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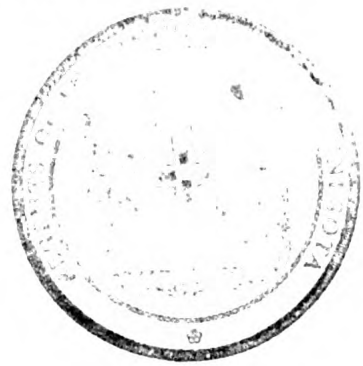

SATYAN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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To form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XLI OCTOBER, 1907 No. 242

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN the last number (July) of the *Theosophical Quarterly*, edited by our old friend Charles Johnston, there is begun a series of Letters written by H. P. B. to various members of her family in the years following the formation of the Theosophical Society in 1875. These are being translated from the Russian by Mrs. Johnston (*née* Vera Jelihovsky, the niece of Madame Blavatsky), and are published with the consent of the recipients. From a long letter under date June 8th, 1877, written from New York apparently, we take the following interesting and instructive passage:

H. P. B.'s Description of a Phase of her "Multiplex Personality"

> Do not ask me, friend, what I experience, and how these things come about, for I cannot explain anything clearly to you. I do not understand it all myself. One thing I do know: that toward my old age I have become a bric-à-brac store for the accumulation of various disused objects of antiquity. *Somebody* comes, winding around me like a misty cloud, and then, in one turn sends me out of my body, and I am no more Helena Petrovna, General Blavatsky's faithful spouse, but somebody else, born in a different part of the world, strong and mighty; as to me, it seems as if I were sleeping meanwhile, or at least dozed; not *in* my body, but *beside it*, as if there were some kind of a thread only binding me to my body, and not letting me go

more than two paces from it. At other times I see clearly everything done by my body and I understand and *remember* what it says: I see awe, devotion, and fear in the faces of Olcott and others, and observe how the Master looks condescendingly [?] at them out of my eyes, and speaks to them with my physical tongue, yet not with my brain but his own, which enwraps my brain like a cloud. I cannot tell you all, Nadya, and just because, though you are the best, most honest, and noblest of human beings, you are very religious, and you hold to the holy faith of your forefathers; as to me, though God sees that in reality I believe in the same things as you do,—yet I believe in *my* own way. You are accustomed to believe in the interpretations accepted by the Church, and the dogmas of orthodoxy, and though I feel that I *know* them correctly and firmly, I *do not* understand them from the *human* point of view, but from the spiritual point of view, metaphysically, so to speak. For me all the great symbols, great and holy as they are in the eyes of Christians, are still merely symbols invented by erring humanity for the sake of a saner and more universal comprehensibility. But I look *through* them—not at them—at their very spiritual significance, and in order to come nearer to this meaning, I do not even notice that often do I overturn the objective in order to reach the subjective the sooner. In my ideal, Christ has incarnated, not in Jesus only, but in humanity in its totality; and as His flesh was crucified, so must all human flesh be crucified, before man—the *inner* man, the ego—gets a chance to become the *real* Man, the Adam Kadmon, the Heavenly man, of the Chaldæan Kabalah.

* * *

STARTING on this line of thought H. P. B. then proceeds to develope this idea of the nature of man, in her well-known style, the wild being blended with the wise occasionally, And on Mediumship when she deals with history and quotations. The most striking instance of this is as follows:

A man may be a blackguard, like H——, and be the greatest of mediums; but in this case his soul will be obsessed by other souls, more or less sinful, in accord with the quality of his own; as is the pastor, so is the parish. But there are thousands of shades of mediumism, and they cannot all be enumerated in a letter. All the ancient philosophers knew this, and shunned mediumism to such an extent that it was strictly forbidden to admit mediums to the Eleusinian and other mysteries: those who had a "familiar spirit." Socrates was higher and purer than Plato; yet the latter was initiated into the mysteries, while Socrates was rejected, and in the course of time he was even doomed to die, because, though not initiated into the mysteries, he revealed a part of them to the world through the agency of his daimonion, of which he himself was not consciously aware.

It is true that those possessed of *evil* spirits and sorcerers

were debarred from the Eleusinia; but that Socrates was debarred on that account, and finally doomed to death because he revealed the Mysteries through the operation of his *daimonion* or *daimōn*, is not recorded in history, and seems contrary to the facts. Persecution unto death on the score of "Thou hast a devil" is a Jewish and not a Greek characteristic. These terms *daimonion* and *daimōn* were used by the Greeks in two senses. Homer, for instance, applies epithets connected with the daimones to both the worthy and unworthy in common, as Plutarch points out in his treatise *On Isis and Osiris* (xxvi.). Hesiod calls the beneficent and good spirits, "holy daimones" and "guardians of men," and "wealth-givers and possessors of this sovereign prerogative"; while Plato gives this "race" the names of "hermeneutic" (interpretative), and "diaconic" (ministering) between God and men, "speeding up thitherwards men's vows and prayers, and bringing thence prophetic answers hitherwards and gifts of all good things." Such were the ideas of Greek theology concerning the good daimones, and to this "race" the daimōn of Socrates belonged, in the eyes of a Greek, while for us that same genius was the "higher self" of the philosopher. It is true that the hierophant of the Eleusinia tried to keep Apollonius of Tyana out on the score of his being a *goēs* (or sorcerer) and possessed by evil spirits, but no such incident is recorded of Socrates.

* * *

Towards a Saner Theology

UNDER the title of *New Theology and Applied Religion* we have received a copy of the proceedings of the Summer School held from August 3rd to 9th, at Penmaenmawr in North Wales. This meeting was the first of a series of annual gatherings of those who with great courage are shaking themselves free from the cramping restrictions of the old theological orthodoxy, and setting forth towards freedom and light. The bulk of the proceedings consists of a number of excellent papers by well-known ministers of Nonconformist churches, and a summary of the frank discussions that followed them. The meetings were characterised by great enthusiasm.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has recently stood in the

forefront of the battle to let in light and air on the theological stuffiness of the past, confessed frankly that in trying to find a solution to the great problems of existence and of divinity, he had found himself thrown back upon a philosophy which is older than Christianity itself.

At least five thousand years ago the fundamental principle of this philosophy was enunciated as clearly as it can be stated to-day. It is that this finite universe—finite to our consciousness, finite to a finite mind—is one means to the self-expression and self-realisation of God. To all eternity God is what He is, the unchanging reality which underlies all phenomena, but it will take Him to all eternity to manifest what He is even to Himself.

In a striking passage Mr. Campbell further declared his belief that the ultimate Self of the universe is God. He continues:

I cannot hope to carry you all with me in making that statement, but I see no escape from it. By the self of any man I should understand his total consciousness of being. If there be any other consciousness which knows more of the universe in relation to him than he does himself, that consciousness ought to be regarded as his own deeper self because it includes his self-consciousness. Now there can be nothing in the universe outside of God. God is the all-inclusive consciousness, and, therefore, the Self beneath all selves. When people ask me whether I think of God as personal I can only answer that if God be not more than personal He is not God. His being must include all that we mean by human personality, and infinitely more.

As to the goal of man, therefore, this enlightened preacher concluded:

I do not see how from the side of God there can be any consciousness of separateness between Deity and humanity, but from our side there certainly is. Surely the goal of human effort and spiritual aspiration means getting rid of this sense of separateness, and this can only be done by the deliberate and consistent giving of the self to the whole at every step in our upward progress. . . .

That this has been recognised as the goal of spiritual aspiration becomes evident from an examination of the language of Christian saints and seers. There is a remarkable likeness in the writings of the mystics in relation to this truth, which, indeed, explains in a measure the comparative obscurity of their statements; it is impossible to put into words the experience of the soul at this altitude when it loses itself in God.

* * *

THESE and similar things we who are learners of Theosophy

have heard so often that we can hardly realise the effect they are producing on the thousands who hear of them for the first time from the lips of this eloquent preacher. In a subsequent discussion Mr. Campbell was asked point blank how his views differed from those of "modern Theosophy." In his reply he naturally took advantage of the epithet "modern" to say there were many things in "modern Theosophy" which he could not accept. But he can hardly refuse the name of Theosophy to what is clearly theosophical, no matter how old or how young it be; and most members of the Theosophical Society will be with him in not accepting numbers of things put forward by the hundreds of writers of all sorts and kinds who have written on what they call Theosophy in these later days, and also, we may add, by thousands of writers in the past who have written about great things with little knowledge. Evolution is a process and growth, and men and women do not suddenly jump to perfection. We all who have written on these subjects begin with manifold misunderstandings, and only with pain and suffering win our way towards a saner theosophy, even as Mr. Campbell himself is winning his way towards a saner theology.

The "New Theology" and "Theosophy"

* * *

In *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for August there is a fascinating article by Dr. Sven Hedin, describing his recent stay at Shigatse, "the most sacred town of Tibet and of the whole Buddhistic world," and two interviews which he was privileged to have with the Tashi Lama, lasting respectively three and two and a half hours. Of this high personage he writes with the greatest enthusiasm.

Dr. Sven Hedin's Audience with the Tashi Lama

> Strange and never-to-be-forgotten Tashi Lama! I shall always remember him. He is just twenty-five years old. . . . Never has any person made such a deep and lasting impression upon me—not as a god in human shape, but as a human being of godly purity, chastity and perfection. One never forgets his glance, and I have never seen such a smile, such a finely cut mouth, such a noble face, full of goodness and charity. Whosoever he may be, he is an extraordinary and exceptional man—so gentle, so refined, so noble. His smile never left him, and every time our glances met he nodded so kindly, as if he would say, "Be convinced, I am your best friend.

That smile I shall always remember, as long as I live, as the most wonderful I have seen. All my impressions of Tibet and Brahmaputra are nothing compared to it.

All the famous explorer's requests were instantly granted with the greatest generosity.

There were no difficulties here—and all this in Tibet! I could understand that he liked me, for when the visit had lasted for two hours, and I made a sign that I intended to get up, he made me sit down in the chair again, saying, "Oh no, you must stay a little longer." This was repeated, until I had been there exactly three hours.

The Tashi Lama retains the liveliest recollection of his visit to India and the hospitality with which he was received.

He asked to be remembered very much to Lord Sahib (Minto); he should never forget the latter's hospitality. "Don't forget it," he said; "promise me that you write to him and say that I am often—often thinking of him. Remember me also to Lord Kitchener."

They parted on the most friendly terms, with mutual expressions of goodwill.

At last he called for some lamas and ordered them to show me all I had come to see. He then gave me both his hands again and shook mine, nodding his head, whilst his delightful smile was playing on his lips, and I retired backwards. His glances followed me with a smile, and he was waving his hand to me the whole time, till I disappeared through the door leading out to the ante-room. When I came down the first flight of steps, where a number of lamas were waiting, they gazed at me silently with big eyes, and no doubt thought that a special grace had befallen me, since the audience had lasted such a long time.

The second audience was of an even more familiar nature: the explorer and the holiest of the lamas photographing one another; for the Tashi Lama can use a camera. Dr. Sven Hedin withdrew more than ever charmed with his reception, and ends the description of his delightful experience with the words:

One of the richest and dearest memories in all my life is Tashi Lama—this remarkable and noble personality.

* * *

A New Find of Coptic MSS.

On July 20th a communication from the Press Association appeared in many of the daily papers, and was generally headed "New Sayings of Christ." It announced the discovery of a number of valuable Coptic MSS., and a unique Nubian MS. as follows:

The latest of the many discoveries by archæologists in Egypt occurred some months ago at Edfu, in Upper Egypt, near the site of an old Coptic monastery. A native clearing his ground of stones accidentally laid bare a small tomb-like receptacle. In this he found a number of parchment manuscripts bound in thick papyrus covers. He sold them to an Arab dealer for a few pounds, and the Arab in turn resold them to a Copt for £500. The news had by this time gone abroad, and representatives of the foreign museums made energetic efforts to acquire the treasure. The good fortune of securing them fell to Mr. de Rustafjaell, F.R.G.S., the traveller and explorer, and he sent them to England, since when a great foreign University has tried to obtain them.

The manuscripts had already been identified as unique Coptic and Greek ecclesiastical manuscripts of the ninth to eleventh centuries, of great archæological importance, and about a dozen rolls of sixth century Greek papyri. Worthy of special mention are twenty-five leaves of the apocryphal Sayings of Christ in a Coptic translation of a lost Greek original, of which previously only thirteen leaves existed—twelve in the National Library at Paris and one at Berlin. The discovery also comprised parts of the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke in Greek and Coptic, the Apocalypse of St. John in Coptic, the story of the miracles by Cosmas and Damian (dated sixth century), a sermon by St. Pisenthios in Coptic (this copy is unique), a sermon by St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem (A.D. 351-386), on the Sacred Cross, in Coptic from an existing Greek original (this is the only complete edition), and a unique manuscript in the Nubian language dealing with the life of St. Menos and the canons of the Nicæan Council. Only fragments of manuscripts in the Nubian language have been discovered hitherto. There are very few scholars in the language, and scarcely any published literature. Hence the present volume, which is an excellent state of preservation, is of first-rate importance. From a dedication in one of the manuscripts the monastery, on the site of which they were discovered, is proved to have been named "St. Mercury of the Mount at Edfu," and one of the volumes is a history of the martyrdom of St. Mercurios. A modern Coptic monastery stands near the site, but the name of the older foundation had been entirely lost until this discovery.

The statement concerning the Sayings of Christ was somewhat of a puzzle to scholars, and the uninstructed public naturally jumped to the conclusion that a new find of the same nature as the Oxyrhynchus fragments had been made. In a communication to *The Times* of August 3rd, however, Mr. W. E. Crum, of the British Museum, a well-known authority on Coptic MSS., straightens out the puzzle by informing us that the leaves in question belong to an 11th century Coptic MS. of the *Apocalypse of Bartholomew*, a work of Gnostic origin. The dis-

covery of the twenty-five additional leaves is, therefore, of great interest to some of us, though not to be compared with the importance of the Behnesa *logoi*.

Mr. Rustafjaell's star, however, was still in the ascendant, and fortune has greatly favoured him, for we are informed that:

Egypt has also yielded another find to Mr. de Rustafjaell's researches. In the desert in Upper Egypt, on the left bank of the Nile, he found among the remains of palæolithic flint factories a number of crude and weather-beaten limestone vessels, resembling troughs and pots, like ironstone concretions. He holds them to be of the palæolithic age; they are older than the neolithic age, which covered a considerable period in Egypt before the advent of the first dynasty in B.C. 4400. They were probably employed in the manufacture of flint implements, Mr. de Rustafjaell considers, over 100,000 years ago, and he thinks it is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this discovery in connection with the history and civilisation in general and the evolution of pottery in particular. Some of the vessels have already been promised to the British Museum.

THE CALL OF THE POPLARS

I AM no longer worthy, O my trees!
Alien I am in your high companies.
The royal quiet of your silver ways
My spirit, like a king uncrownèd, flies.

From your high kingliness ye cannot bend,
But even your very silence beckons me.
Oh stay me not, I have a path to tread,
And ways ye know not of await my feet.

And, it may be, I shall return again.
But I shall come no longer bowed and sad;
I shall come crowned, a king, and in my train
The conquered glories of an alien land.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

"BLOOD IS A QUITE PECULIAR FLUID"

THE development of the Theosophical movement in Germany, and the special form which it is there assuming under the able and untiring hands of Dr. Rudolph Steiner, cannot fail to be of interest to all whose attachment to the Society is deep, and whose love of Theosophy is earnest.

It may therefore prove acceptable to readers of the REVIEW if from time to time an endeavour is made to put before them some of Dr. Steiner's ideas, some of his somewhat unfamiliar views of Theosophy, even though this is done in a loose and quite unsystematic form, the object aimed at being rather clearness of presentation than logical sequence or structural coherence.

The issue in printed form of one of his recent lectures,[1] the title of which is taken from Goethe's *Faust*, gives a welcome opportunity of doing this, as it brings out very pointedly some of his leading conceptions; and I shall therefore in the present article confine myself to a close, though abbreviated, rendering of its contents.

When Faust is about to sign his pact with Mephistopheles he proposes to do so with ordinary ink; the latter, however, insists upon his signing with his own blood. When Faust jeers at the idea, Mephisto replies in the words which form the title and the text of the lecture: "Blood is a quite peculiar fluid,"—to translate literally the far more effective German phrase: "*Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft.*" But why?

We have practically a common tradition all over the world that "blood" possesses some special virtue in all such compacts; and these again connect themselves with blood-brotherhood,

[1] "*Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft*": *Eine esoterische Betrachtung*, von Dr. Rudolph Steiner. Berlin W., Motzstrasse 17.

blood-sacrifices, the use of blood in magical invocations and all the rest of the long and intricate tradition connected with the magical efficacy of blood. This perhaps suffices to justify Goethe in putting such a phrase into Mephisto's mouth. But is this *all* he meant; and what explanation is there of this universal tradition itself?

The time is long past when these ancient myths and traditions could be regarded as mere expressions of childish popular imagination, or even when we talked of them in childishly learned style as the expressions of the poetic soul of the people. Nay, the deeper we let our minds sink into them, the more clearly do we recognise therein the expression of a deeply thoughtful and primeval wisdom. And so we shall find it to be the case in respect of the mysterious importance and significance attached to "blood."

We can best start out on our enquiry from an ancient *logos* of the Hermetic wisdom of Egypt, the famous maxim engraved on the Smaragdine Tablet, *As above, so below*, and the spiritual standpoint which this wisdom implies.

All spiritual knowledge is perfectly clear on the point that the world which is immediately accessible to man through his five senses, does not represent the *entire* world, but that the sense-world is only the expression of a deeper world, concealed behind it—*viz.*, the spiritual world. In our Hermetic axiom, this spiritual world is termed "the above," while the sense-world around us, which we perceive with our senses and investigate with our understanding, is counted as "the below," as the expression or outcome of the spiritual world. So that the spiritual investigator sees in this our sense-world nothing ultimate, but rather a kind of physiognomy which expresses for him a world of soul and spirit lying behind it; just as when looking at a human countenance one cannot stop short at the mere lines of the faceand the gestures, but is led on inevitably from these to the spirit and soul which express themselves thereby.

What we all naïvely do face to face with an ensouled being the occultist or spiritual investigator does in regard to the whole world. "As above, so below" applied to man would mean: The impulses which lie in a man's soul express themselves in his

face—in a hard, coarse face, the coarseness of the soul expresses itself; in a smile, the inner joyousness; in tears, the anguish of the soul.

Let us apply this grand axiom to the question: What is Wisdom essentially? In the science of the soul one is always hearing that human wisdom has something to do with experience, and more especially with painful experience. One who is immediately immersed in pain and suffering will perhaps exhibit within this pain and suffering something that is of the nature of inner discord. But one who has overcome that pain and suffering and bears their fruit in himself will ever and always tell us only that he has thereby taken up into himself something of Wisdom. Thus spiritual science has always seen in Wisdom something of the nature of crystallised pain, which has been overcome and transmuted into its opposite.

The very nature of spiritual research brings it about that everything which surrounds us in the world—the mineral framework, the vegetable covering, the animal world—is regarded as the physiognomical expression, or "the below," of something higher, of an underlying spiritual life. Thus from the occult standpoint that which we find given us in the sense-world can only be rightly understood when we know "the above," the spiritual archetype, the spiritual root-being, from whom it has come forth. So it is that which lies hidden behind the appearance known to us as blood, that which in blood has created for itself a physiognomical expression in this sense-world of ours, with which we are now specially concerned.

What blood is as such we all know from current science: it is really flowing life. Through the blood man's interior is opened outwards in the lungs, and as this occurs the man absorbs through the blood the breath of life—oxygen. Through this absorption of oxygen the blood undergoes a renewal. That blood which the human lungs offer, as it were, to the instreaming oxygen is a sort of poison-stuff for the organism, a kind of annihilator and destroyer. This blue-red blood becomes transmuted by the absorption of oxygen, by a kind of process of combustion, into red, life-creating blood. This red blood, penetrating into all parts of the body, has the duty of directly absorbing

the materials of the outside world and utilising them in the most direct way for the nourishment of the being. Man and the higher animals require first to take up these materials of nourishment into the blood, to form blood, to take up the oxygen of the air into the blood and to build up and maintain the body through the blood.

Not incorrectly has a wise knower of the soul remarked: The blood with its circulation is like a second man, which is related to the other man built of bones, muscles and nervous matter, somewhat like a kind of external world. And as a fact the entire man is continually drawing his powers of sustenance from the blood and, on the other hand, giving back into the blood what he has not utilised. Thus in the blood we have really a double of the man, constantly accompanying him, from whom he continually draws fresh strength and power, and to whom he gives back what he no longer needs. Therefore it is absolutely correct to call the blood the flowing life of man, and to ascribe to it a significance similar to that of cell-substance or protoplasm for the lower organisms. What protoplasm is for a lower organism, that is the so manifold transmuted "peculiar fluid," the blood, for man.

Ernst Haeckel has quite correctly pointed out that the blood is, strictly speaking, the last thing to evolve in the organism; and hence—according to the accepted doctrine—it follows that the formation of blood must have come very late in the evolution of the world. Thus if man in his embryonic life repeats the earlier stages of evolution up to humanity, it follows that he first assimilates that which existed in the world before blood was formed in order to set the crown upon all that had gone before in the transmutation, in the uplifting of all that preceded into this "peculiar fluid," the blood.

If now we apply the modern Theosophical *schema* of man's constitution on the lines suggested to the problem before us, the outcome, according to Dr. Steiner, may be summarised as follows:

Take first that which in man crystallises itself into his physical body. This he has in common with the rest of so-called lifeless or inorganic nature; and really when we speak theosophically of

this physical body, we do not really speak of what the eye sees—but of the complex of forces which have built up the physical body, of that, in short, which as man's "force-nature" lives behind the physical body.

We regard the plant as a being possessing an etheric body, which raises the mere physical materials to the life-level, that is, which transforms what is in itself sense-matter into life-fluids. For what is it which thus transmutes the so-called inorganic forces into living fluids? We call it the etheric body, and this etheric body does the same work in the animal and the same in man: it awakens that which is merely sensuous into living shape, into living formation.

This etheric body is further interpenetrated by the astral body; and it is the astral body which awakens the moving substance to an inward conscious participation in the cyclic movement of the living fluids, so that the outer movement reflects itself in inner experiences.

We have thus reached a point when we understand man so far as he belongs to the animal kingdom. All the substances of which man is composed are found also outside him in inorganic nature: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. If that which has been changed by the action of the etheric body into living substance is to be awakened to an inward comprehension, to the creation of inner reflections of what is going on outside, then the etheric body must be interpenetrated by what we call the astral body. The astral body awakens feeling—sensation. But now, on this level, the astral body awakens sensation in a quite peculiar manner. The etheric body indeed changes inorganic substances into life-fluids; the astral body in turn transforms this living substance into feeling substance. But—what would a being feel which was provided with these three bodies only? It would feel only itself, only its own living processes; it would lead a life wholly shut up within itself.

Consider a rudimentary animal. What has it developed? It has transformed lifeless into living substance; living, moving substance—into feeling substance. And feeling substance is only found when at the least the germ is present of that which later appears as the developed nervous system. We thus have lifeless

substance, living substance, and living substance interpenetrated by nerves capable of sensation.

In considering a crystal we have primarily to see in the crystalline form an expression of certain natural laws which obtain in the so-called inorganic kingdom around it. No crystal could come into existence without the whole of surrounding nature; and no member of the whole cosmos can be torn from its context and set alone and separate. Thus if a single crystal be considered aright one will see in it the whole of nature, the entire cosmos in an individual reproduction. And as the whole cosmos lives in the form of a single crystal, so also does it express itself in the living substance of each individual being; the moving fluids of such a being forming a miniature world, a reflection of the great world.

And now when substance is called into feeling, what then will live in the feelings of the simplest creature? In its feelings the cosmic laws are mirrored, so that each single living being feels microcosmically in itself the entire macroscosm, and the life-feeling of a simple creature is thus an imprint of the cosmos, just as the crystal is an imprint of its form.

True, in such a simple being we have to do with but a dull, dim consciousness; but this greater dullness is counterbalanced by its greater extent; for the entire cosmos flows in the dull dim consciousness—the inner life of such a being.

Now in man there is nothing further than a more complex development of the same three bodies as exist in the very simplest sentient organism. Take man—excluding for the moment the blood—take him as a being formed from the substance of the surrounding physical world, containing fluids like a plant, which awaken that substance into living substance and into that living substance a nervous system builds itself. This primary nervous system is the so-called sympathetic nervous system and it implies primarily the life-feeling already described.

But man cannot reach down with his consciousness to those world-processes which are reflected in these nerves. For these nerves are means of expression; and just as man's life is built up out of the surrounding cosmic world, so does this cosmic world reflect itself in the sympathetic nervous system. These nerves

thus live a dim, dull inner life of their own; and if man could dive down into this sympathetic nervous system, he would see, if he put to sleep his higher nervous system, the great cosmic laws ruling and working as it were in a world of light. In primitive man there did indeed exist a now transcended clairvoyance, which can be recognised when by special processes the activity of the higher nervous system is cut off and thereby the lower consciousness set free. Then the man lives in the nervous system, which becomes a mirror for the world around him, in a quite peculiar way.

Certain lower animals have indeed preserved, and still preserve to-day, this mode of consciousness. It is a dull, dim, twilight consciousness; but it is essentially more extensive and embraces a wider field than our current human consciousness. It mirrors a more extended world as a dull, inner life, not merely the small section which the normal man of to-day alone perceives.

For man, however, something more is added. When in the course of evolution up to the sympathetic nervous system, the cosmos has found a mirror; then the creature on that level of development again opens itself outwards, as it were; the spinal column adds itself to the sympathetic system. Then the spinal and brain nervous systems lead on to those organs which bring about the connection with the external world—the so-called sense-organs. When the development of man has reached thus far, he is no longer called upon merely to let the original formative laws of the cosmos mirror themselves within him; but the mirrored picture itself steps into relation with its surroundings.

When the sympathetic system becomes linked up with the higher parts of the nervous system, this is an expression of the transformation that has taken place in the astral body. This—the astral body—no longer merely participates in and reflects in a dull consciousness the cosmic life, but it now embraces in addition its own special inner life to the cosmic life. A being feels through the sympathetic nervous system what is going on *outside* itself, and through the higher nervous system what is happening *within* itself. And through the highest form of the nervous system, which is actually now coming to light in general human develop-

ment, the material is again being drawn from the more highly organised astral body, for the construction of pictures of the external world, for the building of concepts. Man has thus lost the power of experiencing the originally dull dim pictures of the outer world; he feels his own inner life and builds himself, out of this inner life of his, a new picture world on a higher level, which indeed only mirrors for him a small fragment of the outer world, but mirrors it much more clearly and perfectly.

Hand in hand with this transformation there goes on another upon a higher level of evolution. The transformation of the astral body extends also to the etheric body. Just as the etheric body in its transformation calls into existence the astral body, as the spinal and brain nervous systems add themselves on to the sympathetic system, so does that which has grown out of the etheric body and become freed, after the taking up of the lower fluidic circulation, bring about the change of these lower fluids into what we call blood. The blood is just as much an expression of the individualised etheric body as the brain and spinal marrow are of the individualised astral body. And through this individualisation comes into manifestation that which lives and experiences in the "I."

Considered from this standpoint we find in man at this level of development a five-linked chain, consisting of: (1) the physical body; (2) the etheric body; (3) the astral body; or to put it in other forms: (1) the inorganic, neutral, physical forces; (2) the life-fluids, which are also found in plants; (3) the lower or sympathetic nervous system; (4) the higher astral body which finds its expression in the spinal marrow and brain, as distinguished from the lower astral body, whose expression is the above-mentioned sympathetic system; (5) that principle which individualises the etheric body.

Just as these two principles (the astral and the etheric) have been individualised, so also does the third principle in man become individualised, the principle through whose agency the lifeless materials from outside penetrate inwards and build up the human body. But this transformation is only exhibited in present-day humanity in its early beginnings.

We see how the formless outside materials flow into the

human body; how the etheric body awakens them into living forms; how, next, pictures of the outer world are formed by means of the astral body; further, how this reflection of the outer world unfolds itself to inner experiences; and how then this inner life generates once more from within itself new pictures of the outer world.

When hereupon this transmutation lays hold further of the etheric body, the result is the formation of the blood. The heart, with its system of veins, arteries, etc., for the circulation of the blood, is an expression of the thus transformed etheric body; just as the spinal marrow and brain system are an expression of the transformed astral body. Just as through the brain the external world is transformed into an inner world; so by means of the blood this inner world is again transformed within the human body into an outward expression.

I must speak in similes, if I am to represent the complicated processes we are here considering. The blood takes up the pictures of the external world which the brain has, as it were, interiorised, reshapes them into living building-powers, and through them constructs the present human body. Thus the blood is the stuff which builds up the human body.

We must here pay attention to the process by which the blood takes up into itself the highest which it can derive from the primeval world: the oxygen, that substance namely which ever renews the blood, ever furnishes it with new life, and whereby the blood is caused to open itself out to the external world. So we have traced the road from the outer to the inner world and back again from within outwards.

Thus we see that the development of the blood occurs at the point where man as an independent being comes face to face with the external world; where out of the feelings and impressions into which the outer world has been transmuted, he creates independently forms and pictures; where he becomes creative, where, therefore, the "I," the self-will, can arise. No being in which this process has not taken place could say "I" from within itself. Thus in the blood lies the principle of "egoity," of becoming "I." An "I" can only come into manifestation where a being is capable of shaping within itself the pictures

which it engenders from the external world. An " I-being " must be capable of taking up into itself the external world, and also of engendering that world afresh within itself.

If man possessed a brain only, he could only engender and experience *within himself* pictures of the external world; he would in that case be only able to say to himself: The outer world is reproduced afresh within me as mirrored pictures; but if he can build up this reflection of the outer world into a new form, then this new form is no longer merely the outer world over again; it is " I."

A being endowed only with a sympathetic nervous system reflects the outer world; but does not as yet feel this reflected outer world as *itself*, as its own *inner* life. A being possessing spine and brain, however, does feel the reflection of the outer world as its inner life. But a being endowed with blood experiences as *its own form* this inner life. Its own body is moulded after the pictures of the inner life by means of the blood with the help of the oxygen of the external world; and this shaping finds its expression as the " I "-perception.

The " I " is Janus-faced, points in two directions; and the blood is the outward expression of this pointing. The gaze of the " I " is directed *inwards;* the will of the " I " outwards; the forces of the blood are directed inwards, in building up the inner organs, etc., and directed also *outwards* towards the oxygen of the external world. Therefore when a man falls asleep he loses himself in unconsciousness; he loses himself in that which consciousness can experience in the blood; but when he opens his eyes on the external world the blood takes up into its formative forces the pictures engendered through the brain and senses. Thus the blood holds the middle point between the inner picture-world and the living form-world of externality.

The *rôle* of the blood will become clear to us if we consider two phenomena: the first is heredity, the relationship of conscious beings; the second is the experience of the world of outside happenings.

Heredity assigns us the position to which, as is commonly said, we belong by blood. Man is born from out of a certain line of connection, from a race, a family, from his ancestral line,

and that which he has inherited from his forefathers finds its expression in the blood. In his blood is, as it were, summed up what has developed itself out of man's material past; but also there is foreshadowed too in the blood what is preparing itself for the future of man.

When therefore man damps down his higher consciousness, when he is in hypnosis, somnambulism or an atavistic condition of clairvoyance—then he sinks into a much deeper consciousness and becomes aware of the great world-laws, in a dreamlike manner, it is true, but still in a much clearer and more vivid way than in the most vivid dreams of ordinary sleep.

In such a state the man has suppressed the activity of the brain, and in the deepest somnambulism, that of the spinal cord also; he then experiences the activity of his sympathetic nervous system, that is, in a dull, twilight form, the life of the whole cosmos. In such a case the blood no longer gives expression to the pictures of the inner life, mediated through the brain, but to that which the outer world has actually built into him.

But now the forces of his ancestors have shared in that building; as he has derived the form of his nose from his forefathers, so too has he received the form of his whole body. He thus, in such a damped consciousness, feels his forefathers in himself, just as in waking consciousness he experiences the pictures of the outer world evoked by the senses. That is, his forefathers live and move in his blood, and he dimly shares in their life and experiences it.

Everything in the world is evolving, including human consciousness. The kind of consciousness man now has, did not always belong to him. Now man, in his waking consciousness, perceives external objects through his senses and transforms them into images, and these images act upon his blood. Thus there lives and works in his blood all that he has received through the outer experiences of the senses, and his memory is filled with these experiences.

On the other hand, present-day man is unconscious of what he has inherited in his inner bodily life from his forefathers. He knows nothing of the forms of his inner organs. But it was not thus in primeval times. Man then experienced in himself the

life of his forefathers; was conscious dimly of what had been built through them into the form of his body; and thus in a sense actually remembered and experienced as his own the experiences of his forefathers transmitted to him by heredity. And thus sharing in ancestral experiences as part of his "memories," the son felt himself bound up with father, grandfather, etc., into a single "I," because he, too, shared their experiences as his own.

Because man possessed this consciousness, because he did not live only in his personal world, but because the consciousness of his forefathers also lived and woke in his own inner life, therefore he gave a name not only to his own personality but also to his whole generation. The son, grandson, etc., called the common element which ran through them all by a single name. For man felt himself to be one link in the whole chain of descent; and that feeling was a real and true feeling.

But how was this form of consciousness changed into another? It was brought about through the mixture of blood, when the old principle of endogamy, the marriage among kin and clan only, gave place to exogamy, the marriage with those of different heredity. For endogamy preserves the blood of the generation, permits the same blood to run through the individual links which for generations past has run in the veins of the family and the nation. But exogamy pours new, strange blood into the man, and this breaking through of the principle of one stock, one blood, this mixing of blood, means the birth of the outer mind, the birth of intellect, as we know it ordinarily.

With the rise of exogamy there thus coincides the birth of logical thinking, the birth of intellect, and at the same time it is this mingling of blood, that comes with exogamy, which primarily extinguishes the earlier clairvoyance we have mentioned in order that man may rise to a higher level of evolution.

To-day the whole world about us to which man surrenders himself, expresses itself in the blood, and this environing world therefore shapes what is within according to what is without. In primeval man it was more the bodily interior which expressed itself in the blood. In those days, along with the memories of ancestral experiences, the leanings of a man's forefathers to this

or that, to "good" or "evil," were also inherited; and in the blood of the descendants the effects of the inclinations of their forefathers may be traced.

Then, when the blood became mixed through exogamy, this connecting ancestral link was severed. Man passed over into a personal, separate and self-limited life. He learnt to guide himself in his ethical inclinations according to what he had experienced in his own personal life. Thus in the unmixed blood the might of ancestral life expresses itself, while in the mixed blood the power of one's own personal experience. And the sagas and myths of the peoples tell us of this. They relate that whatever has power over one's blood has power over oneself. The power of popular tradition ceased when it could no longer act upon the blood, whose necessity for such ancestral influence had been extinguished by the admixture of stranger blood. And this is true in the widest scale. Whatever power may seek to render itself master of a man must so act that its action expresses itself in the blood. If then any evil power is to gain influence over a man, it must win mastery over his blood; and this is the deep and significant meaning of the saying from *Faust* which we quoted at the outset.

Therefore does Mephistopheles demand Faust's signature written with his own blood; for if he possesses a man's name written in his blood, then he has hold upon him through that by which alone the man can be held, and can draw him over to himself. To whomsoever the blood belongs, to him belongs also the man, or the man's "I."

RUDOLPH STEINER.

(TRANSLATED AND SUMMARISED BY B. K.)

I KNOW that when I know it I shall become the explanation of it.

THE NIBELUNGEN RING

WAGNER has been explained by many critics, himself not the least of them; and it is evident that the musical and rhythmical interpretation of the old Northern saga can be read in many more ways than the obvious.

It may, therefore, not be out of place to jot down some few thoughts which presented themselves to the mind of the writer with peculiar emphasis during the recent fine performances in London: the eternal rise and fall of the dynasties of gods and men; the happy days of earth's youth when the gods mixed familiarly with humanity; the curse that so often accompanies inordinate wealth; the sad fate of the heroic; and the ever-recurring rivalry between magic powers and human courage and devotion.

One leading idea that can be traced through the whole Nibelungen Ring is the gradual limitation of spiritual forces into matter and form. The *dramatis personæ* consist at first exclusively of gods, giants and nature-spirits, and work down through intermediate creations as demi-gods, heroes and wish-maidens to the ordinary men and women of the closing scenes.

Taking Wotan as the central figure of the drama, we find that a period covering innumerable ages is embraced by the four operas. After a prelude describing the long-past theft of the Rhinegold under the older dynasty of the spirits of earth, water and fire, the story begins with the first great limitation of the gods, the building of Valhalla.

They can apparently no longer roam freely about in space, but need some definite abiding place and, being unable themselves to cope with rough matter, call in the help of the giants. The debt then remains to be paid, as the laws of justice are inevitable and bind even Wotan, though All-father.

Ages before, the treasures of the Rhine had been bought by

renouncing love; and the same problem of renunciation is before Wotan now. Advised by the earth-spirit, he finally decides to sacrifice the gold, which goes back to the world laden with an avenging curse, one day to destroy all the glorious company of Valhalla.

The dusk of the gods is already heard in the undercurrents of the music, but will not become fact for many generations, when Wotan calls on the spirit of the earth once more to help in his hour of need, arousing her from her deep sleep of countless years' duration.

With the second opera, the Valkyrie, comes the beginning of the end. Wotan wanders restlessly to and fro, seeking to find some way of averting the impending misfortune and to save his dynasty from ruin. A deep note of tragedy runs through this work, and the music greatly contrasts with what had gone before in the Rhinegold. In the Rhinegold there was a complete absence of human interest, elemental forces being shown by simple chords gradually defining themselves into more intricate figures expressing nature-spirits, all alternating with the splendid Valhalla motifs.

In the Valkyrie the human note is struck at once and the love and agony in the first act are well expressed by the broad and simple construction of the music resembling some "large utterance of the early gods."

The same emotions are seen through more complicated but less grand forms in the next opera, where the human is more developed, though still of a heroic type. But the divinely born hero and heroine of the Valkyrie could find no home in this world; were hurled against custom and conventionality to perish miserably, unable to avail themselves of any help, even of Wotan's magic sword.

Very different is the more civilised Siegfried of the next generation. He is able to adapt himself to his environment, and by his own strength to obtain the magic powers of the ring. Through the combination of the two he is able to gain his end—the love of Brynhild, the Valkyrie who is rapidly approaching humanity, the germ of which was implanted in her by the dying Sigmund's appeal to her generosity. Wotan condemned her to

become an ordinary woman and to cease to be one of the troop of Valkyries.

The Valkyries are among the most fascinating of Wagner's extra-human conceptions. Breezy, wild and unearthly, yet with nothing grotesque or approaching witchcraft about them, they are wonderfully well delineated in the intensely original music that expresses them.

Brynhild shows how complete her fall to humanity has been when she refuses to give up Siegfried's ring and save all the hosts of Valhalla, her old colleagues also, from destruction.

Another touch showing how the story has faded into the light of common day is when we hear of altars raised to Wotan and Fricka and other gods, once presences on the stage, but now very far away.

Siegfried bids farewell to the higher life for ever, as he descends the fiery rocks and joins the lower world to become absorbed in the passions and interests of ordinary men. The incapacity of the heroic soul to understand evil, however, soon causes his downfall, bringing with it the universal crash, reflected on high by the destruction of Valhalla in flames. The gods and heroes are seen calmly awaiting their end in the glowing sky, and so comes the dusk of the gods and the prophecies are fulfilled.

It is interesting to note that the legend is connected with history by the reputed marriage of Siegfried's widow to Attila, king of the Huns, which fixes the date at the time when the gods of our European forefathers were being forgotten and the new faith was superseding their beliefs.

CAROLINE CUST.

A MYSTIC PRAYER

THOU Pure White Majesty, Lord of Unutterable Splendour! If there be aught my mortal eyes see not aright, enwrap it with the Glorious Colours of Thy Holy Sons, that so the Hidden Mystery of Thy Most-august Spouse be kept inviolate!

TOO HORRIBLE TO BE TRUE

I.

"ANYTHING in those magazines, Dick?"

"Oh, stupid ghost stories mostly, uncle! What I can't understand is this silly recrudescence of superstition. Twentieth century indeed! It ought to be the eighteenth, with all this hysterical stuff floating about. It seems to have got on the public's nerves—all this psychic research twaddle!"

Old Uncle Jim at first smiled at my vigorous language, as he proceeded carefully to uncork a bottle. This important operation being successfully finished, however, he replied somewhat gravely:

"I don't know, my boy. Perhaps we may be sometimes a little too confident in our negations—even the youngest of us, eh, Dick? You know the story?" he added, with a kindly laugh.

"But, surely, uncle, you don't mean to say that you believe in such stuff?" I cried, in astonishment.

At my rude speech, though I did not so intend it, the white-haired old doctor looked at me keenly and very earnestly, almost sternly, before resuming his habitually kind expression.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir!" I stammered, somewhat confused. "I had, of course, no idea you really believed in anything of the kind."

"No more did I at your age, my boy; nor at double your age."

The old man seemed to be hesitating, and for a moment a far-off look came into his eyes. Then turning to me he continued very seriously:

"My dear Dick, you know that you are on the threshold of a life of great responsibility and difficulty. A doctor's is the grandest of all professions. A man is not simply a body-healer

only. . . . He has often to play the part of physician of the soul as well."

I said nothing, and my old uncle resumed his seat.

"That sounds somewhat 'sermony,' eh?—and I'm no good at that sort of thing, Dick. But perhaps you would like to hear what broke the back of my own scepticism or . . . certainty —whichever you please? I was as sure as you are—once.

"It's a strange, sad story; I sometimes, even now, cannot believe it. But my certainty of disbelief—that is . . . well —permanently crippled, if you will have it so."

The old doctor bowed courteously in my direction. He was no longer my aged relative and kind friend only; it was the bow of intellect to intellect.

Uncle Jim was really my great-uncle; he was eighty-two. Though we had only seen each other occasionally on his rare visits to town, we had taken a great fancy to one another. As I found out afterwards, it was he really who had been paying for me at Bart's when my poor father died and left my mother hard put to it to make both ends meet.

I had just passed my "Final" with what for me were "flying colours," and old uncle Thompson had insisted that I should run down to his place for a rest, with the additional inducement of the loan of a friend's small yacht, for I am awfully keen on sailing.

I promptly accepted his kind invitation, and lost no time in taking myself and my baggage, a pile of magazines, and the Cornish "Riviera Express" down to Penzance, where Dr. James Thompson, long since retired from practice, was living out his peaceful old age to a finish.

It was our second evening together in his comfortable study. We had been smoking and talking about the enormous progress of the last fifty years, the countless triumphs in every branch of science, the subtle methods of exact research.

When I come to think of it, however, I fancy that I had been responsible for most of the talk, and the doctor for most of the smoking; I had been telling him, I remember, some of the latest discoveries in chemistry, and had got rather keen on the subject.

He had just left the room for a few minutes to unearth a bottle of some very special old Scotch whiskey, and on his return found me lazily turning over the pages of one of the picture magazines I had brought down the day before.

I, of course, expressed myself most eager to hear his story; the old man's courteous bow had mollified me in a way, but I could not help feeling deeply chagrined that one for whom I had such respect and affection should prove to be so unsound in his science.

"Try some of this first, Dick, anyhow," said he kindly, evidently feeling I was upset. "I'm sorry Banks decanted that new stuff. I knew I had some more of the old left, the same you liked so much last night."

I helped myself mechanically, and Uncle Jim followed my example. We sat in silence for some minutes, Uncle Jim pulling hard at his pipe, and I puffing a cigarette and waiting for him to begin.

The old man, however, said nothing, but rising from his chair, crossed the room to his big writing desk near the window. Unlocking one of the top drawers, he began slowly to turn over a number of neatly arranged papers.

I smoked on in silence. There was no sound save the ticking of the old grandfather's clock in the corner, and the soft rustling of the papers as my uncle turned them over.

The rustling ceased, and the old gentleman came back slowly towards his chair, holding some closely written sheets of blue foolscap which he was scanning so intently that he seemed almost to have forgotten my presence.

At last he sat down, and with evident effort, as though it gave him pain or opened up some old wound, began his strange story. I noticed afterwards that the old man left his pipe unlit and his whiskey untasted. It was very evident that he was living over again in imagination the past which had made so deep an impression upon him.

* * * *

"Yes, Dick, it was a tragedy, if ever there was one! I am no story-teller, and I fear I can never make you realise what I

felt, even as I know I can never realise what must have been felt by *her*.

"It was in '68—thirty-seven years ago. They were stopping at Newlyn for the winter. That was long before there was any artists' colony there.

"You remember the low white house on the hill, as you go to Paul—the one with the high escalonia hedge you admired this afternoon? Well, that's where it happened. It was an old farm house then; but they've converted it into a set of studios.

"The first time I saw them they came here; or, rather, she had brought him to consult me.

"In spite of her apparently calm exterior, I could feel how terribly anxious she was about him, and how determined she was that everything possible should be done to fight the thing.

"De Brys himself—though he actually said nothing—from the first gave me the impression of not believing in any possible cure that science could devise. He seemed all along quite resigned to getting steadily worse, but had apparently no anxiety for himself. All his anxiety was for his wife—for the deep distress she was manifestly suffering on his account.

"He was willing to do anything I suggested—to take anything, give everything a trial. But then, as ever afterwards, he gave me the impression of doing this solely to pacify his wife, and not because he had the slightest belief in the efficacy of my drugs and prescriptions.

"When he first described his symptoms I had a vague unsatisfactory impression which I could not quite define, but which, in spite of his apparent frankness, led me to suspect he might speak more freely to me alone. Perhaps he did not want his wife to know all, I thought.

"Catarrh of the stomach, loss of appetite, weakness, fits of giddiness,—quite enough to begin on anyhow. Complete nervous breakdown; and yet he did not give me the impression of being nervous about himself in any way.

"I made out a prescription and promised to call next day so as to go more fully into the case.

"This was the beginning of my intimacy with two of the nicest people I had ever known. They were both remarkably

well read and well travelled, he especially. But what struck me most was the perfect nature of their union; they were absolutely devoted to each other in every way.

"He was about forty, but his grey hair and feeble health gave him the appearance almost of an old man. She was ten years his junior, a woman nobly planned, in the perfection of her womanhood. They had only been married a twelvemonth I learned.

"When I say that they seemed absolutely devoted to each other, I fear I am giving you a poor idea of the impression they made upon me as an ideally united couple. I was so touched by it that I swore to myself I would cheat death of his victim by every means that science could devise or skill could invent.

"As I grew more intimate with them—for do what I would De Brys grew gradually worse—I learned to admire their characters more and more: the fine qualities which the strain of the battle against disease brought into play—the quiet bravery of the man, fearless of death, contemptuous even of it,—yet most sorely handicapped by love of his adored wife, and most of all by the torture that she suffered because of him—the brave quiet of the woman, who strove in every way to hide from her husband her own cruel distress.

"De Brys was now subject to fainting fits; he was evidently getting weaker and weaker, in spite of everything I tried.

"I could make no impression on the disease; could not put my finger on the spot, try how I might. Indeed I could find no sufficient cause of any kind for his strange malady.

"De Brys had been a powerful man, so he told me, and indeed he must have been to have gone through some of the adventures he referred to on rare occasions when speaking of his travels. Moreover, Mrs. De Brys assured me that he was quite strong and vigorous before they were married. But even that gave no clue, for De Brys, in answer to a direct question from me, assured me that the tie between them was purely spiritual.

"He was now very emaciated, and his delicately-chiselled features, always clean shaven, made him look more like a woman than a man.

"The strain was also beginning to leave indelible marks on

Mrs. De Brys' unusual beauty; her magnificent hair was here and there turned in iron-grey patches. I was almost as anxious about her as I was about him, and so I was glad to hear that her sister was on the way from India to help with the nursing; for do what I would I could not persuade her to have a trained nurse down from town.

"She was still, in spite of the strain, an admirable specimen of womanhood, a veritable Juno, though indeed when with her I felt rather in the presence of a Madonna than of an Olympian goddess.

"We had now been fighting the battle shoulder to shoulder eight long months, and gradually we had grown very intimate, and had talked over and discussed many things together.

"It was an unaccustomed pleasure to me freely to discuss the problems of life with two such well read and thoughtful people; for in Penzance in those days one had to keep one's mouth shut if bread and butter were to be earned.

"Yet, somehow, in spite of their apparently genuine open-mindedness, I always felt there was a point where this might break down if I were to press my arguments home too remorselessly. However, from the very first I made it quite clear that, as far as I was concerned, I believed in nothing but what I could see and handle.

"The weaker De Brys got, the more I was determined to pull him together again, for his wife's sake if not for his own. Ida De Brys was never tired of thanking me for my care of her husband. I, of course, told her it was nothing but my plain duty, and that my greatest thanks would be to find out the real cause of the trouble in the interests of science.

"It was the end of August, the 30th I think. In the afternoon a farm boy rode up with a hastily-scribbled note from Mrs. De Brys—'Come at once to Charles. Paralysis I fear.'

"I jumped into the dog-cart, and found De Brys in a queer state. He had been unconscious, and for some time after I came was speechless and unable to move. But I gradually pulled him together. We got him to bed, and he soon fell into a deep and natural sleep.

"Next morning I was delighted to find him much better.

His wife said that he had taken nourishment and stimulants most readily when he woke, and had slept all night and made a good breakfast, an unheard-of thing. He was still sleeping when I saw him. Nothing could be better; he had evidently turned the corner at last.

"I drove home feeling pleased with myself. But what had done the trick? All the way I puzzled over the various things I had tried lately on my patient—which of them or what combination of them had touched the spot?

"On reaching home, however, my thoughts were quickly turned elsewhere, for I found a telegram waiting for me telling me to come at once; my sister, your Grandmother Mary, was dying.

"I left by the night train for town. It is true I was disappointed to be called away from my most puzzling case just at the moment of its greatest interest; but Mary was my first care, and I really felt less anxious about De Brys than I had done for months.

"Your grandmother passed away before I got to town, and I stayed on in Russell Square for the funeral. But I was not to follow her to her last resting-place, for on Wednesday—two days after I left home—I got a wire from Tom Pentreath—he was looking after my work while I was away—'De Brys—suicide—you wanted at once—inquest.'

"I left by the express early next morning and found matters far worse even than I had expected.

"De Brys had not committed suicide as I supposed from the telegram. There was no doubt about it. *Ida De Brys had shot her husband and then blown out her own brains.*

"The most puzzling thing about the whole mysterious occurrence was, that the bodies were both found in Mrs. De Brys' room. Their rooms opened into one another.

"The farm people were startled by the shots at about ten in the evening. Old Bob Keirgwin, the farmer, found a ghastly sight. He, of course, sent straight off for Tom; Tom said it made even him feel quite sick.

"De Brys lay huddled up on the hearth rug with nothing on but his night things. He was shot in three places, thigh, heart and head.

"Mrs. De Brys had fallen across the bed, on the other side from the fireplace. She was fully clothed except that instead of a dress she had on a soft Oriental wrapper of silk. She had fallen on her face, and the mantle of her glorious hair hid the horrid sight. One hand was pressed to her eyes while the other tightly clutched the revolver.

"It was all too ghastly for words. Tom Pentreath told me the details as we drove together from the station. It was just a horrible nightmare. I could not at first believe it.

"That these two people of all the world should come to this, murder and suicide!

"The only possible explanation was that long-suffering nature had at length given way. De Brys had developed some sudden fit of homicidal mania and had attacked his wife—they sometimes do turn first on those they love best—and she had done it in self-defence. And I proceeded to expound this theory to Pentreath.

"'That won't do,' said Tom. 'De Brys had absolutely nothing in his hand. There was not the slightest sign of a struggle. She couldn't have been afraid of him unarmed. She was so much stronger physically—and she had the pistol.'

"'Perhaps she took the gun from him,' said I, as the thought suddenly flashed into my brain.

"'It won't do, Jim, I tell you,' retorted Pentreath, obstinately—'there was no struggle at all; he was potted like a rabbit.'

"'Well then, she must have broken down,' I said—'all the worry and strain and all that.'

"'Looks like it more,' said Tom, thoughtfully; 'and yet . . . why was he in her room? When I heard of course I rode off as soon as I could saddle a horse, but I could find nothing that would give the slightest clue. Perhaps he'd taken too much whiskey.'

"'Whiskey!' I said. 'Bosh, my dear fellow, you don't know the people. De Brys could hardly be induced to touch a drop of it even to help a faint.'

"'Well, at any rate, there was an empty bottle by his bedside, and the medicine glass smelt of it.'

"'Oh that's easily enough explained. I gave her a powder to give him in water with half a spoonful of whiskey in it, if he felt queer again.'

"'A fainting man does not leave his bed and go into another room for choice, Jim. It won't do.'

"'Won't do!' I retorted desperately. 'Even if you are right and he had taken too much stimulant, that's no reason . .'

"'No, it isn't, old man! But shoot him she evidently did, there's no getting away from that.'

"We drove on together in silence. I felt absolutely crushed by the terrible calamity that had overtaken my two friends. For now they were no more I realised how deep was my interest in them, how much I should miss . . how great a regret it was that I should see Ida De Brys no more.

"I was only then fully conscious for the first time that I loved . . . I was almost frightened at my own feelings, I loved her, yet I had no jealousy of her husband. I'd have cured him for her so willingly. I felt the best influence in my life had gone for ever from it.

"And yet—she had killed the man I was absolutely sure she loved more deeply than her own life!

"It was too horrible for words! Some sudden folly—some monstrous accident of nature that made one doubt one's own sanity!

"Fools that men were to believe in a Providence, when all was but the rattling of dice by the hand of chance!

"When we got home Pentreath came in to give me a few notes of cases he had seen for me, and on leaving said, 'I have opened all the letters except this.'

"He held out an ordinary looking envelope with my address and 'to wait arrival' written in the corner.

"I snatched it from him so excitedly that he started back in surprise.

"'Why it's from her!' I cried, bursting the envelope open with unsteady fingers.

"'Hadn't the ghost of an idea,' muttered Tom. 'Never saw her handwriting before. It came on Tuesday morning.'

"But I hardly heard what he said. My whole attention was

centred on the following brief sentences scribbled on a half-sheet of paper. I see them now before me.

"'Thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your goodness to us. My sister, Mrs. Weight, is coming home by the *Cochin*. She is due at Marseilles on the 14th. She was coming to stay with us you know. Be good to her too, my dearest, kindest Doctor. IDA DE BRYS.'

"I sank heavily into a chair with my hand pressed to my eyes.

"'When did you say this came, Tom?'

"'The day before yesterday. I found it here in the morning.'

"'Good God, man! This is still more horrible! Why!—it was all premeditated! Yet she speaks of my goodness to 'us'—to them—as though . . .'

"Horrible! horrible! Do we kill for love? Did they agree to kill each other? Had he not the nerve to do it himself?—asked her to put him out of his misery?

"But then he was better when I left him! And anyway he used to smile so at death!

"Perhaps he was a hypocrite after all?—was it all the pretence of a proud man?

"These, and many other thoughts flashed through my brain, Dick. I felt utterly prostrate, not only with the shock of the thing, but with the utter hopelessness of solving the mystery.

"I would have gladly given all I possessed to have found a reason in all this madness.

"What good anyhow was all this terrible experience to them dead, or to me living? Who was benefited by it all? We were all the sport of malignant fate. The mills of matter finally ground us all impartially and remorselessly to powder!

"I felt for the moment very much inclined to follow the De Brys's example and cheat the blind process of things. Perhaps they were right. The world-process was a failure, and the only choice a thinking being had was to bring it to an end as speedily as possible, as far as he himself was concerned at least!

"I need not trouble you, Dick, with the details of the inquest. If I who had known them so intimately was utterly at a loss, it

was not to be expected that twelve simple, not to say stupid, Newlyn fisher folk would get to the bottom of it.

"They listened to the witnesses and to my bald recital of the history of the case and the bare medical facts, and on the direction of the Coroner brought in a verdict of murder and suicide whilst of unsound mind.

"It was all over long before my letter to Mrs. Weight, containing a brief statement of the sad tragedy, reached her on her landing at Marseilles.

"She wired that she was coming on straight here. I met her at the station, and Tom and his wife put her up.

"Ida De Brys' sister was a woman of distinguished appearance, and of most charming courtesy. She was, however, very silent and reserved. Her grief was, so to speak, 'dry-eyed,' and I doubted whether she fully realised the ghastly tragedy of the thing. I now know that I did her a grave injustice in this, and that the control she exercised over herself was little short of heroic.

"It appeared that on his marriage De Brys had willed everything to his wife, and in the event of the death of both of them to her sister. Mrs. Weight had accordingly to remain till this document could be forwarded from Bombay.

"She thus stayed about two months with the Pentreaths, and we had some long talks together on the subject. She, however, seemed unable to throw any light on the mysterious tragedy that had befallen her relatives; yet somehow or other while she was here I seemed to feel less intensely puzzled.

"When all the necessary legal formalities were complete, Mrs. Weight said good-bye, and left for India.

"She would have pressed a large cheque upon my acceptance, but this I steadily refused. I told her that I was only too happy to have served my friends while they lived; now they were dead the only possible solace to my grief, the only possible reward for my care of them, would be to know why I had failed—why they had failed.

"Tears were in her eyes as she said good-bye, and we parted mournfully enough. This was the last I ever saw of her."

D. E. T. WATTS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE PLACE OF EMOTION IN SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

SINCE the time of Plato and Aristotle the subject of emotion seems to have presented more difficulties to the philosopher than any other phase of human consciousness.

Plato recognised three states: desire, anger and reason; while Aristotle distinguished only between thought and desire, as the primary factors of consciousness, giving to each many sub-divisions.

In more recent times Kant, and after him Hamilton, Lotze and others, adopted the tripartite division of cognition, emotion and desire or will, a classification which will probably recommend itself to most students.

Then again the "Associationists" and the philosophers John Stuart Mill and Herbart, while they differ on many points, have this in common, that they always discriminate between a "presentation" and a "feeling," corresponding to the intellectual and emotional "faculty" of the other school.

But even if we adopt the tripartite division as the most plausible, no rational person would think, I suppose, that we wish to draw a hard and fast line between the intellectual, emotional and volitional aspect of the soul. Since human consciousness is one, its three phases cannot manifest apart from one another, but one of them always predominates.

To anyone who sees in human intellect, emotion and will a reflection of the three cosmic principles of Intelligence, Love and Power, the search for a simpler mental element from which all the wealth of conscious life can be derived, will be a fruitless task. To anyone accepting this cosmic truth the three aspects of human consciousness must appear as due to primary causes; and the classifying of two of them together, as has been done in

the case of the emotions and will, leads only to confusion of thought.

It is doubtless owing to this confusion that such strange and erroneous ideas about the nature of the emotions exist in the minds of many even among the educated.

A prominent leader in the Ethical Movement in London, said in one of his public lectures that religion should never be based on the emotions, "*because they are a faculty which we share with the lower animals*"!

A friend of mine, a University student of the third year, taking the Philosophy course, almost indignantly repudiated the idea that Love was an emotion, and could not be made to see that Bhakti-yoga was an essentially emotional form of worship.

Emotion, in fact, is held in much contempt by the business man, by the scientist and by the scholar; for sometimes, as we will all admit, it distorts the judgment and prevents an impartial view of truth.

In fact, I think there is a tacit agreement among people, that the emotions are rather an undesirable gift of nature, and that they were bestowed upon us merely for the purpose of being "kept down."

In this paper I shall confine myself to pointing out only a few aspects of emotion, in order to show its place in our spiritual development, and consequently its great importance for the student of wisdom. I would say at the outset that I am here using the terms "emotion" and "feeling" indiscriminately, as, from a psychological standpoint, it seems to me that not much would be gained by drawing a line of distinction between the two. It is true the word "feeling" is sometimes used loosely for "sensation," and it legitimately stands also for states of consciousness derived from physical causes; but for our present purpose, "emotion" and "feeling" mean the same thing.

We naturally first ask the question: What is a human feeling? To me it seems to be the element that gives colour to a thought; or the pleasurable or painful vibration that accompanies the intellectual appreciation of a fact.

There is a bunch of roses on the desk before me. The

intellect says: "These roses are red and have an odour." The feeling says: "I admire the form and colour of these roses and their fragrance delights me."

As to the inherent nature of feelings, I thoroughly agree with Mrs. Besant, when, in her *Study in Consciousness*, she divides them into two main classes: love-emotions and hate-emotions; but I cannot equally agree with her about the origin of feeling, when she writes:

"The play of the Intellect on Desire gives birth to Emotion; it is a child of both, and shows some characteristics of its Father, Intellect, as well as Mother, Desire."

To me it seems just the reverse, namely that feeling is the parent of desire.

The feeling of hunger gives rise to the desire for food. The feeling of admiration evokes the desire for union with the beloved object.

Even the so-called reflex actions, I think, are no exception to the rule. The Associationists claim that in certain muscular contractions the action is the primary element which evokes a feeling or a thought.

To me it seems that a feeling, however vague it may be, whether caused by a physical or mental stimulus, must precede the action.

The contraction of the facial muscles in new-born infants seems indicative that something is sensed or felt; although the feeling in this case may be below the threshold of consciousness; *i.e.*, it may act as a mere stimulus.

Returning now to our three states, let us think for a moment of how they manifest in time.

In most cases the action and interaction of the intellect, emotion, and will (and I would say in parenthesis that I do not distinguish here between desire and will, as they both belong to the volitional aspect of consciousness) is so rapid that we hardly become aware of them as three separate functions. On closer investigation of our mental condition, however, we shall find that the intellect and the emotions act almost simultaneously, while the action of the will follows after a longer or shorter interval.

I hear that a misfortune has happened to a dear friend of

mine. The plain statement of the facts apprehended by the intellect is immediately translated on the emotional side into the feeling of compassion. This arouses on the volitional side of my "triangle" the desire to go forth and assist my friend according to my best ability.

If we now accept the definition that human feeling is the pleasurable or painful vibration of the "mental body," accompanying the process of thought and leading to an action of the will, we see at once that there are various kinds of emotions, corresponding with the variety of thoughts.

The lowest kinds of feelings are doubtless those which have for their object the gratification of our sensuous nature, as the feeling of hunger or the attraction of sex.

The thought that the "bodily" feelings accompany does not always rise above the threshold of consciousness; if it were expressed in the first case, it might be worded: "There is no more food in my digestive organs, therefore I experience the feeling of hunger."

There is no representative element in the "bodily" feelings; they arise and vanish with physical conditions.

Then there are what might be called the "intellectual" feelings *par excellence*, because they accompany a concentrated mental effort.

Many of us can doubtless sympathise with the disgust and vexation of the student who is staring for hours before "the ass's bridge" he cannot cross; but some of us may also have felt something of the emotion of an Archimedes when he cried: "Eureka!" Such an expansion of consciousness produces a feeling of intense joy, far greater than any pleasure arising from a mere gratification of the senses.

Or you are standing in the Dresden gallery, looking at Raphael's Madonna. The beauty and majesty of the Mother and Child are so overwhelming that even the excited chatter of gay tourist groups is instantly hushed, and everyone is under the spell of the emotions produced by that immortal work—the feelings of highest admiration and profound reverence.

These are the æsthetic feelings, evoked by the contemplation of a great work of art or nature, in which we see an embodiment

of the Ideal of Beauty. They are altogether unselfish, not standing in any relation to our lower self; while in the "intellectual" feelings there may be an element of vanity, when we think how clever we have been in solving a difficult problem.

Then there are emotions determined by our standard of right and wrong in judging actions, which may be called the moral feelings.

A child is beaten for a slight neglect of duty by a cruel master. A fearless soul is witness. The fire of indignation reddens her face and flashes from her eyes, as she takes the brute to task for his cruel conduct. No injury has been done her personally; yet, realising her oneness with humanity, she feels a principle has been outraged, which she is bound to defend.

Or, you watch a crowd at a fire. The building is all ablaze; flames are shooting up to the roof; at an upper window a helpless child appears in white nightdress, stretching out his arms imploringly to the people below. Instantly a fireman is on the ladder. He firmly grasps the white bundle, and safely brings the half-suffocated child down to place him in his mother's arms.

You hear the tumultuous cheers of the crowd, see them surrounding the rescuer and grasping his hands.

Did he do anything for them? No, but they have identified themselves by their emotion with the child at the window, and through the child with humanity.

Therefore, moral feelings taking us out of the narrow range of our personal self have a liberating, an ennobling effect on the character.

But the purest and most exalted emotions are those of religion. Here we should be leaving the physical, astral and mental planes altogether behind us, and the wings of the soul should carry us to the buddhic realm, where the devotee embraces the object of his worship with his intensest love.

"Lord, I do not want wealth, nor friends, nor beauty, nor learning, nor even freedom; let me be born again and again and be Thou ever my Love," says the Bhākta.

In the moment of worship the Devotee is dead to the world, and subject and object have temporarily become one.

But in all those classes of emotions mentioned above, the bodily, the intellectual, the æsthetic, the moral and the religious, we can see the positive and the negative element, or the qualities of pleasure and pain.

This being the case, it naturally follows that every emotion has the tendency to react on the subject; it does not only deeply affect our moral nature, but it produces also decided changes in our physical organism.

It is a well-known fact that the forms of hatred, such as envy, jealousy, vindictiveness, fear, warp the intellectual and moral fibre, and lower the vital tone of the system. Hatred is the restricting, limiting, destructive force, proceeding from that which Goethe calls in his *Faust: "Der Geist der stets verneint"*; while love and its kindred emotions, such as friendship, gratitude, admiration, devotion, renew and strengthen our spiritual as well as our physical nature.

There are, however, cases where even an excess of the laudable emotions may limit our usefulness in the world.

The over-sympathetic nurse who feels too keenly the pain of the patient, cannot give much help in the sick-room; neither can the too gentle-hearted man, who faints at the sight of blood, ever become a doctor and perform a successful operation.

A nature that is strongly developed on the emotional side is generally endowed with a delicate nervous organism. There is a great quickness of perception; the brain, being intensely alive, responds to every vibration of the ego; but the multitude of thoughts and feelings pressing on the brain and nerve centres, strain the machine almost to the breaking point. Therefore, there is sometimes lack of self-control, of the inhibiting or restraining faculty, while there is generally great energy and mental alertness.

The natural conclusion drawn from this, apparently, is not that the emotions must be stifled, but that they should be directed into proper channels. We ought to invite some and reject others, so that the proper balance may be established; just as we do not admit and entertain every idea, but make a judicious selection to ensure the right intellectual equilibrium. Everybody of course admits that the intellect must be cultivated; how many

educators are there that advocate a systematic training of the emotions?

Incidentally this is done by putting before the student the history of the lives of great men who showed pre-eminently the virtues of heroism and devotion to a great cause. But much more must and will be done in future.

We can foster the love-emotions by entering into closer social relations with our fellow-men, by dwelling upon what is grand and noble in the character of those around us, by meditating on the deeds of heroes and martyrs, until our hearts go out in love to these great souls; for "thus," as Emerson says, "we are put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere."

Let us by all means counteract the vulgar tendency of commercialism to depreciate other people's merit in order to raise our own, to see only what is weak or ludicrous in the men and women we daily meet, instead of training ourselves to see the man apart from his immediate surroundings and all limitations of nationality, sex, occupation, creed, etc.

Above all, let us foster the rare flowers of courtesy and respect. We should have nothing to do with that cheap familiarity, that "hail-fellow-well-met" tone, which in America, unfortunately, the young assume even to the older; but let us show the graces of a higher culture in our intercourse with every fellow-creature, including our dumb brethren. Thus we indirectly train the emotions of those who come within our range of influence.

By feeding the mind systematically on what is beautiful and lovable in art and nature, by learning to see what is excellent and admirable, even in commonplace people and humble surroundings, we are weaving radiant forms; we are creating the high ideals of reverence, purity, justice, temperance, and many others, all of which eventually become powerful incentives to virtue.

I know well that it is customary, even among some members of the Theosophical Society, to speak slightingly of ideals, because these beautiful stars are not within their angle of vision. These "practical" people unduly emphasise the merit of actions, while they criticise the idealist because he does not realise, as

they claim, his soul-ideal in life. As if this was as easily done as to draw up an account or build a house! The ideal always travels ahead of us, but it has an irresistible force to draw us upward.

If I understand the meaning of Plato's Ideas aright, they are not shadowy things, mere fancies of the mind, but *living realities, cosmic forces*, that attract man to his Higher Self. The true idealist is never an idle dreamer. Because his heart is burning with the divine fire of Love he goes out to do something for the good of the world. Emotion leads to action.

Before the Anti-slavery War in the United States, Abraham Lincoln, Beecher, and the other Abolitionists, were called visionaries, idle speculators, and worse names. But they proved themselves to be not mere "standard-bearers" in the cause of Emancipation, but showed themselves "practical" idealists, for they set the negro slave free. Luther was another idealist who never completely lost sight of the actual state of worldly affairs; but greatly modified them through intense devotion to his ideals —the purification of the Christian Church and the open Bible.

But the higher emotions do not only prompt us to noble actions; they also react on the intellect by collecting various isolated ideas around certain centres of interest. Perhaps an example will make this clearer.

One man is intensely interested in mechanics, his aim being to obtain the training of a mechanical engineer; while another does not care at all for this occupation. The first would probably often be found hanging about machinery, watching the movements of wheels. He would soon begin to understand the principle underlying various kinds of machines, where the uninitiated would only see a confused jumble of rotary movements.

In the various experiences of the day, he would remember best those which are related more or less directly to his favourite subject. If he saw an entirely new machine, he would make a mental draft of it and compare it with those familiar to him. If he heard of some gigantic engineering undertaking, such as the digging of the Panama Canal, he would perhaps attempt to calculate the force needed for such an enterprise; in his leisure hours he would read works on dynamics and statics.

On the other hand, the man who is not interested in mechanics, might spend even most of his time in a factory, say in the capacity of a book-keeper, without acquiring one fraction of the practical information which the first would pick up on an occasional visit. The book-keeper in his daily walk through the factory might incidentally learn a few points about machinery; but he would by no means be able to make a correct draft of a model. In a few years the engineer, thus assisted by his love for mechanics, would not only have acquired a large stock of facts, but his knowledge would be co-ordinated, his imagination greatly developed, and his memory furnished with accurate mental pictures.

The book-keeper's lack of interest would certainly not prevent him from gaining some correct knowledge about machinery, but it would be scarcely more than a few unrelated facts, mere *disjecta membra*.

We see then that the emotions help to convert the intellect, which is essentially analytic, into a constructive force by developing the imagination, which is the creative faculty of the soul. For what is it that constitutes a genius? It is the use he makes of isolated facts which others know as well as he does.

For untold ages before the time of Newton, people had seen apples falling from the tree in summer and autumn. But it took the constructive mental power of the great English scientist to interpret the phenomenon aright; aided by the application of certain dynamic principles he enriched the world by the discovery of the Law of Gravitation.

Since the time when Phœnician merchants first brought the yellow antediluvian resin from the Baltic Sea to Hellenic shores, electricity had been known in Greece as a force that could be drawn forth by friction from amber. But where were their arc lamps and dynamos, even at the time when Greek civilisation was at its height?

Facts, the material furnished by the intellect alone, are barren in themselves; it is only when genius touches them with the magic wand of the creative imagination that a new entity arises out of the apparently heterogeneous elements: a great work of art, a system of philosophy, a scientific invention.

Does it not seem, then, that the cultivation of the emotions is a most important factor in our spiritual development, and that this mode of consciousness, which has received heretofore such indifferent and haphazard training, should be studied by the Theosophist with the most assiduous care and attention ?

We who accept and appreciate the grand and lofty truths of Theosophy sent to us for our mental and spiritual development, what have we done with them ?

Have we raised from this material the lofty structure of divine manhood, or have we only sorted the stones and labelled them with reincarnation, karma, and the various facts of cosmogony ?

Why, we should by this time be spiritual giants, rising head and shoulders above the level of ordinary humanity !

But we certainly have not developed the divine type among us as yet.

What, then, is it that retards our evolution ? Is it perhaps the fact that we are studying the Wisdom Religion too exclusively with the intellect, instead of trying to grasp the occult teaching with head and heart combined ?

Perhaps our Theosophical meetings may take a somewhat different form in future, for at the branch-meetings of which I have any knowledge the devotional element is practically excluded. We meet in study-classes, in which certain Theosophical classics are made the object of mental gymnastics. We are trying to understand the "meaning" of *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence*, etc. That is all.

I leave it for those who are wiser to decide whether it would be contrary to the spirit of Theosophy to open our meetings with a heart-felt invocation of the Deity, or with silent communion of the members with those great spiritual intelligences who stand behind the Society.

Let us not only echo the wish of the great Goethe for "more light," but let us also pray for "more love." For Love is the greatest force in the world, and it is the fulfilment of the Law.

H. S. ALBARUS.

THE HEROIC LIFE

FOR long I have been seeking a satisfactory name to express the grade of being beyond man; and by this I mean the x in the ratio:

As animal : man : : man : x.

We have here an ascension of grades, a step in development. As animal and man are intimately commingled, so are man and x; the man-plant grows in the animal soil, the x-plant in the human.

Or to start a stage further back; that which sleeps in the mineral, wakes in the vegetable; that which sleeps in the animal, wakes in man; that which sleeps in man wakes in x; or, if we would ascend another step, that which sleeps in x wakes in perfected x or rather in y.

Or yet again: that which is passive or negative in mineral, is active or positive in vegetable; that which is passive in animal is active in man; that which is passive in man, is active in x.

Looked upon from the standpoint of substance these stages may be regarded as three successive outpourings of life; considered from the standpoint of consciousness, they may be symbolised as three light-sparks. Yet they are not really in themselves three separate natures, but intensifications of one and the same mystery.

The out-pouring is also an in-pouring, it is a vivification; the spark is rather a flame, a tongue of fire, a creative energy.

What then shall we call this x? Perhaps the most convenient name yet suggested is super-man or over-man; but if we use this term we risk being thought the propagandists of some novelty, because of Nietzsche and his *Übermensch*, whereas the idea is as old as the record of mankind.

If, on the other hand, we use the sacred names of christ (the anointed) or of buddha (the enlightened), we are a stage beyond

our *x*. For *x*, according to our scheme, compared with the perfected buddha and christ, should be as animal to man.

In Christianity there is, as far as I know, no distinct name for the stage of the "christ being formed in our hearts"; in Buddhism there is one—namely bodhi-sattva, he whose essence (*sattva*) is of the nature of enlightenment (*bodhi*), but who is not yet fully enlightened or *buddha*.

The phrase angelic man, again, is not clear, though it has been used. Angelic in this sense is the Christian parallel of the Greek daimonic. In all men there is latent an angel or a daimōn; and by daimōn is of course meant not a demon, in the perverted Christian theological sense, but that genius or daimonic soul (daimōn-the knowing one), which, in the case of Socrates, "prevented him when he was about to do anything not rightly."

For the Greek religio-philosophers the daimōn was an intermediate between gods and men; and the god in man was for them of the same nature—though necessarily regarded from a somewhat different standpoint—as the buddha or christ.

We should here of course distinguish between natural gods and human gods; that is to say, between exalted and excarnate beings who have not passed through the human stage, and those who have won their freedom from the state of man; and it is perhaps to be regretted that we have no simple terms to mark this distinction.

Perhaps again a distinction might be drawn by using the term deva for powers on the substance, or nature, or mother side of things, and the name angel for powers of mind, or consciousness, or of the father side of things. But who is to guarantee the adoption of such a convention?

The term daimōn was used by the Greek theologians for both a stage in the descent of essences and a stage in the ascent of souls. There was also another name they used which in some ways paralleled the latter use of the word daimōn.

Those who did great things among men were called heroes, and they were believed after their death to watch over mankind.

Their chief characteristic was that they had done things greater than ordinary men. They had acted according to the

behests of a higher order, according to the promptings of a soul greater than that of ordinary mortals. They had been the means of liberating greater forces in human life, setting up greater activities, living heroically. Their souls were of a daimonic or kingly order; they were kin to the gods.

As the term hero has not as yet, as far as I am aware, been used in this sense in modern theosophical literature, I will venture to incorporate it in the title of this article, mainly with the object of calling attention to its existence. Doubtless my whole article could be phrased to suit this title, but as I no more desire to stereotype the term hero than any of the other names, I shall vary my use of terms according to the context.

The term hero, however, is useful as suggesting deeds of true valour, and right will, in the sense of acts of value or worth, or virtue or power; it suggests the warrior who fights for what is best in us, and who in this sense is not opposed to the saint, but is rather he who expresses and completes the contemplative by the practical (or heroic) life, the ancient philosophic meaning of these terms being understood in a somewhat wider and deeper sense.

With some there may be sudden and nigh overwhelming experiences of this greater consciousness, but at the beginning the change may be looked for in less heroic experiences.

According to mystic teaching, and by comparison of animal with man, when animals become men they give up or lose many of their capacities as animals. And so we may conclude that at the beginning those who aspire to become super-human will have to let go some of their human capacities.

It is a mistake, though perhaps natural for those who are learning of these greater things for the first time, to jump in imagination right away to the abstract essence of consciousness, so to speak, when they think of that which transcends human consciousness. But this fundamental consciousness is other than super-human.

Super-human consciousness is more practically thought of as another *mode* of consciousness. Some imagine that they will arrive at super-human consciousness by adding infinitely to or multiplying infinitely their own consciousness. They get an idea

of super-human consciousness as something spread out all over space ; but this does not seem to be getting nearer the reality or actualising the possible ; it is rather getting too abstract.

It is more practical to begin by imagining that super-human consciousness when it first comes will be more limited than the human, but quite other.

It indeed stands to reason that the use of the new power will be very limited and infantile at first. By analogy with the lines on which we are thinking, it is quite conceivable, for instance, that at the beginning, when functioning in this other consciousness, the man will lose very largely the faculty of sustained thought ; he will lose a large amount of discrimination as regards normal things.

Even as humans have not the senses of the body as alive as animals, so will the *senses* of the mind be less alive in super-humans than in men. Ultimately, doubtless, the super-man will develope such faculties and such interests that he will not miss these human workings of the mind, but at first this will presumably not be so ; in the elementary stages of super-human consciousness he will miss these, and to a certain extent feel the lack of them, and will not compare favourably with men.

But something, it is said, must be given up, at any rate for a time, in learning another and a different mode. It is very difficult for the *mystēs* to think thus subtly about this new mode of operation, or to resist the temptation to inflate himself in imagination, or spread himself out in idea. It is difficult to catch the first glimpses ; more difficult to understand their significance ; most difficult to *see* the entirely new world that opens up around him (the *epopteia*).

It will not, however, be another different world, any more than a man lives in a different world from the animal. But in that consciousness the scope of his mind, his sensations, and activities will entirely change ; there will be new meaning and interest in everything.

This, however, does not mean to say that along normal lines he will become abnormally clever ; for the growth of mind proper in this new mode is a slow process. Nevertheless, from the very beginning the man should strive not to allow himself to be over-

whelmed by the intensity of his new feelings, or be carried away by the ecstatic nature of his new experiences. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that he should turn his attention very powerfully upon every real ecstasy he may experience, and try to understand its inner bearing, and to refrain from magnifying its greatness or importance. For its importance lies only in the extent to which it can awaken in him the understanding of the workings of consciousness. *What* he sees or is able to record is a detail; to understand *how* he experienced it is the main thing to strive after.

And when it may be that the body becomes such that these experiences are frequent, the man on the path of this gnosis should not so much grasp after the information of great interest and importance that will pour through—it is there so many stick—but he will rather strive to get hold of the working of the mechanism of consciousness, to understand how it works and its relation to normality.

This does not mean to say that the struggle should be to get control of this ecstatic consciousness itself—for that is impossible; because of its very nature it will control, and should do so. But the endeavour of the neophyte of this way should be to try to be able to transform himself, so as to pass through the great change without losing the link.

Now the human mind is as it were poised between the calls of objective Nature and the impressions from within of its Divine prompter. The true hero is ready at any moment to sacrifice his life, not only in the ordinary sense, but also in the sense of the life he is living. One of his chief characteristics is the power of standing aside from himself, the ability to get outside and apart from not only his body but also the interests of his mind and the attractions of his senses. His ear is ever attentive to the admonitions of his Divine prompter.

One of the first features of super-human consciousness, therefore, is the appearance, or introduction into the field of experience, of this daimōn, which at one time, when the man is human, will be other than himself, at other times will be himself.

When the change of consciousness first comes about, it would seem that the man becomes possessed very strongly with

the idea that he is being watched by an inner power. And so it has been said that to super-men the actions of their normal human body all become part of a drama—that is as it were action before a spectator or spectators.

From this point of view no acts are exactly spontaneous; they are all purposive or done "purposefully," with definite regard to the onlooker or witness. No action is related to the little thinking mind; it is not done for the pleasure of the self, as with normal folk, but all life is related further to this Great Spectator, or Higher Self, and all activities are done for the purpose of a definite communion with the Spectator, in order, as it were, to express ideas to him.

In animals all actions are the immediate result of sense and instinct; they do not think and then carry out their thoughts into action as men do. With super-men, then, not only should their actions be the result of their own thought, or rather the expression of themselves, but at the same time every action should be "purposeful," and bear definite relation to this Great Spectator or Onlooker.

And so in becoming a super-man, in living the heroic life, a man becomes as it were an actor on a stage, and every act has two relationships—one to himself, and one to the audience or the spectator or the world—and the one to the world is generally the more important; but the perfect blending of these two attitudes of the active or practical life should constitute a well-developed super-man, just as these two well blended constitute a good actor.

It is good drama only when action is not too studied, when every act is full of meaning, that is to say, is in very intimate relation with the spectators; but at the same time every act should be quite *natural*, that is, have intimate relation to the human self as actor.

In super-humans, therefore, action is not much the *result* of thought, any more than in an actor; nevertheless, as all his actions must be natural, they are thus intimately related to his mind and body. It is rather that the relation of the action to the Great Spectator, or the meaning of the drama, becomes so apparent to him, that the little actor immediately, almost uncon-

sciously, throws his whole body and mind into the acting out of this meaning.

It is more that he sees with his higher senses what is wanted for their expression of meaning, and uses his ordinary mind to guide his body in the detailed action of these "symbols." He does not so much think, then act—that is really two acts of the man; but rather these two acts become one. It is, therefore, more as in the animal; his mind becomes a sort of instinct again and guides his actions, while he, the real super-man, is keeping and feeling himself constantly in touch with this great spectacle and its Onlooker. So does the man get outside himself; and so does the idea of instinct return in a very expanded form.

And who is the Onlooker or Witness? It is, as has been said, the Higher Self. This Onlooker may, from one point of view, be said to be the sum total of all the true definite Ideas with which the man has been able in his many lives to furnish his world—that is, make part of Himself. It is the true Mind of him. It is therefore, in a sense, his own universe looking at him and watching him; and by universe is here meant the scope of his true creative consciousness.

It is true that all this has been summed up in the phrase "Thou God seest me"; but this for many is too vague for true realisation. Let us rather imagine all the "creations" of our true Mind alive, alert, full of mind and capacity; imagine these all watching us, and then imagine ourselves actors on a stage with our own creations as our audience.

In the heroic life, then, it is that portion of the man that is already free from Fate or Karma, that is prompting him to act according to cosmic principles, is prompting him to make his whole life a great celebration, or act of holy communion; or to make his life a living symbol and example.

It is these acts of power that stir the cosmos; or the great Cosmic Mother, who surrounds him, is made conscious in a particular direction by his activity. The Great Mother waits for the man to speak symbolically. The Cosmic Mother is stirred by the meaning in his activities, and she answers, and her answer is to bestow more power on him; and this power lifts him further out of the bonds of Fate.

And this means that it is not the mortal man who is strengthened, but the true man, the Higher Self, who is the real prompter to definite action—that is, action according to plan and symbol and scheme, or cosmic order.

The more man's little person is mastered by Fate, the smaller and less significant is his Great or Cosmic Person.

Or again, to put it in a figure, the more we can demand power from the Great Mother, by right action, the more does our pole of personality, which is depressed by the great flood, rise above the Waters of Fate, and we become gradually powerful in, or rise into our Air-body, or Mind-body; until, when this pole is more in Air than Water, the great change comes about that is called super-human consciousness. The central point of this pole is then above Water; and the pole is our Great Person in Air, and our little personality in Water.

The heroic life, therefore, is that which causes us to withstand the flood of Saṁsāra, the Ocean of becoming, of birth and death, and so to centre our consciousness above the swirling of the Spheres of Fate. G. R. S. MEAD.

LOVE ONLY REIGNS AMONG THE MIGHTY DEAD

EACH builds an altar to the Unknown God,
But what his brother worships no man knows,
Nor what the fountain whence his courage flows;
Hidden the pathway that his soul has trod.
Myriads of men are laid beneath the sod,
And what their master passion none has guessed;
But few have freely with their lips confessed
What raised them higher than an earthly clod.
Yet, when Earth's shrines are raised, Earth's prayers are said
Hereafter, when the hidden thoughts of men
Shall be revealed and every soul laid bare,
When eyes, once dim with tears, see clearly—then
All hearts shall recognise, all tongues declare:
"Love only reigns among the mighty Dead."

M. M. CULPEPER-POLLARD.

THE LOOSING OF THE BOUND

I AM the Door.—*Gospel according to S. John*, x. 9.

Except ye taste the Sacrament of the Sleepers in Death ye may not see Him face to face.—*Legendary Saying of S. Patrick.*

I, DAVID CHESSON, being near the end of my course, write this record of a strange and obscure thing which befell me when I was sorrowful even unto death. It matters not the cause whereby my soul was made sorrowful; it was a grievous rending that befell it, and in my agony I went out alone to the waste moors, for I desired bodily solitude. And there I fell upon the bosom of the Mother and groaned in spirit before the Lord.

I lay with my face pressed into the perfumed heather that clothed her breast; I was prone at the foot of a globe-shaped rock of polished black stone, unlike any rocks in that part of the country.

When the night came I lay there still; and though my face was hidden and my eyes shut, I became aware of light. It was a strange flicker as of wild fire about and above me.

Therefore I rose, and saw one sitting on the rock; it was a woman clad in travel-worn garments of blue frieze, with a great cloak of the same hue wrapped about her; her feet were bare; in her hand she carried a branch of willow. All about her flickered fire; fire bound her brows crown-wise; her eyes were sometimes old and sometimes young; they were blue eyes—of a blueness that struck one cold with its mystery.

I stared at her blankly, and she smiled, asking me wherefore I did not ask her name.

"Should I ask such a question of a stranger?" I said; and though bewildered I felt no fear.

"I am no stranger," she answered. "I am a guardian of the Stone; and the eternal questionings of men rise in my heart like a fountain."

And lo! her bosom became as glass, and I saw within it a

strange pulsing globe of light; a living thing leaping and falling fountain-wise, and of changing hue.

"The Stone!" I said. "This stone?"

"This stone, if you will," she answered. "Will you hear the tale of this stone, for hearing it you may haply learn the story of the substance of which it is a shadow.

"Son, there was once a land of such exceeding holiness it was the treasure-house and heart of the worlds. All mysteries met therein; it was an outer symbol of the holiest of all Hidden Places of the earth.

"He who ruled it was one whose soul was like a crystal cup filled full of sacred wine. Great was his learning; many mysteries he knew; and very dear was he to me. And he cried to me in his heart that he might know the Name of all names, and know Him Who reveals It to men.

"Thus cried he to me, and very great was his holiness, and the holiness of the land. Therefore I heard his prayer, and by command of my Mother answered it. I bade him, by my prophetess, leave his land for a space and depart into the desert to commune with God, and thus he should learn the Wisdom of the Name, and return in glory to teach his people, and lead them on unto perfection. And when he heard the voice of my prophetess he followed her counsel.

"Now the hour was at hand whereby, by reason of the great Power of Him Who revealeth the Name, those who were bound in the Heart of the Stone might go free, to see whether haply they might rise with Him Whose Life riseth ever through the worlds.

"And now, behold this thing, my son! His Body and His Life being One and not many, if the holy rise, the unholy must rise with them according to the measure of their powers; and these their powers, whether for good or ill, must go free according to the measure of the freedom they attain. If the saints of God rise, with them also rise the bound ones; and they, the Angels of the Captivity, must go forth from the Heart of the Stone, and work much strife and storm in the world of men. But the bound ones need a Door, and the Door must be a sacred portal.

"Wherefore as an outer sign and symbol of this thing, I led an evil people into the sacred land, and they entered in and freely possessed it; on my altar they set this stone, which was the symbol of the god of their worship, and it rested on my altar, and I, even I, guarded it with my love. And that holy place was to them a Door; both to them and to their gods, and to the strange unholy peoples of the Heart of the Stone; and this was done that all things might be purged and consecrate by His Fire, which is the living passion of the Heart of God.

"For look you, son! the fouler things of the earth are oft-times veils of the most awful mysteries of the Father; which they should reveal, and do, in hellish fashion, travesty and conceal. Wherefore they who do these things, knowing what they do and evilly profaning the mysteries, great is their condemnation. And these things were also done that all folds might be gathered into One Fold in the Hour of the Dove of Peace, and that there might be the Freedom of Joy among all peoples.

"But as for the holy ruler, he knew nothing of what had befallen his land; for he was a most secret Door for those who rose with the rising Life of the Worlds. In truth, my son, it was not possible he should see that Risen One face to face unless he shared with Him the Sacrifice of the Sleepers in Death which He offers ever to the Hidden One; those woeful sleepers of the Heart of the Stone, lying in the grave of the Rock, whose sleep He shares that they may wake at last with Him Whose Heart waketh ever.

"Wherefore there fell from that holy ruler all the knowledge of mysteries that had been his, all memory of the sacred rites in which he had ministered, all part and lot in those things which he had held sacred in the holy land of his rule, all memory of that land, and all memory of me. And there returned from the desert to the land where the evil people were made one with the holy, where the strange inhuman folk, the Powers of the Heart of the Stone, were loosed, a witless man who had lost memory of all knowledge of the land of his soul and body; a witless man with a voice of honey, singing songs of Joy, wherein was no light nor wisdom that any man recognised as such; for it was the wisdom of the hidden, forgotten Land of their Birth. And these songs had

power to break the bonds of those in prison. And so singing, he passed as a wandering witless beggar through the land he once ruled—the land that was so holy, and was now a place of battle where holy and unholy struggled in their great ignorance, uplifted steadfastly by the Life of the Worlds."

Then I asked:

"O thou loving guardian of the Stone, did this holy ruler know the purpose of these things, and the purpose of his action when thy prophetess sent him forth?"

She made answer to me:

"Son, with his body he knew not; with his soul he dimly felt, with his spirit he knew, and hence could hold his course. Consider now and see how often this is so; for if thou sayest to any man what is the purpose and cause of thy deed, thou shalt find he hath reasons of the brain which he swiftly utters; but sometimes he feels, even while he speaks, a secret pressure of the power of his soul within, which knows, though mayhap but dimly, that his deed sprang from a hidden cause which is far other; for the deed the man thinks he does, is oftentimes another matter from that which he doth in truth.

"Just so, O son, does one who discerneth not the Body of the Lord, and the Garment of the Spirit, believe himself to be severed in hatred from another with whom he is wrath after the manner of the flesh, while inly their souls dwell in harmony in the Land of Souls, and their spirits abide in eternal union. For man walketh in a most vain deceit of the body, the which should reveal all things, and doth conceal them; and there be those bound in body, and loosed in soul.

"Tell me," I said, "O thou who guardest a holy place, for so I think thee, what is bondage and what freedom."

"Son," she said, "Bondage is a vain belief; and freedom is life in Him Who revealeth the Name. Pass now, my son, from this thy false opinion, which makes thee hold thyself a man apart. Son, thou hast naught of thyself. Thou hast no powers, no thoughts, no deeds which are thine alone. It is the infant who needs the swaddling bands. Son, cast them from thee!"

"But I—am I," I murmured.

"And how many and how diverse art thou?" she said.

"How many guide and fashion thee; how many dost thou receive and show forth; how many play upon and mould thee, hour by hour?

"Receive this of me, son; the greater thou art, the more thou canst receive—unshaken, the more thou canst give—unbeggared. But if thou receivest, that which thou pourest forth has as parent the source whence it flowed.

"O my son, my son! receive all things without fear through thy wide flung Door; but only if thy soul be truly fixed in Him; so receiving in thy soul, give not thou *thyself* to others, for in truth thou art not; give thou but Him Who is all; and He shall make pure within thee all thou receivest which the world hath stained, and make strong within thee what the world hath made weak."

And lo! as she spoke the rock was empty, and I was alone on the dark moor beneath the great arch of the midnight sky; I heard but the whisper of the wind in the heather, and the faint far crying of a bird of night. There lying I saw the whole earth as a Door through which the loosed ones passed from depth infernal unto height supernal, by the Power of the outpoured Blood of the Everlasting Word of the Hidden Ones; and again I beheld it as a Crucible wherein Life seethed as it rose; and every leaf and stone and littlest thing became a holy cup that thrilled with the touch of the Blood of His Passion; and I saw the Crucibles of God were not alone chosen souls set apart and holy, but oftentimes those who were most weak and sinful; who in simplicity and truth appeared and owned themselves no other than sinful and ignorant men upheld by the ceaseless rushing of His uprising Life. And all things quivered with the strife and joy of powers unseen; and all things were true symbols and forthshowings of the mighty mysteries of the Eternal. And I knew of a surety that he who tastes not the Sacrament of the Sleepers in Death may not know the Hidden Father as He is, and I cried in my heart:

"Give us that Sacrament that we may see His Son, our Lord."

MICHAEL WOOD.

HOW I DESCENDED INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH

It was a stormy night; the blustering wind was beating against the window-panes, the rain was pattering down on the roof, and all nature seemed disposed to return to its primæval state of chaos.

I was alone in a hut on a mountain side, one of those grey grim mountains so stern yet so lovable to those who feel themselves in sympathy with the Creator in His bold and rugged moods. Whether by sunlight or by moonlight its vastness and its massiveness could but inspire awe; its dizzy heights and gloomy depths seemed to speak of the cruelty of the Demiurge rather than the loving protection of our Divine Creator.

On the best of days its sharp-edged pinnacles against the sky looked like the weapons of some fearsome being who might dwell within its caves. On dark and gloomy nights as the wind roared around its base and rushed up the ravines, mingling in tumult with the mountain torrents, it was as if an army of savage wolves were prowling round eager for prey.

Even I, a lover of mountains, a lover of loneliness, of wild and dreary scenes, began to wonder on that night whether the mountain were the abode of some great and hostile being whose voice the very elements would obey, whose delight was cruelty and death.

I threw more fuel on the fire, I stirred it to make a blaze; but the flickering light seemed to be thrown back upon itself by the denseness of the gloom which it tried to penetrate.

I pictured myself alone in that hut on the dreary mountain-side, and felt like a speck on the surface of the world, like an atom on the body of some Great Being. I wished I had not so pictured myself to myself, for it began to feel uncanny.

I drew nearer to the fire; but the uncanny sensation did not

leave me, it seemed rather to grow. For as I drew nearer to the fire, I felt as if I were drawing nearer to the centre of this world, to the heart of this Great Being on whose body I had pictured myself to be.

I trembled; dare I approach? Yet the fire seemed to attract me. Was the Great Being beneficent, or as cruel as his outer body appeared? Would his heart throb with a life-giving thrill, or with a deathly blast?

I shuddered; but in answer to my shudder came a voice from within: "Is the fire beneficent or cruel?"

To me on that night it was beneficent. Then in answer to my thought came the voice again: "To you on this night will the heart of the Great Being throb with a life-giving thrill. Fear not. Approach."

I approached. But what did I approach and what was I leaving? For I moved not; I was already wellnigh sitting where the flames could play upon my feet. Yet I felt something stir within me, and remove from within to more within, to still more within, and so on till the mind had lost its measure, and I became the heart or centre of all things, the heart of this world!

* * * *

At first I was dazed and stupefied; but after a while I seemed to awake, I seemed to breathe with new lungs, and to be able to look forth once more, and to understand the new conditions. I knew that I had descended into the innermost depth of earth!

I knew that I had descended within the substance of my own being, within that substance which is common to all who dwell on earth which is earth. I was conscious of being many yet one; for I was not many separated parts, I was one made up of many layers. I was underground surrounded by blackness.

I looked at myself, but there was nothing to see; for I had no body. And looking at myself thus seemed to take away the light with which I saw, and I felt myself "go out"; I felt myself momentarily die; I became extinct.

I looked forth again wondering what would be the laws of this strange plane of being, where to look at one's self meant sudden extinction; and as I did so the blackness around seemed

to be brightened by a faint flicker of firelight. I looked for the flame which caused this flickering light, but I could see it nowhere. I searched again, and traced it to the spot on which I stood; and then, almost before I had realised that I was the flame, I became extinct; for I had again looked at myself—and died.

I know not how long I remained within myself; for I had left my mind behind on the surface of the globe, and knew of no means whereby to record time. But after the lapse of a moment, or maybe an age, I looked forth again, determined to penetrate further into the substance of my own being, whose very existence seemed of such uncertain duration.

The flickering firelight reappeared and seemed to brighten with my determination. I strained my eyes to see further; but there was really nothing to see, only myself reflected in every direction—a never-ending series of flickers.

Why could I see nothing but myself? It must be that I did not understand the laws of the plane, that I did not understand how to focus my consciousness. How could I expect to know how to function when I had no body, when I was a mere movable point within matter, a sort of centre of gravity?

I decided to call to the Gods and Rulers of the place and ask them to teach me how to see. But—a sudden thought, a sudden fear—I was not in heaven, I was in the underworld; there would be no Gods here. Who would be the Ruler? Not a benign Creator, not a loving Father ever ready to protect and teach his children; but—the Great Destroyer!

I shuddered; all the earth around shuddered. Did it fear too, or was the very place mocking me?

I paused—I had dared many things on many planes, but to dare the Devil in his own underworld seemed a little bold!

The idea amused me; and with the departure of my fear, the earth around brightened. I recalled my thoughts as a child. I recalled how I had been taught every night to say my prayers, to pray to God to guard and protect me from the evil one; and this I had done, until one night as I was saying my prayers there came upon me a great compassion, a great pity, a love for the poor outcast devil.

I pictured him in my childish way visiting house after house every night, seeking some resting place. I thought how terrible it must be to wander about the earth night after night, and find every door barred and barricaded, and from that night I altered my prayer.

Trembling with excitement as I got into bed; I was no sooner safely tucked up than I invited Mr. Devil in, and told him that if he could find no other resting place he would always be welcome in my little room and might sleep at the foot of my bed.

I recalled how ill I was that night and many nights following; but I recalled also the states of ecstasy and the visions during my illness. I recalled all the ill-luck and catastrophes which had happened to me from that day onwards through many a sad eventful week; but I had lived to tell the tale, and now that these happenings were all things of the past, I was hardly sorry that they had befallen me, though at the time they were wellnigh overwhelming.

So the idea of calling up the Great Monarch of the underworlds to instruct me in the laws of his realm was not so terrifying as it might have been; for he was, in a sense, already an old and trusted friend. Moreover, I had been taught that the great law of salvation or safety was this: wherever you are, on whatever plane of manifestation, obey the laws of that plane.

I had been taught that wherever I found myself in my dreams, whether in the upper heavens or in the underworlds, my safe return to normal consciousness would be dependent upon my right actions during normal life; and that right action on inner planes where I was wholly ignorant of the laws, would follow as a natural sequence upon right action upon the physical plane, where it was my duty to know the laws and act in accordance with them.

I wondered had my actions on the physical plane been such that I might dare to press on in these underworlds with a feeling of safety? And as I wondered there appeared before me the record of my deeds—not the records of my many acts as they occurred on the physical plane, but the record of my deeds as registered by the Recording Angel in his Book of Worth.

I examined my account and found it none too satisfactory.

I saw that I could not hope to approach the Ruler of the underworlds as a freeborn man; I was already his slave. But remembering the voice which had echoed answer to my thoughts when first I approached the fire, I took courage, and decided that if I dared not approach in the nakedness of pure virtue, I could still press on in faith, assured that on this particular night for me the gates of Hell would be kept open till my safe return.

In all humility I prayed to the Great Ruler of the underworlds; for I felt that in his own lawful regions the same respect was due to him that is due to all royal personages; and as I prayed, the whole earth around seemed to reverberate with dull and leaden sounds; and I, too, being reflected within every layer of earth, responded to these dull and leaden sounds and experienced strange sensations.

On a previous occasion, on one of my nocturnal expeditions, I had visited the Great Sea Serpent, who dwells at the bottom of the Great Sea. Then I had felt myself going down, down, down, to the uttermost depth of the ocean. I remembered well how frightened I had felt then; but this was worse. This sensation was almost beyond description. It was as if I were becoming denser and denser, as if the law of gravity were gaining a new and further hold on me. Every atom of earth around me which was myself, became chained with chains of ever increasing weight; till I felt myself bound in every direction, bound with iron bands, but iron of such strength and density that our iron would be as light and brittle china compared with it.

I smelt strong and pungent odours; I saw naught but blackness. For a moment I feared and struggled to return; but the attempt to conjure up a vehicle, get into it, and escape from this universal bondage was far worse. I managed to make myself a body out of something, I know not what, and got into it; but the torture, the excruciating pain! Another moment and I should have been ground to powder! I flung it aside, and resigned myself once more to the bondage of unformed matter.

But I was glad afterwards that I had made that mistake, that I had feared, and tried to separate myself again, for it taught me much. Without that experience I should have wondered at all the horrible tales of torture, descriptions of hell

which one reads of everywhere. Now I know that even they have their place, for I momentarily experienced them.

I wondered if this strange and awesome sensation of being buried and bound would go on for ever. I had little hope of liberation apart from some effort of my own; for I knew that I was on the eternal, perpetual, unmanifest side of the world where time and space have no power to limit, where not having the power to bind you they have not the power to free you.

I prayed again to the Great Ruler to teach me how to control this eternal law of bondage, of condensation; for in my present condition, though I was not within the deadly clutch of this ghastly machine, since I had thrown away my body, though I could watch its processes with an unperturbed eye, I certainly was not free.

I prayed, and as I prayed wondered what appearance the Devil would take on upon this strange plane of being. I watched intently but saw nothing; but as I prayed still more earnestly I myself began to change. There arose within me a fiery monster, at first so small you could but discern a ball of fire with three tongues of flame leaping forth. But as I prayed to it, it grew till it stood beside me greater than myself.

It stood between me and my earth; and then with a voice of thunder which reverberated throughout all these layers of earth and made their iron bands creak and clank, it spoke: "I am the Great Destroyer. If thou wouldst be free first destroy thyself."

I prayed to be destroyed. The fiery monster leapt upon me and devoured me, and I felt myself being chewed within his fiery body; and when the process was over I and the fiery monster were one.

Again his great voice thundered forth, reverberating through all the layers of earth around, creating a sort of motion which strained the iron bondage of the world and caused its chains to clank: "If thou wouldst be free, destroy next thy earth."

And in answer to this voice of thunder I prayed: "Earth, be thou destroyed." And as I spoke, my voice now being this same voice of thunder, the whole earth was moved, and every atom swelled until it burst its bonds, and there was a crash like unto the shattering of many worlds, and the fiery monster in whom I

now dwelt was with his three tongues of flame spitting fire in every direction.

I watched the creation of a new earth, or the resurrection of our present earth, I know not which. Flames and swords and serpents shot forth from my own body by myriads; and every atom of earth, as it swelled and burst its iron bondage, was enveloped in a flame of fire, was encircled by a serpent, and into its bosom was thrust a living sword. And the sword and the fire and the serpent were three yet were one; they were the three tongues of flame which proceeded from my own fiery nature, the triple conditioning of pure matter.

I watched the iron bands sink below, I watched the pure earth rise above, and with it I rose, free, enveloped in a new fiery body—a body bequeathed to me by the Great Destroyer, with which I could at any moment descend into the underworlds and yet be free.

* * * *

And as the iron chains fell with a crash into the abyss below, I woke to normal consciousness, to find myself still crouching beside the embers though their fiery life had long since departed.

I looked out of the window of my hut. The storm had abated and there appeared on the eastern horizon the first glow of morning light—Sunrise—the moment for which I had been waiting with such expectancy.

I had passed through so much in my dreams that I had well-nigh forgotten the reason that had brought me to that lonely hut, the reason why I had spent the night in solitude on the mountain side. I went forth to meet the Monarch of the Day, to greet him, and worship him as he arose in all his splendour; and as I walked over that bare and barren mountain in an ecstasy of joy, I knew that I was walking upon the surface of my own Great Body, and I named the place the Great Mount of Resurrection.

E. R. INNES.

THE *SACRO CATINO* OF GENOA

I HAD read with great interest the account of "The Holy Dish of Glastonbury" published in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for September. But the subject had vanished from my mind, when, in weeding out of my library certain old-time pamphlets, I came across one by L. A. Millin, who in the early part of the last century held a prominent position among French archæologists and scholars. This short treatise, published for the first time in the *Magasine Encyclopédique* for January, 1807, relates to a vase known as the *Sacro Catino*,[1] generally believed, up to that time, to be a huge emerald, and to have served as a dish at the Last Supper. For some generations past it was treasured, with the greatest veneration, in the Sacristy of the Church of Saint Lawrence in Genoa; but on returning from his Italian campaign, Napoleon carried it away, along with other works of art, and, in November, 1806, he deposited it in the *Cabinet des Antiques de la Bibliothèque Impériale*, of which Millin was the Keeper (*Conservateur*). I am not aware if it was one of the objects returned to their rightful owners after the peace of 1815.

For the present purpose, however, it will be convenient to deal first with the alleged pedigree of this famous vase. The earliest printed record of it appears in a book published in 1727, in Genoa, by the Rev. Fra Gaetano di S. Teresa, the long title of which gives an account both of its purpose and its contents: *Il Catino di smeraldo orientale, gemma conservata da N. S. Gesù Cristo nell' ultima cena degli Azimi, e custodita con religiosa pieta dalla serenissima Republica di Genova, come glorioso trofeo riportato nella conquista di Terra Santa l'anno MCI. Si mostra la sua antichita, preziosità, e santita autenticata dagli Autori, comme dalle publiche scritture dell' Archivio. Opera istoricomorale, arricchita di cognizioni e dottrine profittevoli agli studiosi, e grate agli amatori dell'*

[1] *Catino* is the Italian designation of a shallow vase, in the form of a dish or basin, or what the French call *terrine*, *écueille*, etc.

antichita. 4°, 308+xxxvii. pp., preface, etc. Of this very rare book Millin gives a pretty full analysis.

The good Father Gaetano declares that he published his ponderous (and very confused) volume with a double purpose: that of making the sanctity of the *Catino* better known, and thus contributing to the glory of the Faith; and that of adding to the honour of the Republic of Genoa, into whose safe keeping Providence had confided that most precious relic, the brightest jewel of the State, appearing in the Palace, as it did on solemn occasions, as the greatest trophy of the valour of the Genoese. He then proceeds to establish as facts, that the *Catino* is a real emerald, and that in it was served the Paschal Lamb at the Last Supper. All the Evangelists, he contends, are agreed as to its existence. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me" (*Matt.*, xxvi. 23). And since these words make it perfectly clear that it did once exist, it follows that it would necessarily reappear, Providence having ordained that all the objects which had been of service to Jesus should be preserved. It is thus that even the imprints of His feet are now revered in the Holy Land; and with greater reason the cloth with which He wiped the Apostles' feet, the chalice which He consecrated, the cup from which His disciples drank, the knife, the very salt-cellar, and other such objects are all still extant; and what is most remarkable, they are all now in the form of gems. This miraculous transformation was brought about for the purpose of strengthening the faith of the Apostles, and of confounding the avarice of Judas, so that he might turn away from his purpose of treachery. The transformation into gems, however, does not alter the intrinsic nature of these objects; any more than the successive renewals of a ship's timbers interfere with the identity of a particular ship. There is, therefore, no sort of doubt that the *Catino* is the dish itself which served at the Passover, and in this all commentators of the Scriptures, all masters, and all historians are agreed, to the everlasting glory of Genoa.

But how did it find its way there? Well, it is an historical fact that during the First Crusade the Genoese distinguished themselves greatly, especially at the capture at Cæsareia, in 1101, where the rich booty taken was divided into two parts, the *Catino*

forming of itself alone a third share. And the Genoese, who, in recognition of their valour, in being the first to scale the walls, were allowed to have first choice, nobly gave up the gold and silver to the other Crusaders and preferred the *Catino* as their share; thus crowning their manly valour with Christian piety. But how was it that the *Catino* turned up at Cæsareia? Father Gaetano has no difficulty in proving, from the *Acts of the Apostles*, that, since our Lord foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, His disciples prudently decided upon Cæsareia as a fortified place of refuge from the coming devastation, and there they remained under the protection of the Roman Government,—for Rome was destined, in spite of herself, to become the hub of Christendom,—Nicodemus bringing away with him the *Catino*, which he possessed as a heirloom.

Now, it is true that the Evangelists have not recorded the name of the man in whose house Jesus celebrated the Passover. But Fra Gaetano, after a laborious examination of all the available evidence, concludes in favour of Nicodemus. It was but meet that the honour should have fallen to "a ruler of the Jews" (*John*, iii. 1), a doctor of law, and a member of the Sanhédrin. As such, Nicodemus must have been a descendant of the Royal House of Juda, and the *Sacro Catino* had, no doubt, been handed down to him. And a sacred heirloom it was; for, on inquiring diligently into its secular history, Fra Gaetano makes it plain that it originally formed part of the precious gifts offered by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; and this most wise of sovereigns, whose knowledge was as profound as it was varied, recognising its inestimable value, deposited it in the royal treasury, that it might be used by his successors at the annual Passover, until the coming of the Messiah. The glaring contradiction between this story, and the miraculous transformation of a simple dish into a huge emerald, does not appear to have occurred to our author; but he hastens to meet another possible objection,—how could the poor and humble Jesus have tolerated the use of so inestimable a vessel for the serving up of the paschal lamb? He did so, Gaetano declares, by reason of the dignity of the sacrament He was about to institute.

Besides these reasonings of Fra Gaetano—dialectics of the

cock-and-bull order, to which one must needs have recourse if determined to uphold absolutely untenable assumptions—there were current in Genoa other and, as it invariably happens in such cases, contradictory beliefs and traditions. According to one the *Catino* had passed into the possession of King Herod, who intended to make use of it at the Passover, but that, as he did not return to Jerusalem in time for the festival, Jesus held the Last Supper in the very hall prepared for Herod. According to another tradition the Genoese acquired the *Catino*, not by conquest, but as a gift from Baldwin, the Frankish buccaneer Emperor of Constantinople (1204), in recognition of their military achievements and commercial enterprise in those days. All this, and much else, of the same alloy, should not appear to us strange (as Bossi, to whom I shall frequently refer, remarks with caustic humour), when we recollect that we are in presence of the fanciful creations of a city in which Jacques de Voragine composed his *Légende Dorée*. Bossi adds that in a Book of Hours for the Holy Week, which was in the hands of everyone in Genoa towards the beginning of last century, it was recorded that in the Church of St. Dominic there was preserved and venerated the tail of the ass on which Jesus rode into Jerusalem. Treasures of this kind are mentioned also in a work on Genoa,[1] by Ratti, who did not neglect to give an illustration of the *Catino*, and to describe it, adding, on the authority of Caffaro (an early but most unreliable historian), that it was the personal loot, at the taking of Cæsareia, of Guilelmo Embriaco, and was by him presented to the Cathedral.

Anyhow, there the *Catino* remained for several generations, treasured, along with other similar objects of veneration, which Fra Gaetano diligently enumerates, as manifestations of heavenly recognition and recompense of the City's heroic and pious deeds. And the Republic, conscious of this celestial favour, had enacted most stringent laws for the safe-keeping of the *Catino*. The keys of its special cupboard, let into the thickness of the wall of the Cathedral, were confided to some of the most distinguished citizens, who, under pain of terrible punishment, never allowed them out

[1] *Instruzione di quanto può vedersi di piu bello in Genova*; reprinted in 1780 by Gravier.

of their hands. The sacred vessel was exposed to the gaze of the faithful only once a year, placed at a becoming distance, on an elevated pedestal, and held with a cord tied to it by members of the clergy, while the *Clavigeri*, the knights specially told off to guard it, stood around. Only kings, princes and grandees were allowed reverently to touch the relic. No one else was permitted to scrutinise it at close quarters. Under pain of death or heavy fine—as the case might require—no one dare apply gold, silver, coral, or any other such substance to the body of the *Catino*. And by a decree of May, 1476, the Republic prescribed that no unbeliever or other curious person be allowed to examine whether the vase was of emerald, or not. "Moreover," Fra Gaetano significantly adds, "to admit of curiosity inquiring into sacred things is, to say the least of it, a sign of but lukewarm piety." Besides, there was the certificate of the guild of jewellers (apparently as ignorant of lithology as they were subservient to legends and the interests of the clergy), who vouched that the *Catino* was a true emerald. As such, and in spite of the draconian regulations just referred to, it was pawned, for the sum of 1,200 marks of gold, to Cardinal Luca Fiesco when in 1319 Genoa was besieged by the Ghibelins, and was redeemed later.

Those, however, who in more recent times were favoured with a private view of the *Catino* were not so appreciative of its intrinsic value. The learned author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, the Abbé Barthélemy, formed the opinion, at first sight, that it was of glass, having observed in it several bubbles and air globules, such as never occur in a precious stone. He prudently dissimulated, and wrote M. de Caylus that he did not "*laisser pénétrer des soupçons, qui auraient pu lui couter cher*"—especially as he was an Abbé. But on his return to Paris he published what he thought of it in his *Voyage en Italie* (p. 18). Later M. de La Condamine was also allowed to look at the *Catino*, but at a respectful distance, and by candlelight—as it was usually exhibited, be it remarked. He states (*Mem. de l'Ac. des Sciences*, 1757, p. 340) that whereas he could discover none of those cloudy and crystal-like faults of transparency so common in emeralds and other precious stones of a certain size, he clearly distinguished several small round and oval air bubbles

and globules such as are generally noticed in glass, white or coloured. This view of the matter was endorsed by Winkelmann.[1] La Condamine's opinion was further confirmed by the celebrated mineralogist Dolomieu, who, in his treatise on Emeralds (*Mag. Encycl.*, i. 17) proved conclusively that the *smaragdes* of extraordinary size mentioned by ancient authors were really green jasper, green gypsum, or fluor spar; that the ancients themselves knew how to distinguish the real emerald from the *pseudo-smaragdus* and the *silex prasius;* and that the supposed enormous emeralds treasured in certain churches were nothing but glass imitations, or fluor spars.

Although these statements left hardly a doubt, and although in the opinion of all lithologists the largest known emeralds do not approach, by a long way, the dimensions of the *Catino*, the authorities of the Bibliothèque Impériale were anxious to ascertain officially whether the vase entrusted to their keeping was a precious stone of inestimable value, or simply a glass vessel of artistic merit. A commission was therefore appointed, consisting of three members of the Institut, MM. Guyton, Vauquelin, and Hauy. After a most careful and searching investigation they unanimously reported that the *Catino* was cast glass, of a dull olive shade, that several air bubbles were clearly visible in it, as well as the markings of the wheel on the outer surface, and the soldering of the upper basin-like portion, with its foot or basis. The upper part is of an hexagonal shape, measuring 326 millimetres across, and rests on a circular basis, the whole being eighty-one millimetres in height, with two delicately worked handles, placed under two opposite sides of the hexagonal basin. It has no ornament, nor any trace of Christian or Jewish symbol or inscription. It is of a sober and plain, but most elegantly classic form.

M. Millin, while accepting these facts, expressed the opinion that the *Catino* was probably of Oriental origin, and most likely of Byzantine manufacture. This latter opinion, however, was strongly combated by the Chevalier de Bossi, an archæologist of

[1] "*Gli editori del* Mercure de France, *août* 1757, p. 149, *vogliono che sia pure d'una pasta di vetro un vaso di grandezza considerabile, che si mostra in Genova, e si pretende di smeraldo; quale non può essere, vedendosi pieno di gonfietti, e di bolle.*" *Hist. dell' Arte*, Roma, 1783, vol. i., p. 41.

merit and an able art critic, who, as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Cisalpine Republic, had resided in Genoa, and had been allowed to see the *Catino*, in circumstances similar to those of the Abbé Barthélemy, and with the same resultant feelings and conclusions. On the appearance of Millin's article, Bossi published a voluminous and learned treatise,[1] in which he examined the whole matter minutely and scrupulously, and, after an enquiry into the history of glass-manufacture in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome—an enquiry of great erudition and deep research—he demonstrates that the art had declined in Byzantine times, and that there is not a single specimen of Byzantine glass extant which can compare to the *Catino*. Its graceful and symmetrical form, full of elegance, exquisite taste, and simple dignity, its style and workmanship, all attest its being a product of Græco-Roman art. Indeed he adduces examples of similar, though smaller, hexagonal glass vases of indisputably Roman *provenance*, and he concludes by proving that the *Catino* was nothing else than one of those vessels which were used ceremoniously by the Romans for the washing of the hands and which were known as *malluvia*.

The illustrations of the *Catino* from three different points of view, which Bossi appends to his treatise, and which are far more accurate than the figures accompanying the works of Fra Gaetano and Ratti, leave no doubt that we are in the presence of an Art still inspired by classic tradition and feeling, and that this vase cannot be of a date later than the first century before the Christian era. But it bears no trace of any connection with Jewish or Christian life, and is simply one of those ancient remains, which, owing to their irresistibly striking appearance, attracted special attention even in an age of rudeness, superstition and ignorance of the history of art, and were thus invested with sanctity and veneration as soon as they were brought into connection with the service of the Church. Personally I know from my experience of the near East that objects of old and recondite workmanship are preferably used in such services. And Bossi enumerates several so-called sapphire cups which are

[1] *Observations sur le Vase que l'on conservait à Gênes sous le nom de* Sacro Catino, *et sur la Note publiée sur ce Vase par Mr. Millin*, Turin, 1807, 8°, xxiv.+234 pp. and 2 pl.

nothing but old Græco-Roman coloured glasses, although treasured as precious stones in various Continental Cathedrals: one at St. Mark's, Venice; another at Mayence; a third at Cologne; and a fourth in the Church at Monza. This one Bossi had more than once in his hands and never doubted its being coloured glass, albeit of extraordinary beauty. It was then held to be a crime to question the almost supernatural attributes and powers of that cup. He therefore held his peace. But when the French Revolution forced a modicum of light and reason within the recesses of sacristies, Bossi felt free to give vent to the following rational reflections:

"*La crédulité, fondée sur l'ignorance et sur le dépérissement des arts les plus utiles, et le goût du peuple pour l'extraordinaire et le merveilleux, peuvent seules rendre raison de ce phénomène moral, et de la facilité avec laquelle tant de fausses croyances se sont établies. Il faut ajouter à cela, que la religion, ou même la superstition, s'en est mêlée quelques fois; que ces vases très-précieux, quoique dépouillés de leur qualité originaire supposée, n'ont été trouvés dans les derniers tems, que dans les tresors, ou les sacristies de quelque église, où le sentiment de vénération se mêlait souvent, et se confondait avec celui de l'admiration, et étouffait toujours l'esprit de curiosité et d'observation; qu'en fin l'on fit passer quelque fois ces vases pour des miracles, ce qui suffisait pour détourner le naturaliste, et pour écarter l'observateur le plus sçavant et le plus impartial.*"

I have been led to make this summary of the prolonged but illuminating controversy over the *Catino*, not in any hostile spirit towards the statements respecting the Glastonbury Dish; but because it appeared to me that there are certain points of close resemblance between the two cases, and that perhaps a knowledge of the facts relating to the Genoa *Catino* might assist in elucidating what remains to be known about the glass vase picked up at Bordighera—not far from that city. Perhaps an inquiry conducted on the scientific lines which have resulted in proving the *Catino* to have been originally a ***malluvium***, might throw more light on the origin and use of the Glastonbury Dish.

I. GENNADIUS.

THE HEART OF THE GREEK CHURCH

THREE LEGENDS OF THE VIRGIN

I.

Mater Dolorosa

Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.

The church has been destroyed by Moslem hands. Columns of smoke rise where the golden columns reared themselves. Piles of ashes, fragments of stone, of painted wood, lie on the floor. The lofty windows are broken, the rain pours in. Dead are the faithful defenders; empty are the villages in the plains beyond. . .

In the dark one small light still shines; forgotten because it was so small that the glare of the fire hid its gleam. . . It shines on the holy image of the Virgin. Her pale face shed its light over the ruins and the corpses; tears, tears shine in Her eyes; and the blessed hands are stretched out in a gesture of unearthly sorrow.

For She weeps over the sorrow which awaits the sinners, and Her heart prays for forgiveness for those who knew not their own sin.[1]

II.

Zastoupnitza the Defender[2]

Terrible was the path of the Mongols. The Russian warriors had fallen; their cities were destroyed; their churches, their riches, their wives and daughters were the prey of the Great Khan. Dead lay the babes, the hope of Russia; and only rivers of blood and seas of flame marked the spots where her strongholds had stood.

[1] From the Servian; a free translation.

[2] From the old Russian epoch, the times of the Mongol yoke.

It was all over for her. No mercy for her, neither to the old, nor to the new-born babes. *Vae victis!*

But one city still stands. Blooming gardens, the golden cupola of a church, look over the walls.

"Down, down! Come out with gifts, with presents!"

"No!" the Boyards say: "No! God will save us from this last shame."

But down comes the wall; dead the proud Slavs lie. The Khan enters the church. All has been torn down, jewels, gold, silver; one image only still gleams in the dark recess of the sanctuary, in the depth of the wall. The Khan springs on the heaped corpses. Sword in hand he lifts his eyes to the icon. "O gods, what is that?"

Immense, shining with unearthly light, pale but loving, She stands, the Virgin Mother of the World, and Her look transfixes him on the spot. Down bows the proud head, the Khan drops the sword and, turning, he leaves the temple, the city, the land.

O Mother, most pure! In these past years of pain, of sadness, of terror, among ruins, amidst dust and ashes, over our conquered country, over the land that God has tried so hard, Thou hast stretched Thy hands, and now as then the Indestructible Wall[1] still stands on the high Dnieper shore, and the Virgin prays still for us.

III.

The Icon of the Mother

In April, 1904, before leaving for the front, we went with a few friends to have a last look at the Indestructible Wall in its temple, and at the wonderful image of the Mother of the World in the new Cathedral of Wladimir, at Kieff. Glorious sunshine bathed the splendid church, one of the finest monuments of modern religious art in Russia. In the darkness and silence of the sanctuary, in supernatural greatness, shone the image of the Virgin with the Divine Child.

A young peasant woman, of a rarely pure Slavonic type, so beautiful in its severe lines (the *old* Russian type), stood praying.

[1] "The Indestructible Wall," from a poem of M. K. It is still to be seen in the Church of Yaroslav the Wise, at Kieff.

Around her all was light, and the vibrations of that fervent prayer seemed to blend with the sunshine in one harmony of joy, though her eyes were sad.

She fixed them on the Virgin's face, forgetful of all else. We stood in silence for a long time.

"Do you know," said my friend, "how that image has been painted? The legend runs that the artist had looked fixedly at the wall just as this woman does, musing on his divine task, when on the dark rough ground out came the outlines of a Woman's figure, of the Child's head. And there She stood as She stands now."

A RUSSIAN.

AN EXPERIENCE OF COLOUR IN MUSIC

TAKING up an old number of the REVIEW the other day I noticed a reference to the fact that Carmen Sylva had stated that often while listening to music she saw it rendered in colour. It occurred then to me that if I related one of my own experiences with music, it might elicit from some more experienced student further information on the co-relation of sound-form and colour in music.

As far as I know, there is little or no literature on the subject, though a few plates are given in *Thought-Forms*, which interested me much, as they were published after the experience which I am about to relate.

For years I have with various composers seen various vague colour-effects. With Beethoven's music, however, they appear more definite in form; and it is his C minor Symphony, especially, which seems to hold for me the key of the enchanted garden.

When I speak of a garden and of flowers and trees, I do not mean that actual flowers and trees are formed; but I know of no other way of expressing what I see. It is like looking at a landscape garden, where the effect is due to thick masses of colour and not to the individual flowers or trees.

Great difficulty confronts me in trying to set down clearly what I see, for it is a duality of experience. I not only view the colour-forms from my seat in the audience, but also I seem to move about amongst the audience watching *their* effect on the music.

It was once in the Queen's Hall, with a particularly sympathetic audience, towards the end of the first movement of the Symphony, that the hall and orchestra seemed mere shadowy phantoms, and the real world of colour began to grow. It began in vague clouds, rising from the orchestra, as it were, in bands or ribbons of mixed, indefinite colouring.

As the second movement proceeded all the clouds changed and took definite forms and definite colours; and the garden began to grow, the trees and flowers being built up by the sounds from different instruments. The lighter tracery of leaves and fern-like forms and flowers were built by the violins, and the structure of heavier type by the 'cellos and basses, while the trunks and branches of the trees seemed to grow from the brass instruments.

The difference between the major and minor key was very marked; the major gave clear, well-defined colours, while the minor gave much brighter colours, though more mixed.

The predominant colours were deep red, rose, blue, and greens of every shade. The red was somewhat muddy; the rose bright and clear; and the blue clear, and of a royal colour in some parts, and in others muddy and mixed with brown; the green was very varied, and very brilliant. The whole seemed suffused with yellow, of a very bright and golden hue; this pervaded the whole, and was never in masses as were the other colours. The colours are very difficult to describe, as the brilliancy is beyond anything on the physical plane that I have seen.

At the beginning the colours appeared to originate from one common centre, rise upwards to a certain point, and then arch and go back again to the centre. It was not until the end of the second movement of the Symphony that they gathered strength enough to rise straight up, and pass out of sight.

The audience seemed largely to affect the colour and tone

taken by the forms built up by the music, partly by their mental attitude, but more particularly by the colour-rays which surround and which emanate from each individual. So that with different audiences the effect of the music would be different, and the colouring varied.

The rays appeared to stream out from the listeners towards the forms that were being built; but when the mind was indefinite or the colour of the ray sent out muddy, on reaching the music-forms they turned back to those who sent them, as if they were inharmonious or uncongenial, and could not be used. Only those listeners who sent out clear rays helped the colouring of the music-forms. As the theme proceeded the colours became brighter and clearer, the yellow becoming more golden. From the forms the colour streamed right up into space, and the whole atmosphere became suffused with golden light. Then a most wonderful effect was produced, as if the outpouring of the colour below were answered by a downpouring of golden light from above. It streamed down and enfolded those who helped to build up the colour of the music-forms; but round those whose rays turned back to them, there appeared to be a wall through which the golden light could not penetrate.

I do not know how long this continued after the orchestra had ceased, as the applause which followed—for me, at any rate—shattered the whole.

JULIA DUPUIS.

ONE may make a solitude in the depths of his own heart, in the midst of a dissipated and worldly life. He may also, when his isolation becomes oppressive, people that solitude with beings after his own heart, and adapted solely to his purposes.

THE qualities destined for the happiness of others remain too often unused; like charming letters which have never been sent.

SOMETIMES we must not question our friends, lest we learn what we should not, or tempt them to deceive us.

MME. SWETCHINE.

MOODS DO NOT MATTER

CAN anyone have read Mrs. Besant's article on "Spiritual Darkness" without having been struck by her statement that "moods do not matter"? Yet when thought over, how true it appears. Personally I know of no other single sentence which has proved so helpful in the time of need, or which has made it more possible to cling passively to one's ideal when anything in the shape of determined effort has seemed out of the question, owing to interest having temporarily abated. Remembering, however, that "moods do not matter," we can withdraw ourselves from the lower personality and patiently wait for the cloud to pass, feeling sure that ere long the sun will shine again, that the more permanent part of ourselves will eventually conquer, and that we shall once more be able to go forward to do and to dare.

"Moods do not matter." What a source of strength to realise this, how helpful to recall it when all is chaos within; how heartening to recall it when we feel almost in despair, when everything seems to go wrong; how soothing when we are ruffled, perhaps even cross; how encouraging when we begin to fancy it is of no use for us to try at all. At such times the temptation comes to put off all our striving; we try to persuade ourselves that by and by it will be easier. Ah, how it helps us at such a time as this suddenly to remember that after all "moods do not matter"! 'Tis strange for what a very great deal our moods count sometimes, they seem to make all the difference between hope and despair; we so often forget that they are but a passing phase of the lower personality, and are only as real as we care to make them.

"Moods do not matter." The very thought is a help and an inspiration. Surely the realising that our present sad condition is but a temporary state of affairs, is bound to cheer, even if it does not bring about an immediate recovery. During calm con-

sideration, we cannot help seeing that moods could not possibly matter; they are but variations of the least permanent part of our belongings; but we have been so used to think of our bodies as ourselves, to accept their feelings as our own, that it is not always an easy matter to shake ourselves free from the illusion. And if we are content to remain thus bound during the smooth passages, what wonder if the full toll be exacted during the rougher parts of life! Only those who rest upon the bosom of the Masters of Compassion, who have surrendered to the full all idea of having anything of their own, can be free from the thraldom of moods.

"Moods do not matter." At first sight it seems too good to be true, so much do they seem to matter. It seems impossible; we hardly dare to believe it. Surely it is too much to expect so great a deliverance? We recall moods which have made us feel as if all interest had fled, and as if it were vain to hope ever to be better; we have hated and despised ourselves for the backsliding, but have yet felt it impossible to put forth any exertion. All the world has seemed against us, and we have felt thoroughly disheartened.

We may, perhaps, have attained to the position from which we can clearly see that the cause of this temporary change is within; we can see that it is merely our outlook which has altered, but the knowledge has not brought us much comfort. Curious indeed is it to reflect what a very small amount of comfort an intellectual concept brings at such times. It is just then that these words of Mrs. Besant's are so valuable. At such times we are as the instrument when it refuses to answer to the touch, or like the runaway horse with the bit between its teeth, careering on at its own mad will; the rider, having tried his hardest to draw rein, can but sit back and do his best to avoid an accident. If we cannot go about our work with the cheerfulness we feel we should, we can at least check any expression of irritation or temper which is very likely to well up at such times—a passive sort of conduct certainly, but still good in its way.

"Moods do not matter." At least they do not so long as our faces are set forward; for then, when a storm comes, we have knowledge in place of ignorance, we know why the events have

happened, and we are no longer afraid. The storm is only transitory; it will not last. We know that sooner or later we shall regain our normal condition; and we can, therefore, wait in patience, knowing that such things must be whilst Nature continues to move in cycles with rhythmic alternation. Knowing also that our present darkness is in proportion to the manner in which we have enjoyed the light, we can stand apart measuring the depth of the night, studying it and examining it as to its nature; and so learn to avoid the cause by modifying our inward exultation when the time comes for another modicum of pleasure to be served out to us; for it is just as necessary to keep a cool head and not be thrown off our guard then as at any other time.

A mood only matters, Mrs. Besant says, when, it having passed, we are found to have given up, unable to bear the strain. So long as we are found clinging to our post when the storm has ceased and the waves have receded, still there, although bruised and breathless, even fainting, then no harm has been done, no sin incurred. To fail is but human, and therefore inevitable so far as we are concerned, but it matters not; in fact, our failures are but a source of strength and a means of growth if taken in the proper way, and not grieved about over much.

W. E. MARSH.

LET us resist the opinions of the world fearlessly, provided only that our self-respect grows in proportion to our indifference.

THE most dangerous of all flatteries is the inferiority of those about us.

How can that gift leave a trace, which has left no void?

WHEN Charity commands us to love indifferent persons "as ourselves," it doubtless authorises us to love our friends better.

IT is marvellous how much cannot be done by those who can do everything.

THE world can pity you for what you lose; never for what you lack.

MME. SWETCHINE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Reincarnation and Karma

To the Editor, The Theosophical Review

Dear Mr. Editor,

I agree with Mr. Orage that for some members of the Theosophical Society to begin a "systematic attack" upon the problems of Reincarnation and Karma with a view to proving, if possible, these doctrines to a thinking public, is most desirable.

Mr. Orage puts two concise questions; first: "Why do we not remember our past lives?"

The question, however, which arises in my mind much more frequently is: Why *should* we remember our past lives? I think the modern presentation of the great Law of Return would be freed from many of the difficulties which are growing up around it, if believers would talk less crudely about associations between present-day people and certain personalities in the past. They bluntly say, "he was so-and-so," or speak about themselves being born again. Is this true? Is the real self *ever* born? Our various personalities are born from the same root of the same parentage, but I doubt if they bear any more *direct* relationship to each other than that of brethren—fellow members of one family, younger or older branches of one tree of life. At any rate this is how the facts of cyclic return appear in the eyes of some seers. If this be so how can we expect to *recall* the previous incarnations of our ego? My parent ego may have had many children before I was born, but can I expect to remember these births, births of my elder brethren? It is only the parent knows these.

Are we not taught that the connection between the various personalities is a very subtle link? Our poor brains! What would they be like if they were the links and had to register and retain all these myriad facts? That in some *subtle* way there is a link of memory, or rather a link of *instinct*, *capacity*, of *characteristics*, I think is shown by the marvels of child-prodigies now so enormously on the increase;

also by the cyclic return of national characteristics. Is not the link of blood rather than of mind?

If we wish to recover details of previous existences I think it would be well to try upon the lines of "sympathetic magic," always remembering that there is no direct link from one little personality to the next, except through the ego, so that we cannot bring ourselves into touch with a former existence, cannot transfer our present mind into the shell of our former mind, except along some such fundamental line as will carry us right back to the ego and out again into the previous existence.

Supposing the last incarnation of my ego was Egyptian, what likelihood is there of my reawakening the facts of that birth and transferring them to my present brain, without my visiting Egypt, or seeing something which would mould my mind-stuff into *similar* shapes to those of the former brain, and so create a channel for sympathetic magic to work with? The first time I handled a book on the Egyptian language the hieroglyphs appealed to me like old friends; they have a far more *familiar* look to me than any English letters have to this day.

The second occasion on which I saw Romish priests "dance" before their altar, I was intoxicated with a memory of how I used to "dance" before an altar. I had to clutch hold of the seat on which I was sitting and grind my teeth to prevent my memory from forcing me to join that sacred dance. I lost sight of the cathedral in which I was; I saw only the ancient temple and felt the heat of the climate.

The first time I witnessed such a "dance" I nearly went into hysterics, but I got no memory-link, no visions or ideas. It was not that the cathedral changed into a temple; I felt myself being sucked back into an awful whirlpool of life, and then, after losing consciousness for one moment, I proceeded forth again along some familiar track which seemed to lead to the land of Egypt.

Such deep-rooted tracks as language or ritual I think would be most suited for these experiments—tracks which exist in the mind-worlds century after century and are as *fundamental* as our egos themselves.

But I believe that when the power to retrace does come to people it is likely to come not merely as a memory or mind-picture, but as a compelling impulse to *repeat*. How many of us would wish to get switched on to a force which urges us to repeat past follies? How many of those who have experienced the sweep of power feel confident

of their own strength to *combat* it? How many of those who have been privileged to recall past existences have been unable to withstand the torrent and have fallen into grievous error, repeating at the dictate of an instinct, most subtle and most difficult to combat (being so easily mistaken for intuition), the vices of earlier days! Would a drunkard, struggling to cure himself of disease, thank you for a memory of his former cravings? Perhaps this is why a new mind each birth cuts off any memory of the past, except for those who have the strength for further fight.

Mr. Orage's second question is: "Why is man made to suffer for unremembered sin?"

In renewing our attack upon these problems would it be possible to leave out entirely the idea of the vindictive nature of the so-called Lords of Karma? Are we ever *punished?* Is man "made to suffer"? Can we not search more along the lines of world-wide cause and effect and less along the lines of personal suffering and retribution? Is the ebb and flow of the tides a punishment for the wickedness of the sea?

If man remembered all his sins (I should prefer to call them his previous activities) might he not develop into *too* cool and calculating a creature? We should all of us be looking up beforehand the exact price of our own pet indulgence! To be alert for the unexpected and prepared—is this not a far higher standard? Should we not learn *too* thoroughly to endure our pains if we saw clearly that they were the lawful price exacted for former delinquencies? I think it is in moments when we suffer intensely, and to our limited perception, *unjustly*, that we rise to glimpses of those higher possibilities which can raise man above all suffering, when the power of the Christ is stirred within us and He descends and baptises us with fire, then are our minds freed from the agony of all sin and suffering, and for the future every occurrence in daily life becomes an opportunity for rejoicing, neither a reward nor a punishment but a stepping-stone to Glory. Then by unattached action do we begin to build up a new vehicle for rest and consciousness.

I am sorry I cannot supply any of the much needed proofs. I think these will only be found after long and arduous work upon the subject. I only submit one or two ideas which have been a great help to me in the study of these problems.

In connection with your most instructive article entitled "Adumbrations," where you suggest that anyone who is being "enformed as

to substance" might expect to begin to sense the passions of nature, it is interesting to note some curious items of folk-lore mentioned in a recent number of *The Hospital*. It is stated by old fisher folk that near the sea coast both birth and death most frequently occur at the turn of the tide. Astrologers tell us that to be born during the hours before midnight is rare, and that most births take place in the early hours of the morning. Every doctor knows that the most fatal time is just before dawn. Aristotle maintained that no creature died near the sea except at the ebbing of the tide.

It would seem from this that there are moments connected with the great activities of nature when the soul most easily attains liberation from the body—moments which are links between the great passions of nature and the little soul-life in man. If this is so, then it would be at such moments that the neophyte might hope most easily to effect an escape from his personal limitations and attain to some conscious experience of the activities of the Over-soul of man.

In connection with this we should note how in all times the hours of sunrise and sunset have been dedicated to worship and prayer. It seems as though the Great Instructors of mankind were again teaching us that these are moments when by aspiration we are most likely to attain to some realisation of greater powers. All the great religious festivals too are held at times when there is a turn in some great tide of nature-life.

Yours very truly,

X°.

The Glastonbury Dish

To the Editor, The Theosophical Review

Dear Sir,

There are certain errors of fact in the *Express* account of the "Cup" which I should be glad if you would allow me to correct. I had met Mr. Tudor Pole and corresponded with him on various occasions since his first visit to Glastonbury in the early part of 1904. Prior to this I had only met him "*once*." The "Cup," however, had formed no part of our conversations, and between 1900 and September, 1906, I did not myself believe that it was at Glastonbury.

The story of my purchase of the "Cup" is fairly correct, but the price paid was about £3, and not £6, as reported. In my experience at Paris in 1897, not 1896, I was *not* told that this was "the 'Cup' used at the Last Supper," but simply that it was "*the Cup carried by*

Jesus the Christ." I was directed to take it to Bride's Hill, Glastonbury, a place which I had never visited. The concluding phrase of my directions runs:

"*Later, a young girl will make a pure offering of herself at the spot where you laid down the 'Cup,' and this shall be a sign to you.*"

This "sign" was given by Miss Tudor Pole last summer, but I did not at the time know to what it referred, nor did I connect it directly with the "Cup."

"The "Cup" was *not* "sent to me by my father," but brought to me by my sister some time after my father's death.

The place of deposit is neither a "well nor a spring," but a sluice, locally a "clyce," under a thorn by the river Brue, and I have visited it annually since 1898, except in 1905. In 1900 the clyce had obviously been to a great extent cleaned out. In 1902 I was accompanied by a friend who had had the entire spot most elaborately described to her when a child by an old clergyman then residing in Bath. She had herself made no previous visit to the Thorn.

In 1899 the late William Sharp published the *Divine Adventure*, which contains his own vision of the Thorn. On August 1st, 1904, he paid his first visit to Glastonbury in company with myself. In the clyce we found a small token left there by Miss Tudor Pole, and returned it next day to her with such tokens of thanks as we deemed suitable.

On September 2nd, last year, friends of Miss Tudor Pole's saw the "Cup" and left it beneath the Thorn. On the 25th they called on myself and informed me, much to my surprise. of what they had seen. On the 29th Mr. Tudor Pole and his sister called upon the same matter, and I gave them a full outline of all facts within my own knowledge, warning them at the same time that my story was one which they could not expect any sane person to accept unless it had full and ample corroboration elsewhere. It says no little for Miss Tudor Pole's entire faith in her brother's visions that two days later she went by herself to Glastonbury, and on a chill, rainy, October day waded into deep and peculiarly unpleasant mud,—found at once the object of her search with her feet, and carried it home with her.

One last note; I have *no* reason for supposing that the "Cup" was ever at Glastonbury before I myself took it there, nor have I any reason for connecting it directly with the Joseph of Arimathea legend.

Yours very sincerely, J. A. GOODCHILD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A History of Human Aspiration

The Moral Ideal: A Historic Study. By Julia Wedgwood. (London; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; 1907.)

This is a revised edition of Miss Wedgwood's work, of which the first edition appeared some twenty years ago. A new chapter—"Egypt the Earliest Nation"—has been added, and the rest of the matter has been largely rewritten. The scope and intention of Miss Wedgwood's thoughtful studies may be seen from the following passage (p. 460):

"If modern democracy has not helped us towards an ideal, it is perhaps because, with all its hatred of imitations, it is still too narrow. As the City ignored the aims of the alien and the slave, as the Church opposed the beliefs of the heretic and the pagan, so the democracy of to-day ignores the aims and beliefs of those myriads whom we call the dead. It is severe on those who take account of the beliefs only of their own country, but refuses to take account of any beliefs except those of its own age. The human ideal recognises no such limitations. It must inherit and develop the legacy of the past. It must include the view of remote ages as well as of remote countries. Whatever is true in Indian Pantheism, in Persian Dualism, in the rhythmic moral balance of Greece, in Roman reverence for law, in that searching after some solution of the problem of Evil which formed the bridge between the classical and Christian world, and in all those Christian systems which 'have their day and cease to be'—all this must be incorporated in any ideal which is to represent the aspirations of humanity. The selective spirit of the past must itself find a place side by side with the collective spirit of the present."

With this view we are in hearty sympathy, and congratulate Miss Wedgwood on the impartial and judicious way in which she has treated a subject of vast range and great difficulty. The book is remarkable for the care with which it has been edited; it shows distinct signs of wide reading and an instinct for the best authorities, and at the sa me time an erudition that is seldom met with in a book

of this nature when written by a woman. Miss Wedgwood, moreover, has an independent mind and does not slavishly echo her authorities. We have read the book with pleasure, and note also the excellence of the index.

In our copy, signature K is misplaced; we hope it is a solitary error of the binder's. G. R. S. M.

The Morality of Nature

Morale de la Nature. Par M. Deshumbert. (London: D. Nutt; 1907.)

"People are as a rule better than is believed, and the difficulty is not in general to induce them to do good, since nearly everybody desires to do so, but to be able to say to them with certainty: 'This is good, this is bad.'" With these words the author concludes his first chapter, after having pointed out the fluctuating connotation of *good* and *bad* in different countries and at different times. His object is, then, to find a sure criterion of good and bad. And the definitions at which he arrives at length are as follows: "The Good is all that contributes to an increase of Life, to the full development, physical, intellectual, æsthetic and moral, to the use of all our activities [faculties?], to the harmonious unfoldment of all Being, in us and in others. The Bad is all that which diminishes Life, all that which impedes this full development, this harmonious unfoldment."

Now, it is obvious that such definitions do not remove the vagueness of the connotation which is associated with the good and bad relatively to practical life, but only conjure up the further question as to what enlarges or diminishes Life, which question in turn presupposes a full comprehension of the nature of Life. The author simply assumes that the latter is something self-understood. Indeed, the fact that he bases his views on the materialistic standpoint of evolution shows that he has not yet a ghost of an idea of what taking nothing for granted really means.

How do we know of Nature or Life at all? Certainly only to the extent to which we realise ourselves. It is perfectly obvious that Nature cannot be conceived as absolutely independent of us, inasmuch as the We has the connotation of mental activity. If I am asleep or dead, then it is others that take notice of Nature. The point is that Nature is thinkable only as the record of mental activity in so far as this is focussed in conscious beings. Well then, on what authority is it assumed that Nature is prior to us as thinkers, that we

are only her product, a developed protoplasm? Does not such an assumption only amount to an elevation of an intellectual inference, *i.e.*, of our own mental product, to the rank of our progenitor? In short, do we not thus reverse the relationship between father and son?

Seeing that Nature or Life is only a fragmentary or one-sided exposition of what we are in ourselves, it is utterly absurd to found moral teaching on external authority. Morality of Nature is a misnomer, since Nature stands in truth only for our self-forgetfulness, and thus is at best only our shadow. One has only to open his eyes in order to see that, in trying to realise the purpose of Nature, he is already presupposing a certain degree of self-realisation. The inferred morality is not derived from Nature, but only is ignorantly read into Nature. Taken *per se*, Nature is non-moral. In other words, Morality is man's endeavour to attain self-knowledge.

This makes it plain that a lengthy discourse on the purpose of Nature cannot elucidate the nature of good and bad. The criterion is found inarticulate in our innate thirst for realising our fulness. In order to make it articulate, we must attain a full comprehension of our Being. Such is the supreme Good. It follows that the Bad refers to all that makes man satisfied with ignorance in all its shapes. He is truly good who has no rest until he reaches ultimate insight. Those who seek virtue in a modest bearing of their ignorance and indeed are irritated by the very proclamation of our true birthright to perfect knowledge as something conceited, are in truth bad.

From the standpoint of practical life, the good can mean only to do what one estimates good. And who does otherwise? All activity is essentially divine activity and therefore good. The bad refers from this standpoint only to the condemnations of short-sighted intellect. Browning says rightly:

> The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound.

F. S.

The Golden Verses in French

Les Vers Dorés de Pythagore. Expliqués et traduits en français, et précédés d'un Discours sur l'Essence et la Forme de la Poésie chez les principaux Peuples de la Terre. Par Fabre D'Olivet. Nouvelle Édition augmentée et suivie des Commentaires d'Hiéroclès . . . traduits en français par A. Dacier. (Paris: Lucien Bodin; 1907.)

Fabre D'Olivet has enjoyed in certain circles of Éliphas Lévi

admirers in Paris the reputation of being a person of considerable learning and of profound occult knowledge. Whether the present reprint is due to a continuance of this admiration, or is owing to a revived interest in Pythagorean studies, we are unable to say, but we hope it is significant of the latter cause.

The book before us is a thick volume of upwards 600 pages; of these the first 175 are devoted to a discursive discourse on the essence and form of poetry, and the last 175 to a reprint of Dacier's translation of Hierocles' commentaries on the Golden Verses of Lysis.

The "Discours" is designed to put the reader into the right frame of mind to appreciate the blank verse into which M. Fabre D'Olivet has translated the Golden Verses—though they cannot exactly be said to be translated, but rather for the most part freely paraphrased. This, it is true, brings out strongly one of the meanings; but not infrequently it obscures the others, and in general modernises the thought overmuch.

With much the author has to say as to the nature of ancient poetry and the art of allegory we are in agreement, and we cordially support his campaign against rhyming in great verse—an especial weakness in France. On p. 65 he writes:

"The nation that rhymes its verses will never reach the height of poetic perfection; the true *épopée* will never flourish in its heart. It will understand neither the inspired accents of Orpheus, nor the alluring and impassioned accords of Homer. Far from drinking of the genius of allegory at its source, and receiving primary inspiration, it will become acquainted with not even secondary inspiration. Its poets will laboriously polish a few impassioned or descriptive verses, and will give the name of beautiful to works which are only well made."

With regard to the inspired poetry of Greece, M. Fabre D'Olivet's view is that this poetry, which was entirely of the higher mind in its origin, and destined to be the language of the gods, owed its first development to Orpheus, its second to Homer, and its last to Æschylus.

His version of the Golden Verses is accompanied with a series of "examinations" which are frequently of interest and conceived in a philosophical spirit. The general style of exegesis may be seen from the following favourable passage (p. 256):

"In sensation good and evil are called pleasure or pain; in feeling,

love or hating; in intelligent sense, truth or error. Sensation, feeling and intelligent sense, residing in the body, soul and mind, form a ternary, which in its evolution towards a relative unity constitutes the human quaternary, or Man considered abstractly."

The scholarship of the book is not quite what we expect nowadays, and whether it be due to the carelessness of the present editor, or is owing to the original edition, the Greek is full of errors and the notes full of misprints. Why, again, does M. Fabre D'Olivet always write the elsewhere unknown Krishnen. There is a vernacular Kishen, but we have never met with Krishnen before for Kṛishṇa? He also seems to think that Kong-tsée is the correct transliteration of Confucius (Kongfu-tsŭ). Kong-tsée is probably intended for Chuang-tsŭ in M. Fabre D'Olivet's sources.

Our author, again, who devoted a long work to the "restoration" of the Hebrew language, has a most annoying habit of deriving Greek names and technical terms from Phœnician,—which is, to say the least of it, a *bizarre* proceeding.

Again, he adopts from Wilford most of the wild speculations in the earliest numbers of the *Asiatick Researches*, on the influence of India on Greece, and has to go back to Anquetil du Perron for his information on the Zend books. Indeed, much of this side of his work is entirely out of date; and it is unnecessary to criticise it in detail.

On the whole, it may be said that, like almost all of the works of this nature at that date, the general *flair* is right, but the means employed in supporting the contentions are for the most part no longer convincing, when not demonstrably erroneous.

The fact, however, that such a book has been reprinted may show that interest in the subject is growing; and we sincerely hope that younger men, of right intuitions and well trained in modern methods, will be found, not only in France but elsewhere, to bring about a true renascence of such studies, so that the best of antiquity may be given back to the present age in such modes that memory may be restored, and with the restoration of memory the dawn of a true realisation of the living ideas that inspired the greatest thinkers of the past.

G. R. S. M.

Mrs. Besant's Recent Lectures

London Lectures of 1907. By Annie Besant. (London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 2s. net.)

These are some of the recent lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant in

London. There are nine of them. Part I. consists of three lectures given to the general public, on Sunday evenings, in the smaller Queen's Hall, and are in, our opinion, the best of the nine. They are entitled: "Psychism and Spirituality"; "The Place of Masters in Religion"; and "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society." Part II. is a series of four, given to the members of the Society at Essex Hall, the subjects being: "The Place of Phenomena in the Theosophical Society"; "Spiritual and Temporal Authority"; "The Relation of the Masters to the Theosophical Society"; and "The Future of the Theosophical Society." These lectures set forth Mrs. Besant's views and beliefs in general terms as bearing on recent matters of controversy, and were listened to and will be read with varying emotions, in proportion as the readers, according to their knowledge or ignorance, agree with or dissent from Mrs. Besant's statements and opinions. Part III. contains the public address in the large Queen's Hall, on Mrs. Besant's taking office as President of the Society, and deals with "The Value of Theosophy in the World of Thought"; and Part IV. reproduces the concluding Address of Mrs. Besant when presiding over the recent Convention of the British Section at Essex Hall.

G. R. S. M.

A Useful Brochure on H. P. B.

H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom. By Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1s.)

There is a tradition among people who not only do not investigate but who do not even read for themselves, that somehow or other a certain Report—in which a Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, some twenty-two years ago, adopted the one-sided investigations and speculations of the late Dr. Hodgson concerning certain occult phenomena connected with H. P. Blavatsky—disposes once for all of the question, and proves Madame Blavatsky to have been one of the most unscrupulous and clumsy frauds of the ages. This Report has continued to live owing to the success of the movement which this bitterly slandered lady was most instrumental in founding; but the numerous answers to its aspersions, and denials of its assertions, have long been out of print, or remain hidden away in the periodicals of the time, so that it is difficult for any but the most

determined investigator to get at them. It may have been unwise to have allowed these documents to go out of print; but that only shows how little the members of the Theosophical Society have been disturbed by this notorious Report. They have had other things to think of and have reached their conclusions on other lines. Mrs. Besant has ably summarised the salient points and sworn declarations contained in these forgotten documents, and we have thus in a convenient and inexpensive form a very useful brochure that cannot fail to make every honest investigator, not so much passively hesitate before handing on the myth of H. P. B.'s fraud, but rather actively repudiate the utterly ignorant procedure adopted by Dr. Hodgson and endorsed by his colleagues, and the manifest prejudice and unfairness displayed in the whole matter.

G. R. S. M.

AN INDEX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

Index to the Third Volume of Madame H. P. Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine." For interleaving in the Index to the First and Second Volumes. (Auckland, N.Z.: The Theosophical Book Depôt, His Majesty's Arcade; 1907. Price 3s.)

WE are glad to receive this result of the industry of some of our colleagues in New Zealand. It consists of 47 loose pages, printed on one side only, and run on thin paper, for purposes of interleaving. The index is of the same character (though of a less elaborate nature) as the very full Index to Vols. I. and II., which it is intended to complete. The work of indexing seems to have been carefully done, and with regard to the substance of it we can have nothing but thanks to offer for a useful piece of work. As to the form, it is not apparent why the matter is printed on only one side. For interleaving purposes the fewer leaves to be inserted the better; it would, therefore, have considerably reduced the bulk to be inserted by printing on both sides even when they are of thin paper. What we cannot understand is that (1) the form of the page has not been kept uniform with the pages of *The Secret Doctrine;* (2) the style of the Index to Vols. I. and II. has been altered by the insertion of innumerable dashes; (3) the marking of the long-vowels in Sanskrit names and words has been omitted. The Index should, one would imagine, have been kept uniform, even if the exact type could not be reproduced.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, August. In this number is continued Col. Olcott's energetic lecture to the American Spiritualists. H. J. van Ginkel's "Great Pyramid" deals this month with the theories of Marsham Adams; N. E. David's interesting "Universal Brotherhood and Love in Israelitism" is also continued. Next we have Mrs. Besant's paper, "The Basis of the T.S.," published in our own July number; P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar's "Science of the Emotions"; and N. M. Desai's "Mazdean Symbolism"; and a few shorter papers with more or less reference to the present condition of the Society, upon which, however, nothing can be profitably said until events have shown more clearly what words are worth.

Theosophy in India, August, has a lecture by Mrs. Besant entitled "The Blending of the Temporal and Spiritual Functions," a blending which has always failed hitherto, wherever tried. We will hope that in her hands the renewed attempt may be as profitable as she anticipates. Miss Edger's "Studies in the Pedigree of Man" are continued, and Iris H. B. Preston opens a series, "First Steps to the Higher Life."

Central Hindu College Magazine, August; *Theosophy and New Thought*, August; both good numbers, but without anything calling for special remark.

The Vâhan, September, is occupied with correspondence as to the Vice-Presidency, and other matters arising out of the affairs of the Society, to the total exclusion of the "Enquirer." A study of the life of St. Columba, of Iona, forms in its peaceful sanctity a quaint contrast to the rest of the number.

The Lotus Journal, September. Here we have a portion of Mrs. Besant's lecture "Exertion or Destiny"; an interesting paper by Miss Whittaker on "Plant Morality and Sagacity"; "Mme. Blavatsky" and "Great Florentine Painters" are well continued; and "A Dream Story" is furnished by M. Sylvestre.

Revue Théosophique, July, gives what is stated to be a recent portrait of the President, but which surely fails to do justice to the sitter. Mrs. Besant's "Brotherhood of Religions" and Dr. Pascal's "Consciousness" are continued, whilst D. M. O. treats of "Psychic Powers and Spirituality," enforcing the ever-needful lesson that these have no necessary relation the one to the other.

De Theosofische Beweging, September, gives details of the condition of the Society from the Report at the last Adyar Convention, and notes of recent proceedings in England.

Theosophia, August and September. In these two numbers the leading articles are (besides "Old Diary Leaves"), "The Zodiac," by H. van Ginkel; Mrs. Besant's "Brotherhood of Religions"; the continuation of the translation of the "Hitopadesa"; an amusing paper by J. v. U., entitled "Great and Small"; and a serious study, "Hegel and Theosophy," by J. de Jager.

Also received with thanks: *Théosophie*, September; *Sophia*, August, with a story "The Initiation of Osmay," "The Author of the *Imitation of Christ*," and Mrs. Besant's "Sacrifice"; *Bolletino della S. Italiana; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Omatunto*, containing (amongst others) "Faith and Doubt," by V. H. V., "The Blessings of Ignorance," by Aate, and "What is Freewill?" by the Editor; *The Path is within You*, as to which magazine the Editor writes: "It is not Russian, but Bulgarian; there is a little difference between these two languages, though both are of Slavic origin. In the first page we give short paragraphs from *Light on the Path*, after which will come the *Voice of the Silence*. Next follow lectures or articles by Mrs. Besant. In every number we try to give a little story (allegorical and symbolical) and also something from renowned living authors, as C. Balmont (Russian), Maeterlinck, etc. We give also short biographies of historical mystics. In the last number we began to publish the lecture of our dear teacher on Islām, feeling the great necessity of a more loving treatment of the religion of our nearest neighbours, the Turks; as there is a great deal of ill-feeling between the two races." We think our readers will agree that this is an excellent programme, and will wish the magazine all success. *Theosophic Messenger*, for September, is occupied with the coming Convention, but reproduces Mr. Sinnett's article and the correspondence which it has provoked; *Theosophy in Australia; New Zealand Theosophical Magazine; Theosofisch Maandblad; The Message of Theosophy* (Rangoon); *La Verdad*.

Of magazines not our own we have to acknowledge: *Occult Review*, with a valuable discussion by Mr. Waite of the possibilities as to the Glastonbury Dish; *Modern Astrology*, in which Mrs. Leo treats of the Human Will, of course from the mystic side; *Siddhanta Deepika; The Dawn; Metaphysical Magazine; Notes and Queries; Herald of the Cross; Health Record*.

Development of the Spiritual Life, and the Life of a Householder, by

Annie Besant, is a neatly printed and well-got-up reprint, by the Kurnool Lodge, of lectures taken from the *Lotus Journal* and our own pages.

A Journalist's Dying Message to the World (I. Wooderson, 23, Oxford Street, price 3*d*.). This little book, of only sixteen pages, is one of great beauty and deep thought—the dying message of one who had learned how to die. He says: "It seems to me that these thoughts of mine—no, not of mine—these thoughts that Death has brought to me from the Great Beyond, may help some others who strive now as I have striven, who faint by the wayside as I too have fainted." To us it seems that he is thoroughly right, and that one who strives and faints, as *all* do who look upwards, cannot do better than learn from the author, Mr. H. G. Somerville, the secrets which made *his* death a peaceful and happy "passage into the Light."

Lo Spiritualismo Esoterico dell' Islām is a reprint from *Ultra* of the articles by Augusto Agabiti to which we directed our readers' favourable attention at the time they were published.

Ethics of National Prosperity, as enunciated by the Lord Buddha, is a short pamphlet published for free distribution by the Mahā-bodhi Society. It is well calculated to give to strangers an attractive impression of Buddhism as taught by the Tathāgato.

W.

A WOMAN who has never been pretty has never been young.

IF we might only use names how easy it would be for each of us to draw out a list of ninety and nine just persons whose safety causes less joy in heaven than the repentance of a single sinner!

WE want justice from strangers, but partiality from those we love. And the more such partiality transcends our deserts, the more evident is the source of so sweet a misconception.

"WHEN you enter the house of a blind man," says an Andalusian proverb, "shut your eyes."

MAN always exaggerates his own importance and underrates his own worth. (With this compare Goethe's saying: "A man always thinks too much of his talents and too little of himself.")

MME. SWETCHINE.

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