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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Latin translation of the Bible made by Jerome (383-400 A.D.), may be said to have been, and to be still, *the* Bible of the vast majority of Christians. Jerome's translation of the New Testament was a revision of an existing text—the Old Latin or Itala; but the Old Testament books he translated, with the help of learned Rabbis, directly from the Hebrew text. Such an achievement by one man is indeed marvellous; and when we add that Jerome was also an excellent scholar, and that his translation of the Old Testament is far more accurate than the Greek version of the Seventy, we may ungrudgingly admit the praise of antiquity and of the middle ages, which regarded so great an achievement as directly due to inspiration.

The Revision of the Vulgate

The text of this Vulgate or Common Version of the Latin Church was gradually regarded as of equal sanctity, and of as authoritative inspiration, as that of the original Hebrew or Greek; it was stereotyped by decisions of councils and bulls of popes, and so has constituted the *authorised* Bible wherever the Roman Catholic Church has extended her authority. Whatever else

may have been regarded as unsettled, the text of the Bible used in all the sacred offices of the Church was held to be fixed once for all—one and the same everywhere.

The casual Protestant reader, therefore, can hardly realise the importance—nay, the startling and revolutionary nature—of the simple announcement that appeared in the press towards the end of May, that the Pope has issued a decree entrusting the whole revision of the Vulgate to the Benedictines, the most learned of the Orders. This is the most important outcome of the Biblical Commission appointed by the late Pope in the last years of his pontificate, and may be considered far to outweigh the futile decisions that have from time to time been recorded of that group of highly trained casuists, who seem to view the whole matter of biblical science through the spectacles of ecclesiastical diplomacy instead of with the clear-seeing of faith in truth at any cost to vested interests and age-long monopolies.

This stricture, however, does not apply to the labours of the scholars who have been summoned for consultation purposes. As Mons. P. Sabatier says in *The Inquirer* of July 6th:

> I can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is, in this instance, nothing in common between the decree of the cardinals and the labours of the consulters. A fortunate circumstance enabled me to run through the latter at the moment of their appearance from the Vatican Presses. Several of these studies reflect great honour on those who drew them up. The consulters were not aware of what was expected of them, but a good number of them had the candour and the honesty to caution the cardinals against clumsy decisions. They were not listened to.

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The Vatican and the Fourth Gospel

THE egregious nature of their general decisions may be seen by the manner in which the cardinals have disposed of the views of the Abbé Loisy—that is to say, of all enlightened criticism on the subject of the Fourth Gospel. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, of June 7th, summarises as follows the reply of the Papal Committee on Biblical Studies on the questions submitted to it relative to the authorship and historical veracity of the Fourth Gospel.

> It declares categorically that the historical arguments in favour of attributing it to St. John—namely, the testimony and allusions of the Fathers,

the inclusion of St. John's name in the Canon, etc.—have in no wise been shaken by modern critical methods. It declares that the tradition attributing the Fourth Gospel to the Apostle John is confirmed by intrinsic arguments to be drawn from the Gospel itself, as well as from the evident relationship between the Gospel and the First Epistle of Saint John. It affirms that there is no insuperable difficulty in reconciling the spirit and text of the Gospel of Saint John with those of the other Gospels. Finally, it repudiates an allegorical or symbolical interpretation of the Gospel according to Saint John, insisting upon its absolute historical value.

If, however, there are any things certain in the whole of New Testament criticism, they are precisely the exact antitheses of all these propositions. But the Roman Catholic Church is a profound knower of human nature; it knows, for it has the overwhelming evidence of its past on which to base its confidence, that in things of religion it is necessary only to *assert with confidence*, to assert remorselessly, to assert in the face of all facts and reason,—and there will always be a large majority to believe blindly, loyally, contentedly. Once bestow spiritual authority upon a human being, or upon a body of human beings, and in nine cases out of ten their humanity departs; they ape the gods and enslave the minds of their fellows.

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Mark Twain on Mrs. Eddy

THIS characteristic of human nature is brought out admirably in Mark Twain's humorous but relentless analysis of the spiritual tyranny of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy in his recently published work on Christian Science. Most people regard Mark Twain as a humorist pure and simple with no purpose to serve but the amusement of a delighted public. As a matter of fact few men have done more than he to undermine the absurdities of popular religion. He now turns his battery of humour on what he regards as the most skilfully organised spiritual tyranny of modern days, and sums up the history of the evolution of Mrs. Eddy's autocracy as follows:

Her book was issued from the press in 1875, it began its work of convert-making, and within six years she had successfully launched a new Religion and a new system of healing, and was teaching them to crowds of eager students in a College of her own, at prices so extraordinary that we are almost compelled to accept her statement (no, her guarded intimation), that the rates were arranged on high, since a mere human being unacquainted

with commerce and accustomed to think in pennies could hardly put up such a hand as that without supernatural help.

From this stage onward—Mrs. Eddy being what she was—the rest of the development stages would follow naturally and inevitably. But if she had been anybody else, there would have been a different arrangement of them, with different results. Being the extraordinary person she was, she realised her position and its possibilities; realised the possibilities and had the daring to use them for all they were worth.

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Her Methods

We have seen what her methods were after she passed the stage where her divine ambassadorship was granted its exequatur in the hearts and minds of her followers; we have seen how steady and fearless and calculated and orderly was her march thenceforth from conquest to conquest; we have seen her strike dead, without hesitancy, any hostile or questionable force that rose in her path: first, the horde of pretenders that sprang up and tried to take her Science and its market away from her—she crushed them, she obliterated them; when her own National Christian Science Association became great in numbers and influence, and loosely and dangerously garrulous, and began to expand the doctrine according to its own uninspired notions, she took up her sponge without a tremor of fear and wiped that Association out; when she perceived that the preachers in her pulpits were becoming afflicted with doctrine-tinkering, she recognised the danger of it, and did not hesitate nor temporise, but promptly dismissed the whole of them in a day, and abolished their office permanently; we have seen that, as fast as her power grew, she was competent to take the measure of it, and that as fast as its expansion suggested to her gradually awakening native ambition a higher step she took it; and so, by this evolutionary process, we have seen the gross money lust relegated to second place, and the lust of empire and glory rise above it. A splendid dream; and by force of the qualities born in her she is making it come true.

It goes without saying that this account of Mrs. Eddy's evolution has been indignantly repudiated by a number of writers who believe in her tenets. According to several of them, no one has laboured more zealously than Mrs. Eddy to make her followers stand on their own feet. Is it not, however, a fact that, among other things, they are forbidden to read any other books but those of Mrs. Eddy and the Bible?

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Mark Twain then goes on to give a list of the qualities that he considers go to make up the character of the "Mother" of

The Power from Without

Christian Science, and among them he includes "a knowledge of the weaknesses and poverties and docilities of human nature and how to turn them to account, which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled." It may be doubted whether Mrs. Eddy possesses this calculated knowledge in her immediate self-consciousness; it is rather automatic in her in feeling.

The power Mrs. Eddy has used so "successfully," however, is not a power from within but a power from without; and in drawing attention to this Mark Twain lays bare one of the most important elements in the problem of Mrs. Eddy's "success."

It was the power which proceeded from her people's recognition of her as a supernatural personage, conveyer of the Latest Word, a divinity commissioned to deliver it to the world. The form which such a recognition takes, consciously or unconsciously, is *worship;* and worship does not question nor criticise, it obeys. The object of it does not need to coddle it, bribe it, beguile it, reason with it, convince it—it commands it; that is sufficient; the obedience rendered is not reluctant, but prompt and whole-hearted. Admiration for a Napoleon, confidence in him, pride in him, affection for him, can lift him high and carry him far; and these are forms of worship, and are strong forces, but they are worship of a mere human being, after all, and are infinitely feeble as compared with those that are generated by that other worship, the worship of a divine personage. Mrs. Eddy has this efficient worship, this massed and centralised force, this force which is indifferent to opposition, untroubled by fear, and goes to battle singing like Cromwell's soldiers; and while she has it she can command and it will obey, and maintain her on her throne, and extend her empire.

She will have it until she dies; and then we shall see a curious and interesting further development of her revolutionary work begin.

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BUT what of the Impersonal Force behind all this and many another stirring of to-day? It is neither within alone nor without alone. It is active everywhere, and it is no respecter of persons. It is a Quickening and it compels people to feel alive. They feel the Life-side of it; but what of the Light-side? What of the understanding? The Christian Science movement deliberately cuts itself off from this completion, blindly following the commands of its "Mother" to listen to no voice but her voice. Hence it is that those who have felt the Life, believe that the

The Impersonal Force

channel through which it has come to them—namely the Christian Science notions and organisation conceived by Mrs. Eddy—is all-sufficient, and self-explanatory; whereas it is of Faith alone and not of Gnosis; it is a half truth of feeling divorced from mind. It is an intensification of feeling, with a corresponding enfeebling of mind; indeed, it preaches the annihilation of mind. The "mere man" is to go and the Eternal Feminine is to reign alone. But, if we are not mistaken, the Eternal Masculine is as necessary to salvation as is His Divine Spouse; and the baby-talk of the nursery, which would have Mother to be everything and Father a negligible quantity, must be regarded by the Parents with amused smiles; for when the children grow up they will naturally think differently and turn to their Father for instruction.

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The Moki Snake-Dance

LAST January a small party of Moki Indians from the Painted Desert of Arizona gave the British public a faint idea of their famous snake-dance. They had brought a few of their "brethren" with them across the Great Water; and here, in London, at "Olympia," they danced the rite daily before audiences that little realised how close they were to one of the mysteries of the "sacred animals," and the days when man-soul and animal-soul were more closely knit than they are to-day. The presence of these Men-snakes and their "brethren" in London was the occasion of a life-like description of the ancient rite as it is enacted in all its amazing reality in the home of the Snake-priests, from the pen of Mr. R. B. Townshend, in *The Westminster Gazette* of February 1st. Mr. Townshend describes what he saw with his own eyes; and as it is the most vivid description we have ever read of the famous Dance, we have great pleasure in handing it on to our readers.

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The Finding of the Brethren

Two red-men, both of them naked, or nearly so, were carrying a hoe and a bag, together with a mysterious wand in the form of a short stick, with two eagle-plumes at the end; they walked slowly, their eyes bent in an absorbed manner on the ground. The place was near the foot of a great wall of yellow cliffs in the middle of the Painted Desert of Arizona, and

the pair were Snake-priests of the Moki Indians, whose village crowned the cliffs. Suddenly one of the two pointed excitedly to the object of their search; it was a large rattlesnake, as thick round as a man's wrist, who slid away at their approach. They darted after him, and the plume-carrier bent down and brushed him swiftly and lightly with the magic wand, known among irreverent Americans as the Moki snake-whip. Then the priest caught the snake by the tail with one hand, while he rapidly ran the other up the body to the neck, and a rasping sound was heard as the hand moved up against the lie of the scales. The action was done with the unerring, unhesitating precision of a man who knows that he is absolutely right. He had reason; for he had faith in his religion, which told him that the snake was his brother and he need not fear his fangs. Yet his religion did not make him reckless; on the contrary, while keeping firm hold of the snake just behind the flat, venomous head, he looked with some obvious anxiety at his thigh, on which two spots of blood appeared. The Snake, his brother, had struck him. The two priests turned their eyes on every side till they saw a certain herb. It was the famous Moki antidote. They ran to it, they plucked it, bruised it, and rubbed it on the bite. Then, satisfied with the cure, they dropped their squirming snake-brother into the bag and hurried away with him up the steep staircase trail to the village above. There they made straight for a well-like opening in the ground and went down it by a ladder into the Kiva, a room, or rather a dungeon, hewn out of the living rock, where the Snake-priests hold their yearly worship.

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The Kiva

INSIDE the Kiva were more priests, and at least a hundred snakes. The darkness was lit only by the light from the ladder-hole above and from a small altar fire. Along one side of the Kiva squirmed a clustering mass of snakes—some harmless, some venomous. The priests, naked and with their long black locks ceremonially unbound, stood or sat on the floor while the chief priest tended the altar fire. In and out among the men a few snakes who had left the great cluster wandered restlessly, gliding with sinuous motion over or under the naked feet and legs and arms and shoulders of the seated priests. If a too curious snake intruded his head into the face of a priest, a quiet hand was raised without any sign of fear to move the too curious head to one side; but it was done peacefully. Inside the Kiva all was peace; men and snakes were brothers indeed. . . .

For days and nights the priests and the snakes lived in this den together, the snakes fearlessly crawling about over the men and rarely or never getting angry and trying to use their fangs. And the priests suffered them freely, for they themselves were doubly protected, first by their kinship with the reptiles and also by being filled with a drink made from their sacred "medicine," the antidote.

THEN, when due time was come, the priests took the snakes in bags up into the light of day, out into the dance-place, an open spot in the village, while all round stood the other Indians as well as a few alien American spectators. The bags were secreted in a booth of tall green boughs at one side of the place, and all the Snake-priests, strangely painted with coloured ochres on face and body, wearing decorated kilts and deer's-foot rattles bound about their knees, and holding plume sticks and gourd rattles in their hands, danced a solemn dance and sang a wild, unearthly chant. Then they gathered round the booth and stooped down, and as they rose again they were paired off two and two, and one of the two carried a writhing snake firmly grasped in his strong jaws, while the other had his left hand round the "carrier's" neck and in his right a plume stick with which he soothed the reptile, guiding the restless head away from the carrier's ears and eyes. Round the place they went, with slow, measured step; here came a priest grasping a great six-foot bull-snake by the middle in his jaws, while with either hand he held up the monster's head and tail; and here came another with two in his mouth—long, slim whip-snakes these, whose slender bodies can find room there both at once.

The Dance

Each pair made the whole circuit of the dance-place, and then with a sudden opening of the mouth the carrier dropped his strange burden on the ground. The bewildered snake hurriedly started to escape, but another priest was after him instantly with the magic wand, brushed him into submission, picked him up boldly, and grasped him, along with half a dozen more, in a writhing bundle. The snakes accepted their position with a sort of reluctant acquiescence, like so many puppies in the arms of a child. Five-and-twenty minutes this amazing scene continued, until every snake from the Kiva had made his sacramental round. For the whole thing was religious, and done in deadly earnest.

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THEN the squaws heaped a great pile of sacred cornmeal, the Moki staff of life, at one end of the place; the priests with their bundles of snakes approached and rolled them all in it; and then, snatching them up once more in handfuls, they rushed away with them to the four cardinal points, leaping from rock to rock down dizzy trails to the foot of the cliffs, and there at last they turned their snake-brethren loose.

The Speeding of the Brethren

Off sped the snakes, rejoicing to be free, and hid themselves in holes and crannies of the rocks, only too thankful to be rid of their uncomfortable human brothers. And the humans stood before their simple desert shrines and saw them go, and offered fervent prayers to the spirits of the air that they would send upon the earth rain to make the corn to grow abundantly and keep the wolf of starvation from the villages of the Mokis.

CONDUCT AND MORALITY

THE chief source of our perplexities is the fact that we do not realise the nature of the true relation between thinking and feeling. The usual tendency is to separate them, as if they followed each a distinct line of their own. In this manner it happens that the conclusions of our thinking clash with the direction in which we are driven by our feelings. Mentally we arrive at a conclusion that we should pursue a certain line of conduct; yet when we endeavour to put it into practice, we find it impossible. Far from realising that this is a sign that the conclusion is wrong, we accuse ourselves of weakness, whilst our neighbours, as a rule, go a step further and charge us with hypocrisy.

The elevation of a purely mental conclusion to a decisive factor in matters of conduct must evidently break the harmony of our nature, because this is also a matter of feeling. Anticipate as we may what we should do in certain circumstances, when these arrive we become quite oblivious of our decisions. Instead of maintaining balance and composure, we feel ourselves caught in a vortex of suddenly arising promptings which insist on being obeyed. And the time comes sooner or later when we begin to incline to the opinion that the "being carried away by feelings" cannot be construed into an evidence of a blameable weakness, but rather serves to remind us that the conclusion, of which we would fain become an embodiment, needs reconsidering.

Of what kind are usually the premises on which we base our notion of desirable conduct? They begin as a rule with an "if." For instance, a Tolstoyan asks himself: What should I do, *if* somebody came into my house and helped himself to anything he would like to have? In seeking an answer, he does not try to feel himself in such a position, but turns his mind at once to his rules of conduct. One of these is: Resist not evil by force. Hence he replies: I should let him do as he likes.

The reason why practice necessarily falls short of such rules of conduct, is obvious. They are the outcome of abstract reasoning, whilst actual conduct is a work of our fullness. In other terms, the rules of conduct are based on a negation, whilst the conduct itself is our affirmation. The premise initiated by an "if" is a negation, because it does not refer to an actual experience, but only to a mere supposition. In framing the conclusion from a set of "ifs," my heart goes on beating calmly, my breath is not quickened; on the contrary, I must try to avoid "being carried away by feeling." That is, I must reduce myself to a mere peg of abstract reasoning and thus become my own negation. I am trying to reason from the standpoint of something which I have not yet realised and must even refrain from realising in imagination.

But could I realise even then the full influence of the anticipated circumstances on my conduct? Let me imagine that I am witnessing a piece of wanton cruelty to a child. Do I feel exactly as I should feel, if the suggested picture were before me *de facto?* Surely not, for the simple reason that the psychic influence emanating from the actors in the drama would be lacking. I should still be in a state of a more or less abstract contemplation—no longer as purely abstract as before, but still abstract in the sense that the impression would not so far fully react on my body. I certainly should not feel like jumping up and rushing to interfere, because I should be all the time conscious that the drama is only conjured up by my imagination. When the imagined circumstances arise, their influence on me is of a kind that I could not have anticipated. Only then do I acquire a real experience and feel myself prompted to commit deeds in harmony with my nature. By these deeds shall we be known because they are a veritable resultant of all our past experience.

What does this mean? This—that inconsisteney with our professed notions on conduct is not a sign of our weakness, but rather of our lack of self-knowledge. We naïvely look on ourselves as if our pet theories directed our growth. When we, however, open our eyes and examine our past experience, we are invariably struck with the fluctuation of our views. What once

seemed a matter of vital importance, later appears a veritable will-o'-the-wisp of our fancy. Indeed, we own readily that we were ignorant in the past. But why only stop there? Why claim for our present standpoint what we deny to our past? Is it not likely that to-day we are committing the same mistakes as yesterday?

Such questions occur to every honest truth-seeker; but simultaneously there arises also a yearning to remove the uneasiness which they beget. For we cannot admit on principle that our beliefs of to-day must necessarily be subjected to a future rejection. This would mean that truth is only an ever-receding chimera. We certainly hope to find truth sooner or later. But for this hope we should lose all incentive to further search. If desire is declared to be the spring of evolution, there must also be that which inspires the desire; and that cannot be a nothing. If Nature abhors a vacuum, all the more does a desire abhor the vanity of its fulfilment. And if even every one of our minor desires has a corresponding satisfaction, the same at least must be admitted of our fundamental desire to reach truth. To proclaim this beyond reach would mean to proclaim that our fundamental desire has no *raison d'être*, whilst it most undoubtedly *is*. That is, the believer in the unknowable simply conjures up the absurd standpoint that that which is, has no business to be, whilst at the same time usually granting that the only rational foundation of knowledge is that which is.

When we begin to analyse our conduct, we do so on the tacit understanding that there is such a thing as truth about conduct. But from what has been said above, it is also obvious that this truth cannot be arrived at through abstract reasoning from a set of unreal assumptions. He who in this way frames a moral code —and this is being done by nearly every social reformer—and expects mankind to live up to his conclusions, assumes blindly that our conduct is a matter of our own sweet will. We have presumably only to be confronted with a set of "ifs," in order to make it our foremost duty to elevate the inference into our guide. Well, there are some—indeed, many—who do their best to perform this feat. The French Revolution demonstrates with what success. Down with God! *Vive la Lumière et la Vertu!* But

Fraternité ou la Mort becomes *Sois mon frère, ou je te tue.* And in his discourse, Mai 7, 1794, Robespierre feels it necessary to recall *l'Être Suprême.*

I said above that conduct is our affirmation. But that I do not mean by this word individual self-assertion is now also plain. I am aware that I am raising a contradiction ; but I do so because the contradiction forces itself on my attention directly I begin to think of my conduct. I am not plunging into a maze of fictitious suppositions, but am only stating that which is. It may seem strange that I draw a distinction between our affirmation and individual self-assertion, or that which goes also by the name of our own sweet will. A theoriser is ready to point out that the distinction has no *raison d'être.* But I am anxious to avoid empty theorising. I realise myself vividly as the eternal Being and as a humble creature which is no two consecutive seconds the same. In the latter capacity I find myself pursuing ever-changing, and therefore one-sided activities. Now I am exercising my imagination, now my intellect, now my physical strength. In the former capacity I, as it were, strip myself naked of all my aspects and sink into the sweetest *far niente.* Now, under affirmation I am not referring to this state as in contrast with my finitude, but rather as the at-one-ment of both.

In the past I was more or less oblivious of my eternity, but this is now forcing itself on my attention amidst all my activities, so that often I seem to be only dreaming them; their transient nature is called to my mind. Thus my interest in them is of a different kind from what it used to be in the past ; it lasts only whilst I am performing them, and their nature has also become more or less indifferent. One kind of activity seems to be as good as another—a kind of never-ending pastime. It is this sense of our activities as the infinite pastime of an eternal Being that I call our affirmation, in contrast to the purely individual self-assertion which clings to our separateness. And in defining our conduct in terms of this affirmation, I am obviously making it a matter of Divine Will. This is why we find it impossible to live up to our abstract rules of conduct. We are meant to affirm ourselves in our fullness, and therefore must transcend conventional narrow-mindedness. It is the concrete experience that decides how we

shall behave under such or such circumstances, not a formal inference from a set of " ifs."

In a sense, it seems, there is no need to trouble ourselves about our conduct. If it must always have the nature of the resultant of actual experience, we always do the right thing, and sin is only the fancy of ignorance. But to live on in a happy-go-lucky way, without having to exercise a supervision over our conduct, would simply mean to live like an animal. We may, and sometimes actually do, try such a kind of existence; but we cannot live so for ever. In such an attempt we go only to the other extreme of our nature; abstract morality is succeeded by a complete surrender to sensuality. Thus we come to realise ourselves as in a difficulty. On the one hand it seems futile to wish to mould our conduct by fixed rules; on the other hand it is well-nigh impossible to refrain from doing so. No amount of talking could persuade us to drop our purposefulness and live without an aim. We are capable of an effort only when we wish to attain something. Those who talk of living anyhow have not tried it. I have done so; and found it impossible. We are consciously triune and therefore must exercise control of some kind. But I wish to emphasise that the control ought not to be only a matter of abstract morality.

When different persons find themselves in the same circumstances, they conduct themselves differently. This makes plain that in contrast with the uniformly applied rules of abstract morality, the morality which is based on fullness of experience has regard for the varying degree of individual development. And at the same time it is obvious why the growing individual cannot construct an enduring moral code. So long as experience has something to teach him, his self-devised morality must retain a more or less abstract character. True morality has its source in Divine Wisdom alone.

Now, of what kind can this morality be? Inasmuch as all that is done under the stress of circumstances represents the resultant of individual degrees of development, it is obvious that true morality cannot take exception to anything that happens. It is only so long as one clings to the delusion that conduct is a matter of our own sweet will, that one reasons as if one might

have done differently. Indeed, superficial observers of human affairs are apt to make a whole human life depend on insignificant trifles. "Had we only done this or left undone that, how different our fate would have been!" But it must be realised that in reasoning thus we base ourselves on pure negations. The turn which events might have taken, is just as problematical as the anticipated conduct in the future.

There certainly are cases when we might have acted differently, *i.e.*, when our conduct is a matter of free choice; but our choice in such cases does not affect the destiny for which our degree of development fits us. The conclusion that this or that move was a mistake presupposes a mistaken conception as to the true aim of our life. If we lived to attain a specified object, we could rightly reproach ourselves with endless blundering. Our true destiny, however, is to attain perfect knowledge; and considering that this implies fullness of experience, it is plain that every so-called blunder of our choice can only advance us nearer it. What if instead of becoming rich, one dies in a workhouse? Poverty is an admirable school for curbing one's pride! What if instead of securing our happiness through the fulfilment of a temporal desire, we get disillusioned? We should never awaken from the earthly trance, if its satisfactions could be lasting! The time comes to all of us when we are deeply grateful for every untoward experience. Joy is good, but pain is our teacher. Do we not become perfect through suffering?

So long as we seek our goal in temporary success, we are like a rudderless boat at sea. This may or may not reach a harbour; all depends on the direction of the sea-currents of which it is a plaything. The attained success usually only plunges us deeper into illusion; we attribute it as a rule to our own individual exertions and forget the co-operation of happy circumstances. We succeed only when our goal harmonises with the direction prescribed by our destiny, which is then externalised in the concatenation of circumstances favourable to our purpose. I was doomed to failure in every temporary ambition; but my failures have driven me into a position which affords me an ideal opportunity for the pursuit of philosophical studies. These were to me at first only a kind of *pis-aller*, but I have learned to bow to my destiny.

From this standpoint, then, of true morality we need not make ourselves wretched on account of our past. This is why true morality is heralded by the conviction that our sins are forgiven. Let the dead past bury its dead, we say; and begin to feel re-born at every moment of our subsequent life. And we not only cease to drag along with us the paralysing consciousness that we have been miserable sinners, but also cease to scheme about the future from the standpoint of negations. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; why grapple with imaginary difficulties? Come what may, we shall try to do our best, and what more can be expected from us? And even if we should unwittingly still do evil, it would be done only so that good might come therefrom. But what is evil? Is it not fundamentally an abstraction, a short-sightedness as to the true source of conduct? When we realise the impotence of individual self-assertion to affect our destiny; when we drop all scheming as to our future and endeavour to cling only to that which is *now;* when we cease to be carried away either by feelings or intellect and make it our supreme task to maintain balance; in short, when we endeavour to bestride the fullness of our past experience, we shall have eradicated the root of all evil,—selfishness! Cheer up, O Striver; we need not reproach ourselves for ever with our sinfulness!

We have only to imbue ourselves with the fundamental standpoint of true morality and nothing is easier than to articulate the moral principles which are enunciated by every founder of religion. From the standpoint of unenlightened morality we elevate faithfulness to a prejudice up to the skies; true morality bids us cultivate plasticity. What prosperous merchant cares to become poor once more? True morality impresses us with the fact that every change means another step up the ladder of experience. Conventional morality is very keen on drawing a demarcation line between good and bad deeds or people. From the standpoint of true morality all that happens, happens by necessity, *i.e.*, is a matter of Divine Will. Hence we ought not to judge. Nor ought we to resist evil, because we are thus assuming the attitude of a protestant, *i.e.*, a one-sided attitude. For the same reason we ought to refrain from anger, conceit, laziness, greed, sensuality and the rest of the vices. On the con-

trary, we ought to cultivate calmness, moderation, sympathy, cheerfulnesss and the rest of the virtues. Abstract morality concerns itself chiefly with the deed, true morality with the attitude of the doer. The former clings to utilitarianism, the latter bids us do to everything for Christ's sake, *i.e.*, for the sake of attaining Self-Knowledge. Apart from this goal, morality is immoral.

Once a Salvation Army man asked me whether I was saved. When I replied in the affirmative, he wished to know how and when my "salvation" came to me. And so I told him that some nine years ago, after a youth spent in ambitious dreams, I found myself on the verge of the deepest despair. At first I wished to become a great general, then a great statesman, then a great linguist, then a great mathematician, then a great explorer of dark continents; then I began to climb down and would have been willing to become a simple civil servant, then only a humble reporter; and when I was willing to become anything at all, there seemed to be no room for me anywhere. I could not finish my studies and I had no practical proficiency in anything; at the same time I was proud as Lucifer. And thus my destiny seemed to end in—suicide.

But just then a friend lent me Max Stirner's *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum* (*The Individual and His Property*). The book expounds the most crass materialism, and that in a way which caused me to shudder, although by that time I thought myself completely rid of all belief in the supernatural. The argument in the preface appealed to me immediately: a child *must* obey the father; he, as a citizen, *must* obey his superiors; these *must* obey the king; and the king is said to obey God. But whom *must* God obey? No one, and therefore he is the biggest egoist; but if ultimately all is done for the satisfaction of an egoist, why not be oneself that egoist? It was then that I seemed to realise that my wretchedness was due to my continued allegiance to the conventional God; but to frame the thought meant to be saved. "In short," I concluded, "I was saved when I ceased to believe in your God." In any case, such a sense of glorious freedom seized me that I was quite ready to go on living as a homeless and penniless tramp.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

A VISION OF THE UNIVERSAL FORM

I BECAME aware of the presence of Christ in some kind of public building, and of a vast throng extending to the uttermost ends of the earth—and beyond, for it was the entire human race. . .

I heard a tramp of soldiers.

Then, *without losing my identity*, I became one with the Lord, my mind His mind, my heart His heart, my body His body. . .

The agony of life, of millions born and unborn, welled up in My breast like a great hunger, a call for sustenance, an awful famishing of body and soul. One burning wish possessed Me—to help these for whom My heart beat in tenderest love, My brothers, with whom I AM ONE.

I cannot utter the love I felt, or tell of the power that flowed through me like a tidal wave, carrying all before it in its mighty onset.

I meditate: I am the High Priest, the Deliverer of mankind.

An altar rises before Me—nay, I am the altar, and I sacrifice My life. I am all things: My body is the universe, My life the life of the worlds. In an ecstasy of love I give Myself (My spirit, My flesh and blood) to feed these who need Me, who are also Myself.

I see My brothers, extending over space and throughout time, consuming the Bread of Life, which I also see—separated from Me, although My very Self—given for them, at one with them. . . .

The hands of the Lord were raised as in sacrifice; His blessed feet rested on earth, His head touched heaven. How shall I describe the loveliness of His person, when the Spirit pervading the Divine Form, wrapped my senses in a delirium of joy? . . .

Faint nature-sounds rise from the depths. Entering Me,

the struggling notes gain strength in harmony; attuned in Me, they burst forth, triumphant—all sounds contained in One.

. . . . . .

Oh that harmony! Unutterable, never-to-be-forgotten! The hushed eternal Mass-bell; the Lord speaking—the Silent Voice! . . .

Separated from Him, I saw Him led away to die; but I had known the glory of that death; in His love He had permitted a young brother to share His ecstasy. Full of joy, I awoke. How can there be sorrow when God is all in all?

DANIEL FLEMING.

THE STATE OF SIN AND MEANS OF RELEASE

FOR the early developments of the Christian consciousness of the state of sin, for its roots, see the penitential *Psalms* of Israel, the *Epistle to the Romans* and the *Confessions* of Augustine. In the confessional throughout the history of the Catholic Church we have its most potent witness. It was the sense of sin that drove the Anchorites into the deserts; and the Crusades received from it their chief impetus. It was both the source and the fruit of the great religious and charitable institutions which spread through Europe, throughout mediæval times.

The early experiences of Luther of the state of sin were the embodiment and root from which sprang the Reformation of the XVIth century; and in the XVIIth, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, and the Inner Light of Geo. Fox and his compatriots, vividly illustrate its power and its cure.

Its irrepressible force is shown in its bursting through the barriers erected by the gross materialism of the closing years of the XVIIth and the first half of the XVIIIth centuries, through the rise and spread of Methodism; and in the XIXth, modern hymnology, religious literature, and numerous autobiographies

overflow with descriptive accounts of human experiences of the state of sin. It has taken shape in various forms of emotionalism and religious revivals; and latterly in the Christian Science, Mental Healing, and New Thought movements. Finally, what is of especial interest, of late its systematic study is being pursued on pathological and scientific lines into the varied fields of psychological research. (See W. James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and E. D. Starbuck's *Psychology of Religion*.)

Whether the state of sin, the condition of consciousness indicated thereby, is a peculiar attitude of mind and feeling which in an especial way belongs to the peoples professing Christianity alone, I know not. Whether the felt presence of sin enters into the texture of the consciousness of those nations whose spiritual life and feeling have been developed under the Hindû, Buddhist, and Mohammedan faiths to the extent obtained under the Christian, I am not in a position to give an opinion, having had no personal contact with them, upon which alone it would be safe to form an estimate.

That a frequently overwhelming sense of personal sin has from the earliest times weighed as a nightmare upon the peoples of European extraction who have accepted the Christian form of religion, is beyond question. It is remarkable that there are only very slight references to these tragic experiences to be found in those who were immediately associated with Jesus. If we except the *Epistle to the Romans*, some phrases of *Galatians*, and a few other passages, it occupies small place in the New Testament scriptures.

There are two great names which stand out in a remarkable manner as almost the founders of the Christian idea, and who are the prominent exponents of that condition of consciousness educed by a sense of a personal state of sin. It is not too much to say that the development of the Christian consciousness of sin has been largely derived from these two unique teachers and founders of the Christian system of faith, with its *modus operandi* of release and salvation from the state of bondage of soul it produces. Paul the Apostle and the Latin Father Augustine, the real founder of the Latin Catholic Church, have been, down to our own times, the dominating factors in the theology and

religious consciousness of Christendom. Each of them combined to an extraordinary degree in their intellectual development and religious experience the chief characteristics of the trained theologian and the mystic saint.

Paul, according to his own statement, was "a Pharisee of the Pharisees," and though adopting the ethical and mystic phases of the New Faith and interweaving them with Rabbinical theology, on entering on that marvellous proselytising career which probably has not been equalled in any succeeding age, he did not cease being a Pharisee—a broad-minded, enlightened Jew, but still a Jew.

He conceived that he had experienced in his own soul a special revelation of the Divine Light and Power of the New Faith; that the Galilean Prophet had appeared unto him in his spiritual body, inwardly revealing himself to him as the emancipating power, answering to the need of a sin-burdened soul, and supplying the purifying power of a new life. Jesus was henceforth to Paul a spiritual symbol of the Universal Christ, by whose indwelling the "state of sin" is abolished and the divided self unified; bondage to the desires of the earthly passional nature broken, and the pathway to moral perfection entered.

In the *Epistle to the Romans* and the *Confessions* of Augustine we have, perhaps, the two most powerful works in Christian literature. They combine in a remarkable manner the newly evolved Christian theology, the intensest human experience as developed in the hidden workings of the soul, the purest moral feeling, powerful convictions of the realities of the spiritual world of which we form a part, and a high order of ethical teaching. Take *Romans*, carefully read it through, and one realises, however distant we are in our conceptions of religion from the Rabbinical arguments of the earlier chapters, that as we approach the conclusion of the argument in Chapter vii., we have our own and the universal experience of man vividly portrayed, and find ourselves within the grip of a master-mind. And as we follow him in Chapter viii., we are conscious of the fact that he had found *his way* through the intricacies of the deepest problems of human life, and had come forth a conqueror of the "body of death," this sinful flesh, which down to the present

holds mankind with comparatively few exceptions within its enveloping meshes.

We hear ringing down the ages his triumphant summary: "For I am persuaded that neither Death nor Life, nor Angels, nor Archangels, nor the Present, nor the Future, nor any Powers, nor Height, nor Depth, nor any other created thing, will be able to separate us from the Love of God revealed in Christ Jesus, our Lord!" (viii. 38, 39).

Having obtained a solution of the antinomies of life, and found for himself a sufficient and complete answer to its enigmas and problems, presented by the past, the present and the future, and having entered into peace,—in Chapter xii. 1, he begins the foundation of Christian ethics: "I entreat you, then, Brothers, by the mercies of God, to offer your bodies as a living and holy sacrifice, acceptable to God, for this is your rational worship. Do not conform to the fashion of this world; but be transformed by the complete change that has come over your minds, so that you may discern what God's will is—all that is good, acceptable, and perfect."

Between Paul the Apostle and our century, the Christian Church has possessed no one who could measure himself with Augustine; and in comprehensive influence on the heart, conscience and theology of Christendom no other is to be compared with him. We find him in the great mediæval theologians, including the greatest, Thomas Aquinas. His spirit sways the Pietists and Mystics of those ages, St. Bernard no less than Thomas à Kempis. It is he who inspires the ecclesiastical reformers, Wyclif, Hus, Luther, Knox, etc.; while, on the other hand, it is the same man who gives to the ambitious Popes and the Roman Hierarchy the ideal of a theocratic State to be realised on earth. (See *The City of God.*)

"But Augustine has still closer points of contact with us than these. The religious language of Christendom, so familiar to us from songs, prayers, and books of devotion, bears the stamp of his mind. We speak without knowing it in his words; and it was he who first taught the deepest emotions how to find expression, and lent words to the eloquence of the heart" (Harnack).

In the school of the Neo-platonists Augustine had learnt to fix his attention on mind and character, impulse and will. A great teacher—his own master, Ambrose of Milan—had introduced him to a new world of emotion and observation. But his *Confessions* are none the less entirely his own; no forerunner threatened the claim of this undertaking to originality. As the very conception of Augustine's book was new, so also were its execution and language. Before him, Paul and the Psalmists alone had thus spoken; to their school Augustine, the pupil of the rhetoricians, went to learn, and thus arose the language of the *Confessions*.

But behind the charm of its form and language there is the pathos of the spiritual birth-throes of a great soul, of one who was destined to dominate the religious thought and faith of myriads wherever the Christian faith penetrated through the following centuries. He, in common with his predecessor, Paul, found *his way* to freedom and peace, to the conquest of the lower nature, and, so far as he had been intellectually emancipated—to the bosom of God. I repeat, with emphasis, that he found *his way* to a solution of the enigmas presented by the storm and stress of the Inner Life.

"Oh Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it find rest in Thee!"

I have given these sketches preparatory to drawing attention to, and laying emphasis on, the limitations of these great teachers, which so clearly reveal how profoundly these limitations also have affected the Christian doctrines and the conceptions of divine truth founded on them, as well as the form of the channels and the circle of experiences within which the spiritual life of so many multitudes of the Christian fold has been compressed and confined.

The Rabbinical theology of Paul, as expanded and developed (perhaps I should say defined and limited) during the two intervening centuries, was fully accepted by Augustine. Not infrequently, even in the *Confessions*, his narrow dogmatism astonishes us. That a man with such a vast intellectual grasp, wide reading, knowledge of current religious thought outside the orthodox Church, and with the mystic temperament, should enclose himself

within the narrow dogmatics of the Christian faith of his day, is indeed a psychological puzzle. Yet so it was.

Having cleared the way of approach to the discussion of the problem before us, "The State of Sin, and Means of Release," our next step will be to obtain as clear a view as possible of the several ideas it contains, the factors composing it. When analysed, we find its contents are composed of the following five items: The Power revealed in nature which we name God; the Law, under whose restrictions is all that exists; the Soul, or the "I am" consciousness; the State, or sense of imperfection we name "Sin," which is at all times a present experience; the Means of deliverance from imperfection and limitation, the state of bondage to the phenomena of the earth-life.

Immediately we attempt a definition of what we mean by, or what our conceptions are of, the several above-given definitions, we enter the region of theology. This is not just now our intention; we wish to avoid this much-disputed ground. We will, for the moment, take a position which every intelligent human being can appreciate and freely occupy with us. Let us omit three of the above ideas, as though they were mere creations of theological belief. First, we put away the idea of God; by which I intend a personal God, whose being and consciousness are distinct and separate from our own. For of course, no one can really dispose of the God idea, it being of the essence of the soul and the ground of consciousness. If we turn it out at the front door it immediately re-enters through the back; the vivid sense of imperfection which all thoughtful persons have, is an eloquent testimony to its presence as the only Reality. We next discard the Law; that is, an externally composed Law, or canon of tabulated commands and prohibitions; a revealed, dictated and published moral Law. Following on this, we also put aside all ideas of a personal Redeemer and Mediator between God and the soul.

Omitting these, we now stand face to face with two facts of which it is impossible for human intelligence to rid itself: (1) "I exist, I am a soul"; and (2) "I am imperfect, incomplete, dependent." In truth, I stand before myself stripped and naked; I cannot get away from myself if I would, I am bound in fetters I cannot break; I am not what I would be; the sense of

want is deeply impressed on my innermost consciousness; this sense or "state of sin" is the fact of facts; it interpenetrates every fibre of my known being. Here centre the tragedies of life; it is an epitome of universal experience.

It is around the central fact of human experience that all religions, all theories of a future life, all religious doctrines and theologies and all ideas of a Deity revolve. It is to meet, to explain, and satisfy this great human need that they have been developed; and to this the Messiahs and Saviours of the world owe their origin. Doubt, question, discard as I may the being and external revelation of a supreme God, of a written, an external Law, and of a personal Saviour and Redeemer from its penalties—on looking outside myself I find these ideas interwoven with all forms of faith and religious belief, and I also perceive from my own consciousness of imperfection and of need, how they arose; yet, notwithstanding, they are valueless to me, they do not speak to my condition, meet or satisfy the inward cravings of my intellect and heart.

The old forms of Faith—the beliefs of my forefathers in a divine revelation in a human book, in a Creator God, in the Fall, in a written Law, in a Divine Saviour offered in sacrifice for human sin, in redemption from sin's power, and from my abiding sense of it, by my acceptance of a personal salvation through faith in Him—have become impossibilities, anachronisms, the discarded shells of a religious faith from which the life has departed. This being so, I have become convinced that a religion having its roots in the formulated theology of a Paul or Augustine can no longer meet the requirements of my condition, or satisfy the religious consciousness of the age.

Again I am face to face with myself. I am sensible of the state of sin, of my imperfection, of my need of salvation and deliverance from bondage to self; of at-one-ment, of redemption, of righteousness and inward peace. How and where shall a clue to the soul's enigma, the "mystery of salvation," be found? In supplying this clue and indicating the lines on which the soul's deliverance from the slavery to self can be attained I am confining myself to the Christian solution; for while light has come to a few through Eastern channels by acceptance of wider teach-

ings regarding the psychical and spiritual evolution of man, and of the universe of which he is a part, it will be many a year before these wider teachings and more ample fields of truth will be assimilated by the many.

In the meantime, since Christianity is one of the Great Religions, it must still contain within itself, notwithstanding the encrustations of centuries, the practical solution we are seeking, quite apart from the theologies of a Paul or Augustine; from systems of belief which postulate an offended Deity, a broken Law, a guilty conscience and an external expiation for sin.

They, and multitudes in their wake, passed through the ordeal which these theological postulates assume as necessary, into the region of permanent peace; we, those in the advance line of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment, cast them aside as unnecessary dogmatic implications. While we have their unrest, and also ardently desire the release, confidence and peace to which they attained, the query presses itself upon us: Can the Christian teachings under the new conditions of thought in our age, supply the remedy, and produce the same result for us?

Such is the difficulty presenting itself to tens of thousands of Christian people. Can we point the way to its solution and removal? If so, it behoves us to arise and enter the fields already white unto the harvest. In recent years we have been often told the necessity of "getting back to Jesus"; let us make trial of the good advice. When the Christian Master was confronted with the difficulty under a slightly differing form, he is reported as saying: "The Kingdom of God does not come in a way that admits of observation, nor will people say: Look, here it is, or there it is; for the Kingdom of God is within you."[1]

According to current Christian theology, Jesus was mistaken in this his emphatic assertion of the Source of Salvation—of the means for deliverance from the state of sin, of release from the bondage of the senses, of the redemption of society and the world; all of which are implied in the phrase, the "Kingdom of God." He should have said rather: "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within *me* (not *you*); seek salvation in me, deliverance

[1] It is interesting to note that the same declaration, "The Kingdom of God is within you," occurs in the latest found Logia in Egypt.

from sin's guilt and shame in me." But he said nothing of the kind; nor would he do so were he again among us in this twentieth century. Christ's salvation has been mistaken and perverted from Augustine's day till now, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, among Catholics and Protestants alike, wherever the rabbinical subtleties of Paul and the theology of Augustine has dominated.

I have just seen an address given at the last London Yearly Meeting (1906) of the Society of Friends, by S. P. Thompson, D.Sc., F.R.S. As it cogently illustrates the subject in hand, and also indicates the new trend of thought in the Society, I will give a few brief extracts. Dr. Thompson speaks brave words of counsel to the venerable and sedate assembly; probably they have not listened to their like since the days of George Fox.

Dr. Thompson has an illuminative passage on the Church doctrine of the Trinity, in which he throws over the notion of the "Three Persons," but this I must pass over. Referring to the status and mission of the Society, he says: "So far from the mission of the Society of Friends being at an end because of other bodies having accepted its views, it would seem that it is most urgently needed. And if we make the honest effort to take up our mission and to carry forward the great movement which swept over England two hundred and fifty years ago, we must rally to the principle upon which that movement was based. . . The Society must awake; must renounce. It must be willing to lose itself to save itself. If by insistence on our institutional peculiarities we keep out those who have grasped our great principle, we perish. If, to swell our numbers, we sweep in those who have not grasped that root-principle, and are indistinguishable from earnest Methodists or Salvationists, our mission is done. There will remain no reason for our corporate existence. Living acceptance of the principle should be the test. . . Let us then try to realise that in this return to the simple and primitive teaching our Society receives its special mission, because, holding this intensely spiritual conception of religion, it is in a position to wield the dynamic power of personal and interior revelation. The Light of Christ in the soul is a possession that cannot be

taken away from us by the quarrels of theologians or the discoveries of critics—it is an individual possession. We have still —and it is the mission most needed to-day—to turn men from the teachers without to the Teacher within. . . . I would that we could clear our minds from the muddled notions, the theories that have been elaborated throughout Christendom in and since the fourth century; that we could get away from the prepossessions of mediæval ideas and from the materialising glosses of the Protestant sectarians, the evil heritage of Calvin's narrow thoughts, and deliver, in the language of our own day, the message given to us. . . . Wherever we go we find men disgusted with the current orthodoxies, weary of ceremonials, offended by sacerdotal assumptions, puzzled by metaphysical dogmas, scared away by shallow travesties of religion, sick of institutions —men who are determined to have nothing to do with insincerities and who love truth, but to whom the current forms of orthodox Christianity with their cut and dried plans of salvation and their formal traditions are repellent.

"One potent cause of this disgust is the insincerity to be met with in the lives of people who pass as Christians because they are very orthodox, yet who are mean and unjust, who are ungenerous to their dependants, and whose Christianity manifests itself in no wise by discipleship. For the thousands of souls outside all and any of the Churches have we no mission?

"There are souls seeking, yearning, striving, but not finding. Not finding, because everywhere the pious present them with stones instead of bread—offer them baptismal regenerations, hell-fire nostrums, plans of salvation, formulas, ceremonials, outward conformities—and do not tell them of the one thing needful, obedience to the Christ within. . . . So far, then, from our message being ended it has scarcely begun. More than ever does the world need the message which was laid upon our forefathers in this body, and which after two centuries and a half it is still called to uphold. Upon us is laid the duty of calling men to that which has been shown to us, of pointing them to the method by which God speaks to man—directly, inwardly, by interior revelation, and not by human machinery: of calling them to forsake the 'Lo! here' and 'Lo! there' of the popular

Churches, and to look to the Christ who is still the need of to-day—the Christ within."

Would not these stirring words be quite in character addressed to Theosophical Lodges? (See discussion in recent numbers of the *Vâhan*.)

We turn again to the man who has stripped himself of current conventional beliefs regarding God, a formal Law and a personal Redeemer, who has cast aside all theological formulas and schemes of salvation, but who still retains a vivid consciousness of his own personality as imperfect and immature. He retains the feeling with an enhanced conviction that "I am" and "I am in a state of sin." The process he has passed through in putting away theological formulas and the accretions of beliefs and inferences resting on them, has deepened his sense of need of something that can fill the aching empty void. He needs some one who can speak to his condition, something real to take the place of that he has lost. Perhaps this will be best done by suggesting a query:

From whence arises the consciousness of a condition of imperfection, of the "state of sin" and the warring of conflicting elements within? Whence comes the earnest desire for deliverance from internal bondage and to realise the far-away ideal, the happy condition of moral freedom, liberty, harmony, purity and peace? We ask, from whence these aspirations, if they come not from out of the hidden depths of man's own soul—that wondrous "I am," the immortal spirit within? Of a truth, if he search and look, he will find that the Lord God, the perfect Law of the spirit of life, and the Divine Redeemer, are all within the kernel of his own being, and if not found *there*, cannot be in the records of any scriptures, or a far-away heaven in the starry skies.

Much confusion of thought has arisen from the mode of presentation of the historical and indwelling Christ in the scriptures attributed to Paul and John. There appear to be an inextricable mixture of ideas and confusion of thought, which may have arisen from the overshadowing refulgence of spiritual truth shining through the personality of Jesus. Whether there is or is not a lack of intellectual lucidity on the part of the writers, it

remains true that a refined and penetrative intellect is a necessary equipment for a true perception, so as to discern the delicate lines of truth and fact which run between the personal and the indwelling Christ. Perhaps if our eyes were opened to the loftier planes of spiritual being this distinction would be seen to be unnecessary, and perhaps the confusion may be largely accounted for from the fact that Christendom has lost intellectual contact with the great line of spiritual Teachers, who at definite periods incarnate among us, and of whom Jesus was an illustrious example.

The "Triune God" is within, or nowhere. Term it Our Father in Heaven, the Christ-Spirit or the Holy Ghost—"these three or one." They are not personalities, lofty Beings seated on thrones of power; rather are they the Root of universal life, differentiated, incarnated in human souls. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," and he is to be seen alone with the inner eye of the soul, dwelling in the heart; if not there, then, nowhere can he be found.

Nature in all her fields provides us with a thousand illustrations of the mystery, the hidden mystery.

Take the lotus with its root in the mire of earth and its perfect blossom opening to the joyous rays of the sun. Its splendour and glory were in the germ buried and immersed in mire and mud, struggling upward after contact with its parent, Light—the Father in Heaven.

Having entered into peace by a realisation of its own divine Centre, the soul is now at liberty to perceive something of the wondrous world of Light and Life in which its own tiny germ is bathed. It begins to perceive somewhat faintly its position in this glorious spiritual universe of Light and Love; to realise that it is surrounded and as it were interpenetrated by other minor Centres who with itself are rooted in the All-Father; that it is one of a brotherhood of souls who are growing together after the divine Pattern into the manifestation of the perfect Christ, occupying fitting positions in the hierarchies of the heavens, rising stage above stage in divine purity, beauty and glory; each needed to complete a perfect revelation of the One, "of whom are all things, to whom are all things, and through whom are all things," to the ages of the ages—and Beyond. W. A. MAYERS.

THE MISSING GODDESS

I.

WITHIN the innermost sanctuary of a certain ancient temple, behind the veil where none but priests of the Most High may venture, there lay prostrate before the shrine of the Goddess a young child.

His attitude had been one of prayer; kneeling on a cushion, his face buried in his little hands, he had sought to attract the attention of the deity, and his supplications had not been in vain. He had entreated for communion with the Great Spirit, Ruler of the temple, and his prayer had been granted. The Spirit descended into the shrine of the Goddess and was present with him.

The child asked many questions and received many answers; but the answers did not please him. They appeared to him strange and unnatural. For the child had decided beforehand what the Great God would say. He had been taught by the priests of the temple much concerning the God's opinions and the God's will; and now that the Great God revealed himself in truth, there was many a clash between the utterances and the ideas built up in the mind of the child.

The boy wept bitterly, and forgetting all rules of the sanctuary, he uncovered his face from his hands, flung himself on his cushioh, and soon fell asleep.

Now during sleep people pass beyond the region of ideas into the true soul-sphere, and the boy again found himself conversing with the Great Spirit whom he had so lately left in such unhappiness. The Spirit and the child no longer conversed in words nor even in ideas, for the boy had in his sleep passed beyond the regions of form.

Here the Great Spirit appeared to him like a Star or Great Sun, who shone upon the outermost periphery of his being; and

the warmth seemed to convey to his soul not only comfort and happiness, but knowledge and understanding.

And as the Great Spirit thus played upon the outermost sphere of the child's mind, it began to expand, and to let go all the little ideas to which it had clung so tightly; and the boy's mind began of itself to form new and greater ideas concerning the Will of the Great God.

When sunset came the little dreamer was awakened abruptly by the arrival of the priests, and was reproved for his idleness and for breaking the rules of the sanctuary. But the little one felt no penitence, for within his innermost consciousness he felt that he had not been idle, and within his innermost soul had been implanted the first seed of independence, the first germ of the living reality apart from the rules and utterances of priests. He said nothing, but returned to his duties of the temple routine; and his dream gradually faded from his mind.

So things went on for many a long day, the boy delighting in all the ceremonies of the temple, especially delighting in his daily task of committing to memory new portions of the Holy Scriptures. The only time when he recalled his dream was when the priests would impress upon him that this or that duty was the Will of the Great God, that this or that ceremony was of special importance, being under the peculiar care or direction of the Great Spirit of the temple.

As the Name of the Great Spirit was thus invoked for the sanctification of some detail of temple routine, the Power of the Name seemed to flash into the heart of the boy, and kindle in him a fire which burnt up all the ideas imposed upon him concerning the Will of the Great God, and wafted him off to other regions, where new ideas sprang up concerning the protecting care and directing power of the Deity. But his mind was young and he could not frame in words the ideas born of the Spirit; so he was silent, and was only dimly conscious of great strife and conflict within him whenever the Name of the Master was thus invoked.

Now it was the spring of the year, and all the temple was full of activity, preparing for the coming celebrations, the greatest of the year, and the boy, whom they called Babul, was being prepared by the priests for the Great Day; for Babul was of

direct descent in the line of the priests of the Most High, and at the coming festival he, having attained the age of 12, was to be handed over from the care and tuition of the priests to the exclusive charge of the High Priest, Grand Master and Director of the temple.

Babul was looking forward with great delight to this further initiation, to being raised to this new rank of honour, for he was to be called " Own Child of Deity," and his time would be spent almost entirely within the innermost shrine of the Goddess, which was already his favourite haunt.

His instruction then would consist, not so much in learning the disciplines and ritual of the temple, but in being taught by the High Priest himself concerning the manner of interpreting the words and moods of the Goddess.

The time of full-moon arrived, and the ceremonies began—three days of purification and consecration from the highest and most exalted in rank to the lowest, even to those outside the temple who flocked to it at this time of year to take part in the annual festivities. The first day was *the* great day for Babul, for the title by which he was to be called ranked next to that of the High Priest. He was to be named " Mystical Son of the High Priest," " Own Child of Deity."

The High Priest began his own self-consecration a few hours before sunrise on the first of the three great days, and it was shortly before dawn that the mystical rite of the birth of this spiritually-engendered son to the High Priest was celebrated.

Babul, clad in long white robes, was led forth by twelve of the priests. Within the inner temple courts the small procession formed, and solemnly chanting an invocation to the Great Spirit, who, on this day of High Festival was supposed to descend into the shrine of the Goddess, and there give birth to this mystical son, they started on their strange and devious path, in and out and round and round the shrine.

The chant began with slow deep murmuring and gentle swaying of the baskets of smouldering incense, and as the priests sang their solemn melody, the High Priest drew aside the inner veil from before the body of the Image, the veil which was only lifted once in ten years.

As the veil was drawn aside the first ray of sunlight burst forth from over the horizon and fell upon the image of the Goddess; and as this ray of glorious light penetrated the womb of the statue, the priests tore from off the child his robes, and then prostrated themselves before the unveiled Goddess.

The child stood before the Goddess naked, but without fear, while the High Priest brought a live coal from the altar and placed it on his head. At the touch of the Holy Fire the spirit of the child was caught up out of his body and he fell on the floor in a swoon. The Presence of the Great God seemed to mingle with the spirit of the child, and together the Powers struggled within the womb of the Goddess.

And the High Priest was amazed, and cried out in fear, for never before had he perceived such union, never before had he perceived such struggle. And as he uttered the cry of fear there was a sound as of thunder, the statue was rent asunder, the Goddess fell from her pedestal.

* * * *

Noontime was approaching; in the outer court people awaited eagerly the arrival of the priests; within the temple the priestesses awaited anxiously the return of their newborn child clad in his little short tunic, the mark of superior office. But the ceremony seemed longer than usual, and with some, eager delight and expectation gave place to a strange and anxious fear.

At last the procession came forth, but instead of being headed by the newborn "Child of Deity," the procession was headed by the High Priest, and the child was carried by the twelve as if on a bier. A deathly hush fell upon the inmates of the temple as their eyes met this solemn group; but great was their relief when the High Priest announced that the ceremony had been of unusual significance and that the child had only swooned. He gave orders that the boy was to be conveyed to his own private apartments and that the festivities were to proceed as usual.

Nothing further was said with regard to the strange happenings within the shrine; for the High Priest regarded them as of evil omen, and had forbidden any one of the priests, on pain of death, to reveal to the world the fate of their sacred image.

He feared for his priestly authority. He feared what the

people would say. How without the sacred Goddess could the people believe in the power or the blessing of the temple? How without the sacred Goddess would the people believe in the teachings of the temple? If it were known that the Holy Father no longer consulted the oracle before every order was issued how could he expect his flock to obey? The very temple itself had been built as a shrine for this Spouse of Deity. If it were known that the Goddess was no more, well might the people ask what need for the temple any more. The High Priest shuddered; as he thought over the terrible event of the day he felt the very foundations of the whole temple quiver and tremble. He felt his own priesthood, his own life, shaken and now of uncertain duration. The death of the Goddess appeared to him as a death-blow to the temple, and at all costs the knowledge of this happening must be kept hidden from the world, hidden even from the lesser brethren of the temple.

The boy was now awaking after a swoon which had lasted nigh upon twenty-four hours; and as he returned into his body he began to chatter to the High Priest of all he had seen and heard in his long and beautiful dream. But the Great Dignitary of the church scarce listened to the child, though he related many strange and wonderful visions; for the Father was all anxiety to ascertain whether or no the boy had seen the fate of the Goddess, whether or no his terrible secret was safe. Babul chattered on about vision after vision, but not one word about the Goddess did he utter, and the priest began to hope that he might still be ignorant of the catastrophe.

The three days of festivity came to an end, and the temple donned once more its normal appearance; the usual feasts, the usual fasts, the usual sacrifices, the usual prayers. Our new-born Child of Deity was once more about, but now always in attendance upon the High Priest. He waited each day eagerly for the Holy Father to take him to the inmost sanctuary behind the veil, he waited eagerly his first instructions about the Goddess and the interpretation of her signs and omens, but each day the Holy Father set him some other task; until at last Babul enquired when he was going to begin his duties within the sanctuary, his attendance on his Mother Goddess. But the Holy

Father answered him not a word except to rebuke him for his question, and to tell him to perform better the tasks which were allotted him. For now at the very name of the Goddess the Holy Father turned pale and trembled.

But the High Priest saw that some story must be found to satisfy the boy; and before many more days had passed he sent for Babul and told him that it was no longer the Will of the Great God of the temple that anyone should enter the sanctuary but the High Priest himself, and that the Goddess no longer needed the attendance of a page. Now Babul was a seer, and although the Holy Father never soiled his reputation, nor stained his conscience by so much as one single lie, the boy noticed a strange false shadow flit across his face as he spoke all these things. And the child wondered what it meant.

Weeks and months went by; Babul often asked about the Goddess, for though he was a seer he knew not of the fate of the statue. He never looked behind the veil for the figure; he had no interest in that. The Goddess for him was his own spiritual Mother, from whom he knew himself to have been reborn.

And the High Priest became accustomed to circumvention; the child's questions could always be answered without any deviation from the exact truth. But the Father little knew that this *habit of circumvention* was, to the eyes of the seer, growing into a hideous mask.

The boy watched the mask dance before the face of the speaker; but he did not notice how he was trying to hide from him some secret concerning a statue, for the statues did not interest him, but what he saw was a man ever trying to deceive himself, ever trying to make himself believe something which in his innermost soul he could not believe—a man fighting with himself ever in deadly combat. This was what the seer saw. The calm stately dignity of the Father of the temple was now only an assumed appearance. The teaching of the Great Director of the temple disciplines was no more a giving forth of all he knew and believed to be true; it was a constant weighing and considering as to what should be revealed, what had better be concealed. All this the child saw, for the child was a perceiver of truth.

Babul waited wearily for further instruction; his daily duties no longer interested him, for they seemed to him no more to be part of the true ritual and discipline of the temple. His tasks were set him day by day merely to keep him occupied, and the boy dimly perceived this. He began to feel that he no more had a place in the temple.

The High Priest felt this too. It became wearisome to him each day to find new work for the boy; there was so little which the rules of the sanctuary permitted of his doing. The Child of Deity was not allowed to take part in any ceremonies connected with the outer temple. His place was entirely within the innermost sanctuary. He might wait on none but the High Priest himself; his special learning, the interpretation of omens, but concerning these the High Priest dreaded to instruct him further.

Many a time did the Holy Father wish that the boy had never been initiated into his present office, many a time did the Holy Father curse that unlucky day. Often did he wish that on that day, instead of announcing the ceremony to have been of unusual significance, he had announced that the ceremony had not been efficacious, that Babul had been found unworthy of the office. For the High Priest now hated the boy, for he feared him; he feared the development of his latent gifts, powers which would and must develop as the boy grew, for he was a direct descendant of the highest order of Priests, and upon him had been bestowed the spiritual gifts of his predecessors.

And as Babul was left more and more to himself, the powers within him began to stir and wake up, and being taught little from without, strange ideas and fancies grew up from within. He talked to himself, for he had no companions and no playmates; and his mind turned again to the day long ago when he had stolen within the sanctuary at a forbidden hour, and he recalled the ideas born of his vision then. He recalled, too, the utterance of the Great God; and the answers to his questions did not now seem to him so strange, for he had thought much by himself, and was now less under the influence of the ignorant priests, who had taught him garbled and distorted versions of inner truths.

The boy almost unconsciously wandered towards the sanctuary and behind the altar. He thought of his Mother and longed to converse with her. He knew he had been forbidden, on pain of death, to draw aside the curtain of the innermost shrine; but he was lonely and miserable, and life and death seemed nought to him now, he only wanted companionship. He longed once more to prostrate himself in the very presence of the Goddess and call down into the shrine the Power of the Great God.

He stood there dallying with the curtain; until suddenly a mighty whirlwind seemed to envelop him, and before he realised what had occurred, the veil of the shrine was rent in twain, and he stood in the awesome presence of the Spouse of the Deity. He hid his face in his hands, and knelt in prayer; and in answer to his supplications, the Great Spirit of the temple again descended upon him, and taught him. There he knelt in ecstasy of joy, little knowing how the hours fled. For he was being taught, receiving that instruction concerning spiritual things for which his soul had been athirst now for many a year.

The hour of sunset approached, the priests prepared for the evening celebrations. But as they filed up towards the altar, chanting their evening hymn, one after the other stopped, mute with horror and surprise, for there before them rent in twain was the Holy Veil, there before them open to the gaze of every eye was the Sacred Shrine, the place of the Goddess bare, but below her throne the dim form of the boy, still lost in prayer.

For the first time in the history of the temple the evening prayers were left unchanted, the evening song of praise was left unsung, not one had heart or voice to sing before such strange happenings. Great confusion ensued, some prostrated themselves in prayer before the holy shrine, others fled from the temple, not one dare go to tell the Holy Father.

Many of them called to mind the dire punishment which was to befall any who should dare to draw aside that Holy Veil, and they trembled for their Beloved Child.

Some few knew the awful secret of the hidden Goddess, and they well knew why the Holy Father showed every year greater sternness and severity towards the Chosen Child. They could

detect within many of his little acts the promptings of the demon Fear, they too trembled for the Beloved Child.

E. R. INNES.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WORDS OF HERACLITUS

II.

EVERLIVING FIRE

ACCORDING to Heraclitus the origin and end of all things is the Everliving Fire. This Everliving Fire is the Eternal Cosmos itself; from it are born the worlds and all in them, into it again they die. It is the creative, preservative, destructive and regenerative Essence and Energy of Deity. This Fire, it is hardly necessary to remark, is not the visible fire, the fire of earth; it is the Principle by which all things exist and cease from existence. It is the Divine One Element.

As Aristotle tells us, speaking of Heraclitus: "It is the One Thing and the That-which-*is*, from which the-things-that-are have both their being and also their becoming."[1]

Or as Heraclitus says himself:

20 "This [Eternal] Cosmos—the same for all [worlds]—no one of gods or men hath made; but ever hath it been, and is and shall be—Fire Everliving, kindling itself by measure and extinguishing itself by measure."

This, I believe, refers to the Divine Out-breathing and In-breathing (Âtman).

This Fire, again, is the Divine Instrument or Rod of Power and Governance; for as our philosopher writes:

28 "The Bolt (Divine) governs all things."

As the Hymn of Cleanthes, the Stoic, explains, in singing of the Might of the Creator:

[1] *De Cælo*, iii. 4, 1001 a, 15.

"Who holdeth in His Hands the Everlasting Bolt—[the Bolt] wherewith thou dost direct the Reason (Logos) universal, that interpenetrates all things."[1]

This Fire was the Principle of the Creative and Destructive Order, by which all orderings (or cosmoi), worlds and beings, are numbered, and measured, and consummated. It is the Âtmic Energy of God, the source of life and cause of action. Hence Simplicius, one of the last links of the Golden Platonic Chain, characterises it as: "Life-giving, demiurgic (or fabricative), and digestive, that interpenetrates all things and operates the transmutation of all things."[2]

This Âtmic Energy is the Breath of God. And so Aristotle informs us that Heraclitus says: "The Source [of all] is Soul, if indeed this is what he means by the Exhalation from which he doth condense all things; it is both absolutely incorporeal and in perpetual flux. For that which is in motion must be known by that which is in motion."[3]

How far this Divine Fire of Heraclitus is removed from the fire of earth may be seen from the following dark saying:

21 "The transformations of Fire are firstly Sea; and of the Sea the half is earth and half is Fire-bloom."

Prēstēr (Fire-bloom) is a puzzle to all the commentators. Most equate it with the "Bolt" of Fr. 28; but this seems unsatisfactory.

Proclus preserves for us a scrap of an Orphic poem which tells us of the "Fire-bloom, Flower of faint Fire."[4]

It is true that Proclus is late, and that the phrase he quotes probably belongs to the Chaldæan Oracles, a Hellenistic poem (based on "The Books of the Chaldæans") which the latest authority, Kroll, places in the second century A.D. But the oldest Orphic poems, as I have contended, have "Chaldæan" material in them, and, as I here also contend, Heraclitus is in touch with similar sources.

The quotation from the Simonian *Great Announcement*, which was prefixed to the last paper, also looks back to Chaldæa; in it we have the grandiose conception of the Fire Tree, the true

[1] Vv. 7 ff. (Stob., *Ecl.*, i. 30). [2] *Phys.*, 6 a,m.
[3] *De An.*, i. 2, 405 a, 25. [4] *In Tim.*, 137 c.

Tree of Life and Wisdom. The blossoms of this Tree are Vortices of Fire. Its Roots are Above and its Branches Below.

I would, therefore, suggest that in this dark saying of Heraclitus, we have in the term Sea or Ocean a reference to the Great Cosmic Ocean, which, when its Waters flow downward, gives birth to men, and when its Waters flow upward, gives birth to gods, as the commentator of the Naassene Document tells us.

This Sea is the Great Sphere or Great Vortex of Genesis, the Saṁsâra of the Brâhmans and Buddhists, or the Ocean of Transformation, of birth and death, cause and effect.

It is the habitat of the "watery spheres," as Thrice-greatest Hermes calls the soul-vehicles of the fallen gods, incarnated as men.

Each of these spheres is produced in the substance of the Water by vortical breaths of Fire. They are Fire-bursts or Fire-vortices, or Fire-flowers, fiery bubbles, in the Water or subtle matter.

Thus Fire is Divine Breath. Psychē or Soul, as Aristotle has told us, is the Exhalation, or Out-breathing, of the Fire; the Out-breathing gives birth to Flames.

Olympiodorus, the last great teacher of the Platonic Chain, traces the descent, or death of souls, and their ascent, or birth, in the following quotation from Heraclitus:

69 "For souls their death is to become Water, and for Water its death is to become Earth; nevertheless Water is born from Earth, and Soul [that is, Air] from Water."

The Air, it will be remembered, is omitted from the "transformations" of the Fire. But Soul proper was Air, not our Air, but Cosmic Air, or Breath; this is again the Fire, the Æther, the Fiery Air. And indeed Heraclitus elsewhere gives definitely the epithet *aithrios* to Zeus, the Supreme.

And that this Fire is the All-seeing Eye of God is evident from the saying:

27 "How could one hide himself from That which never sets?"

On which Clement of Alexandria correctly comments when he adds:

> "For it may be a man may hide himself from the sensible light, but from the Intelligible Light it is not possible."[1]

And *Z*eller pertinently remarks:

> "Heraclitus may very well have said no man can hide himself from the Divine Fire, even when the all-seeing Helios has set."[2]

The Fire then was also the Intelligible Light, the Light that mind alone can perceive. It was the Source of all lights; even as in the Mithriac tradition, which again derives from Medo-Chaldæan sources.

The Sun and all the Stars are "Eyes" of this Fire or Light. And it has finely been said somewhere, that the end of the perfect man is to become "a Star in the worlds of men, an Eye in the regions of the gods"; that is to say, the destiny of perfected man is to become an Æon.

Or again, the man who reaches immortality has to assume a "Fiery" or Spiritual "Body," a Body of the universal essence, or Quintessence, the Âkâsha proper of the Hindus; he thus dons the "Robe of Glory," or "Vesture of Light."

Within the Fire thus regarded, inheres the Divine Heat,[3] or Love. This must be identical with the Kâma, or Love, of the Vedic Hymn, "that first arose in It," and which is characterised as the "Primal Germ of Mind"; it is identical also with the Orphic (? originally Chaldæan) Erôs or Pothos, the Divine Desire or Love.

And that this is so is clear from a passage of Pseudo-Hippocrates (based on Heraclitus), who writes:

> "I believe that what we call 'Heat' is both beyond the reach of death and understands and sees and hears all things, yea knows *all* things, both things that are and things that are about to be."[4]

[1] *Pædag.*, ii. 196 c. [2] *Op. cit.*, ii. 25 n. 2.
[3] Plato, *Crat.*, 412 c (Zeller, *op. cit.*, ii. 26 n 1.). [4] *De Carn.*, i. 425 K (*ibid.*, n. 3).

All things are produced from Fire by a process of transmutation; that is, by a qualitative rather than a quantitative change. The elements therefore do not remain the same but pass into one another; they perpetually live and die, are kindled and extinguished.

As Zeller says (p. 30): "Fire with him means something entirely different from the elements of the early physicists; the elements are that which, amidst the change of particular things, remains unchangeable; the Fire of Heraclitus is that which by means of constant transmutation produces this change."

That is to say, Fire is self-transforming. This concept is summed up in the technical term Change (ἀμοιβή)—that is Transmutation; and the law is stated in the following saying:

22 "All things are exchanged for Fire, and Fire for all things; as goods for gold, and gold for goods."

All things are transmuted into Fire, and Fire, into all things.

Fire is thus the Test of all value; it is the Universal Solvent; for:

26 "Fire will come upon all things and seize on them and test them."

This is the Everliving Fire; and not the fire of the Four. For of the Four we read:

25 "Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire; and water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water."

In this Great Mutation therefore all things are but intermediates between antagonisms. Or as Zeller (p. 31) says: "Whatever point we may seize in the Flux of Becoming, we have only a point of transition and limit, in which antagonistic qualities and conditions encounter one another."

Strife and Harmony

That is to say, while all things are for ever involved in the Great Transmutation, everything at the same time contains in itself at every moment of time all opposite principles. For

according to our philosopher "Everything is all"; or again "The Opposite belongs to all things."[1] Everything thus is and is not.

> "All things become according to Fate [Karma], and existences are regulated by the law of opposites (contrariety)."[2]
>
> "Fate is Reason (Logos) operating all things by the crossing of the opposites."[3]

As it is by Fire that all things are reduced to unity, so is it by Fire that all things are brought forth into multiplicity. Thus all things arise from Division, Strife or Struggle. Heraclitus formulates this in his famous saying:

44 "War is sire of all and king of all; some he shows forth as gods and some as men; some he hath made slaves and some he hath made free."

Fire as Divider, or War, is thus the creative activity. And yet without it there could be no Harmony or System or Cosmos of opposites. For:

> "There could be no Harmony without imponderable and ponderable, nor living creatures without female and male being contraries."[4]

And in saying this Eudemus, the disciple of Aristotle, plainly hands on for us the substance of a "word" of Heraclitus who declares:

46 "The adverse becomes advantageous. From things which differ the fairest Harmony arises. All things exist through Strife."

The first clause may be translated: "The adverse becomes the compatible," or even, according to Fairbanks: "Opposition unites." And again our philosopher declares:

45 "Men do not know how that which is carried in different directions agrees with itself: the Harmony bends back upon itself, as with a bow or lyre."

[1] Sextus, *Pyrrh.*, i. 210. [2] Diog., ix. 7 f.
[3] Stob., *Ecl.*, i. 58 (not given in Fairbanks). [4] Eudem., *Eth.*, vii. 1, 1235 a, 25.

The Harmony is here the System of the Cosmos. Indeed, Plutarch,[1] in quoting this "word," adds "of the Cosmos."

This, I think, means more than Zeller supposes, when he paraphrases it as: "The structure of the world rests upon opposite tension." It rather suggests that the Cosmos, or Order of things, is conditioned by the opposites, which, however, like the two horns of the bow, are united by one string, or like the top and bottom of a lyre are united by the strings. And, therefore, though the System is conditioned by forces which pull in opposite directions, it is ever one and the same thing that pulls them, or they pull one against the other. In other words, all things are reciprocal. Everything in the Harmony ends where it begins, is born when it dies,—indeed, in all is an eternal paradox.

The thing that pulls in different directions is Strife, and thus it is that Strife is really the source of Harmony.

From Strife comes Harmony; from Opposition Union; from One All; from All One.

59 "Thou shouldst unite things whole and things not whole, binding together and tending apart, concordant and discordant. From all one, and from one all."

Even what appears to men to be evil is really good for them. For, as a thoughtful commentator[2] remarks:

> "Wars and battles seem terrible things to us; but to God they are not terrible. For God perfects all things with a view to the Harmony of their Wholes dispensing benefits, as Heraclitus also says:

61 "To God all things are fair and good and just; but men suppose that some are just and others unjust."

And again:

62 "You should know that War is common [to all things], and that Justice is Strife; that all things come into existence and pass away from it through Strife."

And by Harmony, Heraclitus did not mean simply the

[1] *De Trang.*, 15, 473; *De Is.*, 45, 369. [2] *Schol. Ven.* ad *Il.* iv. 4

visible World-order, but also the invisible or intelligible Cosmos, for:

47 "The Harmony that is not manifest is better than that which is made manifest."

This Hidden Harmony is the Divine Law, for:

"All human laws are fostered by One [Law], the Divine. For its rule extends as far as it may will; 't is strong enough for all, and prevails [over all]."[1]

This Law is the Divine Justice that none of gods or men may escape. For:

29 "The Sun shall not o'erstep his bounds. Should he do so, the ministers of Justice, the Erinyes, will find him out."

This Hidden Harmony is also called Fate (Heimarmenē)—that is, Karma.

This Fate, Plutarch[2] tells us, Heraclitus declared to be fundamentally the same as Necessity. The Essence of Fate, our philosopher further explained, was the Logos (Reason) that permeates the essence of the universe; Fate was thus both the seed of birth of a universe, and the that which set a limit to its life.

The Logos

The Universal Order is thus the Logos or Divine Intelligence.

19 "Wisdom is one thing [only]: To know the Intelligence whereby all things are steered through all."

This Divine Intelligence has names and yet no name.

65 "One Thing, the Only Wise, wills and also wills not to be named by the name of *Z*ēn (*Z*eus)."

Of this Logos he tells us:

91 "Understanding is common to all. Those who speak with the mind should hold fast to this Common [Mind] of all things, as a city holds fast to law, nay far more strongly."

[1] Stob., *Floril.*, iii. 84 (not given by Fairbanks). [2] *Plac*, i. 27 and 28.

Nevertheless:

92 "Though Reason (Logos) is common, the many live as though they possessed a special understanding of their own."

The Logos is generally called *Zēn*, or *Zeus*—"*Zēn*" being connected with the idea of Life; and Life is the Everliving Fire, which Everliving and Everlasting One is further called the Æon. This is set forth in perhaps the most beautiful of all the words of Heraclitus preserved to us.

79 "The Æon is a child playing draughts. The Kingdom is a child's."

This reminds us of the mystery-saying: "The Ancient of Eternity is a boy." The Æon is ever young, continually renewing and refreshing itself. And if there be One Æon, so also are there many images of the One, who are in their turn for ever young, the true gods.

Thus he tells us:

32 "The Sun is new every day."

This Eternal Principle of all Principles is both Intelligence and Substance, Spirit and Matter, Male and Female, Mind and Fire, Breath and Body. It is One and All.

The Mysteries

Thinking such high thoughts it is not surprising that Heraclitus had many hard things to say of the profanation of the Mysteries. For Heraclitus there was a Reality transcending all appearance, both of things physical and things psychic. For:

64 "All things we see when awake are death, and all we see sleeping are dreams."

Nevertheless the state of sleep is not one of inaction. The soul energises in sleep and is operative.

90 "Those who sleep are workers; nay, they co-operate in things done in the world."

The end of man was to become something superior even to the gods; for:

The soul of man transcends all limits.

71 "The limits of the Soul thou couldst not discover though thou shouldst journey on every path."

67 "Gods are mortals, and men immortals; the latter living the death of the former, and the former dying the life of the latter."

And this being so, death, as war, had no terrors for our philosopher. To receive we must let go, to obtain we must renounce, to live we must die. Therefore:

101 "Greater deaths gain greater portions."

Death should be a stepping-stone to higher things; they who fight the good fight are honoured.

102 "The slain in battle both gods and men honour."

For character is the thing that counts.

121 "Character is man's good angel (daimōn)."

And for those fallen in the strife, if they have fought with character and courage, it will be well. For:

122 "There awaits men at death what they do not expect or think."

Men of such character become daimones or heroes in the after-death state.

123 "There are they raised up and consciously become protectors of the living and the dead."

With the popular orgiastic cults of the time Heraclitus, however, would have nothing to do; he refers with contempt to the crowds of frenzied Bacchanals:

124 "Night-roamers, mages, bacchi, wine-maidens, initiates!"

125 "For the mysteries that are held [as holy] among men they celebrate unholily."

The only thing that saves such rites from utter shamelessness is the fact that they are celebrated as the mysteries of the Invisible. At least this seems to be the meaning of the obscure saying:

127 "For were it not in honour of Dionysus that they

made the procession and sang the hymn in honour of his emblems, all that they do would be most shameless. But one and the same is Hades and Dionysus—or in whomsoever else's honour they lose their senses and keep the feast."

The word-play—"emblems" (αἰδοῖα), "most shameless" (ἀναιδέστατα), Hades (ἄιδης), the Invisible—is untranslatable into English.

Heraclitus seems to mean that what would be most shameless if taken in a purely human sense, becomes a sacred mystery when regarded as a rite in honour of a divine power. Hades here is the Invisible, the Lord of Life as well as Lord of Death, the Ruler of the Realms of Genesis.

Equally does Heraclitus deplore the popular Attis-cult and the "Weeping for Adonis."

130A "If they be gods, why do ye weep for them? And if ye weep for them, no more believe them gods."

Indeed he would sweep away all these outer rites and turn men to the true Understanding alone, the Common Mind in man.

130 "They make them clean by befouling themselves with blood, as though one would cleanse oneself of mud by plunging into mud. One would be thought to be mad if anyone should see him doing this.

"Again they pray to these images, as though a man should converse with houses, in utter ignorance of gods and heroes, what they are."

These are a few of the words of our Obscure Philosopher. We hope that for many of our readers they will prove less obscure than they have mostly seemed to be for many generations of the past. For Heraclitus speaks of many things that no few of us have heard in other words, things we are bound to hear if we are lovers of theosophy.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE Nameless One, that One of many names,—He is my Lord!

THE TREE OF BEAUTY

O Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life Divine!
Heart of the Silence, God of Mystery!
Within Thy Temple may we seek our Life,
And find there—Thee!
Thou art the Peace beyond the whirling worlds,
Thou the Unchanging, Thou art Beauty's Call;
Thou art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Thou, Lord, art All!

I.

The Scene is a Market-place. The Central Figure is a Man, who is seated on the Steps of the Temple. At his Feet lies a Painter's Palette; he has unconsciously set his Foot upon it, and it lies broken before him.

A Bridal Procession goes by.

Bridal Chorus

To the Bride.

Seek thou bliss in thy husband's home,
Seek thou joy in his love, O maid!
Cast now from thee thy maiden fears;
Be not afraid!

To the Bridegroom.

Seek thou love in her dew-bright eyes,
Seek thou love on her tender breast!
Seek thou love in her virgin heart;
And find there rest!

The Bridal Procession having passed, a Bier passes followed by a single Mourner.

DIRGE

The withered leaf falls from the tree;
The flowers are gone, and with them—thee.
Thou wert our joy, our light of life wert thou;
But thou art dead, and to stern death we bow.
Soon may we follow thee, thou loving heart!
Who in all griefs and joys of ours took part.
Soon may we lie in death as thou dost lie.
Our hearts are dead, and with them we would die.

Two Philosophers enter with their Pupils.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER

Matter alone, in bonds of time and space,
Is uncreate and indestructible.
All things which are, within the bonds of space
Exist,—or else, they were not anywhere.
All changes of the eternal worlds of form
Are caus'd by causes in the world of matter.
Matter is all; and, of it, all effects,
In space and time.

SECOND PHILOSOPHER

The world's a shadow of the mind of man,
Shown forth in space and time.
Time, space, causality, the primal laws
Of all perception; these the laws of mind,
Of mind the weaver of the passing shows,
Which men call matter, and the forms of earth.

They pass out, wrangling. The Priests enter, chanting solemnly.

THE PRIESTS

Lord of our temple, hear us!
We, Thy priests, hold in our hands the keys of heaven and hell.
Lord of this temple, may the heathen flee,
And false gods fall before Thee;

Slay Thou the doubter who denieth Thee.
For in Thy wisdom Thou hast given to few,
Thy chosen ones, the truth that saves the soul.
The world in darkness swung amid the stars;
Thou gav'st no sign to any soul of man,
Until to us, Thy priests, the light was given.
Lord of our temple, hear us! Lead all souls,
Whom Thou wilt save, within our holy walls.
Lord of our temple, hear us!

They pass out, chanting. The Man speaks.

THE MAN

City of sorrows, land of bitter herbs,
My barren heart findeth no joy in thee,
Though pipe and tabret echo in thy streets
And murmur of men's wisdom.
I, too, had wisdom in the days agone;
Mine was the vision and the joy of life;
Now mine own folly, and my barren speech,
Echo a knell to me from hollowness.
Gone is my laughter, gone my loves and hates;
I weep no more, nor care for praise nor blame.
Priestcraft and prayer, the warfare of the creeds,
Seem but as foolishness to my dull ears.
The bells of bridal, and the pipe of death,
Going before me in the barren meads,
Tempt not, nor fright me, for my soul lies dead,
And neither love nor fear may move the clay.

Distant voices are heard, chanting faintly.

DISTANT VOICES

Seek in the temple of thy striving mind,
Far from the struggle and the marts of men.
Wisdom is of the desert; and she cries
To him who hath the snares of sense laid by.

The Scene closes as the Chant dies away.

II.

The Scene is a Desert. It is Night. There is in the Foreground a great Rock. At the Foot sits the Man; he is clad in a Philosopher's Robe, and grasps a Staff. He has driven it deeply into the Sand, and props himself thereon. His Face is white and lifeless. Upon the dark Horizon shines forth the Vision of the Tree of Beauty. It is a Shadow; not the true Tree.

Beneath it are four Silent Watchers.

The Man speaks, before the Vision appears.

THE MAN

Lo! Wisdon flieth from the desert drear,
As from the crowded mart. My helpless soul
Crieth for Beauty to the Silent Powers.
If there be gods of earth, of air, of fire,
Or of the waters, these I supplicate:
Give me the Vision of the Sacred Form!
Though by its Glory these rash eyes be dimmed
For ever through the ages of the world.
Shew me the Form of Beauty, and in gloom
Of utter darkness, leave me memory!

The Vision of the Tree dawns on the Horizon. A Sound of distant chanting Voices is heard.

CHANTING VOICES

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Holy Flame!
Watch'd by the Sacred Powers,
The Fire of God encircles Thee about,
Music breathes from Thy Flowers.

A single Voice chants.

A VOICE

Thou art the Vision of the Sacred Form;
We see thy Shadow here.

THE VOICES

The Voices are heard, singing softly.

O Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life Divine!

III.

The Scene is a Wood of Pine Trees. By the Edge of a Pool sits the Man. A great Figure bends over him. From its Heart shines a Light that gleams upon the Pool. The Man leans towards the Gleam to see what is hidden in the Waters; the Figure that casts the Light he does not see.

The Man speaks, leaning over the Pool.

THE MAN

I saw Thy Shadow from the World of Light;
Thy shadow'd Glory fills my longing soul
With deeper passion than all earthly shows.
If I might see Thee in Thy Glorious Form!
If I might know Thee, shining from the wave
Of these unearthly Waters, wherein forms
Of gods are shadow'd; gleaming on my sight
That strives to satisfy my aching soul!
Shall I not see Thee here in very truth,
Whose shadow mirror'd in my silent mind,
Drove me unto these Waters; here to long,
To sicken, and to pray my soul away
With helpless yearning for Thee, Holy Tree,
With heart that crieth for Thy mystery?

Voices on the Wind sing softly.

THE VOICES

Soul of the Shining Land,
Land of faint mystic gleams!
Land of the Waters!
Land of our dreams!
Within thy crystal wave
We seek to see

Visions of Beauty,
Visions of Thee,
O Soul of Loveliness!
God-guarded Tree!

A clear high Voice sings.

A Voice

Waters of magic, waters gleaming green,
In tender shadows of a silent wood,
Waters of dream, shall we find peace in thee?

The Voices of the Wind and Trees answer.

Voices of the Wind

What peace is for thee here?

A deep soft Voice sings.

A Deep Voice

O wailing Waters of the mystic sea;
O changing restless Waters of the soul!
Waters of faery, is there rest in thee?

The Voices of the Earth and the Water answer

Voices of Earth

No rest is for thee here!
No rest—no rest!

IV.

The Scene is a Cave. At the Back of the Cave sits a Great Figure, veiled; the Figure spins; and from the Distaff fly the golden Threads of Life. The Man, leaning upon his Staff, watches, from the Centre, a Band of Dancers. Light springs from their Feet, and traces geometrical Figures as they go.

A Voice is heard, chanting solemnly.

A Voice

Soul of the song, Soul of the mystic dance,
That shadows forth Thy meaning and Thy power!
Heart of the Silence, whence we yearn to Thee,
O Lord of Beauty, hear us!

Many Voices sing in Chorus.

A Chorus of Voices

O mystic dancers, weave the wondrous web ;
Thou who obeyest the veil'd Mother's will !
Turn, turn and weave upon the loom of time,
The changing garment of the life of all.
Dancers ! who weave the form of stone and plant,
The form of beast and bird, of man and babe,
Flitting and turning to the sacred chant,
Showing the wonders of the spoken Word.

The Man breaks his Staff, and speaks, as he throws himself at the Feet of the Spinner ; the Dancers stand still, forming the Petals of a Great Rose.

The Man

Thou sacred Spinner of the web of earth !

Dancers

O Veiled Mother, Sacred Mystery !

The Man

Thou holdest in Thy hands the Key of Life.

Dancers

O Veiled Mother, Sacred Mystery !

The Man

I watch the measure of Thy holy dance.

Dancers

O Veiled Mother, Sacred Mystery !

The Man

I ask the secret of these weaving forms.

Dancers

O Veiled Mother, Sacred Mystery !

THE MAN

I claim the secret of the Holy Tree,
O Veiled Mother, Sacred Mystery!
I ask of Thee to lead me unto Life,
The Life that flows through Thee!

V.

The Scene is the Desert. It is very dark. There is a little Shrine of grey Rock; rugged Steps lead to its Doorway.

A tiny Point of bluish-white Light gleams steadily within the Shrine.

At the Foot of the Steps sits the Man, holding an Egyptian Mirror. His Feet are bare; he wears a Garment of White Linen; his Head is bound with a Wreath of the Thorns of the Brier, and freshly springing Leaves.

He speaks slowly and calmly, looking into the dark Mirror.

THE MAN

Now am I stript of all! My silent mind
Lies open like a crystal lake at eve
Unto the flaming sky. Now in my soul
(A shining vapour parting life from Life)
I seek the final vision of the Light.
I seek the Light that lighteth all the worlds,
That lights the blossoms of the Holy Tree.
Nay! but I dream this Tree and It be One!
And I with These, and They with me are linkt
In utter unity of Life Divine.
Come, Dream of glory! Light this naked soul!
This mirror of the Sun of Righteousness!
Into the Darkness of the Root of Life
I plunge unfearing! Let me loose my hold
Upon this shadow, trembling in the dark,
Fearing to lose herself.

The Light in the Shrine brightens, and gleams on the Mirror.

Lo! Lo! Within the darkness breaks the Light!
Root of my being, now I see Thee shine!

Thou shinest thro' the shadows, Nameless Name!
Now do I pass within the silent Shrine,
Where sight is lost in Being; where the seen,
Linkt with the Seer, in the Holy Flame
Becomes One Glory, Light of all the World!

The Man mounts the Steps and enters the Shrine; as he enters he disappears, and nothing is seen save the Wonder of the Light. The Light is white; but as it shines the Desert waxes rose-red, and begins to sing.

THE SONG OF THE DESERT

Heart of the Sun, Soul of the ripen'd grain,
Life of the orchard and the spring-flush'd oak!
Soul of the rain, and of the waving grass,
O Heart of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of the waiting tide, when snow-still'd earth
Shows beauty in her patient silences
Of leafless twig, and helpless frost-rim'd buds,
O Soul of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of the moonlight on the trembling sea!
Life of all waters, and of twilights dim,
Soul of the storm, and of the thunder's crash,
O Life of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of the bursting buds! Soul of fierce life,
Whose swift heart-throbbings fire the vernal earth!
Soul of the chanting wind that wakes the pines,
To sing thy secrets for the gods to hear,
O Heart of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of all perfume! Of the rain-wet earth,
Of hot wild thyme, and tender cowslip blooth,
Soul of the song of birds, and mirth of babes,
O Life of Beauty, hear us!

Thou art the magic of the lover's quest,
And Thou the mother-beauty of the world!
Thou art the singing of the morning stars,
The shouts and laughter of the Sons of God,
O Lord of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of the fire that nerves the craftsman's hand,
Soul of the might that bids the prophet cry,
Soul of the artist's and the poet's dream,
O Heart of Beauty, hear us!

Soul of the song, soul of the mystic dance,
That shadow forth Thy meaning and Thy Power,
Heart of the Silence, whence we yearn to Thee,
O Lord of Beauty, hear us!

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE PURPOSE OF ART

II.

IN every stage of our ascent towards this divine self-knowledge, we are surrounded by conditions which, rightly used, direct us to the path which we must follow, and refresh us with presentiments of the truth which we are seeking. But, wrongly used, the same conditions lead us astray. Sensible beauties become vain and delusive phantoms to those who regard them as real in themselves, instead of looking through them to the reality beyond. Yet we cannot progress by closing our eyes to the conditions which environ us. They are here for our service; it is in our choice to use or to abuse them. So long as we have bodies we may depend upon it there are lessons for us to learn through the body.

Thus, whether we can interpret its symbolism or not, whether it be intended by the artist or not, every true work of art is symbolic of a reality which transcends these earthly conditions. I doubt not, our interpretation often goes farther than we are at all aware of. We know things by intuition—and it is the best of our knowledge—which we can in no wise define. Even purely decorative art, in which the intention of the artist has been merely to produce an agreeable arrangement of lines or colours, is still symbolic of the divine nature in so far as it is

indeed beautiful. The instinctive love of beauty which has dominated the artist's work proceeds from a higher source than the merely sensuous purpose would seem to indicate, and will suggest something of its origin to those whose minds are capable of recognising the nobility inherent in all true beauty. The meaning of a work of art is not to be limited to the deliberate intention of the artist. Rather is this the distinctive character of true art, that its highest meaning surpasses deliberation. The deliberate meaning proceeds from the individuality of the artist; the higher significance from the universal soul, which breathes itself into the individual, and uses him as its vehicle.

Of this inspiration every genuine artist partakes, in greater or less degree, according to his capacity. In the greatest works of art it so dominates and transfigures the artist's conceptions that the whole work seems native to some higher sphere than that of ordinary humanity; the expression of an idea of which, though it belong to our essence, we are conscious but at rare moments of exaltation. Works of art of this character are few indeed; perhaps nowhere is it shown more clearly than in the great music-dramas of Wagner. Yet the idea is never quite expressed. It is suggested, here more fully, there more feebly; but perfect beauty, the full expression of the immaterial idea, is forever unattainable in material presentation.

Since beauty, in its perfection, is an aspect of God himself, the love of beauty is radically one with the love of God, and every true work of art has, in its degree, somewhat of the nature of a hymn to the Deity. I say "radically," because, on the surface, love of beauty and love of God do sometimes seem to differ very considerably. It might be thought that the greatest artist must assuredly be he whose own nobility of mind and purpose proclaim him, beyond others, a worthy vehicle of the soul's inspiration. And without doubt, whenever nobility of mind and purpose is united with fullness of inspiration, the result appears in the greatest works of art given to the world; as, for example, in the dramas of Shakespeare and Wagner, in the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, in paintings by Burne-Jones and by Sandro Botticelli, and in the sculptured marbles of the Parthenon. On the other hand, it must be confessed that this supreme concord

of character and inspiration but seldom occurs. It often happens that there is more or less discrepancy between the genius of the artist and the purpose to which that genius is employed. Sometimes lofty aims are inefficacious from lack of the requisite capacity for expressing them. More frequently, true artistic inspiration is found in conjunction with aims which are not distinguished, in the consciousness of the artist, by any special depth of purpose or of spiritual insight.

But we must remember that, to use Emerson's words, "the consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body." The soul in man is one, but its energies are manifold. It is the essential property of the soul to create, or, in other words, to manifest itself upon a lower plane of being. Essentially the sou is immaterial, and its highest energies are immaterial; but it produces its lower energies in this world of matter that they also may become actual, and not merely potential. These energies are developed through the organs of the body, and with these energies, in the present stage of our existence, our consciousness commonly identifies us. We know, indeed, that we ourselves are something beyond all this, but, bound as we are by the conditions of material life, our knowledge of our true selves is usually subconscious rather than conscious; approaching actual consciousness only in the most advanced souls. Now beauty being divine in its nature and origin, the perception of beauty belongs to the higher soul in us; but since we are conscious, for the most part, on a lower plane, our artists create things of beauty without being aware, except in few instances, of the real or inward significance of what they do.

Thus though every true work of art is symbolic, its inner meaning is often hidden even from the artist who creates it, or felt only in vague impulses, inexplicable to him as to others. In proportion as he succeeds in identifying himself with his own higher soul, which, indeed, is more truly he than the conscious man himself, he becomes more and more consciously at one with the universal soul, and the beauty in his work, inspired from that high source, becomes more and more clearly significant to him. Even so, the rapture of creation must always remain to the

artist a mystery. Beauty is endlessly significant, and at the best we can but seize here and there a suggestion of its infinite meaning.

It might, however, be expected of a true artist that he should be so far a lover of wisdom as not to associate his art deliberately with base and unworthy tendencies. Unfortunately, even this is not always the case. The gift of art, as we have seen, is intuitive; an inspiration from a higher sphere, breathed into a soul which is in some way qualified to give expression to it. But human nature is full of inconsistencies, and this mysterious gift is not unfrequently found in association with tendencies too obviously unworthy of its presence. In all branches of art we meet with such perversion of genius. No two things are essentially wider apart than art and luxury, yet to the service of luxury art is prostituted. The divine gift is allied with purposes frivolous, vulgar, or worse. Yet though we may have to condemn as a whole the work of art in which genius is so dishonoured, we must remember that such beauty as it contains, in so far as it is true beauty and not a mere counterfeit, is still, in itself, of divine origin. It is not, then, the art which we condemn, but the evil which is associated with it, and which springs from quite another source. Yet thus to associate it is a species of treason in the artist; treason against art, treason against his own soul, and against the souls of the many who can follow him in his evil, but cannot rise to the recognition of his good.

I am inclined to think that even Emerson was mistaken when he said that "the best pictures easily tell their last secret." We may rather suspect that their last secret is never quite told, but they whisper a different secret to every beholder. Our likes and dislikes in art are largely a question of temperament. Perhaps a perfectly unbiassed judgment in these matters is without the bounds of possibility, for it must imply one of two things—either a sympathy so universal as to be practically beyond the reach of man, or an equally general apathy which would render his judgment altogether worthless. Now although art adumbrates an idea which is universal, its appeal to us is very personal. It suggests universal truths, but through the medium of particular aspects; and our appreciation of it is necessarily in accordance

with our knowledge and love of these particular aspects of truth. Even music, which Schopenhauer reckoned the highest form of art, as being most directly representative of the idea, appeals to us through the emotions; and our emotions are so personal—that is, they differ so greatly in different people both in intensity and in character—that it may be doubted if the same piece of music ever made precisely the same appeal to any two individuals. This at least is certain, and frequently observed: that with two hearers, both accomplished in the art and sincere lovers of it, the very music which in one excites enthusiasm and delight, shall to the other seem dull and almost meaningless. These hearers may be perhaps equally near to the universal truth—the idea—of music; but approaching it by a different path, each fails to recognise its manifestation in the particular form which to the other reveals it so luminously and convincingly.

There is a dogma, now by many people held as an axiom, that a genuine work of art should never need explanation; that its sole and sufficient explanation should be—itself. But this were to restrict art far too narrowly, and can hardly be maintained with reason of any work of art in which deep thought is expressed. How much knowledge, derived from extraneous sources, is necessary to a comprehension of the true purport of the Homeric poems, of the *Divina Commedia*, of the *Nibelung's Ring!* Yet these are supreme works of art. We may trace, nevertheless, in the thought which gave rise to this dogma a certain vestige of truth, since every form of art conveys something to the mind which in no other way could be conveyed; which can be expressed only in the terms of this particular art. And yet without some key, which is often not to be found in the work itself, we may miss much of the meaning. Perhaps, of all arts, the art of music is the most self-contained, but its noblest effects have been reached in conjunction with words, which, whether actually expressed, as in all vocal music, or merely understood, as in Liszt's symphonic poems and in many other instances, are still, in themselves, something outside the art with which they are connected, something explanatory, illustrating the music by their definiteness, and in their turn illustrated and intensified by its emotional power. A remarkable instance

occurs to me in Beethoven's masterpiece, the Choral Symphony. The earlier movements of the symphony are pure music without words; music which, in accordance with this dogma, should explain itself and need no other interpretation. Very beautiful in itself, no doubt, it is; but how much more beautiful when we read it in the light of the latter portion, to which words were added by the composer, who felt the inadequacy of pure music to express all his thought; words which not only define the meaning of the music to which they are sung, but which also, as by a reflected light, evolve the meaning of the preceding music, till we are conscious of the significance of the whole great work as a tone-picture of the sorrows and yearnings of humanity, resolved at last triumphantly into the joy of universal brotherhood. Gounod rightly called this symphony the Gospel of Socialism.

In other forms of art, in painting, in sculpture, our appreciation of the artistic presentment will depend, to a great extent, upon our previous acquaintance and sympathy with the subject presented. Of course, acquaintance and sympathy with the subject will not, of themselves alone, enable us to appreciate the artistic presentment. Art lies not in the thing expressed, but in the mode of expression; and, as I said before, if our own imagination be not stirred, we shall fail to comprehend the imaginative rendering of an idea perhaps familiar to us in other ways. But consider, for example, with what different feelings a picture will be contemplated by one who sees in it merely a group of figures agreeably disposed, with accessories which convey little or nothing to his mind in relation to the figures, and by one who recognises in those figures and accessories the pictorial representation of some legend or history already known to him. The former may be deeply conscious of artistic beauty in the work, but the latter will be more profoundly impressed, since his consciousness of the beauty itself will be enhanced by his recognition of the artist's aim and of the fitness of its embodiment. The mere title of a work of art adds something of the nature of an explanation not included in the work itself. And though it be true that art has meanings undefinable, at least in words, acquaintance and sympathy with the definite meaning of the artist will surely prepare

us to apprehend more readily the ineffable meaning of the art.

To another dogma, very prevalent in our day, and much advocated by artists whose instinct is truer than their insight is profound, I must briefly advert, since its acceptance would nullify the conclusion to which I have endeavoured to bring you as regards the true purpose of art. It is maintained that art should never be didactic: that is to say, in plain English, that art should teach us—nothing. This dogma, I will venture to affirm, is even shallower than the former, and in proportion as the artist is also a philosopher—in proportion, namely, as his eyes are opened to the real significance of his work—he has rejected and contemned it. Thus it was rejected utterly by the greatest artist of our time, Richard Wagner, whose preaching and practice equally attest his conviction that the true purpose of art is to lead the soul to the intelligence of that beauty which is to all sensible beauty as the substance is to the shadow. But in fact every true work of art, every work which has beauty for its subject and love for its motive, is inevitably didactic according to its degree, even though it were against the will of its author. Yet here again, while denying the dogma, we may detect in the underlying thought some far-off glimmer of reason. Art has its lessons for those who are ready to receive them, but these lessons are its own, and are imparted in its own way. Art is moral, but not as a retailer of copybook maxims. Nor is its purpose to inculcate rules of conduct or codes of morality, but rather to awaken in us reminiscences of a higher state, a state in which these rules and codes are no longer requisite, a state whereof the faintest intimation may well rejoice us, since there indeed is our home, the true, eternal abiding-place of the soul.

WM. C. WARD.

WE are slaves of no man or superman or god, but servants of all men and supermen and gods, if only we serve God,

TWO JAPANESE LEGENDS

I.

Suzano

(From the Russian Translation)

To tell how the Imperial family of Japan began we must, according to Japanese story, go back to the highest antiquity, indeed to the very beginning of all things.

When God created this world it was seized by a mighty sorceress, O'Kossimoto-San. She had two sons and one daughter.

For many centuries she lived; but even for her the end had to come. And so, feeling death nearing, she spoke to her children thus:

"O beloved, I die. In two days I shall be no more! Mighty and rich I am, and all that I possessed is yours now. But one rule I wish to be obeyed: You are to keep peace between you. He who breaks my rule will lose not only his portion of the inheritance, but will have to wander about on Earth till he atones for his fault, by a deed to be fixed for him by Fate or by his loyal brother and sister living in peace."

And O'Kossimoto-San divided thus the world: to her daughter Ama she left the Sun to rule, to Suzano, the eldest son, the Ocean, to the youngest, Zuki-Emi, the Moon.

Ama, Queen of the Sun, hence called Ama-terassou, and Zuki-Emi her youngest brother of the Moon, had both a forbearing and gentle nature. So they ruled in peace, Ama shining on the fields of Earth the whole day, Zuki shining and watching over them at night.

But the eldest, Suzano, was both proud and curious, and he lived in his watery palace ever more and more jealous of his brother and sister.

So one day he lost patience, and rising on the crest of his highest wave, he dashed himself into Ama's very palace where she sat with her fairy-ladies over an embroidery of gold and silver.

"Ah!" he cried, "you enjoy yourself here in the light and I

have to fight storms in my dreary darkness! Enough! Go to my place; I remain here." And dashing on the ground the fairy-work he broke it to pieces.

Ama, in her terror, ran out of her palace and sought refuge on Earth in a deep cave sheltered by a high mountain. And behind her the iron doors closed. But mankind, earth and sky and waters were plunged into utter darkness, and sailors prayed to Ama to open again on them her luminous eyes, for they thought she was angry with them.

At Ama's doors the fairies waited, called, and wept, in vain—whilst Suzano ruled in his sister's place. Waiting, the fairies grew tired, and resolved to use subterfuge to entice their mistress out of the cave. So remembering that, womanlike, Ama was not free from curiosity and vanity, they brought a big mirror and put it in front of the cave's entrance, singing to their dance:

"O Ama, Ama-terassou, come out and look at the beauty of the new fairy that has come to us; she is fair, even fairer than you."

This Ama could not stand, and out she looked. And lo! in the mirror she saw the most beautiful maid of the world—herself! In the meantime the fairies closed the cave's entrance and Ama was shut out.

The poor Queen had no choice but to go back to her palace, the more so as she got news that her brother Zuki-Emi was there to inquire why she had left. And she found him preparing to pass sentence on Suzano, who was bound hand and foot.

Brother and sister judged him, and condemned him to be exiled to the earth of men and to seek there the deed that would be his atonement. Bowed with grief, thinking of his dead mother, he went.

One day, while wandering among men, he saw two old people bearing the burden of a beautiful girl's body. She was not dead, but all three cried bitterly. To his pressing questions the old man and the old woman replied:

"O dear sir, we had eight daughters and only this one remains. But even her we are going to lose! Close to our hut is a swamp where a terrible Dragon lives. He has eight heads and every year, rising out of the slime, he takes one of our girls. And we know no help, no salvation!"

"Dry your tears," said the God, "I am the Mage Suzano and will try to help you."

He ordered an enclosure with eight doors to be built and put in front of each a barrel full of *saké*. Soon the Serpent came, terrible with its eight heads and its monstrous body which covered eight hills. As soon as it sniffed the *saké* it ran to it and began to drink.

Out sprang the Mage and cut off one head after the other. But he could not cut off the tail, as his sword broke; but looking into the wound he beheld there a new sword, a wonderful one, for it killed the Dragon at once and has served since to achieve Suzano's highest deeds.

Great was the joy of the grateful old couple and of the girl. But the best was the reconciliation with brother and sister. In peace they dwelt, and to reward Suzano he was by the Gods made Ruler of men. From him came the line of Nippon's Emperors.

The Dragon's sword is still kept among the treasures of the Mikado, handed down from heir to heir.

All our deeds, ever so brilliant,
'Tis but a boat afloat on the sea.
The noisy Life gives way to silent Death,
And even the Shadow of the Dream stays not.

HITOSHI.

II.

THE MAIDEN FROM THE MOON

(From the German of P. Enderling)

'TIS sweet and good to die
A word of love on our lips.

IDZUMI SHIKIBU.[1]

ONCE upon a time lived an old man, a cultivator of bamboo reeds. One morning he went to his work amidst the bamboos, and lo! one of the slender stems shone with a curious light. Looking in he saw a tiny maid, three inches long, returning his look with childish mirth. The babe was so beautiful that he

[1] This high-born woman has left many learned works on Buddhism as well as poetry. (A.D. 987-1011.)

took it away and brought it to his wife. But, O wonder, in a few months the girl was grown up! The priest gave her the name Nayotake Kaguyahime ("Slender Bamboo").

Her presence brought her adopted father's house unending luck, and her marvellous beauty made her known throughout the whole land of Yamato.[1] The princes Itsisu, Kuromachi and Otomo were among her suitors. Sanuki, her father, said: "Kaguyahime is but my adopted daughter; I cannot command her. Write to her yourself."

She sent word to the three: "Prince Itsisu has to bring me the fur of the fire-mouse. Otomo I ask to bring me the jewel of five colours from the Dragon's head. Prince Kuromachi is to go to the Mount which lies in the Eastern Sea. There grows a tree of which the branches are gold, the roots silver, the fruits jewels. I would have a branch of it, if he truly loves me."

Greatly rejoiced the princes, for they thought wealth would do it.

But when a Chinese merchant—who knew that no fire-mouse existed—brought from China a priceless blue fur to Prince Itsisu, who was easily deceived, the maiden threw it into the fire to test it. It became a prey of the flames and Itsisu was refused.

Otomo was so sure of wedding the proud beauty that he built for her a house covered with the finest lacquer and with silken tapestries. She waited only for the jewel from the Dragon's head which his warriors were to bring back, for he had richly equipped them to do the deed. But a year passed and none returned. They had fled with the money. So he went himself, was shipwrecked at Tsu Kuschi and, disgusted with love and life, became a hermit.

But Prince Kuromachi did not even go to seek, he simply ordered in secret some jewellers of his retinue to make a branch of gold with fruits of precious stones. He sent it to the mysterious maid. She grew frightened. Had she to keep her word? But almost within the same hour when the prince came for her answer, his jewellers rushed in after him, craving his pardon and his aid, for his treasurer had not paid them for their work. So his part was also shame.

[1] The old name of Japan; "Nippon" is of Chinese origin.

Then the Mikado himself sought her in marriage. But she replied: "I am not of this world; I cannot." And when he tried to force her, she became invisible, though a moment before he had seen lights around her. He knew then she was one from Heaven. Henceforth he sent her only verses and she answered them, attaching her letters to branches in flower.

For three years they corresponded thus. A new Spring came, the cherry blossoms were out again; but Kaguyahime wept.

When the new-moon of the eighth month rose she spoke to her adopted parents: "Now I must tell you all. I am a child of the Moon-race. There in the capital my parents live and, obeying our laws, I have come on earth for a short space only. On the night of the full-moon my time is ended. My people will come for me; therefore I cry."

Great was the sorrow in Sanuki's home. The Mikado sent 2,000 of his best warriors to fight the Moon-race. And the old woman took her daughter into a deep cellar, clinging to her passionately. The girl smiled sadly: "Earthly weapons are of no use," she said. "Your anguish pains me so that I have asked for the prolongation of my term, in spite of all the beauty of our life in the Moon. But my prayer has not been granted."

And so, at the "hour of the mouse," at midnight, a great light bathed the house; on shining clouds descended beings of unearthly grace. The greatest made a sign. All doors opened, all warriors stood motionless. Then the maid drank a little from the draught of immortality they had brought down, put on her dress with wings and turned to bid good-bye to her friends of Earth. She left for the Mikado a letter full of thanks for his love, and joined thereto a flask filled with the draught of life.

Then she spread her wings and a bright cloud rose with her to the Moon. The two old people died of sorrow. But the Mikado drank not of the draught that gave immortality. He lived in fasting and loneliness, and the draught with the letter he treasured above all on earth he sent with a faithful servant to be burnt on the summit of Fuji-Yama. And even to our day, they say, the smoke of the offering still rises to the skies.

A RUSSIAN.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

A Table of Pitris

MR. JAMES L. EADIE, Beechwood, Newport, Fife, sends us the following "Genealogical Tree," which he contends "brings home to one the great fact of the brotherhood of man in a very concrete and tangible form." If further we accept the doctrine of reincarnation, and also the high probability that in a definite humanity there is a definite number of egos, and that too by no means approaching the figures given for a parentage of even thirty generations, we shall gain from Mr. Eadie's Table a still stronger conviction that we are indeed flesh of flesh of one another in a bewilderingly intimate manner.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN PROVED BY FIGURES

This table is affected at various points by the intermarriage of relations, and more so at the beginning. Thus the marriage of cousins would make the third line 6 instead of 8, but one more generation at the other end would more than give back the figures.

People marry mostly within their own nationality, and twenty-five or twenty-six generations would exhaust the whole of Britain for forefathers. The same would apply to other nations, and intermarriage between nations would extend the ramifications of our forefathers all over the world.

The present-day populations are roughly estimated as follows:

The World	1,500,000,000.	(31 or more generations)
Aryan Race	550,000,000.	(29 ,, ,,)
Europe	400,000,000.	(29 ,, ,,)
Britain	40,000,000	(26 ,, ,,)

This shows what very close blood-relations we all are, and brings home to one the great fact of the brotherhood of man in a very concrete and tangible form, in addition to our spiritual unity.

2 Parents 4 Grand Pts. 8 G. G. Pts.	
16	4
32	5
64	6
128	7
256	8
512	9
1024	10
2048	11
4096	13
8192	13
16384	14
32768	15
65536	16
131072	17
262144	18
524288	19
1048576	20
2097152	21
4194304	22
8388608	23
16777216	24
33554432	25
67108864	26
134217728	27
268435456	28
536870912	29
1073741824	30
1099511627776	40
1125899906842624	50

* * *

ON July the 6th the planet Mars was not only in opposition, but

in the most favourable opposition that occurs in the fifteen years' period. This means that the distance dividing Mars and the Earth was at its minimum—some 35½ million miles. The astronomical world was therefore on the tip-toe of expectation as to the results of the favourable opportunity for making new observations. As far as we are at present informed, unfortunately, these results do not seem to have realised the high hopes of our astro-photographers, owing to the state of the atmosphere. The results, however, obtained from previous observations read almost like a fairy-tale, as may be seen from the able summary contributed to *The Tribune* of July 6th, by Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher, who concludes as follows:

Areography

Astronomers are now convinced that Mars possesses no oceans, any more than the moon does. But the remarkable researches of Mr. Lowell, working with powerful telescopes in the pure atmosphere of his lofty observatory in Arizona, have taught us so much about areography (the astronomical term for Martian geography, derived from his Greek name of Ares, and often mistakenly spelt aerography) that we are driven to conclude that its seasonal changes must be due to the existence of life—and not only life, but intelligent and singularly efficient life. In a review of Mr. Lowell's recent book on *Mars and its Canals* (see *The Tribune*, June 11th), I described the grounds of his main conclusion, that in Mars we are watching the intelligent struggle of an ancient and powerful race against the hard conditions of life in a moribund planet. Something may here be added to what was then said on this fascinating subject. The smallest telescope which will show the disk of Mars with any appreciable dimensions also shows markings on it, "white spots crowning a globe spread with blue-green patches on an orange ground." The white spots are the polar snows, which can be watched as they wax and wane from mid-summer to mid-winter and on to mid-summer again—these terms being used, of course, in relation to the Martian year, which is nearly twice as long as ours. The Martian day is only about 37min. longer than ours, so that there is a slow change in the part of his surface that is nightly presented to the scrutiny of the astronomer, and these markings can be studied at leisure. When the magnification is increased—still more when the modern plan of erecting a big telescope in pure air and under cloudless skies is adopted—a great wealth of additional detail is displayed. We are now able to construct maps of Mars which probably show the true nature of areography with surprising exactitude, when we consider how vast a distance even the minimum of 35½ million miles really is.

* * *

THREE or four important facts emerge clearly from this mass of detail. In the first place, the greater part of Mars is a desert, waste and arid, resembling

Martian Canals

the Sahara or the Desert of Gobi on our own planet. This is the meaning of the reddish-ochre tracts which cover the larger portion of the Martian disk. From year to year they show no change, and their colour is very much the same as our deserts would possess at a planetary distance. Secondly, it is hardly possible to resist Mr. Lowell's conclusion that the bluish-green patches which occupy the rest of the Martian disk, with the exception of the white polar spots, and which stand out against the reddish background to which the planet owes its striking colour as seen with the naked eye, are areas of vegetation. Not only is their colour—which at first caused them to be regarded as seas—what we should expect of forests or cultivated lands at a great distance; they also show well-marked seasonal changes, fading in autumn and winter to ochre or chocolate-brown, again to assume their blue-green hue as spring merges into summer. Nothing that we can imagine except the processes of seed-time and harvest can account for these facts. The third and, in many ways, the most remarkable phenomenon presented by Mars in the telescope is the network of so-called canals which intersect these blue-green patches in all directions, and which Mr. Lowell believes to form a wonderful and unique system of irrigation, by which the scanty water of the dying planet is annually conducted from the melting polar snows to the cultivated land throughout Mars. The earth can show no natural phenomenon, and no artificial one on the same scale, which in any way resembles these singular canals, which are in some cases as much as 3,000 miles long and sixty miles in width. Their almost invariable straightness and the orderly way in which they seam the planet's surface lead us to the farther conclusion that they are the work of design—the Titanic works of a powerful and co-operative population. All this may be taken as absolutely established by the work of Mr. Lowell and his fellow-astronomers. But we shall have to wait for many more favourable oppositions, and perhaps, for some still undreamt-of method of investigation, before we can form any definite ideas as to the true nature of the people of Mars.

An Aïno Song

(From the German of P. Enderling)

Look at the youth, the sorcerer's son, still and mute at the feast! He meditates and prays in silence. Now he offers flowers to the Goddess of the Sea, calling the spirits of the Dead. Wine he pours into the waves. She comes, the Goddess; she looks at him with her sapphire eyes, she who protects the Aïno's language that ever blesses her. She lifts her fan; she sighs. A storm arises. Clouds fall to the earth. The sorcerer's son is beyond all pain now. His prayer is thus fulfilled.

The Presidential Election

We had been in hopes of publishing in this issue the exact figures of the result of the Presidential Election; but at the time of going to press they had not yet come to hand. The results, however, already received by the Vice-President assure Mrs. Besant's election by a majority of 9 to 1.

CORRESPONDENCE

On the Rules for Expulsion

I do not propose to prolong the controversy raised by Mrs. Besant's article on "The Basis of the Theosophical Society," though I may some day with a serene sky and clear atmosphere attempt to set forth the main outlines of Plato's sublime ideal of Heavenly Love, which is shown forth most fully in the love of Master for Disciple, or in the mutual affection of Disciples in their common love of Philosophy or Love of Wisdom.

The sole point upon which I would venture to offer a suggestion is the practical question of the general rules on expulsion. Such rules have always existed, and exist to-day in our constitution. The only question is how to give them a form which will more fully meet our requirements.

Some Branches and Sections possess their own rules on the subject, for they are autonomous within their own limits, provided they formulate no rules which clash with the rules of the general constitution. Offences committed within the area of a Branch should, therefore, come before the governing body of the Branch, and offences committed within the area of a Section should come before the governing body of the Section.

There should also be a general rule to the effect that offences committed in a Section should be investigated by the governing body of that Section, and that the offenders should not be allowed to plead membership in another Section to avoid enquiry in the country where the witnesses and aggrieved persons reside. Otherwise we have the

absurd spectacle of, say, a member of the Indian Section committing an offence in Germany, and when confronted claiming to be tried in India, or a member of the British Section committing an offence in Ceylon and claiming to be tried in Great Britain.

There should also be a small judicial body appointed by the General Council to deal with offences committed outside the jurisdiction of the Sections; this body could also act as a general court of appeal. It should be small, consisting of not more than three or five persons, including the President; the remaining members being half of Western and half of Eastern birth.

G. R. S. MEAD.

"THE TREE OF LIFE"

UNDER the above heading, in the last number of this REVIEW, it was set forth that to exercise the sex-energies along normal lines, was equivalent to partaking of what the writer of the article describes as the "tree of knowledge of pleasant evil," and that disease and death followed in its train; and I also gathered from the same article that in the practice of celibacy we partook of the "Tree of Life."

In thus briefly summing up the writer's conclusions, which he supported by numerous scripture quotations, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelations, I hope I have not unfairly summarised his conclusions; and I want to make an observation or two upon them.

In the first place—the Biblical extracts notwithstanding—is it a fact that celibates live longer than married people? And if it be so, perhaps Mr. Procter would kindly produce some definite evidence in support of such a contention.

Physical vigour and stamina certainly do not result, as alleged, from "preserving all the life in the body,"—else athletes would be trained merely by being wrapped in cotton wool and laid daily on the sofa.

Whether celibacy favours the growth of mental and spiritual power is another matter; but if we take the Roman Catholic priesthood as illustrating a life of celibacy, and compare them with, say, the married clergy of the Church of England, both being engaged in the same vocation, it is not necessary to be clairvoyant to see that celibacy does not produce the practical results which Mr. Procter's thesis would lead us to expect.

It cannot be said I think that the average Roman Catholic priest has mental power to an exceptional degree; some may even doubt his spiritual attainments; and until vital statistics are forthcoming, showing that the priest of the Roman Catholic Church lives longer than the clergyman of the Church of England, I for one shall venture to doubt the superiority of his physical condition.

But even if this were shown to be true, does it matter a great deal in the sum of things whether a man lives until he is eighty or dies at fifty? The really important thing is as to whether he carries away with him in his higher nature a good supply of the materials out of which further growth and evolution of character can be achieved. If a life of celibacy conduces to longevity it is an important and interesting fact; but whether it conduces to the growth and progress of the permanent ego, is after all the main thing.

Now it must be admitted, even by Mr. Procter himself, that some of the higher and most lovely qualities of our nature have come into our possession as the result of the emotions which have their root in sex.

The care and love of wife and husband, the protection and reciprocal love of child and parent, have called out qualities and fixed them in the character in lives long past, to which we owe almost all the self-denying virtues which we at present possess.

It may be that we have now no further need of training in this direction, but even then it may be well for us not to under-estimate the experiences which have materially helped us in our pilgrimage upwards and onwards.

I opine, however, that what Mr. Procter is groping after is an attainment of what I understand has been the aim of mystic thinkers throughout the ages: *viz.*, to use up the generative energy in the human body on the mental and spiritual planes instead of the physical. This is doubtless something worth striving after; but where I take leave to differ from Mr. Procter is in the means whereby this excellent achievement is to be accomplished.

I judge that he himself has not become master in this field of conquest, for it is one of the marks of the master that he is no longer an echo but a voice; and I note that his essay is full of quotation marks echoing the thoughts of others, whilst he gives us little or nothing of his own wisdom.

We are, therefore, I take it, fellow-students rather than teachers, and perhaps an exchange of ideas will not harm either of us.

It seems to me that the best way to solve any difficult problem is to study the laws which govern the corresponding things on other planes; and it is worth noting in this connection that the athlete, for instance, does not develop his strength by avoiding situations which challenge his powers, but by courting and overcoming them.

If this principle is applied to the case in point, I think it does away with the idea that conquest in this field is to be obtained through celibacy.

We may also obtain a useful hint of the law which governs the transmutation of energy, from a study of the mysterious force known as electricity. Electric heat and light are differing manifestations of the same energy; heat represents a lower vibration, and light a higher.

The equally mysterious generative force in the human body may be used to create human progeny; it may be wasted in different forms of dissipation, or it may expend itself through mental and spiritual avenues.

But it is worth noting that the electrician does not suppress the lower vibrations which produce heat, when he wants those which manifest light; he merely intensifies them, by raising them to a higher rate of vibration.

And if we would accomplish a similar result with the creative energy under discussion, it seems to me we must follow the same plan; the emotion of love must not be suppressed but increased, purified and made more genuine, until it manifests itself on the higher planes of the mind and spirit. As this work proceeds, there will be less and less call upon the physical avenues of expression, and improved results in every direction will make themselves manifest.

The Great Work is, however, not to be accomplished in any single life, and is not attainable by the fact that we have determined to become a celibate; that is not enough for true mastery.

But everyone, whether married or single, who is seeking to purify his life, to rid himself of unselfishness, and is trying to make himself of greater use to his fellows, is gradually developing the power necessary to accomplish the great transmutation.

And when the mastery is obtained, there will of course be no longer any necessity for marriage, for the creative energy which brings men and women together in marriage will have found other and better means of expression.

This, according to my view, offers a better solution of the pro-

blem which Mr. Procter puts before us, and it is one which everyone, married or single, may profit by; for we may be well assured that in whatever state we may find ourselves, whether married or single, there right in front will be found the particular lessons which we must next learn if we would make satisfactory progress.

I do not pretend to speak as one having authority, but I have pondered the question a little in my own way, and that is why I venture to commend these jottings to Mr. Proctor's attention.

JOSEPH BIBBY.

MRS. BESANT'S PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

TO THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, ITS OFFICERS AND MEMBERS:

DEAR FRIENDS,

By an overwhelming majority you have ratified the nomination of our President-Founder, made by his Master's order, and have called upon me to take up work as his successor in the high office of President of the Theosophical Society. The Society, as a whole, has thus chosen to continue in the path marked out from its inception, and trodden by its two outer Founders; it has refused to reject the guiding Hand which gave it its first President, and indicated its second; it therefore goes forward on its new cycle of activity, with its elected President at its head, under the benediction which rested upon it at its birth and is now repeated, as the chosen vehicle for the direct influence of the Masters of the WISDOM on the world, as the standard-bearer of the mighty Theosophical movement which is sweeping through all religions, all literature, all art, all craft, through all the activities of a humanity preparing itself to take a new step forward in civilisation.

The Society asserts itself as a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and its speciality, as such a nucleus, is indicated by its name—Theosophical. It is its function to proclaim and spread abroad Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, the Brahma Vidyâ, the Gnosis, the Hermetic Science—the one supreme Fact, the Truth of all truths, the Light of all lights, that Man may know God, may attain the knowledge which

is Eternal Life, because he is himself of that Nature which he seeks to know.

On this fact, this all-pervading identity of nature, this UNITY, is based the Universal Brotherhood, and, to bring the outer proofs of it, it searches through all religions and philosophies, and dives into the hidden secrets of nature and of man.

Because of this fact, it welcomes to its membership men and women of all religions, of all opinions, and, provided that they recognise the Brotherhood as universal, it demands from them no belief in any fact, however sure, in any teaching, however vital. With a splendid faith in the victorious power of Truth, it disregards all the barriers which superficially divide Humanity—sex, race, creed, colour, caste—and welcomes those as brothers who deny even the very truths on which Brotherhood is based, and who reject even the Revealers who make its realisation possible for Humanity. Its platform is as wide as thought, its all-embracing love is as the sun which gives warmth and life to all, even to those who are blind to its light.

The condition of the continuing life of the Society is its perfect toleration of all differences, of all shades of opinion. None has the right to exclude his brother for difference of thought, nor to claim for his own thought a fuller liberty of expression than he claims for that of another. Complete liberty of thought must be guarded by all of us—by me, as your President, most of all—not granted as a privilege or a concession, but recognised as the inherent right of the intellect, as its breath of life. Tolerance, even with the intolerant, must be our rule. And this must be our principle in life and action, not only in words, lest a fatal orthodoxy, checking new initiative and new growth, should stealthily spread in the Society. We must welcome differences of thought, and give free play to their expression, so that our windows may be kept open to all new light. This is not only sound principle, but it is also sound policy, for thus only can new avenues to knowledge constantly open before us. We possess only portions of the Truth, and no searcher must be hindered or frowned upon, lest the Society should lose some fragment that he may have found. Better the temporary life of a thousand falsehoods, than the stifling of one truth at the hour of its birth. I claim the help of every Theosophist in this guarding of our liberty, for universal and constant vigilance is necessary lest it should be infringed.

But let it not be supposed that this perfect freedom of opinion connotes indifference to truth in any who hold definite convictions as

to any facts, or should prevent them from full expression of their own convictions, of their beliefs, or of their knowledge. There is perfect freedom of affirmation among us as well as of denial, and scepticism must not claim greater rights of expression than knowledge. For the Society as a whole, by its very name, affirms the existence of the Divine Wisdom, and the affirmation would be futile if that Wisdom were beyond human attainment. Moreover, the Society would be without a reason for its being if it did not, as a whole, spread the Teachings which lead up to the attainment of that Wisdom, while leaving to its members as individuals the fullest freedom to give to any of those teachings any form which expresses their own thinking, and even to deny any one of them. Each truth can only be seen by a man as he developes the power of vision corresponding to it; the Society, by refusing to impose on its members any expressions of Truth, does not mean that a man should remain blind, but declares that man's power of vision increases in the open air of freedom better than in the hot-houses of unreasoned beliefs. Hence the Society does not impose on its members even the truths by which it lives, although the denial of those truths by it, as a Society, would be suicide.

The Theosophical Society thus offers to the thinkers of every religion and of none a common platform, on which they may meet as Lovers of Truth, to learn from and to teach each other; it stands as the herald of the coming time when all religions shall see themselves as branches of One Religion, the WISDOM OF GOD. As its President, I say to all men of peace and goodwill: "Come, and let us labour together for the establishment of the kingdom of religious Truth, religious Peace, and religious Freedom upon earth—the true Kingdom of Heaven."

So much for our principles. What of our practice?

We owe to the President-Founder a well-planned organisation, combining complete divisional liberty with the strength ensured by attachment to a single centre. Some details may need amendment, but the work of organisation is practically complete. Our work is to use the organisation he created, and to guide it to the accomplishment of its purpose—the spread of theosophical ideas, and the growth of our knowledge.

For the first, our Lodges should not be content with a programme of lectures, private and public, and with classes. The members should be known as good workers in all branches of bene-

ficent activity. The Lodge should be the centre, not the circumference, of our work. To the Lodge for inspiration and knowledge; to the world for service and teaching. The members should take part in local clubs, societies, and debating associations, and should both offer theosophical lectures, and lectures in which theosophical ideas can be put forth on the questions of the day. They should, when members of religious bodies, hold classes outside the Society for members of their faith, in which the spiritual, instead of the literal meaning of Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, and other doctrines should be explained, and the lives of the great mystics of all religions should be taught. They should see that children receive religious education, according to their respective faiths. They should in every way hand on the light which they have received, and replenish their own torch with oil at the Lodge meetings. People belonging to kindred movements should be invited to the Lodge, and visits should be paid to them in turn. Lodges with a numerous membership should form groups for special work. For the second, the growth of our knowledge, groups should be formed for study under each of our Objects. Under the first, the intellectual and social movements of the day should be studied, their tendencies traced out and their methods examined; the results of these studies would help the outside workers in their choice of activities. It would be useful also if, in every Lodge, a small group of members were formed, harmonious in thought and feeling, who should meet once a week for a quiet hour, for combined silent thought for a given purpose, and for united meditation on some inspiring idea; the members of this group might also agree on a time at which, daily, they should unite in a selected thought effort to aid the Lodge. Another group should study under the second Object, and this group should supply lecturers on Theosophy to the outer world, and no lecturer should be sent out by a Lodge who was not equipped for his work by such study. A third group might take up the third Object of the Society, and work practically at research, carrying on their work, if possible, under the direction of a member who has already some experience on these lines, and thus increasing our store of knowledge.

There are many other lines of useful work which should be taken up, series of books to be planned, concerted activities in different lands. These are for the future. But I trust to make the Presidency a centre of life-radiating force, inspiring and uplifting the whole Society.

In order that it may be so, let me close with a final word to all who have aided and to all who have worked against me in the election now over. We all are lovers of the same Ideal, and eager servants of Theosophy. Let us all then work in amity, along our different lines and in our different ways, for our beloved Society. Let not those who have worked for me expect me to be always right, nor those who have worked against me expect me to be always wrong. Help me, I pray you all, in filling well the office to which I have been elected, and share with me the burden of our common work. Where you agree with me, follow and work with me; where you disagree criticise, and work against me, but without bitterness and rancor. Diversities of method, diversities of thought, diversities of operation will enrich, not weaken our movement, if love inspire and charity judge. Only through you and with you can the Presidency be useful to the Society. Help me so to fill it as to hand it on a richer legacy to my successor. And so may the Masters guide and prosper the work which they have given into my hands, and blessed.

ANNIE BESANT,
President of the Theosophical Society.

LONDON,
29, vi., 1907.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

FROM THE INVISIBLE

Colloquies with an Unseen Friend. Edited by Walburga Lady Paget. (London: Philip Wellby; 1907. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

MANY of our readers will remember two exceedingly interesting papers on Atlantis which appeared in our issues of December, 1904, and February, 1905. These papers were sent us by Lady Paget, who vouched for their genuineness as a faithful record of a by no means ordinary instance of psychography. The volume before us contains these papers, and also a mass of other material of a similar nature, and the whole forms an instructive and transparently honest record of automatic script.

The combination by means of which these communications are made, consists of a trio—two "here" and one "there." The two

"here" are both ladies. One of them is possessed of an extraordinary faculty of automatic writing, and Lady Paget tells us that "the sheets which are so swiftly covered with a small and legible writing by her nimble pen, could not be printed more unerringly and succinctly by the newest machine." Through her the two other intelligences are brought into contact. The second lady is the interlocutor, and communication is established between the three by her laying her hand on the writer's arm. This appears to be the condition which ensures the attention and interest of the "unseen friend," who professes to be the lover of the second lady, and to have been her lover in many lives, and whose intelligence, which is decidedly of no mean order, is that of a practical man of affairs, a soldier, a politician, a statesman, and a humanitarian.

The main interest of the communications thus obtained is that the one "there" professes to have an exact memory of his past births, and much of the written matter describes what he declares he saw or heard himself. This interest is further increased by the strong individuality of the communicator which is brought out on every page. The whole record is singularly free from the general vapourings of spirit-communication, and bears the impress of an active and practical mind that strives to be as objective and accurate as may be.

The general nature of the contents may be seen from the chapter-headings, which read: i. Reincarnation; ii. Atlantis; iii. Conditions of Communication from the Invisible; iv. Historical Sketches; v. Humanitarianism and the Advance of the World; vi. The French Revolution and the Secret Societies; vii. War and Politics; viii. Varia; ix. St. Francis.

It will thus be seen that the subjects are such as to interest profoundly many of our readers, who from other sources obtained by somewhat similar means are already familiar with the nature of the ideas, and are predisposed to lend an unprejudiced ear to the statements made.

The utility of such records for the student of comparative psychohistory, if we may use such a term, is unquestioned. The more records of such experiences we have the better shall we be able to arrive at judgments of value. Indeed, it is not improbable that within the next fifty years a very considerable quantity of such records may be obtained, and that we shall thus be in possession of a mass of material which will not only compel the attention of people of intelligence, but also enable those who are possessed of the requisite

abilities and are trained in method, to inaugurate a new order of history.

At present, it must be confessed, there is too great a tendency among those who admit the possibilities of psychic memory, to accept its recollections as in themselves vastly superior in every way to earth-records. We shall, however, find that in proportion as our material of this nature increases, the same problems will meet us as confront us in all cases of human testimony. The testimony will be of another and far more romantic and fascinating order, but the same problems will present themselves. We shall find witnesses flatly contradicting one another and themselves; and we shall have to weigh their evidence in the scales of careful scrutiny and wise impartiality.

With the details of the volume before us we do not intend to deal. To discuss, for instance, the problem as to whether or no St. Francis could possibly be a reincarnation of Jesus, would in the present state of the public mind be out of the question. The vast majority would reject such an idea as utterly fantastic if not almost blasphemous; while the small minority who are not adverse to entertain the idea of reincarnations of Jesus, would question the possibility of a soul being in one incarnation not only a follower but a worshipper of itself in a previous birth.

But if a reader should reject this hypothesis as utterly untenable, he need not therefore reject the rest of the statements as necessarily unworthy of any credence. F., the invisible friend, does not claim any infallibility; he is simply an excarnate man. He was, he says, a disciple of St. Francis in one birth, and doubtless he saw the Master in his master. But he was not in reincarnation at the time of Jesus; and as he carefully says he cannot be certain of anything he has not seen himself, his statement as to St. Francis and Jesus may be se down as a personal belief.

The things, however, F. says he did see are distinctly interesting, and the book is generally well worth reading by all students of psychical science.

G. R. S. M.

From a Mystic's Note-Book

On a Gold Basis. A Treatise on Mysticism. By Isabelle de Steiger. (London: Wellby; 1907. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Anything which Mme. de Steiger writes upon Mysticism has an interest for us, inasmuch as she is a student of the old school, long

before H. P. B. brought her teaching from the East—the school to which the Hermetic writings, Paracelsus and Behmen are living authorities, upon a Science of the Saints not dependent on the visions of the latest fashionable seer. To her, as to ourselves, Mysticism is something which "was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," just as the Eastern Masters have so often assured us as to their own knowledge. Those who are acquainted with the *Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*, so needlessly suppressed by its author, who forgot that no clearness of expression *could* reveal secrets to the faithless and perverse generation to whom it was issued, will understand the dedication to her as "her best Teacher." The work, she tells us, has been written at intervals during the last thirty years, and indeed, it has rather the character of fragments from a student's note-book than that of a formal treatise. Like the wise householder, she "brings forth from her treasure-house things new and old," and both new and old will well repay the reading, "My hope," she says, "is that the work may be suggestive of thought—suggestive of solutions rather than their actual presentation; my great desire being that the worthy writers of the past should be consulted, and not only their modern commentators."

It opens with a grand text from Behmen's *Aurora*: "Every man is free, and is as a god to himself; he may change or alter himself in this life either into wrath or into light. For thou must know that in the government of thy mind, thou art thine own lord and master; there will rise no fire in thee in the circle or whole circumference of thy body and spirit, unless thou awaken it thyself."

It ends with an equally fine quotation from the same: "Sooner or later man must cease to be a confused creature, doubtful alike of his origin and destiny, ready to believe himself the transient outcome of the forces of Nature, a passive irresponsible link in the chain of cosmic evolution."

Between these two quotations we have thirty-three chapters dealing with the most varied subjects, but all more or less related to the Mystic life. Of the contents there is much we heartily agree with; much we should desire to express differently; and also much which does not quite square with what we ourselves hold; but all, in the author's own words, "suggestive of thought," and worthy of careful study. We congratulate her, that she has at last taken courage to put before the world the results of her long studies; and ourselves, on the possession of a work which, wherever you open it, will be

found to furnish valuable thoughts upon a side of the subject which, except for Mr. Mead's elaborate studies, has been of late far too much neglected amongst us.

A. A. W.

The Gospel of Barnabas

The Gospel of Barnabas. Edited and Translated from the Italian MS. in the Imperial Library at Vienna, by Lonsdale and Laura Ragg. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 1907. Price 15*s*.)

The Italian *Gospel of Barnabas* is a puzzle. The solitary MS. is almost certainly of the XIVth century; but as to its nature and origin there is no external testimony, and we have to draw what conclusions we can from internal evidence. The Italian *Gospel of Barnabas* presents us with a tendency-writing in favour of Mohammedanism. The Gospel-story is rewritten from a Mohammedan standpoint, and Jesus is made to play the *rôle* of forerunner to Mohammed, and to utter prophecies of the coming of one greater than himself who should complete all things. The part that John the Baptist is made to play in the Evangelical account with regard to Jesus, is assigned on a larger scale to Jesus in respect to Mohammed.

Since the days of Toland (1709), and Sale (1734), who were first instrumental in making the existence of this *Gospel* known, the question has been debated whether the Italian MS. is a version from the Arabic or an original compilation. The Arabic doctors have, again and again, been challenged to produce an Arabic original, but so far without result. The interest in the subject which at one time was widespread, has for long died down, and the editors and translators are therefore to be congratulated on bringing the question again into prominence by the publication of their excellent text and version. The critical problems, however, they do not attempt to solve; their task has been to raise them, and this they have done in a very creditable fashion.

Though, as far as I can judge, the Italian is not a translation, it has every appearance of being the product of a Semitic mind. Again and again I have been struck with passages that put me in contact with a similar atmosphere to the one in which I had to steep myself in treating the Talmud Jesus Stories and mediæval Toldoth Jeschu. It seems to me to have been written by a Jew who had passed *viâ* Christianity into conversion to Mohammedanism.

But setting aside the obvious fictions which prove beyond any question that the *Gospel* is a *naïve* tendency-writing of a later date, we are confronted with the puzzle of sources other than the books of the New Testament, that cannot be accounted for by any known documents. Neither the known apocryphal books nor the Talmud stories will help us. And yet, though the writer has plainly never been in Palestine, as is shown by his grievous blunders in geography, he is evidently not only acquainted with Jesus legends otherwise unknown, though perhaps once in circulation among the Mohammedans, but writes from a standpoint that shows he is in touch with Pharisee traditions of a high type.

The question now arises as to whether he may have seen a copy of the old *Gospel of Barnabas* which existed in early times, but of which we have not even a fragment remaining. That there was such a *Gospel*, and that it was well-known at one time, is plain from the Decree of Pope Gelasius (A.D. 492-496), who mentioned it among the books that are not to be received into the Canon, and by so doing showed that it was widely circulated. It is further highly probable that this old *Gospel of Barnabus* was a Gnostic scripture. I have accordingly been very keen to discover any Gnostic traces in the Italian *Gospel*, but have been unable to do so, except the Docetic element in the crucifixion of Judas in place of Jesus, and the mode of describing the heavens and hells and the questioning of the disciples, which puts me in mind of the type of gospel to which the *Pistis Sophia* and the *Gospel of the Egyptians* belong.

The Italian *Gospel* is a lengthy document consisting of no less than two hundred and twenty-two chapters—the MS. being a thick quarto of 255 leaves, written on recto and verso, measuring $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ ins.

In completing our notice of this interesting publication, we may add a few notes of the contents.

The lengthy praisegiving put into the mouth of Jesus (xii.), each clause beginning: "Blessed be the Holy Name of God"—reminds us strongly of the Shem or Tetragrammaton (which is mentioned in Jewish spelling in the text), the Name of Power, by which Jesus is said to have done all his miracles in the Talmud and Toldoth stories; and indeed frequently elsewhere in the Italian *Gospel* Jesus accomplishes his healing wonders by means of the Name.

Occasionally there is a mystic allusion as, for instance, in the exhortation of the Angel Gabriel to Jesus (xiv.):

"Fear not, O Jesus, for a thousand thousand who dwell above the heaven guard thy garments."

So also in the command of God to Adam and Eve in Paradise are preserved the proper mystery-symbols, in the prohibition (xxxviii.):

"Behold I give unto you every fruit to eat, except the apples and the corn. . . Beware that in no wise ye eat of these fruits, for ye shall become unclean, in so much that I shall not suffer you to remain here, but shall drive you forth, and ye shall suffer great miseries."

This is clearly the "fall" into generation.

The same order of symbolism is also shown in the sentence (cxiii.):

"When the disciples were come they brought pine-cones, and by the will of God they found a good quantity of dates."

And if the fall out of Paradise is the descent into generation, equally so in the regeneration shall there be an ascent in a glorified body, when through "the eye of Paradise" (clxxix.) we shall see God.

Again a curious legend is preserved in a saying put into the mouth of Jesus (lxxiv.):

"Solomon sinned in thinking to invite to a feast all the creatures of God, whereupon a fish corrected him by eating all that he had prepared."

The "fish" may be the Leviathan of the Talmud legends and the Ophite Diagram.

There are many fine passages in praise of God, one of the finest being (xvii.):

"God is a good without which there is naught good; God is a being without which there is naught that is; God is a life without which there is naught that liveth; so great that he filleth all and is everywhere. He alone hath no equal. He hath had no beginning, nor will he ever have an end, but to everything hath he given a beginning, and to everything shall he give an end."

This reminds us strongly of the Trismegistic literature, and we do not forget that this literature was current among the Arab doctors.

The Mount of Transfiguration is given as Tabor, the Sacred Mount of *The Gospel according to the Hebrews*, and the traditional mount of the early Greek Church.

The Discourse of Jesus on Friendship is excellent (lxxxv.):

"The friend is a singular thing, that is not easily found, but is easily lost. For the friend will not suffer contradiction against him whom he loveth supremely. Beware, be ye cautious, and choose not for friend one who loveth not him whom ye love. Know ye what friend meaneth? Friend meaneth naught but physician of the soul. And so, just as one rarely findeth a good physician who knoweth the sicknesses and understandeth to apply the medicines thereto, so also are friends rare who know the faults and understand how to guide unto good. But herein is an evil, that there are many who have friends that feign not to see the faults of their friend; others excuse them; others defend them under earthly pretext; and, what is worse, there are friends who invite and aid their friend to err, whose end shall be like unto their villainy. Beware that ye receive not such men for friends, for that in truth they are enemies and slayers of the soul.

"Let thy friend be such that, even as he willeth to correct thee so he may receive correction; and even as he willeth that thou shouldst leave all things for love of God, even so again it may content him that thou forsake him for the service of God."

This seems to be an injunction to those who aspire to be Servants of God (? Therapeuts). That there may possibly be sources of great value hidden in our Italian MSS., connected with a very early ascetic Pharisee (? Essene) tradition or perhaps with a rule of the monks of the Desert, may be seen from the following sayings that are said to be contained in the "Little Book of Elijah" (cxlv.):

"They that seek God, once only in thirty days shall they come forth where be men of the world; for in one day can be done works for two years in respect of the business of him that seeketh God.

"When he walketh let him not look save at his own feet.

"When he speaketh, let him not speak save that which is necessary.

"When they eat, let them rise from the table still hungry; thinking every day not to attain to the next; spending their time as one draweth his breath.

"Let one garment of the skin of beasts suffice.

"Let the lump of earth sleep on the naked earth; for every night let two hours of sleep suffice.

"Let him hate no one save himself; condemn no one save himself.

"In prayer, let them stand in such fear as if they were at the judgment to come.

"Now do this in the service of God, with the law that God hath given you through Moses, for in such wise shall ye find God, that in every time and place ye shall feel that ye are in God and God in you."

If the writer of the Italian *Gospel of Barnabas* was a forger of such passages the forgery is as fine an art as original work. He was a compiler and adapter. What were his sources? The answer to this question opens up problems of the greatest interest and importance, and we hope that the publication of the labours of Mr. and Mrs. Ragg will turn the attention of scholars to what may prove to be a very fruitful subject of enquiry.

G. R. S. M.

Popular Astrology in France

L'Astrologie de Tout le Monde: Manuel Astrologique No. 1. Par Alan Léo: Seconde Edition, revue et considérablement augumentée. (Paris: 9, rue Jouvenet; 1906. Prix *2fr.*)

Everybody's Astrology looks quite dainty and attractive in its French guise, and the most remarkable thing about it is the absence of any translator's name. If this omission is due to the retiring habits of a native of Virgo, it may be hoped that the Leonine virtues will prevail over him before he translates the next astrological manual. The work is very sympathetically done, and the little brochure is a marvel of conciseness and variety in its introductory presentation of the science.

E.

The Growth of Christianity

The Growth of Christianity. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D., LL.D. (London: Adam & Charles Black; 1907.)

This work consists of a series of lectures prepared but never delivered by Dr. Gardner. It goes without saying that we sat down to read a new book from the pen of the author of *Exploratio Evangelica* and *A Historic View of the New Testament* with high expectations; we can hardly say, however, that these expectations have been altogether realised. Dr. Gardner is of a tolerant spirit and generous nature, willing to see good in the vanquished rivals of the New Religion, but apparently unable to conceive that it might have been otherwise.

Indeed it is not unfair to say that just where Dr. Gardner is most apologetic—and this is when he sets forth what he considers to be the true basis and spirit of original Christian doctrine—there is he least

interesting and least convincing. In reading this apologetic, one is almost tempted to say that if this was the real root of the matter, then there is no satisfactory explanation to account for the plant having grown to its present size.

What Dr. Gardner very pertinently urges in his criticism of Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, may with equal truth be applied in large measure to the whole phenomena of the growth of Catholic Christianity. He writes:

"Victory he (Newman) regards as proving the right to live and to conquer: every triumph of the Church in antiquity and in the Middle Ages is a proof of her right to claim authority in the present. No doubt in such an attitude there is much which appeals to an age accustomed to regard successful varieties of animals and of plants as justified by success. It has a certain biological satisfactoriness. But it is an inversion of the order of things to suppose that the teaching of the Roman Church is justified because it has been victorious over heresy in the past,—that it is victorious because it is true; it would be more correct to say that the doctrine of the Roman Church is simply the teaching which is accepted as true because it has been victorious."

Exactly the same thing can be said of the evolution of the doctrines of Catholic Christianity as a whole, and there is not a single Church history, written by a believer, that is not based on the erroneous assumption that temporal victory proves eternal truth.

Nevertheless, our historian has handsomely recognised the debt that Christianity owes to other traditions. A frequent phrase with Dr. Gardner is "baptism into Christ." The growth of Christianity for him consists of the successive "baptisms" of Judæa, Hellas, Asia and Rome "into Christ." This is Dr. Gardner's main thesis, and he sets it forth clearly as follows (p. 258):

"Christianity grew and expanded very largely by accepting what was in no way involved in its earlier teaching, in accepting and baptising the result of the working of divine ideas in other fields than those of Judaism and Christianity. What Christianity added was the baptism, the spiritual assimilation and consecration whereby she translated these results to another sphere, not merely of knowledge but of feeling and action."

A man naturally desires to make out that his own religion is the best, and it is always interesting to see how men of ability, tolerance, breadth of view, and generous sympathy, try to make out that Chris-

tianity is the highest product of the evolution of religion on this planet,—and that, too, in spite of the thousand and one imperfections they are compelled to point out in the history of its evolution.

When, however, we see from his own statement that Dr. Gardner is quite convinced that Protestantism is the most spiritual form of Christianity, it is evident that he is far removed from any form of vital belief in the possibility of a gnosis of spiritual things in the way in which we understand the phrase; and it is therefore not surprising to find him misunderstanding the Gnostics almost as completely as Mansel. Gnosticism was a life, and a realisation in experience, or it was utterly meaningless. Mansel would have it to be purely a sort of metaphysic in the sense of the metaphysic of the modern schools. And so Dr. Gardner writes:

"Gnosticism would have evaporated Christianity into a theory or a set of theories, which would try to explain the origin of the world, the nature of Christ, the character of sin, and the process of redemption, but would lose the life-blood of self-surrender. It was on the practical side—understanding of the nature of will, and respect for fact—that Gnosticism was defective. Like the philosophy of Hegel in our own day, Gnosticism would resolve ethical and spiritual life into a rational cosmic process."

But for the Gnostics the beginning of perfection was the Gnosis of Man; so far was the Gnostic from disregarding fact, that he knew as no man of science knows, as no Protestant, as far as his Protestantism is concerned, knows, that he himself was a seed of the Cosmic Logos, the Great Man, and that his task was to grow into the stature of that Great Man, the Alone-begotten, by uniting his will with the Great Will. At least that is what I have learned from Gnosticism and not from Protestantism or Modern Science.

The whole salvation of Christianity as a system fit to continue, worthy of immortality, depends, I hold, precisely on a Gnostic Renascence after these many centuries of blind Faith.

The Church, in "baptising" the nations "into Christ," to use Dr. Gardner's favourite phrase, did not receive them into Wisdom but into Faith; not only so, she taught her children to anathematise the Gnosis, and to-day therefore she is starving for the Bread of Life, and powerless to teach the true things of the Spirit.

The Church has grown, grown enormously, but compared with what might have been she is still quite wanting in spiritual intelligence. Christianity as conceived of to-day offers no reasonable

explanation of any of the problems which confront the enquiring mind. Christianity as conceived of by the Gnostic was capable of explaining all things. If Christianity is to be a true teacher of the nations she must have a Gnosis, and by Gnosis I do *not* mean what is now called science, but a science of the soul and of the true mind, a science of the invisible as well as of the visible, a science of the depths of being as well as of the surfaces of things.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, June, opens with "Some Notes on the Science of the Emotions," by P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar. Van Ginkel's "Great Pyramid" is this time occupied with the mystic theories of its purpose. E. M. Green treats once again the thorny subject of "The Basis of the Theosophical Society"; the Buddhist "Illustrative Stories" are continued, and form an interesting illustration of the manners and customs of the society for which they were composed, if not exactly "sermon stuffe" for English readers. "From Chaos to Cosmos" is one of W. A. Mayer's thoughtful studies of the relationship of modern science to the ancient wisdom. R. L. Mookerjee furnishes a very important and unprejudiced examination of "The Basis of Theosophical Morality," in which he expresses temperately and reasonably a view of the matter which is shared by a good many thinkers amongst us, though not likely to be accepted by the majority which Miss Green represents; Nasarvanji M. Desai has a useful paper on "The Mazdean Symbolism," illustrated by passages from the *Secret Doctrine;* and the number is concluded under the title "Echoes from the Past," by a letter signed by the well-known initials, K. H. to an unnamed correspondent, but one not hard to identify by those who know the history of the Society. It is an admirable example of the severest "setting down" the kindly Master could find in his heart to administer to an aggressor; and his demonstration of the troubles caused to the Society by the retention of an unworthy member has not yet lost its applicability, far as we have moved from the time to which it immediately refers.

Theosophy in India, June, opens with a very noteworthy lecture by Mrs. Besant on "The Place of Phenomena in the Theosophical Society." This is not the place for a discussion of so important a matter, but we would point out an ambiguity of language which seems to us important. When H. P .B. produced brooches and tea-

cups, that was a phenomenon—something which the outer world could verify; but when Mrs. Besant or Mr. Leadbeater says "I have *seen*, and hence I *know*," that is not a phenomenon but an assertion—quite another thing. She says: "If, after a period in which phenomena have been few, we are now entering upon a cycle of such happenings, it will mean rapid progress." For our own part we hold to the Master's words in *The Occult World*: "The results would be deplorable. Believe me, it would be so especially for yourself, who originated the idea, and for the devoted woman who so foolishly rushes into the wide, open door leading to notoriety. This door would grow very soon a trap—and a fatal one, indeed, for her." How true these words were experience very quickly showed. Miss Edger continues her valuable "Studies in the Pedigree of Man"; and S. S. Mehta continues his "Critical Examination of the Dasopanishads and the Svetasvatara," and Seeker his study on "The Yogi and his Tat."

Theosophy and New Thought, June. In the mostly excellent Editorial Notes we should much like chapter and verse for the assertion that a Master has said: "The chela's whole aspiration and concern must be directed towards one aim—to convince the world of Our existence." This is exceedingly unlike the Masters *we* know. The articles are: "Do we practise what we preach?" by Seeker; "Plato," by Prof. Wodehouse; and an unsigned paper, "The Soul of the Theosophical Society."

The Vâhan, July, is mainly occupied with the Election and the business of the Convention. The one question in the Enquirer is whether there is anything corresponding to relative *position* on the higher planes.

Lotus Journal, July. An excellent number, in which Miss G. L. Mallet takes up Leonardo da Vinci; Miss E. M. Mallet "The Third Object of the Theosophical Society"; and H. Whyte continues his studies of the life of H. P. B.

Bulletin Théosophique, July. We regret to learn that Dr. Pascal has found it necessary to take a complete holiday from all work. We all heartily hope his health will be speedily re-established. In his absence M. Ch. Blech takes up the work of the Section.

Revue Théosophique, June. Here, after a translation of Mrs. Besant's "The Brotherhood of Religions," we have the continuation of Dr. Pascal's admirable study of "Consciousness," and the conclusion of L. Revel's "Morals and Theosophy."

Theosofische Beweging, July, contains the report of the Sectional Convention, with some of the addresses given.

Theosophia, June. After "Old Diary Leaves," and the "Dialogue between the Two Editors," from an early number of *Lucifer*, come "The Great Light," by Nan K.; "Reincarnation in the Church Fathers," by G. R. S. Mead; and "The Tetraktys," by V.

Also received with thanks: *Bolletino della S. Italiana; Report of the Eighth Convention of the Italian Section*, giving a total of 13 Lodges and 283 members; *Théosophie; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Sophia*, with an exceedingly interesting paper "The Rose and the Cherry-blossom," a defence of the Japanese against Western criticism, by Ramiro de Maeztu; *Omatunto*, whose original articles are, "Faith and Doubt" by V. H. V., "Criminals and Theosophists," by Aate, and "Criminality and Black Magic," by the Editor; our undecipherable Bulgarian contemporary; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine; Message of Theosophy*, our well-selected and well-printed Rangoon magazine, with an article in which Mr. Edward E. Long finds a striking identity between Theosophy and Mr. Campbell's "New Theology"; *Theosofisch Maandblad; La Verdad*.

Of Magazines not directly our own we have to acknowledge, *Broad Views*, July, to which the Editor's own contribution is "Superphysical Science," whilst Mme. de Steiger criticises Herbert Spencer's Reflections. A remarkable example of automatic drawing is also noticeable. *Modern Astrology* notes the continued recurrence of the number seven in Col. Olcott's life, ending in his death at 7.17 a.m., on February 17th, 1907, in the seventh month of his seventy-fifth year; and also suggests that he died just sixteen years after H. P. B., who herself died sixteen years after the foundation of the Society, and wonders what may happen in 1923, the next recurrence of the cycle.

Notes and Queries (U.S.A.), with a rather remarkable "Ballad of Judas Iscariot"; *New International Review; Herald of the Cross; Health Record; O Mundo Occulto*. From our friends the "Ars Regia" of Milan we have three pamphlets; *La Genèse par l'Âme*, a very impressive rhapsody of Creation by a certain J. Slovatsky, one of that circle of Polish mystics at Paris in the earlier years of the last century, wonderfully resembling the account given many years after by our own H. P. B.; an Italian translation of Dr. Pascal's *What is Theosophy?* and a brief but interesting account of the achievements and sufferings of *F. G. Borri, of Milan*, a Hermetic philosopher of the seventeenth century, by Sig. Decio Calvari.

Buddha Gaya is a summary of the legal proceedings in this well-known suit, with a petition to the Viceroy of India, published by H. Dharmapala. We have every good wish for its success, but not much hope. When English Law has once made up its mind, it is not easy to change it. W.

TO THE READERS

In taking up the office of President of the Theosophical Society, I am obliged to rearrange my duties, and to ask some of my colleagues to take entirely into their own hands work that I have hitherto shared with them.

As I am now Editor of the *Theosophist*, it is better that I should not also remain one of the Editors of the second chief English organ of theosophical opinion, especially as it has a competent Editor in the person of my colleague, Mr. Mead, who has been connected with it since its birth, as Sub-Editor and joint Editor. I therefore ask him to take it over entirely, as sole Editor, with my hearty good wishes for its future success.

It would be idle to pretend that I resign quite without regret the editorial chair of the Theosophical Review, with which many pleasant memories are connected during eighteen years of sunshine and cloud. But the regret is a superficial feeling, for there can be no deep regret over any of the changes which inevitably accompany life, and in past lives and in the present life one has taken up so many offices and laid them down again that one more or less cannot really much matter. Besides, I do not propose to sever entirely my connexion with the Review, as, with the Editor's permission, I shall send occasional articles for it, and as my name will no longer be on the cover, I shall see that it appears more often inside. So I do not say good-bye to its readers, save as Editor.

As Editor, then, farewell. As friend and fellow-worker, I pray you keep me in your hearts, and give me, in my new duties, the strong help of your kindly thoughts.

To my late colleague, and, I trust, continuing fellow-worker, however much our opinions may differ, I offer a comrade's hand, and my hope that in guiding H. P. B.'s latest journal he may

find full satisfaction to himself in spreading truth, and do royal service to the cause we both love. It is no light privilege to be placed by karma in the position of a standard-bearer in the Theosophical Society. May my old friend bear worthily and nobly the standard given into his charge. ANNIE BESANT.

The removal of my old friend's name from the cover will cause no change either in the working or conduct of the REVIEW. For the last eight years, owing to Mrs. Besant's residence in India, I have edited the magazine alone for twenty-one months out of the twenty-four; prior to that, from the time of the passing-away of H. P. B. in 1891, owing to Mrs. Besant's frequent absences on long lecturing tours at home and abroad, I edited it for perhaps six months out of every twelve. There is therefore no change to be made in the practical working of the REVIEW.

If, moreover, my old colleague, to make up for the non-appearance of her name on the cover, sees to it that her name shall appear more frequently inside, then indeed the REVIEW will reap a clear benefit in the new departure.

As for myself, I shall continue to do what I can to the best of my ability, in the knowledge that it is not I but my colleagues and co-workers who make the reputation of the REVIEW. In giving them my heartiest thanks for all they have done in the past, and in asking them to continue to make our pages ever more and more deserving of being read and studied by lovers of theosophy, both within and without the Theosophical Society, I need hardly assure them that I shall continue to bestow on my share of our common labour, the love and care and thought I have given it for many a long year.

As to becoming a standard-bearer of Theosophy—I am, and for long shall remain, I fear, a little toddler with a paper flag. No man can bear the Banner of Theosophy. For the Banner of God's Wisdom is the Bellying Sail of the Universe, full filled with God's Great Breath; the Mast of it is He who has stood, stands and will stand; and the Master of the Ship and Holder of the Helm is God. G. R. S. MEAD.

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