

THE
THEOSOPHICAL
REVIEW

VOL. XXXI

FEBRUARY 15, 1903

No. 186

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is an instructive article in *The Tablet* for January 3rd, on "Christianity in India," written by a thoughtful Hindu, Mr. Brahmandhava Upadhyaya, who is a zealous convert to Roman Catholicism. Mr. Upadhyaya frankly admits that, viewed from the standpoint of the missionary, things are in a bad way in India. Thus he writes :

A Roman Catholic
Convert's View of
Christianity in
India

It is unquestionable, and, perhaps, unquestioned, too, that Christianity is not at all thriving in India. . . . Conversions are almost *nil* so far as the Hindu community is concerned. There are, indeed, conversions of famine-stricken children, and also of non-Aryans not within the pale of Hinduism, but these acquisitions, too, are on a very insignificant scale. Even the indirect result of Christian preaching is extremely poor. The material civilisation of the West is leavening our society more than the spiritual principles of the Gospel. Our educated men are eager to acquire European culture which, with the advance of time, is more and more divorced from the spirit of Christianity. They, as a rule, come out of their colleges with

the notion that the Christian religion is an antiquated system incompatible with modern philosophy and science.

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AFTER showing that "English education stands as the first and foremost stumbling-block in the way of Christianity," that is to say presumably in the way of converting the Hindu educated on Western lines, Mr. Upadhyaya proceeds to explain why, irrespective of conversion, he considers this harmful. One of the most baneful effects of "English culture," he tells us, lies in its tendency to destroy the originality of the Hindu mind.

We Indians are poor. Our nakedness has been exposed to strangers. We have no position in the scale of nations. But one precious bequest we are inheritors of, and fain would we barter our life for its sake. It is Hindu thought. By Hindu thought I do not mean the various doctrines, tenets, or theories prevailing among different philosophical schools or sects in India. It is a trend of thinking which has given a peculiar direction to all Hindu speculations. There is one common mode of thought which has shaped more or less all Indian philosophies. This thought has flowed on uninterruptedly from the Vedic period, sometimes as a stream in flood, sometimes as an invisible undercurrent, down to the present age of Europeanisation. To a great extent the longevity of the Hindu race may be attributed to the innate vigour of its thought. Many ancient races have disappeared. Where are the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Babylonians? But the Hindu persists in existence notwithstanding tremendous convulsions, political and social, as well as religious. This wondrous survival leads us to cherish the hope of a glorious future awaiting our fallen race.

Thoughtful Indians have been seriously alarmed at the aggressive attitude of English thought. By its unceasing onslaughts it is attempting to crush Hindu thought out of existence. Our young men are being educated to think in a foreign way which is uncongenial to the development of the national mind. We shall never be able to think vigorously unless we are allowed to think as Hindus. The exotic nature of India's modern thought is seriously to be deplored. The new school of educated India is a bastard bantling of the West, and is, like a washerman's dog—to use an Indian proverb—of little service either at home or abroad. Our native intellectual vigour has been considerably weakened, and it has become extremely difficult for us to think rightly in a sustained way. Educated Indians are now victims to every wind of passing opinions and doctrines. It was Mill who ruled first, then came Spencer, and now reigns Theosophy and English Hegelianism.

IT is hardly necessary to point out to our readers that, seeing that the ideal of Theosophy aims at combining the best in every phase of Christianity with the best of every phase of the other great world-religions, it is hardly to be classed with Mill, Spencer, or English Hegelianism, though it would also embrace the best in these as well; but over and beyond this it has a wisdom which teaches that conversion from one form of faith to another is a mistake, and that it is better to try to convert men to the best in their own ancestral faiths. Mr. Upadhyaya, however, being a Roman Catholic, naturally desires to convert India to this form of Christianity. His theory is that, considered logically, it is not possible for a man to be a Christian previous to a belief in a rational theism. Hindu thought has reared up a magnificent theism which in its essential conclusions agrees with the philosophy of St. Thomas. This is the Vedânta. Seeing then that the main conclusions of the Vedânta are in agreement with Catholic philosophy, the most congenial way of teaching theism in India to the educated as well as to the non-educated in English will be through Hindu thought. Hindu thought may thus be made to serve the cause of Christianity in the same way in India as Greek thought was made to do in Europe. Mr. Upadhyaya has the courage of his belief in his Catholicism, but we ask him as students not only of the Vedânta, but also of the many forms of Hindu religion, what inducement is there to one acquainted with these things to become a Roman Catholic? What is the "better" that he can offer? Granted that a Hindu is induced to think, and think deeply, on matters of religion on the lines of the Vedânta, how then will he be any more ready to become a Catholic Christian, or a Christian of any other Church? If he thinks, he must soon learn that the most thoughtful Christians are themselves questioning the dogmas of the Faith. This questioning among themselves of the Christians is known already to all educated Hindus. Train a man on the lines of Vedânta and you make him think of problems that the ordinary Western religionist has not dreamed of. With these in his mind will he submit to the dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church? We think not; and therefore do not see how such an enlightened

The Vedânta
and Thomas
Aquinas

form of missionary activity, if it should ever be practised, would bring about the conversion of India to Christianity as a faith apart. It might do something towards effecting the "conversion" of India to Theosophy in its best sense, but that simply means the purification of Hindu religion by the self-purification of the individual.

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THE Vedânta of Mr. Upadhyaya, moreover, is the Vedânta of the Theosophist ; the very view urged by our colleagues for many years is put forward by him ; what we have argued against both Protestant orthodoxy and the materialism of some of our great Orientalists is repeated in this interesting article. There is an exoteric and esoteric side to religion. Roman Catholicism knows this, and in other respects can understand much in India that the ordinary Protestant cannot fathom, as may be seen by the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Upadhyaya's article.

The Lower and
Higher Knowledge
of God

Unfortunately Christianity in India has arrayed itself against the philosophy of Vedânta both in its metaphysical and social aspects on account of looking at it through the spectacles of translators who fail to appreciate the Hindu craving after the supernatural. English translators have, as a rule, misrepresented the Vedântic idea of beatitude consisting in the knowledge of God transcending the veil of unreal causality or *mâyâ*, for Hindu Theists distinctly maintain that a man who has no knowledge of God beyond relations attains only to a lower kind of salvation. When Hindu reason touches the borders of the Eternal Absolute region, where all relations lose their opposition in a sympathetic unity, and baffled in its attempt to soar higher into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of Divine Life, it exclaims that God is beyond speech, beyond mind, it is ridiculed as agnostic. Vedânta rises above the desire of knowing God as related to effects, and points to a supernatural sphere which dazzles the eye of reason to blindness by the brightness of its glory. Dr. Thibaut, in his translation of the Vedânta (Sacred Books of the East) assails most cruelly this doctrine of a lower and higher knowledge of God, and supports a minor heterodox Hindu sect which holds that God is God because of his relations to creatures.

The system of caste, if divested of its later abuses, will serve as a natural bulwark against the evils of competition and mammon worship. The antagonism of Christianity to Hindu thought and Hindu social polity has repelled the Hindus most rudely, and they look upon the Christian propaganda as a denationalising agency.

UNDER the heading "Some Features of Educational Reform in China," the Shanghai correspondent of *The Times* (of January 7th), quotes a long report of the present state of affairs from the pen of the Rev. Gilbert Walshe, Recording Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. This able survey of missionary enterprise in China is somewhat discounted by the fact that it is tacitly assumed throughout that the missionary is compelled by a divine command to force Christianity and Western education upon the Chinese. The Chinaman, however, does not want the former at all and the latter only in a very modified form; and it is difficult to understand how, in face of this reluctance on his part, we are justified before Heaven in saying: You shall have them whether you like them or not. The most interesting part of Mr. Walshe's report is where he quotes two testimonies from speakers at a recent meeting of the Educational Association at Shanghai, who set forth the Chinese point of view as follows. One speaker said:

The Chinese View
of Western Edu-
cation

"A careful reading of the various memorials concerning education which have recently been published will quickly dispel the idea that patriotism accounts for this opposition to foreigners, and will readily show that proud intolerance is at the root of it. These memorials in pointing out the value of a Western education all speak of it as something to be used—'Yung'—while the ancient classical studies are the principle, the real 'T'i.'" (Lit. "Accidents" and "Substance.")

Another represented the Chinese view thus:

"The Sages of China have interpreted the heart of nature, while Western students have been dealing with the surface of things. By this surface study they have gained a wide range of useful knowledge that has resulted in greatly increased political power and industrial prosperity. It is only necessary to superadd this surface knowledge to the profounder knowledge of nature and man which has been given through the teachings of the Sages to give to China political power and material prosperity, and restore her to her millennial position as the Central Civilisation, from which the light of higher knowledge and virtue has been shed forth upon less favoured nations. . . . As to the character and scope of this educational reform, their ideas are vague and obscure, but on a few points there is very general agreement—Christianity is to form no part and to stand in no relation to the new earning. Confucianism must continue to occupy the central and fundamental place which it has ever held."

IN the December number we referred to the storm raised by the Dean of Ripon's lecture on "Natural Religion," in which Dr.

"The Ripon
Episode"

Fremantle practically abandoned his belief in the miraculous physical virgin birth of Jesus, and much else of a similar nature; since then

we have assisted at the unedifying spectacle of the Dean of Ripon swallowing his own words and singing a dolorous palinode at the suggestion of his Bishop. In the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* we are glad to see an article from the pen of the veteran writer W. R. Cassels, the author of *Supernatural Religion*, on this "Ripon Episode." In it he points out, what everybody who has in any way kept abreast of New Testament criticism was already well aware of, that what the Dean had said was not peculiar to himself, but simply the expression of a widely held opinion among the intelligent clergy and professors of New Testament research. But the humour of the situation is that Mr. Cassels puts the Bishop of Ripon, whose gentle request for an explanation procured the Dean's repudiation of his own distinct utterances, into the witness-box against himself, and by quoting from Dr. Carpenter's recently published *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, he shows that "the language of the Diocese of Ripon is very uniform, for it is difficult to distinguish between the statements of the Bishop and those of the Dean, which Dr. Carpenter in his letter requests the latter to explain."

While, however, we follow Mr. Cassels in this part of his argument, we dissent from him profoundly when he characterises the endeavour to find a way out of the present difficulties raised by criticism, by having recourse to a mystic and spiritual interpretation of ancient dogmas, as an attempt "to make bricks without straw, of which no abiding city can be built." This is the way out because it was the historicising of just these very spiritual and mystic experiences which materialised the truth of the ever-living Christ into the dogma of a historic Man-God, miraculously born, miraculously living, and miraculously resurrected.

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THAT we don't know everything down in our modern "Judee" is at last being borne into the stolid complacency even of the

The Basuto Secret
Intelligence De-
partment

British press. True we must call it "Röntgen wave" clairaudience to save our scientific "face," still we are at last beginning to respond to stimulus, though the response as yet be feeble.

The *St. James's Gazette* of December 3rd prints the following paragraph, under the title "What the white man does not know."

An interesting instance of the exercise by Basutos of that faculty for that secret transmission of news which unquestionably exists among uncivilised and semi-civilised peoples both in Africa and Asia, is given by an officer lately returned from South Africa, who fought in the battle of Biddulphsberg (May, 1900).

The scene of the action was some seventy miles from the Basuto border with which it was connected by heliograph, there being two intermediate stations. The British, "having accomplished their purpose," began to withdraw from action shortly after 4 p.m., and a message was then heliographed to the Resident Magistrate in Basutoland, which reached him five-and-thirty minutes later. Three days afterwards, when the force entered Ficksburg, the officer in question was informed by the Resident Magistrate that "twenty minutes before the heliographic message arrived"—that is, within a quarter of an hour of the time that the troops came out of action—a Basuto had told him that a great battle had been fought in the neighbourhood where it actually took place, and that the British had been defeated. Of course, the strategic retirement of General Rundle's force presented itself to the native mind as a defeat.

The affair was a nine-days'-wonder in Ficksburg, and every possible hypothesis was discussed, but none could be found which would in the very least fit the facts.

It is at least possible that the superiority of the Boer Intelligence Department at the commencement of the war was due to their faith in this faculty of the natives, which would, naturally, not be shared by officers of the Imperial Forces, less experienced in native lore.

The only even possible clue is to be found in the fact that Basutos tending cattle on different hills at a distance from each other which not the most stentorian European voice can carry, will talk to each other without effort, pitching their voices in a peculiar high key, but not by any means raising them to a shout. It is not altogether impossible that, just as there are invisible rays of light there are inaudible waves of sound—sort of Röntgen waves, in fact.

This is only one case out of many hundreds observed recently in South Africa; the other day we heard of a hard-headed investigator who has been collecting the evidence, which seems to be

overwhelming, in favour of a psychic transmission of news. One thing is very clear, that the "tending cattle on the hills" and "shouting" theory is the most inadequate, for some of the most striking cases have occurred where there were no hills, and a calculation of the number of transmitters required in other cases staggers even the most robust scientific imagination.

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FROM a very sensible article by Mr. Harold Begbie, in *The Morning Post* of December 10th, we take the following paragraph on Buddhism and Christianity. The article in *The Contemporary Review* quoted in this paragraph is the one to which we referred at length in our December number.

In Praise of
Buddhism

The article in
The Contemporary Review quoted in this
paragraph is the one to which we referred at

A little study of Buddhism will convince the British people that the ordinary missionary must be a man of the sublimest discretion to convince intellectual India that Christianity, as he and the rest of us live it, is a more real, a more serviceable religion than its own. India, with its immemorial spirituality, its profound sense that things seen are temporal, its calm and beautiful detachment from the petty as well as the clamorous cares of the world, must not be regarded as a heathen child stumbling hellwards over the broken idols that a missionary has shattered with a single quotation from a volume of Dean Farrar's sermons. We must get ourselves into the more intelligent attitude of mind which makes it seem that we may even learn something from India. In the words of the writer in the *Contemporary Review*: "From the purely philosophic standpoint we must regard all religions as meeting some human needs and as showing some phase of infinite Truth, but if we would escape this death-grip of religious conservatism the progressive elements must unite their forces, sink their petty differences, and open the door to this new outpouring of the spirit." There is some reason to hope that the psychical researches of Western science may ultimately be the means of uniting the progressive elements of Christianity and Buddhism—that is to say, the spirituality of each religion recognising the other; we ourselves shall learn things new in Christianity, while Buddhism will be informed with the spirit and action of Christianity.

We need hardly point out to our readers that Buddhism in the India of to-day is almost non-existent; still Buddhist metaphysic and Advaita Vedānta are practically twin sisters, and so the argument fundamentally holds good.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM

THE progress of modern philosophic thought is ever further away from the dualism which has been the legacy of mediæval Christianity to the succeeding centuries. In place of the conception of two co-eternal and mutually irreconcilable Sources of Good and Evil, each effectually cancelling the other, the principles of a rational Monism are being increasingly applied to the many problems of our day that clamour for a reading. We are a practical generation, and it may be deemed by some more important to combat moral evil than to attempt to find its *rationale*. But the practical philosopher who is content to deal only with effects, leaving their metaphysical causes untouched, is but doing half the work. There are many to whom the existence of religion itself is dependent on an intelligent interpretation of the appearance and purpose of evil. To such minds a short study of the lines along which the solution is being at present sought, may meet with some acceptance.

Monism takes its rise from the premiss that the whole universe is the deliberate out-birth of one Creative Intelligence, "One without a Second," whose thoughts are the phenomena of Nature, whose will directs the whole course of mundane affairs. Matter has no source, no reality apart from Him; the opposing forces of Nature no power save that which is drawn from the one Reservoir of power. Dualism effectually kills this One Omnipotent by confronting Him with a counter-force which, being of a nature alien to Himself, He could not have originated, and therefore does not control. Dualism is dying hard, but its purpose for the rudimentary mind has been served. Like most half-truths it has entered into a new day by the simple process of completing itself. The climber comes at last to view the landscape as a whole, but in process of climbing he sees its features in succession. To regard good and evil as marked contrasts,

unrelated discords, is the insight of analysis, rather than the vision of synthesis. I do not wish to be misunderstood when I say that the years and steps that bring the philosophic mind bring also a lessening of the sharpness of the contrast, a softening of the appalling ugliness of moral evil when seen from the partial view. Still it is well for most of us that we see the question somewhat out of perspective. Few have yet reached the point when they may safely be "indifferent" to that which is rightly symbolised as the enemy of souls. Yet there is an indifference which comes of high vision, and in dealing with the problem from the intellectual standpoint, it is impossible not to see, at least dimly, the point to which we shall ultimately be brought.

But caution is needed in treading this higher pathway, for on either side are precipices of dangerous error. The full truth can never be shouted from the housetops. To understand the problem of evil is to have emancipated ourselves from its toils, and to have ceased to fear its consequences. Only the pure man can see; between whom and the clearness of the light is no self-made murkiness of doubt, gloom or despair. He who, having, in the language of the East, "ascended to meditation," is finally able to reach to the vision of synthesis, attains a calm of soul, of which the term "higher indifference" is a somewhat misleading and inadequate expression. The idea sought to be conveyed, however, contains profundities of philosophic thought. It is the Christian doctrine of faith raised to its highest power, the actual and active concurrence, at every moment and for every circumstance, in the ceaselessly operative will of God. Such indifference in no sense implies a cold aloofness from the world's needs and from the world's problems. Still less is it a state of passive yielding to a predestined Kismet. It is compatible with the highest output of remedial activity. As a matter of fact, the true makers of the world have been the men of faith, or the "higher acquiescence." Theirs was a force unweakened by personality, by reason of the fact that while they acted they were not themselves the actors. Their will was merely the channel of the Divine Will, and whether their action tended to failure or success—as men count such—the result was totally beyond their concern. What makes the practical mystic the most formidable of all

fighters in the moral ranks, is just this inner conservation of moral force, this quietude of the source from whence his activities flow torrentially outwards. "He is not afraid of evil tidings, for his heart standeth firm upon God"; he has traced moral evil to its root, and has no fear for the Race that is founded in the Divine.

Without a preliminary glance at the inwardness of this doctrine of the "higher indifference," we shall approach our problem in vain. Its solution does not lie on the plane on which it appears the most insistent. The symphony emerges from chaos only when we place ourselves at a proper distance from the players; so when we have felt most nearly tempted to be angry with God for the universe, our souls have been too close to the hurly-burly; we have cared too bitterly, too personally.

For this universe, whose ways we are so eager to straighten, depends for its very existence on that principle of antithesis which, when manifested in man, gives rise to so-called moral evil. Unless the creature were to remain for ever inert and unrealised in the bosom of Divinity, his going forth from the Unity into a condition of dark and painful contrasts was inevitable. It was inevitable also from the very nature of God Himself. For being and existence, manifestation and non-manifestation, are comprised in His Unity as its inseparable and complementary elements. Therefore He wills to come forth, to send the myriad thoughts of His heart through the age-long cycles of material existence, that the Divinity which was the attribute of the *whole* might become, by growth through conquest, the triumphant possession of each individual *part*. That He may be fulfilled infinitely in each sundered aspect of Himself, He breaks the harmony of absolutely adjusted parts, and passes into the limitations of the lower worlds, veiling Himself that He may reveal, conditioning His infinity that a universe may be born in time and space. The self-sacrifice of God whereby the worlds are sustained is the pouring into each part, as it is separated out from the Parent Source, the energy of that Source, His Life, His Love, the potentialities of His Divinity. Nevertheless this sending forth, by the Eternal Father, of His offspring as separated lives, that each may evolve an imperishable identity, is the

starting-point of the whole problem of evil. Though God is always at one with His children, they are not yet, for the most part, at one with Him. The human and divine are ever at war, yet ever moving through war to the ultimate goal of peace. This is only, as I have said, from the point of view of man, and it is from his present standpoint of isolation and displacement that the problem has to be viewed. The creature, by reason of his partially sundered condition, is confronted at the outset with duality. Blindly, automatically, he seeks after his lost Centre; blindly, automatically, he is drawn back by the strength of the conditions in which, for his growth, he is temporarily placed. So the struggle begins. The centripetal force of his nature helps to neutralise the otherwise overpowering vibrations of the physical plane; the centrifugal lends him the sturdy self-assertiveness which is absolutely indispensable to development and to conquest. Let us trace the working of these two elemental forces, and note their bearing on the moral problem. Moral evil, as we shall try to show, has both a positive and a negative aspect; positive, inasmuch as it is the direct outcome of sharply opposed conditions; negative, inasmuch as it is largely due to the absence or imperfect development, in man, of the vision that sees things as they are. The growth of vision is by means of the strenuous conflict of the conditions; the harmonising of the conditions is the outcome of the growth of vision.

Man begins his evolution, as far as our problem is concerned, on the confines of the animal kingdom. For long he is little more than a weak spark of consciousness, responding slowly to impacts from without. Such vibrations as reach him he translates in terms of animal sensation. Influences press upon him, urging to ever-increasing growth of receptivity, and the young consciousness expands with each fresh effort at response and interpretation. The moment a man begins to investigate the sources of the impacts, differentiating them from the responding centre in himself, he becomes dualistic. He starts a new line of development. The ceaseless stream of vibrations from without gives rise to a sense of "otherness" which marks the departure-line between the animal in which consciousness had begun to focus itself around a central "I," and the animal-human wherein

the "I" had begun to know itself. With the dawn of the self follows naturally the sense of the "not-self," but it is long before the weak mind-centre of the growing man ceases to give representations confused and distorted. The earliest terms in which he, in common with the animal kingdom, translates the vibrations of the not-self are those of pleasure and pain, and a last analysis will even discover these primary elements at the root of the most complex phenomena of his advanced life. Pleasure is man's first name for good. In following it he is instinctively, unconsciously, feeling after his lost Source. In him from the very beginning is that undying impulse to seek the highest good which will be his goad and guide unto the end of the way. Under the illusion of imperfect vision he will seek this good in dark places, and by methods laden with ultimate pain. The centripetal force of his being urges him to find the good; the centrifugal force blinds his inexperienced eyes as to the true nature of the goal he seeks.

Nevertheless the contrast of pleasure and pain is the best and surest method of education. It urges to growth as no other can do. Pleasurable vibrations expand the consciousness, and lead to a sense of "moreness," increase of life. The soul, by seizing pleasurable objects, becomes one with the objects, and so enlarges its experience. Similarly pain, which is a sense of "lessness," or contraction, repels the soul from objects which tend to lessen the free expression of life. Moreness and lessness become the criteria by which man first measures his environment. The pleasure and pain-producing elements in the not-self become to him the expression of two alien powers who have him at their mercy to bless or to curse, as the whim of either may dictate. These dual forces the rudimentary man seeks to propitiate by every means which his intelligence can suggest as likely to prove acceptable to natures that differ from his own in no respect save that of immensity. He, a tiny, isolated centre in a universe of unknown forces, feels only the surrounding pressure of impacts, and knows not that the source of each is God, and the heart of God is Love working for growth by progressive experiences of pleasure and pain. Blinded by egotism and ignorance, he falls into dualism, and has yet to learn that the determining element in every appeal to consciousness from without lies in the slowly

fashioning lens of self-hood, the growing centre of mental and spiritual vision in the man himself.

The problem of evil will never be cleared of confusion until this important philosophic truth is more fully accentuated. Man seeks the sources of good and evil outside himself, notwithstanding that he first finds them within. We question his wisdom in so doing. We may legitimately ask ourselves whether the terms in which he interprets the universe are accurate representations of the stimuli which reach him ; whether evil is a permanent and absolute reality, or, rather, the *mode* of the functioning of the growing soul in organs not yet perfectly developed, but essential to the acquirement of a necessary form of experience—whether, in short, the causes of evil are not as largely negative as positive.

Now man has but one test to apply to every object that is presented for cognition—the one supreme test of consciousness. In his consciousness objects live and move and have their being, but though consciousness is the ground of his knowledge concerning objects, it is not of them that he is conscious, but of his *ideas* of them. He knows, for Kant has told him, that the “thing in itself,” when submitted for perception, is largely modified by peculiarities of the perceiving subject. In other words, objects obey the laws of his mental constitution. The forms in which noumena appear are functions of the ego himself, modes of his intellectual sensibility which he cannot transcend without transcending his life in mind.

Our most elementary processes of knowledge take place within prison limits. We are conscious of appearances, sensations, ideas, of which the exciting causes—the things *per se*—are hidden by the very conditions through which they are perceived. This central fact of philosophy has important bearings upon the problem of evil. The scepticism to which at first sight it seems to lead, is the higher scepticism which is always a prelude to the higher faith. For by placing the key to the universe in man himself, it frees him from the slavish belief in Powers inimical to his soul. *He* is, in one sense, the centre of the universe, the interpreter and translator of every stimulus that is directed to his perceiving faculties from without. Indeed the conceptions “within” and “without” are themselves but modes of the

thinking subject. Abstract as we will, we can never escape certain innate, restraining boundaries which are the very conditions of cognition, the mould of mind in which for us the universe takes shape.

Since, then, the soul lends to all objects of knowledge the determining element of itself, it cannot assume its mental representations to be the exact equivalent, in terms of perception, of vibrations reaching it from without. The mind is not a passive and accurately reflecting mirror, or psychology would have but few problems to solve. The thing is not so simple as that. Man is endowed with the illusion-making faculty, and views the universe through a veil of his own weaving. This *Mâyâ*, to which for our education we are subjected, lies, as far as I can see, solely in the region of the perceiving mind. It is not matter, for the Divine Life cannot become "unreal" on any plane without negating His own existence; it is rather the result of the action of matter upon the soul unaccustomed to its vibrations.

This being so, there is hope for man's release from the distorted mirage in which he lives. One reality is behind all outward representations, all forms of phenomena, and man will, at some point in his evolution, give to the divine impacts a perfect and unfaltering response. There will assuredly come a stage in his infinite progress when representation will be no longer distortion. Our seeing does not come about—was never meant to come about—by a direct creative fiat, otherwise the seeming indifference of the Creator to the blindness of His struggling fragments would leave us no option but to curse Him and die. But we are patient with God because the world is not yet created, and we are watching the march of an age-long process through the eyelet-hole of a moment of time. By slow and painful stages man is learning the perfect adjustment of his mental and spiritual lenses. If evil is his imperfect response to impact, the outcome of the slow unfolding of powers and senses in a medium to which his essential nature is as yet untuned, it follows that the illusion caused by inexperience, and contact with an alien element, will disappear as soon as that element is known. Gradually representation will take the place of distortion, and there shall come forth from the darkness the vision that sees all things to be the

expression of one divine, all-perfect Love and Will, for whom both good and evil, as we know them, are alike preludes to a blessedness past conceiving.

A universe whose end and aim is the ultimate perfection of the creature must be good in every detail, if by "good" we connote that which conduces in the end to progress. But the same vibration can give rise to more than one effect, according to the matter in which it plays, and the senses which receive it. Enlarge, develop those senses, purify the matter in which they work, and the original vibration takes on a new character, receives a higher and subtler interpretation. The whole category of the carnal sins may be, at a very low stage, the distorted expression of an elemental impulse towards possession, growth, "good," which being at first beyond the control of animal man, as its purpose is beyond his comprehension, will express itself in terms of passion and sensuality. We may bewail the darkness of vision that sets the goal of happiness so low, but we must be chary how we condemn the primitive impulse to seek "good" under the only forms in which "good" can as yet be recognised.

Evil, in primitive man, is excess of the energy that is urging the growth by means of contact with objects of sense. There is a stage in which it has to be experienced in all the blackness of its separation from the Divine, but at that stage it has not yet become evil. Many there are whom the world calls men for whom evil is not evil because they have not yet been aroused to the possibilities of good. The sins they commit are sins only to those who judge them from a higher standard. They are thinking animals in whom the link is yet wanting that shall bind them to their true and nobler self. By the very heat of passion, crime and sin they are forging it—the link that shall one day join them to that which at present they dream not that they are. By sin some men come to realise their own souls. Evil (as we understand the term) is a necessary educator in the lives of such. By it the animal learns his animalism. He realises painfully and by a long process, that sin implies an opposite, righteousness. He learns by repeated experiences that actions which bring about suffering bring about also the end and purpose of suffering—a

realisation of the true Self, without whose co-operation the further evolution of the lower man is at an end.

Strange to uphold as an educator that which is generally regarded as the destroyer of souls! Can we, however, in reason deny to the sinner his place among the learners in the great school-house of life? The fact, moreover, that many are learning by contact with the abysmal depths of evil what they can learn in no other way, keeps us optimists when we might otherwise be tempted to despair. Our responsibility towards such is in no wise lessened because they know not what they do. Rather it is a thousandfold increased. If the solidarity of the race means anything, it means that the laggards must profit by the progress of the more advanced. It is not enough to trust, for their gradual enlightenment, to the pain that inevitably follows upon broken law. Their advance to the platform of responsibility is a task entrusted to us who possibly stood once where they stand to-day. We are our brothers' keeper, and our sacrifices, love, and teaching are as much a part of the method by which they grow as is the law that makes a dark and painful experience the condition of self-knowledge and self-mastery.

But the stage that more particularly concerns ourselves is that in which the soul sins—not by necessity arising from ignorance, but from choice. There is probably less of free-will in the commission of sin than our theologians would have us believe, since the only *free* man is he who is no longer in chains to desire, that fruitful source of all wrong-doing. Nevertheless, if there be many who cry, out of the darkness of spiritual infancy, "Evil, be thou my good," there are many more who sin against the light of a clear reason. Such, I repeat, have reached the point in evolution when sin alone becomes possible; such are the real and only sinners in the philosophical sense of the word. To those of mankind for whom the hour of at least *relative* responsibility has struck, the affinity of the soul for the grosser aspects of life is, or should be, an outgrown stage. A time comes in the Eden of the life of every man when, in the first thunderings of the mandate "Thou shalt not" is announced the birth of a higher state in which disobedience—and therefore its opposite—becomes one of the new powers of the growing soul. The birth

of evil is the birth also of the moral law. "I had not known sin," says Paul, "but by the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said 'thou shalt not covet.' But sin, taking occasion by" (or, better, taking its start from) "the commandment wrought in me all manner of concupiscence; for without the law, sin is dead."

The terrible malignity of moral evil to which none who have felt its power dare deaden themselves by any soporific of philosophy falsely so-called, is realised only in proportion as the higher light is seen. We deceive ourselves if we read evil at its blackest in the lower phases of animalism. Its most subtle poison is felt on the higher levels of life. When the soul, having sighted and recognised the highest, yet stoops again to the beggarly elements by which she was once enslaved for her ultimate freedom; accepting slavery no longer in ignorant mischoice of evil for good, but for its own sake, she sins indeed. She is no longer blind but deluded. Evil, we have tried to show, is the outcome of energy working through imperfectly developed faculties, which evil may be normally expected to pass as the growth of the inner man proceeds. Its source is ignorance; its cure experience. But there is a stage in which ignorance, persisted in beyond the normal course, becomes distortion of vision so terrible that nothing but a complete re-making in the crucibles of Divine Love can effect the soul's cure. The question involves grave problems as to the cause and measure of free-will in men who can so stiffen themselves against the course of orderly evolution. That a soul who is *perfectly* free, and *wholly* enlightened, will ever choose other than the best, which is the Divine, cannot be for a moment entertained, without lowering the origin of the race, and debasing its ultimate possibilities. Such measure of volition as man, as an independent entity possesses, he has necessarily power to use to his own temporary undoing; but the Divine Will plays in and through him, and because the universe is doomed to be saved, he, the little universe, cannot make ultimate shipwreck.

Still there is some danger lest we ignore the fact that, *from the normal human standpoint*, evil has a positive, as well as a negative aspect. Avidyâ—non-wisdom—is the root of all evil, but

Avidyâ may produce, as positive result, a state of active hostility against God. The many severe things said by the old theologians as to the enmity of the carnal mind were, in the main, statements of actual fact. Man *has* in him an element of positive enmity and aversion from the truth; it is well for him that he has. For the principle of struggle, even when directed against his highest interests, is at least an indication that he has not been overpowered by the inertia of matter. The animal is not at enmity against God, for he cannot combat an element of which he is as yet unconscious. Humanity fights the spiritual only after it has made some progress in the conquest of the material. If this be contested I would ask: At what stage does the arena of the battle—the psychic nature—first come into prominence? Is it at the stage when the material world is exacting from a man his early and undivided attention? At such a point a man may be wholly identifying himself with his carnal nature, but he is not necessarily fighting against God. That struggle comes later, and really marks a distinct advance in growth, though for long the victory is generally on the side of the lower self. Nevertheless, enmity is as much better than apathy, resistance than inertia, as life, however misdirected, is better than death. The man who sides with his lower self discovers eventually, by the pain that follows on the lower victories, that God in the end is bound to win. And he learns to use against the lower the powers he has gained by struggle with the higher, and fights for God as once he fought against Him. This is the use of the early and inevitable alliance with the carnal mind. The animal centre is not only the resisting agency whereby the spiritual is to push its germinal life upward, but also the source of the resisting principle itself. And as growth by struggle is one of the primary conditions of life, it is obvious that evil cannot cease until its mission as a resisting agency has been accomplished.

To affirm that the soul which is not yet full grown has more than a relative responsibility for his imperfection, is to load the human race with a burden it was never meant to bear. No two men are at precisely the same stage, and for the bulk of mankind the hour of full responsibility is as yet far off. Still, to each according to his measure is it given to rise above the past, and

utilise the elemental forces of a passing stage for the fashioning of a maturer future. Man cannot do this unaided ; it is difficult, even, to arouse the desire to do it. In elementary man, desire for the highest takes the form of desire for the pleasantest ; a step higher, and the two appear together as warring impulses. " We needs must love the highest when we see it " is only true for the average man within limits. Even after the highest has been sighted and desired, the " needs must " does not follow for many steps on the way. Will is weak, and the pleasantest will long overpower the best. To love God is the first and last commandment ; but how shall we love Him without something of the open vision that sees His loveliness, and how acquire that vision without the love that vivifies the deadened spiritual senses ? It is just here that religions interpose to help us out of the deadlock. Man in his blind unceasing search for the highest good is largely dependent on the aid of those who have gone before him on the search. He who as yet " sees men as trees walking," must, for the time, accept, at least provisionally, the seeing of those wise in spiritual things, until by their help he, too, has entered into knowledge. Hence the birth of religions suited to the need of special races and minds ; hence the imposition of moral codes, founded on exact spiritual science, and imposed authoritatively from without, only because man has not yet learned to evolve them naturally from within.

This wider view of the relativity of moral evil has been condemned as leading to a confusion of moral distinctions fatal alike to the teacher of ethics, and to him who would practise the growth of virtue in his own soul. On the practical plane, it is said, the doctrine is unworkable. If evil has no absolute existence, neither has its opposite, good. The one stands and falls with the other. Evil is not the prelude, but the eternal and necessary antithesis of good, pursuing the soul to the very threshold of perfection, for each is unthinkable apart.

We cannot deny the force of the objection. Existence is maintained by contrasts ; opposition and comparison are implied in, are essential to, the simplest mental process. And if good and evil are held to be abstractions existing apart from our mental conceptions of them, the objection will probably hold.

But, as I have tried to point out, evil is the result of energy working through undeveloped faculty. It follows, therefore, that good is the same energy expressed through wider and more perfect media. Evil being a result of limitation, albeit *for limited beings* it has a real and positive existence, can have no existence *apart from limited faculty*. The fact that good increases in man in proportion to his growth of vision, seems to indicate that the attainment of the perfect good is only a question of the development of the perfect stature. True, the consciousness of shadow is needed to awaken in us the consciousness of light, but the shadow need not abide for ever, once it has become part of the common experience of the race.

The doctrine of antithesis, then, has a relative truth, but if it is used to affirm that evil, as the opposite of good, has an equally real existence, or that, being in essence unreal, its opposite is unreal also, we are landed again in the old dualism from which we have been seeking escape; or—worse—are compelled to strip our ideals of all definiteness, substance, and meaning. The position is illogical, for the perfect—which is good raised to its highest terms—must absorb the limited; both cannot exist together. “When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.” And if we are asked, what is good? we can but reply: Good is not a manifestation of God, it *is* God. That it will differ for each individual according to his environment, training, and stage of growth, does not invalidate the reality and importance of those innermost ideals which are for him the highest aspect of the Divine which he is capable of recognising at any given period.

Esoterically, the only good is conscious union with God, as the only evil is separation from Him. All considerations of the problem must, it seems, take their rise from the fact from which we started, and to which we return in conclusion, that God and man have temporarily broken union. That the soul has come out from the Father and come into a world whose vibrations tend at first to overpower the spirituality of his true being, is the common teaching of all religions worthy of the name. But it is the tendency also of all religions to speak of the material plane as in itself evil, to depreciate the value of physical life, even to

the extent of desiring its annihilation altogether. But if restored union with God is by means of training in physical bodies, the question takes on a new aspect. God must be found in the physical world, if He is to be found in worlds outside the physical. Christianity, the religion that has most extensively condemned the evil of material existence, can show, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of One who, while living the life on earth, yet maintained unbroken contact with Heaven. In Jesus the two planes were blended into absolute harmony. And Jesus is to the Christian the promise and guarantee of his own possible attainment. He conquered; we too shall conquer, for he has shown us ourselves.

But of what is he the conqueror who has overcome the world? What is that ideal attainment in which good and evil play alike a needed part? There can be but one answer. He alone has attained who has learnt to live the non-separated life, who, despite the barriers of the atomic body, has realised in his innermost self that to find God is to find the abiding-place of the universe, and the inseverable bond of every sundered soul. "He who sees the Supreme in all things, and all things in the Supreme, sees indeed." Relative, truly, is the highest morality, the most stainless purity attainable here when seen in the light of That from whence we come forth, the return to whom is the only, the real good. Viewed from that standpoint, the one test of action is tendency. All things that conduce to union are good; all things that perpetuate separation are evil. It may be we are speaking counsels of perfection, but the root of the antithesis must be sought in the deepest place that human thought can reach. Good and evil, as seemingly separate and unrelated forces, are paving thither a long and painful way, but of the end it is, at present, presumptuous to attempt to speak. Only there, we believe, the eternal strife of opposites will have passed into harmonious resolution, and in the perfect whole there will be no longer the "broken arcs."

In speaking of the outbirth of the creature, and the problems consequent thereon, we cannot over-emphasise the optimistic note. We know that the purpose for which the universe was subjected to vanity must make that dire subjection transcendently

worth while. The soul is less than divine who has not become *consciously* so on the grossest plane, as well as in the subtle regions whence it came. For the "joy that was set before it," the creature "endures the cross, despising the shame," even though, to its superficial consciousness, that joy is a mere blind, automatic impulse towards material life. Behind the shallows of the personal consciousness the end is known, and this knowledge, which to the outer man is now but a vague and intermittent intuition, shall one day illumine the whole field of vexed and painful problems.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

THE TALMUD MARY STORIES*

IT is in vain to seek for any historical element in the Talmud Mary stories, for they revolve entirely round the accusation of her unfaithfulness to her husband, and, therefore, in my opinion, owe their origin to, and cannot possibly be of earlier date than, the promulgation of the popular Christian dogma of the physical virginity of the mother of Jesus. When this miraculous dogma was first mooted is exceedingly difficult to decide. We know, however, that even at the time of the compilation of the canonical Gospels Joseph was still held to be the natural father of Jesus, as we have seen above,† and from this we deduce that even in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.) the dogma of the miraculous birth was not yet catholicised.

But how far back can we push the first circulation of this startling belief? For the instant it was publicly mooted even by a restricted number of the faithful, it was bound not only to have attracted the widest notice among the Jews, but also to have called forth the most contemptuous retorts from those who not only hated the pagan idea of heroes born of the congress of

* This series of papers in consideration of the question: "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?"—began in the June number.

† See "The Earliest External Evidence as to the Talmud Jesus Stories," in the December number, vol. xxxi., p. 319.

divine and mortal parents as a Heathen superstition and an idolatrous belief, but who were especially jealous of the legitimacy of their line of descent as preserved in the public records of their families. In this connection there is a passage in the Talmud which deserves our careful attention. It is interesting in other respects but chiefly because it is found in the Mishna (iv. 3), and therefore puts entirely out of court the contention of those who assert that what is generally regarded as the oldest and most authoritative deposit of the Talmud contains no reference whatever to Jesus; and not only is it found in the Mishna, but it purports to base itself on a still older source, and that too a written one. This remarkable passage runs as follows:

“Simeon ben Azzai has said: I found in Jerusalem a book of genealogies; therein was written: That so and so is a bastard son of a married woman.”*

This Simeon ben Azzai flourished somewhat earlier than Akiba, and may therefore be placed at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century. He was one of the famous four who, according to Talmudic tradition, “entered Paradise”; that is to say, he was one of the most famous mystics of Israel. He was a Chassid, most probably an Essene, and remained a celibate and rigid ascetic till the day of his death. We might, therefore, expect him to be specially fitted to give us some information as to Jesus, and yet what he is recorded to have said is the very opposite of our expectation.

Ben Azzai, we are to believe, declared that he had found a book of genealogies at Jerusalem—presumably then before the destruction of the city in 70 A.D. This book of genealogies can be taken to mean nothing else than an official record; nevertheless we are told that it contained the proof of Jeschu's bastardy, for “so and so” is one of the well-known substitutes for Jesus and Jesus alone in the Talmud, as has been proved and admitted on either side.

If we are right in ascribing the genesis of the Mamzer element of the Jesus stories to doctrinal controversy, we can only conclude that the categorical statement we are considering was originally either a deliberate invention, or the confident assertion

* *Jebamoth*, 49a.

in the heat of controversy of some imperfect memory that was only too eagerly believed to refer to Jesus. The Jewish apologist on the contrary can argue that this ancient tradition fully justified his forefathers of later generations for their belief in the bastardy of Jeschu as a historic fact authenticated by the records; while if he be an out-and-out rationalist he may even go so far as to claim that the "virgin birth" doctrine was invented in answer to this record, and that there has been no historicising of a mystic fact, as we have supposed, seeing that there are no mystic "facts" but only the baseless imaginings of unbalanced enthusiasm.

This we cannot believe, and therefore conclude that the earliest Jewish Mary legends came to birth somewhere towards the close of the first century.

It is exceedingly difficult to classify these Mamzer legends or to treat them in any satisfactory chronological fashion, but it is remarkable that in them there seem to be two deposits of tradition characterised by different names for Jeschu—Ben Stada and Ben Pandera, names which have given rise to the wildest philological speculation, but of which the current meaning was evidently simply "son of the harlot," whatever may have been their line of descent.* Ben Stada occurs exclusively in the Talmud, where it is the most frequent designation of Jeschu, though Ben Pandera is also found; Ben Pandera is found in the Toldoth Jeschu, and as we have seen in the Church Fathers, while Ben Stada is never met with in these sources.

The Ben Stada stories are mostly characterised by anachronisms which are as startling as those of the Ben Perachiah date, but which are its exact antipodes. They are further generally characterised by either distinct references to Lud, or by the bringing in of the names of the most famous Rabbis of this famous school of Talmud study. I would suggest, therefore, that these legends might be conveniently called the Lud stories.

The Mishna School at Lud (Lydda) is said to have been

* See Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen* (Berlin; 1902), p. 276, where full indications of the literature are appended. The most interesting speculation is that of Bleek in Nitzsch's article, "Ueber eine Reihe talmudischer und patristischer Täuschungen, welche sich an den missverstandenen Spottnamen Ben Pandera geknüpft," in *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* (Hamburg; 1840), pp. 115-120. Bleek supposes that Pandera is a caricature name to mimic the Greek *πάρθενος* (Parthenos), "virgin."

founded by R. Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, the teacher of R. Akiba,* and it was doubtless the great reputation of Akiba as the most implacable foe of Christianity which, in course of time, connected the name of Mary with stories of Akiba which originally were perfectly innocent of any reference to the mother of Jesus. Thus, in later times, we find tradition bringing Akiba and Miriam together in personal conversation, we find it still later giving her one of Akiba's contemporaries as a husband, and finally we meet with a curious legend in which Miriam is made the contemporary of a Rabbi of the fourth century!

But to consider these fantastic developments of Talmudic tradition in greater detail. The following is the famous academical discussion on the refinements of bastardy, which in course of time supplied the Ben Pandera legend with some of its most striking details, as we still find them in various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu.

"A shameless person is, according to R. Eliezer, a bastard; according to R. Joshua, a son of a woman in her separation; according to R. Akiba, a bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation. Once there sat elders at the gate when two boys passed by; one had his head covered, the other bare. Of him who had his head uncovered, R. Eliezer said, 'A bastard!' R. Joshua said, 'A son of a woman in her separation!' R. Akiba said, 'A bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation!' They said to R. Akiba, 'How has thine heart impelled thee to the audacity of contradicting the words of thy colleagues?' He said to them, 'I am about to prove it.' Thereupon he went to the boy's mother, and found her sitting in the market and selling pulse. He said to her, 'My daughter, if thou tellest me the thing which I ask thee, I will bring thee to eternal life.' She said to him, 'Swear it to me!' Thereupon R. Akiba took the oath with his lips, while he cancelled it in his heart. Then said he to her, 'Of what sort is this thy son?' She said to him, 'When I betook myself to the bridal chamber I was in my separation, and my husband stayed away from me. But my

* But when we are told that the famous Jewish proselyte, Queen Helena of Adiabene, passed fourteen years in Palestine (46-60 A.D.) in close communion with the doctors of the Hillel school at Jerusalem and Lud, there was presumably a school at Lud even prior to the time of Ben Hyrcanus.

paranymph* came to me, and by him I have this son.' So the boy was discovered to be both a bastard *and* the son of a woman in her separation. Thereupon said they, 'Great is R. Akiba, in that he has put to shame his teachers.' In the same hour they said, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has revealed His secret to R. Akiba ben Joseph.' "

Eliezer, Joshua and Akiba were contemporaries, but Akiba was by far their junior; for Eliezer ben Hyrcarus was Akiba's teacher, while Joshua ben Chanania was a disciple of Jochanan ben Zakkai, who died about 70 A.D.; Akiba was put to death in 135 A.D. The setting of the story, therefore, places us somewhere about the end of the first century.

We may pass over the strange ascription of an act of heartless perjury to Akiba as the means whereby he extorted the confession from the boy's mother, and the far more curious addition at the end of the passage which blesses the God of Israel for revealing "His secret" after the use of such questionable means, with the remark that it would be interesting to know whether Talmud apologetics prefer to abandon the reputation of the Talmud or of its great authority Akiba in this instance, for here there is no third choice.

What is most striking in the story is that neither the name of the boy nor that of his mother is given. Laible† supposes that the story originally contained the names of Jeschu and Miriam, but that the compiler of the Gemara struck them out, both because the mother is described as a pulse-seller, while elsewhere in the Talmud she is called Miriam the women's hair-dresser, and also because of the startling anachronism of making Miriam and Akiba contemporaries. He holds that the story itself is of early origin, and was originally a Jesus story.

To this we cannot agree, for if it had been *originally* intended as a Jesus story its inventors could not possibly have been so foolish as to introduce Rabbis of the beginning of the second century among the *dramatis personæ*. This would have been really too inane even for the wildest controversialists at any date even remotely approaching the time when Jews and Jewish Christians were still in contact.

* That is, the bridegroom's best man. † Laible-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

The main intention of the story is evidently to enhance the reputation of R. Akiba, to display the depth of his penetration and his fine appreciation of the subtlest shades of bastardy, a subject of great importance in Rabbinical law. It was then presumably a tradition of the Lud school, and at first had no connection whatever with the Jeschu stories. In course of time, when the Mamzer retort to the virgin-birth dogma was popularised in legend and folk-tale, the details of this other famous story of bastardy were added to the originally vague Mamzer legends of Jeschu, and to this source we may conjecture, with high probability, is to be traced the origin of the coarse details of Miriam's unfaithfulness to her husband as found in the various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu. The link was simply the word "bastard"; the rich gain to the legend material finally entirely outweighed the inconvenience of the wild anachronism.

The story is introduced by the commission of a shocking act of disrespect on the part of one of the boys, for according to Rabbinical law and custom, a teacher was to be treated as worthier of greater honour than all else, even than one's parents. To go uncovered in the presence of a teacher was thus thought to be an act of utter shamelessness; in the West, of course, the very opposite would be the case. Disrespect to the Rabbis as shown in this and other ways is one of the main burdens of accusation brought against Jesus in the Toldoth Jeschu.

We are, then, justified in supposing that any folk-tale or legend of infidelity or bastardy stood a good chance of being gradually worked into the Mamzer patchwork. And indeed we find that this was actually the case. The following story is a good instance of this method of conflation.

"There is a tradition, Rabbi Meir used to say: Just as there are various kinds of taste as regards eating, so there are also various dispositions as regards women. There is a man into whose cup a fly falls and he casts it out, but all the same he does not drink it (the cup). Such was the manner of Paphos ben Jehudah, who used to lock the door upon his wife and go out. And there is another who, when a fly falls into his tumbler,* throws it out and drinks it, and this is the way of men generally.

* Cup, surely! Did the Rabbis use tumblers?

When she is speaking with her brothers and relatives, he does not hinder her. But there is also the man, who, when a fly falls into a dish, sucks it (the fly) out and eats it (the dish). This is the manner of a bad man, who sees his wife going out bareheaded and spinning in the street and wearing clothes slit up on both sides and bathing together with men.”*

R. Meir was a pupil of Akiba and Paphos (or Pappos) ben Jehudah was Akiba's contemporary. It is not necessary to enter into a consideration of the details of Rabbinic metaphor with regard to the “various dispositions.” All we learn from this passage directly with regard to Paphos ben Jehudah, is that he locked up his wife; we are, however, led to conclude, indirectly, that she ultimately proved unfaithful to her tyrannical spouse. What, then, more simple than for a story-teller to connect this with the details of unfaithfulness found in his Jeschu *répertoire*. The erring wife was just like Miriam; before long she actually became Miriam, and finally Paphos ben Jehudah was confidently given as Miriam's husband! So they had it in later times, had it, we may suppose, at Lud, that most uncritical of legend factories, and finally we find even so great a commentator as Rashi (*ob.* 1105 A.D.) endorsing with all confidence this hopeless anachronism, when he says: “Paphos ben Jehudah was the husband of Miriam, the women's hair-dresser. Whenever he went out of the house into the street, he locked the door upon her, that no one might be able to speak with her. And that is a course which became him not; for on this account there arose enmity between them, and she in wantonness broke her faith with her husband.”

But, even eight or nine centuries before Rashi's time the Babylonian Rabbis had found the Ben Stada Lud developments a highly inconvenient overgrowth of the earlier Ben Perachiah date, as we shall see later on, and it is strange to find Rashi so ignorant of what they had to say on the subject.

Startling, however, as is the anachronism which we have been discussing, it is but a mild surprise compared with the colossal absurdity of the following legend, if we interpret it in the traditional fashion.

“When Rab Joseph came to this verse (Prov., xiii. 23) ‘But

* *Gittin*, 90a.

there is that is destroyed without judgment,' he wept. He said : Is there really someone who is going (away), when it is not his time? Certainly (for) so has it happened with Rab Bibi bar Abbai; the angel of death was found with him. The former said to his attendant, Go, bring me Miriam the women's hair-dresser. He went and brought him Miriam the children's teacher. The angel of death said to him, I said Miriam the women's hair-dresser. The messenger said to him, Then I will bring her [the other] back. The angel of death said to him, Since thou hast brought her, let her be reckoned (among the dead)."*

Rab Joseph bar Chia was born at Stili, in Babylonia, 259 A.D.; he was head of the famous Babylonian Rabbinical School at Pumbeditha. The only R. Bibi we know of flourished in the fourth century, and that this Bibi was believed to have been the seer of the death-bed vision is quite evident from the following note of the Tosaphoth on the passage :

“ ‘The angel of death was found with him,’ who related what had happened to him long ago, for this story as to Miriam the women's hair-dresser took place in the time of the second temple, for she was mother of that so and so [*i.e.*, Jeschu], as is related in (treatise) Shabbath [104*b*].”

The writer of the Tosaphoth is evidently quite clear in his mind that the date of Miriam was the Ben Perachiah date; for him this was *the* tradition. It was in the days of the second temple, before Herod's new and splendid edifice replaced the meagre building that had become gradually overtopped by the gorgeous Greek palaces of the Jewish nobles of his day.

It must be remarked, however, that this explanation does great violence to the wording of the story as it is found in the Gemara. Can it be then that some other Bibi was originally referred to, and that the story was subsequently transferred by posterity to his far later but more famous namesake?

That the simple words “bastard” and “adulteress” were strong enough indications of suitability for the match-makers of legend to unite in marriage stories of otherwise the strongest incompatibility of age and date, we have already seen; that the

* *Chagiga*, 4*b*.

very common name of Miriam should further expand this family circle of cross-breeds, is therefore quite to be expected.

And this will doubtless be held by most sufficiently to account for the transference to the address of Miriam the mother of Jeschu of the following two legends; but closer inspection warns us not too lightly to accept this explanation. In one of the tractates of the Palestinian Talmud we are given the story of a certain devout person who was privileged to see a vision of some of the punishments in hell. Among other sights,

“He saw also Miriam, the daughter of Eli Betzalim, suspended, as R. Lazar ben Jose says, by the paps of her breasts. R. Jose ben Chanina says: The hinge of hell’s gate was fastened in her ear. He said to them [? the angels of punishment], Why is this done to her? The answer was, Because she fasted and published the fact. Others said, Because she fasted one day, and counted two days (of feasting) as a set-off. He asked them, How long shall she be so? They answered him, until Simeon ben Schetach comes; then shall we take it out of her ear and put it into his ear.”*

As R. Jose ben Chanina was a contemporary of R. Akiba, R. Lazar ben Jose was presumably a Rabbi of an earlier date, but I can discover nothing about him. The main point of interest for us is the sentence, “until Simeon ben Schetach comes.” This can only mean that at the time of the vision Simeon ben Schetach was not yet dead, and therefore this Miriam was at latest contemporary with him and therefore can very well be placed in the days of his older contemporary Joshua ben Pera-chiah. As to Eli Betzalim,† I can discover nothing about him. It is true that a certain Eli is given as the father of Joseph in the genealogy incorporated into the third Gospel, a genealogy which would be quite useless if at the time of its compilation Jesus had not been regarded as the natural son of Joseph, but in the very different genealogy prefixed to the first Gospel, and also purporting to give the descent of Joseph, a certain Jacob takes the place

* *Pal. Chagiga*, 77d.

† Krauss (*Leben Jesu*, p. 224) translates *Eli Betzalim* by *Zwiebelblatt* (onion-leaf) and (p. 225) refers to this Miriam as M. *Zwiebelblatt*, but does not venture on any explanation. The onion, however, was a symbol of lasciviousness and may therefore perhaps be taken as a synonym of harlot.

of Eli and the name Eli is not found. But even had the two genealogies agreed, we should not have been helped at all, for they are given as the genealogies of Joseph and not of Mary.

It would also be of interest to know in what Simeon ben Schetach had offended, for he is otherwise known as the Rabbinic president of the golden age of Pharisean prestige in the days of Queen Salome, as we have seen above. In any case the story is an ancient one, for already in the days of Rabbi Lazar and Rabbi Jose there were variants of it.

The phrase "hinge of hell's gate" is curious and argues an Egyptian (or perhaps Chaldæan) setting; it may be compared with the "pivot of the gate of Amenti" of the Khamuas folk-tales, where they relate the punishment of Dives in Hades. "It was commanded that he should be requited in Amenti, and he is that man whom thou didst see, in whose right eye the pivot (?) of the gate of Amenti was fixed, shutting and opening upon it, and whose mouth was open in great lamentation."*

Finally, in these Talmud Mary-legends we come to the thrice-repeated Miriam daughter of Bilga story, which runs as follows:

"Bilga always receives his part on the south side on account of Miriam, daughter of Bilga, who turned apostate and went to marry a soldier belonging to the government of Javan,† and went and beat upon the roof of the altar. She said to him: 'Wolf, wolf, thou hast destroyed the property of the Israelites and didst not help them in the hour of their distress!'"‡

This Miriam, daughter of Bilga, can hardly be supposed to mean the actual Bilga of I. Chron., xxiv. 14, the head of one of the priestly courses of the house of Aaron. It must mean simply that Miriam was the daughter of one of the priests of the Bilga course or line of descent, for in the days of Bilga himself we

* Griffith (F. Ll.), *Stories of the High Priests of Memphis* (Oxford; 1900), p. 49. See also my *The Gospels and the Gospel* (London; 1902), pp. 175-180, where I have pointed out the importance of this episode in the new-found demotic papyrus as a probable source of the Dives and Lazarus story. Was Lazar the name of the seer in some Jewish variant of these popular Egyptian folk-tales? And has some alchemy of name-transmutation brought to birth the name Lazarus of the Dives story of the third Gospel writer? The speculation is a wild one, but not wilder than the transformations of legends with which folk-lorists are on all hands well acquainted.

† That is, Greece (Ionia).

‡ *Pal. Sukka*, 55d, also in substantially identical words, *Bab. Sukka*, 56b, and in *Tosefta Sukka*, iv. 28.

know of no attack on Jerusalem by the Greeks, as the story evidently suggests.

In this case, however, it does not seem to be the Talmud or the Jews themselves who connect this story with Miriam, mother of Jeschu, but Dalman,* who leaves us to suppose that it is one of the censured passages of the Talmud. What ground, however, Dalman has for bringing this story into relation with the Mary-legends I cannot discover; he seems to depend on Laible,† who refers to Origen quoting Celsus as making his Jew declare that "Mary gave birth to Jesus by a certain soldier, Panthera."

If, because of this, we are to take the above as a Mary story, it should be noticed that the "soldier" is of the "house of Greece," and therefore the date of the incident must be placed prior to the first Roman occupation of Jerusalem by Pompey in 63 B.C.; so that in it, in any case, we find a confirmation of the Ben Perachiah tradition.

This brings us to the end of our Mary stories; our next paper will deal with the remaining Talmud Ben Stada Jesus stories.

G. R. S. MEAD.

TRUTH is within ourselves; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all.
 Where truth abides in fulness, and around,
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Binds it, and makes all error: and to KNOW
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without.

BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*.

* Dalman-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 20 n.

† *Ibid.*, p. 19.

TWENTY YEARS OF DARKNESS

IN a sermon at the Synagogue of the Reformed Jews in Upper Berkeley Street, on October 18th, the preacher, Morris Joseph, taking as his text *Psalms*, xvii. 15, related how he had heard the celebrated lecture of Prof. Tyndall's at the meeting of the British Association twenty years ago.

The preacher said that the immediate result of this lecture, which dealt with the constitution of matter, was to cause a great reaction against the spiritual view of life in the minds of the leading thinking men. But he thought himself that the weight of its influence had been much exaggerated. Only a small school of scientists ever maintained, or still maintain, that the physics of the body are the only real facts or that thought is a secretion of the brain.

The influence of this lecture, he continued, is now dead. A greater reaction still has set in towards the recognition of the facts of the soul's life. Science does not satisfy us as to the great "Why." "A tear!" said a well-known French writer, "can science say *what* it is? Yes! A little water—a little gum! But *why*? Science leaves the field! What of the pain—the pity—that melts the soul to tears? Why these tears?"

The soul of man will ever ask this why and the answer is as far out of reach of science to-day as it has always been and always will be.

Then the preacher, who had evidently been following the recent series of articles by Mallock in the *Fortnightly*, on "Science and Religion," maintained that there could be, properly speaking, no conflict between religion and science, since science is continually fluctuating and contradicting itself, and moreover is continually defining more and more certainly the inexorable limitations of its field.

(Readers of the above-mentioned articles will remember that

Mallock quotes Hæckel as saying that: "God, free-will and immortality are superstition's three buttresses." The only answer to such a disputant, Mallock replies, is that they are the buttresses of many other things besides, and of things which he himself is as unwilling to surrender as is anybody. The present writer has before her the following sentences out of Hæckel's *Monism* (p. 47): "If we understood the nature of matter and energy, we should also understand *how* the substance underlying them can—under certain conditions—*feel, desire and think.*" And again (p. 50): "It is often reproached against our Monism that it denies immortality—this is erroneous. Immortality in a scientific sense is conservation of substance, therefore the same as conservation of energy. The Cosmos as a whole is immortal. It is just as inconceivable that any of the energy of our spirit should *vanish* out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy should do so. At our death there disappears only the individual *form* in which the nerve-substance was fashioned.")

Truly, concluded the preacher, "no man can see God and live," we cannot know Him on our mortal side, but the spirit of man *sees* and *knows*, and when it awakens in His likeness it will be satisfied.

Xⁿ⁻¹.

IF any man say to you: "Christ is in Christendom and not in Heathendom," take no notice of him, *believe him not.* Let him be to you as one who brags, and go thou and seek the true Christ elsewhere. . . . Settle it in your mind that whoever separates Him from the whole human race is not yet well instructed in the great mystery of godliness. Christ is the Presence of God with the human race from the beginning to the end of the world. . . . The man-loving Logos cannot be absent from any human spirit.—JOHN PULSFORD.

TRULY wise you are not unless your wisdom be constantly changing from your childhood to your death.—MAETERLINCK.

THE influence of the senses has, in most men, overpowered the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity.—EMERSON, *The Over-Soul*,

THE "GREAT REFUSAL" OF THE PRE- RAPHAELITE MOVEMENT

AMID the several reversions in Art of the last century—reversions to the Hellenic, Mediæval, and Renaissance types—there is none more remarkable than the Pre-Raphaelite movement of the fifties.

The critics who tell us that such a movement was due to the interaction of complex, highly sensitised temperaments, or to a refined embodiment of the formula "Art for Art's sake"—do not pursue the question far enough. The study of Pre-Raphaelitism involves wider issues than the analyses of acute and subtle temperaments, such as D. G. Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones; or of many-sided individualities, such as William Morris and Ford Madox Brown, and later of profound symbolists, such as G. F. Watts and Frederick Shields. Rather does it mean the intuition of a crucial phase in the life of a century. The true function of the Art critic, as of the historian, is to look beyond the "brief chronicles" of events, characters, and temperaments, to penetrate that wider realm of Consciousness in which the primal forces of our being—forces of Order, of Harmony, of Beauty—are at one with the Divine Wisdom that "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things." The realm of Art is, indeed, as wide as life, as deep as religion, as transcendent as Divine Love. This being so, the problem resolves itself into the following questions:—How far has this movement brought men into vital, inevitable relation with the Divine order?—Has it offered to men, as all high Art should do, a permanent source of spiritual content?—Has it revealed the immanency of the Spirit in nature and in man?

We can only attempt to find an answer to these questions by taking into consideration the genesis and the final outcome of Pre-Raphaelite Art. Briefly, we look back to those mid-years of

the nineteenth century during which this form of Æstheticism came into being.

The fulness of the time for a mystic revival had dawned. Romanticism had culminated in Scott and Coleridge, Mediævalism had deepened into the spiritual conviction of John Henry Newman and Frederick Denison Maurice. Science, the great protagonist of the age, had stepped into the field and had taken captive the strongest intellects of the time. Victoriously Science passed on invading and extending the limits of human knowledge, venturing even to the borders of the vast out-lying kingdoms, where light and darkness blend, and the hidden infinite impinges on the human and the known. And the watchword was: "We search for Truth."

And what of Art? At that time she found herself confronted with new and untried problems of life; her world became extended both in fact and in spirit; many new emotions, that as yet had hardly found their place in active life, pressed urgently for concrete realisation on canvas or in marble. But with the advent of fresh material there came the difficulty that always makes itself felt when the substance suddenly overpowers the means of expression.

Form was for a time lost in feeling, and yielded to the conquering influences around her; the higher claims of the artist were imperilled amid the conflict of confused and unsettled passions. Poet and painter alike had lost for awhile the calm spirit proper to all imaginative productions. The rush and tumult of new ideas left them at the mercy of their material and it was difficult to distinguish rightly between the beauty that was permanent, and the grace of form and gladness of colour that might be only ephemeral. Art then roused herself and it was no longer a question of Art for Art's sake, but of *Art for the sake of life*.

She saw around her the dominion of scientific fact, a laborious empiricism, a patient and thorough investigation of the laws of the material universe. Like "La Gioconda" of Da Vinci, there fell upon Art a deep weariness; upon her also "the end of the world had come."* Science, indeed, had given her facts, but

* Walter Pater, *Renaissance Studies*.

Science could not interpret them, could not vivify the dry bones of the physical world with the flesh and blood of the imaginative faculties. The magnificent generalisations of Science—then in the air—when not so seized upon and vivified, were fatal to creative impulses.

For the truth of the "conservation of energy," in the hands of materialism, may be construed into a mechanical fatalism. The belief in the "underlying unity amidst apparent diversity," when confined to the physical plane, may drag down the soul, and place the imagination under lock and key in the narrow bounds of the "five senses." Even the laborious and self-denying search after the facts of Physiology, Natural Science, and Psychology, may fetter the spirit and produce only a limited and sensuous æstheticism. With the advent of the *Modern Painters* of John Ruskin, with the *Studies in the Art Catholic* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, came the reaction of 1857 and of the years following.

John Ruskin, in his articles in *The Times*, and Rossetti and William Morris in *The Germ* challenged the vaunted "Realism" of the Art world. They challenged the Realism, with its hidden core of artificiality, which pourtrayed the sordid and ugly facts of nature and of human life, and which affected a pseudo-classicism. Rossetti and the men gathered in the "Brotherhood" proved, in their search after the beautiful and recondite truths of nature, after the mystery of the soul, as revealed in gracious form and subtle colour, that Realism could not be the truest exponent of the total life of their time. Many as are the human documents created by that school, its votaries depicted only a part of life—its gaunt realism, its lack of *imaginative* truth, its crude, hard, uncompromising pourtrayal of the facts of existence. The aim of the Realists was to depict the outward physical truths of life; to place these upon the stage in all their nudity or in their ultra-refined elegance, "exactly as they appeared in life." Needless to say this form of Art failed to grasp the very truths it sought. Historic truth is often imaginative untruth. The aim of the Pre-Raphaelites was to reveal, through nature, the inner life of the soul; to delineate for us that mystic world within the natural world. They sought to display that realm of artistic invention which is far more fair and strange, far more luminous and full of

precious form and colour, than the veritable physical universe wherein our feet stumble so helplessly.

“Beauty touched with strangeness”—in this phrase we have the note of Pre-Raphaelite Art; the blending of the truths of nature with a mystic symbolism. We see this in Rossetti’s “Annunciation,” where the old-world story is painted for us with an intense actuality, and at the same time with a wistful idealism, perhaps only fully interpreted in the sonnet he appended to the picture :

This is that blessed Mary, preëlect
 God’s Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
 Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
 Unto God’s will she brought devout respect,
 Profound simplicity of intellect
 And supreme patience. From her mother’s knee
 Faithful and hopeful ; wise in charity ;
 Strong in grave peace ; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood ; as it were
 An angel-watered lily, that near God
 Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home
 She woke in her white bed, and felt no fear
 At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed ;
 Because the fulness of the time was come.*

Science had sounded the trumpet call to battle, but these men turned away from a life of action to a world of dreams, of devout and delicate mysticism. They did this in no sentimental mood. Their “great refusal” arose out of no cowardly shirking of that ringing call to action. Indeed, they marshalled their forces to meet another challenge ; their whole attitude was a conscious and defiant neglect of the materialism around them. They challenged the world to disprove their claim to the power of soul interpenetrating matter, nay, Rossetti went further and declared :

I fain would tell how ever more
 Thy soul I knew not from thy body,
 Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

“A great civilisation,” writes Mr. Watts, “having reached the stage of (scientific) acceptance has turned back, and becomes

* Sonnet ; “Mary’s Girlhood.”

haunted by the sense of mystery as deep as ever." This "Renaissance of Wonder," as the movement has been called, asserted itself in its picturesque aspect with William Morris, Ford Madox Brown, and others; in its sensuous aspect with all the Pre-Raphaelites, more or less, while it became symbolic in the art of Edward Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and G. F. Watts. William Morris, with characteristic directness of vision, and in sheer delight in the "wonder and bloom of the world," sought to cut down to the centre, and there find the heart of Beauty—*Beauty as an end of life*. Defiantly he bids farewell to what he calls "all make-believes of life," all "would-be renunciations, and impossible faiths."

Wilt thou take all, Galilean?
 But these thou shalt not take—
 The laurel, the palms, and the pæan,
 The breasts of the nymphs in the brake.*

Amid the many waste waters of human experience he sought to find:

A shadowy isle of bliss
 Midmost the beating of the steely sea.

That Morris did not accomplish the arcadian life we all know, though his socialistic gospel perhaps has led the way to the "garden cities" of the future.

With the art of Edward Burne-Jones we seem to wander in some land "east of the sun, and west of the moon." Men and women, perfect in the flesh, look out upon us from his canvas as in twilight, or some "faery land forlorn." And though we may touch each precise curve of flesh and note every undulating wave of hair, yet their presence is mysterious with the light of a recollected dream. His "King Corphetua and the Beggar Maid" seem to have passed out of the tumult of mundane existence and to be crowned with rest and love in a quiet land far away, yet with the seal upon them from which no mere earthly beauty escapes:

The sunrise blooms, and withers on the hill,
 And the noblest troth sinks here to dust.†

* A. C. Swinburne, "Hymn to Proserpine."

† D. G. Rossetti, Sonnet, "House of Life."

Of the later development of Pre-Raphaelite Art, in the work of Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Sir Noel Paton, and others, this is not the place to speak. For these men, by virtue of a higher intuition, of a more profound symbolism, have touched the fine intentions of their older brethren to finer issues in the realm of Teutonic Art. They came very near to the swift intuitive vision of Keats, when he wrote :

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all
Ye knew on earth, or need to know.

The works of the earlier "Brethren" mark a distinct phase in the culture of their day, in the progress of concrete works of Art, in the evolution of the imaginative reason—that complex faculty which belongs in part to the lower mind, in part to the divine spiritual triad of man. Without them a stage in the struggle of the soul would remain unrecorded, a line of solution untried amid the complex problems of the age so recently closed. In the paintings, the poems of the "Brethren," the supreme aim and end was beauty of body shadowing forth beauty of soul. Here we touch the strength and the weakness of their form of Art. Beauty truly is the indispensable condition under which all great Art manifests herself, while in the greatest Art she is never separated from the Good and the True.

In the works of the Pre-Raphaelite school Beauty is both aim and end; it is not infrequently divorced from the Good and the True. Hence the ultimate failure of their work, when we apply to it the conditions before named—their power of bringing men into vital inevitable relation with the Divine Order; the gift of a permanent source of spiritual content; the revelation of the immanency of the Spirit in Nature and in man. Perhaps we may question whether Art has ever done this. Without doubt, the *greatest* art has always fulfilled these conditions. We have only to think of the sculptures of the Parthenon, the Cathedral of Chartres, the music of Beethoven, to feel assured of this. In this world of Pre-Raphaelite Art, this synthesis of Nature and of dreams, we have indeed flashes of inspiration, but no "clear dream and solemn vision" coming from the Higher Consciousness. We give thanks for the "quest" of the Brotherhood, for its earnest, devout, loving worship of Nature and beauty of form,

for its lovely, imaginative colour—colour rarely seen since the days of the master-painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. With gratitude we acknowledge the revolutionary power of their ideas, so “free, pungent, penetrating,” ideas often in confused solution, yet so near to the natural forces of an age. In spite of all the nobility of their “quest,” these knight-errants in the cause of Beauty failed to attain the highest “vision.” The flame of mystic passion in Rossetti, the natural æsthetic delight of Morris, the chivalrous remote idealism of Burne-Jones, each, in his turn, has made us know the truth of Wordsworth’s words: “The sense of death-like, treacherous desertion felt in that last place of refuge—a man’s own soul.”

With a certain bitterness of assurance they only tell us, in poem and painting, that intellectual certitude is vain, that spiritual content can never be, that amid “the weeping and laughter of man’s empty day,” the world of exquisite emotions, of rare colour, of glorious form, still endures, that earth is good, and life is sweet.

Their counsel of perfection sums itself up in the lines :

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,
 Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
 Though still the less we knew of its intent ;
 The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year
 Slow-changing, were to us but curtains fair,
 Hung round about a little room, where play
 Weeping and laughter of man’s empty day.*

Regretfully we ask, is this all then Art has to offer to the divine spirit of man? Surely not.

Has Art even now forgotten the dictum of one of her truest exponents: “To live with steady purpose, in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful— . . . to divert our mind from all that is transient and ephemeral and fasten upon *abiding relations*.”† There is the whole secret of great Art; the “abiding relations” of man’s spirit with the infinite Being of all; the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful.

I am reminded at this point of an intuitive passage in one of

* W. Morris, Epilogue to *Earthly Paradise*.

† Goethe, *Conversations with Eckermann*.

Shelley's Letters in which he remarks upon the "Niobe" group in Florence: "All this," he writes, "not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, of all which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts."

The whole secret of Art's highest aim and end lies in this paragraph. For the synthesis of lovely form, of exquisite tones, of marvellous light and shade, these in the hand and through the spirit of a master-artist do indeed "touch" and awaken the "most removed and divine chords" in the Higher Consciousness of man.

Great Art is an appeal to the Divine Ego. It is its privilege to quicken emotion, to arouse in us what John Addington Symonds has called "indefinite, illimitable desire"—"desire," he hastens to add, "that is touched to fine pervasive spiritual issues."*

All noble Art is an appeal to the inner harmony of man's Higher Consciousness; it beats in unison with the great rhythmic chord that is dominant in all sublime creation—the chord of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

Here, then, we catch a glimpse of what I have called the "great refusal" of the Pre-Raphaelites: on the one hand, a refusal to join hands with materialism and with a form of Art purely sensuous; on the other hand, a sorrowful turning away, like the rich young man in the parable, from the Kingdom of the Spirit. It has ever been the privilege of the highest Art, nay, its urgent demand, to enter that Kingdom. When we look at, or listen to, any supreme achievement in Art, whether of painting, of poetry, or of music, we seem to hear again the wise counsel of the Mantineian Sibyl, words that contain the sum and substance of an artist's noblest aim and end: ". . . . If it were given to anyone to behold the absolute beauty, in its clearness, its pureness, its unmixed essence; not replete with flesh and blood and colours and other manifold vanity of this mortal life; but if he were able to behold that divine beauty (*μονοειδής*) simply as it is; do you think," she said, "that life would be a poor thing to one whose eyes were fixed on that; seeing that,

* J. A. Symonds, *Fine Arts*, vol. iv., "Renaissance in Italy."

with the organ through which it must be seen, and communing with that? Do you not think, rather," she said, "that here alone it will be his, seeing the beautiful with that through which it may be seen (namely, with the imaginative reason), to beget no mere phantasms of virtue, as it is no phantom he apprehends, but the true virtue, as he embraces what is true? And having begotten virtue, and revealed it, he will become dear to God, and if any man may be immortal he will be."*

MARGARET S. DUNCAN.

IN THE VIRGIN-MOTHER'S KINGDOM

SHE was abroad in the land, for the time was May, and the birds were singing; those who do not possess the faery sight might trace her only by the flowers which sprang where her white naked feet touched the meadows and were washed by the streams. The loud south wind swept from the sea, and bowed the pine-tree tops; it was soft, it was strong, but in the curve of meeting woods of pine, larch and budding oaks, it was so stilled that not even a milk-white blackthorn petal was loosed before the appointed hour.

A little pool lay in the curve of the woods, and thence a stream went shining across a broad turf alley, away to the wide heath close by, which was hidden by the trees. Round the pool grew flowers; fragile scented primroses, delicate wind-flowers, cuckoo blooms, stitchwort, and water forget-me-not; the banks of the stream glowed here and there with marsh marigolds.

A man lay by the side of the pool; he was singing, because the birds, the trees, and the stream sang, and good fellowship compelled him to do the same. Little speckled brown lizards sunned themselves, and slipped in and out of the dry stalks of last year's bracken; here and there new fronds were uncurling

* Plato, *Symposium*, 210.

their brown heads. A glossy fox trotted by to his lair ; the wind blew from him to the man, so that the comely bandit of the woods picked his way among last year's leaves unconscious of a human presence ; the fox carried in his mouth a poor little limp heap of reddish-brown fur that had once been a squirrel. Even the Virgin-Mother's kingdom has its tragedies ; the only alleviating circumstances of which are that no one draws a moral from them, or attempts to offer either reproof or comfort. When the man began to sing the fox dropped the squirrel and ran away ; yet the cuckoo on the bough above his head called far more loudly.

Through the larch wood came a youth, his hands were locked behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. He was not watching the life of the wood ; he did not see the fox, he did not know the first swallow was sweeping over the heath he had crossed ; he did not mark the pink crab-apple blossom opening on a little tree growing among the pale green larches. He looked tired, ill, restless, and overstrained. When he was within a few paces of the singer he heard his voice and stood still.

"This is how you are spending your morning, is it ? I wondered where you were. You were not in the chapel this morning."

"No, I come and go in the chapel. I was here before the sun rose ; I bathed in that pool in the stream as the first ray of sunshine struck the water. Lie down by the pool ! To smell the wet moss and the primroses is worth all the fame, power and wealth the world can give. Hear the thrum of the wind on the open heath, it blows straight in from the sea."

"You are such a born vagrant, I wonder you can stay here as quietly as you do ; I should have thought one place would not have held you a month."

"I am such a born vagrant that there is no place on earth has power to hold me whether I stop in it or not. It doesn't matter. But honestly, I marvel to see *you* ; I thought only pagans like myself came to the woods on Sunday morning. And I understood from you that you had come to Brent for a 'retreat.'"

"I did. I came because town was playing the tune of a goblin's dance on my nerves. I came to find peace in the beautiful symbolism of the religious life at Brent. But it's no good.

I'm sick of symbolism, sick of religion. We never reach its heart, we only see the outer husk. I am weary of all forms and symbols, I am weary of matter. I want the life of the spirit alone. I think I may claim to have transcended purely sensuous delights. I want neither earth, heaven, nor hell. I want knowledge."

"If you want to realise spirit, you must realise it through matter. When you have passed beyond matter you have passed beyond spirit too, and reached—"

"What can be reached beyond spirit?"

"Perhaps you, who will be contented with nothing less, will tell me. I don't know. If you despise matter you must surely despise its directing power, spirit. You can't have one without the other; and if you don't want either, but want something beyond, or above, or within both, why are you here at all?"

"I didn't send myself here."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I'm not sure of anything, except that I am sick and tired of life."

"Excuse me; I don't believe that. I think you are greedy of life, only you believe you want it in some form other than those you know. But if you ever began to understand those forms, perhaps you would find at the heart of them all the knowledge you need; at any rate you would be less weary and less scornful of them."

"Do you think so?"

"I do; I'm sure of it."

The listener sighed.

"Look," said the other, pointing down the turf road. "Look where Spring goes like a laughing goddess, singing through the meadows. If you knew even a tithe of what lurks in the mystery of colour—if you knew why the Earth-goddess goes dressed in green—why the mist is pearl-grey and faint green in the shadows of the oaks, rosy and violet among the pines, and clear dusky brown under the larches—why that stream shines steel blue between the yellow marigolds and forget-me-nots—why birch boughs are amethyst, and lime-tree buds like rubies—"

"Are birch boughs amethyst?"

"They are when they're alive, not if you cut them to make brooms or birch-rods of them. If you knew these things—"

"Stop! We *do* know why these things are."

"You know something of the physical process which produces your impressions of colour. But you don't know the why—the meaning and power of it all; if you did you would draw near to knowing some of the mysteries of spirit; behind spirit and matter lies—silence. If you are not craving for knowledge of matter, you can't crave knowledge of spirit, and if you only crave knowledge of the Beyond, I don't see how you crave knowledge at all. Surely it means you are tired of knowledge too, for knowledge means duality; if you know, you must know something other than yourself, and if you have thyself and myself, you are in the world of matter. O believe me! You're not weary of knowing—therefore not weary of matter—therefore not tired of Nature—nor tired of life."

"Perhaps not, in this wider sense. I am tired of the life I know because it is so small. I crave for something *great*."

"You make me feel a certain shame. I have been contentedly looking at this stitchwort flower. It is very small, but it is very well made. If I could make a thing so well, I would make it larger, to please you. In case I should ever be able to fashion something like this flower with life as my chisel, would you mind defining the terms great and small? I should like to execute your order accurately."

"I—well, really!"

"Precisely. That's my own position to a T. I wonder which of the two, using the terms, as we must, in a purely relative sense, is the more important. I was looking at the sky last night; if you remember, it was wonderfully clear, and I arrived at some conclusion, but the stitchwort this morning shook it badly, the ant who is crawling up that grass had already given it a shock."

"Do you call an ant—who?" said the youth, laughing.

"In his hearing—I do. You would prefer I should wait for your departure before I spoke of you to him as—which."

The young man laughed, and threw pine cones at a squirrel. "Nature is your religion," he said,

“Do you really think Nature means nothing?” said the elder, seriously. “You were much interested a little time ago in the theory that ‘thoughts are things,’ and have form and colour. What then is the meaning in the world of thought of these forms and colours, the shapes and hues of a countryside in Spring? Must they not be the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace? Are they not a showing forth in form of intelligent forces, of ideas that endure? Think of a virtue, if you will, not as a vague abstraction, but as a conscious power or force; you can’t think of naked force, it must have form; as you think you clothe it in a form which takes shape as colour, which is the effect produced on your brain by the abstract idea of the virtue manifested thus to you in concrete form. When you perceive the colour you are, in truth, perceiving in some measure that which colour expresses. Therefore, when you sit, as we sit now, and watch ‘the Virgin-Mother clad in green,’ you draw into the circle of your life that which is expressed by colour. Your mind embraces part of its meaning, and then stretches out to grasp the meaning of all beauty, which is ultimately the same as Wisdom, Power, Knowledge, Love, or any other great abstraction of which we talk much and know nothing. You get, as you sit here, a continual ebb and flow and interchange of action, as the life in these things which surround you beats on your life, and yours responds again. If you send forth your thought to all that this wood means, and then are still of thought for awhile, you will feel the throbbing heart of the wood answering you. Now, I mean that *literally*, and not as a poetic phrase. Wordsworth knew it when he said:

“One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the Sages can.

“For that which manifests the wood to our senses, manifests also angel, man, beast, and all the powers which be, and can reveal them all to us as one, with a single brief innermost touch of life on life.”

“I met a man the other day who said the love of Nature was purely sensuous.”

“ Very likely. And how do we learn anything save through the medium of our senses in one or other region of our being. You may have a sense which includes all senses in all other regions; I don't know anything about that. I am not tying myself down to the thought of five physical senses and no more. I am stretching the term. There may be senses of the naked mind, organs whereby it perceives.”

“ What do you mean by the ‘ naked mind ’ ? ”

“ I mean mind without brain, working by methods of its own, in a world of its own. I will grant ‘ a point of force ’ which is the ultimate Perceiver, or Thinker, if you will. But it must perceive through and by certain organs of which we know nothing. I am of opinion that mind, as the Perceiver, must clothe itself in matter in order to perceive.”

“ Your view, it seems to me, is very materialistic.”

“ Being a view taken in, and by means of, a material world, it probably is so. But when you have risen above the limits of the material world, stretching the term material very widely, and making it include every state of matter, however unthinkably ethereal, I do not see how you can express yourself at all in terms which I can understand, unless you descend again to me, and accommodate your terms to my organs of understanding. Why! you cannot even express the idea of a ‘ fourth dimension ’ of matter, so that people who can experience only through ‘ three dimensional ’ matter can understand what you mean, yet many of these very persons who can't understand you will talk of ‘ a spiritual world,’ of ‘ pure spirit,’ ‘ pure reason,’ ‘ absolute unity,’ and so forth.”

“ You think then that we cannot understand save through the medium of matter; you do not think we can learn silently of the one Life in all? ”

“ I do not know of any means of learning save through the one Life in all; and I think if we were more silent we should learn more quickly; but I think also that we learn through the working of this one Life in the one Form. It may be, I do not know, that we who learn have an enduring home, beyond all we can discover through, and concerning, the things seen and unseen.”

“One Life—yes! But how speak of one Form?”

“You grant one Life though you see many forces at work in Nature?”

“Yes.”

“Why not—on the same principle—admit but one Form.”

“I believe I see what you mean; but do you know your theory bids fair to drive you to some conclusions liable to shock, startle, and distress?”

“It does, but I only said it to you. When persons, like yourself, are tired of life, have exhausted the possibilities of manifested Nature, and are beyond learning anything by merely sensuous perception, they ought not to be startled, distressed, or, for that matter, shocked by anything. They ought to have no prejudices or predilections for any given methods; they should only view the suitability of the means to the end, and the desirability of bringing that end about.”

“It brings in appalling possibilities.”

“Fortunately Nature is not so easily appalled as those who have transcended her ‘purely sensuous’ effects; if so, we should have cataclysms when they were not needed. Let me entreat you to turn your attention for awhile from the problem of good and evil, which there is little probability of your solving until you know the difference between the two at all times, and in all places, and till you also know their origin and uses. Look at this little pond; it is the best place to see dragon-flies which I know, except the Black Pond in the Claremont woods in Surrey, which is better. Please look! See the little mosses on the verge, and the tiny water-weeds like emeralds; see the moor-fowl and the rushes; think of all the little worlds within worlds below the surface of the water and in the air above; think of the patient powers that balance and guide the whole. And ‘you do not want earth, or heaven, or hell, but pure knowledge!’ Don’t scamp your work; as an honest scholar learn to do things thoroughly.”

The youth laughed. “I did not need to stay at Brent for a sermon.”

“A sermon! The Powers forbid! Have I indeed preached a sermon? Gods of the wood, forgive me!”

“ Nature preaches, doesn't she? Sermons in stones—and so forth.”

“ You have to extract your sermons by your own power of dealing with the stones, they don't swirl down on you unasked. There is a little purple cloud scudding across the sky. There will be a shower, and afterwards we shall watch the raindrops hanging on the pine-needles.”

MICHAEL WOOD.

“ THE XIPÉHUZ ”

[AMONG the writings of the now well-known French author, J. N. de Rosny, there was published, some years ago, a small booklet,* which passed unnoticed as the product of this gifted novelist's peculiar imagination. On second reading, however, it seems to contain more interesting information and more accurate knowledge than intuitional writers of fiction generally give. If we may venture our own speculation as to the nature of the “ beings ” which he describes under the name of the Xipéhuz, it would seem that we have to do with creatures of an astral, or at any rate etheric, nature, whom the psychically-gifted early race dwelling on the future site of ancient Babylon, may have been able to see, but not to understand. The colour-language, the shape, the rapid changes of form, the vulnerability by sharp weapons only; the small central star, centre of the higher life-currents—all seem to point to the super-physical nature of the Xipéhuz. M. de Rosny's speculation is so curious that we have thought the readers of **THE REVIEW** would be interested in a rough *résumé* of his story.]

It was many years before the dawn of the attempts at civilisation from which, much, much later on, arose Babylon, Ecbatana and Nineveh.

A tribe of nomads were camped within the sight of a great

* *Les Xipéhuz*, “ Société du Mercure de France ” (Paris; 1896).

forest called Khzur, in those antique realms which still teem with mysteries. They heard that a natural well was hidden in the freshness of its green aisles, and so they arose to go to it. But soon they halted, for a wonderful sight met them on the borders of the forest. This was a great circle of bluish conical forms, transparent, each of a grown man's size. On their surfaces were a few clear lines, a few dark convolutions. At the base they all had a star. Other forms stood farther off, cylindrical, of a bronze colour, starred with green, all with the mysterious star at the base.

The nomads halted; a strange awe made them unable to stir. Then suddenly there was a noise like the hissing of water poured on fire. The stars trembled; the Forms began to move towards them.

The first who were touched by the Forms fell down as dead. The shock paralysed like lightning, it brought death or a simple swoon. The Forms glided between the trunks of the darkening forest, striking with intelligent choice, with deliberation. The women and children were spared; the men, seized with unspeakable horror, fled and fled. At some distance, however, they perceived that the pursuit had ceased. It was as if a mysterious line had been drawn which the beings could not pass. They were still visible, faintly glimmering under the trees.

Children and wives came running back to them; then one of them took heart and lit a fire and sounded his horn to guide the last stragglers home.

With the first light of day the chief of the tribe went forth to see the peril again. Alone he passed the limit which had stopped the Forms. He saw them still under the forest trees, radiant in the morning sun. Their shapes swayed and changed from disc to spiral, from cone to cylinder. They shone like turquoise and copper and amethyst, and their stars were brighter than the rays of daylight. They saw the chief and stirred. And he, in spite of his courage, had to flee.

The struggle began between the mind of man and the unknown.

Larger and larger grew the area which the mysterious beings could enter in chase of man. At last, all attempts to destroy

them failing, man looked into the very face of destruction and awaited the end of his race.

But in the vast desert where later, much later, was to rise Ecbatana, there lived a chief whose name was Bakhun. He had settled down alone, passing his time in the cultivation of the soil, and in meditation on man, the stars and the reality of things. To him, renowned as he was for courage and self-control (some whispered, for magic) the priests and the people went for aid.

He meditated for two days and then went to live near this fatal forest, the Forest of Khzur. There he watched and the story of his watching was written on tablets of stone in antecuneiform characters in the “Book of Bakhun.” Therein is written :

The hero said : These beings are the Xipéhuз. They are living ones. They display will and choice ; they associate and they act independently. Their mode of progress is a gliding, even as a ray glides, but they direct it as they will. They cannot ascend the trees, but they can kill the birds, drawing them down in some strange way. Birds and beasts they kill, burning them up entirely, without using them for food. They give death for death’s sake, and to every animal indifferently.

Round a big animal they assemble in circles of ten to twenty, and they direct on it the rays of the star that burns within them. The action of that ray is not immediate, so that falling on a human hand it begins to burn on the skin only after a while.

What is marvellous about these beings is the instability of their forms, changing from cone to cylinder or disc in one day, and also the variety of their delicate and radiant colours, which seem to come as their passions play, and to give each of the beings an individual expression. Yet no observation of man enables him to be certain. He only sees that they love and hate, and wish and choose ; their wrath is terrible to behold. More than once the hero saw one of them launch his ray on another, so that under the shock the victim shrunk, fell, shrivelled up, and turned to stone. These corpses of the Xipéhuз look like yellow crystals with blue lines, irregular in form and of unknown substance.

At a distance the Xipéhuз cannot kill, and the wide, luminous

area surrounding them helps man and animals to perceive their abode or approach in time to take to flight. Thus are other creatures preserved from danger, and also by the strange law that the Forms cannot pass beyond a given distance from their habitat. This limit increases its area with the increase of the numbers of the Xipéhuz, and accordingly diminishes when that number decreases. It seems to be connected directly with the habitat prescribed to the race by mysterious circumstances, and no Xipéhuz can escape the law ruling the whole of his kin, which binds the life of individual and race among them closer than among men or animals.

Their numbers increase only by a kind of procreation—the strangest thing about these strangest of Earth's creatures. Four times a year, a little before the equinox or solstice, groups of three Xipéhuz assemble and unite till the three creatures form only one, extending like a long ellipse. The whole night they remain thus linked till full sunrise, when they separate, and high up into the morning air one sees new Forms ascending, vague, vaporous, enormous. Slowly these Forms condense, decrease, and after ten days turn into amber-coloured cones still much larger than the adult Xipéhuz. To bring them down to adult stature two and a half months are needed. After that time they become as others, and a few days after their "coming of age" the area of their invasion grows in proportion to the number of births.

Have they senses? They can see things at a great distance, and no absence of light or form deceives them, so as to make them take an animal or a plant one for the other. To kill a bird one Xipéhuz is sufficient; to burn up a large animal there assemble ten, fifteen, twenty, as the case requires. They see through obstacles, and select their victims. They destroy the warriors, the men, but the child, the woman, is safe in almost all encounters.

They also have the gift of language—its form, not its sound—but still they speak. When a Xipéhuz wishes to talk he directs his rays to another Xipéhuz, the latter stops attentive. The speaker traces rapidly, on the surface of the listener, luminous signs by a play of light. They remain visible a few seconds, then fade out. After a short pause the answer flashes back.

For hours and hours sometimes they stand conversing together through signs related to an order of things so out of all human experience that vainly did the wise Bakhun try to unravel the abstract, unknown thoughts they exchanged. Some on the contrary never spoke but sought solitudes; some loved to listen, lingering near the speakers, glowing columns of sapphire or cones of emerald. They seemed to cherish the sunshine, and enjoyed it, especially in its full vigour. And many a time an elder Xipéhuз would stand in the midst of quite young ones and teach them the glowing signs of the light-language, the children repeating every sign till each was perfect.

Yet was it necessary to find the means of destroying them, to extinguish on earth the light of life for that race, for that kingdom of which humanity has lost even the conception. The Xipéhuз, or mankind—one of the two had to go.

And Bakhun made attempt on attempt with his sling, but the enemy did not seem even to notice the stones that struck through their shining surfaces. One day the hero tried an arrow; the Xipéhuз fled. Then they began to chase him, turning so as to hide the star at their base from his arrows. It was a ray of light on the mystery; the star was the life-centre and only the sharp point of the arrow could penetrate there, deep into some unknown focus of life-energy.

One rosy evening the attack began. A hundred thousand men went forth against the Forms. The fire from the Xipéhuз' stars burned up thousands of warriors, but human ingenuity invented shelters of wood too fresh and too thick to be destroyed by sudden flashes of fire. Soon it was apparent that strong blows dealt under cover could bring the Xipéhuз to the ground and force them to show their stars. Then the man struck and the Form died. Yet Bakhun saw with wonder that such of the warriors as used weapons of brass to strike at the Xipéhuз fell dead themselves as if struck by lightning. Bakhun at once ordered his warriors to take long wooden spears with only a metallic point, thin and sharp, to plunge into the centre of the mysterious stars.

The fight went on and on, till at last, another sunset, crimson with the rubies of the sky, mingled with the earth-red mist,

the blood of men that ran from ears and nose and lips from the electric shocks given by the Forms—a sunset glowing with red rays in the sky and with blushes of anger and triumph on the faces of the warriors. The last group of the Xipéhuz was surrounded, thrown down by the rush of thousands, and slain, leaving only a heap of strange-looking small corpses strewn about like fragments of metal.

The army of men set on fire the forest of Khzur throughout the whole area which had been haunted by the now destroyed Forms, and earth knew no more of the Xipéhuz kingdom; its mystery receded with it into the inner spaces to the Source of all Life. And Bakhun sat under the pale moon of the desert and dreamed of the dead race of the beings that were forms of light and mind, beings of love even, for some were merciful to weak creatures, and many had their loved ones among their kin. And the hero mourned for them because of the law that makes the life of one form the price of the life of another. And those who called him chief he bade worship only the One Life and love only the rule of Wisdom.

A RUSSIAN.

EACH soul must digest the heavenly manna for itself. For every sorrow the heart has turned from, we lose a consolation, for every fear we dare not confront, we forfeit some of our hardihood, and for every truth, I will add, that we fail to cherish, we forego a portion of our very souls.

HENRY McCORMAC.

WHILE theology and philosophy are often occupied with the vain task of bridging a chasm between the finite and the infinite, which they assume to be separated, the supreme facts in the life of man as a spirit spring from their unity.—HENRY JONES.

THROUGHOUT the world, God, who is above human laws and reverences them not, works with means which men would despise. What to Him are the virtues which we call morality and respectability? Nothing; but love, helpfulness, honesty, are precious as fine gold.—JOHN NETTLESHIP.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 462)

THE WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

WE have already seen that the physical Consciousness is that which works in the materials of the physical body, and does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. This is part of the true "sub-conscious" in the human being, and purposive actions—actions directed by Consciousness—as they are constantly repeated tend to become habitual and then automatic, also sinking thus out of Consciousness into Sub-Consciousness. The Consciousness of the cell—shown in secretion, absorption, assimilation and similar activities, in the "memory of the cell," in the war waged by one species on another, etc.—belongs to a very early stage in evolution, that in which still exist such organisms as the *amœba*. This forms a portion of the Sub-Consciousness, which never intrudes into human Consciousness, save in its effects. The activities of internal organs—parts of a body, specialised for particular activities within the body—were in many cases purposive at one time, but have now become automatic, and are carried on without any reference to human Consciousness; these have sunk into the Sub-Consciousness, and may be recovered therefrom by persevering efforts of thought and will, as is evidenced by certain practices in *Hâṭha Yoga*. These again, do not in their normal healthy activities intrude into human Consciousness, save in their effects. Closely allied to these, but nearer to the borderland of Consciousness, are the automatic actions of particular organs, the activities of which are concerned with the relations of the entity to the external world; these were once directed by its Consciousness to the preservation of its physical body, and having now sunk by habitual practice and consequent automatism into the Sub-Con-

consciousness, remain there as instincts, and occasionally irrupt into Consciousness with imperious energy, overbearing the dictates of reason, save in those who have reached an advanced stage of self-control. Consciousness working on the astral plane in the past has formed these instincts, and they belong to the Sub-Consciousness of the astral plane, and some elements from the working of Consciousness in the past on the mental plane, and belonging thus to the Sub-Consciousness of the mental plane, also mingle in them. Human Sub-Consciousness, working on the physical plane, is thus composed of very varied elements, and it is necessary thus to analyse and to understand it, in order to distinguish its workings from those of the true human Super-Consciousness, which resembles the instincts in its sudden irruptions into Consciousness, but differs entirely from them in its nature and place in evolution, belonging to the future while they belong to the past. These two differ as atrophied rudimentary organs, recording the history of the past, differ from germinal rudimentary organs, indicating the progress of the future.

We have also seen that Consciousness, working on the astral plane, built up and is still building the nervous system for its instrument on the physical plane; but this also does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. In the average man, Consciousness, working on the mental plane, is now building up and organising the astral body as its instrument in the future on the astral plane; but this again does not form part of the waking Consciousness. What then is the human waking Consciousness?

It is Consciousness working on the mental plane and on the astral, using mental and astral matter as its vehicle, seated in the physical brain as Self-Consciousness, and using that brain with its connected nervous system as its instrument for willing, knowing and acting on the physical plane. During waking Consciousness the brain is always active, always vibrating; its activity may be stimulated as a transmitting organ from outside through the senses, or it may be stimulated by the Consciousness from the inner planes, but it is ceaselessly active, responding to the without and the within. In the average man, the brain is the only part in which Consciousness has definitely become Self-

Consciousness, the only part in which he feels himself as "I," and asserts himself as a separate individual unit. In all the rest of him Consciousness is still vaguely groping about, answering to external impacts but not yet defining them, conscious as to changes in its own condition but not yet conscious of "myself" and "others." In the more advanced members of the human family, Consciousness, working on the astral and mental planes, is very rich and active, but its attention is not yet turned outwards to the astral and mental worlds in which it is living, and its activities find their outer expression in Self-Consciousness on the physical plane, to which all the outer attention of Consciousness is turned, and into which is poured as much of the higher workings as it is capable of receiving. From time to time, powerful impacts on the astral or mental plane create so violent a vibration in Consciousness, that a wave of thought or emotion surges outwards into the waking Consciousness and throws it into such furious motion that its normal activities are swept away, submerged, and the man is hurried into action which is not directed or controlled by Self-Consciousness. We shall consider this further when we come to the super-physical Consciousness.

In the earlier stages of human evolution, there is little activity in Consciousness on the inner planes except as stimulated from the outer; but as Self-Consciousness grows more vivid on the physical plane, it enriches with ever-increasing rapidity the content of Consciousness on the inner; Consciousness working upon its content, rapidly evolves, until its internal powers far outstrip the possibilities of their manifestation through the brain, and its latter becomes a limitation and a hindrance instead of a feeder and a stimulator. Then the pressure of Consciousness on its physical instrument becomes at times perilously great, causing a nervous tension which endangers the equilibrium of the brain, unable to adapt itself with sufficient rapidity to the powerful waves beating upon it. Hence the truth of the saying, "Great wits to madness near allied." Only the highly and delicately organised brain can enable the "great wits" to manifest themselves on the physical plane; but such a brain is the one most easily thrown off its balance by the strong waves of these same

“great wits,” and this is “madness.” Madness—the incapacity of the brain to respond regularly to vibrations—may indeed be due to lack or arrest of development, lack or arrest of brain organisation, and such madness is not allied to “great wits”; but it is a significant and pregnant fact that a brain in advance of normal evolution, developing new and delicately balanced combinations for the enriched expression of Consciousness on the physical plane, is the brain of all others that may be disabled by the throwing out of gear of some part of its mechanism not yet sufficiently established to resist a strain. To this again we must return in considering the super-physical Consciousness.

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Psychologists in the West have lately betaken themselves to the study of states of Consciousness other than the waking; these are variously designated as “abnormal,” “sub-conscious,” “in-conscious,” and often as “dream-consciousness”—because the dream is the most generally recognised and universal form of Other-Consciousness. At first there was a tendency to regard these states as the result of disordered brain conditions, and this view is still largely held; but the more advanced psychologists are out-growing this narrow idea, and are beginning to study such states as definite manifestations of Consciousness under conditions not yet understood, but not necessarily disorderly; some definitely recognise a “larger Consciousness,” a part only of which can find expression in the brain as at present evolved. In the East this state of Other-Consciousness has for long ages been regarded as higher than the waking state, as that of the Consciousness set free from the narrow limits of the physical brain, and acting in a subtler and more plastic and congenial medium. Dream has been regarded as one phase of this super-physical activity, and as a touch with higher worlds, and means have been taken to arouse Self-Consciousness in the dream-world, to set Self-Consciousness free from the body at will, so that instead of the vague and confused answers to impacts from that world in undeveloped dream states, Self-Consciousness may be established therein with clear and definite vision. For this Self-Consciousness must be at first removed from the physical body and made

active on the astral plane, for until it knows itself out of the body it cannot separate out in the "dream" the extra-physical experiences from the chaotic fragments of physical experiences mixed up with them in the brain. As clear water poured into a muddy bucket becomes mixed up with the mud, so does an astral experience, poured down into a brain full of fragments of past physical happenings, become blurred, confused, incongruous.* Eastern psychology hence sought after methods of separating the Self-Consciousness from its physical vehicle, and it is interesting to observe that these methods, wholly different as they are from those used in the West, and directed to the intensifying of Consciousness, reduce the body to the same state of quiescence as that induced by physical methods in the West, when the western psychologist betakes himself to the study of Other-Consciousness.

Trance is but the sleep-state, artificially or abnormally induced; whether produced by mesmeric, hypnotic, medicinal, or other means, the result is the same, so far as the physical body is concerned. But the result on the other planes will depend entirely on the evolution of Consciousness on those planes, and a highly evolved Consciousness would not permit the use of hypnotic or medicinal means—unless, perhaps of an anæsthetic for an operation—though such a one might allow, under exceptional circumstances, the use of mesmerism in producing the trance-state. Trance may also be produced by action from the higher planes, as by intense concentration of thought, or by rapt contemplation of an object of devotion, inducing ecstasy. These are the means used from time immemorial by the Râja Yogîs of the East, and the ecstasy of the Saint in the West is produced by this rapt contemplation; the trance is indistinguishable from that produced by the means above referred to in the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. The Hâṭha Yogîs also reach this same trance condition, but by means much resembling the last named—by staring at a black spot on a white ground, at the point of the nose, and other similar practices.

But when other than physical vision and physical tests are used, how great is the difference between the super-physical condi-

* The student will do well to read carefully Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's useful book on *Dreams*.

tions of Consciousness in the hypnotised subject and in the Yogî. H. P. Blavatsky has well described this difference: "In the trance state the Aura changes entirely, the seven prismatic colours being no longer discernible. In sleep also they are not all 'at home.' For those which belong to the spiritual elements in the man, *viz.*, yellow, Buddhi; indigo, Higher Manas; and the blue of the Auric Envelope will be either hardly discernible or altogether missing. The Spiritual Man is free during sleep, and though his physical memory may not become aware of it, lives, robed in his highest essence, in realms on other planes, in realms which are the land of reality, called dreams on our plane of illusion. A good clairvoyant, moreover, if he had an opportunity of seeing a Yogî in the trance state and a mesmerised subject side by side would learn an important lesson in Occultism. He would learn to know the difference between self-induced trance and a hypnotic state resulting from extraneous influence. In the Yogî, the 'principles' of the lower quaternary disappear entirely. Neither red, green, red-violet nor the auric blue of the body are to be seen; nothing but hardly perceptible vibrations of the golden-hued Prâna principle, and a violet flame streaked with gold rushing upwards from the head, in the region where the Third Eye rests, and culminating in a point. If the student remembers that the true violet, or the extreme end of the spectrum, is no compound colour of red and blue, but a homogeneous colour with vibrations seven times more rapid than those of the red, and that the golden hue is the essence of the three yellow lines from orange-red to yellow-orange and yellow, he will understand the reason why; he [the Yogî] lives in his own Auric Body, now become the vehicle of Buddhi Manas. On the other hand, in a subject in an artificially produced hypnotic or mesmeric trance, an effect of unconscious when not of conscious Black Magic, unless produced by a high Adept, the whole set of the principles will be present, with the Higher Manas paralysed, Buddhi severed from it through that paralysis, and the red-violet Astral Body entirely subjected to the Lower Manas and Kâma Rûpa."*

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* *The Secret Doctrine*, iii. 479, 480.

JESUS AND MARY

POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE BY ALBERTO SORMANI

Restera nella mia povera parola
Qualche cosa del mio pensiero ?

A. NEERA.

[THE memory of Alberto Sormani, whose conspicuous genius was torn from the world of art and the battle-ground of thought at the immature age of twenty-six years, is a still living grief to many. The new romance (but little known) that we now publish was a favourite with the author, and one of the most interesting documents of the artist and the thinker. It is impregnated with that mystical idealism which is characteristic of all his works. The epigraph, chosen by himself, sounds like a presentiment. Many of those who knew and loved him will find him living again in these pages.—ED. “Nuova Parola.”]

AND it came to pass that at the tenth hour, when the sun was yet high in the heavens and the heat-rays descended in their strength, that Jesus went in unto his disciples and said unto them: “Peace be with you. Expect my coming; I will be with you at the evening hour.” Then he departed.

Fatigue and a mortal heaviness weighed on him and his soul was sad even unto death. And he walked by the Street of Olives, mounting to the summit of the hill which bears that name. The ardent rays of the sun descended on his head, but he heeded them not. At the farthest end the street was all shaded by the olive trees, the tamarind and the Indian fig, and standing in the midst of this refreshing shade was the tranquil abode of Martha and her sister Mary.* He knocked at the door, and it was opened

* *Note of the Author.*—The central figure of my story (which does not pretend to be historical) is the sainted Mary of Bethany, sister of Lazarus and Martha. I have made her identical (for artistic reasons) with the famous repentant sinner and with

by Martha, who bowed low before him. "Welcome are thy footsteps in my dwelling, O Master," she said. Then she prayed that he would enter and be seated in the best chamber.

At this moment Mary appeared before him. She was dark and pale, the most beautiful of the daughters of Judah. Though she had sinned deeply Jesus had granted unto her remission of her sins. Kneeling before him, she said unto him: "Lord Jesus, the blessing of this house wait upon thee!" Then, as was her custom, she sat at his feet waiting till it might please him to speak to her.

But Jesus spake no word. And the silence of peace dwelt on that house. From without came the loud murmur of the country, and within was shade and freshness. Gathered roses were there. In the freshness of the morning Mary had brought them from the valley of Cedron, for she loved the beauty of flowers.

And Martha now returned, carrying a refreshing drink of fruits, and with the hurry of domestic cares upon her, she said unto Jesus: "Will it please thee that my sister should aid me in the service?"

But he answered: "Martha, thou art busied of many things. Now, of all there is one thing needful, and she hath chosen the good part that shall not be taken away." And he remained alone with Mary.

Jesus was silent, and Mary, filled with the great and gracious words that once he had spoken unto her, bent on him her dark eyes full of faith and mystery, saying: "O Master, why art thou silent and why is thy soul sad?"

Jesus regarded her sweetly and gravely, but he spake not, and his gaze lost itself in the infinite as though it followed a vision it could not seize. There was none to understand him; no, not one. Among his disciples, even those most intimate and most dear, there was none who could comprehend his thought in their small and timid souls. His enemies gathered in threatening numbers, and his friends cowered in fear. How small was their

Mary Magdalene. In reading the Evangelists, these three women appear different while yet retaining something in common. But the legends and the religious traditions confuse the three, making them as one only. So, as an artist, I claim the right to lean rather on the legends than on the history.

faith in him and his kingdom that was to come! In their hard and material brains were thoughts of a world diverse from his, and there were no means of communication which could reach from his mind unto theirs.

Of what avail were his words, his discourses? If these were necessary, was it not a sign that they did not comprehend him? They could not *see* the truth; for them it could never come. After such heavenly, such tremendous hopes—after such struggles and so much love, love that had been so lavishly given, his heart failed him. All had been illusion. The crowd that had followed on his footsteps had caught no ray from the grandeur of his ideas, they had been simply fascinated for a moment by the novelty of his preaching, by the splendour of his wonders, it may have been even by his voice and his personality.

And the thought came to him: "Why should I still live for a people who understand me not? In such a world are not all things useless?" And to Mary he said: "I am tired and weary."

For all reply Mary regarded him stupefied, dismayed. He spoke again. "Mary"—he loved the sweet name of Mary—"Mary, marvel not that your teacher is tired," he spoke softly with his sweet and deep voice. "It is three years that I have wandered teaching in Judea and in Galilee, and all for nothing, for they cannot understand. Their minds are too small and the kingdom of God is too great. They see only with the eyes of flesh, and I with the eyes of the spirit. I offer them spiritual riches, and they demand of me only those that are material. They see not, they understand not, they will never understand." And, in mystic figurative language, he added: "Fools are they."

Then he continued: "Yesterday I spoke at great length to the disciples concerning the riches and gifts of the world. They disputed among themselves and asked of me which of them I would make greatest in my kingdom, and in such disputing they befouled and accused each other. When I told them that of such greatness I had none to give, they became sad and began to think I was deceiving them. They tremble, they are timid and afraid of the enemy. For enemies gather about me and persuade them that I am deceiving them, and my teachings lead

them to error. What rests for me to do? Why should I go on? Is it not useless—all? Tell me your thought, Mary.”

Never before had Mary heard such words from the lips of Jesus. For the first time she heard misery and desolation in the adored voice. What strange thing had befallen him? How could he, the divine teacher, doubt of his own work? But together with these confusing thoughts, a mystic sweetness invaded all her being. Leaving his work in the world, the Master took refuge in her. If all others failed him she could comprehend. For want of merit in the others, hers shone the brighter. And he would be hers—all hers—words, voice itself, and that ineffable regard that, from the first moment she had seen him, had enveloped her whole being in celestial beauty, and had drawn her vanquished and redeemed unto his feet. Filled with these thoughts, she raised her eyes to the face of Jesus, saying timidly and sweetly: “It may be true that the world understands thee not, O Master, but there is one who looks for the coming of thy kingdom, and who worships thee for no greatness to herself.”

Jesus gazed at her with a mournful smile, and a long silence rested upon them. He was thinking that truly Mary seemed the only one in all the world who could read his soul. If only the others had been more like her, how easy would it have been to spread the light, to bring God's reign on earth! Yet she alone of all the earth—was it not better thus?—she, she alone; to speak to her, to teach her, to raise her thoughts together with his own to Heaven. Not enough one soul, but two souls entirely united—could they not form the celestial kingdom? Why struggle, why painfully seek a far-off unattainable good, while the supreme sweetness, the supreme victory of life, was here close to him? Why go from her, perhaps abandon her, lose her for ever—never see her more? For what? To carry light to the blind, to teach the truth to those who would not see it, and could not understand. In that quiet house, at ease, was the peace from which he had always fled, urged by dreams, luminous and chimerical. Was it not a misleading dream that he had followed even until now?

The leafy trees showed themselves outside the windows,

spreading through the room a soft and shaded light that invited to intimate and quiet thought. The hum of thousands of insects filled the air, and seemed a quiet solemn hymn that travelled upwards to the creator. And his soul, that had long been shut, began to expand in the sweet confidence offered to him, and breathed itself forth in a long recital of the terrible contrasts of his apostolate, telling of the ignorance and lack of understanding that surrounded him on every side. To her he spoke with a gentleness that surpassed all other talk.

Mary knew this, and felt herself to be the favoured one, the dear disciple. The sweet names unuttered in his speech, she saw and heard in the softness of his voice and look. And she sat always at his feet, so tender, so humble, so happy, to be thus honoured of the Lord. And she replied to him, she understood him, was the faithful echo of his thoughts most secret and profound. She found the words that comforted the suffering and unquiet heart. In this comforting talk his soul found peace. His mind relaxed and softened like a sore wound over which an unguent is gently poured.

What mattered all the rest if Mary was there at his feet, if the dear, the beautiful, the loved one was not lost, if she listened and understood. His speech was for her, his teaching was for her, to her he gave all his thought, to her he spoke the highest truth that as yet he had given to none.

"Dost thou think," he said, "that the woman or the man should be nearer to God?"

"Why dost thou ask? Surely the man!"

Jesus paused, and then said: "Maybe thou hast reason."

For a time there reigned a silence. Then the gaze of Jesus became luminous as one who saw all that lay in the future. "Verily, Mary, I say unto thee, the day shall come when woman shall be great as man and seated at his side."

"Thinkest thou so, Lord?" she asked, in wonder.

"Yea, for I behold it."

And yet she wished to stay lowly and humble at his feet, for there she found it sweeter. And again there was silence.

"Knowest thou, Mary," asked Jesus of her, "what is this thing called love?"

Mary raised her head. "Of which love dost thou speak, Lord?"

"Of the love of men. Of this I have never spoken, because even this they do not understand. The earthly love is base and vile, yet is there a love saintly and holy. Verily, I say that man is not truly man without woman, nor is woman truly woman without man. But I speak of the soul. Without seeing, without touching, man and woman may unite to form a single soul. And nothing is greater or more powerful than this union would be. Man is the heat and woman is the light. Without heat and without light whence cometh the flame? Man's life is of the outward being; woman only can bring consolation. Man is the action, but woman is the word. That which he knows, 'tis she who should teach it him. In this way their union is a saintly love and brings them on the road to Heaven. See'st thou this, Mary?"

"O Master," she replied, with fervour, "thou speakest of things too high for my comprehension, but not for my heart; for that which thou speakest I have felt for all my life. Thou dost know it, O my Lord."

Jesus gazed upon her fixedly. She saw the look and trembled. She saw the thoughts, troubled, obscure, of menace and condemnation; she read it all in those eyes, usually so soft, and on that pure and noble forehead. "Mary," he said, at last, and his voice was suddenly altered: "Wherefore didst thou fall into sin?"

At this strange and dreadful question, that she so long had feared, but that till now had never come, she grew pale. For from that day supreme in which he had absolved her from all her sins, he had never questioned her upon this theme; it had seemed to her that from her sighs, her tears, he had comprehended all that she had to tell. And now he was accusing her; now he had no more pity for her. His gaze was fixed; perhaps he despised her, thought her beneath all other women. She stretched her arms convulsively towards him. "O Master, why dost thou ask me what thou dost know? Hast thou not seen into my heart and known the mysteries of my soul? O Lord Jesus, was it not thou who didst speak to me the sweet words of pardon? And now dost thou condemn?"

But Jesus spake no word. She waited thus a moment ; then, wringing her hands, she cried : " O Lord, why dost thou not understand me ? What should I say to thee ? I cannot speak it."

Desperately she rose, tortured in her inmost being, her eyes dry and burning in a misery without name. Then she sank helpless ; her hair fell round her, but her clasped hands were still stretched out towards Jesus. She tried again to speak, but her convulsed lips could utter no word.

Then Jesus, moved to compassion, said : " Peace be with thee, Mary ; I understand thee, for I know. Thou soughtest the ideal, and loved as they love not in this world. Thou soughtest but didst find it not ; and thou hast followed the way of the shadows in searching for the light. And now, I say unto thee, thou art greater for thy sins ; and many another woman is small by her very virtues."

The sweet, divine voice calmed her, and infused her with a great hope. When she heard from his lips the words that she could never have pronounced, when she heard herself for the second time not only pardoned but even exalted and glorified, a wave of passionate gratitude seized her, and, dragging herself to the feet of the Master, she kissed the hem of his robe.

But Jesus drew the robe away, saying : " What dost thou, Mary ? Verily, I say the time will come when not the woman but the man shall prostrate himself before the spirit of the woman, adoring even her robe."

In wonder Mary listened to these words so new and strange, gently withdrawing to her post of humility and subjection, weak, weary, yet full of sweet hope and comfort. And again the silence fell upon them.

The day was beginning to decline. The surrounding atmosphere became more peaceful and profound. In the house the shade and the freshness increased. A soft evening air entered, moving the shadowy curtains that descended from the roof.

And Jesus looked at Mary. She was beautiful as the dark-shaded flowers of the garden, or as the lilies that bloom at night on the banks of the Jordan under the rays of the moon. She was lovely as that moon herself when she lights the Mount of Olives with a languid beauty, fugitive and fleeting. In the soft

shade she seemed like the figures that weep over the tombs of the dead, and make the thought of death beloved. The wonderful hair, dark and shining, gave back strange reflections under the soft green light that suffused the chamber. From her pallid face her dark eyes, so full of mystery, were raised and ever sought the face of the Master with an expression of infinite faith. A spell fell on the divine soul of Jesus. He thought that here was the true, the dear, the only loved one on the earth. In her tender and profound soul lay the potency of truth sublime; of her who had fallen low by the way in her ardent search for the ideal, and had finally found repose in him who was the way and the life. No, he could not abandon her. Were not their two souls already united in the love of which he had but now spoken of to her? He was the spirit of the fire; she was the light and the word. Again he looked upon her, and the spell fell more sweetly than before, as he mused on the sad face, the pensive head, and the arms that fell abandoned at her sides. The roses near her were now dying in agony and a spasm of passion; the petals curved inwards, straining towards the centre, some were breaking and falling. She was like one of these flowers, a poor, pallid rose which lacked its vital nourishment. But to the mystic gaze of Jesus it seemed as though flowers bloomed in all the chamber. He scented the delicate and fugitive perfume, and from its power there crept on him a morbid tenderness. He thought of things strange to him. He imagined her there close to him on his heart, and on his lips he felt her warm and trembling breath. Feeling her within his arms, he touched the wondrous hair with his lips in ardour and transport. No, he could not leave her. At this thought his soul and body sank together in a weakness and a bliss that had no name. What was this weakness? Was it passion, or was it that terrible human love which he had so often condemned, and which for him should never exist? Then he thought with joy and ecstasy that this was not the base love of men, but the soul-union of love with the ideal, the love of Heaven—the souls of two united in one single body in the Spirit, the love of saints. He yielded to the sweetness of that thought and dwelt upon it.

She was there before him with an added tenderness, a more profound regard. He thought to kiss her and caress the shining

hair. He raised his hand towards her but in the action stopped—for he remembered his high mission of peace to the world and glory to God. Had he then abandoned *that*? Was not this a polluting breath that he should chase from his mind? Was this not commanded of his celestial Father whose Spirit rested on him? But to follow this divine command, must he abandon Mary? His soul was torn and lacerated at this thought of separation. Was she not for ever a part of himself? Were they not one? Without her he seemed spiritless and powerless. And the eternal tempter, the very Spirit of the Great Abyss, made to pass before him the vision of a divine mirage: “Love her, love her, as men love, thou who art man and prophet of God. She is beautiful and saintly among the daughters of men. Love her in obscurity and mystery. Her tears, her kisses, will be thy purification. From her heart thy force will come with greater strength, better tempered for the hard struggles that yet await thee in the world of men.”

Filled with these thoughts, the imagination of Jesus showed him a life of delicious peace and tranquillity lived by the side of Mary. To leave this arid world—this world without soul—to live with her in peace, in communion of spirit and of heart! With what ardour would she follow him, what joy would suffuse that sad and pallid face! But he would put her to the proof.

“Mary!” She started and look at him, “I must go.”

The sweet face paled, “Thou wilt go, O Master?”

“My mission calls to me, wouldst thou not that I follow that call?”

The large eyes opened and shone with an internal light. “How, Master, couldst thou doubt it?”

“And the road I follow takes me far from thee, and thou wilt be left behind.”

“Lord Jesus!” she cried in anguish.

“I must go whither my destiny calls me. That destiny is bitter and uncertain, I know not whither it may lead. Maybe I shall never see thee more.” Mary hid her face within her hands; she sobbed.

“Believest thou, Mary,” he asked, “that I should follow this path? My ideals are failing. The light that has illumined them pales and dies out. What remains for me to do if the souls

of men follow me not? I have spoken so long—with the voice and with example. I have shown wonders. What now remains for me to do?"

At these words her hands fell from her face, and she fixed her tearful yet burning eyes upon the face of Jesus. "What is this? The ideal can never fail. Is it thou, Master, who speakest these words? What remains for thee to do? O Jesus, thou art great as is thy ideal work. Thou must follow it even to sacrifice, even unto death." Her eyes were fixed on his, a light began to shine in her.

Jesus regarded her in astonishment, not comprehending well what she would say. "Mary, thou wouldst die for thy ideal?"

"I would die!" she answered proudly, vibrating to her inmost soul.

"Mary!"

Her large dark eyes were flashing. He was thinking, looking within himself, penetrated for the first time with the terrifying idea of death. He saw his own solitary agony, the cold sepulchre wherein they laid him. He trembled, and a cold sweat broke out on him. The spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh trembled, and rebelled. On one side death, the sepulchre, while here was Mary, the supreme bliss of sentient life.

In a muffled voice, as though speaking to himself, with veiled eyes fixed on the future, as though following an anguished dream, he spake: "The shade of death is cold and dark, and beyond there is the void and forgetfulness."

But Mary started to her feet, saying: "Beyond death there is life!" She was transfigured, a holy light irradiated her countenance as though the Spirit of God had fallen on her.

For the first time in his life Jesus asked humbly: "Knowest thou this, Mary?"

"I know it."

"How?"

"Is it thou who knowest it not? Was it not thou, Lord, who hast taught me?"

"I have."

"I do believe, yea, for I see it even now before me." She seemed inspired and exalted with prophetic genius. Risen to

her feet, the light from the window enveloped her head as with a scintillating aureole, and to the astonished gaze of Jesus she seemed endowed with a new beauty such as mortal eyes had never seen.

“O Lord Jesus,” she continued, still gazing ardently upon him and calling him by name, “How canst thou fear? Art thou not the chosen one of God, chosen to set forth His glory, and couldst thou fail in thy promises? Dost thou think that I love thee if thou follow not that road? The love that I have given is to thy soul in its high calling. Couldst thou fall from that? Couldst thou fail even in one iota in the greatness of thy calling, my love would fail thee too; for thou wouldst no longer be that which I have loved. O Jesus, thou art the fire, and I the light; 'tis thou thyself hast said it. I am the word from thee, and in my soul is thine reflected—that which now responds to thee and illuminates thine own. Go forth, die, if it must be so; that is thy triumph. Go forth in thy greatness; and be this our marriage for all eternity. Farewell, O Jesus! Farewell, thou Lord and Master!”

Jesus, his head bowed down, stood pensively listening to the words of fate. This was his inner voice, the voice of his conscience. Thus did his own soul speak to him from the mouth of Mary. He was confused and astonished at a mystery so great. Their union now was for evermore complete. Love could do no more. Now once more his mission completely possessed him. When she had thus spoken he raised his face. It was calm and serene. To be humbled before her was not humiliation, for she was his own soul.

And then there came to pass a thing grand and new in all the centuries that had passed. Jesus prostrated himself before Mary, and raising her mantle to his lips, he kissed it.

Mary cried aloud: “O Master, what is this?” And, recalled to the reality of things, seeing that Jesus had risen to his feet and was about to depart, exhausted from her long exaltation, in anguish she fell on her knees, and with suffocating sobs and arms extended, she cried: “Stay, stay; oh, go not, do not leave me!”

But he knew that the true words were those she had spoken

when her eyes were full of light, and not of tears. The words that came from her now, were those of a woman in pain. His true spouse was the other. Nevermore could come one single moment of feebleness or hesitation. He placed his hand on her beautiful dark hair, but its touch was no longer mortal. He spake no word. His lips trembled not, in his eyes were no tears.

Thus he departed, and Mary, sunk to the earth on that spot where had passed the feet of the Master, lay there weeping in a grief that had no name. Outside the sun was sinking in flames of light. The figure of Jesus in the Street of Olives, on the summit of the hill, was enveloped in those effulgent rays of blood and gold. The sun spoke of martyrdom and of glory. Yes, this remained to him according to the divine words of Mary—the sacrifice and the death. And he thought of the approaching time of agony, of anguish supreme, without her. But he also thought that at the last moment the dearest and most faithful would come to comfort him, and love him the more with a love that would be eternal. And then was formed the irrevocable resolution—to brave the storm, to face the tempest, to go where his enemies, even the most powerful—were gathered. All that he had done was not enough. Other prophets, other apostles, had done as much before him. Something more was necessary, something that should strike the small minds of men and raise them towards Heaven. The Father had accepted him; the Father willed it. He who had spoken to him by the mouth of Mary, and now spoke from that distant Heaven, so tremendous and so glorious, that Father had guided and inspired him—that great Lord of Spirit, that gracious celestial Father, whom for a moment he had forgotten, but who now returned to his heart and mind, infusing him with a desire of work that until then he had never felt. Something within him seemed to burst into flame, a flame before which even the sun paled, something that he had suffocated, something that he had dominated, and over which he now reigned as complete Lord and Master.

And now with what gratitude he thought of Mary. Strong now, master of himself, body and soul, he gazed at the sun and the heavens. And then passed before his mind a splendid vision of that which was to come. Beyond the ignominious

betrayal, beyond the agony, beyond the martyrdom, he saw the glory of his never-dying name, the triumph complete and universal of his divine thought. The Spirit of God had descended into the humble soul so fearful and inert. That soul was shaken to its depths and illuminated. He could have now gone into the whole world to carry the glad tidings, to announce the Evangel, in the name of Him who had sent him.

And the world was large. The sun was sinking behind Lebanon in a supreme and effulgent glory of purple and of gold, and he thought that behind that far Lebanon was the spreading sea—beyond it, a new earth, a whole new world, and oceans greater, still grander, further than his mind had ever reached. He saw his great Evangel preached among these peoples in the infinite future, to bring a new humanity and a new civilisation that would take his name; and this civilisation would diffuse itself in all the world, making of his dream a splendid reality, a world of peace and of love, of great and strong works, the spirit elevated above the flesh, liberty obtained by knowledge and by love, an endless progress from light to light, from splendour to splendour. And in this future world his spirit would re-live, in each human soul would rest a ray from his own soul as guide eternal to the good and the beautiful, and thus that soul would be propagated from glory to glory, for ever and for evermore. And all this would come from the one sacrifice: his own death. And thus, as Mary had so truly said, after that death would come the life eternal.

In the exaltation of these thoughts he descended along the quiet hillside in front of which the last rays from the west spent themselves in mystic colours, like a tender prayer. And when he was come into the house he called his disciples unto him and said: "Make all in readiness, for to-morrow we will depart for Jerusalem." The disciples regarded him in fear and astonishment. Each would have wished to show him the too grave perils of this so sudden resolution, but no one dared to speak, for gazing on the Master they beheld a light, such as even in that holy face they had never before seen.

Translated from LA NUOVA PAROLA by

A. McDouall.

HOW TO PROCEED TO STAND STILL

A TRAVESTY

Meeting assembled, 7.30 p.m.

PRESIDENT—in chair. VICE-PRESIDENT—somewhere.

HON. SECRETARY—hidden beneath books.

HON. TREASURER—adding up accounts.

PRESIDENT: "Now we are all assembled, we will begin as usual, with the reading. Mrs. B—— has charge of it this month. Is she here?"

A MEMBER: "She cannot come to-night, but asked me to take her place."

PRESIDENT: "Oh! that's a pity."

Loud laughter, in which the President does not join, not perceiving the subtle depth of his own speech.

Reading begins.

Seven minutes spent in making public an impossible story on "Love." Most of the members in a beatific realm of conjecture, brought to the observance of present proceedings by the abrupt termination of a droning voice.

PRESIDENT: "Now we will meditate five minutes on 'Love.'"

Members immediately assume strange and wrapt expressions. Some eyes seek refuge on the ceiling. Others modestly regard the floor matting. Others, again, close their fringed lids; whilst a few blush, feeling the appalling efforts of public concentration entirely beyond them, and something to be avoided.

Happy release dawns at last! The President guesses the time to a second.

We now proceed to read half a page of a scientific exposition of Theosophical attributes.

"To a full stop," cries the HON. SECRETARY.

Most of the time is now well occupied in gauging the particular "full stop," preceding and terminating that sentence which by calculation should be yours. Thus one is able to polish the pronunciation to a startlingly fine point.

Trial past.

PRESIDENT: "The way is now open for discussion."

Then the fun begins. I mean the intelligences begin to work. The "Ego" is the centre around which there rages a whirlwind of supposition.

A MEMBER: "I should like a lucid explanation, please, or the 'Ego.'"

ANOTHER MEMBER: "What do you mean by the term 'lucid' as applied to the 'Ego'?"

FIRST MEMBER: "It seems to me (the rights of this phrase should belong exclusively to our Lodge, from frequent usage)—it seems to me that—that the 'Ego' in its sublime machinations in the sphere of matter, subdivided by the experiences, in the first round, under the influence of astral potentialities, merges itself, as it were, so to speak, on its planetary explanatory voyage—merges, I say, into the sub-atomic etheric."

We never quite got clear on this point, as, unfortunately, one of the members, doubtless wishing to help, released his "Ego" for the time being, and proclaimed the fact, with intense vibratory energy, through which the frail human voice of the speaker melted into silence.

Personal feelings could not be smothered, and derisive laughter lured our straying member back to the fold of conjecture.

After a hot (because of the temperature of the room) discussion of forty minutes time was up.

The meeting adjourned with the comforting words from the HON. SECRETARY:

"We will go over this, again, next week, from the beginning."

A few of us were glad of the information, and decided upon the engagement we would formulate for that day week.

L. B.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

CHRISTMAS!—to whom among us does not this word unfold a panorama, open a door to memories grave and gay?

Christmas!—to the petted darlings of our nurseries a fairy vision of toys, subservient elders, and other enchantments of the Kingdom of Misrule; to the children of the poor, the culmination of parish benevolence, more than they can eat once in twelve months, possibly the rapture of games and unknown toys.

To those among us who are young no longer, whom the passage of the years has made so “sadly wise,” a time of heart-searching, of counting empty chairs, of aching longing for loved faces gone before; of redoubled effort that the children may be joyous while their elders mourn—a time peradventure of progress, since every tender thought for others must bear fruit, and to smile when you fain would weep is a very real sacrifice to the spirit of the day.

This and much else was in my mind as I knelt in the little village church and listened to the story of the Nativity. Taken alone the sweet old myth, hallowed by usage, might have fallen on uncritical ears; taken in conjunction with the Athanasian Creed, which was also read, the whole mystery seemed to leap into blinding light when the solemn injunction rang out later from the altar: “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.” True now, as then, this utterance of the Mosaic law might surely in the dark ages of the Church have preserved the sacred memory of the great Master of the West in its beautiful simplicity, and emphasised the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom that fell so graciously from His lips!

Far off in the Chaos preceding Creation, a threefold emanation from the one indivisible God, the Holy Trinity was given to the worlds it was to create, ensoul, and preserve—God the Father, the Creator; God the Son, the Wisdom, the Sustainer;

God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Understanding, who first moved in Virgin Matter, causing it to pulsate with the primary instinct of awakening Life. Behind this three-fold manifestation of the Godhead, so well grasped in part of the Athanasian Creed, dwells the Eternal One, to be described by no sign or symbol, He who endures, merging eventually the glorious Trinity in His own effulgence, so that in some dim future, well nigh impossible for us to understand, God may be All in All.

How far removed is this eternal truth from the glib irreverence of the Western Churches, which does not hesitate to incorporate the Second Person of the Trinity, the pervading creative Wisdom, with the life of a human teacher ; and, not content with seeing the spirit of that Mighty One incarnated in the Master Jesus' words and actions, ignorantly handles mysteries it cannot understand. God the Son, the revealed Wisdom, the Shaper of immature man through the weary evolution of mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, the gentle yet irresistible Power that guided him to the fruition of his manhood, and made known to him the certainty of immortality ! Surely when we grasp these facts we need no such reminder. It becomes impossible to take the name of such a God in vain.

And that beauteous life we celebrate to-day throughout the length and breadth of Christendom needs no falsehood to render it fairer in the eyes of those to whom it has revealed the Father and the Godhead dormant in themselves. On our knees we bless and worship the Master, who, giving up the Heaven He had won, suffered that we might learn it is enough for the servant to be as his Lord, died that we might live for the help of all who do not yet understand that self-sacrifice alone will bring the happiness they strive for.

Let that be our Christmas lesson. Love ; the love that does not fear to know, to sift facts from fiction, the spirit from the legend ; the one thing that endures when all around us fails, that is content to wait and trust, the love to which nothing is impossible, no Heaven too high to climb, no Hell too deep to sound ; the love that goes forth and works for the Master, weaving into the daily life the message of His Christmas bells.

December 25th, 1902.

ALICE C. AMES.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

WHILE in England we have recently witnessed the unedifying spectacle of the "Ripon Episode" and the wild outcry of obscurantism against a candid statement of things as they are in intelligent clerical circles, in Germany the straightforward expression of the facts of the case has been encouraged by the presence of the Kaiser himself at a remarkable lecture of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch. The Berlin correspondent of *The Times* writes in the issue of January 14th as follows :

Delitzsch and
Biblical Research

The Emperor appears to be taking a keen interest in what is known in England as the "higher" Biblical criticism. His Majesty recently gave public expression to views which he was formerly understood to regard with disfavour, and spoke of the necessity for "a further development of religion (*Weiterbildung der Religion*)."

The Emperor is well known to be on terms of personal friendship with Professor Harnack, the leading German exponent of the "higher criticism," but he appears to have been influenced in a still greater degree by the investigations and conclusions of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lecture, "Babel und Bibel," now published in pamphlet form, he recently caused to be redelivered by the author to a select audience in the New Palace at Potsdam.

Last night the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, listened to a fresh lecture on the same subject which Professor Delitzsch delivered at the Singakademie to a large audience, which included the Imperial Chancellor and Countess von Bülow, the Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Education, and many of the leading members of the Protestant clergy. Professor Delitzsch, who illustrated his lecture by limelight views of Babylonian excavations and inscriptions, dwelt on the importance of Assyriology for the intelligent study of the Old and even of the New Testament. He went so far as to declare:—"There is no greater mistake of the human mind than the belief that the Bible is a personal revelation of God. The contents of the Bible really controvert this view. The Book of Job contains passages which verge on blasphemy. The Song of Solomon has lyrics which celebrate worldly delights. . . . Scientific theology long ago recognised and demonstrated that by constant reconstruction and adaptation of entirely heterogeneous literary elements the Bible has become the canon of Scripture

we now possess. The attempt to disintegrate these elements has met with some measure of success. Hand on heart—beyond the revelation of good which every man finds within himself we need no other.”

Dealing with the origin of the ten commandments, Professor Delitzsch derived them from ancient customs and laws of households and communities regulating the relations of man with his fellows and with the Deity. “All these regulations were collected and were ascribed to Moses, and tradition made him the intellectual author of all that is contained in the Mosaic laws. Now we know that long before the time of Moses there existed in Babylon a well ordered State based on law and possessing legislation in which we find all the provisions which Moses enforces. Of prime importance was the protection of orphans, widows, and the weak. But who would dream of asserting that the laws of Babylon were of Divine origin? Just as the Babylonian laws are of human origin, so are those of Moses. It will be the work of future research to try to distinguish in the Mosaic law what is specifically Israelitish, what generically Semitic, and what purely Babylonian in origin.”

Professor Delitzsch then traced the Babylonian origin of the conception of Jah-veh as a national deity, and attributed to this idea many of the evils of the exclusive and particularist monotheism of the Jews. He attacked the views of those who decline to admit any parallel between Babylonian and Hebrew civilisation, and maintained that in several points the Babylonians were in advance of the Hebrews, particularly in the position they accorded to woman. Among elements which were common to Assyrian and Biblical conceptions were the sacred character of the number three, the belief that the spittle was the element of life, and the idea of resurrection from the dead. A physician would have had a poor reputation among Orientals if he did not profess to raise the dead. With pointed reference to the New Testament, Professor Delitzsch spoke of the love of mystery and of the recital of fanciful stories which still characterised Orientals, and especially the Beduin. He attributed to this Oriental characteristic the discrepancies in the narratives of the New as well of the Old Testament, since many of these narratives had passed from mouth to mouth before they were ultimately committed to writing.

* * *

POSSIBLY the following quotation from the number for October 15th of the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry*, p. 1250,

may interest some of our readers. The rapid
 A New Chemical Experiment movements and collisions of the particles of
 gases in high vacua have long been recognised ;
 but that the particles of a sufficiently sub-divided metal should
 show movements of translation and vibration, though to have
 been expected, is, we think, a fact not previously observed.

The author has studied colloidal solutions with the aid of a microscopic method, not yet described, worked out by H. Siedentopf and himself. First examining gold glasses, he found that a colourless glass, showing only a slight cloudiness, contained all its gold in grains of which the diameter was about a wave-length of light. In a glass somewhat more cloudy, but still almost colourless, the gold particles were about one-fifth the diameter of those previously mentioned. In other samples with red colour, the diameter of the gold particles was $20\mu\mu$. ($1\mu\mu = 0.000001mm$.) and in others of deep red and violet colour it was $10\mu\mu$. But the colour is not a safe indication of the diameter of the gold particles. In liquids the existence of the suspended particles is similar to that in the glass, but in the former, whilst the larger particles remain simply in suspension, the smaller particles are in active motion, of which the activity increases as the size diminishes. For instance, in the case of gold, the smallest particles partook of two motions, one of translation, by which they travelled through a space of from 100 to 1,000 times their own diameter in from $\frac{1}{3}$ th to $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a second, and one of vibration, of shorter period. Hence such a solution remains thoroughly mixed for weeks or, it may be, even for years. In other colloidal solutions there may be a similar variation in the size of the particles. ("Solutions; Colloidal," by R. Zsigmondy; *Zeits. f. Elektrochem.*, 1902, 8 [36], 684-687.)

[S.]

* * *

OUR readers are doubtless interested in what from time to time has appeared in our pages on the intractable fanaticism of the "Spirit Fighters," or Dukhobors, who have lately presented the world with an instructive subject for psychological study. It will therefore be of service to hear what they have to say for themselves. The St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* of November 14th gives the text of a petition which the leaders of the sect have addressed to the Sultan of Turkey and probably to other sovereigns. It runs as follows :

The Demands of
the Dukhobors

Your Majesty, before appealing to your kindness, we must tell you in a few words about ourselves. We emigrated from Russia to Canada to the number of 7,000 in the years 1898-99. We had heard of Canada as a land of religious freedom, but that appears to have been a misunderstanding. Freedom of conscience does prevail in Canada, but not the freedom of conscience we desired. We believe that God rules our lives and leads us to eternity by His own holy ways. We obey only the commands of the Lord in our hearts, and can obey no other commands or laws. We cannot submit ourselves to the laws or regulations of any State, or be the subjects of

any other ruler except God. Our expectation that we should be allowed to live according to our belief in Canada has not been fulfilled. It is true that we are exempted from military service because we cannot bear arms or kill living beings, but they demand that we should become the subjects of Great Britain and not of the Lord. They refuse to give us any land unless we promise to obey all the laws of Canada. We declare before God that this is impossible, and that we would sooner bear any oppression than be false to Him. We only beg that compassion should be shown to us, and especially to our children, and that we should not be needlessly ill-treated, for we are in the Lord's power and will be true to Him unto the end.

Now we turn to your Majesty and beg you to show grace to us and to our families, not only as a Monarch, but also as a fellow-being. As pilgrims of God in this world we beg you to give us hospitality and shelter in your wide dominions. We beg for some tiny corner in your land where we can live by the labour of our hands and follow the law of God, where we shall not be compelled to obey laws made by man, and where it will not be demanded of us to be the subjects of any Monarch except the Lord. We venture to add that we eat neither meat nor milk foods, but only vegetables and fruits. As we give freedom to every living being we cannot bring ourselves to use force either towards men or even towards animals. We keep no domestic animals, but do all our work with our own hands. We therefore beg your Majesty to give us a parcel of land such as we can cultivate without employing beasts of burden and such as we can use for vegetable and fruit gardens in order to maintain ourselves. We pray God to move your heart to have compassion upon us, and we declare before Him that our petition is not dictated by selfish motives, but solely by the wish to be true to the Lord.

* * *

The Jewish Chronicle lately contained a paragraph which declared that Palestine was made uninhabitable to the children of Abraham by the precession of the equinoxes. But the Races and Stars earth is about to return to the favourable tilt of its axis and Palestine will again be fit for habitation, and this is excellent news for all Zionists.

The theory is fully explained in *Bible Records of the Earth's Changes*, by Joseph Lewin ("Manx Sun" Office, Douglas).

The reason of course is obvious to "pious" astrologers. The tilting alone would not affect the happiness of the most sensitive race on earth, but it brings certain stars above the horizon or condemns them for many thousands of years to be below it. Thus the fate of the Arab race is bound up with Soheil, the talismanic star, which has also been grievously

affected by the change of the position of the poles. The Arab lives only where its light is shed. Soheil shines upon Damascus, Irak, India and Africa, and many centuries ago it shone upon southern Spain. Some say it was visible in Upper Aragon, but very low on the horizon and ever retreating imperceptibly southwards. Then the Christians gained victory after victory, and at last in Spain no Moor was left. But let them take heart of grace, Soheil will come again to shine upon the olives, the canes, the cactus and the palm trees. The ruined aqueducts and mosques will be restored. The City of Pomegranates and the Alhambra will glitter anew with gems and gold, and poets, travellers and men of science will gather together again in Salamanca, Toledo and Seville!

[B. H.]

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MAN AS SEEN FROM WITHIN

Man Visible and Invisible: Examples of Different Types of Men as seen by Means of Trained Clairvoyance. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

OUR colleague's eagerly awaited volume is before us, and is without question the most striking production which has ever been issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society. In it Mr. Leadbeater does his best to give the normal man who is limited to his five physical senses, some idea of the inner vestures of the soul as they appear to the subtle vision of the trained seer. The difficulties which confront any attempt to depict the nature of the subtle vehicles of the human spirit, which in their very hypothesis belong to grades of matter beyond the physical, are almost insurmountable. When, moreover, the seer tells us, and we can very well believe it must be so, that man invisible is no longer a thing of solid flesh, but a tenuous sphere of subtle matter in rapid vibration, which appears to subtle sight as a kaleidoscope of living colours, colours that even in the lowest subtle

stratum, the animal soul or vesture, beggar all possibility of reproduction by means of ordinary colouring, we can very easily understand how exceedingly difficult it has been found to give any adequate suggestion of the inner "auras" of the human mystery.

If even the grosser nature of the so-called "astral" man—a name chosen by the mediæval alchemists because of the starry light of the state of subtle matter in which that "man" moves and has his being—can only be dimly realised here, by the analogy of the passage of bright light through coloured glasses, how much more impossible is it to give any conception of higher vehicles, the fire-colours of which surpass the brilliancy of the sun in its noonday glory? The higher vehicles of man, as we may very well believe, rise from intensity to intensity of light, and innumerable as are the shades of colour even in this our grey world down here, these colours are but a meagre earnest of the possibilities of the light-worlds. So much for an intuition of the ideal; and now to return to the actual.

The chief feature of our colleague's book is the attempt to depict various types of "auras" by the best means as yet available in the way of colour-printing. We have thus a coloured frontispiece, three diagrams in colours, and twenty-two coloured illustrations. The illustration work has been excellently done by the Photochromogravure Company, to whom it has been entrusted, and we have seen nothing better of its kind anywhere. It must, however, be noticed that one of the coloured diagrams is spoilt by the huge lettering which has been chosen; the diagram is useful but artistically it is out of keeping with the rest of the work.

But the praise for these illustrations does not in the first place belong to the reproducers, excellent though their reproductions are. The praise belongs to Miss Gertrude Spink, who worked up the original rough sketches into the highly artistic illustrations which are before us. Mr. Leadbeater is to be congratulated on having found a so skilful and sympathetic helper. Indifferent illustrations would have severely handicapped the suggestiveness and utility of this most recent contribution to Theosophical literature; Miss Spink's artistic taste has turned this somewhat hazardous undertaking into a success.

As for the letterpress, it must be said that Mr. Leadbeater has done his best to set forth the very difficult subject with which he has to deal, simply and clearly. As a frontispiece we have an illustrated table of the different colours and their main shades, with the meanings which are assigned to them; we have also illustration of types of the

causal, mental, and astral vehicles of the savage, of the ordinary person, and of the adept, pictures of the auras of health and disease, and illustrations of such sudden emotions as a burst of mother love, devotion, anger, fear, and of the ordinary person in love, of the irritable man, of the miser, and of a man in deep depression, also pictures of the astral aura of the ordinary devotional and scientific types of men; besides these we have coloured diagrams of the planes of nature and of the "three outpourings," and also one to represent involution and evolution.

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that "the past, the present, and the future of man may be examined at first-hand by all who will take the trouble to qualify themselves for the study"; doubtless this seems to be a simple statement to our seeing colleague, but, on the other hand, we know a large number of people who have been trying very hard and who have seen nothing, and we also know of others of whom it is said that they could not by any possible means develop clairvoyance in this life. In this our colleague seems to be somewhat too optimistic about the blind, doubtless because he has met with more myopic folk than ourselves, and for these he specially writes. Being, however, blind ourselves we cannot criticise the seers; we can only be glad that they tell us what they see, and as far as "man invisible" is concerned it must be admitted that there is much in what our colleague says which seems reasonable even to those who walk in outer darkness and the shadow of death.

That this pioneer contribution to the infant science of things invisible is little more than the spelling out of a single word of the mystery as compared to the "glories that shall be revealed," no one will admit more readily than our colleague; but so far no one else has spelled this particular word of the mystery so distinctly for us, and as most of us will never catch the utterance at all unless it is articulated very clearly, we owe him our thanks and our best regard. May many another work come from his pen.

G. R. S. M.

ESOTERIC ISLÂMISM

Études Théosophiques : L'islamisme et son Enseignement Ésotérique.
Par un M. S. T. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant ;
1903. Prix 1fr. 50.)

THIS book is a painstaking attempt to give a general sketch of Islâm from a Theosophical standpoint. It begins with a sympathetic de-

scription of the life and environment of the great founder of the faith, who single-handed shook the apathy of the ancient world, and whose followers, now numbering two hundred millions, established their dominion from India and beyond to the Pyrenees, and from the Caucasus to the cataracts of the Nile, and further south still. So far it is a useful work for the Theosophical student, giving many valuable references, but when it comes to the esoteric teaching of the Prophet the case is altered.

Was the Prophet an initiated esotericist in communication with other initiates; and if so, how much of the secret doctrine did he give out in public and how much did he carefully exclude from his Book? These are questions of immense interest to all engaged in research into religious literature, but in the humble opinion of the present writer they are very far from being answered, or even properly studied so far.

We may hold it as a "pious belief" that the Prophet was certainly an initiate of no mean order, and that he probably taught a certain few of his most intimate companions the secret doctrine.

The point to be emphasised, however—supposing this to be true—is that it cannot be established by hurling isolated texts out of the Qurân like so many brick-bats at the heads of those who are not so pious as we are; and then being much surprised because you have not brought down your man to the ground with his forehead in the dust.

The verses which are quoted by our author, and which he thinks settle the question for ever, do not surely *teach* reincarnation, though they might certainly suggest it to someone who knew it already. Take the first quotation from Sura V., verse 26 (from the author's French): "How can ye be ungrateful towards God, ye who were dead and to whom He has given life again, towards God who will cause you to die and later will make you live again, and to whom you will return one day?"

Our M. S. T. does not say what version he used, but it differs from Palmer's ("Sacred Books of the East"), and from Wherry's ("Trübner's Oriental Series").

In Wherry the verse is 28, and runs thus: "How is it that ye believe not in God? Since ye were dead and He gave you life, He will hereafter cause you to die and will again restore you to life, *then* shall ye return unto Him."

This might mean simply that the soul had no life before God

gave it this present one, then He will cause it to die and raise it up again on the Day of Resurrection, *then* it returns to Him. The "one day" of the French gives a different impression. But the "Day," or the "Hour," was a central doctrine of the Prophet. Besides, he taught the resurrection of the *body*. He said once: "God takes to Himself the sleepers and the dead, He sends back the sleepers but He *keeps* the dead."

Many other texts might be quoted quite incompatible with the theory of reincarnation. As a matter of fact there is limitless scope for conjecture in this field. Hear the Prophet himself: "We have covered their hearts with more than one envelope that they may not comprehend the Book."

One cannot help thinking that he knew perfectly well what a bone of contention his "Book" would be; a revelation perhaps to the few, but to the many a stumbling-block—"the letter which killeth," or greatly confuses; that he knew how seventy-two jarring sects would arise and argue over every letter, every vowel-point, each of them discovering a cryptogram of their own, and reading into it most successfully their own pet theory, thus "out-Galluping" Mrs. Gallup a thousand years before her day!

Now it is a curious fact that the Traditions are conspicuously rich in the subject of a future life, or lives, whereas this is the subject in which the Qurân is conspicuously poor. Was this intentionally arranged by the Prophet or not? No one knows. The Traditions are an even sorer point in the learned world of Islâm than the Qurân. The study of them is a science by itself, and the work of a life-time even to the finest native scholar. Of these scholars there is at present a small set whose exclusiveness has no parallel, except perhaps in that of the highest class of Brâhmins. They admit only "the man who has fought his way in," who proves that his learning is equal to others.

However, to return to our author; he is correct as far as conscientious reading of English and French will take anyone. His chapters on "Fraternities" and the secret societies in Islâm well repay perusal, and this is a subject which deserves more research than it has yet had.

Arabic scholars are still too rare in Europe, and the few that exist are seldom unprejudiced in religion; and even when unprejudiced, they are seldom interested in the esoteric side. Esoteric Islâm is therefore at the present day almost an untrodden field.

A. L. B. H.

THE SEX-ELEMENT IN RELIGION

The Real Origin of Religion. By Jabelon. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; 1902.)

THIS pamphlet of forty-eight pages deals with the sex-element in religion. The author is, however, a man of one idea, and though he clearly sees the limitations of such one-pointed theorists as the sun-mythologists or the vegetation-god-ists (the Covent-Garden-ites, to echo Mr. Andrew Lang), nevertheless he falls into the same exaggeration when asserting that "phallicism" is the "real origin" of religion.

That sex played and plays a most important part in the religious culture of mankind is true, that it is the "origin" of religion is as false as all the other discarded "origins." It is to be regretted that "Jabelon" has not been able to get his values correctly. We have had enough of the old-fashioned "phallicism" of Payne Knight, Godfrey Higgins, Inman and Forlong. We are no longer impressed when we are told that about 1,400 books and papers have been used in the preparation of "Jabelon's" essay, especially when we see the vague and confused way in which his bibliography (mostly simply authors' names) is set forth; and least of all by that weird word-play which for so many writers on this subject stands for philology. What we want now-a-days is a just appreciation of the evidence, and not a piling up of curious scraps of information. It is no good girding against the priests; it is no good regarding the ascetics as the foes of human kind; we are recognising that it takes all kinds of men and women to make a humanity. It is no good telling us that the spiritual ideals of men are begotten of a perversion of sex. Sex is one of the manifestations, if you will perhaps the most potent manifestation so far, of a great mystery lying back of the whole nature of man, but it is not the "origin," not the "cause" of religion. In tracing the kârmic progress of an individual soul, it is said that the two factors which affect the character most deeply are "love" and that other something which is sometimes called "occultism." But the love which thus modifies the character is not physical passion, but something that is far deeper. The animal is not much affected one way or the other, and to that side of man, the animal, we will confine "phallicism." "Jabelon," however, has some ideas on "the transformation of adolescence" as connected with savage "initiations," and those who find it necessary in their studies to dip into the mysteries connected with sex, will find some curious bits of out-of-the-

way information which may be of service, but the utter materialism of the writer is ludicrous.

G. R. S. M.

SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

Truths of Life as gathered from certain Hermetic Authors. By the Rev. G. W. Allen. (London: Reprinted from *Light*; 1902. Price 6d.)

WE are exceedingly glad to see that the admirable paper read by Mr. Allen before the Christo-Theosophical Society nearly a year ago is procurable in a convenient form. It is a valuable contribution towards an understanding of the mystic and spiritual side of "Alchemy," that is to say a thoughtful exposition of the Christ-mystery within us. From this point of view Alchemy is nothing else but a mediæval form of the Gnosis; the analogies, nay the identities, between the leading ideas of the mediæval masters of the science and those of the earliest Trismegistic literature and of the great doctors of the Gnosis are striking.

That this is so may be seen by quotation from our author:

"Before time was, the principles, the bases, the germs of all that ever was to be manifested, existed in God, in the sense of a pure Potentiality, or a First Principle. Therefore as now, force and inertia, and other pairs of opposites such as attraction and repulsion, light and darkness, cold and heat, bitter and sweet, exist, so these existed from eternity in the divine nature; but not as they do now—separated, and one of the pair in excess of the other; but in a way incomprehensible to fallen faculty; united and blended in an inchoate state, a state which would have been to us, had we been there, potentiality, latency, non-manifestation.

"But when the Verbum Fiat, the Word of Power to create, to say, 'Let there Be,' went forth, these hidden principles were manifested; and objects, shapes, forms, colours, and natures arose, manifested in a heavenly and glorious manner, in a universe of Beings Angelic, where all was Order, Light, Joy, and Praise. In this creation everything was in Temperature; each extreme, so blended that nothing was too dark or too light, too hot or too cold, too bitter or too sweet, too wet or too dry. There was no plant that had learned, like the nettle, to extract, from the same sunshine that gives the violet its sweetness, the venom sting that causes pain; none that, like the nightshade or the hemlock, drew from the same earth and rain that

the apple, the pear, and the plum turn into wholesomeness, the poison that tortures and kills. Life and death, poison and healing, were then, as now, everywhere; for only through opposites can manifested Being Be; but then they stood in true Temperature. The night-shade and the hemlock, that now draw only the poison and the death into themselves, then drew also a due proportion of the opposites of these; so that the poison enabled the life to manifest, and the life neutralised the poison, whereby they became good and wholesome because the principles stood in them in Temperature. No thought of ever separating these opposites had then arisen, no shadow of any desire to do so had as yet dawned upon manifested faculty. The True Unity ruled in all things, and resulted, as ever, in beauty and wholesomeness, as this very word 'wholesomeness' implies.

"But though the state of these Beings was one from which sorrow was far removed, and therefore ought to have been a state of joy, the joy was only half realised. It was like the state of the undeveloped photographic negative, on which the picture actually is, but is not visible; and the only developer that could 'develop' and make it visible was its opposite, sorrow. Manifested faculty can realise nothing but by the mediation of an opposite: it requires the presence of opposites for its Being; and the separation and reunion of opposites for its realised joy, which is the life of its Being.

"How it took place we know not, but we know that something like this must have taken place. To one of the glorious Beings of that world of perfect Temperature there occurred the thought that it might be a delight to see what would happen if the qualities, hitherto always united, were separated. If a command had been given not to separate them, this itself might have suggested the idea. As I have said, we know not how the thought of separating them arose, or how the act of separating them was accomplished; but we do know that by some agency other than the *direct* volition of God, they were separated, and remain separated for us in this world to this day."

In the first paragraph we have the "all-seed" of the universe as so magnificently set forth by Basilides; in the second we have the *plerōma*; and in the third and fourth paragraphs we have the *Sophiamythos*. We cordially recommend the study of this instructive pamphlet to those of our readers who desire to learn how the Gnosis has not remained without its witnesses in spite of Nicene dogmatism.

G. R. S. M.

A ROYCROFT ÉDITION DE LUXE

WE have received from the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N.Y., a copy of their *édition de luxe* of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. It is admirably printed on excellent paper and the binding is charming. Those who love beautiful books at a very moderate cost cannot do better than send to the Roycrofters for their catalogue; they are a community of workers who make beautiful books—their work being, so to say, the product of the three H.'s: Head, Heart and Hand.

AN EIRENICON

Toward Unity. Grounds for Reconciliation between Theist and Agnostic, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Protestant and Catholic, Spiritualist and Materialist. By the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A. (London: Philip Green; 1903. Price 6d.)

THESE four papers are written so entirely from our own standpoint, and we agree with what is said so heartily, that the least we can do is to wish them every success. In brief, Mr. Tyssul Davis' *Toward Unity* is a distinct contribution to Theosophical literature, and will be found a most useful little book to give or to lend to all broad-minded folk who are tired of the controversies of the warring sects. It was written especially for Unitarians, but it will appeal to all thinking people, and cannot fail to do good. As the writer says in his closing words: "Let us argue less, and try to understand more. Let us dispute less, and love more. For the way is long and the night is dark, and companionship is sweet. The joy of brethren dwelling together in unity is proof against all adversity. In religion as in politics, fellowship is the law of life."

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

The Theosophist, December. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his tour with Mrs. Besant in 1894. He relates how they "met the leading Pandits of Benares for discussion," and how amusing the contrast was "between the appearance and views of Annie Besant, the champion, for so many years, of the uplifting and education of women, and the hard, stony conservatism of those fossilised Pandits." They were at Allahabad in time to see the great pilgrimage of more than two millions of people collected on the plain

between the Jumna and the Ganges. The Colonel, as a practical man, seems to have been chiefly impressed with what he describes as the "pious humbug" of the yogis (so called) and the "pretentious humbug" of the gorgeously dressed gurus and family priests of the Indian princes. For us, the moral of the affair lies in a speech of Countess Wachtmeister: "What a wonderful crowd! See, there is not one single drunken person, not one booth for the sale of liquor, not one fight! Every man's and woman's face wears the expression of innocent enjoyment, and one feels as though the common sentiment of religious devotion was animating them all. Where else in the world, in any nation or town, have you ever seen so orderly and self-respecting a crowd as this?" And then remember that this is, to the English, one of the "dark places of the earth." One would think that to recall one of our crowds in England, and compare it, would be enough to make a missionary blush! The remaining contents of the number are solid and serious. S. Stuart begins an interesting paper on "The Forces of Nature, Manifest and Occult"; M. A. C. Thirlwall concludes a study of Yoga from the Yoga Vāsishṭha Brihat; N. M. Desai speaks of "Siva, His Names, Symbols, and Emblems"; V. Gopala Aiyer replies to a previous criticism on his views as to the date of the Mahābhārata War; and G. Krishna Sastri begins a valuable study entitled: "Why should a Vedāntin join the T.S.?"

Prasnottara, November and December, is mainly occupied with business matters of the Section; but has a reply on getting rid of Māyā, very pious and good, but one which does not enter on the more important question of how we should *use* the Māyā in which we live, and *not* want to get out of it till the time is come; and also portions of two Upaniṣhads, and of a lecture on Religion by Professor M. N. Chatterji.

Central Hindu College Magazine for December promises considerable improvements for the coming year. We receive with somewhat mixed feelings the announcement that two more English Theosophists, Mr. M. U. Moore and Mr. G. S. Arundale, have offered their services free as professors in the College. We congratulate the College heartily, and say no more. Govinda Das gives an interesting account of the methods of study pursued by the aspirants to the priesthood in Benares; W. Babu Ras shows "the Hindu Religion a gold mine," and the article on Bhakti and Jñānam is continued. All Theosophists will regret the failure of Dr. Richardson's health, and join in the hope that his journey to Australia will restore him.

Theosophic Gleaner, November, has by way of original matter a paper read to the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir, on Zoroaster and a "Bijou Study of the Noble Eight-fold Path," by N. R. Varma. We are very glad to welcome a reference to the Buddhist faith in one of our Indian contemporaries.

The Vâhan, January, has two columns of an interesting account of the last hours of our much-regretted friend Mme. Meuleman. "The Enquirer" contains answers to questions as to the evidence of the existence of Masters, the evidential value of the clairvoyant visions as to the origin of the Gospels, the Vedântin view of instinct in animals, and the Theosophical theory of insanity; the answers to the last question, however, leaving very much to be desired.

Lotus Lodge Journal, January, has much interesting matter in its twenty-two type-written pages, including a further portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "The Gospel of Wisdom." We sincerely hope the desire of the editors, Miss E. M. Mallet and H. Whyte, to attain the dignity of real print will soon be fulfilled.

From the *Bulletin Théosophique* we take a few lines of Dr. Pascal's fervid defence of H. P. B. He says: "Amongst all the multitude of the enemies of Madame Blavatsky you will not find a single soul above the petty matters of the lower personality, not one above the crowd; whilst on her side are found all who have received the benefits of her teaching. And (amongst these) her most fervent defenders, her warmest admirers, her most devoted partisans, are found to be those who have had the best opportunities of judging and knowing her, who have lived for years beside her under the same roof and as one household, those whom she has led to the feet of the Great Brotherhood; and most of all those who have developed the powers which give the true discernment of spirits."

Revue Théosophique, December, gives translations from Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," Mr. Keightley's "Sânkhya Philosophy," Mr. Leadbeater's "What has Theosophy done for us?" and S. Stuart's "Sun-spots and their Influence," and an extract from Mme. de Genlis' "Memoirs," giving an account of her girlish acquaintance with the celebrated Count de St. Germain—on the whole, a very favourable one.

Theosophia, for December, is entirely devoted to the memory of the late Mme. Meuleman, with a life-like portrait. The number is to be reprinted, with additions, as a volume. It contains notices from some of our English friends, as well as her own country folk.

The Antwerp *Théosophie*, for January, gives a long extract from Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*; and amongst its other contents is a paper on "The Problem of Suffering," by Mme. Aimée Blech.

Teosofia, December, naturally begins with a report of Mrs. Besant's Roman lecture: "Theosophy and the Religious"; and gives some interesting examples of early anticipations of the truth from old books and manuscripts.

Sophia confines itself almost entirely to translations from Mrs. Besant and others.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, November and December, contains amongst other interesting matter, papers on "Evolution and Individuality," by Richard Eriksen "Theosophy and Socialism," by Pekka Ervast, etc.

Theosophy in Australasia, for November, has for its *pièce de résistance* a study of "Vicarious Atonement," by Mr. Martyn; also "Union in the Christian Churches." As to this last we doubt if the attempts at union on which the writer congratulates his Christian contemporaries are indeed the favourable symptoms he thinks them; they are really junctions as of separate army corps—the better to fight all outside.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, December, announces that henceforth it must be run on business principles, and raise its price to make it pay its expenses. Its literary contents are quite up to its usual high level, and it thoroughly deserves success.

We have also to acknowledge *Revista Teosofica*, the organ of our Havana Society, and the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, from our Semarang brethren; of other periodicals *Modern Astrology*; the wonderfully well got up and illustrated *La Nuova Parola*, of our friend Signor Arnaldo Cervesato, which in this number opens its third volume; *Scienza e Diletto*; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *Mind*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *East and West*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *Logos Magazine*; *Star Lore*; *Review of Reviews*; *Principles of Absolute Philosophy*; *Un seul Champignon sur le Globe*; *A donde Vamos* (Santiago); *The Indian Review*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *The Philistine*; *The Light of Reason*; *Little Journeys*; *Whistler*; and a set of small pamphlets from Rangoon, published by the Buddhasasana Samagama, containing a paper on Buddhism read by Allan Macgregor, now Bhikkhu Ananda Maitriya, before the Hope Lodge of the Theosophical Society at Colombo, and an essay by the same on Religious Education in Burma, from which it appears that our Scotch Bhikkhu is setting himself to a similar work to that

which our President-Founder did for Ceylon. There seems abundant necessity for the undertaking, and we must wish him every success.

A PRE-CHRISTIAN SOURCE OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA

THE following extraordinary passage, which I do not remember to have seen quoted by any of the writers who have asserted what it proves, is taken from Epiphanius (*Haer.*, li. 22) :

How many other things in the past and present support and bear evidence to this proposition, I mean the birth of Christ ! Indeed, the leaders of the idol-cults filled with wiles to deceive the idol-worshippers who believe in them, in many places keep highest festival on this same night of Epiphany, so that they whose hopes are in error may not seek the truth. For instance, at Alexandria in the Koreion, as it is called, an immense temple—that is to say the Precinct of the Virgin ; after they have kept all-night vigil, with songs and music, chanting to their idol, when the vigil is over, at cock-crow they descend with lights into an underground crypt, and carry up a wooden image lying naked on a litter, with the seal of a cross made in gold on its forehead, and on either hand two other similar seals, and on both knees two others, all five seals being similarly made in gold ; and they carry round the image itself, circumambulating seven times the innermost temple, to the accompaniment of pipes, tabors and hymns, and with merry-making they carry it down again underground. And if they are asked the meaning of this mystery, they answer and say: To-day at this hour, the Maiden (Kore), that is the Virgin, gave birth to the æon.

In the city of Petra also—the metropolis of Arabia, which is called Edom in the Scriptures—in the idol-temple there, the same is done, and they sing the praises of the Virgin in the Arab tongue, calling her in Arabic Chaamou, that is Maiden (Kore), and Virgin, and him who is born from her Dusares, that is Alone-begotten (*monogenes*) of the Lord. This also takes place in the city of Elousa (? Eleusis) on the same night, just as at Petra and Alexandria.

G. R. S. M.