THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXIX OCTOBER, 1906 No. 230

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Reincarnation as a Popular Doctrine

MANY of us have grown so used to the light which the idea of reincarnation sheds on so many of the problems of life, that we have almost forgotten our former utter destitution in the dark night of orthodox Christian nescience of the soul and its past in which we were brought up, and can hardly realise how many still have never heard of the doctrine except perhaps as a subject of ridicule. The unfamiliar moves to laughter or fear. Mary Jane when she hears French for the first time sniggers. Sixteen or seventeen years ago, when Theosophy in England adopted a new phase of popular propaganda and Theosophical lecturers spoke on reincarnation, the John Thomases and Mary Janes of the audience guffawed and sniggered, while the reverend gentlemen who swore by the Old Testament and the youths who swore by Mr. 'Uxley got angry and abusive. Since then, however, a great change has been wrought in the popular mind; the idea has gradually become familiar to many thousands, and now commands such serious consideration among thoughtful people, even

from the unconvinced, that ridicule is felt to be ill-bred, and abuse the confession of bankruptcy in argument. And now the time seems to have come when even the man in the street is to hear of the matter in his own way from his one and only source of information. The Press has taken it up as a serious item of news.

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Its Recognition by the Press

ON August 25th *The Daily Mail*, which claims to have by far the greatest circulation of any daily paper, published an article by Mr. Eustace Miles, under the title "Have we Lived Before?"—giving a popular and useful exposition of the arguments in favour of reincarnation, all of it familiar as household words to our readers, including the now crystallised error that Justin Martyr and Origen believed in it. Mr. Miles concludes his paper cautiously as follows:

> The great mistake made by its advocates has been to regard it as proved, in the same sense that the law of gravity is proved. The theory is not like an impregnable battleship: it is more like what Plato would call a raft to keep us from sinking in this world of apparent evil. If the theory helps to make a man or woman honourable, brave, courteous, healthy, happy, active, calm, then let the man or woman hold it till he or she gets a better. We do so sorely need some such theory, in these days of pessimism and slackness, that we had better use this one privately and unobtrusively rather than wait till it be incorporated in the creeds. The theory is a harmless one if a man lives by it and does not force it on others.

We do not know whether this caution is dictated simply by considerations of policy, as a sort of rhetorical ju-jitsu, or whether Mr. Miles sees that the naïve general idea of reincarnation is but the first streak of a new dawn that promises infinite possibilities of illumination,—the primitive streak of the intelligible world of man's spiritual nature; we hope it is the latter. In any case Mr. Miles is to be congratulated, for though many articles and letters on the subject have previously appeared in the press, his has been the good fortune to make the editor see that the tide has turned and that the idea has come to stay; for not only is Mr. Miles' paper given a most prominent place in its columns, but the leading article of *The Daily Mail* is devoted to the matter as a serious subject of vast importance. The editor

frankly avers that the problems involved cannot be resolved by the "ready dogmatism of a Haeckel." Physical science is helpless before the mysteries of the soul, and modern psychology can only "suggest interrogations."

The methods of science can yield no result on such a question. Science deals only with matters subject to the ordinary laws of reason, and it can tell us little more about the soul than it can about free will and necessity. The effort to apply the language of science to such conceptions only lands mankind in a morass of contradictions, so that it might appear as though we reach a terrain where white may be black and the true the false in the same breath.

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THE subject thus opened up has given rise to a voluminous correspondence, for the most part relating personal experiences which the writers believe to justify belief in previous existences on earth. There are also some letters of criticism, but the believers are in the vast majority. Naturally enough a number of these experiences can be ruled out as more conveniently falling under one or another class of well-known psychic or psychological phenomena; the residue is nearly invariably characterised by the facts that, in the first place, the experience is stated to have been far more vivid than a dream, and in the second, that the incident recorded ended in the death of the subject. For instance, on August 31st, "Mystified" writes:

Two Stories of Rebirth

I had occasion to undergo a slight operation, and an anæsthetic was duly administered, and while insensible I seemed to live a previous life. The setting was an old Eastern city, and the people were almost black and wore long flowing garments and turbans. I thought no more about the matter until a few weeks after, when it became again necessary to administer an anæsthetic. I again seemed to be the same personage, and was endeavouring to address a huge multitude in the city square. I was on horseback in the midst of the multitude, who appeared to be furious for some reason, and I was three times forcibly dragged from my horse. After the third time I remembered no more. I am therefore under the impression that that was the moment of my, then, death.

I still ascribed this "dream" to the effects of the anæsthetic until a short time ago, when two separate clairvoyants informed me that I had existed previously, and described me minutely as I had seen myself.

The return of the soul of a dead child into a baby body born of the same mother is a familiar enough possibility to

readers of Theosophical literature. This is well borne out by the testimony of Francis S. A. Conybeare, who writes as follows on September 8th :

Some years back, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. —— was sent to a school in the Midlands and thence, after two years, to a school in Germany. After her return to England she was thrown from her horse while out riding, and was carried home unconscious. The shock to her mother, who was in delicate health, was serious, and within a very brief time there occurred the death of the injured girl, who had never recovered consciousness, and the birth of a baby sister.

In time, at the age of twelve, this little girl was sent to the same Midland school—not then knowing that her sister had preceded her there. Her first letter home was curious. She wrote in her childish way that she had recognised the school immediately, and must, she affirmed have been there before. In explanation, let me say, she had never previously left her home.

At the age of sixteen she proceeded to the same school in Germany that her sister had attended—but of this fact she was again quite ignorant. An amazing letter reached her parents. She had been struck, she wrote, during her journey through Germany by a remarkable sense of familiarity with the scenery, and when she reached the school she was astonished to discover that every nook and corner of the building and its large grounds were as familiar to her as if she had lived there for several years.

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AMONG the objections urged against the doctrine is the supposed violence it does to love. "It seems to me," writes G. G. B. E., "to be utterly impossible that two souls who love should come again to this earth, perhaps far apart, and knowing nothing of each other." This is indeed a curious narrowing of the idea of love ; that a soul should love just one other soul and no more is to translate the social custom of monogamy of bodies into a cosmic law. If *souls* love they have other modes of expressing their affection than through physical bodies. They may be physically thousands of miles apart, or planets apart, and yet be in the communion of love.

Some Objections

Another objection is that the doctrine of reincarnation upsets Christian dogmatics; if so, so much the worse for dogmatic Christianity, for, as Karl Andresen of Blankensee says in a lengthy article to which the latest number of *The Prussian Year Book* gives the first place :

If the aim, according to the Christian view of life, is to be the developing of ourselves in the midst of God's creation into mentally and morally perfect beings, the question involuntarily arises—How can we reach this state? . . . Only by means of repeated earthly existences can we finally arrive at mental and moral perfection fully proportionate to our capabilities. I personally am fully convinced, and earnest theologians with me, that only in the acceptance of this old truth will Protestantism be able to find the way to reform itself in harmony with the development of our civilisation, which rests upon the theory of evolution, and not upon that of creation.

Several of the writers invoke the aid of heredity and the theory of ancestral memory to explain all such things; both are to be taken into consideration, but they do not cover the ground, even on the psycho-physiological hypothesis, much less do they touch the heart of the matter to anyone who has had his own immediate experience.

A curious mixture of personalities is related by a spiritist, Mr. Vincent N. Turvey, who writes (September 3rd):

To cite my own experience, I used to "remember" having been 8,000 years ago a Persian magician, 5,000 years ago an Egyptian seer, and 100 years back a Delaware Indian.

But when I became a clairvoyant I saw those previous selves as actual living personalities, and I now know them to be, not my remembrances, but my spirit guides.

I say I know, because eight other clairvoyants have testified to their presence with me.

One form of extreme sensitiveness is so to feel with a person as to become him for the time, as for instance, you "dream" of seeing a man blown up in an accident and feel as though it were yourself who were blown up; another form of sensitivity is to be so possessed by another that you are completely controlled by that other. One is active, the other passive; both seem to be elemental.

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Dream Bathos

MEANTIME in the *Daily Telegraph* "Dreams and Visions" have for a month or more occupied the chief place in the correspondence of the dull season and enlivened many a column with a feast of personal narrative, interrupted on occasion by the poor food of inadequate speculation or materialistic phrase-spinning. Some of our readers may remember a dream experience related by "Echo"

in our pages. Echo dreamed of a mighty host of great beings moving through the fields of space and chanting a sublime pæan of praise. Echo wrote down the words that had so intoxicated sense and feeling, and whose music still surged through her being. On waking next morning, however, and eagerly scanning the paper by her bedside, she read with disgust the tawdry couplet:

> And those that I met
> Wore flannelette.

Another now famous instance of the same phenomenon is the doggerel:

> Walker with one eye, Walker with two,
> Something to live for and nothing to do.

R. C., one of the correspondents in the *Daily Telegraph* (September 8th), contributes another instance in the following narrative:

I, as a musical composer, have frequently in my dreams heard myself playing on a church organ a most impassioned piece of music, with all its delicious sequences of chords and heavenly melodies in perfect rhythm, such as I have never heard in reality.

On one occasion so vivid was one of these dreams that I awoke with the very score of the music before my eyes, and still hearing the beautiful melody. I thereupon lit the candle by the side of my bed, took up my music paper, which is ever by me, and proceeded to write down the music of my dream, the very chords standing out in bold relief—and, oh! the beauties of those chords!—a perfect conception of splendour. When I had written down the piece, consisting of sixteen bars, I placed the manuscript aside, blew out the light, and the beauteous melody continued to ring in my ears until sound sleep overtook me.

On being called in the morning the first thing I thought of was the dream, but the melody, as usual, had vanished, and as I thought that the writing down of the melody was also part of my dream, it was not until I glanced at the manuscript on the floor and saw the music written thereon that it occurred to me that I had really written down the music of my dream. So, with unbounded joy and congratulating myself on writing the great composition of my life, I rushed to the piano, and, ye gods! there was the exact piece as I had dreamed it, surely enough, but instead of the heavenly melody which enraptured me in my dream, I found a commonplace, insignificant trifle, which resembled a well-known variety song of the "coon" type, in slow time.

* * *

THE writer of course concludes that "dreams and visions are

illusions, and prey more especially on persons who are possessed with a vivid imagination." But perhaps some day we may understand better the *raison d'être* of the elemental world that parts the paths of rational consciousness and find that even it has its laws. We know a friend who once "brought through" what she was told was a "magic utterance" and which seemed to her psychic self to rhyme. However, when it was finally fixed physically it read: "There is as much wisdom to be got out of a metal hair-pin as out of a Greek lexicon." This was but one instance out of many in which sentences which seemed to rhyme or to have rhythm for psychic consciousness did nothing of the kind on the physical plane, and *vice versâ*. The explanation of such phenomena subsequently given to our psychic colleague may interest our readers and runs somewhat as follows:

A Probable Explanation

You cannot transpose things from plane to plane like that; it always takes the life out of them. You must use symbols, that is to say, you must learn to know the thing on the physical plane which is the symbol of what you heard on the psychic plane, and then put it together according to its laws. Then the same life will flow into it and it will produce the same effect on your consciousness, though it will not match in any way, and will have nothing in common as to its manner and mode of expression. You must not get the form to match; you must get the power of the life to match. It is a question of ratio and not of actuality; of ratio between life and form for each plane.

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ONE of the most interesting letters in *The Daily Telegraph* correspondence (September 8th), is from "A Jewish Reader." Orthodox Jews, he tells us, still "believe with a perfect faith" the thirteen Articles of Creed formulated by Maimonides (twelfth century), which teach that the Torah and "all the words of the prophets are true." Now the Pentateuch and the other books of the Bible relate dreams foretelling events of importance. Joel declares: "Your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall have visions." And so

Synagogue Prayer for the Fulfilment of Good Dreams

In the ritual of orthodox synagogues is included a prayer that one's own dreams and the dreams of others may, if good, be fulfilled, and, if evil, be turned into good, even "as the curses of Bileam were turned into blessings," etc. This prayer, although deleted from the service of so-called "Reformed

Jews"—possibly because it is considered by them to smack of superstition—is still fervently offered by tens of thousands of Hebrews during a most solemn recital by the male descendants of Aaron (Cohaneem) of the benediction commanded in Numbers (vi., 22-27).

This benediction was part of the temple ritual, and although there is no record of any particular prayer being offered by the congregation during that portion of the service, what is more natural than to suppose that, during that awe-filled moment, when the ineffable Name of the Almighty was pronounced, the people did silently pray that dreams which may have been evil might be turned into good, and, if good, that they might be fulfilled? It is certain that the dream prayer found a place in the synagogue service at an early period. Moreover, the doctors of the Talmud recommend its use. In a very beautiful form (Piyut) for home recital, at the conclusion of the Sabbath, on the subject of the reappearance of Elijah, with the advent of the Messiah, a stanza commences thus: "Happy is he who shall have seen his (Elijah's) face in a dream."

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The Time-Factor in Dreams

ANOTHER interesting point is the time-factor in dreams. There is a well-known instance of a man reading out aloud who, during the space of a normal pause between the end of one sentence and the beginning of another, lived through the experiences of a lifetime in every detail. A correspondent writing on August 21st brings out this point in the following narrative:

Some few years ago it was my dire fate to have to visit a dentist's. I was given gas, and during the operation I had a very pleasant jaunt round Brighton. I started by visiting the county ground at Hove, where I saw between two and three hours' play in the Yorkshire and Sussex match. At any rate it was long enough for Hirst to make a century. I then strolled on the front, and for some time listened to the band on the West Pier, especially noticing the excellence of the "brass" in the overture to "Tannhäuser." I went to Rottingdean and back on the electric railway, and the journey was not dull. I then embarked on a small boat, fitted with a diver's complete apparatus, with the intention of diving for treasure in the shape of hairpins. I successfully engineered the descent, and was enjoying myself amazingly at the bottom of the sea, when I noticed that the fool of a boatman was squeezing the air-tube, and I was becoming uncomfortably short of breath. I carefully husbanded the small amount of air left to me in order to tell him in my most stentorian tones my candid opinion of his behaviour, when I awoke and learnt that I had been under the anæsthetic exactly forty seconds.

(CONCLUDED UNDER "FLOTSAM AND JETSAM")

ILLUSIONS

THE *final* stages of spiritual enlightenment form a series of disillusionments—the removal of the successive veils of Mâyâ that blind the spirit and prevent its recognition of its identity whether it manifests itself as Jîvâtmâ or Paramâtmâ. "As above, so below."

The *initial* stages of spiritual growth, to promote which the Theosophical Society was founded, consist also of a series of gradual disillusionments. Most people come into the Society with peculiar notions of the benefits that they may secure thereby —recovery of a knowledge of one's past doings on this planet, ability to help people during shipwrecks and railway collisions, to leave one's solid body behind and travel in an ethereal frame to the veldts of South Africa and the snows of Manchuria, to send material parcels through an immaterial post.

Such vague, ill-defined ambitions to possess powers which one's neighbours do not possess, derived from a certain class of Theosophical literature, derived also from the whispered gossip of irresponsible people who yet are supposed to be high up on the ladder of spirituality, these desires still attract crowds of women and men into the Theosophical Society. After having entered the Society, many people remain exactly where they were, marking time all the while, and will not outgrow the illusions which have attracted them into it, but like the summer insects that gather round lamps and candles, fly round and round the light, till they singe their wings and die; their hankering for psychism causes a permanent attitude of mental excitement which effectively snuffs out the last remaining spark of spirituality in their personal nature.

Other more strenuous souls try to learn the hard lesson of Viveka, the separation of the husk from the grain, the bed-rock of spirituality from the slippery moss of psychism which grows thereupon beneath the lapping of the waves of desire, the spirit that

is truth from the illusions that dog its manifestations as the shadow dogs the substance. A few of the more common illusions the striver after spiritual growth has to transcend in the earlier stages I propose to study in this article.

The Theosophical neophyte expects, as soon as he joins the Society, to come into relations with highly evolved beings who will teach him wisdom; this is a legitimate expectation. But it is generally whispered to him with bated breath that such teaching is only given on the "astral" plane nowadays, though the great Teachers of the past, Gautama, Jesus, Muhammad, spoke physical words with physical lips; and that as soon as he goes to sleep he will be taken in hand by some advanced disciple and schooled in all sorts of occult arts.

He goes to sleep day after day, hoping to dream of astral academies where he may get knowledge without the prosaic struggle necessary down below in this matter-of-fact world; but the dreams generally refuse to come; or, once in a way, the intensity of his desire acts on a brain irritated by the ptomaines of indigestion, and does bring on a dream. He meets somebody he knows in the flesh holding forth to a class of students, whom he cannot identify, on spiritual mathematics; then he hugs this as an occult experience, marking him off from the herd of his fellow-theosophists. He boasts of this one achievement, and in time magnifies its proportions and yet again in time adds new details.

But if he is a thinking man, and if he steadily practises meditation, he finds out ere long that dreams are at best too flimsy to serve as a basis of enlightenment, that knowledge comes from the Self if the bodies do not obstruct its flow. The ordinary waking physical consciousness is an effective obstacle to the flow of knowledge from the Jñâna aspect of the Self to the brain, for it is chiefly composed of the uncontrolled flow of Chittavṛitti, images automatically woven by the brain from its own stock of experience. The two means in our possession for quieting the brain are meditation and sound sleep, with this difference, that the former also serves us for building a bridge between the higher and the ordinary consciousness. Either, if successfully gone through, enables us to grow in knowledge,

provided when we awake from either state the personal self does not blot out the knowledge, that the self-initiated activities of the brain do not prevent it from reflecting that knowledge. The recognition of this truth, the manly independence that would result from this recognition, and the cessation of the superstitious hunting for dreams, is one step gained, one illusion left behind.

Another illusion that a Theosophist easily falls into is that every religious teacher, past or present, must be omniscient and immaculate. He grows to believe that the scriptures of past ages, the Upaniṣhads, for instance, must contain wisdom, all wisdom, and nothing but wisdom, and cannot be a mixture of inspiring thoughts and absurdities, as a critical study of every scripture reveals it to be. He thinks that an Avatâra or an Âchârya must be perfect in wisdom and spotless in conduct, judged by modern canons of wisdom and morality. Hence when he hears of shady doings of Kṛiṣhṇa, sees absurd etymologies in the Upaniṣhads, or learns that Shaṅkara bases the validity of the Advaita conception of genesis on the fiction of scorpions evolving from cow-dung, he falls back on allegorical explanations, intentional blinds, and similar devices revolting to common sense. Allegories and blinds are terribly overdone in Theosophical literature. Every inconvenient story is an allegory, and every absurd statement is a blind. Very often the allegorical explanation makes the case look worse than before.

Take the story of the boy Kṛishṇa stealing the clothes of the Gopîs. The easiest explanation is that the story was invented by devotees in accordance with their ideas of the supernatural cleverness of a divine boy. Such myths are a constant factor of folk-lore. Such myth-making is the special function of emotional "old women of both sexes" and can be observed in every Hindu home. If, on the other hand, the legend is not an invention, one can understand such an action to be due to the exuberant animal spirits of a high-spirited child. The early lives of great geniuses abound in instances of such escapades. Inspiration comes on like a flood and takes him off his feet unless and until it is controlled and directed to definite channels or settles down to moderation.

A third hypothesis can also be employed to explain the

aberrations of great teachers. When an advanced being incarnates, he is limited by the bodies which he takes. A great teacher is born in a savage race. He will certainly exhibit, to some degree, the limitations of his race, though he is certain to transcend them in some ways. After all, his object is to lead his race one step higher, and it would be an absurd waste of his powers, or rather an impossibility, that he should so transcend his race as to exhibit perfection in all possible ways, in order to oblige future advanced races, or to avoid being criticised by them. An incarnation is a limitation, and cannot help exhibiting defects to future ages. To explain away defects by allegorising them is nothing new in the history of the world, but has always been resorted to by races which have developed no historical sense. Even the Greeks fell into this unconvincing method to a ridiculous degree. Nor does this method save the situation at all. Why should a great teacher teach a spiritual truth by a method which appears so shocking to a future age, which requires extraordinary ingenuity to unravel, and which leads astray so many people who understand it literally? Such an allegorical method of teaching is not only immoral but also terribly wasteful. To bury a truth in a shady transaction, to lead millions of innocent people astray for thousands of years on the off-chance of somebody allegorising it after an age, is not the mark of greatness but of smallness.

The allegorical school of explanation of actions of doubtful morality, or of teachings of doubtful accuracy, is due to an unthinking Bhakti, a feeling that a teacher should be a manifested perfection. This feeling contradicts the fundamental conception of Vedânta, that perfection is always unmanifested, found only in the Avyakta, and manifestation is always a going out into imperfection. Even the manifested sun is always covered with spots. Darkness makes light possible, Prakṛiti makes Îshvara possible; and it is false Bhakti to be blind to the Tamas that precedes and bounds manifestation. It may be remarked in passing that the perfection here spoken of is not abstract Perfection, which does not exist, but a relative perfection, whose ideal changes not only from age to age but for each individual and at different ages of his life is alone attainable in the world. Hence

we have to exercise Viveka in studying the scriptures that embody the teachings of the Great Ones of antiquity. The same is true of the teachers of our generation, and will continue to be true in the future. When we idealise them into immaculate, omniscient beings we weave illusions for ourselves, and when the disillusion comes the repercussion is so terrible that we lose our balance. In recovering a rational standpoint from which to judge of them we leave behind us one more illusion.

P. T. SRINIVAS AIYENGAR.

SANTA TERESA THE MYSTIC

THE firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries.

So sings Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Light of Asia*, and—

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled:
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

The Vedânta philosophy divides the "manifold tracks" into three main divisions, the Path of Action or Service, the Path of Knowledge, and the Path of Devotion. The Hindu ideal combines all three in one life, to be followed, in the main, at the different stages of youth, middle life, and old age. But with most of us is it not true that we have a leaning towards one more than another, although perhaps we follow all in a measure? The path of action suits the more energetic who must ever be up and doing; the path of knowledge is for the man of books, the thinker *par excellence*, while the path of devotion is trodden by contemplatives whose hearts are filled with longing to reach the goal. The last named was that chosen by Santa Teresa, the Spanish nun; and it is because she is, within the Christian fold, one of the best examples of a devotee that we may find some profit in studying her career, and more especially the hidden springs of her inner life.

It is never easy to realise the conditions of a past age, and Spain in the 16th century was far other than the Spain of to-day. Twenty-three years before Teresa saw the light, the Jews had been expelled from the country; more than 11,000 from her native town of Avila, a border fortress of Castile that guarded the defiles of the Guadarramas, and the scene of many a conflict between Moor and Christian. Jew and Moor, representatives as they were of the skill and industry of the land, were gone, taking the prosperity of the country with them; but stories of the just-ended conflict with the Moors were the fare of Teresa's childhood, wondrously fitting preparation for a life which was to know much of storm and stress in its sixty odd years.

There is one authentic portrait of Santa Teresa which may be seen at Seville, and there is a reproduction of it at the beginning of one of the English editions of her Autobiography; but I am glad to note it does not do her justice. She was beautiful as a girl, and remarkably fine-looking as an old woman, we are told; so that this sanctimonious-looking nun with up-turned eyes and clasped hands, having no manner of attractiveness in her appearance, is somewhat disappointing. When she herself saw the portrait she turned to the painter and said: "May God forgive you, Brother Juan, for making me so ugly!"

She was born at Avila, in Old Castile, a short distance north-west of Madrid. Avila itself is built on a hill-top, and is a place of wild rocky beauty. The truth of Oliver Wendell Holmes' statement that our childhood's horizon goes with us all our days seems to be borne out in the case of Santa Teresa, for she was a lover of the beautiful all through her life; witness the sites she chose for the convents she founded. Her father was a Spanish gentleman of ancient stock; and her mother, also of an old family, was his second wife. There were three children of the first marriage, and nine of the second. Her own words at this point may be interesting:

"My father was delighted in reading good books, and used to have them in Spanish that so his children might also read them. My father was a man of much charity towards poor people, and compassion towards the sick. He was a man of much truth. My mother was also enriched with many virtues;

and she passed through this life of hers with grievous sickness. And though she had an abundance of beauty, yet was it never heard that she gave occasion for the world to conceive that she made any account of it at all. For, whereas she died when she was but three and thirty years old, her attire was such as suited to persons much more aged. She was of a most sweet disposition, and much understanding. We were three sisters and nine brothers, and all through the goodness of God were like our parents in being virtuous, except myself."

That last remark may be classed with the saying of Paul when he styled himself "the chief of sinners," and may be so understood. Yet that Teresa y Ahumada, taking the mother's name as was then the custom, should choose the contemplative life seemed most unlikely, as she developed into a beautiful gay young lady, fond of all the amusements that her position could command. But there was another and a stronger bias in her nature, a powerful undercurrent which at length made her turn to the life for which she said she at first felt a positive repugnance.

She sought and obtained admission to the Carmelite Convent of the Encarnacion, November 2nd, 1535, being then twenty years of age. There were 180 nuns in the establishment; and there she lived a comparatively quiet and uneventful life for twenty years before she became a seer of visions, a hearer of divine locutions, and began her special life-work. This was the reforming and founding of similar institutions, the inmates of which, by lives of severe simplicity and constant intercessory prayer, might prove a bulwark indeed for the "true faith," which, report said, was being attacked to much purpose in other lands. The times in the religious world were troublous, and the hands of the Inquisition were full; for heretics were many and ever on the increase. Protestantism had gained a firm hold in Germany; Holland was well-nigh lost. It was a time for the consecrated ones to be increasingly prayerful and watchful. Santa Teresa sought to form centres where, as she said, might be "held high the banner of abnegation and sacrifice and everlasting hope, in order that some of the healthy perfume may be ever spread about this world, ever bent, as it is, on the pleasure of the moment, and on forgetfulness."

How she carried out this splendid task does not meanwhile concern us, further than to know she did it with rare efficiency and sagacity, with tireless energy, and business precision. It is necessary to say this; for, as a rule, it is by their fruits that we know them. At present we are not going to examine the fruits, but the noble tree that bore them. Anyone who feels so inclined may find all the Saint's toils and troubles and journeyings detailed in Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's valuable *Life and Times of Santa Teresa*, with its vivid picturing of 16th century Spain and with its account of the wondrous admixture of devotion and internal bickering that characterised its religious life.

"Prayer," the Saint has written, "is the royal road to heaven; by travelling along this road, we acquire a great treasure."

A Dominican Sister has told me exactly all that the word prayer connotes to those who lead the life of devotion. Prayer is of three kinds, vocal, mental, and contemplative. Vocal, when we obey the command, "Ask, and it shall be given you"; mental, as the Master tells us, "Seek, and ye shall find"; contemplative, as He again commands, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." In vocal prayer, we speak to God; in mental, there is the mingling of God's action and our own; in contemplation, God speaks to the silent soul, and brings it into union with Himself by the infusion of His divine wisdom. In all three did Santa Teresa exercise herself, and one of the rewards came in the shape of visions, visions of angels, visions of the Christ, which she regarded as "the very greatest treasure." "Nor would I exchange even one of them," she said, "for all the wealth and all the pleasures of the world."

She was a woman of forty-one before she thus became a mystic, a veritable pilgrim in the unseen. Mrs. Cunninghame Graham describes the period thus:

"Teresa, as we have hitherto known her—the weak, impulsive, loving woman, struggling between God and the world, plucking such flowers of life as she can in the aridity of the cloister—is fading away. We see instead an ecstatic penitent—her eyes full of a strange rapture, her troubled brow glowing with a mysterious beauty."

She herself says:

"Sometimes when I was reading, there came suddenly upon me a sense of the presence of God, which did not allow me to doubt that He was within me, or that I was entirely engulfed in Him."

At a further stage she says:

"Being one day in prayer, the Lord showed me His hands alone, with such exceeding beauty as is beyond the power of words to describe. A few days afterwards I also saw the Divine face, which left me entirely absorbed in wonder and admiration. . . . So extreme is the beauty of glorified bodies, that the mind is stunned with the glory of a sight so supernaturally beautiful; and so fearful did it make me, that I was entirely bewildered and fluttered, although afterwards I was convinced and reassured, and its effects were such that soon all fear vanished. Though I were many years endeavouring, I should not know how to set about to figure forth a thing so beautiful, for its whiteness and resplendence alone are beyond all that we can imagine here—not a splendour that dazzles, but a soft whiteness, infused with radiance, which gives most great delight to the sight, which is not tired either by it or the clearness by which we see this beauty so divine—a light so different from that we see on earth that, after it, the clearness of the sun loses all its lustre, and our eyes would nevermore care to re-open to that of earth. It is like a very clear stream running over crystal which reflects the sun, as compared with one very muddy, covered with mist, which runs over an earthy bottom."

Her visions increased in frequency till her consciousness of the Divine presence seldom left her; and that indeed was well, because of human companionship and human consolation she had none. Confessors and sister nuns were alike against her. The townspeople of Avila noted all this with anything but friendliness. Certain impostures had but recently been brought to light elsewhere, and this was in all probability a like case. But Teresa lived to outgrow their prejudices, and to become their pride and boast. For long weary years after this, she toiled and suffered at her life-work, meeting opposition and difficulties with an unflinching front, till she laid down life's burden on the night of October 4th, 1582.

Many and various are the stories told of the Saint at this time, of her appearance to some of her nuns in surpassing glory and splendour at the moment of her death, of the great and brilliant throng that awaited and bore away her departing spirit, of the old withered almond tree at the cell window which there and then burst into bloom, of the strange and indefinable fragrance which exuded from her body.

In our superiority, we call these superstitious legends; but as Sir Oliver Lodge has said of the supernatural happenings at the death of Jesus,—the three hours' darkness, the earthquake, the rending of the Temple veil, the opening of the graves: "We know too little to be able to dogmatise on such things. . . . I do not feel constrained to abandon the traditional idea that the coming or the going of a great personality may be heralded and accompanied by strange occurrences in the region of physical force."

Other gifts have been claimed for the Saint, such as prophecy, raising a child from the dead, healing the sick, seeing distant events; yet it is not these, but her daily, nay hourly, breathing the air of spiritual altitudes which proves her right to be called a mystic. Her descriptions of her mystic experiences in the book which she calls her *Life* have been acknowledged to be unsurpassed. She carefully analysed, set down, and classified them with that scientific precision and painstaking detail which makes the work of great value to students of mysticism. She distinguishes between intellectual and imaginary visions, taxing language to its utmost to explain the former, how she felt the presence, and yet saw no form, either with the eyes of body or soul, and this (the intellectual vision) she avers, is the highest type of vision. What she calls the imaginary vision is that seen by the eyes of the soul, and the lowest of all is that seen with the bodily eye, a variety of which she seemed to have had no personal knowledge. There were some came to her which she traced to an evil source, imitations, so far as might be, of the real, but falling very far short, so far indeed that the soul rejected them of itself. When, as often happened, the vision of the Christ came to her, any material thought, such as an endeavour to note the colour of His eyes, was sufficient to cause the vision

to vanish. At times, so strongly did the sight affect her, she fell into the trance condition.

Trance and ecstasy are interchangeable terms as used by her; and she experienced the condition frequently. She tells us that it is as if the soul were wafted away from the body, which it leaves cold and rigid, and rose as a cloud or a strong eagle. At first there was fear mingled with delight, until the soul learned to abandon itself to the unseen power with unfaltering faith. Resistance to such a condition was possible, but very exhausting. There was an experience, however, namely, rapture, to which resistance was unavailing, as it came so suddenly, like a sharp pain. It might only be momentary; it might last for hours, during which time the bodily eyes were closed, or if open, saw nothing. On returning to ordinary life, Santa Teresa speaks of a distinct feeling of added strength, of increased bodily health, which continued for some hours or even for a whole day after the experience. The effect of trance and rapture alike was to banish the fear of death, and to fill the soul with a longing for its true home, to intensify the realisation that all earthly surroundings were illusory and merely dreams. Indeed, she attributed to trance and rapture all the good her character had gained, saying that, before she had experienced them, she seemed to herself "a mass of perdition."

It was mostly during meditation that she received messages from her Master; "divine locutions" she calls them. Sometimes they were words of comfort, as: "Be not afraid, My daughter; it is I, and I will not abandon thee; fear not." Or again: "What art afraid of? Knowest thou not that I am almighty? I will do what I have promised thee." Or: "Thou art Mine, and I am thine." Sometimes it was reproof; as: "O children of men, how long will ye remain hard of heart?" Or it might be quite a long message of guidance. But the result was ever the same, a feeling of increased strength in soul and body, after vision, trance, rapture, or locution.

But to the Greeks all this is foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block. What is this mysticism, they say, of which so much is said? Well, there are some words in our language which we persistently misunderstand, and of these "mysticism,"

seems one. Whether by its resemblance to m-i-s-t or not, the usual conception of a mystic is of someone very dreamy and unpractical, whose example is rather to be eschewed than followed. Yet a very slight examination of facts shows how far from true this is. For mystics, of all people, have shown themselves most effective in action. They are doing, as Dr. Robertson Nicoll puts it, the one thing worth doing, getting back whence they came. Yes! eminently practical from a merely worldly point of view many mystics have shown themselves to be; witness Plotinus, who was chosen as guardian of children and trustee for several estates; St. Bernard, who was noted for his gifts as an organiser; our heroine, who achieved success as a founder of convents and as an administrator; and Fénelon, who was famous for the ability with which he ruled his diocese.

The dictionary defines a mystic as one who has communion with God; and since we are, as it were, enveloped in an atmosphere of God, the mystic is simply the one who has grown thoroughly alive to the fact, and indraws large draughts of the Divine atmosphere, the source of all energy.

But many who admire the mystics, and who appreciate the large intellectual outlook of a Swedenborg or the depth of thought of a Boehme, can see naught but narrow bigotry in Santa Teresa. She never attained, say they, and rightly, to the knowledge of the essential oneness of all religions. She was unceasing in her condemnation of heretics, whom she surely would have recognised as fellow truth-seekers had she really attained to any great mystic altitude. She has been compared to a patriot who fights only for his own, seeing no good outside his small country.

To such a charge it may be answered that there are many kinds of mystics, if regard be had not to their experiences but to the effects upon their life and conduct. To some the ecstatic state gives illumination; to others it affords strength and deepening of devotion; and according as is the bent of the natural man,—whether due to heredity, environment, education or nationality,—so is the fruit of his mystic experiences. Swedenborg and Boehme were thinkers; and their mysticism was therefore intellectual and philosophical in its character. Teresa was a worker and a devotee, and her mysticism enabled her to under-

take and accomplish tasks that, but for the hidden strength it gave, must have proved too heavy for her. Her mind was not attuned to originality and freedom of thought; and as her experiences did not occur until comparatively late in life, her brain was "set," so to speak, and would have been unable to respond to illuminations of a more purely intellectual kind. And even if it had,—if she had received and been impelled to give forth to the Romish Church in Spain teaching of a kind wholly foreign to its genius and totally unfitted to its needs,—can it be doubted for a moment that the end would have been the stake, and that Those who were behind the movement for the purification of the papacy from within would have had to seek another instrument? Teresa's right to high place in the roll-call of the great mystics is utterly misunderstood by those who talk of her bigotry and narrowness of creed, and who draw invidious comparisons between her and the intellectuals. Hers will always be a life to be studied by the student of mysticism because of the indubitable marks of reality which it bears, and because of the skill and *naïveté* with which she recounts them.

There is great similarity in mystic experience. Indeed, the main characteristics of Santa Teresa's are not so uncommon as she herself believed them to be. In our own day, Amiel has called them "instants of irresistible intuition," which conveys in brief what Teresa asserted concerning the uselessness of resistance to the raptured condition. *Àpropos* of the unexpectedness of vision, trance or rapture, coming as they did with startling suddenness during what our Saint called the "prayer of quiet," or even at the embroidery of an altar cloth or the dusting of a chapel, Dr. Bucke details a most interesting experience of his own:

"I had spent the evening in a great city, with two friends, reading and discussing poetry and philosophy. We parted at midnight. I had a long drive in a hansom to my lodging. My mind, deeply under the influence of the ideas, images, and emotions called up by the reading and talk, was calm and peaceful. I was in a state of quiet, almost passive enjoyment, not actually thinking, but letting ideas, images and emotions flow of themselves, as it were, through my mind. All at once, without

warning of any kind, I found myself wrapped in a flame-coloured cloud. For an instant I thought of fire, an immense conflagration somewhere close by in that great city; the next, I knew that the fire was within myself. Directly afterward, there came upon me a sense of exaltation, of immense joyousness accompanied, or immediately followed, by an intellectual illumination impossible to describe. Among other things, I did not merely come to believe, but I saw that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life. . . . The vision lasted a few seconds and was gone; but the memory of it, and the sense of the reality of what it taught, have remained during the quarter of a century which has since elapsed."

So the experiences of the 16th century Spanish nun in her convent at Avila find a parallel in those of the scientist of four hundred years later.

Dr. Bucke gives mysticism the name of "cosmic consciousness" and says that it is not "simply an expansion or extension of the self-conscious mind with which we are all familiar, but the superaddition of a function as distinct from any possessed by the average man as self-consciousness is distinct from any function possessed by one of the higher animals." But Santa Teresa did not belong to any school of psychology, and the term "cosmic consciousness" would have been Greek to her. It was sufficient for her to maintain the attitude of the suppliant and to use any critical faculty she possessed in describing her daily devotions, with their results.

At a further stage than the "prayer of quiet" came what she named the "prayer of union"; and another modern mystic, Malwida von Meysenburg, seems to be describing it when he says:

"I felt that I prayed as I had never prayed before, and knew now what prayer really is: to return from the solitude of individuation into the consciousness of unity with all that is, to kneel down as one that passes away, and to rise up as one imperishable. Earth, heaven and sea resounded as in one vast world-encircling harmony. It was as if the chorus of all the great who had ever lived were about me. I felt myself one with them, and it

appeared as if I heard their greeting: 'Thou, too, belongest to the company of those who overcome.'"

The highest point reached by the Saint was the "prayer of rapture" or ecstasy; and to return to Amiel, we must conclude that he had attained to this stage when he wrote:

"Moments divine, ecstatic hours; in which our thought flies from world to world, pierces the great enigma, breathes with a respiration broad, tranquil, and deep as the respiration of the ocean, serene and limitless as the blue firmament; . . . . instants of irresistible intuition in which one feels oneself great as the universe, and calm as a God. What hours, what memories! The vestiges they leave behind are enough to fill us with belief and enthusiasm, as if they were visits of the Holy Ghost."

But in all creeds we have devotees who tread the path with open eyes, and to whom the results are but the effects proceeding from exercises long and patiently followed. We are familiar with the yoga-practice of India, which formulates rules for every plane, for eating and breathing on the physical, for the cultivation of concentration on the mental. It is said by the Vedântists that a man may set himself on the path by climbing over the wall into it; but without the previous discipline the results are impure.

As the Hindus have their Yogîs, so the Mohammedans have their Sûfîs, but of these latter less is known, for they are a secret society. What is most important to note, however, is that in all mystical literature, Catholic, Mohammedan and Hindu alike, there is the passion for oneness with the Divine, with the immediate result of stimulation of all faculties, a brightening of outlook, an utter change of perspective. Things of great import to the man of the world dwindle and disappear, when, as we read in *The Voice of the Silence*, the devotee "has ceased to hear the many, and so discerns the One—the inner sound which kills the outer."

MARY CUTHBERTSON.

NATURE loves to hide herself and escapes detection by her incredibility.

HERACLITUS.

PARALLELS BETWEEN THEOSOPHY AND NORSE (TEUTONIC) MYTHOLOGY

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 77)

The Seven Schemes of Evolution on our Earth

Before going on to other subjects we may stop to consider Mrs. Besant's description of the seven Hierarchies connected with earth, as these seem to have a parallel in Norse Mythology.

First—The Powers connected with the Âtmic Plane.

Second—The Powers connected with the Buddhic Plane.

Third—The Powers connected with the Mental (Arûpa) Plane, "The Cosmic Manas."

Fourth—The Creative Orders of the Rûpa Planes, among which we rank the first.

Fifth—The Hierarchy of Makara. "In this the dual spiritual and the dual physical aspects of nature appear, the positive and the negative, at war with each other. They are the turbulent, the 'rebels' of many a mythos. . . . A great host of the Beings in this Hierarchy have come from a past Universe, and spring forth, full grown, as it were, from the Planetary Logos. These are Beings of great spiritual power and spiritual knowledge but hide deep within themselves the germ, the essence, of Ahaṁkâra, of that I-making faculty which is necessary for man's evolution."

Sixth—The Pitṛis of the Devas. They give to man all but the Âtmâ and the physical body, and are thus called the Givers of the five middle principles. This Hierarchy includes the highest Nature-spirits, the Elementals of the middle kingdom.

Seventh—"The lower Nature-spirits. These have to do with the physical evolution of man, as the others with the intellectual."

For kingdoms 5, 6, 7, read giants, gods, dwarfs, and then

study the hundred stories of these three races given in Norse myths, and much that was perfectly baffling becomes simple.

The three higher kingdoms the legends pass over in silence, reminding us of the verse in the *Light of Asia*:

> Om Amitaya! Measure not with words
> The Immeasurable. Nor sink a string of thought
> Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err.
> Who answers errs. Say nought!

The fourth—the human kingdom—will best be treated under the heading of the Creation of Man. The fifth, sixth and seventh we will just touch upon here.

Fifth Kingdom.—Giants.

One section of the Giant-kingdom we have already noticed, namely, Ymer and his brood, those giants who stand as symbols for matter in its various forms, including such concrete things as mountain ranges and icebergs.

Another common type of giant is that which is a personification of material phenomena of a low order; there are many fog-fiends, frost-kings, and so on, in Norse myths.

Above them again come giants who symbolise some higher destructive manifestation. Eclipses are said to be brought about by wolves who follow sun and moon through the sky and occasionally overtake and swallow their prey. Loki takes a giantess to wife and from their union is born a truly deadly trinity; the Midgard serpent, Hel goddess of death and Fenrir the wolf who will work such ravages at the time of the world's end. The wolf-form is a very common one for the giant-brood, probably to emphasise their destructive qualities.

Rebellion and destruction are the two chief characteristics of the giant-race, and to these two we might add a knowledge of magic, hardly of the better sort. The giants are for ever bringing trouble and sorrow to gods and men, and Thor is their eternally active enemy; his hammer (the swastika) the one thing they seem to fear. They are indeed the "rebels of many a mythos," and Grimm notices the parallel between them and the heaven-scaling Titans with Jove the Thunder-god as their opposer.

With regard to the higher members of this hierarchy, those "Great Hosts of Beings who spring, as it were, full-grown from the Body of the Planetary Logos," it is dangerous for an amateur

to try to name them, but there seems to be at least one such pre-cosmic Creature, a dweller in the Norse underworld, in the person of Mimer, Guardian of the well of sublunary knowledge and Master of magic runes, to whom Odin had to descend for teaching.

Sixth Kingdom.—Gods.

We have already outlined the story of the gods and have seen that though primeval giant and primeval god arose together in the dark icefield, yet the race springing from Bor seems a younger creation than the hierarchy of Makara. Grimm notices this, and accounts for it by supposing the giants to have been the nature-gods of an older race, perhaps those of the Finns, whom the Teutons dispossessed in Scandinavia.

We have noticed also that the gods stand always as types of the *intellectual* side of the cosmos; this is mentioned by commentators again and again, and yet besides this we find that the gods were essentially nature-spirits! Odin is ruler of the wind, Thor is god of thunder, Baldur god of summer, and so on and so on. They are the "elementals of the middle kingdom," quoted before.

(They are also the Givers of the middle principles. See Creation of Man.)

Seventh Kingdom.—Dwarfs and Elves.

The inhabitants of this kingdom have to do, we are told, with "the *physical* evolution of man" (and presumably also of the world, man being specially mentioned in this sentence because the book is on the Pedigree of Man), as opposed to the devas, who have to do with the intellectual evolution. This point is clearly brought out in the attributes of the dwarfs in Norse Mythology.

Thorpe says: "They were created from the Earth, or Ymer's body. The name of their chief, Modsognir, signifies the Strength- or Sap-sucker; the second, Durin, the Slumberer, from 'dur,' slumber. From Lofar the Graceful, Comely (?), descend those of the race of Dvalin. It was this family that wandered from their rocky halls, where they lay in a torpid state, over the clay fields, to Jora's plains. [In Theosophical parlance, they passed from the tâmasic to the râjasic condition.] If the word Jora be here taken in its usual acceptation of Conflict, then by Joruvellir will be meant 'Fields of Contest,' but at all events

the context shows that the development of nature is here intended from the lifeless stone, through the fertile earth to the plant and tree, so that these Beings seem to have presided over the transition from inorganic to organic Nature."

It would seem impossible to have a more clear or more terse definition of the work of the seventh kingdom than is contained in this closing sentence.

The Vanir, elves, and dwarfs, who form the inhabitants of this realm, fall more or less into four great classes; the dwellers of the ether, the air and sea, the inland waters, and the earth. The Vanir and light-elves (dwellers in the ether and the air) come just below the gods; like the giants they were once at war with their superiors, for the natural forces always resent the beginning of the discipline of intellect. Wiser than the giants (since these remained in a state of intermittent rebellion) the Vanir allied themselves with the sons of Odin, and thereafter worked with them for the well-being of the world. They are ruled by Frey, one of the gods, lord of fertility, and by connection with the Vanir and the light-elves, more particularly giver of the quickening and fertilising power of the air. (Could he be called Lord of Jîva?) These two classes are uncreate, and seemingly of celestial type, for they are spoken of as inhabiting a region called Vidblain situated in the heaven to which the righteous dead of the human kingdom shall go when the present earth shall have passed away.

After this come the dwellers in the water,—the elves of the rivers and marshland; and then the earth-spirits, the elves who dwell in or upon the hills, and who are practically the same as the dwarfs. These last are supposed to have arisen automatically "as maggots breed in a dead carcass," in the body of Ymer. They are of material descent. The gods looked down from their high seats one morning and saw their swarming numbers, and gave them intelligence and human shape. There is a detailed description of these beings on page 78 of the *Astral Plane*. "They can change their appearance, but are normally human in form and diminutive in size." And the writer gives the four mediæval names for these dwellers in ether, air, water, and earth; namely, salamanders, sylphs, undines, and gnomes.

This slight sketch will be sufficient to indicate the parallel between the Norse and the Theosophical hierarchies of the fifth, sixth and seventh kingdoms, and we now turn to the study of one class of kingdom 4, the human kingdom.

The Creation of Man

"Odin made men out of an ash tree." So runs the Norse legend bluntly told. Certainly the story of the Creation of Man begins when life has only reached the vegetable level, and two trees, the Ash and the Elm (?), are spoken of as the material out of which the primeval pair was formed; but it is difficult to know quite what is meant by this. The tale might be read in two ways. First: the world being now in the tree-era (Carboniferous epoch) the gods came with power to those filamentoid human things that, we are told, drifted about those primeval forests, and successively lifted them through the animal and subsequent stages in the millennia that followed.

Or it might read: the world having reached the Carboniferous (tree) era, the gods now proceeded to bring about the era of the animals, then the era of intellectual man, and so on. It will be best to give the tale from the Edda as it stands, and leave the reader to judge for himself.

. . . The gods
Found on the land
With little power
Ask and Embla
Without destiny.
Spirit they had not,
Odr they had not,
Neither La nor Loeti
Nor the form of the gods.
Spirit gave Odin,
Odr gave Honir,
La gave Loder
And the form of the gods.

As Rydberg's book is in the Theosophical library for those to study who wish, it will suffice to outline this section. Rydberg says (page 494 *et seq.*):

"Mythologists have simply assumed that the popular view of the Christian Church in regard to terrestrial man, conceiving

him to consist of two factors, the perishable body, and the imperishable soul, was the necessary condition for every belief in a life hereafter, and that the heathen Teutons accordingly cherished this idea. But this duality did not enter into the belief of our heathen forefathers."

Another remark of Rydberg's to be noticed before we start the analysis of man is the following: "The Teutons believed all things to be material. . . . The imperishable factors of man were, like the perishable, *material;* and a force could not be conceived of which was not bound to matter"; and he ends by saying that their belief thus approaches the Aryan-asiatic as now preserved in Buddhism.

Ask and Embla (the original human male and female, as yet only in the plant stage) have so far only two possessions, the earth body and the vegetative force. To this are now added La and Loeti. With these their life is brought forward to the animal stage, for La and Loeti are "blood and the power of motion," and are further described as "the force which produces the family type and the family tie."

Litr Goda, the next gift, brings the evolving life into the human stage. (We are not told what time elapsed between each age.) But it was so far only a mortal humanity, only that described in *Ecclesiastes:* "For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; . . . as the one dieth, so dieth the other; . . . so that man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts, for all is vanity." And again this gift was not the gift of the tangible, visible, human body; the possession was only an inner body in the form till then taken by the gods; it was the intangible model on which in the next stage the tangible human form was to be built. The chief function of this body during life was to *express emotion.* Each passing wave of fear or desire made its mark on this inner vehicle, and when man was complete the wave of feeling from Litr passed through La and Loeti and became finally visible in the earth-shell.

Then Honir gave Odr, which Rydberg says is best translated by the Greek *nous* or the Latin *mens*, mind, and so man became true man, the thinker. This vehicle is spoken of elsewhere as the "pivot of man's being." "It is the personal kernel" and

stands between two sets of forces, the terrestrial and the divine. It is the one in which the responsible will resides. Man is now an individual and yet his being is not complete.

The last gift is Ond, spirit, the gift of Odin, All-father; and then man, complete man (though yet in his infancy), begins the race of life. We may summarise these gifts as follows: 1. Vitality (emotion), astral. 2. Individuality (mental), mânasic. 3. Spirituality (divine), buddhic, etc.

Table of Man's Vehicles

Physical Constituents	Norse Names	Theosophical Names
Mineral or earth body		
Vegetative force and form	La and Loeti	Prâṇa (?)
Animal force and form		
Emotional man	Litr	Astral body
Intellectual man	Odr	Mental body
Divine man	Ond	Spiritual body

(In connection with this we must remember that these bodies, even to the highest of them, were *material*. The force of each plane was enshrined in an appropriate form on each plane.)

This essay has almost exceeded in length the limits of a popular sketch. People to whom mythology is an outside interest will have begun to weary, and students will be better employed in working out any ideas suggested, with the help of the original text-books. Grimm, Thorpe, Rydberg, and any good translation of the two Eddas and the Sagas are the volumes that would be required. The remaining topics the writer will endeavour to summarise in a few lines.

One cannot pass over the Manu, under whose auspices the Emigration took place, and in whose reign the Golden (Saturnian) Age began, but the Manus would perhaps be best studied as a separate topic.

The Norse trinities also are worthy of deep attention as a special subject. The gods who were the creators of man seem to have been the chief trinity. Three versions of the Odinic trinity are given below, with the probable Eastern equivalents.

Odin—Spirit	Odin—Air	Odin—Creation	Brahmâ
Ville—Mind	Hoenir—Water	Baldur—Preservation	Viṣhṇu
Ve—Emotion	Lokur—Fire	Lokur—Destruction	Shiva

An amateur can only make very clumsy guesses at the symbolic meaning of any of these gods or groups of gods, for their images come down to us much defaced by the passing of centuries. Their nature-side is more obvious, and one has to work back from that. Odin, god of wind, suggests the "Great Breath." Thor, the thunderer, who was worshipped as the beneficent breaker-up of droughts, hints at much, connected as he is with the swastika-hammer. Is he perhaps Fohat? Lokur is the equivalent of the mysterious Lucifer—on the physical side, fire that fell from heaven to be imprisoned in the earth, volcanic phenomena. In his capacity as Lord of Guile he seems connected with the astral plane. There is "no deceit like sense," we are told, and he reminds us often of that Lord of the Passion-world, Goethe's Mephisto. Hoenir is spoken of by Thorpe as "king of matter," and yet we see him as the Giver of Mind to man. He thus comes out fairly clearly as the dual Second Person.

The world-tree Ygg-drasil is another mysterious symbol. This "Seat of Odin," the Edda tells us, "suffers more than men know." It seems to be the cosmic Tree of Life; its roots spread over the primeval places, its branches tower to heaven. In its depths lives a serpent gnawing at the trunk, in its heights dwells an eagle facing the sun, and between these two runs a mischief-maker causing ceaseless enmity. Odin dwells somewhere in its green heart, since it is called "Odin's Seat"; and the Tree "suffers more than men know."

On this (or such another Tree) according to another tale, the All-father hung for nine long days suffering. In this legend it was called the "gallows tree," the Tree of Sacrifice (the Cross?).

At every turn we thus stumble up against fragments of familiar teaching, but it needs some master-hand to clear these fragments from the dust of ages and to put them together into a coherent whole.

MABEL CHARLES.

IF ye expect not the unexpected ye shall not find truth.—HERACLITUS.

HEIRS OF THE AGES

THE Sayings of the Lord are the fundamental deposit of Christian scripture, and are naturally believed by the faithful to be each one of them in every particular the authentic Words of Jesus himself. As such they have for ages been held by Christians of every Church to body forth the inerrant inspiration of God Himself through the one and only spotless channel of purity the world has known, and therefore are they esteemed the highest wisdom bequeathed to mankind, entirely beyond the reach of question or objection of any kind.

But of late years these Logoi have been submitted to a higher judgment than that of unreflecting Faith; they have been referred to the tribunal of a Gnosis that dares most straitly to question every tradition, even the most sacrosanct. The heredity of these Sayings has been most searchingly enquired into both subjectively and objectively. On the one hand they have been tested by the intuition of the soul that grows clear by the right use of reason and by the innate love of justice that rules in the depths of the human heart, where dwells the Divine in man; on the other they have been submitted to the researches of the busy intellect that spares no pains in examining every scrap of objective evidence and analysing every word of traditional record.

And beyond all others Theosophists should occupy themselves in such enquiries, believing as they do that every tradition of the Wisdom should be purged from the accretions of ignorance and misunderstanding, which must inevitably occur in every such human tradition, and so dim the brilliancy of the pure Gnosis of the Master whose Presence breathed the breath of life into the childhood of the Faith that clings to His Name.

To some of us, then, who have specially occupied ourselves with the history of the origins of Christian belief, and have acquainted ourselves with the contemporary religious and theo-

sophic literature of the time, it has become a matter of no uncertainty that a number of the Sayings of the Lord recorded in the canonical gospels are not to be regarded as authentic Sayings of Jesus himself. They cannot reasonably be ascribed to the historic Jesus as their originator, but are rather to be attributed to collections of anonymous Sayings of the Lord in circulation among the adherents of the many religious and contemplative communities of the time. These were so called because they were held to breathe the Spirit of Wisdom which had inspired their utterance through the mouth of many a seer and prophet whose name has been forgotten or perhaps never recorded, seeing that the Saying was not regarded as the word of the man, but as the logos of the Spirit of Wisdom speaking through the mouth of the mortal by means of the tongue of the flesh.

Now if such be the historic *provenance* of many of these Sayings of the Lord which are handed on in the Gospels as the authentic words of Jesus, it stands to reason that the only criterion of their spiritual authenticity is the simple test as to whether the Sayings in themselves are wise. It matters little by whom they were spoken, seeing that this is entirely beyond the present science of man to decide in face of the unhistoric nature of the record; the sole test of their authenticity as Words of Wisdom is their own self-witness to their Divine origin.

There must have been many collections of such Sayings in those early days adapted to the needs of the many communities that stood at different levels of spiritual consciousness, and whose ideals were transparently pure or tinged with the turbid stream of personal interest; and indeed we have a number of instances of such collections in Hellenistic literature both prior to and contemporary with the origins of Christianity.

What was the first collection of Sayings adapted for Christian purposes we have as yet no means of determining; but it is very evident that it could not have been the collection used by the third evangelist, for that is already glossed with certain crudities that could not have stood in any collection used by those who were in immediate contact with the Master.

The antithesis between poor and rich, in the ordinary meaning of the words, which so strongly characterises the

"Logia" that "Luke" had before him, distinctly indicates a popular socialistic movement—outside the mystic and gnostic circles of the Wisdom-lovers—that may have been originally based on some misunderstood Sayings of Jesus, but which had lost the true spiritual significance of the direct Teaching of the Master. For it is hardly credible that a Master of Wisdom could have uttered without any reservation the words: "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven," or that he should have been so one-sided in his sympathies and appalled by physical inequalities as to have declared: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

A Master of Wisdom must have known the mystery of poverty and riches, must have known why souls are incarnated into such conditions, must have been one with the great economy of all things, and have had words of comfort for the seemingly rich, as well as for the seemingly poor, and certainly have refrained from setting class against class.

On the other hand, it is quite credible that in communities who gave up all their earthly possessions and made themselves voluntarily poor, and so doing rejoiced in the names of The Poor and The Naked, as we know some of them did, such a Saying as "Blessed are the Poor, for theirs is the Kingship of the Heavens," might very well be circulated as a Saying of the Lord, as a Benediction of the Wisdom that constrained them to abandon all earthly things, and so strive to the goal of their high calling, the Royal Life of self-conquest.

When, however, the Great Propaganda began, when by the Authority of the Great Good Spirit, the Shepherd of Men, of Love Divine, some of the treasures of the Gnosis were thrown open to the Many, it is easy to see that no few of the ignorant would eagerly seize on such Sayings as referred to the Poor, and adapt them crudely to the hopes and fears of themselves—the poor, the slaves, the down-trodden, the ineffectual—without the slightest idea that their original utterance was involved in profound moral and spiritual meaning.

It is true that from the limited point of view of our present ignorance, a life of forced physical poverty, with the attendant

horrors that we know so often surround the miserable existence of the poor, may—to the compassionate heart that sees only the misery and knows not of the reason or purpose of this passion—seem deserving, and most fully deserving, of commensurate compensation in a future state of existence; indeed by those who regard nothing but the present life of the individual, it may be thought most comforting good news, an earnest of Divine beneficence, that the poor as poor simply should inherit great blessings in the after-state. But man is a moral being and not an animal solely; and therefore whatever "summer-land" there may be for physical suffering (and let us hope there is a fair paradise to keep the balance equal) it is apart from the question of the attainment of Kingship.

So then for the Theosophist the difficulties of such Sayings, in their received tradition, are not resolved by any compassionate hope that joy must needs follow physical suffering and the riches of possessions in some "heaven-world" to compensate for poverty in this world's goods; he can never forget that a Saying to be authentic must be a pronouncement of Wisdom, and Wisdom knows. "That Mystery knoweth why there is poverty and why riches," as one of the Gnostic scriptures finely phrases it. Wisdom knows all that has happened to the soul in the past, and why it finds itself now in conditions of poverty and now in those of riches; and Wisdom knows further that the "Kingdom of Heaven" is not the reward of physical poverty but of strenuous self-conquest and moral perfectioning; just as it knows that the "Kingdom of Heaven" is no more "within" us than without us; but that it is when the Within shall have become the Without and the Without the Within, the Right as the Left, and the Left as the Right, when Heaven and Earth shall kiss each other, and the Earth be exalted to Heaven, and the Heaven descend to the Earth in the Final Kiss of Gnostic Union.

For, however we may doubt the authenticity of any particular Saying handed on in the name of Jesus, of this we are sure, that there was a widespread preaching, a Gospel, a Heralding of Glad Tidings, that promised the Kingship of the Heavens as the reward of treading in the Paths of the Good Commandments. Not only in the selected canonical writings, but in a

mass of contemporary literature that has been excluded from the canon, there is repeated mention of this Divine Kingship, of which the Righteous are the heirs. The "Inheritance of the Kingdom" is the reward held out before the eyes of the faithful.

It is evident, however, on all hands that this phrase, the "Kingdom of the Heavens," was in time grossly misunderstood even by general Christians, many of whom regarded it as an ideal state of a semi-material nature into which the rejected of the world, who stood not the slightest chance of attaining to any kingdom on earth, should enter on their decease. That such an expectation was a potent incentive to the poor in this world's goods, and that it was marvellously effective in turning the thoughts of the many towards some shadow of spiritual things, and fixing their attention on an ideal that rose superior to their present physical conditions, no one will deny; but that this was the immediate preaching of the Christ as a Master of Wisdom to his knowing disciples, not a few of us may venture to doubt.

The preaching of a future state of joy and peace and royal glory for them who believed was a powerful means of bringing comfort to the unthinking, but among those who set before themselves the ideal of Wisdom and Gnosis it could represent no real solution of the Great Mystery that faced them round on every side. To such Wisdom-lovers the Sayings that appealed most were those of the Gnosis, summed up in the sublime injunction: "Know thou thyself, and thou shalt be King."

Know, then, thyself, and thou shalt by that same self-knowledge regain the memory of thy Divine estate. Thou shalt be King, a royal soul, fellow-king in the heights and depths of knowing, together with thy brethren the conscious Sons of God.

Here then at last through successive strata of misunderstanding we are getting towards the heart of the Teaching and Instruction. It is a question of knowing and understanding, of consciousness and being. It is not a kingdom to inherit in any sense of things material or semi-material, though all such things may be added, not a region there in some heaven-world, as set over against a kingdom or stretch of territory here on earth; it is a question of power and rulership, of knowledge and ability, of power and freedom in all regions, on all planes, whether the

term be thought to connote spatial extent of ascending degrees of subtlety of existence, or states of ever intenser being,—of power and ability, freedom and realisation in all natures and conditions, states and existences.

Indeed it has ever been promised to them who have attained the first stage of awareness, and so consciously set their feet on the path of self-conquest and self-gnosis, that they shall be heirs of the stored treasures of the ages. "Ye shall be Kings with Me in My Kingdom," says the Triumphant One to those setting forth on the Quest. This true Kingship is Masterhood, and to such a King the whole of the Royal Treasury is opened —even the things kept hidden from the foundation of the world, the sacred mysteries of the Divine City, that City of the Golden Gates; for entrance into it is by the Ways of the Sun, and the Gates thereof are the mysteries we see in highest heaven as flaming stars.

Heirs of the ages! Such is the sublime destiny of true manhood; for every son of man that attains thereto realises himself as conscious Son of God and as such is sole inheritor of all things.

But why should we who dare to believe such things, we who boast ourselves true lovers of Wisdom and strenuous strivers after Gnosis, why should we put off the beginning of the realisation of this Great Expectation for other lives, thinking these things too high for us? Why should we for ever be *looking forward* to That-which-is, as though it were a thing of futurity instead of the one ever-present eternal reality? Such despair makes us for ever the slaves of the moment and faint-hearted renunciators of the heritage of the eternities.

The Kingship, the Masterhood, of which the Good News has been preached, is to be thought of neither as lordship over past ages, nor as succession to the garnered possessions of those that have been, nor yet as some future attainment of greatnesses that are not as yet, but as the actual *self-realisation of being* whereby man *knowingly is* the deathless and eternal Æon of æons,—not of æons only in the sense of long periods of time, of ages, nor of æons as spatial immensities, but of æons as everlasting realities that neither the total of all times, nor the sum of

all spaces, can truly manifest as they really are. Behold the dazzling truth before us, the incredible Gospel: *We are* now and always this supreme Æon of æons, this Mystery of all mysteries, and only *happen* not to know it.

Heir of the ages, heir of the æons! What more overwhelming promise could be made to man in his passion? A true Evangel this, the best of Good News, a proclamation from the Divine that is and knows to the Divine that is and does not know. But this, the sublimest of all instructions, the most transcendent of all ideals, must inevitably seem so inaccessible to the many, that they will not hesitate to accuse the handers on of the teaching of blasphemy against their God and calumny against the unique transcendency of their Lord. They have never yet heard from their priests and bishops of the Man-doctrine, the chief of the Mystery-traditions, the true Christ-lore.

But we who have had the good fortune to hear the doctrine and who have not lost courage and been dismayed, but have gladly gone forward to learn more,—we should see to it that we do not delay, longing to pluck the many fair flowers of dazzling possibilities that border the paths of the New Dawn of the Sun of the Gnosis.

To one who begins to set his feet in the paths of this Gnosis new ways open up on every side, new possibilities, new states, new natures; he hears on all sides of the wonders of inner nature revealed in vision, he becomes, perchance, a seer himself, new promptings come to birth within him, new feelings arise, new thoughts surge upward; he thus begins to add the sensible to the sensible, to extend the world indefinitely on every side within as well as without,—thinking perchance at the beginning that if he only add long enough he will attain the Æon. But the Æon is not so reached, initiation into the Mystery is not so attained; the Idea of ideas is not the sum total of appearances, but the One and Only Reality of all things—the That which makes them what they are and also the That which makes them not to be what they appear.

But let us look at the matter from a somewhat more definite point of view. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to experience the new power of comprehension which

flows from that most illuminating idea which we so inadequately call reincarnation, should be on our guard against taking a too limited and physical view of the doctrine.

To how many of us has not the thought of the possibility of the recovery of the memory of scenes from past existences been one of the most alluring and fascinating of day-dreams? Heirs of the ages; yes, heirs to all and every scene and happening that has been in any age! A wonderful possibility, an apparently entirely satisfactory accomplishment. But in time, with some of us at any rate, the fascination of this thought passes off, for we begin to learn that the re-seeing of pictures of the past does not really add to a knowledge of ourselves, for seeing is not understanding. And so we gradually replace the longing for the gratification of our curiosity as to our old clothes and past homes by the desire to wield rightly the powers and qualities, the abilities and talents, we have exercised so imperfectly in the past. We gradually learn to recognise that the ability to recover the memory of the scenes of our past imperfections and failures is by no means an unmixed blessing; that on the contrary it is more likely, if we have realised our moral responsibility, to take the heart out of us than to give us courage. And so we recognise that the law of nature whereby we forget is most beneficent, and that it is rash indeed to overstep its boundaries unprepared; that it is only when we have truly learned the lesson of life and won the victory we can venture to face the past in all its immediacy with safety.

For without understanding, the re-living of our old experiences is very dangerous, seeing that it tends to set up once more in us the passions we could not then withstand. For who among us is strong enough to face our past selves of earthly existence in nakedness, in utter truth, or even the selves of our present existence?

Are we not even now constantly excusing ourselves to ourselves, turning away from the truth of our many imperfections, glossing our faults and apologising for our errors? But on the Day "Come unto Us" we go naked to the Naked Truth; then have we to face the bare pure truth not only of one life, but of all the lives we have ever lived—not as spectators apart looking at

pictures that seem to have little to do with us, but as actually all that we ever may have been. And if the Mystery is not then with us, if the Great Initiator does not wrap us round in the fullness of His Holy Presence, how shall we stand in that Day?

Therefore it is no cause of regret if we cannot thoughtlessly attempt to anticipate the time of our accomplishment in this fashion, if we are unable mistakenly to try to become "heirs of the ages" in the purely literal sense of recovering pictures of the succession of past events; rather should all our efforts be centred upon recovering the experience that these past events have inworked into ourselves. And if we cannot at the beginning get at the depths of this experience at first hand for ourselves, then let us seek to revive it by the most careful study of the garnered wisdom of the greater souls that have gone before us.

And in this we Theosophists are blessed beyond other men, in so far as we have dared to claim in regard to this wisdom the privileges of world citizens; we are men, and we dare to think that the recorded experience of mankind may be ours without let or hindrance if we dare to stretch out our hands to take it. For who is there nowadays to say us nay? Who can frighten us if we are men, and not timorous counterfeits of manhood, the slaves of some special book-superstition?

Are not then the scriptures of the world, in which if anywhere the highest wisdom recorded by man is enshrined, ours to read and ponder over? Are we not now at this very moment, if we choose to be so, heirs of the ages in this respect? Here, without waiting further, we have an earnest of our Divine inheritance.

Why, then, delay? Why wait for the bewildering gifts of psychism before we dare to think we have entered upon the inheritance? The most precious gift that man has bequeathed to man is the record of the nature of his deepest experience; and this is to be found in the scriptures of the world alone, in which are treasured the Words of the Wise, formulæ, so to speak, for the summation of the infinite series of happenings that perpetually attend the existences of mortals. In the inspired Sayings of the Sages are the closest approximations of human language to the æonic mysteries of man's nature. In such truly

inspired Sayings we find the nature of the eternities involved in temporal words, ordered by an intelligence greater than that of formal reason; for scripture is not scripture unless it be of the Gods who write with human pens. Such Gods are Æons, and so the writing of true scripture is in conscious harmony with the plan of Great Nature that is being perpetually written out unknowingly through all men.

If then we think of the treasures of instruction that are ours for the asking, we are almost overwhelmed. For see how inestimably precious the different nations and the faithful of the various world-religions regard their several special bibles; and then think of it, that we Theosophists, if we choose only to read them, have all these priceless treasures of others open to us! We are thus heirs of the ages, indeed; the treasures of the world-bibles are already open to us.

But if we think of these scriptures as old, as of a past age, as of no immediate concern to us, adapted to people in other conditions and not suited to modern times, we shall be falling into the illusion of time. For by scripture proper we do not mean history, or geography, or astronomy, or the arts and sciences of the time, which are frequently found intermingled with sacred writings. Such purely human elements are accretions, and have to be removed before the Voice of the Spirit can be heard speaking out of the depths.

It is in such inspired utterances alone that the theosophy of scripture is to be found, and this theosophy is æonian and not of the past or of the future, but for all time and every moment of time.

And so it is that those who would realise themselves as heirs of the ages, should read the bibles of the world not for a thousand and one other things but for the Great Sayings, the Vital Words that they contain.

These Words, these Logoi, are of the nature of the Æons themselves, for they are inbreathed by the Æonic Intelligence that is the Great Scribe of God Himself. These are the true Glad Tidings of Wisdom that with many voices tell of one single Mystery.

They proclaim to us men in our ignorance and abasement

the Great Announcement: Ye are Gods, Heirs of the Æons, the Ages that have been and are and are to come, for ye are in yourselves and of yourselves deathless Eternities.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE ROSY CROSS IN RUSSIA

(CONTINUED FROM p. 21)

III.

PUBLIC WORK OF THE ROSICRUCIANS

THE bright light of this inner life shone in manifold ways of outer action. The work in the Masonic lodges, numbering about one hundred and fifty, and all of the Strict Observance system, was a tremendous strain on the forces of the very small group of leaders. But both Novikoff and Schwarz did almost the impossible. When still in St. Petersburg Novikoff had founded schools for waifs, and his own gentle presence was such an example to the children that in a time of great need they voluntarily renounced breakfast and supper for a month, collecting thus 50 roubles (£5), a large sum for the time, to give to children more destitute than themselves. The Grand Duke Alexander (later Alexander I.), Paul's eldest son, then a child, sent his contribution to that gift of love.

In Moscow Novikoff edited the *Readings for Children*, which have since then nourished the minds of all generations of the young up to our time. He published in 1782 the *Sunset*, in which wrote the pupils of the University, among them Labzine, the future editor of the famous *Messenger of the Sun*. For these University students he and Schwarz, with the help of Taticheff and of such friends as Princess Varvara Troubetzkoï and her husband, who ruined themselves in helping others and who yet lived and

died contented, founded the "Society of Friends," in which students of the University lived as in a seminary. Longinoff says that the example of the life and brotherly love of the members in this Society inspired many to deeds of true love to mankind and of rare abnegation.

Thus, when Novikoff at a meeting of the Society of Friends in a time of famine spoke about the need of the people, one member rose and said something in Novikoff's ear. He had given all he had,—a million; it was Gregory Pohodiachine. For a long time no one knew who had offered the sum. Pohodiachine died in an attic, but he also died content, looking at Novikoff's portrait. M. Mouravieff, another pupil, wrote in his Memoirs: "If low motives and bad thoughts disturb the peace of thy mind, remember that thou hadst the happiness of knowing Novikoff, and that he took pains to train thy heart." Tihonrauff adds, reporting this: "This was the voice of many men who knew Novikoff."

Novikoff took pains indeed to train mind and heart to serve the Good; he discovered the genius of Karamzine (who developed his fine literary style writing in *Readings for Children*). He chose with Schwarz the best books for publication and for sale so as to give easy instruction to the uneducated everywhere. One of the aims of his Seminary was to train teachers for the nation. In Masonry,—the epoch needing a reaction against the bloody excesses of the French Revolution,—he insisted on submission to authority, even if the trial of having their work stopped was imposed on them. But he ever fought every selfish tendency to keep to the letter of theosophy for the sake of personal profit or study of psychic power (which Novikoff called "cacomancy").

In public work Novikoff held the responsible office of editor of the University printing press, then the best and almost the only one in Russia. For the workmen employed in it he had homes, hospitals and schools. The publishing work was so extensive that in 1788 a single bookseller of Moscow took from Novikoff 80,000 copies. The work of selection and translation and even of typographical supervision fell generally to Novikoff also. Added to this he had the editorship of the *Messenger of Moscow*, the *Light of the Dawn*, and the *Readings for Children*. He supervised the secret press of the Theoretical Degree (hidden

in the house of Schwarz) and of another in the province of Riasau, in Pechletz, which seems to have served for printing the forbidden books of Masonry proper.

Novikoff and Schwarz had a model pharmacy from which all remedies were dispensed freely to the poorer population of Moscow. Books were also given and sent as presents to all in need of light and knowledge when their means did not suffice for even the low prices of the popular editions. The Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, the celebrated and noble Platon, and many Bishops, had the profoundest respect for Novikoff and did not hesitate to send their students as pupils to the seminary of the Society of Friends. It was inevitable that such work should constitute a living reproach to all the vice of the epoch and that Masonry should become an object of hatred for many; alas, it was just these "many" who were powerful.

The activity of Schwarz was still more wonderful. Frail in health, he yet managed to fulfil the duties of professor in the university, of principal in the seminary, of teacher in a lyceum, of constant worker for the Masonic brotherhood and of public lecturer both for the university and outside. (His labours as Head of the Theoretical Degree were a secret to all but the chosen few under his guidance.) As a teacher of language he was distinguished by lucidity. He held a private course of lectures, in a private house (for his pupils only), in which he developed ideas that might fit their young minds to receive Masonic truth. He spoke of Helvetius and of Spinoza, of the Bible, and "his simple words saved many a young heart from the atheism of the (then) modern writers."

Schwarz believed in science, but he always laid stress on the fact that the true motive of man's actions is the aspiration to widen and perfect his faculties. "A philosopher," said he, "does it consciously, the ignorant man does it blindly. Science ought not to be without God; the source of all our imperfections and of our perfections is Thought." He and Novikoff endeavoured to form a scientific society for the publication of good books[1] and to train Russian teachers for Russia. Schwarz's plans were so

[1] This dream was embodied in the nineteenth century by the St. Petersburg and Moscow Committee for Primary Instruction.

lofty indeed that some said they belonged to the realm of Plato's ideal republic. In any case he put Novikoff and Moscow in relations with the scientific world of Germany, and his Russian pupils became the source of extensive good to his adopted land.

The Storm

If the best and the most thoughtful part of Russian society gathered round the inner circle of spiritual workers in Moscow, outer society was by no means similarly impressed by their virtues. The blind judged by motives that usually guide the blind. Personal advantage, deceit and even crime were supposed to hide behind the veil of secret Masonic ritual and outward philanthropy and learning. It is amusing to note that even educated modern authors accuse Novikoff of obscurantism and ignorance because, for example, he maintained that, in spite of all astronomical assertions, our system had only seven physical planets and also that there are only four "elements" in action at the present time.

But a much greater danger than misunderstanding and calumny was rushing upon Moscow Masonry. So long as Masonry seemed an outlet for vague aspirations, drawing public attention away from the political troubles in Western Europe, so long Catherine II., in the first flush of her youth, triumph, and "philosophy," was tolerant towards it. But the Order was rapidly growing into a force, a spiritual power to be reckoned with on all lines of the Empire's life. Catherine had no understanding of things spiritual. She resolved to cut the "evil" at the root.

The soul's aspirations her sharp, cold intellect did not share, nor could she sympathise with them. But she suspected the existence of secrets in the Order; though the lodge meetings were so well known to the authorities that at those of the great lodges the police sent gendarmes to keep the carriages in order. The fiercer the fire of Revolution burned in France the more suspicious grew the Empress. But the final stroke, after "informations" had already begun officially to be taken in Moscow, came on the day when Catherine held in her hands the proofs[1] that her

[1] We shall return later on to that much-discussed question of Paul I. having been a Mason.

only son and heir, Paul, whom she feared and, maybe, hated, was friendly with the Masons. She at once gave orders to proceed with prosecution, trial and judgment. Novikoff was the chief victim chosen.

Schwarz had died in February, 1784, having given the impulse to the work he loved and to which his short existence was devoted. The leadership of the Theoretical Degree was assumed—by order sent by Theden—by the Directory (Taticheff, Troubetzkoï, and Novikoff), and the outer work fell almost entirely to Novikoff, whom in 1783 the Duke of Brunswick had named "Chief of the Order." He was now truly the heart of the movement.

Already on April 21st, 1792, Prince Repnine, a Mason ("most excellent brother"), attending a great Court reception on the Empress' birthday, in the house of Prince Prozorovsky, heard that Catherine had issued a ukase to arrest Novikoff, ostensibly for having published a book on the Raskolnik sect. It was a pretext. Repnine saw the greatness of the danger and turned pale. Count Alexander Bezborodko, also present in St. Petersburg, sent at once to Moscow to give the alarm to the brethren. Lopuchine and Tourgueneff burned their papers at night; so did the brothers Troubetzkoï in their country seat. The fact was reported by a house-spy to Prince Prozorovsky, who had been appointed in Moscow as Grand Inquisitor. But no spies could avail to discover or prevent the correspondence of the Masonic chiefs in Moscow with the "Chief Priory." The laments of Prozorovsky did not help him; it remained secret. He found only some evidence that the Order could get its members over the frontier even, through Curland, without passports. This opens a wide vista of possibilities for visits to Moscow of such as wished not to be known or had no desire to be seen even under an assumed name.

Under the pressure of more and more marked disfavour of Catherine the lodge work had almost ceased since 1786, and a year later the publishing work also. But the Rosicrucians of the Theoretical Degree worked on bravely. In 1786, Novikoff had been summoned to the Metropolitan Archbishop Platon, who, after examining him in the Christian Creed, wrote to Catherine: "He

(Platon) wished there might be all the world over such Christians as Novikoff."

In 1787, the Masons attempted to win the adhesion of Paul.[1] Thereupon all booksellers were searched and their shops shut. The works printed in the secret presses, which were hidden up to 1786 in Prince Tcherkassky's house, were transferred to that of Novikoff. Nobly he gathered round himself all that it was dangerous to possess.

He was in his country house, Ardotiero, when those sent to arrest him arrived, one Olsufieff with gendarmes. Novikoff, worn out and ill, could not resist bodily the shock of their sudden appearance; he swooned. Young Dr. Michail Bagriansky,[2] his devoted pupil and friend, who had just returned from abroad, was with him. Olsufieff was touched and left the patient with the physician in the house, under guard. But in the meantime Kolchugine had "spoken out" and Prozorovsky gave the order to bring Novikoff up to his town house, where he and Dr. Bagriansky, who would not leave him, were put under secret, *i.e.*, absolute, arrest, no one being permitted to see them. The arrival of the soldiers to take Novikoff away, though half dying, had a terrible effect on his household. Neighbours, peasants, servants, stood crying and helpless round his carriage. His son, a motherless boy, passionately attached to his father, fell down in a fit of epilepsy from which he never recovered to the end of his short life; the same trouble befell the elder of the two little daughters of Novikoff. . . . His two nephews Hrutchoff, the elder a youth of 17, were left undisturbed with their Russian tutor and went quickly away. It is supposed that the noble boys, with rare presence of mind, carried off the "dangerous" deposit of the house, for very few of the secret papers known to exist were found when a thorough search was made.

The "trial" began. It is to be noted, and has been insisted upon by all historians of the "Procès," that the Decree of Catherine ordering the persecution of the "Martinists" (as the Moscow Masons were called), spoke of "crimes," of the "guilt"

[1] Longinoff, *op. cit.*

[2] Later "Scientist-Secretary" of the Academy of Medicine, 1760-1810.

of Novikoff and his companions, of their "dangerous intentions," of "seduction of minds," and what not, and the ukase of May 1st, 1792, commands: "to deliver Novikoff to lawful judgment."

Yet no "judgment," lawful or otherwise, took place; no decision of any Court of Justice, much less of the Senate (mentioned also in the ukase), was passed; no *formal* trial began. Even the entreaties of Prozorovsky himself—who found Novikoff "very cunning" (!)—to send him the best spy and secret agent of Russia—Chechkovsky, a man whose name made the bravest victims tremble—even these remained unheard. Novikoff's friends, Troubetzkoï, Lopuchine, Tourgueneff, and others, were summoned and written questions were put to them to be answered point by point. But that was all. They were sent out of Moscow to their respective country seats, forbidden to leave them, and under terrible threats if they should "seduce" anyone further into their "evil sect."

Only two young pupils of Novikoff, Kolokolnikoff and Nevzoroff, were arrested and put into a madhouse. One died, the other went mad in fact. Meanwhile the German lodges of St. Petersburg went on undisturbed with their meetings. Everything goes to prove that Catherine feared Novikoff alone; she was shrewd enough to see that he was the life of the whole. Above all she suspected and feared her son and his supposed connection with Masonry.

Prozorovsky was so ignorant that he took figures representing the numbering of verses from the Bible for "secret signs," and cyphers for "evil designs." No wonder that Novikoff's calm explanations appeared to him the depth of cunning and perversity. Longinoff, who saw the original text of the questions put to Novikoff and his answers, a paper which we could not find, remarks that Novikoff did not deceive his "judges," even with the terrible Chechkovsky present, but that he did not say what he was not asked to tell, and Chechkovsky, like the prince, was too ignorant of what *did* matter in spiritual questions not to miss the most important points.

A RUSSIAN.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AFTER TEN YEARS

The Antiquity of Man

Reviewing after ten years the effect of a fairly constant study of Theosophical writings I am surprised to find how much my mind has changed in respect of certain popular notions. It is as if one had been lifted out of the prevailing spirit of the age into a spirit which, whether right or wrong, is at any rate superior in point of width. On so many subjects I now hold opinions which differ enormously from the opinions commonly held by my contemporaries. Yet it is also true that neither in my own mind nor in the Theosophical literature can I find any scientific justification of my differences. I cannot, that is, show myself the evidence for my opinions without feeling at once its logical inadequacy; still less will my mind accept as proof the statements of the Theosophical writers. I am thus in this quandary. I find myself believing certain things in the face of my contemporaries, in the face of a great deal of Theosophical literature, and (most strange of all) in the face of my own mind. In other words, I have in some respects returned to an attitude of faith.

Now temperamentally and by training I am incapable of appreciating faith and its value. To be quite explicit, I have a contempt for opinions which assume faith in the last analysis,—my own opinions included. I hate to believe without evidence, and still more to feel myself compelled to believe without evidence. For that is what the condition of faith implies; one is *compelled* to believe by a superior power of the mind; there is no gentle persuasion, no appeal to sweet reasonableness; there is only the bludgeon of the "higher mind" battering on the lower and compelling it by force to believe.

This very vivid inner conflict presupposes, one is pleased to learn, a mind already capable of honesty. It is quite impossible that a mind that cannot tell itself the truth about itself should

ever experience self-division. To lie to oneself is so easy; to persuade oneself that one's beliefs concerning things are firmly established in reason, that one's dogmas are really deductions, that one's latest suit of opinions is the seamless garment of immortal truth,—all this is fatally easy. Moreover, with such self-deception the mind sleeps well. Doubt has only seldom been a good pillow.

Yet obviously the contrary is the fact. At least I will say of myself that for all my evidences and plausibilities, for all my reasonings and unanswerable arguments, there is no single opinion on any subject which I am honestly prepared to affirm; and no single opinion I have ever heard expressed which I am not prepared honestly to deny. Reason as I may, reason as others may, I am convinced in the long run of nothing at all. My reason can quite easily demonstrate the futility of itself. It is a serpent that swallows its own tail. And if of itself, how much more easily disposed of is the reason of others! Though not at all because they reason worse, but because their written and spoken reason is less comprehensive than their real reasoning, and therefore I am less persuaded than they.

Thus it appears that the genuine purpose of the reason is simply this,—to destroy itself. And doubt is the only evidence of the mind accomplishing its mission. Freed from doubt the mind dies, or rather the mind lives and continues to live, feeding on opinions, convictions and beliefs; but with doubt the mind (the formal mind, I suppose) begins really to die, and to die fighting. Its business is to die fighting; its real desire is to die in battle; it desires to be destroyed. But every belief offers the mind a respite. There is a lull in the din of doubtful battle, and in the lull the mind ceases to fight; ceases, that is, to doubt; a belief is formed! But just that belief is another enemy, for it will help the mind to maintain itself against the mind's own will. For against what must the mind war, and what is the tail of the serpent? Opinions, beliefs, convictions. It is these that the mind must destroy.

In the face therefore of my own mind the opinions remaining to me after ten years of Theosophical reading are and have been formed. Luckily (as I think) I can afford myself even in

respect of these the luxury of doubt. While certainty is a necessity, it is surely only a vulgar necessity. To be able for the sake of a certainty yet to come to hold one's mind free and doubting now,—that surely is luxury. (If you *will* call it intellectual honesty, I offer no objection; but luxury expresses my meaning.) For the sake of a certainty yet to come! My mind laughs at that phrase; the brute is doubtful—quite cheerfully doubtful—even of that. Perhaps the mind loves best to "dance on chance's feet." Well, let it be so.

Returning, however, to my ten years' opinion, I am of course free to say that, though all opinions are illusions, some illusions last longer than others. In this respect alone then, namely, in their superior durability, lies the superior value of the opinions formed in what may be called the Theosophical school. They are not, I inwardly realise, more true or more circumstantially proven than the current profane opinions. No, they are simply more durable. They have stood a long time, they are exceeding ancient, they are still fresh and young. But no more than the sea and the wind, themselves ancient and still young, are they really immortal; for no opinions are eternal. In the long run, the only truth is that there is no truth. My discriminating readers (and I ask for no others) will therefore understand that what is being made is not the gross denial of Theosophical opinions, but only the affirmation that they *are* opinions. And as opinions they are *not* truth. Compared with truth, opinions are as a straight line to a circle. Both straight line and circle are never-ending lines, but the never-ending straight line (which represents the world of opinion) is strictly indefinable, while the circle (which represents truth) is, for all its never-endingness, strictly definable. Hence follows the curious inversion of one of the commonest ideas, namely, that abstract ideas are indefinable. Really, of course, it is precisely concrete things that cannot be defined. The more abstract the more definable; the more concrete the more indefinite. The physical world is thus plainly the vaguest world, the world, that is, which is least known.

But I am fortunately under no necessity to do more than bow an acknowledgment to the superiority of truth over

opinion. That relationship I hand over at this moment to Mr. Sedlák and his tender Hegelian mercy. Opinion for opinion I am quite prepared to accept, nay more to prove, the superiority of Theosophical over common opinion, once it be granted that with truth proper neither we nor they (meaning by "they" everybody not trained in the Theosophical school) have in this respect any concern.

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If I were asked for the most radical difference of opinion between the Theosophical and the popular mind I should not hesitate to say that it concerned the nature of man, and particularly the antiquity of man. The spiritual genealogy of man, splendid visions of his descent from hierarchies of gods, the bold mythology of the Neo-theosophical view of man, I shall consider in a later paper; but for me after ten years the most striking opinion concerns merely his antiquity. Eighteen million years ago man began his life upon this planet; eighteen million years ago the earth began to be the home of that enigma of enigmas; eighteen million years ago, man began to be the enigma of himself.

Can anybody realise even a million years? Can we form the faintest conception of three, ten, eighteen million? No matter. The point is that the space in which our imagination may operate is large enough never to give our wildest dreams pause. In eighteen million years anything may have happened, everything may have happened. I dwell upon this, because the thought is really new to our generation. We are to forget history, pre-history and mythology, to put away from our minds the thought of paleolithic, neolithic man. All that is too recent. In eighteen million years all that is an affair of yesterday. Man is older than the hills.

Physiologically we are, thanks to the theory of evolution, not altogether without some imagination. I mean that he is a poor creature who cannot look at his own body and stand in amazement at the inconceivable antiquity of each of its every cell, organ and feature. The most ordinary mind can do that. And even this is wonderful beyond words. But the amazement is more profound and infinitely more subtle,—therefore, also,

more rare, a spectacle for fewer eyes—when we turn from the body to the mind. Is it realised, have we begun to realise, the antiquity, the incredible antiquity, of every fibre of the soul? Yet every feeling, every custom, every habit of mind, every little trick of perversity, sentiment, and inward commentary, has its ancestry and its eighteen million years of history.

We feel glad, do we, to-day? Well, that feeling of gladness is as full of history as a finger of the hand. Out of what rudimentary modes of feeling did the feeling of gladness arise? By what myriads of experiences did the mind learn to discriminate between gladness and sadness, between gladness and any other mode of feeling, between one mode of gladness and another, between feeling glad at one thing and not at another thing? What is the natural history of gladness? Suppose it were possible (as indeed it will one day be) to examine the genealogy of the feeling of gladness as now we examine the evolution of the foot. May we not expect to find many strange things? Was this very feeling of gladness which we now experience always so clear? Most unlikely. Was it not once confusedly mingled with many other feelings, from association with which it was isolated only by age-long experiences? May it not once have been mingled with, and scarcely to be discerned from, pride, malice,—even, in the beginning, a good digestion? The question is (and I hope it is understood): Through what forms has this feeling of gladness passed; why should we feel glad at this or that; and why exactly to the extent we do? What was it in the ancestry of our race that determined our present feeling, and out of what germs and through what stages has it arisen and passed?

But the interest is even greater when we examine in this way any one of our desires. Suppose there is within us at this moment some exalted desire for some high and noble thing, what, I am compelled now to ask, what is the history of that desire? Eighteen, ten, three million years ago, in what form did it exist? For we are not to suppose that these blossoming desires of ours, these lovely things of the sun, had not their roots in the mind of man so long ago. Every desire we now possess has been determined in its present form after myriads of transformations. Out of what mud and slime have our noblest emotions arisen? Our

desire now to be gods, had it not its origin, was it not once in the form of a desire to shine among men, a desire to conquer one's enemy by a look, a desire to *appear* formidable ?

And our ideas, our truly wonderful ideas ! With that enormous antiquity of the human mind, how *can* we take ourselves so seriously ? You think, my friend, that your idea of such and such a thing is right, true, rational ? But I ask simply : What is there in your temperament that compels you to think just so ? What is there in the history of the race that makes just that idea grow out of your mind ? For the notion of the mind forming conclusions, even creating opinions, is really absurd. The mind no more creates its own opinions than a tree creates its own leaves or the body its own limbs. Leaves and limbs are parts of tree and body, and opinions are no more than the leaves of the mind. Hence I enquire of strenuous people : How and of what nature must your mind be that its leaves, its opinions, are of this texture, form and colour ? Oh, your opinions ! What have they to do with truth ? Only this ; that they are the truthful reflection of your mind ; they tell us what you are. One could even go to the Hegelians—with Mr. Sedlák's permission. My dear Hegelians, I would say, we really are not concerned so much with your philosophy as with you. It is Man that interests us. And you suppose that three moments are necessary in every resolution of the mind ? Dear me ! But the question is not whether this is true, but why you are compelled to think so. What—I put the problem to myself—what experiences made it necessary for the Hegelian mind to be—Hegelian ? That the mind of man in the beginning, eighteen million years ago, was Hegelian, I, of course, deny. It was not Hegelian, because it was not anything in particular. But out of the original pan-æsthetic consciousness, certain definitely æsthetic particularised modes have been selected, and of these the variety Hegelian is one, only one. By what ways that spiritual All-ness (I hope the language is not symptomatic of mental disease, though it looks dangerously like it), became from its pan-potentiality potential in definite respects—that is the history of man. But never let us suppose that it was the only possible history of man. I can (or imagine I can) conceive that quite another sort of mind than ours

might have crystallised out of that original mixture, that quite other sorts have crystallised on other planes. No, our ideas are necessary now because of our history and antiquity; but they are not therefore true. Quite the contrary.

If I am making myself understood, it will be seen that I am defining or beginning to define what lately I called for in vain, the Theosophical point of view. (At least, let me say, it will be my definition.) So far I merely suggest that we cannot entertain the notion of man's antiquity without instantly doubting the validity of all our common opinions. An organic mind simply cannot for long harbour in itself contradictions of this dimension. It cannot believe that man's mind is eighteen million years old, and still believe that man's present opinions are true, or anything like the truth. Things of a day! Every opinion, feeling, desire, emotion, transforms itself continually; man never is, but always to be, true.

But along with this radical and (as I believe) necessary and healthy life of eternal doubt there go certain compensations. Eighteen million years is a long time, but it is not all time. Quite cheerfully we may be realists, and declare what is obvious to all our senses, that man is a poor thing, a very poor thing; that in comparison with our visions of the gods he *crawls* somewhat, even goes (in his mind) on all-fours at times as if it were more natural, as indeed even after these years it is. With all that, however, there is no occasion for despair. Could we see from what beginnings our beauty (what there is,—and I do not deny human beauty) arose; from what bestialities our present emotions and desires arose; from what crude, ugly, terrifying modes of thought and feeling our present thought and feeling arose; could we see, I say, all the spiritual ancestors of our present temperaments, we should, no doubt of it, wonder at the enormous change wrought in us in the incredibly brief period of eighteen million years.

The creative spirit of Humanity, the great Los, has stood at his anvil smiting with might and main the metal of man's nature, purifying it with fire, and fashioning it after his own likeness. He is not weary nor despairing. Art is long, and the art of making man is longest of all. Therefore, though we are still shapeless almost, yet unbeautiful, yet without colour, opaque,

heavy, dull—yes, all these things, my dear idealist; still we can cheerfully await another eighteen million years. The hope which is based on what man has become looks forward to the hope of what man may become. For I am persuaded that even as we are to the minds of eighteen millions ago so shall they be to us that come eighteen million years hence. This sort of contempt for man and this sort of pride in man are, if I am not hopelessly estranged, characteristic of the Theosophical point of view regarding the antiquity of man.

A. R. ORAGE.

SOME PLANKS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL PLATFORM

THE rapid growth of interest in Theosophical teaching of late has led to new and somewhat embarrassing conditions in the Society; for the number of enquirers is now out of all proportion to the number of students qualified to instruct, and members and associates who have only just joined find themselves too frequently pushed into the position of exponents, whether they will or no. In the circumstances it is perhaps worth while to give some thought to the platform on which we who are yet young in the Society may find ourselves standing, to examine in detail the planks of which it is built, and to consider carefully how best to describe them to those who appeal to us for information.

Roughly speaking, these inquirers may be divided into three classes. First, the bogus inquirer, who is not really drawn to the subject in the least, but finds a few casual questions on Theosophy a convenient introduction to a lengthy dissertation on his own views; and in dealing with him, probably the less said by us the better. It is waste of energy to try to satisfy the appetite of his eloquence with hastily selected crumbs of Theosophical teaching, and we shall gain more, in every way, by giving him an attentive hearing. He is often an earnest enthusiast, deeply im-

pressed by one particular aspect of some great truth, and after we have grasped his point of view it will be time enough to plant a few judicious questions in his mind. If they bear fruit we may reap the reward of our courtesy at our next meeting, when we may find that he has passed into the second class of inquirers, *viz.*, those who inquire about Theosophy solely from mental curiosity.

These people find that their friends are talking about the subject, that there are references to it in current literature; and they have the natural and legitimate desire to add to their general knowledge, and keep themselves "up to date." Many of our members find that the coldly intellectual interest of these inquirers has a somewhat paralysing effect, and it is hard, especially for the psychically sensitive, to face the touch of ridicule that often flavours the questions. Nevertheless, it is a pity to shirk such cross-examination; for an unsympathetic catechist will show us exactly how much we have grasped of the lectures we have heard or the books we have studied, and if he convicts us of inaccuracy and mistiness, we really owe him a debt of gratitude. In all such discussions it is important to keep as calm and level-headed as the inquirer himself, and to that end it is desirable to adopt an impersonal tone, giving the information from the point of view of a disinterested spectator; and avoiding any suggestion of direct teaching. "One of our lecturers suggests this." "Some of our members are agreed on that." "Most of our writers advocate"—the other. Cautious phrasing of that type leaves him free to criticise candidly; whereas if he is hindered by feelings of politeness from contradicting the speaker's own views, he may depart with his chief objections unuttered; which would be a pity, for in spite of his somewhat ungracious attitude of mind he does want to know, and it is always possible that something in our ideas may in the end appeal to him, and carry him by degrees into the third class of inquirers.

This consists of the genuine truth-seekers, who come to us because other systems of thought have failed them. They have met with insoluble problems in life, or they desire a safe anchorage for their souls, and our chief difficulty in dealing with them springs, as a rule, from the average Briton's lack of education in

the accurate and fluent use of his own mother tongue. We are, as a nation, absurdly reserved on all the subjects which lie specially near to our hearts, and even when we have achieved a wish to discuss them, we scarcely know how to begin. Blunt catechism naturally arouses resentment in a stranger, and yet the helper must know where his questioner stands before he can suggest the next step.

The first demand is usually for a brief definition of Theosophy; but the wary member will adapt the question, and reply by giving a description of the Theosophical Society. One of the shortest and most effective ways of presenting an impressionist picture of it, is to say that among its ideals is the Federation of the religions of the world. The phrase is open to criticism, and must be modified later, but it is picturesque, expressive, and easily understood. Besides, with this idea of Federation in his mind, the inquirer will find it easier to realise and remember that we have in our ranks Hindus, Buddhists, Parsees, Mohammedans and Jews, as well as Christians of many different denominations and people of no particular sect; and also that no one is ever asked by us to leave his religion, but only to understand it, and live up to it.

Such a presentment of the Society banishes at once the prevalent idea that we are simply a new sect; and the inquirer's reception of this description will enable us to gauge pretty accurately whether he is likely to take any real interest in the movement or not. If he is shocked, and recoils from such a suggestion as monstrous, he must seek comfort for his soul elsewhere; if it appeals to him, we may go on with a good courage to describe our various activities.

Starting with brotherhood as our watchword, the thought that naturally follows is that "the proper study of mankind is man"; and it is generally fairly easy to make the inquirer picture us as essentially a body of students; for, if we really desire to understand and help our brother, nothing that concerns him can be foreign to us. His history, environment and physical heredity all have their place; still more, his ideals, aspirations, hopes, fears and beliefs; and so it is that comparative religion and philosophy hold so large a place among our studies.

The fruit of this study is threefold: (*a*) literary activity; (*b*) educational activity; (*c*) social work. There is an enormous output of Theosophical literature going on at present in connection with our various centres; conferences, congresses, lectures and discussions multiply and abound. Schools and colleges with Theosophical heads and teachers are to be found both at home and abroad, and many of our members find an outlet for their newborn enthusiasm in practical social work among the poor. A little descriptive talk on these matters, with a flavouring of statistics to underline the salient facts, will help our inquirer to understand the scope of the movement, and probably bring him to the point of asking: "What on earth have you all got in common?"

The logical and orderly mind is sometimes tempted by such an inquiry to begin at the beginning, with cosmogenesis, theories of creation, and the striking correspondences to be found in the various statements of the world's great teachers on such subjects as the Unity of God, the Trinity, and the celestial hierarchies. But to expound such matters requires much learning, and the inexperienced expositor will find to his relief that this type of information is seldom exacted from him, and that, especially in the case of the British born, more interest is taken in the practical relation of Theosophy to everyday experience.

In this connection the first plank in our platform is represented by a truth so widely accepted, that very little time need be spent on explaining it. That is the familiar orthodox teaching that during our life on earth we are preparing for a fuller and more glorious life to come—that this world is, so to say, the training-school; and that there are lessons of immense value to the soul which can only be learnt through physical experience. Right through the New Testament teaching—familiar to most of our inquirers, even if the more restless and rebellious spirits reject it—runs the idea of the growth, the gradual evolution of the soul. We are to "add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience; to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity" (2 *Peter*, i. 5)—a significant sequence. The grand optimism which glows in the epistles of St.

Paul is often associated with the expression of his enthusiasm for this idea of progress and development. "We glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope" (*Romans*, v. 3). Even when sternly condemning those who refuse the higher teaching and continue to lead evil lives, he remarks to the young Timothy that they are "always learning," and Hymenæus and Alexander were "handed over to Satan," not because they were looked upon as *lost*, but "that they might learn."

Another practically universal belief, equally orthodox, and equally well known, is connected with the conviction that justice rules the world. The doctrine of "karma" or of retribution—the law of cause and effect as it affects the lives of nations and of individuals—is taught by all the great religions, and nowhere more strongly than in the Christian scriptures. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (*Gal.*, vi. 9). "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" (*Matt.*, vii. 2). "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity. He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword" (*Rev.*, xiii. 9). "His mischief shall return upon his own head; his violent dealing shall return upon his own pate" (*Psalm*, vii. 16). "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life" says the older teaching; "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord"; and Jesus Christ adds that not one jot not one tittle of the law shall pass "till all be fulfilled."

Many people who would be deeply hurt if anyone dared to doubt their orthodoxy, cannot accept these passages literally. Others, who frankly call themselves heretics, point to the apparent injustice in the world around them as a direct contradiction of such teaching. To both sections Theosophy offers the ancient doctrine of reincarnation—*i.e.*, the theory that each soul has a succession of lives on earth—as a key to the difficulty.

"Delayed it may be, for more lives yet," but, as the Psalmist says: "He that watereth shall be watered." Life *is* a training school, and such a magnificent one that it needs the brain and pen of a Shakespeare to understand and describe the wealth of

its teaching, and the value of its opportunities. Sorrow and joy, sickness and health, poverty and wealth, simple tasks of obedience, grave responsibilities—every possible stimulus is offered to man to help him forward in the slow growth of character, the evolution of his soul; and for the Theosophist it is given not only to man as an aggregate, but also to man as an individual.

It is interesting to note how very quickly certain inquirers accept this idea. They simply reflect for a few moments, rapidly reviewing their past studies and experiences, and give their assent as a matter of course, possibly remarking that it is odd that they never thought of that before. Others fight it hard, demanding: "On what authority do you teach such a doctrine?" and are amazed when the long list of great men who have held this doctrine, in one form or another, is given to them. Still more amazed are they when they realise that the New Testament itself has actual references to the theory, and that many members of the early Church accepted the idea of pre-existence as explaining the very various types of discipline allotted to different individuals.

Among the Jews also, the Pharisees went further than pre-existence, and quite definitely held the doctrine of reincarnation. It was they who sent to John the Baptist to know whether he was the prophet Elijah returned to earth; and they were not the only sect at the time who inclined to that view. "Whom say men that I the Son of Man am?" asked Jesus; and the disciples answer Him: "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, and some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." (*Matt.*, xvi. 13.) It is quite clear from this passage that the doctrine of reincarnation was commonly held by those around the Master, and that He deliberately called His disciples' attention to the fact and discussed it with them. Further, He says, speaking of John the Baptist: "*If ye can receive it*, this is Elias, which was to come." The first clause is worthy of special note. No Theosophist would wish to see such teaching crystallised into a Church dogma and forced upon the acceptance of men; but, *if they can receive it*, it is a doctrine which will explain to them much that is dark, and give them a brighter outlook both for themselves and their fellows.

Attempts have been made to explain away these and other

reincarnation passages, but no suggested explanation is so convincing or satisfactory as their literal acceptance. Not only is such a course supported by outside evidence—for it is known that many philosophical and religious sects of that day held the doctrine; but it is so much in harmony with all the teaching of the New Testament on "this our earthly pilgrimage" that many passages gain enormously in value and significance as soon as they are taken in connection with it.

The parable of the talents, for instance, is one of the best and shortest expositions of the working of the laws of karma and reincarnation that anyone could possibly adopt; and the significant note "He that hath ears to hear" bids us look below the obvious truisms it contains. It is especially valuable in answering questions as to the Theosophical view of heredity. If a man uses his "talents," his various faculties and opportunities, well and wisely in one life, he will find them greatly increased in his next incarnation. If he neglects or misuses them, they will be taken from him. He who ruins a fine constitution by the misuse of alcohol, can hardly expect to have the same physique next time. He will probably be born of degenerate or drunken parents, and in that way the physical law of heredity will be made the servant of the destiny he has brought upon himself. In like manner, friendships and family ties slighted and ignored will bring the karma of a lonely and friendless life; while if they are appreciated and recognised, the next life will give opportunities of continuing them even after the heaven rest is over.

ISABELLE M. PAGAN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean—full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wanderings, of distinctness for his luxury.—KEATS.

THE HIGHER SELF

WITHIN this physical frame, and yet without, apart from the material self and all its grossness, its carnal longings for self-gratification—desires for the delights of the flesh, emotions, thoughts, aspirations and religious tendencies tinged with the taint of selfishness, there rises superior a body clothed in spiritual grandeur, pure as the purity whence it draws its life vigour, all-conscious of happiness and misery alike, sharing in every joy and every sorrow, so far and clear-seeing that the seemingly impenetrable cloud of matter cannot obscure its spirit-rays of truth, and bright with a radiance too dazzling for normal sight to cognise. This is the Higher Self, man's inheritance from God, that true and lasting individuality which never perishes, but is eternal, which shall eventually transcend all outward grossness that now obstructs its operations, submerging the lower in the higher, by virtue of the universal law of Good conquering animality, subduing mortality, transforming the man into the God.

What a glorious prospect is opened up! What an ideal to attain! This recognition of the true Self—emancipation from the false, how is it to be accomplished? Where lies the path that must be trod? For every one it lies, perchance, in a different direction, for many and devious are the roads leading upward and onward. How is one to discover the way? Therein is the problem—the problem of life. Listen, then, if you are tired of the vanities and pomps of men, of the cruelty and selfishness of those who lead the carnal life, and if you long to tread in the footsteps of the great Master of self-renunciation, the preacher of love, which is truth.

Far, far back in time, in the days when the world was young, there was an order of creation far different from that of to-day; spiritual beings peopled this earth and did the will of God.

Then was the Golden Age, when love held sway o'er all and charity prevailed; harmony was the keynote to that glorious state of life—arising out of innocence. It was not the purpose of the Almighty that such should last; a greater end was to be achieved. Man, as we know him to-day, had not been created. The animal-man had been slowly evolving, from the atoms of the molecules composing the elements, the cells of the faintly-living rock, the life of the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, and at length a point of perfection had been reached—the perfection of the animal-man form. In order that yet higher stages might be passed through, it was essential that a further out-pouring of the Divine Spirit should take place into this animal-man shell. The spiritual man, born of God, in His own image fashioned, existed; within him were the greatest potentialities, those which should eventually transform a state of grossness into a state of purity, and, being plunged into matter, should at length shine forth therefrom with the clear light of the spirit, piercing all coarser films enshrouding it. That this should be, downward into matter must the spirit course, and innocence give place to knowledge, wrested by experience,—latent powers of truth to truth manifested. And so into the animal-man forms entered God's spiritual beings—on the one side a descending, on the other an ascent—that each might learn the lesson, and the higher blend with the lower, and transform it into the image of itself. This was the second order of creation, and the first spiritual being to incarnate in the form of an animal-man gave to such form the germs of reason, will, intellect and spirituality, and denoted the birth of conscience, of the real man. And thus came the "fall," into gross matter, of the spiritual man, now incarnate in an animal-man form, on the one hand, and the awakening of conscience, of conception of a purer state, in the animal-man form, hitherto dead to all but blind desire and fettered instinct, on the other. Adam, first to possess the animal-man form illumined by the spiritual body within, tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, in other words, used his God-given power of discrimination between good and evil. "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us." And truly had this happened, for the spiritual man, incarnating in Adam,

had given him potentialities which, fully developed, should eventually raise him to Divinity and with him the whole human race. This is the mystic meaning of the highly mystical scriptural sentence quoted. Adam sinned, but his sin was natural, it marked another phase of evolution; without such sin the purpose of the Almighty could not have been carried out. Hitherto spiritual and animal had been kept apart; in him they were brought together. The space between animal-man and God was bridged; and then began that long, steep ascent, the struggling of the dual nature, the unfolding of the Divinity inherent in man, the beginning of that mighty conflict which is to end in the triumph of spirit over matter.

Thinking of Adam, do not let us think of one man, but of many—countless human forms. Let us penetrate the veil of allegory and learn that since that time with which we are dealing, the spiritual beings incarnating in human form have continued to undergo their training on the physical plane, that their latent powers may be fully evolved. That each man to-day is a dual being, possessing a higher and a lower self, and that in the course of time the higher is to supersede the lower, to achieve emancipation and to soar again to those empyrean heights from which it once descended, the lower world conquered.

Those days of which we speak were millions of years ago, many millions. Science has told us of the great age of the earth; we cannot deny it, we should not wish to. Since that time unceasing has been the conflict of the higher with the lower self. In countless physical bodies in turn, the spirit—the individuality—has reincarnated. Living one earth-life in its corporeal encasement, gaining knowledge thereby and increasing its power of transcending materiality, and then, at physical death, returning to subtler planes, where desires and thoughts are forms, to undergo further training, to assimilate the knowledge gained on the physical plane and to weave it into its own fabric, the fabric of the soul, and to return to earth-life again, better equipped for the fight, and so on, until deliverance from physical incarnation is gained, and the spirit—the Higher Self—freed from the bondage of the flesh, wings its flight to a higher state of existence.

This is typical of our history, the history of each one of us. Each has his individuality, which persists from life to life, holding death in no other light than that of a portal to another plane, another phase of existence—a school in which a lesson other than that to be learned during earth-life can be taught. Love of the gross, of carnal things, of the delights of the senses, hinders our development, bars us from gaining knowledge of the Higher Self, and gives rise to a germ of desire for sentient existence which draws the Higher Self back to earth-life when it would be free. Selfishness, manifested in a thousand forms, physical impurity, and mental and moral deficiency resulting therefrom, handicap us greatly, and many, many are our back-slidings, our slips by the wayside, our railings against our lot. We see so little, we are so many of us such infants in the night, with no language but a cry, we have such imperfect knowledge of the harmonious design of that great Whole of which our immortal souls are parts only, that at all times we judge too harshly, we fail to value that confidence placed in us and not comprehending the great purpose of Him who guides, guards and protects us, we mistrust even Him, and His sincerity.

Oh that we would cultivate the Higher Self, draw nearer to it, and through it to Him, whence it came! Looking around the world to-day we see humanity in most diverse stages of development. In some, despite countless lives, the Higher Self is almost stifled, there has been no response without to the vibrations from within, vibrations of love and sympathy; and again in others it is highly apparent, their standard of right and wrong is so exalted, their conscience is so exacting, that to those less developed they appear to be little short of saints. And the graduating states between are a million-fold. When shall we awaken to a true sense of our mission here, the real purpose for which we are sent? Not to live a selfish life, seeking after every pleasure which affords us gratification, but to carry out the wishes of our Maker, to develop that Higher Self within us which alone is permanent; knowledge of and communion with which can alone secure for us deliverance from the thraldom of sin.

It is such a sad mistake to identify one's self with the physical body wholly and solely. True, one cannot divest one's

self of it and obtain freedom at once, but time will accomplish even this, and is it not well that one should learn to rise superior to the flesh—the material self—which all know perishes at death and goes back into those various physical combinations from whence it came? The pioneers of the human race hold that it is. They say, and say truly, that one's physical counterpart is so impermanent and changing, that it were well if far less importance were attached to it than is the case at present, and attention were turned to the man within—the real man. That such exists, the beliefs of millions of people for untold ages testify, and were it not so, the foundation of religion, that upon which all hopes of an eternal life are based, would be swept away.

It is then to the Higher Self one must turn for a solution of the problems of life. "Retire into thy inner chamber and pray," said the Christ—thine inner chamber of the mind, might be added, for such is the hidden meaning beneath that outward form of speech. Let us retire into our mind-chamber, seeking therein the true Self, imparted to us by the Most High, a gleam of Divinity, which it is our work to unfold in all its glory and to reveal to the world its light. Let us commune with this true Self, seek its advice, follow closely its dictates, hearken clearly to its voice of intuition, an infallible mentor, and mend our ways accordingly. Let us realise that we are immortal beings, that the physical form in which we are at present encased is one suited to our development, that in our present environment we are gaining just that knowledge required, just that experience we need and the present suffering will afford; and above all, that, be our lot whate'er it may, it is the result of our own conduct in previous lives. Nothing is lost. The lesson learned from present pain and suffering is indelibly imprinted on the Higher Self, its value is stored therein, and it is used to guard us against further temptation, to afford us strength to overcome sin. Present good thoughts will produce future good actions, and application to ideals in art, music, literature, will, in ages to come, produce that genius which we now so rightly admire in others. Ours may be the proud lot to become a Socrates, a Milton, a Beethoven, a Titian, there is infinite possibility, infinite scope and infinite time. Just in such measure as we cultivate

the Higher Self and hearken to its teaching, shall we gain strength and purity and aid the great work of individual and universal evolution. Is not this a cheering message? Does it not explain in rational manner so much that formerly seemed unjust and incomprehensible?

We should not grumble because what we term fortune has been, as we think, unfair to us. There is no such thing as luck, fortune, chance; all that is is the result of past thought and action; because we have not come into accord with our Higher Self and learned the real secret of existence and have, seemingly, no knowledge, no memory of former lives, we cast around for other and futile explanations of the problems affecting ourselves and others. In that Higher Self is knowledge of all; let us hasten and learn, that we may impart to others. The past has gone; in the present, that is with us, lies the shaping of the future, and though the habits we have engendered in a former state of existence will hamper us, often seriously, in our efforts of reformation, ours it is to determine our future line of conduct, to choose whichever road we prefer, for this is the gift of "free-will" conferred on us by a loving Father. All in good time we shall perceive the futility of opposing His will. He does not compel us in any shape or form; but knocking day by day at that little wicket gate which bars His progress towards us, standing patiently in the outer court, at length we shall hear Him and remove the bars from the doors of our soul and therein His effulgence will enter, transfusing into us His presence and lifting us to higher worlds. This is but another mode of expressing one's identification with the Higher Self, for such, rightly understood, may be compared to a golden beam of light from the dazzling radiance of the Father, and once to come into contact with it is to approach very closely to Him whose glory it reflects.

And how is one to accomplish this identification? By living the life pointed out by the Divine Messenger from God to man. By striving to act and think as He thought and acted. By subduing the false self and its material notions, learning to love all men as brothers, breaking down the barriers of ignorance, superstition, diverse creeds and dogmas, intolerance and hatred,

and living the simple life, dispensing charity to the afflicted, knowledge to the ignorant, and strength to the faint-hearted. By endeavouring to put an end to the cruel wrongs daily, hourly, inflicted on the sub-human race—our lower brethren—by shunning luxury and idleness, vice in all its forms, by observing the valuable laws of hygiene and purifying the physical tabernacle, that it may become a better dwelling-place for the immortal spirit within, and by doing our level best to infuse brightness, joy, beauty and harmony into the world around us.

Who so wise that he can prescribe for all? The daily round of duty varies to an extent well-nigh bewildering. However lowly the task we have to do, let us do it well, bear the drudgery in patience, knowing that if our brother appears to be more fortunate than we, it is because in the past, which is not revealed to us or to him, he strove after that which he now enjoys. Let us despise nothing, but seek to discover the truth in all its varied forms, and that which we first thought worthless may prove to be a jewel in disguise. Let us know well that all things are for a purpose and that it is our duty not to question the utility of that small part of the great Whole now revealed to our limited vision, but to act the man and play our part harmoniously and in accord with all others, that on us the grievous offence of causing discord may not be visited.

And in so doing our intellect will expand, our range of mental vision widen; the spirit, well-nigh dormant within us, will be stirred to activity, and high aspirations crowd upon us, prompting us onwards and upwards to ascend heights we had once deemed inaccessible. That which once puzzled us will be made clear and from our present conceptions of the beauty of the manifested life we shall rise to those whose greatness will almost overpower us. Our every thought will be "not for self, but for others," and this, the aim of our existence, the purpose of our life, will at length strike that harmonious chord whose resonant vibrations will, in one mighty burst of music, sweep away in an irresistible flood of melody every barrier that separates us from the Higher Self; we shall stand face to face with the glory of God made manifest in man—with our own true Self—Divine!

EDWARD E. LONG.

A VISION OF THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

I WAS sitting alone very quietly, having turned my thought to the Festival taking place in the Crystal Palace, and having asked blessing on all who gave and on all who received—even inspiration from the inner life of the Messiah Himself.

Suddenly it seemed that I was borne swiftly through space and I found myself looking into the great palace itself, thronged with thousands. It was as though I looked down from a height upon that silent waiting crowd, and even as I gazed, the stately majesty of the opening fugue of the "Messiah" swelled out from the great organ, leading into the sublime peace of "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people."

As the sound waves rose, I was lifted higher and higher into an atmosphere of clear, deep blue. Again I looked down on the silent throng and I found all changed. Below me, now, there burned and glowed and twinkled thousands of little flames varying in colour and intensity of light.

Over the chorus gradually gathered a luminous cloud, which rising and falling shaped itself into mighty arches and steps, and curving inward towards the centre built itself in rolling billows of cloud into the semblance of a great white throne, the "Heart" of which was a circle of dazzling light.

In trembling waves of colour rose the perfect full tones of the great choir, lifting with it the hearts of the people, for the multitude of little flames swayed and blended, reaching up as a luminous cloud of incense.

The wondrous building grew and spread and became more beautiful until, in the "Glory of the Lord" chorus, it seemed to reach a height of surpassing grandeur. Then, when in glad triumph, swayed up as from one great throat, "Blessing and Honour and Glory and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne," I beheld, as it were, mighty Hands spreading themselves out in blessing over the whole assembly.

Shafts of gold and silver rayed out like a fan from the Heart of dazzling light in the centre of the throne, gliding down and broadening out until they mingled with the rising incense of the little flames. Then a great cloud of light filled all the space below, shutting out everything.

Far up, little bells were pealing, bells that said: "Now is fulfilment, now is fulfilment."

Then ascended clear glad tones as of a bird singing at Heaven's own gate: "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

Then everything faded from sight and hearing, and I was alone, and nearly two hundred miles from London.

B. A.

THE IMMEMORIAL HEART

Je crois que Dieu, quand je suis né,
  Pour moi n'avait pas fait de dépense;
Et que le cœur qu'il m'a donné
  Était bien vieux dès mon enfance.

Pour économie il logea
  Dans ma juvenile poitrine
Un cœur ayant servi déja,—
  Un cœur flétri, tout en ruine.

Il a subi mille combats,
  Il est couvert de meurtrissures;
Et cependant je ne sais pas
  D'où lui viennent tant de blessures.

Il a de souvenirs lointains
  De cent passions que j'ignore;
Flammes mortes, rêves éteints,
  Soleils disparus dès l'aurore.

Il brûle de feux dévorants
Pour de superbes inconnus,
Et sent les parfums délirants
D'amours que je n'ai jamais eus.

O le plus terrible tourment !
Mal sans pareil, douleur suprême,
Sort sinistre ! Aimer follement,
Et ne pas savoir ce qu'on aime !

HENRI-CHARLES READ.

WHEN I was born I think God made
No fit provision for my birth.
The heart he gave me was decayed
And old before I came to earth.

So frugal of this human store,
He set within my childish breast
A heart that had been used before;
A ruined heart with age opprest.

A thousand combats it has seen,
For it is bruised in every part;
And yet I know not whence have been
These many wounds upon my heart.

It bears the old memorial scars
Of passions that I never knew;
Dead fires, extinguished dreams, and stars
That dawned and vanished out of view.

It burns with all-devouring fires
For the unknown ideal divine,
And the delirious scents inspires
Of loves that never yet were mine.

O worst of torments, direst fate,
Evil and pain all pains above,
'Tis to be mad with love, and yet,
Never to know the thing we love !

ESTHER WOOD.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

The Palinode of a Sceptic

We may best conclude our notice of this instructive popular correspondence by appending the frank confession of the impression made by it on the mind of a sceptic and materialist who already, on September 1st, when it was not half over, writes:

Your correspondence on the subject of dreams and visions has beyond doubt made a deep impression on the popular mind. In presence of this cloud of witnesses the sceptic finds himself shaken, and many who, like myself, regarded all stories of dreams fulfilled with polite incredulity, or at least indifference, have found themselves suddenly challenged to look facts squarely in the face. Narrowly as I have scanned the experiences narrated in your columns, I cannot avoid the conclusion that the majority are the genuine testimony of persons who write in all seriousness. Having conceded this point, much follows. It is impossible to dismiss the matter with flouts and sneers. We must confess that in sleep the mind, under certain conditions, may:

1. Recall events of which the waking memory had no knowledge.

2. Record events passing at that moment in localities beyond the ordinary ken.

3. Predict events not yet accomplished.

* * *

The Egg of the Universe

The Egg of the Universe is a familiar glyph to all students of Orphic and allied mythologies. It is, therefore, of special interest to students of Theosophy, who believe that many of the intuitions of the ancients were based on "sight" and not pure guesswork, to find that the latest hypothesis of astronomical science supports the gnosis of the days gone by. We are indebted to the writer of "Science Gossip" in *The Athenæum* of September 8th for the following paragraph:

The discovery that many of the double stars form systems in physical connection with each other is due to Sir W. Herschel. . . . The subject was afterwards taken up by others, especially by W. Struve, whose great classic . . . appeared at St. Petersburg in 1837. After the lapse of nearly seventy years, another great and comprehensive work is now before the astronomical world, and forms the fifty-sixth volume of the *Memoirs* of

the Royal Astronomical Society. The author is Mr. Thomas Lewis, F.R.A.S., who made it a principal object of his attention very soon after he joined the staff of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, about twenty-five years ago. Collating in his scanty leisure the measures of his predecessors in the field, and finding that many of Struve's pairs had been neglected by subsequent observers, he obtained the Astronomer Royal's permission to have them measured with the great Grubb refractor of twenty-eight inches aperture. The final result is a complete revision of Struve's catalogue, with lists of all subsequent observations of the stars therein contained. From their distribution in the heavens (there being no known reason why they should not be uniformly distributed in actual space) certain remarkable consequences are shown to be probable. It would seem that the universe of the stars is somewhat in the shape of an egg; that the solar system is not in the centre of this, but situated on one of the minor axes, about three times as far from one of its extremities as from the other; and that the largest diameter of the egg is approximately equal to six hundred light-years, and its smallest to three hundred light-years.

* * *

Sed et Serpens

AT a meeting of the *Zoological Society* held on June 19th, and reported in the *Times* of the following day, Mr. Meade-Waldo and Mr. Nicoll, both of them scientific naturalists, read independent accounts of a sea-serpent they had seen last December, off Bahia.

Mr. Meade-Waldo said he saw from the poop of the yacht *Valhalla* "a strange creature at about a hundred yards, but going at a slower speed. He then saw a fin or frill, brown in colour, and crimped at the top, like ribbon weeds. This he estimated to be about eight feet long. He got his glasses out, and saw a head and neck rising out of the water in front of the frill. The neck was about the thickness of a slightly-built man, and the head resembled that of a turtle in shape. Underneath the fin in the water he saw a large dark mass which he took to be the body of the animal. The yacht was under sail and they quickly lost sight of the creature."

Mr. Nicoll corroborated. Mr. Boulenger, of the Natural History Museum, said he quite accepted the story, and mentioned that Professor Vaillant had described the creature, placing it among the Mosasauridæ. Well, that gives the death-blow to another superstition of science. But how many more remain!

O.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Path of Action

To the Editor, The Theosophical Review

Dear Mr. Editor,

No doubt there will be many who will feel moved to reply to the letter of Miss M. B. Theobald which appeared in the August issue of The Theosophical Review. Should you find yourself overburdened with correspondence on the subject I shall be quite satisfied that this letter should not appear, as my only object in writing it is to offer Miss Theobald a few ideas which I think she has momentarily overlooked.

I may say at starting that I am not attempting to reinforce with my feeble arguments any statements made by Mrs. Besant in the article to which Miss Theobald refers; nor are my remarks intended to be "from the Theosophical point of view"; they are merely the ideas which occur *to me* on reading Mrs. Besant's article, and thinking about it in the light which Theosophy throws upon man's constitution and life in the three worlds of his activity.

We speak of action, desire and thought as if they were three entirely different things; but are they not after all three modes of activity whereby the same impulse is expressed by means of vehicles of varying plasticity, and in matter of varying conditions? So that thought is *action* of the mental body, desire *action* of the emotional body, and action usually so-called merely the same thing expressed by means of the physical body?

Of these three modes of activity we know, as a matter of common experience, that mental action and emotional action *precede* physical action in a man's consciousness, and that the latter may be called the effect of which the two former conjointly form the cause. In plain words: if a man steals a watch he has at some time previous to the theft desired and willed the action. The three activities are one; and *bad* thought or desire is not capable of resulting in a *good* action.

So far it seems to me (who cannot see upon the planes of thought and desire and speak therefore only "as it seems to me")—so far we must agree with what Miss Theobald says and with what Mrs. Besant surely implies?

But, if I may in the most friendly and sympathetic spirit criticise Miss Theobald's letter, I cannot but think that she has somewhat misread the statement which she quotes at its opening. It would almost appear that she had taken it to stand thus: "*Bad* actions are the least important part of a man's life, from the occult standpoint"; or in other words, "When a man's *actions* are bad it is not really important because his thoughts and desires *may* be good!" A confusing way of looking at the matter certainly! Would it not be easier to put it thus: When a man performs an action, *good or bad*, he is making manifest to his fellows something which was already in existence before it came within range of their perceptive organs? Just as the light from the nearest fixed star was generated ages before it reaches the eyes of the dweller on earth to-day, so the impulse that resulted in the act we see performed at any given moment in the life of a man was generated *in the past* (near or distant it matters not for our purpose) of that man's life. His fellow men see it, and to them it is the man of the present; but to those who see both mental and emotional action *it* is not the man of to-day but of yesterday, and then it is to those other activities that they look as of importance, searching whether the springs of thought and desire are tending to *reinforce* that well-nigh expended force, or whether they go to counteract, if not entirely to neutralise it. Surely here is no juggling with the moral sense, no pretending that black is white! The Aristotelian axiom that we know a thing by its end is still true, and when we see an evil act we know that the impulses that generated *that act* were evil, and no one is asking us to call them good. We are mistaken only when we look at that act as a sample of the impulses the man is generating at the moment when we see it performed. To quote Aristotle once again, we judge of the egg by the fowl it produces and not by the hen that laid it; but that is not saying that if one egg produce a malformed chick we are to condemn all the eggs laid by the hen. Let us by all means avoid the danger of calling black white, but let us be quite sure that our knowledge entitles us to pronounce a verdict, and—let us have patience with the hen!

Miss Theobald seems to fear lest we should lose the power of discriminating between true and false prophets, and to think that we

are enjoined to pin our faith to the teaching of a leader, however evil his or her actions, because of some goodness which may lie behind them. But surely teaching is in no way affected by the actions *on any plane* of its exponent? Such a position argues the old clinging to authority; and if we really take our views, religious or otherwise, because they are given to us by any particular man or woman, we must indeed look for the shattering of many an idol on our upward path. "There is no religion higher than truth," and truth to every man is his particular fragment of the instantaneous photograph, myriads of which go to make up the great biograph of eternal verities —*his*, just because for the moment he can see *no other*. If it seems to me that some particular doctrine, say, for example, that of the evolution of the soul through many lives, explains to me the Divine Being, the universe and my own existence, does it matter to me (so far as my acceptance of the doctrine is concerned) if the human being from whom I first heard of it breaks every commandment in the decalogue? I regret it for my own sake and his; but I cannot *unbelieve*. Nor is the ethical value of the doctrine affected; my teacher might have believed in special creation and done still worse. On the other hand, if I do *not* believe in reincarnation, if it does *not* solve for me the riddle of this painful earth, then it is not to be commended to me by the fact that the Angel Gabriel himself reveals it to me; and I am bound to go on searching for *my* answer, even if it be true for no other soul in the universe.

Am I, by the way, giving accidentally an answer of a sort to the question of Mr. Orage as to what is meant by the Theosophical point of view?—I do not know; but this I do know, that such an attitude towards revelation, creed, and even truth itself, is *to me* the hall-mark of the Theosophical mind, and when I find it I feel as one who, travelling in a far country, meets a brother by the way.

In conclusion, I can but ask Miss Theobald's forgiveness if what I have said is too trite and superficial to meet her difficulty; on reading over what I have written I feel that I resemble the gentleman whose sermons "afforded deep glimpses into the obvious." For surely what I have tried to say should be obvious to all of us in the Theosophical Society who have cut adrift from our old moorings and launched out upon the great deep where the old landmarks are no longer visible. When the new horizons slowly loom up into view we shall surely learn to reconstruct our ideas about many things; till they do we are (or ought to be) in the position of those who are

making for them, believing them to be there, and who cannot use the old charts that take no cognisance of their existence.

What though the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, thro' creeks and inlets making,
Comes, silent, flooding in, the main!

Yours very truly,
E. M. GREEN.

To the Editor, THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

DEAR SIR,

I am amazed at Miss Theobald's letter. To pick out a phrase here, extract a sentence there, from any article, is neither sane criticism nor a reasonable attitude.

"Since when have right thought and right doctrine held such a much more lofty position in Occultism than right action?" Since Jesus the Initiate taught the same doctrine. (See *Matthew*, v. 27-28.)

If Miss Theobald really desired "more light" she could have obtained it by perusing with careful attention, *in extenso*, the article which she so hastily and inadvisedly attempts to criticise.

It is true that we think more nobly than we act. The mere fact that shame and remorse are human attributes shows this. Is the Idealist anathema because he does not actively realise every ideal in each detail of daily life? What about that "high failure" which the poet tells us "doth overleap the bounds of low success"?

With regard to the fallacy of judging by appearance, otherwise action (since of all planes the physical is the most illusory), one need only refer to the instance given by Col. Olcott in his recent "Presidential Address," of the selection by his Teacher of a drunkard as "the most spiritually advanced member." Truly "the Lord seeth not as man seeth—for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (*I. Sam.*, xvi. 7.)

As for the charge of Jesuitry, Mrs. Besant's teaching, in this instance, is in harmony with that of Jesus. In some ideal world, wherein the population shall consist of various degrees of Sunday scholars, doubtless "good" and "great" will be interchangeable terms. Here, however, and now, it is not so. And when we read of Mrs. Besant's Jesuitical standpoint, and of the not very indirect

charge of inculcating laxity of ethics, there are no adequate interjections. We appeal to those who have knowledge, intimate or otherwise, of Mrs. Besant.

Yours truly,

LILY NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

To the Editor, THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

DEAR SIR,

The letter in your last issue entitled "The Path of Action" reveals such utter lack of comprehension that it precludes the possibility of answer. We all know that the power of comprehension cannot be given. It would, moreover, be an insult to suppose that readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW could be misled by such obvious (we have assumed unconscious) misrepresentation.

To the writer of the letter, however, it may perhaps be permitted to offer counsel, since she has herself, through your pages, so freely offered it to others. To her, then, one would venture to say: Endeavour to cultivate the *finer perceptions*, as they have been called. The endeavour must eventually bring its own reward.

Yours sincerely,

ELSIE GORING.

VISIONS OF FUTURE EVENTS

Whatever is to be already is. Many of us have been a good deal impressed by the letters which have appeared lately in *The Daily Telegraph* under the head of "Dreams and Visions"—and especially, by the many detailed narratives of distinct warnings given as to the approach of future events. It seems to the writer that all such occurrences, of which Myers' book and the Psychical Research papers give so many instances, fall in line with the idea, so familiar to Theosophists, that the complete oak exists before the acorn, or the complete man before the baby. As the writer of *Genesis* has it: "The Lord God made the plant of the field *before* it was in the earth, and every herb of the field *before* it grew."

Time is an illusion of the human mind, resulting, as all the rest of its illusions do, from its congenital limitations.

There is no "before," there is no "after" in reality, inasmuch as states or situations of any object cannot exist outside of the sphere

which contains them; and it is true of all things whatsoever, and of all processes whatsoever, that they live and move and have their being in God the Eternal Now. Nothing but the Now exists. What seems to human eyes, in their condition of illusion, either remote past or remote future, is neither before this present instant, nor after this present instant. Both the star dust on the one hand, and the perfected cosmos on the other, though separated by incalculable time, exist as truly in the present instant as yonder rock or tree.

The goal of life, the end of all development, of all effort, the subconscious purpose of all human prayer, is to do away with those limitations of ours which, as we are now constituted, compel us to see things "before" and "after" in order that we may come to know them simultaneously as present conscious experiences.

We are standing in an oblong room, as it were, in each end of which there is a large window, while the ceiling has only a small narrow slit. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? Lord, that I may receive my sight." That is the prayer of prayers. All my prayers, efforts, study, labour have but the single subconscious purpose that the slit in the ceiling may be widened for me, so that, instead of seeing or knowing by the back window or by the front window, I should see them as they are in the Now.

Speaking of prayers, take the Lord's Prayer. Our Father *is* in the Heavens; His Name *is* hallowed (how in the nature of things could it be otherwise *in reality?*); His Kingdom *is* come: considering it is God that is spoken of, how could His Kingdom not be come; or His will not be done everywhere both in earth and Heaven? Of course He gives the super-essential bread each day, for we should not be in existence if He did otherwise; of course He lets go our debts,—how can Love, His essential essence, do anything else? Of course in all that we suffer of temptation and pain He is not leading us into these things as our abiding place but is actually throughout conducting the process of leading us out of imperfection or evil, because, as has been already implied, His *is* the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory in the perpetual Now, which to the limitations of human eyes appears as the rotation of Ages.

The doctrines contained in these petitions are all true, but they are not as yet our conscious experience. If they were we should not need to express them in the terms of prayer. The making them our conscious experience is the removal of our limitations, so that we at

last possess our sight. All that hitherto has appeared at the fore window of our ratiocination, and at the back window of our recollection, now appears upon us, or overhead as it were. Ultimately the whole ceiling, so to speak, will be skylight. This is seeing God, not as He was, or shall be, but as He is, and hearing His Voice as Jesus did in the moment of his baptism. It seems to have been in this manner that the Master during his ministry already saw himself crucified and alive from the dead. This is not first sight, but the great second sight.

C. G. C.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Story of Yahveh

Genesis and Exodus as History. A Critical Enquiry. By the late James Thomas. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; 1906. Price 6*s*.)

The last work of Mr. James Thomas, whose *Records of the Nativity* and *First Christian Generation* have been already noticed in our pages, informs us that he is no longer with us to aid in the task of ushering in the dawn of reason in the Christian world. May he now be solving some of the many problems of criticism he has helped to raise, and that, too, in a far more satisfactory manner than is possible from the standpoint of the purely rationalistic theism from which he has hitherto envisaged them.

To those of us who are acquainted with the voluminous literature of biblical criticism, it may appear almost a work of supererogation to add to the number of volumes dealing critically with such a well-worn theme as the story of Genesis and Exodus; but the tyranny of tradition dies hard, and so few comparatively receive readily the liberty of thought that is, when rightly used, the forerunner of true spiritual emancipation, that any who come forward to minister to the many still in bondage, may be welcomed as workers in a still most necessary reformation.

Mr. Thomas, after a painstaking investigation, marked by

moderation of language, and a calmly judicial frame of mind, necessarily comes to the conclusion that the contents of the two most famous of all the Hebrew writings are valueless as history, and descriptive of an idea of God that all intelligent men should long have outgrown. In the final review of his inquiry he sets forth the following four questions as the most important which call for decision.

"1. Was the Pentateuch document, by single exception among the early records of mankind, aided in its composition in any degree or mode by God, or is it a purely human combination of truth and error, like a history by Herodotus or Livy?

"2. Is the Yahveh of its story identical with the Lord of the Universe and Father of all, whom we worship? for, if not, the wonders therein attributed to him must of necessity be pure fable.

"3. Have these Jewish legends, and the details of their national ritual, any appreciable value to us morally and practically?

"4. Also: Have they any sound pretensions as affording a confirmation of Christ's mission, or a guarantee of his teaching?"

To all these questions Mr. Thomas answers distinctly in the negative, and, on the whole, we are inclined to agree with him.

With regard to the first, however, we should say that though we hold strongly that such writings could not possibly be inspired by the God we worship, they are in a class entirely apart from the histories of a Herodotus or a Livy. Though largely historicised myth and legend drawn from prior sources, and frequently over-written for priestly purposes to flatter the national vanity, they yet so feverishly claim for themselves a monopoly in God that they have imposed themselves on the Christian world for nineteen centuries as the direct inspiration of the God the Christians themselves worship. If, then, in spite of the sturdy protest of Marcion, seventeen and a half centuries ago, the Christians have for all these years recognised in the portrait of the Yahveh delineated in the Five Books the features of their God, it must be that it was precisely because this Yahveh was the God they really worshipped in their inmost hearts, in spite of their professing with their lips to worship the God of Jesus. A story that has had such wide-reaching influence on the Western world for all these centuries cannot therefore be judged solely on the ground of historical criticism; it is not credible that such a result could be achieved by a "purely human document." There is "magic" in the book, a psychic influence that has fascinated the nations even unto this day. We may analyse the text of this biblical talisman and assure ourselves of its

unhistorical nature, but the problem of its powerful influence has still to be solved. It is psychic and not spiritual, and it is because the nations have loved the things of the irrational and animal nature rather than those of the reason and spirit, that it has been able to keep its hold upon them. They want an excuse for their passions, their hates and their fears; they cannot find it in the Gospel of the Christ, so they cling to the story of Yahveh and his doings.

But the time of Yahveh is drawing to a close. The clergy still continue to read in church with bated breath the story of Yahveh, though they no longer believe in it, and in their studies make critical havoc of it; they carry on this farce for the sake of ecclesiastical laymen and the "weaker brethren" generally. But if they are really servants of the Christ who taught the people openly, let them have courage to speak the truth, and the God of Truth will amply repay them by using their thus consecrated lips as the means of teaching these same weaker brethren the mysteries of the now forgotten Faith their Master loved.

G. R. S. M.

Old Friends in New Faces

Where Two Worlds Met. By Sydney Phelps and Bridey M. O'Reilly. (London: Francis Griffiths; 1906. Price 6*s*.)

The so-called "psychic" novels of to-day are generally melodrama pure and simple. Lytton, we may suppose, knew something of what he was writing; knew, in fact, more than he wrote. Modern writers generally know less. *Where Two Worlds Met* is a story of "psychic" interest. There is a first-rate villain who does everything that we have a right to expect from him, including repentance. By magical arts, acquired it would seem in the enormous space of a year, he compels the girl who refuses to marry him to exchange bodies with him. At the crucial moment, however, the girl slays *his* body, so that in spite of his year-long arts he finds himself willy-nilly doomed to masquerade as a girl. Meantime the girl wanders about homeless, but, by various sentimental devices, she succeeds in converting the tenant of her body, and finally in inducing him to restore her rights. He quits the body and goes bravely to a most dubious Day of Judgment; the girl returns, takes possession of her body, and then promptly gives it away again (in marriage this time) to a South African hero. The finale is thus whiffs of sulphur accompanied by

wedding bells. Some of the incidents, it may be remarked, are very well done. Here and there throughout the book we come across passages of genuine insight. But not even the sternly poetic justice meted out to our old friends, the villain, the lady, and the good young man, will convince us that they are at home in this welter of magic and mystery.

A. R. O.

Ridiculus Mus

Balmanno. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner; London: Simpkin & Marshall; 1906.)

Why will enthusiasts so discredit their cause? When, as here, the cause is a good one, 'tis pity. The author of this well-meant little book tells us that more than thirty years of reading and thinking have gone to the making of it. The result, unfortunately, is only a squeak.

Nothing could be more reasonable than some of the ideas the story is intended to enforce. In these times of social struggle any serious attempt to think out the questions of education, maintenance, housing, provision of work, and other problems that confront us, and to indicate their solution on just and rational lines, is to be welcomed. If only the author had been content to write a straightforward treatise setting forth his views, the book might possibly have been of some use to those unaccustomed to thinking in this direction. But no; as is only too usual, the reformer must ape the artist; his opinions must be crammed into a threadbare dress of fiction, completely shapeless, ill-sewn, and spotted here and there with phrases of the most extraordinary and inappropriate colouring we have ever met.

All the men in the story "shout" instead of speak; men as well as women are never without tears in either their eyes or their voices. Gush and sentimentality are doubtless, like haschish, very enjoyable to their victims; but (as the author says in objecting to the conception of a spiritual science) "it does look so silly to all reasonable men."

The personages of the tale are all much too bright and good for human nature's daily food. The heroine does not go about like an ordinary woman; she "mounts into her carriage." In short, every character is a pure and perfect Prig; and although the hero "gives himself away to graceful and gentlemanly hilarities," this book is a

most complete and terrible example of the folly of arrogating the part of novelist without the most rudimentary sense of humour or the remotest idea how to write.

A. L.

From Man to Saint

Augustine the Man. By Amélie Rives. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head; 1906.)

In her dramatic poem, *Augustine the Man*, Princess Amélie Troubetzkoy has chosen a subject of intense emotion and carried it out with great skill and insight. The poem depicts the supreme struggle in the career of Augustine, when, in obedience to the "voice from heaven"—the famous "*Tolle, lege*"—he passes from the life of the man and enters upon the path of the saint. The struggle is finely portrayed with great dramatic skill, and a psychological insight that shows the writer to be endowed not only with a keen sense of the hunger of the human soul for certitude of belief and for realisation of the things of the spirit, but also (and this is a rarer gift) with the deeper knowledge that saintliness is not unfrequently purchased by a man at the expense of his humanity.

The whole drama is set forth in fair diction and musical phrasing, and may be read not only with interest and pleasure, but also with instruction.

G. R. S. M.

The Romance of a Biblical Fraud

The Amazing Witness. By Arden Shire. (London: The Open Road Publishing Co.; 1906. Price 1s.)

This is a clever and readable story, intended to set forth the inconveniences which would in all probability follow the furnishing of the positive *evidence* for the Resurrection now so much desired. A rather pantomime sort of High Church clergyman, head of a secret Order and in command of unlimited funds, combines with an unscrupulous and needy scholar to have such evidence "discovered" in the course of excavations in Egypt. We may note that the place of the obligatory Jesuit of the old novels is here taken by an Anglican clergyman; a significant change, for good *and* evil, come about in the last twenty years. Armed with this evidence, the Church Party has its own way with the Legislature; and the legal and social persecution

of all free-thought is only ended by the opportune discovery of evidence of the fraud. This is very neatly effected, and we will not give away the author's secret. In the characters and the working out of the story we find abundant evidence of the inspiration of *Robert Elsmere*, but we do not mean this as a reproach—rather as a commendation; we are glad to find that school is not extinct, and has so useful a lesson to teach us.

A. A. W.

A Scroll of Wisdom

Sâdi's Scroll of Wisdom. With an Introduction. By Arthur N. Wollaston, C.I.E. (London: John Murray; 1906. Price 1s. net.)

This, the latest addition to the popular "Wisdom of the East" series, is a small volume of some sixty-three pages, the first half of which is occupied by Mr. Wollaston's introduction, in which he reminds us that the work he now presents to us in the English tongue has only twice previously been done into that language, once by Gladwin in 1807, and about twenty years since by an Indian scholar. Neither of these earlier translations is easily to be procured, and therefore we thank Mr. Wollaston for the pleasantly written book he enables us to possess.

Twenty-three miles from Agra lies the deserted city Fatehpur Sikri, built by Akbar (a great lover of Sâdi's poems). Within its precincts are some of the most splendid architectural remains of the Moghul dynasty, that is to say, the most splendid in the world. Here is one of the most magnificent of all Akbar's buildings, the Jâmi Masjid, or Cathedral Mosque; its architectural splendour and its historic associations render it one of the most impressive structures in the East. One of its two entrances is the Balana Darwaza, a mighty portal, 176ft. in height from the roadway; it has three doorways and over one of these is carved, in the Arabic character, the following logion:

"Said Jesus (on whom be peace!), The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopeth for an hour, may hope for eternity; the world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is worth nothing."

This note of the mutability of all things is characteristic of much of Sâdi's work, and it is prominent throughout *The Scroll of Wisdom*, which concludes thus:

Set not thine heart upon this material abode,
For thou wilt not find therein delight for thy soul.
Place not thine affections upon this ancient and ruined dwelling,
For it will not be void of grief and pain.
The world hath no permanence, O my son!
Pass not thy life therein in negligence.
Fix not thy heart upon this perishable abode.
From Sâdi receive this one piece of advice.

Many excellent precepts the reader will find here gathered together, amongst the subjects discoursed upon being Generosity, Benevolence, Humility, Pride, the Excellence of Learning, Justice, Patience, Fidelity, Love, etc.—upon all of which Sâdi has a wise and helpful word of advice to offer.

J. M. W.

More Buddhist and Christian Parallels

Buddhist Texts Quoted as Scripture by the Gospel of John: A Discovery in the Lower Criticism. By Albert J. Edmunds. (Philadelphia: A. J. Edmunds, 241, West Duval Street; 1906.)

In our July issue we reviewed at some length the third edition of Mr. Edmunds' *Buddhist and Christian Gospels*, and made our readers acquainted with his researches and general point of view. On p. 49 of that painstaking and scholarly work Mr. Edmunds wrote: "I would not, with Seydel, extend the Buddhist influences to the entire Christian Epic, but limit it to the Gospel of Luke, and perhaps John. Even in doing this much, I submit it only as a hypothesis.' The pamphlet before us gives some further parallels which induce their discoverer to write: "In the next edition the last sentence will be cancelled, and the order of Luke and John reversed. The case for John is now stronger than that for Luke."

In introducing his two parallels in *John* (there are only two adduced), Mr. Edmunds refers to a striking passage in *Mark* to show that other books besides those of the received Hebrew canon are quoted in Words of the Lord. *Mark*, ix. 13, runs: "I say unto you, that Elijah is come, and they have also done unto him whatsoever they listed, *even as it is written of him.*" Nowhere does the Old Testament foretell that the second Elijah shall be persecuted. Rendel Harris, however, has discovered this in a "midrash" on *Genesis* ascribed to Philo (*Quæstiones et Solutiones in Genesin*). This is

of immense importance, for not only does it prove that a canon of scripture far more extensive than the subsequent Rabbinical canon existed in the first century, but that the writer of the *Mark* document was in contact with the same extended scripture sources as the circles with whom Philo was in contact.

The first Johannine parallel is *John*, vii. 38: "He that believeth in me, *as the scripture hath said*, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Now the known Hebrew scripture says nothing of the kind, whereas *Paṭisambhidā-maggo*, i. 53, reads:

"What is the Tathāgato's knowledge of the twin miracle? In this case, the Tathāgato works a twin miracle unrivalled by disciples: from his upper body proceeds a flame of fire, and *from his lower body proceeds a torrent of water.* Again, from his lower body proceeds a flame of fire, and from his upper body a torrent of water."

The second parallel is *John*, xii. 34: "The multitude therefore answered him, *We have heard out of the law*, that the Christ abideth *for the æon.*"

In *Enunciations*, vi. 1, and *Long Collection*, Dialog. 16 (*Book of the Great Decease*, S.B.E., xi., p. 40), we read:

"Ānando, anyone who has practised the four principles of psychical power,—developed them, made them active and practical, pursued them, accumulated and striven to the height thereof,—can, if he so should wish, remain [on earth] for the æon, or the rest of the æon.

"Now, Ānando, the Tathāgato has practised and perfected these; and, if he so should wish, *the Tathāgato could remain* [on earth] *for the æon*, or the rest of the æon."

If now Mr. Edmunds himself admits that "the case for John is stronger than that for Luke," we have before us in these two passages the strongest parallels he can adduce. These are not only claimed to be parallels of idea (which they assuredly are), but verbal parallels. That is to say, we are to interpret the "as the scripture hath said" and "we have heard out of the law" as indications that the circles among whom these Sayings arose were familiar with written Buddhist sources, for in the second text the ascription of the Saying to the multitude can easily be taken as a transference from an original where the Saying was given to the disciples—there being other similar instances in *John*.

It is possible that there may have been Buddhist communities in

Alexandria or elsewhere in Egypt, or communities of eclectic mystics who were in contact with Buddhist missionaries, and that even translations of some of the Suttas may have been made—for we have to remember the Indian Gymnosophist community up the Nile with which Apollonius of Tyana was acquainted in the first century. It may even be that there were translations of the Books of the Indians, as we know there were of the Books of the Chaldæans and of the Magi in the Alexandrian Library. But taking all things into consideration, and having no theory of our own to support, we are not yet persuaded of these *verbal* parallels and must wait for further evidence.

G. R. S. M.

The Need of a New Saviour

Jesus in Juteopolis. By Walter Walsh. (London: Open Road Publishing Co.; 1906. Price 1s.)

In the preface we are told that "the impulse to the particular adventure of this book was given when, last year, the Dundee Social Union published its report on Housing and Industrial Conditions and Medical Inspection of School Children," and a truly pitiful report of the working of "civilisation" in Dundee it is. That a preacher should imagine that improvement is likely to follow from an impassioned appeal to the emotions alone is a very natural error; but an error, notwithstanding. We will not dispute with Mr. Walsh whether the Christ, the Master, as we conceive Him, would have so minutely repeated His life in Syria two thousand years ago; he is with us in the intuition that this would be a failure, and that something quite different is needed to set right the errors of the present organisation of what is called Society. But his work will be of use to his readers by showing them how pressing is the need of a new saviour in this new twentieth-century world; and from this point of view we can heartily commend it.

A. A. W.

The Hall of Learning

The Awakening. By Mabel Collins (Mrs. K. Cook). (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 2s. net.)

In *The Awakening* we have another small book from the pen of the scribe of *Light on the Path* and *The Idyl of the White Lotus*. The

main theme of its chapters is "The Hall of Learning"; descriptions are given of the psychic experiences which have ever since been conditioned by the very powerful impression made on the mind of M. C. when her consciousness was first involved in this living thought-symbol. Other psychics doubtless experience similar emotions and share in similar instructions within quite different conditions of formal thought; but the descriptions given by M. C. will be read with special interest by all who love that admirable little treatise on the spiritual life known as *Light on the Path*. Other chapters are devoted to narratives of selected death-bed visions, all tending to give hopes of fairer things after death, and generally to the subject of the growth of psychic sensibility and the waking to spiritual verities.

G. R. S. M.

An Apology for Astrology

Essays on Astrology: Expository and Apologetic. By James Harvey. (Glasgow: Barrs, 79, London Street; 1906. Price 6*d*.)

The author is evidently a sincere and painstaking student, who (like many more) has discovered in astrology a new clue to the problems of temperament and destiny. His stage of progress in it is sufficiently indicated by his division of the planets into "good" and "bad" ones, in the manner of the sheep and goats. Moreover he makes a much bolder claim for his system (as neophytes are apt to do!) than is made by veterans in the use of it. Does any serious astrologer now-a-days assert that the planets *cause* the phenomena of character and history any more than the weather-vane *causes* the wind to blow? The title is somewhat misleading; there is no "exposition" of astrology in these fragmentary pages, and as for "apology"—a science that cannot take care of itself as well as chemistry or physiology not a science at all. The clever little rhymes on the zodiac, however, show a real understanding of the nature of the twelve signs, and are by far the best thing in the pamphlet.

E.

Mrs. Besant's "Gîtâ" Lectures

Hints on the Study of "The Bhagavad Gîtâ." Four Lectures delivered at the Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, December, 1905. By Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 2*s*. net.)

The scripture *par excellence* of educated modern India is *The Bhagavad*

Gîtâ. This is not only a gospel but a gnostic gospel, and as such appeals not only to the men of a single nation, but to men as men. Of all the world-scriptures, other than their own Bible, it is the most read and studied in the Western world; indeed many may be said to live by it. This result has been brought about chiefly by the Theosophical Society, and the chief propagandist of the *Gîtâ* teaching in that Society has been Annie Besant. Mrs. Besant has made the *Gîtâ* teaching peculiarly her own, and the consequence is that the four lectures before us give the results of many years of careful thought and meditation, and make them perhaps the best of any course she has yet attempted.

The lectures are conditioned by the thought-sphere of the *Gîtâ*, and are built up of material taken from the "sermons" or "logoi" of the Master Mind teaching under the name of Kṛishṇa. Within the atmosphere of such a Presence there is no room for anything but spiritual things; the only point of view from which a clear sight of the mystery can be attained is the spiritual one; the planes and vehicles of psychic nature can only obscure.

The *Gîtâ* being a general and a gnostic scripture is not arranged in the definite configuration of a formal treatise; it proceeds according to life and gnosis and not according to form. Mrs. Besant, whose peculiar faculty is the power of the definite formularisation of a subject, takes the materials of like nature scattered throughout the sermons and builds them into definite forms. In this way she systematises the *Gîtâ* and so enables many to see in it an order that they may hitherto not have suspected. And indeed there is a plan in all such scriptures, a living paradigm; and any attempt to lead students towards communion with that root-idea is of greatest service.

The first lecture is entitled "The Great Awakening," and is perhaps the most eloquent of all, describing the setting of the instruction and the awakening of the man to decision in the midst of the indecision caused by the turmoil of the world-battle. The second lecture brings out with great clearness the fact that the *Gîtâ* is beyond all else a scripture of Yoga; indeed it is the manual of the Kingly Work—true Râja Yoga, and to our mind infinitely superior to any formal treatise on Yoga. The third and fourth addresses deal respectively with the Yoga of Devotion and the Yogas of Discrimination and Sacrifice—the Bhakti, Jñâna and Karma Mârgas. All four lectures are packed, they are not loose or thin, and read more like written matter than spoken orations. We should, however, have liked

to have seen a separate lecture devoted to both the Path of Wisdom and the Path of Action as well as to the Path of Devotion, but time apparently did not serve and the end had to be hurried.

We all of us have our special loves, and Mrs. Besant's special love is India. She is persuaded that India in the past was the World-model and is destined in the future to be the World-saviour; as such she treats its history as the passion of the Christ-nation. We would, however, venture to suggest that this is the adaptation of the orthodox Christian exclusive view of the Christ to phenomena that demand a wider interpretation. We know those who regard the Poles as the Messianic nation of the future; others who regard Ireland in a similar light; others again who look to Russia or the United States as destined to play this *rôle* in the world's karma. But surely it is to be hoped that all the nations will work together for righteousness, or at any rate each be used according to its nature for the Great Consummation that is to be, when the World will awaken and the World-Christ come to birth. All nations (may we not hope?) will be Limbs of His Great Body.

Mrs. Besant has also what appears to us to be a peculiar view of history. History, she will have it, is the description of human affairs that looks to the typical side of things, and sets forth the working out of the Divine plan in general or national events. But surely this is the proper meaning of myth; Herodotus was the father of history in the accepted meaning of the term, and whatever may be our opinion of the new departure, however we may deplore the degeneration of the human mind from the plane of *mythopœia* to that of *historia* and *logographia*, we had better not derange the accepted epitaphs.

Again Mrs. Besant insists on it that the *Gîtâ* teaching is to be dated by the self-destruction of the Indian Warrior caste, which let in the flood of foreign conquest. She holds to the traditional date of this catastrophe, namely 3102 B.C. But when she comes to facts, the first inroad she can mention is that of Alexander the Great. This leaves some 2,800 years unaccounted for! Myth can be interpreted according to cycles and sub-cycles, but history is a glutton for dates and revels in chronology.

All this, however, is outside the spiritual content of the *Gîtâ* and pertains to criticism—an excellent thing in itself but not vital to the subject as a scripture of Yoga and chiefly of the Yoga of Devotion.

G. R. S. M.

Too Cheap

1. Extracts from Shu Ch'ing. Historical Classic of China, which is commonly regarded as one of the Classics of Confucius.
2. Tao Teh Ch'ing. The Simple Way, or The Path of Virtue. By Laotze.

Translated by W. Gorn Old. And with Introductory Notes by W. Loftus Hare. (London: C. W. Daniel; 1906. Price 4*d*. net.)

These little books are Nos. 1 and 2 of a new series entitled "The Oriental Classics." Mr. Old's work is sufficiently familiar to our readers already, and Mr. Hare's introductions are moderate and sensible. We must, however, raise a protest; 4*d*. is a ridiculous price for matter of this kind. It is not fair to either author or publisher, for the simple reason that under no circumstances is it possible that such books should sell "like hot cakes," and that is the only condition of their paying. We have purchased our own experience dearly by publishing a translation of the shorter Upaniṣhads for 6*d*., hoping that there would be many who would be as eager to sip this nectar of Vaidic theosophy as ourselves. Our utopian inexperience sold them at the cost price of production and distribution, yet no more were sold than if 2*s*. 6*d*. had been charged. Such books appeal to a class and not to the multitude. The multitude do not want the Upaniṣhads of India or the Classics of China; 4*d*. is the price of tripper literature, novelettes and detective stories.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, August. "Old Diary Leaves" this time contain some useful information as to the results of the Judge secession. We are glad to see in English the valuable papers on the "Great Pyramid" contributed by H. J. van Ginkel to *Theosophia*. Next follow the important Address of the President-Founder at the International Congress at Paris; Rama Prasad's "Self-Culture"; more "Selected Muhammadan Traditions," from which we may take the following: "The Prophet said, that if anyone relieves his Muhammadan brother of his burden and does his duty himself, God will relieve him of *his* burden and grant him his prayer"; the continuation of "Bâlabodh-

inî"; a useful discussion on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* between P. T. Srinivas Iyengar and Dr. Otto Schrader; a very thoughtful and practical study of the "Philosophy of Karma," by V. Ganesh Pradhân; and brief notes of two of Miss Edger's lectures on "Occultism and Karma." We cannot pass by a quotation from Mr. George Richardson's address to the New Zealand Convention: "I am pleased (he says) to observe that there is less boastful talk about 'doing Master's work.' If work is to be done, let it be done for its own sake, from a sense of duty; let us humbly do the work that lies to our hand; and abjure the idea, born of vanity, that we are vessels specially chosen into honour."

Theosophy in India, August, opens with the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's lectures on Sir Oliver Lodge's "Life and Matter." Dreamer's "Theosophy and Ethics" is also concluded, summing up his view of Ethics thus: "The harm that a man does to another is a sin, a violation of the law, not because the laws are arbitrary or capricious, nor because of the fact that they find their expression through any individual conscience, but because the harm done is a disturbance of the One Life." The other papers have much that is interesting.

Central Hindu College Magazine, August, is a good number, and contains an interesting account of the highly successful ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the Hindu College, Kâshmîr, the Principal of which is our old friend Mr. M. U. Moore, to whom we wish every success.

Theosophic Gleaner, August. "Editorial Notes" inform us, in somewhat cryptic language, that: "Our valiant, whom we would call the Arjuna of the 20th century, after a long respite, has come to the forefront that he might personally strive to extirpate the source of evil," and that "we are face to face with the grim reality of experiencing the enactment once more of the great drama, the hauling of the Theosophical Society one step upwards." Whatever in the world *is* coming to us? Mr. Sutcliffe's view of Laplace's "error" is further discussed; and "The Thorns in the Path" is a useful reminder of truths just now more than usually needful to remember.

The Vahân, September. Here, after some correspondence, we have H. W.'s "Açhvaghosha on Meditation," and the one page left for the "Enquirer" has additional answers to two questions previously treated.

Lotus Journal, September, opens with a pleasant letter from Miss Willson, who accompanied Mrs. Besant on her trip to Kâshmîr. The

running articles are continued, and we have also "Cobwebs," by Miss Violet Dering, and "The King's Disguise," a story by Helos.

Revue Théosophique, August. In this number the original articles are a thoughtful and valuable study on Mantras by Mr. B. Keightley, and a very readable account of J. Boehme by Mr. P. Tovey. A brief summary of the papers read at the Congress is interesting to those who had not the privilege of being present.

Theosofische Beweging, September, has an interesting collection of news from all the Sections, and Dr. van der Gon's always excellent "Review of Reviews."

Theosophia, August. After "Old Diary Leaves" we have "Molecules and Atoms," by J. A. Blok; "Astrology as a factor in the Education of Children," by H. J. van Ginkel; "Short Introduction to Teaching in Lotus Circles," by M. Jager and J. Wijnslock; "Is Sympathy a Weakness?" by B. de Rook, ending with a vigorous defence of Theosophy against some recent Catholic attacks.

Théosophie, September, contains papers "short and sweet" by Dr. Pascal, Mrs. Besant and A. Blech.

Lucifer-Gnosis, No. 32, contains several important papers which would repay more extended notice than our space will allow; amongst others an obituary notice of the well-known philosopher Edouard von Hartmann, lately deceased.

Sophia, August, after an "Epilogue of the Month," concludes Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's "Mediæval Mysticism." The other papers are: "The Two Ideals," by J. Antick; "The Number Seven," by F. T. B. Clavel; "Inri," by J. E. Valenguela; "Christo Solo" by E. de Mesa, and a portion of Van Ginkel's "The Great Pyramid."

We have also to acknowledge: *Teosofisk Tidskrift;* No. 3 of the German *Mitteilungen*, the Sectional Organ; *Omatunto*, containing amongst other things an article by the Editor, Mr. Pekka Ervast, on the "National Culture and the Future of the Finnish People," which we wish we could read; *Theosophic Messenger; Theosophy in Australasia*, July, containing, after a lively "Outlook," serious contributions on "Man and the External World," by W. A. Hart, "The Eye and Heart Doctrines," "The Lost Track," "Ideals," and a useful child's story, "The Reason Why," by Ida Wren; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, July, with "The Highest Problem of Philosophy," by R. H., and a very practical "Talk to Branch Members" by Marian Judson; the first number of *Revista Teosófica*, the organ of the Cuban Section, giving interesting particulars of the branches of the new

Section, and to which we wish long life and prosperity; *La Verdad*, August; and *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Of periodicals not our own we have: *Indian Review; Siddhanta Deepika; The Dawn; The Arya; Broad Views*, September, in which, in addition to the continuation of Mr. Mallock's story the Editor gives us an article, "The Prejudice against Reincarnation," which all our students should read carefully, and "An Occult Student," one rather happily entitled "Philosophy in the Dark"; *Occult Review*, September, which contains one serious study, "Science and the Occult at the British Association," by W. L. Wilmshurst, the remainder being a mere collection of stories; *Modern Astrology*, September, in which Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe has the place of honour for "The Foundations of Physical Astrology," though Mrs. Leo's "The Wisdom of the Stars" is more within our reach, as one of the profane; a rather uninteresting number of *The Annals of Psychical Science; Espiritismo*, a little periodical which reaches us from Minas Geraes, Brazil, as the organ of a society of spiritualists according to Allan Kardec; *The Race Builder; The Leaflet*, a monthly publication connected with St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, its main contents a sermon on "The Church of the Future," such as one would expect from the well-known free-thinking and outspoken Rector, Dr. Cobb; *Herald of the Cross; Humanitarian; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Purity Journal; The Grail.*

A Few Suggestions for the Religious Reformation in India; a tiny pamphlet by P. C. Apparsemdram, Mannargudi, Tanjore District, needs acknowledgment as a serious and thoughtful contribution to the subject we all have at heart, quite free from the vaporous self-conceit which marks most of such writing—the work of a man who has but one thought, to help his country in her need.

W.

MULTISCIENCE does not teach intelligence. But the Sibyl with wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth unmirthful, inornate and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.—HERACLITUS.

Women's Printing Society, Limited, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.