosofica Italiana*, being a translation of H. P. B.'s *First Steps in Occultism*, very nicely got up, and with a good reproduction of the well-known photo; No. 32 of the same series, a public lecture at the rooms of the Roman Branch by Dunstano Cancellieri, entitled *The Fundamental Union of Theosophy and Religion; The Trend of Modern Medicine*, and *Letters of Little Mary*, by J. Stenson Hooker, M.D.; and *Die Herkunft der Baiern*, by Dr. Ludwig Wilser are also acknowledged with thanks.

W.

In a contemporary periodical that shall be nameless the following delightful sentence has escaped the editorial vigilance:

"Let them for the nonce be assured that man walks not merely on his bony legs but has a prop and propeller, that lives ambiently all over his body, to guide and protect him"!

Printed by the Women's Printing Society, Ltd., 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.