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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

CAN anything be more fascinating for the trained mind of the scholar of Christian beginnings than the soiled and battered scraps of papyrus which are year by year disinterred from their tombs in coffin or rubbish heap by the persistent industry of the real gold miners of the age? Who knows what scraps of priceless testimony are hidden away in these mines of buried witness from the past? Any day may bring to light not only a first-hand copy of the autograph of one of our canonical gospels—the autograph itself would be beyond the dreams of avarice!)—but even the copy of a “source”! There is indeed no limit to possibilities in this direction—while probabilities are year by year becoming more and more definite. In other words, the whole study of Christian origins may at any moment be revolutionised by the unearthing of some scrap of evidence, that may seem of no particular importance to the uninitiated, but which in the hands of the specialist may become the powder of transmutation whereby the lead of much legend may be changed into the gold of hidden history. At the recent general meeting of the Egypt

Exploration Fund (see *Times'* report of November 14th), Dr. B. P. Grenfell, in giving an account of the recently renewed excavations at Oxyrhynchus of Dr. Hunt and himself, dwelt at some length on the two most precious scraps of theological fragments which had been unearthed this year. These fragments of papyrus are dated about the third century, and are therefore some 200 years older than our oldest codices of the Gospels.

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THE first of these consisted of part of a collection of sayings of Jesus similar in style to the so-called Logia discovered by them in 1897. As in that papyrus, the separate sayings were introduced by the words "Jesus saith" and were for the most part new, though one of the uncanonical sayings was in part known to have occurred in the Gospel according to the Hebrews. The new sayings were not so well preserved as the previous ones, the ends of lines being lost throughout. They had, however, this advantage, that the introduction to the collection was given, stating that these were the sayings (Logoi) which Jesus spoke to Thomas and perhaps another disciple. The first saying was that one of which part was already known to have occurred in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and it was one of the most remarkable of the uncanonical sayings ascribed to our Lord. It was as follows:—Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom (*i.e.*, the kingdom of Heaven), and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." The kingdom of Heaven was also the subject of the second saying, which was much the longest and most important. The kernel of it was that most remarkable and profoundly mystical saying recorded by St. Luke alone of the Evangelists, "The kingdom of God is within you," but the saying in the papyrus appeared in quite different surroundings from those attributed to it by St. Luke and extended far into another region. Those sayings when they came to be published in June, 1904, in the fourth part of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri" and as a separate pamphlet, would no doubt be widely discussed, and the opinions of critics were likely to be nearly as diverse as their views about the Logia discovered in 1897. But the new find brought several fresh features of importance into the controversy, owing (1) to the introduction connecting the sayings with St. Thomas, (2) the occurrence of a saying which was found in nearly or even precisely the same words in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and (3) of another with its context. And if they were right in maintaining, as they did very strongly, that the coincidences between the new sayings and the Logia of 1897, both as regarded the date and provenance of the two papyri, the form of the separate sayings, each introduced by the words "Jesus saith," their relation to the canonical

More about  
the Newest-  
found "Sayings  
of Jesus"

Gospels, and the high quality of the new elements in them, were too close to be explained by any other hypothesis than that the two fragments were parts of different manuscripts of the same collection of sayings, the new find might go far to clear away much speculation concerning the nature and origin of the Logia of 1897, and to confine within comparatively narrow limits the road to a satisfactory solution. Stated briefly, they did not regard the sayings as extracts either from the Gospel according to the Hebrews, which seemed not to have possessed the Johannine characteristics which marked both series of sayings, or from the Gospel of Thomas, which, so far as could be judged from the scanty information concerning it, appeared to have been mainly a Gospel of the childhood; or from any other of the known uncanonical Gospels of the early second century. They preferred to regard the sayings as what they maintained the Logia of 1897 to be, and what the introduction to the new fragment stated them in so many words to be—namely, a collection of sayings as such, not dependent on the canonical Gospels, a collection which they now knew was traditionally connected with St. Thomas. While few critics had disputed the date, A.D. 140, which they considered the latest possible limit for the composition of the Logia of 1897, there had been much dispute about the earliest limit, some agreeing with them that the sayings probably went back to the first century, others, among whom Dr. Sanday was the most notable, maintaining that they were not earlier than A.D. 100, a view which naturally carried with it the rejection of the new elements as the product of second century speculation working upon the materials afforded by the canonical Gospels.

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ANOTHER third-century fragment found last winter came from a non-canonical gospel, parallel in form to the Synoptists. It contained, first, part of a discourse of our Lord which was closely related to certain passages in the Sermon on the Mount in St. Matthew and to parallels in St. Luke; and, secondly, part of a conversation between Christ and His disciples.

A Fragment of a  
New-found  
Gospel

This presented a striking resemblance to a well-known story recorded both in the Gospel according to the Egyptians and in the uncanonical gospel used side by side with the canonical gospels by the author of the Second Epistle of Clement, a Christian homily written in about the middle of the second century. It consisted of an answer to a question, which was put in the Gospel according to the Egyptians into the mouth of Salome, in the gospel quoted by Clement into that of some one unnamed, in the papyrus into the mouth of the disciples. The question with some varieties of form between the three was this:—"When will Christ's kingdom be realised?" The answer, as recorded in the Gospel according to the Egyptians, was—"When ye shall trample on the garment of shame, when the two shall be one and the male as the female, neither male nor female." From this the papyrus differed somewhat, and incidentally showed that the interpretation which

had generally been given to "when ye shall trample on the garment of shame" was incorrect. This had usually been considered to be equivalent to "when ye shall put off the body"—*i. e.*, "when ye die"; but the papyrus showed that the real point lay in the mystical allusion to the Third Chapter of Genesis, and that the phrase meant "when ye return to the state of innocence which existed before the fall," being thus closely parallel to the following clause, "when the two shall be one."

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It is well known that the real test case which will force out the decision of the authority of Rome concerning the burning question of Biblical criticism is the "case of the  
 The Case of the Abbé Loisy." The following communication  
 Abbé Loisy to *The Times* of November 10th may therefore  
 prove of interest to our readers, and enable them the better to appreciate the present position of affairs and the difficulties which confront the new Pope :

A correspondent writes that the Abbé Loisy has decided to republish his book *L'Évangile et l'Église*, which, on account of the advanced views it expressed on Biblical criticism, was condemned by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who forbade his flock to read it or even keep it in their possession. Cardinal Richard's action was imitated by eight other French Bishops. At the time of the condemnation the first edition was already sold out and a second edition had just gone through the press. This edition M. Loisy withdrew in deference to his ordinary, but within the last few days he has decided to withhold it no longer, and it is now actually on the market. The writer says that this action on the part of the Abbé Loisy has the appearance of an attempt to precipitate a crisis and to compel the Roman authorities to give a decision. The condemnation of *L'Évangile et l'Église* was confined to a few French dioceses and the book was never condemned at Rome. The case was before the Holy Office, and there can be little doubt that M. Loisy would have been condemned but for the fact that the late Pope stopped the proceedings and appointed a commission to inquire into the whole question of Biblical criticism. Pius X. is now called upon to decide whether or not he will reverse the policy of Leo XIII., and his decision will be taken all over the world as an indication of the tendencies of his pontificate. Cardinal Richard is at Rome, and it is an open secret that he is doing his utmost to obtain the condemnation of M. Loisy. Those who are in a position to know declare that two-thirds of the younger French clergy are on the side of the Abbé Loisy, and it is well known that some of the French Bishops, and those the most learned and able among them, are strongly in favour of freedom for historical research and investigation into the origins of the Bible and Christianity. A condemnation of M.

Loisy might have far-reaching consequences, and might produce a grave state of affairs in the French Church.

The mention of this famous Biblical Commission reminds us of a curious story we recently heard at Rome. Of the forty odd commissioners it is known that practically only one is really fully acquainted with the latest researches in criticism. At the first session at the Vatican, this learned and liberal cleric was by unanimous vote made secretary of the commission, and it was then unanimously resolved that the duty of the secretary was to record—and not to speak! *Si non e vero, e ben trovato!* We were assured, however, on excellent authority, that it was fact and not fiction.

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AFTER writing the above paragraph we were distressed to read in *The Times* of November 12th, a rumour, indeed it purports to be an *announcement*, that the courageous Abbé's works will certainly be condemned and that the party of reaction and obscurantism has imposed itself upon the new *régime* at the Vatican.

His Rumoured  
Condemnation

Our Vienna Correspondent writes on November 10th :—The *Politische Correspondenz* received from the Vatican an announcement that the condemnation of the Abbé Loisy's works on biblical criticism is considered certain. Leo XIII. appointed a commission for biblical studies in consequence of the controversy aroused by the Abbé Loisy's book *L'Évangile et l'Église*, and though several French bishops worked for the condemnation of the book, the late Pope prevented it from being placed on the Index. The Abbé Loisy, however, recently published a second work entitled *Autour d'un Petit Livre*, in which he emphasised the views expressed in *L'Évangile et l'Église*. He denies the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, criticises the value of the first chapter of Genesis, attributes an Assyrian origin to the accounts of the Flood and of the Fall, declares the books of Daniel and Ezra to be apocryphal, and denies that St. John was the author of the Gospel attributed to him, or that it is the work of an eye-witness, and treats the resurrection of Lazarus as a symbol. The eminent position and great authority of the Abbé Loisy as a biblical critic have caused this book to be received in Rome and elsewhere with considerable excitement. It is stated, adds the *Politische Correspondenz*, that Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who was recently received by the Pope, went to Rome with the object of securing the Abbé Loisy's condemnation. His mission is understood to have been attended with success.

Indeed, unfortunately, it seems that this rumour is no *canard*

but a sad and solemn fact, for the Rome correspondent of *The Tablet* writes that a grave condemnation of Loisy's works is about to be pronounced by the Holy See (*Times*, November 13th) :

It will not consist merely of putting the books on the Index, but will take a very solemn and emphatic form. "Some idea of the vast harm that is being done by these publications," continues the correspondent, "may be had from the fact that one of the leading Catholic papers of Northern Italy has been for weeks past writing about them as if there were some doubt that they were not in accordance with the teachings of the Church, that they have found their way into the hands of ecclesiastical students in the seminaries of France and Italy, and that they are frequently quoted as a proof of the 'liberal' spirit with which the Church is approaching the solution of Scripture difficulties."

\* \* \*

IF this indeed be true, well may all lovers of truth and honesty, well may all lovers of the Christ in man, exclaim : "How long, O Lord, how long!" But indeed is there really any need of exclamation? Can we not surely possess our souls in patience for a little while, knowing full certainly that the work is done, that the old order has passed away, and that the resurrection from the dead will be in a spiritual and not in a carnal body? This indecent attempt to galvanise the corpse of an ignorant traditionalism into life will only shock the minds of all thinking men and women throughout the cultured world; they cannot but regard it as the hocus-pocus of the medicine man, not as the saving service of the ministers of Christ. Is this what waiting Christendom has to expect from the unfortunate mortal who has been called to the horrid responsibilities of what his tradition claims to be the "chair of Peter"? We sincerely hope not. Pius X. is a good man, let us hope that he may also prove himself a wise one.

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WE take the following review of the *Sanātana Dharma Series*, No. III. : *An Advanced Text-Book of Hindu Religion and Ethics*, from the pages of our contemporary *The Theosophist*.  
 A Text-Book of Hindu Religion The review is from the pen of the paṇḍit of the Adyar Library, Mr. G. Kṛiṣṇa Shāstri, and we are only sorry that we have not seen a copy ourselves—and

that too not only of No. III. but also of Nos. I. and II. One of our keenest regrets has for long been that the excellent series of Catechisms which was begun many years ago at Adyar, and of which only the *Buddhist, Dvaita* and *Vishīṣṭādvaita Catechisms* have appeared, was not continued. These were just the kind of text-books required by the thoughtful West; the *Buddhist Catechism* bore the imprimatur of Sumangala Mahā Thero, the two others were each by professional paṇḍits, and could therefore be taken as authoritative expositions. It must, however, be confessed that the two Vedāntic Catechisms were somewhat too technical for the general reader. We have now in the *Sanātana Dharma Series* work which if not on precisely the same lines, is as near an approximation to an outline of general Hindu religion as can perhaps be attained; and what the difficulties are may be seen by substituting Christianity for Hinduism, and trying to sketch out the basis of a common platform for the Greek, Latin and Protestant Churches! Paṇḍit G. K. Shāstri's appreciation of their labours must therefore be exceedingly gratifying to the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College. It runs as follows :

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NON-THEOSOPHISTS might complain that the compilers have read Theosophical ideas into the texts selected from the Hindu scriptures. Sectarian Vedāntins might complain that the book cannot be used by all Hindus alike. The Dvaitins and Vishīṣṭādvaitins might say that undue prominence had been given in the book to the Advaita doctrine—whose followers might, in their turn, say that Yoga and Bhakti have no place in the Advaita pure and simple.

The whole Upaniṣhad literature is made up of Dvaita, Vishīṣṭādvaita and Advaita texts. A sectarian, if he is a Dvaitin, puts the Dvaita interpretations on all the Shruti passages alike; if he is a Vishīṣṭādvaitin he interprets all the passages in the light of his pet Vishīṣṭādvaita doctrine; and if he is an Advaitin he too wants to put the Advaita interpretation on all passages alike. These sectarian interpretations have been received as Gospel truths by the votaries of each system for many centuries from the time of Shaṅkarāchārya, without any distinction whatever—like the blind following the blind. As a result of which, they have become quite ignorant of all the previous precious teachings of the Vedānta as a whole.

We have already drawn the attention of our readers to the existence of an Itihāsa called *Taitvasārāyana* which comprises the Jñāna, the Upāsana and

the Karma Kāṇḍa's, containing the most ancient disquisitions on all the 108 Upaniṣhads. That work interprets the Dvaita Shruti's in the light of Arambhāvāda (theory of the evolution of life and form), the Viśiṣṭādvaita Shruti's in that of the Parināma-vāda (theory of the evolution of consciousness), and the Advaita Shruti's in that of the Vivarta-vāda (theory of illusion), and reconciles all the apparent contradictions\* that are to be found in the numerous passages of the 108 Upaniṣhads—which have not been classified in this Vedāntic Itihāsa as major and minor, as they have been by modern scholars, both European and Indian. All the aforesaid Vedas are equally important to a student of Vedānta and none of them can be dispensed with before final liberation is gained [!].

The reviewer can assure the readers of *The Theosophist* that this *Advanced Text-Book* has almost followed the teachings of *Tattvasārāyana* with no material differences. The student of *Tattvasārāyana* might also say that the book under review can only be called "An Intermediate" and not "An Advanced Text-Book" when judged in the light of that Itihāsa, but such students form only a microscopic minority. To the majority of present-day Hindus this Text-Book is undoubtedly an advanced one.

Hindu parents who have long cherished sectarian notions will do well to give up their preconceived ideas, and to educate their children on the lines laid down in this thrice blessed book.

We sincerely hope our learned colleague does not mean us to take his pronouncement about the 108 Upaniṣhads and Upa-Upaniṣhads literally. Much as we personally love the Upaniṣhads, we cannot imagine what the long-suffering Vedāntavādin has done to be condemned to study all of the 108 before he reaches "liberation." As for the "students of the Vedānt" in the West, most of them think they will reach "liberation" without knowing even a word of Sanskrit, and some of them aspire to Moksh without reading so much as a line of the Great Upaniṣhads even in translation! *O tempora, O mores!* It is quite true that there are many other paths to the Desirable which do not set the Upaniṣhads in their Preliminary—but then people going in for other examinations should not talk of Vedānt.

\* An indeed magical task, if true! We are, however, always suspicious of a too liberal use of the whitewash of the reconciler. It is better to admit errors, even in Shruti, and have done with it.—G. R. S. M.

## THE MYSTIC OMAR

“ THAT ev'n my buried Ashes such a Share  
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,  
As not a True Believer passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware.”\*

IF, as seems to be the general opinion, there is nothing in the quatrains of Omar Khayyám but a literal glorification of physical intoxication, a liberal exposition of the dismal theme of let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die—it is hard to account for the abiding attraction of his thoughts, which still fling up so sweet a share of perfume for the true believers. The mere exquisite phrasing of Fitzgerald, the mere charm of the poetic imagery, the mere lilting music of the lines, is not enough to make them live upon the lips of men, and ring in the inner ear like the notes of far-off trumpets.

There must be something else, something more subtly inter-fused, something of “ that song of life only fragments of which reach us while we are but men,” some gleams of the inner light—else why do we look and listen spell-bound by the magic of a Persian poet eight centuries dead? What if the symbols of the highest and the lowest can be interchanged by one who knows the way? What if after all the mystic Omar is so high and fine that commentators and translators have missed the spirit of his meaning and seen only the beauty of the letter? If, in many quatrains, no inner meaning can be read within the words it may be that in copy or translation the symbols have been altered, the mystic sense obscured. But in others the inner light shines brightly for those with eyes to see, the silent voice speaks clearly to the hearing ear. Therefore, to the “ true believers ” is this brief consideration offered, in the hope that even now the perfume of the Persian's roses may overtake them unaware as they pass by upon the way.

\* The quotations are taken from the first edition of Fitzgerald's master-piece.

## I.

“ Dreaming, when Dawn’s Left Hand was in the Sky  
 I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,  
 ‘ Awake, My Little Ones, and fill the Cup  
 Before Life’s Liquor in its Cup be dry.’ ”

Dreaming, half sleeping, half awake, describes the state of the poet’s mind, stilled, and awaiting inspiration. Dawn’s left hand is the false dawn of the East, a transient light on the horizon which appears about an hour before the true dawn of sun-rise, and may well symbolise the gleam of poetic intuition which comes before the flooding light of perfect insight. The expression of that intuition is the voice crying in the poet’s soul—the tavern—a true symbol when its meaning is divined. As the tavern opens hospitable doors to all who come, so the poet’s mind is open to all ideas; nothing human is alien to him, and he alone grasps with all-embracing sympathy the whole of life. The philosopher, busy with his problems, misses the little things that matter; the saint in his white robes passes by too often on the other side; but the poet, ever fixed in the eternal present, sees life steadily and sees it whole; he hears the great harmony beneath the discords of the world, he perceives the eternal beneficence within the tragedy and comedy of life.

“ Awake,” cries the voice, “ my little ones ”; the “ little one ” in mystic language ever means the disciple, able to see, able to read, ready to fill the cup. This cup need not be a literal cup of literal wine. When we remember the Holy Grail, the cup of Tristan and Isolde, the cup of eternal youth, the cup of Hermes the Thrice-Greatest, which he said God filled with mind, and set it up as a prize that souls might win—it is not impossible that Omar too uses this symbol in a mystic sense. To fill the cup means to raise the consciousness into the ego-vehicle, the spiritual body of St. Paul, and thence to look out on life *sub specie æternitatis* as Spinoza said; it is “ to retreat to the inner fortress whence the personal man is viewed with impartiality.” And this battle has to be fought here and now, before life’s liquor in its cup be dry. The mystic paradox holds good here as ever—the battle is won by a retreat, the world is overcome by the defeat of self, strength is made perfect in weakness.

## II.

“ Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring  
 The Winter Garment of Repentance fling :  
 The Bird of Time has but a little way  
 To fly—and Lo! The Bird is on the Wing.”

These poetic images are surely symbolic ; there is no sense in a literal interpretation. The cup is the spiritual body, the fire of spring is the force which radiates from it. That energy is symbolised by the rosy light within the Grail, which the true hierophant alone can summon, the true knight alone can see. It is the will to help the world which pours forth when the child is born within. This divine energy may perhaps reproduce itself harmonically in the lower man, when his several vehicles of consciousness are tuned to it by the practice of tolerance, sympathy, and temperance ; and it may possibly confer upon him mental knowledge and power, emotional peace and sympathy, physical health and healing. So we have heard.

It is called by endless names in the different mystic schools ; it is the living water and the light of the world of the Christians, the universal solvent and the elixir vitæ of the Alchemists, the fire of Kuṇḍalinī of the Eastern Yogi, the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven, the divine fire of Apollo, the fire of Wisdom which reduces all actions to ashes. Into this burning fiery furnace is flung the winter garment of repentance, the discarded personality, with its one-sidedness, its ignorance, its virtues and vices, its loves and hates ; and in this vortex of energy “the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted, till it is held by the divine fragment which has created it, as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience.” So is the mystic process described in *Light on the Path*. Shelley realised the same thing when he wrote :

“ That light whose smile kindles the universe—  
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.”

The bird of time is the self identified with the personal man ; when a man has realised himself as the eternal pilgrim that he really is, when he has at last succeeded in opening his inner eyes,

when he no longer lives in the world but with it—he becomes the bird out of time and place, the swan, who lives in the eternal here and the everlasting now. For where his consciousness is ever burning, whether in or out of a personality, there, for him, it must be always here and now.

### III.

“ Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.”

Of course, Omar *may* be thinking of nothing more important than a shady picnic with a pretty woman ; but it is possible to think that the bread, wine, and book of verse symbolise the sensations, emotions, and acute perceptions of the poet, and the three worlds which these powers present to his consciousness. The bough—the golden bough—is the tree of knowledge ; the one beside him singing is his higher self within ; the wilderness is the three worlds of experience ; paradise is the real world of things-as-they-are. Could a man reach the plane of consciousness beyond personality, he would perhaps be able to change his wilderness to paradise. For to attain *that* perception would be to grasp the eternal beneficence of the Power that dwells within us and without us, to realise that all the great creation is very good, to know why all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. That this is a great fact only those who have attained perception can see, and they can never transfer their knowledge to another. As Lao-Tze said, when his disciples pressed him about the Way : “ Those who know cannot tell, those who tell cannot know.” How indeed could the inner realisation, the impersonal grasp of things, ever be transferred to one who is not ready ? When a man has arrived he needs no telling, he can see for himself. So Hermes says : “ This race of men is never taught, but when He willeth it, its memory is restored by God.” This only puts the same thing in another way. So the adept in living becomes, he is not made. The poets often distinguish the utterer of the voice within from their ordinary self. That something, not ourself, which makes for righteousness, Arnold calls it ; the camarado,

who seems to stand to Walt Whitman much as the singer in the wilderness does to Omar. From the standpoint of the lower self, the higher always seems another till fusion is complete. "The self of matter and the self of spirit can never meet, one of the twain must disappear, there is no place for both," says the *Voice of the Silence*. "The waning of the one allows the other to show itself," says Hermes.

It is evidently impossible for the self to take the personal and impersonal standpoints simultaneously, to dwell in two spheres at once. When he is identified with the lower man, he is not conscious in his own spiritual body; it is preparing for him, but unoccupied. So long as the prodigal is joined to the dweller in the far country, he has not come to himself and returned to his Father. We cannot stay anchored in familiar harbours and sail out onto the blue water at the same time; and a cobweb which we fear to sever will moor us to the quay just as surely as a chain cable. But leave the wise to talk and come with me says Omar :

#### IV.

"With Me along some Strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the Desert from the Sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,  
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne."

Here the "free" live, on the dangerous edge of things, in the world—not of it; looking equally on Slave and Sultan, realising the compensations of both positions, and the inevitable drawbacks of either stage of evolution. The strip of herbage that just divides the desert from the sown, is the "bridge of manas" of the Eastern Occultist; that purely mental plane where the experiences of life are seen as they really are, uncoloured by personal considerations. The desert is the three worlds of personality; the sown the world of the eternal seed, the ego-vehicle, whence the bud of personality puts forth. To those who have ceased to desire anything, Sultán Máhmúd with his cares and troubles, his pomp and power, is indeed an object of compassion; anxious over much, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, whether it be a crown of earthly royalty, or the thorny crown of personal intellect.

## V.

“ Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears  
 To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—  
 To-morrow ?—Why to-morrow I may be  
 Myself with Yesterday’s sev’n thousand years.”

To have found the beloved, to be identified with the higher self, is to sit above regrets and fears ; to realise that all that has happened or can happen is part of the great game ; to resolve to play it with perfect skill and fairness, and to abide the issue with serenity as a good sportsman should. What is the great game ? It is the simplest game in the world ; there are three ways of playing it :—*know* truth, *do* good, *be* perfect ; and its rules are just the laws and social conventions under which we happen to live. Failure is part of the playing, and when the game is played out success is sure.

From the point of view of the eternal player what can it matter what particular things happen, so long as he does his best with circumstances as they arise ? As for the past, what’s done is done, for his mistakes he is content to pay, for only so is wisdom mastered. While for the future, he can always play the game according to the rules. He is immortal, nothing can really touch him ; whether his personality goes up or down, fails or commands success, lives or dies, he can still strive to do the perfect thing ; for to do this is to be able to adjust himself to all three worlds, to meet all experiences unflinchingly, to be all things to all men. Thus the poet entreats his beloved to fill the cup of consciousness, since *he*, the lower man, may be to-morrow with the endless past.

## VI.

“ Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument  
 About it and about ; but evermore  
 Came out by the same Door as in I went.”

He found no enlightenment either in the blind philosophies, or the blind creeds ; none could “ unravel the knot of human death and fate.” We have all been in the same position, we too have found “ a blind understanding to be the only lamp destiny

has to guide her little children stumbling in the dark." And why? All the Western philosophies are based on personal opinions, none take in the great idea of the eternal pilgrim. All the Western creeds suffer from personal one-life interpretations. So long as the facts of life are viewed from this personal standpoint they are distorted and illusory; hence, the facts being wrongly observed, the inductions to the reasons which underlie them cannot be made, and the understanding remains blind. So the poet's consciousness, deafened by truth-concealing controversies, evermore came out into his little narrow round of personal circumstances. There is indeed another door, up into the land of the poetic insight, but that strait gate is not set wide by argument. Once opened, and the facts of life are seen in true proportion, just as they really are; *then* their reasons, the abstract principles which are working out in them, are understood; they become obvious, as plain as daylight. We can only say we know a matter when we can go from the concrete details to the abstract reason, and back from the abstract reason to the concrete details. Therefore did Omar divorce old barren temporal reason from his bed, and take the daughter of the vine, his own poetic insight, to spouse.

## VII.

"And lately by the Tavern Door agape,  
 Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
 He bid me taste of it; and 'twas the Grape!"

Of course this *may* only mean that Omar took to drink, and idealised that sordid vice into an angel; but it may also mean that when his mind had shaken off the talk of the wise, and the thoughts of other men; when—like the tavern door—it was open and attentive to its own ideas;—that in the dusk, before full illumination, he realised his eternal self, the angel shape, and attained consciousness in the vessel, the eternal body. Then the wine of life was tasted by the lower man. This drinking of the wine, whatever it may mean, must be experienced, it cannot be imagined; and probably each one who knows would describe the matter differently, and all entirely in vain for the children of

this world. But we may infer perhaps, that such an outrush of energy occurs, that it may indeed "life's leaden metal into gold transmute." But this, the one thing needful, each must find out for himself; though perchance a man may get some help from one who knows the way, if he can face the ordeals of self-knowledge which must inevitably be offered to him.

### VIII.

"The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul,  
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword."

Thus he describes "the warrior who is incapable of defeat," the eternal self, who sees fears and sorrows as the illusions they really are. They surely are slain by the enchanted sword of the impersonal understanding, and seen through by the piercing insight of the eye which never closes. This sword of the spirit is wielded by the high artist just as truly as by saint or sage, and it will be well when theosophic mystics recognise the fact. The Way of Art is just as great, and just as real, as the ways of knowledge and religion; and although the Nazarene may seem to have conquered, the glorious Apollo, radiant with strength and beauty, will surely come to his own when the time is ripe. So Omar tells us that in his predestined plot of dust and soul, the vine had struck a fibre—the poetic intuition was innate. Let the Súfi flout, he says:

### IX.

"Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key  
Which shall unlock the Door he howls without."

The way of the artist is fundamentally different from that of the sage or of the saint, although it may be too much to expect either of these to be able to see that there is any Way of Art at all. The difference lies in the ideal pursued, the heart's desire. The ideal of the philosopher is to know the truth, of the saint to do the good, of the artist to realise the perfect. Life after life he evolves by striving to see it in every department of nature; life after life he breaks his heart with trying to embody it in bronze

or stone, in sound or words or pigments, or by means of his own physique, and he is ever dissatisfied. At last, having tried everything else and failed, the true way dawns on him; and he realises that to manifest perfection he must *be* perfect, he must build his temple in his own soul, paint his picture in his own personality, write his poem in his own life. Now to be perfect, it is evidently necessary both to know the truth and do the good, hence, in the attainment of his own ideal, the artist in life will attain the ideals of both saint and sage. So equally the saint to do good, must both know truth and be perfect; the sage to know truth must both be perfect and do good. So all ways lead to the One at last, though each victorious type will doubtless wear the coat of many colours with a difference.

The Artist's ideal is to know and do the beautiful thing, not the true, not the good, these are incidental only. With a man of this type the ordinary appeals of ethics or philosophy have little weight; tell him that he has been "wicked" and he does not care, demonstrate his "error" and he remains indifferent, but make him see that he has been *ill-mannered*, and you flick him on the raw. So it is possible, perhaps, that the all-embracing poetic insight, taking in the things of common day—base metal—may forge a key of perception, which will unlock some door closed to the narrower vision of saints and sages, with their religious and scientific dogmas, their rituals and categories of thought.

#### X.

"And this I know: whether the one True Light  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,  
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

Here is stated a profound mystery; the one true light, the divine fire, may kindle to love, reproduce itself harmonically in the lower man, as the love to all that lives, impersonal in the personality—or it may prove a consuming fire if aroused by wrong means for selfish ends. When the personality is not ready, not disciplined by strenuous effort after true thought, good will, and perfect conduct; when real moderation, true temperance in

thought, word and act, is not attained—the fire may be wrath indeed, a tearing and disintegrating energy, disastrous to mind and body alike. The poet goes on to draw the distinction between the tavern and the temple—his own mind and that of the saint; too often truly the light is lost in the temple, but not always—though a poet could not expect to find it there. The ways are different, the end the same.

### XI.

“ Indeed the Idols I have loved so long  
 Have done my Credit in Men’s Eye much Wrong !  
 Have drown’d my Honour in a Shallow Cup,  
 And sold my Reputation for a Song ! ”

Omar is much too clear-sighted not to recognise perfectly that to buy the pearl of price he has sold all that he had ; to find his life on the higher plane he has lost it on the lower. His devotion to his ideal, to the higher life and vision, instead of to his personal interests and the life of the ordinary world, would naturally put him out of touch with ordinary men. They could neither grasp his motives, nor understand his attitude towards life. He would seem to them odd, eccentric, more or less mad and unreliable, unless he were wise enough to live his own life behind a veil of pure conventionality. This is where those whose eyes are opening so often go astray, where they fail to play the game. They see the essential futility of conventions, and consequently try to break through them, to everybody else’s intense inconvenience ; not realising that every convention is the outcome of centuries of bitter experience, a compromise based on blood and tears, without which Society could not exist at the present stage of general evolution.

Neglect of laws and social conventions would of course do the poet’s credit in men’s eye much wrong, since they could never know where he was likely to break out next. Therefore was his honour drowned in their shallow cup of consciousness, and his reputation sold for a song—the song of life. So the artist in living, one who is striving to manifest his or her own ideal of the perfect man or perfect woman through the instrument of the personality, must be content to be misunderstood. A

man's *own* ideal perfection will be different from that of others, because his æonic experiences have been different from theirs; hence one who directs his conduct of life by his own ideal must be incomprehensible to others; he carries within himself a criterion of conduct which it is impossible for them to grasp, therefore they will account for his actions by the motives which govern their own, low or high as they themselves are evolved or not. But the artist in life will go straight on striving, knowing that he must make mistakes in order to become more wise, content to suffer for them and to grow more strong by making the best of them. Having done the most perfect act he can, he leaves the results to work out as they must, and the opinions of others to be as their stage of evolution decrees; what others think or do is not within his will and can always be endured.

There is a great safeguard in the idea that all actions should be perfect and not merely good. The conventional "good" deed may, and often does, hurt the personality of the doer; the *perfect* act could not, it would express that ideal compromise which would really benefit both personalities, and therefore benefit the united spirit of life which is the one Self behind both. The Way of the Artist, the Way of Perfection, is thus to strive to manifest his own ideal, not other people's, not the conventions set up by religions and philosophies, and when all the ego's thus become perfect each in its own way, then, and then only, will the Ineffable One, whose rays men are, at last stand fully manifested in the infinite variety of Its perfections.

## XII.

"Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?  
And then and then came Spring and Rose-in-hand  
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore."

Often the lower man had sworn repentance, when the jog-trot respectabilities, which make for his comfort and success in life, presented their obvious attractions; while on the other hand, he felt the loneliness of one awake among the sleepers, the isolation of the seer of the essence of things, for truly the top of Parnassus is never over-crowded. Then, reflecting on the joy of

poetic creation, on the glory of the light that never was on sea or land, Omar wonders if he could have been sober when he swore anything so futile as a thread-bare penitence. And then and then came spring and rose-in-hand—the divine fire, the rosy light shone out, and wiped away all vain regrets. It is inevitable, the poet too must pay the price; to win the golden roses he must leave his heart's-blood on the thorns. And the sacrifice is infinitely worth while; the wine of life is priceless:

## XIII.

“ And much as Wine has played the Infidel  
 And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well  
 I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
 One half so precious as the Goods they sell.”

Since the poet finds his robe of worldly honour well lost, he wonders what his higher self gains in return for the peace on earth, goodwill to men, conferred. He has *become* his higher self, he has put on the seamless robe of immortality, he has entered the kingdom prepared for him before the worlds were. He has found himself, the object of his search; he has obtained the clear vision of the truth; the love to all that lives; the power to become perfect, to manifest his ideal beauty through his own personality. He is himself the vintner, and his precious goods were sold only to be bought again. The best authority assures us of the same thing:—“ Having nothing he obtaineth all things.” But on the Way the vintner must be consulted, the higher self must always be asked: “ What is the perfect thing to do ? ” The more the inner voice is listened for the louder it will speak; that is the universal experience of those who put it to the touch. To try the experiment each one for ourselves is the only way, for

“ He ne'er is crown'd  
 With immortality, who fears to follow  
 Where airy voices lead.”

## XIV.

“ Ah Love! Could you and I with Fate conspire  
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
 Would we not shatter it to bits—and then  
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire ! ”

Here the lower man speaks to the higher, the "moon of his delight who knows no wane." The sorry scheme of things is a man's knowledge of the world from the one-life standpoint. Could he conspire with his Eternal Self, could he grasp entire the scheme of the great creation working out through many lives by the good law, he would be able to shatter his gloomy views to pieces, and re-observe it all from the eternal standpoint. So by degrees the sorry scheme, for him, would be transformed; he would learn to see the things that are as they really are; and, for him, all things would obviously work together for good. So at length his knowledge of life would approximate more and more closely to the truth, he would continually be re-moulding it nearer to the heart's desire, as he learned to comprehend the working of the Supreme Perfection, whose manifestation is the totality of things.

## XV.

"Ah! fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat  
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :  
Unborn TO-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY  
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be Sweet!"

Why indeed? Why "haunt about the mouldered lodges of the past"? Why agonise about the future, and what may happen in other states of being, or in other incarnations? Really it is always Now. What are we thinking Now? What are we doing Now? What are we becoming Now? This is the riddle of the Sphinx; this is the triple question, vital to each one of us. The only knowledge worth having is the knowledge of the things-that-are; the only good worth doing is that which benefits ourself and others; the only perfection worth striving after is that which harmonises us with the One Self of All, and with the great creation which that Self has willed.

## XVI.

"How long, how long, in definite Pursuit  
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?  
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit."

A. H. WARD.

## TWO SERMONS OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES\*

ON THOUGHT AND SENSE AND THAT THE BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD  
IS IN GOD ONLY AND ELSEWHERE NOWHERE

*Of Hermes the Thrice-greatest*

1. I GAVE the Perfect† Sermon yesterday, Asclepius; to-day I think it right, as sequel thereunto, to go through point by point the Sermon about Sense.

Now sense and thought do seem to differ, in that the former has to do with matter, the latter has to do with substance. But unto me both seem to be at-one and not to differ—in men [of course] I mean. In other lives‡ sense is at-one with nature, but in men thought. Now mind doth differ just as much from thought as God from godliness. For godliness by God doth come to be, but by mind thought, our sermon's§ sister and instruments of one another. For neither doth the word find utterance without thought, nor is thought manifested without word.

2. So sense and thought both flow together into man, as though they were entwined with one another. For neither without sensing can one think, nor without thinking sense. But it is possible [they say] to think a thing apart from sense, as those who fancy sights in dreams. But unto me it seems that both of these activities occur in dream-sight, and sense doth pass out of the sleeping to the waking state. For man is separated into soul and body, and only when the

\* See in the last three numbers "The Over-Mind," "The Mind to Hermes," and "Creator and Creation," and also the series of translations and essays which appeared in this REVIEW from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† Or the Sermon on Perfection or Initiation.

‡ Or animals.

§ λόγος. There is here the usual play on the meanings, reason, word, sermon or sacred discourse.

two sides of his sense agree together, is uttered thought conceived by mind.

3. For it is mind that doth conceive all thoughts—good thoughts when it receives the seeds from God, their contraries when [it receiveth them] from one of the dæmonials; for no part of the world is free of dæmon, which stealthily doth creep into the dæmon who's illumined by God's light,\* and sow in him the seed of its own energy; and mind conceives the seed thus sown, adultery, murder, parricide, [and] sacrilege, impiety, [and] strangling, casting down precipices, and all such other deeds as are the work of evil dæmons.
4. The seeds of God, 't is true, are few, but vast, and fair, and good—virtue and self-control and piety. Now piety is gnosis—knowing God; and he who knoweth God, being filled with all good things, thinks godly thoughts and not thoughts like the many [think]. For this cause they who gnostic are,† please not the many, nor the many them. They are thought mad and laughed at; they're hated and despised, and sometimes even put to death. For we did say‡ that bad must needs dwell here on earth, where 't is in its own place. It's place is earth, and not the world,§ as some will sometimes say with impious tongue. But he who is a devotee of God, will bear with 'all. For such an one all things, e'en though they be for others bad, are for him good; deliberately he refers them all unto the gnosis. And, thing most marvellous, 't is he alone who maketh bad things good.
5. But I return once more to the discourse on sense. That sense doth share with thought in man, doth constitute him man. But 't is not every man, as I have said above, that benefitteth by his thought; for this man is material, that other one substantial. For the material man, as I have said, [consorting] with the bad, doth have his seed of

\* That is to say man, or rather the ego in man. The translators all make utter nonsense of this passage through rejecting the original reading.

† οἱ ἐν γνώσει ὄντες, lit., they who are in gnosis.

‡ Sci., in some other sermon.

§ Cosmos or the world order.

thought from dæmons; while the substantial men [con-sorting] with the Good, are saved by God.

Now God is maker of all things, and in His making, He maketh all [at last] like to Himself; but they, while they're becoming\* good by exercise of their activity, are unproductive things. It is the working of the cosmic course† that maketh their becomings what they are, befouling some of them with bad and others of them making clean with good. For cosmos, too, Asclepius, possesseth sense and thought peculiar to itself, not like to that of man; 't is not so manifold, but as it were a better and a simpler one.

6. The single sense and thought of cosmos is to make all things, and make them back into itself again, as organ of the will of God, so organised that it, receiving all the seeds into itself from God, and keeping them within itself, may make all manifest, and [then] dissolving them, make them all new again; and thus, like a good gardener of life, things that have been dissolved, it taketh to itself, and giveth them renewal once again. There is no thing to which it gives no life; but taking all unto itself it makes them live, and is at the same time the place of life and its creator.

7. Now bodies matter [-made] are in diversity. Some are of earth, of water some, some are of air, and some of fire. But they are all composed; some are more [composite], and some are simpler. The heavier ones are more [composed], the lighter less so. Now 't is the speed of the world's‡ course that works the manifoldness of the kinds of lives.§ It is its breath which, by its great rapidity, breathes into bodies lives, together with the one life's fullness.||

\* Or being made.

† It is difficult to bring out the full delicacy of wording of the original in translation. First God's ultimate intention is stated to be the making all things like himself (*ὁμοία*); this is the great sameness of union with Him. But meantime while this making, creating or becoming, is going on, these imperfections cannot produce, that is become creators in their turn; they are unproductive (*ἀφορα*). That which is the instrument of God's making is the cosmic course (*φορά*). We are finally (§7) told that it is bodies which are the cause of difference or diversity (*τὴν διαφορᾶν*), the opposite pole, so to speak, to the likeness (*ὁμοία*) with God.

‡ That is of cosmos not the earth's.

§ Reading ζῶων for ποιῶν.

|| Plerōma.

8. God, then, is father of the world ; the world, of [all] things in the world. And world's God's son ; but [all] things in the world are by the world. And properly hath it been called [world-]order ; for that it orders\* all with the diversity of their becoming, with its not leaving aught without its life—with the unweariedness of its activity, the speed of its necessity, the composition of its elements, and order of its creatures. The same, then, of necessity and of propriety should have the name of order. The sense and thought, then, of all lives doth come into them from without, inbreathed by what contains [them all] ; whereas the world† receives them once for all together with its coming into being, and keeps them as a gift from God.
9. But God is not, as some suppose, insensible and unintelligent. It is through superstition men thus impiously speak. For all the things that are, Asclepius, all are in God, are brought by God to be, and do depend on Him—both things that act through bodies, and things that through soul-substance make [other things] to move, and things that make things live by means of spirit, and things that take unto themselves the things that are worn out. And rightly so ; nay, I would rather say, He doth not *have* these things ; but I speak forth the truth, He *is* them all Himself. He doth not *get* them from without, but *gives* them out [from Him]. This is God's sense and thought, to ever move all things. And never time shall be when e'en a whit of things that are shall cease ; and when I say " a whit of things that are," I mean a whit of God. For things that are, God hath ; nor aught [is there] without Him, nor [is] He without aught.
10. These things should seem to thee, Asclepius, if thou dost understand them, true ; but if thou dost not understand, things not to be believed. To understand is to believe, to not believe is not to understand. For that my word doth come before [thee] to the truth ; but mighty is the mind, and when it hath been led by word up to a certain point,

\* Or adorns.

† The one life containing all the other lives

it hath the power to come before [thee\*] to the truth. And having thought o'er all these things, and found them consonant with those which have been by the word† explained, it‡ hath [e'en now] believed, and found its rest in that fair faith.

To those, then, who by God [’s good aid] do understand the things that have been said [by us] above, they’re credible; but unto those who understand them not, incredible. Let so much, then, suffice on thought and sense.

THE GREATEST ILL FOR MEN IS IGNORANCE OF GOD

*Of Hermes the Thrice-Greatest*

1. WHITHER stumble ye, sots, who have sopped up the wine of ignorance unmixed, and can so far not carry it that ye already even spew it forth? Stay ye, be sober, gaze upwards with the [true] eyes of the heart! And if ye cannot all, yet ye at least who can! For that the ill of ignorance doth pour o'er all the earth and overwhelm the soul that's battered down within the body, preventing it from fetching port within salvation's harbours.
2. Be then not carried off by the fierce flood, but using the shore-current,§ ye who can, make for salvation's port, and, harbouring there, seek ye for one to take you by the hand and lead you unto Gnosis' gates; where shines clear light, of every darkness clean; where not a single soul is drunk, but sober all they gaze with their heart's eyes on Him who willeth to be seen. No ear can hear Him, nor can eye see Him, nor tongue speak of Him, but [only] mind and heart.

But first thou must tear off from thee the cloak which thou dost wear, the web of ignorance, the ground of bad, corruption's chain, the carapace of darkness, the living death, sensation's corpse, the tomb thou carriest with thee, the

\* Thy physical brain.

† The usual play on the meanings, reason, word and discourse.

‡ Sci., thy mind.

§ Lit., back or up-current.

robber in thy house, who through the things he loveth, hateth thee, and through the things he hateth, bears thee malice.

3. Such is the hateful cloak thou wearest ; that throttles thee [and holds thee] down to it, in order that thou may'st not gaze above, and, having seen the beauty of the truth, and Good that dwells therein, detest the bad of it ; having found out the plot that it hath schemed against thee, by making void of sense those seeming things which men think senses ; for that it hath with mass of matter blocked them up and crammed them full of loathsome lust, so that thou may'st not hear about the things thou should'st, nor see the things thou should'st behold.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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## THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

THERE was very little of the "modern spirit" in the Vicar of Brackenridge. He preached twice every Sunday throughout the year, short sermons full of tender homely counsel, devoid of philosophy and rhetoric. His parish was large, but scattered. A knot of cottages stood about the little church ; the thatched house of the vicar was half a mile away ; it stood alone, surrounded by woods on three sides, and on the fourth by a wide moor reaching to the distant sea. Brackenridge parish lay in a land of forests, broken by stretches of gorse and heather over which the salt wind sang, and made music in the heath and ling.

The vicar, like Thoreau, lived by a pond ; but it had neither the depth nor the breadth of the classic Walden. It was only a nameless shallow pool, fed by little threadlike peaty streams trickling from the moor through the bog-myrtle stems ; yet it was a wonderful pool ; it was thickly grown with cotton grass, and tiny yellow-blossomed water weed, and all about it were ferns, and

great cushions of moss, green, silver and 'coral-pink; there were around the pool many marvels which only the attentive saw; these sometimes plucked the wonder that caught their eye from the Mother's breast, and gazed, and marvelled, and flung it down to die, or put it in a tin box and carried it away; others sank on their knees, and brought their eye to its level that they might see; and having seen, rose up and praised the Gods, and left it, too, to praise them after its fashion, in life rather than in death.

To this pool came wild duck, and herons; there, too, came woodcocks to feed, and on the drier ground the vicar found their nests in breeding time; some there be who say the bird does not breed in this country, but the vicar knew otherwise. There was very little concerning the birds, beasts, and flowers of that land the vicar did not know. His father and his father's father lived at Brackenridge; he was bred and born there; his only son, now at college, was about to be ordained, so that he would probably succeed his father as priest of the scattered parish; for the living was in the gift of his godfather, whose dead father was the vicar's school-fellow and earliest playmate. The vicar's son was to be his father's curate for awhile; the couple never dreamed that life could bring to them a happier lot than to live at Brackenridge in each other's company. Between the vicar and his son was a more than common love. When the boy went to school his letters were the vicar's joy; and he, on his side, longed for the holidays not because of the delights of the woods and open forest but chiefly because his days were spent by the side of his father. There was never a shadow on that great love of child and parent; this was partly the reason the young man, who had just returned from college for the vacation, was now very sorrowful and perplexed. While the sober brown pony in the rough cart jogged slowly homewards through the warm sweet-smelling night, the youth's heart was heavy within him.

The old man talked with a peaceful gladness of the day—now near—when they would live together here; he talked of his bees and his poultry, of the new litter of little black pigs, of the cow his old housekeeper's husband had sold for him; of how they brewed last week, for they baked and brewed and made cordials of mild fruit, and thick sweet potent honey-mead, as did their fathers

before them. Throughout the whole of this simple talk there shone from his face the mild lustre of a quiet content and joy. And this joy, thought his son with anguish, he must sweep away; his father, good simple man, would never understand him; he would be like some hurt puzzled child, struck by a trusted hand. Through the night the young man lay awake and fashioned gentle simple phrases which should hurt as little as might be. He remembered (much later in his life he remembered it more keenly, when his friends' voices rose in his ears in a chorus of kindly pity for a cruel blow for which he was inwardly thanking God in a rapture of bliss) what a man, older than he, said to him the day before.

"My father!" the youth cried to him in agony, "I must tell my father. It will break his heart."

His friend replied:

"Take care how you pity people. Oh! I was not going to say: Affliction is often a blessing. It often is so. You will know that in a few years, as I do, if you don't know it yet. I mean that sometimes when your friends think your heart must be bowed in grief, it is inwardly singing."

"My father's heart will not sing. He will not understand. He will be terribly distressed, and bitterly disappointed. His world will be chaos."

And it was his son's hand must cause that cataclysm! The young man ate no breakfast; his face was white, and his eyes told of sleepless nights.

"Something troubles you," said his father, "what is it?"

"I *am* troubled," the youth answered, "I—Oh! I don't know how to begin!"

"Let us walk across the heath together," said his father. "You will find a way to begin—or perhaps I shall guess."

"You will never guess."

The old man sighed.

"Take your time," he said gently, "I can wait. I am in no hurry."

The vicar was never hurried; the Gods of wood and heath in whose presence he lived as in a temple had taught him something of their patience. There had been a wild whirl of rain in

the depth of the summer night ; black clouds with silver thread-like wisps fleeting across them, flew past across the pale shining sky. Raindrops hung on the great bushes of rosemary and southernwood by the porch ; a long grey sandy lane, purple-bordered with heather, skirted the heath, winding between it and a wood of pines and oak trees. The tiny thread-like streams of brown water had waxed to little rivers, and piles of foam lay on the flooded path where the waters sank away with the lull of the storm. The rush of the little flood had swept an ant-hill into ruins, and the citizens fled hither and thither in great dismay.

"The air smells sweet," said the young man. "This storm has done good to the country. It was needed."

"*They* do not think so," said his father, with a gesture towards the tumultuous ants ; "nevertheless you are probably right, and they are wrong."

The vicar very seldom indulged even in so simple and obvious a little maxim ; his son was surprised. As they stood by the gate a rabbit hopped into the open, and nibbled at the pine turf. The father and son made no sound ; but the rabbit, hearing the rustle of some tiny woodland foe in the bracken, ran away.

"What startled it, I wonder," said the young man ; "I heard nothing."

"Nor I. It gives a very eery feeling, especially if you are alone in some great sunlit glade, to see a little fellow-being fly from an unseen terror. I always feel the fear that shakes those little creatures strike into my heart. When they run from a danger I cannot see, I answer their fear by a creeping of the flesh."

The young man laughed.

"Why! the danger of a rabbit wouldn't be a danger for you. You are not afraid of a stoat."

"No. But can you not feel the fear of another without being yourself afraid? That is what I feel. A frightened rabbit when he runs, and a frightened bull when he stays where he is and kills the thing he thinks he has cause to fear, alike send a shiver through the heart of Nature. From being so much out of doors I grow to share their, and her, moods."

The vicar had never shown this mood to his son before ; he was one more prone to receive other people's moods than to impart to them his own. If the young man had not been walled about by the stupidity of self-absorption he would have seen how far his father was sharing the mood of that part of Nature's forth-putting which he knew as himself ; he would have seen how far he was trying to make it easy for him to speak of all that was in his mind. He knew his father as an elder child, a fellow naturalist, as the most delightful companion for a holiday-making boy, as the preacher of a simple doctrine for children old and young ; it never struck him that the old man gave according to the needs of his comrades, nor strove to make meadow grass grow in an orchid house, in order that he might show he understood the management of glass-houses. He sought for words to tell the thoughts which were in his mind ; he noticed, as they passed a pool of water, that his father stooped, and rescued a gaily coloured orange-red fly that had fallen therein ; and he saw, half unconsciously, how the rescuer touched a spear of growing grass, and then, checking himself, plucked instead a dry dead twig in order that he might draw forth the drowning insect. He sickened at the thought of paining one so simply tender, to whom such little things were of moment, whose mind would reel bewildered by the thoughts that were torturing his son. At last the young man spoke, and spoke bluntly from sheer pain and dread of wounding. They must, he said, give up their plans for a life spent side by side ; he could not be his father's curate, nor yet his successor ; he could not be ordained at all ; he had doubts—he had lost his faith—the discoveries of science—the conclusions of commentators—there was no proof—

When he stopped speaking his father said :

" I am not surprised. I thought this would come to you, as it did to me. Perhaps, for you, it may endure."

" To you ! " the young man stared at his father. " To you ! But you preach—how can you preach—— "

" I preach some part of the truth," said the vicar gently. " Nay, perhaps, unknowingly, I preach the whole truth though I and my hearers do not understand it fully. I preach it in a very simple form ; and so they receive it."

"But you speak of the Sacrifice of God's Son."

"My dear," said his father peacefully, "do you suppose that you, or I, or our scientists and commentators, to whom be all praise and gratitude, know what the Sacrifice of God's Son really means? But we know in part; and a part of that part I preach to these 'babes in Christ,' these simple folk 'yet carnal.' I am not asking you to preach it. You are quite right. You shall serve God and man otherwise than—as we thought you would serve them. It matters less than you think. Often, very often, when people think they know well why they do this or that, they are mistaken; and God, and their own spirit hidden in Him, know otherwise."

"Father," said the young man, his voice trembling, "if you see and know these difficulties, I—I still can't see how you can preach—forgive me—honestly."

"I could not—if I felt as you do now. When I felt as you feel I thought I must leave this place. From that I was kept."

"Kept! How kept?"

"It was the year God took your mother from my sight; you were an infant. I was much alone; and I went on with the reading I began with her; for her mind questioned all things more than mine did, because to me there was always something at the root of thought that answered me in an unknown tongue, and though it was unknown I knew it spoke clearly to those who were native born to its speech, and I thought one day, it may be, I too should learn it. Howsoever, as I read I saw the difficulties you see, and I sought for more books and more, that they might be solved. At last I thought, as you think, that honesty made it needful I should cease to preach what was untrue. There was a great storm of thunder and rain raging as I sat in my study and determined to leave the place I loved; in the thick of it a man came and asked me to go to a cottage over the heath to pray with a woman who was dying after a long illness of great suffering; she was a woman of a very simple faith and great devotion. I went with the man and he told me as we went how his father believed the storms were often the work of witches, and that a witch had split an oak in the forest by a thunderbolt; the people were always ready to tell me their beliefs because I

never laughed, even in my heart. The man showed me the tree, a great oak split like a willow wand from top to bottom by the electricity. I thought: In truth the oak is split; the old peasant says by a witch; the electrician says by the electric current; the religious man might say the Hand of God smote the tree. But all that any of these can say with perfect knowledge of their meaning is: The tree is split; and all three of them may be right as to the means of that splitting, and may preach the same truthfully. I went on to the woman's cottage; when I got there I gave her the religious consolations she asked, and I saw that in them there was a life that touched her life and made it strong; and I saw that faith was a force and not an abstraction. I saw that faith, or grace, whichever you may call that subtle force, was real as the unseen power that split the oak; and this force of faith was applied to the woman's soul, and the invisible essence of her soul knew the truth which her eyes and ears saw and heard by means of certain symbols that she knew and knew not; I beheld the power of the Living God shining in her face, and I knew He *was* for her—but He was not yet for me. So I left her, and walked home across this heath; the wind was still; the heath was purple and pale violet with heather and ling just as it is now; the bracken was green and wet with the rain, and the bog myrtle smelled like crushed spices; as I walked across the wet shining land, just as I reached the long, shallow dip that runs to the grey tower yonder standing almost on the shore, on a sudden, and by what means I cannot tell you, He was for me also; and certain things were made clear to me."

"What things?" said his son breathlessly.

They were standing on the marshy ground, below a steep rise of the moor, at the head of the shallow valley running seawards; the rain clouds round the far-off tower shone greenish-purple, and the high narrow tower itself gleamed out against them silver-grey, struck by a shaft of light that left the heavy clouds untouched.

The vicar spoke with his eyes fixed on the distant storm, hurrying to the sea.

"I saw," he said, "that faith does not stand on scientific research, nor on learned commentators' toil, good and great and

worthy to be praised as these revelations be. No! nor if a man might have the sight of angels to know the mysteries and wonders of Paradise should this give him faith, but rather the learning that belongs to those Sons of God Who minister before Him in the heavens. Nor though he should have speech with one risen from the dead should that give him faith. You have heard this said before? Therein lies the evil and fruitlessness of words. My faith is as useful to you as my eyes or my brains, perhaps a little more, or perhaps a little less. For faith is *not* belief in a thing, it is knowledge. And knowledge is not the collection or understanding of facts concerning any matter, it is 'the thing in itself.' There is a land of peace in each man's heart, and in it dwells an eternal Witness to Him; when that voice sings of Him all other voices are heard but as a part of its song, and to hear that voice is faith."

"Then in this strange thing faith," said the young man, "you are content to stay here."

"How abundantly content!" said his father. "I stay here and watch the greatness of revelation—the eternal Sacrifice of the Son of God."

As he spoke his eyes swept the purple wonder of the sun-bathed heather, as it lay open to the sky, chanting the song of life, pulsing with the quiver of the air, the scented air throbbing with the cry of bird and insect. Save where the clouds lay behind the far-off tower, the sky was a blue well of pure and joyous light; every little moorland pond was the colour of the harebells that fluttered on its margin. The youth felt for the first time the meaning and depth of his father's apparently simple love of the things of earth and air, of water and fire.

"Then you are not," he began, "you do not mind—"

"I am sorry for you, and I am disappointed because I hoped we should be here together—you and I. Now it has been arranged otherwise."

"You think it has been 'arranged,' father? You don't think 'time and chance happeneth to them all'?"

"I think not," said the old man gently; and his son, sighing, longing, and unconvinced, spoke no more of the matter. He went away in due time and finished his college course. Later in

life he devoted himself wholly to a special line of scientific research. He was thought to be a man who might one day become famous; he was already well-known as a writer and lecturer on his special subject. The vicar, now very old, resigned his living to a younger man; but he dwelt still in the thatched house by the pool, for it was not the vicarage but his own property, the house where his father and his father's father were born, had lived, and died. His son visited him often, but never stayed long; his work chained him closely. One day a friend warned him against over-absorption in study.

"You will overdo it," he said. "You will suffer for it."

"I do not care for the work," said the other, "except that in this work, as far as I can see, one gets exact knowledge so far as it goes. True! it's not very far; but it is accurate."

This friend knew something of the man's inner life, of his longings for truth, and his past history.

"You are overdoing it," he repeated. "You grow 'nothing but a devouring flame of thought—but a naked, eternally restless mind'!"

"True!" said the other with a sigh, "and that which I ask will never be answered by my methods; I know it. But my habit of mind is like dram-drinking. I grow to be a slave to it. I illogically demand proof of the unprovable."

"Rest for six months," said the other. "Go to your old home and rest."

"Rest for six months! Give this mill no grist for six months! It would grind up its own machinery."

His friend shrugged his shoulders:

"A wilful man will have his way," he said. "You'll overdo it, and repent."

Then he began to talk of the country in which his friend spent his boyhood. The other hesitated:

"Perhaps it is a warning of your threatened breakdown," he said. "But it has been thus with me for ten years. I can't remember how the place looks when I am away from it. Of course I do know it. But I cannot remember."

"You are what they call a 'bad visualiser,' I suppose."

"On the contrary, I am a very good one. I am also an

imaginative man ; but I can't remember nor imagine the place of my birth."

He mused a little and smiled :

" Perhaps the source of all my old difficulties lies there," he said, " I can't remember. My father does remember. His faith is memory. Well ! perhaps he has earned his memory, and I have not done so."

Three weeks later his friend's prophecy was fulfilled. A blow fell upon him which should, by all the known laws of pleasure and of pain, have meant great suffering. The man's sight failed ; in two weeks from the initial failure he was hopelessly blind. The news caused a thrill of pity and horror among those who knew him ; the friend who once warned him he needed rest, went to see him. It was a very hot summer day ; the windows were open ; the tumult of the streets and the smell of the wood pavements and the dust floated in. The blind man was sitting alone ; his eyes were closed, his hands crossed idly ; his mouth smiled. His friend, who had been wondering whether a few words or a silent handclasp would hurt least and best express his pity, stood before him in silence and used neither. For the blind man's heart was singing a " Nunc Dimittis " and his face, full of the mingled peace of age and bliss of childhood, showed it.

" I am going home," he said. " I am going to my father. I go to-morrow." He drew a long breath. " But I can see the place again," he said. " I see the place as I have not seen it for ten years. I," he laughed joyfully, " I remember the place of my birth."

He lingered on the words as though they held for him a meaning he would willingly have shared with his friend, which some law of being not to be expressed forbade him to share. Then he began to describe the place ; and in his voice was a ripple of rapture like the laughter of a cress-sown mimulus-bordered brook on a summer morning.

" I am going back there to-morrow," he repeated at the end. " I am going to my father. But even he cannot see it any better than I do, now my eyes are closed to all I used to see."

After his friend had bidden him good speed, he turned to look again at the man whom he had come there to pity. He sat

in the darkness that was no darkness to him, in the tumult that was no tumult; he sat as one who heard as well as saw; from an hour that was past there came a voice, the voice of an old man of most simple wisdom; it spoke to him as he sat in the outer darkness that was inner light; it spoke to him as he sat empty handed, idle handed, waiting, having loosed all he once held; and its words were these:

“There is a land of peace in each man’s heart, and in it dwells an eternal Witness to Him; when that voice sings of Him all other voices are heard but as a part of its song; and to hear that voice is faith.”

MICHAEL WOOD.

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## WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM P. 243)

### THE BIRTH OF VIRTUES

WE have seen that when members of a family pass beyond the small circle of relatives, and meet people whose interests are either indifferent or opposed to them, there is not between them and the others the mutual interplay of Love. Rather does Hate show itself, ranging from the watchful attitude of suspicion to the destroying fury of war. How then is a society to be composed of the separate family units?

It can only be done by making permanent all the emotional moods which spring from Love, and by eradicating those which spring from Hate. A permanent mood of a love-emotion directed towards a living being is a Virtue; a permanent mood of a hate-emotion directed against a living being is a Vice. This change is wrought by the Intellect, which bestows on the emotion a permanent character, seeking harmony in all relations in order that happiness may result. That which conduces to harmony and therefore to happiness in the family, springing spontaneously from

Love, is Virtue when practised towards all in every relation of life. Virtue springs from love and its result is happiness. So also that which conduces to disharmony and therefore to misery in the family, springing spontaneously from Hate, is Vice when practised towards all in all relations of life.

An objection is raised to this theory that the permanent mood of a love-emotion is a virtue, by pointing out that adultery, theft, and other vices may spring from the love-emotion. Here analysis of the elements entering into the mental attitude is necessary. It is complex, not simple. The act of adultery is motivated by love, but not by love alone. There enter into it also contempt of the honour of another, indifference to the happiness of another, the selfish grasping at personal pleasure at the cost of social stability, social honour, social decency. All these spring from hate-emotions. The love is the one redeeming feature in the whole transaction, the one virtue in the bundle of sordid vices. Similar analysis will always show that when the exercise of a love-emotion is wrong, the wrongness lies in the vices bound up with its exercise, and not in the love-emotion itself.

#### RIGHT AND WRONG

Let us now turn, for a moment, to the question of Right and Wrong, and see the relation they bear to bliss and misery. For there is an idea widely current that there is something low and materialistic in the view that virtue is the means to bliss. Many think that this idea degrades virtue, giving it the second place where it should hold the first, and making it a means instead of an end. Let us then see why virtue must be the path to bliss, and how this inheres in the nature of things.

When the Intellect studies the world, and sees the innumerable relations established therein, and observes that harmonious relations bring about happiness, and that jarring relations bring about misery, it sets to work to find out the way of establishing universal harmony and hence universal bliss. Further, it discovers that the world is moving along a path which it is compelled to tread—the path of evolution, and it finds out the law of evolution. For a part, a unit, to set itself with the law of the whole to which it belongs means peace, harmony and therefore

happiness, while for it to set itself against that law means friction, disharmony, and therefore misery. Hence the Right is that which, being in harmony with the great law, brings bliss, and the Wrong is that which, being in conflict with the great law, brings misery. When the intellect, illuminated by the Spirit, sees nature as an expression of divine Thought, the law of evolution as an expression of the divine Will, the goal as an expression of divine Bliss, then for harmony with the law of evolution we may substitute harmony with the divine Will, and the Right becomes that which is in harmony with the Will of God, and morality becomes permeated with religion.

#### VIRTUE AND BLISS

Perfection, harmony with the divine Will, cannot be separated from bliss. Virtue is the road to bliss, and if anything does not lead there it is not virtue. The perfection of the divine nature expresses itself in harmony, and when the scattered "divine fragments" come into harmony they taste bliss.

This fact is sometimes veiled by another, *i.e.*, that the practice of a virtue under certain circumstances brings about misery. That is true, but the misery is temporary and superficial, and the balance between that outer misery and the inner bliss arising from the virtuous conduct, is in favour of the latter; and further, the misery is not due to the virtue but to the circumstances which oppose its practice, to the friction between the good organism and the evil environment. So when you strike a harmonious chord amid a mass of discords, for the moment it increases the discord. The virtuous man is thrown into conflict with evil, but this should not blind us to the fact that bliss is ever wedded indissolubly to Right and misery to Wrong. Even though the righteous may suffer temporarily, nothing but righteousness can lead to bliss. And if we examine the consciousness of the righteous, we find that he is happier in doing the right though superficial pain may result, than in doing the wrong which would ruffle the inner peace. The commission of a wrong act would cause him inner anguish outweighing the external pleasure. Even in the case where righteousness leads to external suffering, the suffering is less than would be caused by

unrighteousness. Miss Helen Taylor has well said that for the man who dies for the sake of truth, death is easier than life with falsehood. It is easier and pleasanter for the righteous man to die as a martyr, than to live as a hypocrite.

Since the nature of the Self is bliss, and that bliss is only hindered in manifestation by resisting circumstances, that which removes the friction between itself and these circumstances and opens its onward way must lead to its self-realisation, *i.e.*, to the realisation of bliss. Virtue does this, and therefore virtue is a means to bliss. Where the inner nature of things is peace and joy the harmony which permits that nature to unveil itself must bring peace and joy, and to bring about this harmony is the work of virtue.

#### THE TRANSMUTATION OF EMOTIONS INTO VIRTUES AND VICES

We have now to see more fully the truth of what was said above, that virtue grows out of emotion, and how far it is true that a virtue or a vice is merely a permanent mood of an emotion. Our definition is that virtue is a permanent mood of the love-emotion, and vice a permanent mood of the hate-emotion.

The emotions belonging to love are the constructive energies which, drawing people together, build up the family, the tribe, the nation. Love is a manifestation of attraction, and hence holds objects together. This process of integration begins with the family, and the relations established between its members in the common life of the family entail, if there is to be happiness, the acting towards each other in a helpful and kindly way. The obligations necessary for the establishment of happiness in these relations are called duties, that which is due from one to the other. If these duties are not discharged the family relations become a source of misery, since the close contacts of the family make the happiness of each dependent on the treatment of him by the others. No relation can be entered into between human beings which does not establish an obligation between them, a duty of each towards the other. The husband loves the wife, the wife the husband, and nothing more is needed to lead each to seek the other's happiness than the intense spontaneous wish to make the beloved happy. This leads the one who can give to

supply what the other needs. In the fullest sense, "love is the fulfilling of the law";\* there is no need for the feeling of an obligation, for love seeks ever to help and to bless, and there is no need for "thou shalt," or "thou shalt not."

But when a person, moved by love to discharge all the duties of his relation with another, comes into relation with those he does not love, how is a harmonious relation with them to be established? By recognising the obligations of the relation into which he has entered, and discharging them. The doings which grew out of love in the one case present themselves as obligations, as duties, in the other where love is not present. Right reason works the spontaneous actions of love into permanent obligations, or duties, and the love-emotion, made a permanent element of conduct, is called a virtue. This is the justification of the statement that a virtue is the permanent mood of a love-emotion. A permanent state of emotion is established which will show itself when a relation is made; the man discharges the duties of that relation; he is a virtuous man. He is moved by emotions made permanent by the intellect, which recognises that happiness depends on the establishment of harmony in all relations. Love, rationalised and fixed by the intellect, is virtue.

In this way may be built up a science of ethics, of which the laws are as much an inevitable sequence as those on which any other science is built.

So also between the hate-emotion and vices there is a similar relation. The permanent mood of a hate-emotion is a vice. One person injures another, and the second returns the injury; the relation between these two is inharmonious, productive of misery. And as each expects injury from the other, each tries to weaken the other's power to inflict injury, and this is the spontaneous action of hate. When this mood becomes permanent, and a man shows it in any relation into which he enters wherein the opportunity for its manifestation arises, then it is called a vice. A man of uncontrolled passions and undeveloped nature strikes a blow, a spontaneous expression of hate. He repeats this often, and it becomes habitual when he is angry. He inflicts

\* *Rom.*, xiii. 10.

pain and takes pleasure in the infliction. The vice of cruelty is developed, and if he meets a child or a person weaker than himself, he will show cruelty merely because he comes into relation with them. As the love-emotion guided and fixed by right reason is virtue, so the hate-emotion guided and fixed by distorted and blinded reason is vice.

#### APPLICATION OF THE THEORY TO CONDUCT

When the nature of virtue and vice is thus seen, it is clear that the shortest way of strengthening the virtues and eliminating the vices is to work directly on the emotional side of the character. We can strive to develop the love-emotion, thus affording the material which the reason will elaborate into its characteristic virtues. The development of the love-emotion is the most effective way of evolving the moral character, virtues being but the blossoms and the fruits which spring from the root of love.

The value of this clear view of the transmutation of emotions into virtues and vices lies in the fact that it gives us a definite theory on which we can work ; it is as though, seeking a distant place, a map were placed before our eyes, and we traced thereon the road which leads from our present position to our goal. So many really good and earnest people spend years in vague aspirations after goodness, and yet make but little progress ; they are good in purpose but weak in attainment, chiefly because they do not understand the nature in which they are working, and the best methods for its culture. They are like a child in a garden, a child eager to see his garden brilliant with flowers, but without the knowledge to plant and cultivate them, and to exterminate the weeds which overgrow his plot. Like the child, they long for the sweetness of the virtue-flowers, and find their garden overrun with the rank growth of the weeds of vice.

#### THE USES OF EMOTION

The uses of the love-emotion are so obvious that it seems scarcely necessary to dwell upon them, and yet too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that love is the constructive force in the universe. Having drawn together the family units, it welds

these into larger tribal and national units, and these it will build in the future into the Brotherhood of Man. Nor must we omit to note the fact that the smaller units draw out the love-power and prepare it for fuller expression. Their use is to call into manifestation the hidden divine power of love within the Spirit by giving to it objects close at hand that attract it. The love is not to be confined within these narrow limits, but, as it gains strength by practice, it is to spread outwards until it embraces all sentient beings. We may formulate the law of love: Regard every aged person as your father or mother; regard every person of similar age as your brother or sister; regard every younger person as your child. This sums up human relations. The fulfilment of this law would render earth a paradise, and it is in order that the earth may become such a paradise that the family exists.

A man who would widen his love-relations should begin to regard the welfare of his community as he regards the welfare of his own family. He should try to work for the public good of his community with the energy and interest with which he works for his family. Later, he will extend his loving interest and labour to his nation. Then appears the great virtue of public spirit, the sure precursor of national prosperity. Later still, he will love and labour for humanity, and finally he will embrace within his loving care all sentient beings, and will become "the friend of every creature."

Few, at the present stage of evolution, are really able to love humanity, and too many speak of loving humanity who are not ready to make any sacrifice to help a suffering brother or sister close at hand. The servant of humanity must not overlook the human beings at his door, nor in imagination water with sentimental sympathy the distant garden while the plants round his doorway are dying from drought.

The uses of hate are not at first so obvious, but are none the less important. At first, when we study hate and see that its essence is disintegration, destruction, it may seem all evil; "He who hateth his brother is a murderer," saith a great Teacher,\* because murder is but an expression of hate; and even when hate does not go so far as murder, it is still a destroying force; it

\* *St. John*, ii. 15.

breaks up the family, the nation, and wherever it goes it tears people apart. Of what use, then, is hate?

First, it drives apart incongruous elements, unfit to combine together, and thus prevents continuing friction. Where incongruous undeveloped people are concerned, it is better for them to be driven far apart to pursue their several paths in evolution, than to keep them within reach of one another, stimulating each other to increased bad emotions. Secondly, the repulsion felt by the average soul for an evil person is beneficial, so long as that evil person has the power of leading him astray; for that repulsion, although it be hate, guards him from an influence under which he might otherwise succumb. Contempt for the liar, the hypocrite, the worker of cruelty on the weak, is an emotion useful to the one who feels it, and also to the one against whom it is directed; for it tends to preserve the one from falling into similar vices, and it tends to arouse in the despised person a feeling of shame that may lift him from the mire in which he is plunged. So long as a person has any tendency to a sin, so long is hatred against those who practise the sin protective and useful. Presently, as he evolves, he will distinguish between the evil-doer and the evil, and will pity the evil-doer and confine his hatred to the evil. Later still, secure in virtue, he will hate neither the evil-doer nor his evil, but will see tranquilly a low stage of evolution, out of which he will strive to lift his younger brother by fitting means. "Righteous indignation," "noble scorn," "just wrath," all are phrases which recognise the usefulness of these emotions, while seeking to veil the fact that they are essentially forms of hate—a veiling which is due to the feeling that hate is an evil thing. None the less are they essentially forms of hate, whatever they may be called, though they play a useful part in evolution, and their storms purify the social atmosphere. Intolerance of evil is far better than indifference to it, and until a man is beyond the reach of temptation to any given sin, intolerance of those who practise it is for him a necessary safeguard.

Let us take the case of a man little evolved; he desires to avoid gross sins, but yet feels tempted to them. The desire to avoid them will show itself as hatred of those in whom he sees

them ; to check this hatred would be to plunge him into temptations he is not yet strong enough to resist. As he evolves further and further from the danger of yielding to temptation, he will hate the sins, but will pityingly sympathise with the sinner. Not till he has become a saint can he afford not to hate the evil.

When in ourselves we feel repulsion from a person we may be sure that we have in us some lingering traces of that which we dislike in him. The Ego, seeing a danger, drags his vehicles away. A man, perfectly temperate, feels less repulsion towards the drunkard than a temperate man who occasionally exceeds. A woman, utterly pure, feels no repulsion from a fallen sister, from whose contact the less pure would withdraw their skirts. When we reach perfection, we shall love the sinner as well as the saint, and perchance may show the love more to the sinner, since the saint can stand alone, but the sinner will fall if he be not loved.

When the man has risen to the point where he hates neither sinner nor sin, then the disintegrating force—which is hate among human beings—becomes simply an energy to be used for destroying the obstacles which embarrass the path of evolution. When perfected wisdom guides the constructive and destructive energies, and perfected love is the motive power, then only can the destructive force be used without incurring the root-sin of the feeling of separateness. To feel ourselves different from others is the “great heresy,” for separateness, when the whole is evolving towards unity, is opposition to the Law. The feeling of separateness is definitely wrong, whether it leads to one’s thinking oneself more righteous or more sinful. The perfect saint identifies himself with the criminal as much as with another saint, for the criminal and the saint are alike divine, although in different stages of evolution. When a man can feel thus, he touches the life of the Christ in man. He does not think of himself as separate, but as one with all. To him his own holiness is the holiness of humanity, and the sin of any is his sin. He builds no barrier between himself and the sinner, but pulls down any barrier made by the sinner, and shares his evil while sharing with him his good.

Those who can feel the truth of this “counsel of perfection”

should, in their daily lives, seek to practise it, however imperfectly. In dealing with the less advanced, they should ever seek to level the dividing wall. For the sense of separateness is subtle, and endures till we achieve Christhood. Yet by this effort we may gradually lessen it, and to strive to identify ourselves with the lowest is to exercise the constructive energy which holds the worlds together, and to become channels for the divine love.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE MEANING OF TAO

IN a recent able review of the work of Charles Booth entitled *Life and Labour of the People of London*, Mr. G. R. S. Mead offers to the bewildered ten thousand missionaries among the heathen of the East End of London, "a small dose of Chuang-tzŭ as a preliminary sedative" for their mis-directed and feverish zeal. In the course of his article, "Charity and Duty to One's Neighbour," Mr. Mead hazards a note :

"Does Tao = Dharma? Chuang Tzŭ called the clue Tao, or the Way, and explained that the word was 'to be understood metaphorically and not in a literal sense as the way or road upon which men walk.'" Undoubtedly the words Tao and Dharma may frequently be used to signify the same thing to the Mongolian and Hindu minds, but both words are capable of great flexibility and the meaning they convey is mainly dependent on the context. Thus the "Dharma" of a Hindu may be his particular work in the world, his duty, as so frequently mentioned in the *Bhagavadgītā*; or it may mean his caste-observances as enjoined by the *Dharma Shāstra*, or yet his religion, as in the motto of the Theosophical Society, "*Satyān nāsti paro Dharmah.*"

The use of the word *Tao* shows the same variability. The ancient doctrine of the Chinese patriarchal rulers from Fuh-hi to Yao and Shun, which was adopted by successive Emperors of the



Chung-kwo, is referred to as the *Ku-Tao*. Here the word *Tao* evidently denotes principles or doctrine; and in the sentence: *Woi chi kâou mō kwō yu tao* (i.e., Of lofty things there is none more so than the *Tao*),\* the idea imparted is that of a body of teaching. In the *Shu-King* (Tai-Kia hia Section), it is said: *Yiu yin tsaou ko joo sin, piē kiu chai tao : yiu yin sun ko joo ee, piē kiu chai fi-tao*. (When advice is opposed to your desires you should seek it in the *Tao*; when advice is agreeable to your inclinations, you should search for it in the *not-Tao*.) Here the two words “*tao*” and “*fi-tao*” evidently refer to a set of maxims or principles and their converse and may be rendered “doctrine” and “false doctrine” respectively. But in a passage such as the following from the *Sze shu* of Confucius, there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the word *Tao* :

*Chung yung sing li chi tao shi fi tsien hao chay so chi yay*.  
(The Nature-reason doctrine of Chung-yung is not understood of the shallow-minded.)

The various uses of the same word in different connections makes it necessary to search for a single English equivalent for purposes of translation, and whereas in a literal sense the word *Tao* denotes a pathway or set course; in a logistical sense, an argument or reason; in an ethical sense, a principle or doctrine; and in a religious sense, divine operation; yet there is but one word, apparently, which is capable of replacing these universally—the old English “way.” Thus, the phrase: *Chung-Tai pu kien ta tao*, may be rendered: “Chung-Tai lost his reason—forsook his principles—reasoned falsely—missed his path.” The doubt which attaches to the original statement “*pu kien ta tao*,” is only resolved by a knowledge of the context. But the doubt is in no way increased if we render the phrase simply: “Chung-Tai lost his way.”

The use of the words *Path* and *Way* in a spiritual sense is everywhere recognised and it is yet in this particular sense that the exact meaning is most difficult to apprehend and convey. Compare for a moment these sentences in which the same word recurs :

“I am the *Way*, the *Truth* and the *Light*.”

\* *Kang Kien*.

“For Jehovah knoweth the *way* of the righteous: but the *way* of the ungodly shall perish.”

“The *Way* which is the subject of discussion is not the true *Way*.”

Without greatly restricting the sense of each of these phrases it would be impossible to supply any other word than “way” for the originals; and yet in each case the intuition suggests the true meaning. In the Chinese philosophy the *Tao* has its *teh*, the *Teh* has its *yung*, and the *Yung* has its *kung*; *i.e.*, the *Tao* has its virtue, the virtue its use, and the use its merit. Now it is singular that all these noumena can be replaced by the word *Dharma*, if once we admit that *Tao* = *Dharma*; while neither “virtue,” nor “use,” nor “merit” can be replaced by the word *Tao*.

Yet in the preceding three examples the word *Tao* may be used in each case.

It will therefore be seen that both the Sanskrit and Chinese words have unusual flexibility, with an undoubted synonymity when used in the higher sense.

*TAO* in operation produces *teh*, and *TEH* in expression produces *kung*. Thus, whatever we mean by *Tao* is productive of virtue. By virtue we mean that which is proper to the nature of a thing, unimpaired by art or convention and wholly unrestrained. It is what we may call the integrity of nature and what Laotzë calls “original simplicity.” This virtue, when expressed, is the cause of *kung*, *i.e.*, merit. The word is compounded of two radicals meaning “strength” and “work”; therefore, strong work. *Lî* by itself is merely strength, but joined to *kung*, it becomes “merit.” All merit, then, lies in strenuous work; and strenuous work proceeds from virtue, according to the ancient ideographic writings of the Chinese. What then is this virtue in their conception? The word carries its own meaning as written. *Teh* is compounded of *wang*, a net; *mien*, to collect or gather in; *sin*, the heart or mind; joined to the root *jin*, a man. Therefore, one who has gathered in the mesh of thought and who has not spread the net of his desires is accounted virtuous.

What then is *Tao*? Clearly it can only be defined in reference to the subject treated of; for the virtue of a man is not

that of a tree, nor the virtue of a tree that of a stone. The word itself is formed from the 185th and 162nd radicals—*show*, chief or principal, and *cho*, motion. Hence it may be defined as the *Primum Mobile*, the First Cause (what Bruno calls “*La Causa Principio ed Uno*”—the First and Only Cause), the Logos, Verbum, or whatever is intended to designate the Supreme Energy—that which is the *cause* of the virtue of all things, *i.e.*, their specific natures, potentialities and aptitudes.

If *Dharma* can be shown to convey this idea, then we may conclude that the words are synonyms, but not otherwise except in a restricted sense. Indeed, from this short study of the subject it would appear that *Dharma* is rather the synonym of *Teh* than of *Tao*.

W. GORN OLD.

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## SOUND, THE BUILDER

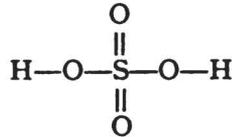
(CONCLUDED FROM p. 205)

So far, we have followed the evidences of the sound-principle in nature with reference to purely terrestrial matters, and although our references are, in some instances, of a somewhat rough and general nature, they sufficiently indicate actualities in the different kingdoms of the physical world which conform with what we learn of the character of the Power which called the physical world into existence. The units considered, however, have been of the minor order—chemical atoms, simple and compound chemical substances, shell shapes, plant forms and so forth; whereas we now have to deal with units of a larger scale and to look for expressions of the universal law in the direction of the infinitely great as well as in that of the infinitely small.

In this connection it is interesting to note the parallels so often drawn between molecular dispositions and vibrations and the movements and spatial disposition of the heavenly bodies—the astronomy, as it were, of chemical molecules. The following example\* may help one to grasp what is indicated by the “notes”

\* From *Maldola's Chemistry (Inorganic)*.

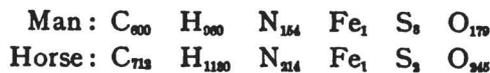
of *irrational dispersion* illustrated in the previous article. The substance referred to is  $H_2SO_4$ , whose graphic formula may be drawn



this indicating the relation of the atoms comprised in the unit, or molecule, of the substance.

“All matter is supposed to consist of agglomerations of small particles physically and chemically indivisible, which are called atoms. These do not fill up all the space seemingly occupied by the substance but stand apart from one another as the suns and their attendant planets do in the sidereal universe. The properties of any material body are determined by the nature of its constitutional atoms, their relative positions, groupings, and movements in space. Sometimes groups of atoms are formed which may be looked upon as separate systems or entities, and may be compared to such stellar arrangements as the solar system; for instance, a molecule of hydrogen sulphate may be looked upon as composed of a sun or central body—the sulphur atom—around which four planets—the four atoms of oxygen, revolve or otherwise move; two of these four planets have each a satellite, an atom of hydrogen. These assemblages of atoms constitute what chemists and physicists term molecules, and a molecule may, like a stellar system, consist of only a solitary sun or atom as with mercury vapour, it may be a kind of double star as with most elementary gaseous molecules, or it may consist of a vast number of atoms as with pyrogenin  $C_{65}H_{136}N_2O_{19}$ , or even far more complex bodies.”

Considering these substances in this view of their inner structure and movement, the complexity of the so-called simple cell may be gathered from the formulæ for hæmoglobin :



In quite recent consideration of the activities of the yet smaller units, or *ions*, within the atoms themselves the astronomical parallel has been followed still further, and rotation, revolu-

tion and precessional movements within the atom are made the possible explanation of phenomena observed under certain established conditions.

Seeing, then, how perfectly the harmonic series derived from Sound are reproduced in the spectral "series" of the chemical elements, there is ample warrant for applying the same test to larger units and looking at planets with their satellites, or at the constituent bodies of such a solar system as ours, for evidences of structure akin to that of our graduated "harmonics."

The satellites of Jupiter appear in "series." In our first diagram Jupiter is indicated by the larger body around which the orbits of the four satellites are shewn, to scale, in concentric circles. These orbital distances are shewn on the scale to the right, and something of the familiar graduation is seen although the "series" is necessarily short. The Uranian system, with its four satellites, presents a somewhat similar "series," but in a broken order occasioned by the gap between the second and third satellites. The Saturnian system again shews a graduated order in the distances of the five inner satellites—a good, symmetrical "harmonic" series.

So far as available evidence serves, we certainly appear to trace the sound likeness in the spacings of the elements of a planetary system, for each indicates, where the number of satellites is sufficient, a "note" of its own. In the case of Saturn the position of the three outer members makes the planetary note discordant; they do not continue the series so well marked in the order of the inner five bodies and in the series sounding the note of Jupiter. But a note is in each case observable, and these planetary harmonics arise from the amplitude of movement of the units—shewn here as the semi-diameter of their orbits. The swing of the satellite through its orbit is, scientifically speaking, as much a "vibration" as is the movement of the stretched wire, and with the latter a scale of diminishing amplitudes is likewise shewn in the swing of the shorter and shorter segments which yield its harmonics.

In examining these planetary harmonics one must observe that the central body, the planet itself, seems to stand quite apart from the series which we have had under notice. Jupiter,

for instance, does not continue the progression indicated by the orbital distances of its satellites but stands apart as though, while dominating them, it were otherwise related—perhaps to some yet deeper note. As a matter of fact, the planets of our system do thus stand otherwise related, for they are, themselves, but harmonics of a profounder tone, and the separate notes to which they give rise are merged and subordinated in the vast diapason of a solar system.

It is as well to recall that all these sounds—be they musical or light notes, shell or flower notes, planetary or solar notes—are based on number; and in this connection it may be of interest to give the curious number-system known as Bode's Law, which appears to have a certain application to our solar note. It may be stated thus: Write the series of numbers, 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, and so on, wherein, after the second, each is double of the number preceding it. Add 4 to each, and we produce the series 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, and so forth. Although no physical reason has ever been adduced to account for the fact, yet it is found that this series of numbers is sensibly proportional to the distances of the different planets from the sun. In the case of the furthest member of the system (in the orthodox sense of course) the distance is widely different from that indicated by Bode's Law; but we can see how closely the latter conforms with fact in other instances by giving the number-series in full and noting the actual distances of the planets below. For purposes of comparison these latter must be expressed as actual relative distances, taking the figure 10, as a basis, to represent the distance of the earth from the sun.

	<i>Mercury</i>	<i>Venus</i>	<i>Earth</i>	<i>Mars</i>	<i>Planetoids</i>	<i>Jupiter</i>	<i>Saturn</i>	<i>Uranus</i>	<i>Neptune</i>
Bode's Law	0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192	384
{ +	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
{ =	4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196	388
Actual relative dist.	3.9	7.2	10	15.2	27.4	52.9	95.4	192	300

We see that Bode's Law is approximate only; but the approximation is so close and, in addition, so constant that one can hardly doubt that there subsists some arithmetical relation between the distances of the physical planets from the centre of the system. This should not be the less interesting from the fact that these physical planets and their satellites are anything

but a full account of the solar scheme. Each is a physical nucleus—leaving planetary chains, for the moment, out of consideration—of some particular field, centre, aspect or ray of the larger solar Life whose influence upon the human expression of that Life astrology endeavours to gauge; but other factors are involved for which Bode's Law, naturally, provides no place. It has, however, some correspondence with the physical planets, with which alone we can deal in shewing the distances which are scaled in our next diagram. Here mean orbital distances are indicated by concentric circles, as with the satellites of a planetary system, and their succession outwards shews the actual relative distances in the order given above. On the right we find these distances scaled spectrum-wise and have the planetary harmonics of the solar system—the solar note.

In examining this vast solar sound, with the planetary series also in mind, one cannot but notice the parallel which it offers with the smaller forms already similarly analysed. The leaflets of the fern have each their own harmonics, but these are subordinate in the similar but ampler scale of the frond. Similarly, the planets have each their own notes, but these notes are all merged in the solar harmony. Sound-wise is the structure of things involved, and the astronomy of a solar system is epitomised again in the graduated parallels of our carbon-flutings.

Whether this solar harmonic series represents what the Pythagoreans implied in their teaching that the planets had harmonious motions at intervals corresponding with musical principles, I am unable to conjecture. Perhaps it does—partly. But basic teachings of the school of Pythagoras can hardly be supposed to carry merely their surface meaning. To those trained in occult science, such a declaration as that the worlds had been called out of chaos by Sound or Harmony and were constructed according to principles of musical proportion, would be meant to imply an infinity of subtle powers and relations. The ancient teachings and the modern facts can but be presented side by side, and under the unity of law they cannot be wholly unrelated. Our sciences *are* the twigs and leaflets of the tree of knowledge and they will serve us well if they but guide us to the parent stem.

Whatever view we may take of such matters as the fore-

going, we still have the fact before us that the build and structure and vibratory movements of our physical units are analogues of sound. The units variously considered range from the chemical atom to the solar system and, however detached our examples, all illustrate the pervading principle of these harmonics. And it is curious that harmonics again—star-notes from *without* our solar system—are largely relied upon in our attempts to classify the stellar universe itself into the yet more stupendous diapason of a cosmic harmony wherein our solar note is but the faintest of a myriad contributory sounds.

The nature of this utterance from the infinite, and the note that it sounds to the reflective mind, can be conveniently gathered by any who care to consult Sir Norman Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*. The details of the scheme there propounded upon astronomical, spectroscopic, chemical and other evidence, and buttressed by references to physics, geology, organic forms and so forth, cannot here be touched upon. But a very rough and imperfect outline of its general idea may nevertheless be of interest as sufficiently sounding this cosmic note, which, to students of Theosophy, will seem neither strange nor unexpected. It is recorded in the harmonics of our third diagram.

Stellar spectra shew dark "absorption" bands or lines upon a luminous background; the latter arises from the intensely heated body of the star, and the dark lines are caused by vaporous substances contained in the *relatively* cooler "atmosphere" surrounding such star. All stars may be considered to shew this luminous background alike, and the only spectroscopic evidence of *differences* between various stars is thus afforded by such differences as are noticeable in the dark lines of the spectra of each. In other words, each star shews its own dark spectrum-lines; these lines tell us something of the constituents of the fiery "atmosphere" surrounding it; and this is about all the evidence we have of the "chemical constitution" of these other and more distant suns.

The spectroscope, however, affords certain other evidence bearing upon the question of the temperature of the stars. Immeasurable as is the temperature of our sun, we yet have to consider that other stars are, many of them, far hotter; and that

although we are dealing with temperatures of an intensity which absolutely forbids actual measurement, yet we can classify the stars upon a rough and *relative* temperature-scale—hottest, less hot, cooler, and so on in many grades. Of the stars which are amenable to this examination many are thus classified as of one grade, many of another, till the stellar ranks appear completed and each stage of the scale is represented by certain known stars.

Then follows careful scrutiny of the lines of the different stars of each separate temperature-stage. At each stage it is found necessary to divide the spectra into two classes—one class comprising the stars which shew certain lines blurred, and the other comprising the stars in which the same “hydrogen lines” are shewn intense and sharply defined.\*

At each temperature-stage, except the very highest, one thus finds stars of the first class (lines blurred), and stars of the second class (lines sharp).

If we then picture the temperature-stages as successive horizontal divisions (as we usually picture the planes) with highest temperature at the top, we can separate the stars with blurred lines to the left side of their divisions and those shewing sharp lines to the right. The stars of the top division cannot be so separated. This arrangement will somewhat resemble the familiar figure of the planets of a chain, but inverted and with the “turning-point” at the top. An entire class of stars however, now appears where we usually place a single planet.

The stellar scheme which we are now considering can be sufficiently described upon the tabulation pictured above. On the *left* we have stars which are gradually getting hotter and hotter. These are all on the upward arc of a mighty stellar evolution which is involved with *increasing* temperature, and this reaches its culmination with the stars of our highest division—the “turning-point.”

On the right we have stars whose history is that of gradually cooling bodies, for we are on the downward arc of the evolutionary movement and are dealing with *decreasing* temperatures.

This gives the physical aspect of the scheme, showing a

\* Principal indications only can be given in this brief description.

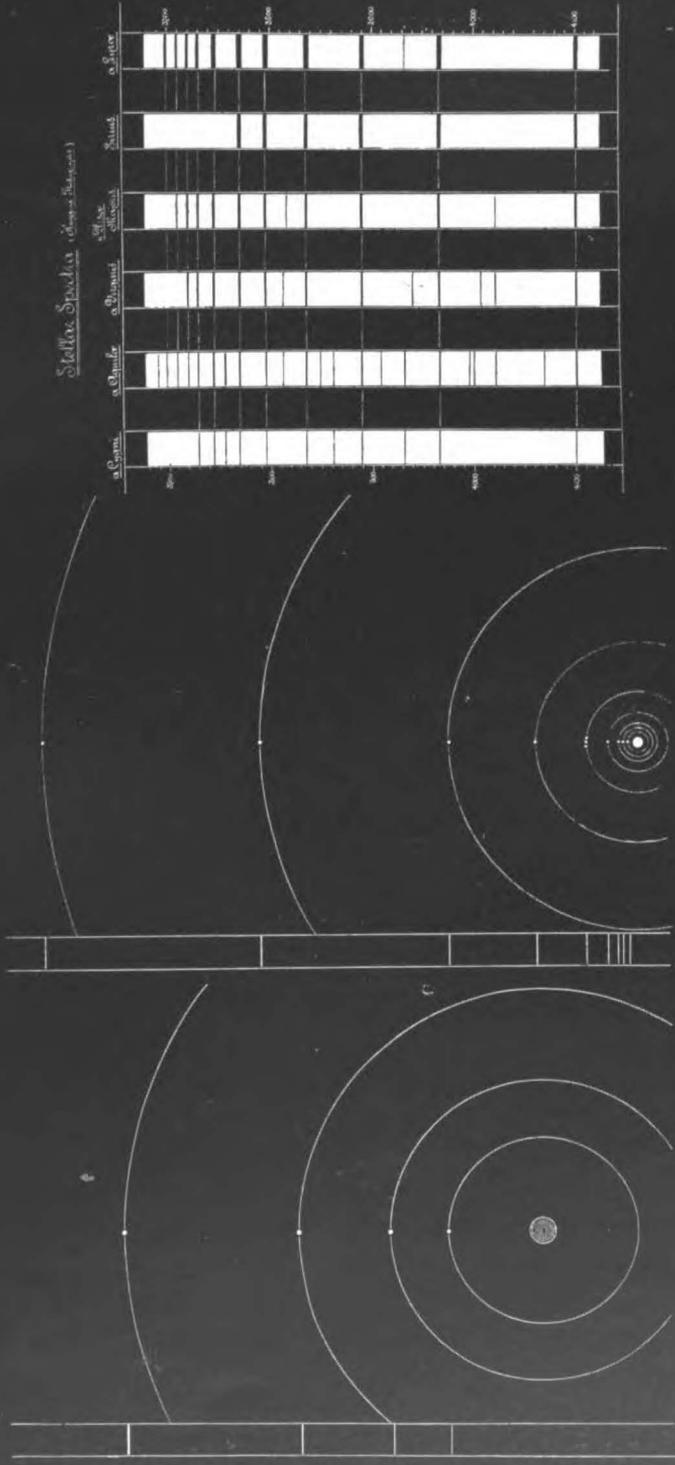
gradual transit of each star, during incalculable time-periods, through this immeasurable gamut of heating and cooling. Laborious spectroscopic observation reveals the chemical significance of this amazing movement ; for the spectra of the successive stages, as we followed them from left to right, shew the gradual evolution of our chemical elements from earlier and simpler forms of matter. This has necessitated the elaboration of a distinct sidereal chemistry quite other than that of our terrestrial laboratories, for in the stars we trace the gradual aggregation of a more primitive material into the atomic forms classified in Mendelejeff's table.

Something of this can be followed from our third diagram, which shews the spectra of the six stars there severally named. As the shortening wave-lengths indicate, the violet ends of the spectra are pointed upwards. Each spectrum exhibits the familiar harmonic arrangement of dark lines—a kind of star-note—and these are the “hydrogen lines” to which reference has already been made. They are, in fact, part of the hydrogen harmonics and are due to the presence of this particular *form* of hydrogen in the “atmospheres” of these several stars. But this is not hydrogen as we know it here. It is “proto-hydrogen” or “cosmic hydrogen,” the forerunner of terrestrial hydrogen ; it is, in short, the original material which will gradually cool down not only into terrestrial hydrogen but also into all our other chemical elements. It is the stuff of which all our chemical atoms are made.

The sharp lines of our star-notes shew that we are dealing with cooling bodies. On the right of the third diagram is the hottest of these stars ; as we pass to the left we find examples from lower and lower temperature-stages.

With the fear before us that our scale of illustration can hardly shew the finer details of these spectra, it may be best to deal with them as a group. On the right, at higher temperature, we see only the lines of “proto-hydrogen”—and the lines are broad and heavy in sign of abundance. But as we pass to the left, to lower temperatures, we see the “proto-hydrogen” harmonics get gradually narrower and thinner ; and at the same time we see *other* and different harmonics gradually steal in

Спектральная таблица (вспомогательная)





between them and grow thicker and stronger. The new development is clearly at the expense of the old. The new lines are those of "proto-metals" and so forth, and as these are produced at lower temperatures the disappearing lines of "proto-hydrogen" indicate that this is gradually used up in the process—whatever that process may be.

This must suffice by way of indicating something of the reading of these strange star-notes, for to this cosmic scheme our sound-harmonics have finally led us. In the fuller tabulation we have, at highest temperature, proto-hydrogen stars. Then, at *each* side of our imaginary curve, cleveite-gas stars, proto-metallic stars, metallic stars, and, finally, stars with fluted spectra indicating the presence of many of the more complex chemical bodies with which we are familiar here. From this stellar classification there arises the study of the distribution of the stars on the celestial sphere, and we get a dim suggestion of star-types marshalled in rings of almost inconceivable magnitude—parts of some further and yet more stupendous whole whose nature passes our best divining.

But this is not the end of the matter as it is dealt with in the work cited. The inorganic evolution of our chemical bodies having been described, the endeavour is made to trace the regular continuation of that evolutionary movement from chemical atoms to crystalline mineral forms, from these to cells and the building up of the simpler organic forms of the vegetable kingdom, from these to the animal world, and from this to human life, in continuous and orderly succession.

The entire range of visible things is thus portrayed as a living, harmonious whole. Every part is but a phase of an immeasurable, expanding life. Every physical object has its place in an evolutionary scale whose beginning is in the "proto" states of matter in the starry spaces and whose stages link all kingdoms of nature in a harmonious progression which we follow till man's estate is reached. After referring to the incalculable time-period necessary for the multitudinous changes of the inorganic evolution—a period compared with which our geological epochs would be as almost negligible moments—our author concludes :

"In this way, then, we have really been only continuing a

train of thought, which has to do with Man's Place in Nature, in relation to the Sun's Place in Nature; and finding fresh grounds for thinking that the more different branches of science are studied and allowed to react on each other, the more the oneness of Nature impresses itself upon the mind."

A familiar note, indeed, the grandly-sounded message of the harmonics of the stars.

To these ends, then, are we led in our quest of the Sound; our harmonics sound universal Harmony. Nature is seen scaled on a common principle, moved and moulded by a common life. Sound peals the spacious order of the firmament above; Sound shines from the dust that we tread under foot. Greatness and smallness are our poor illusions, for That which is the splendour of a mighty Sun greets us anew from the petals of the humblest flower. All things utter the Sound that fills them, and sing their message in every colour, form and movement that we know.

And yet, seeing these innumerable forms, we are bewildered; their multitude disconcerts us and we feel mere victims in the tide of their advancing ranks. Our serious opposition is treated as sport, and our private will is ever thwarted by a power that o'erwills it to larger ends. We will as we needs must, and scarce save the moments by a grudging concession. All things stand to us as symbols of this strange compulsion which leaves freedom only to obey. Disobeying, we are crushed, complaining that Nature respected not our dignity, while her care is to lead us to comply.

Becoming wiser, we scan these symbols anew; and, complying, we see that their threats were misread promises, their terrors the garb in which our pride had veiled them. Our pains were the void felt in rejecting friendly hands, for we had struggled but to be alone. Striving no longer, our will melts into the stream that bears these advancing hosts, and the life which informs them is found one with those inner springs whence flow our new recognition and consent. Nature, against all waywardness, must finally convert us; for she herself is thought embodied which, in us, to thought returns. We can report only by so much as we are, and our best accounts are but lowly confession.

Yet the entire gamut of Nature's powers is graven in the foundations of our being—all chemistry, and sound, and thought, and sweet good-will welded into the single fact of Life—and thus are we pledged at last to find the outer Harmony within, and, reporting aright, to Be.

G. DYNE.

## WHAT THE "FIRE ELEMENTAL" TOLD US

MY wife and I had not touched the planchette for years; the last time it was used the words written were "stop this fooling," so we stopped it.

We had no desire to meddle with "spirit return," or to have dealings with "spooks" or "spirit guides," and we were averse to getting into contact with the thought-currents of Spiritualism. Yet there came over us an impulse again to try the planchette. So we adjusted it, sharpened its pencil and sat down with fixed determination to "stop this fooling" directly any evidence appeared that we were attracting to us the influences of the ordinary *séance*.

My hand on my wife's wrist, her hand on the planchette, and so we waited patiently for about fifteen minutes. Then came long sweeps of the pencil, an up and down movement, and curves, whirls and darts.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ques.* What is this which comes with sweeping strokes, a spiral whirl and a dart towards the south?

*Ans.* A Fire Elemental. [A complete surprise to us!]

*Ques.* On what plane are you working?

*Ans.* On the Devachanic plane.

*Ques.* Are you on the upper or lower mental planes?

*Ans.* On the higher formless planes.

*Ques.* Why did you come to us?

*Ans.* He called me by reading the book.

*Ques.* How was it the reading of *The Secret Doctrine* drew you?

*Ans.* He was thinking of a mighty power, and this set us in motion to ensure against misuse.

*Ques.* Was this because of reading and thinking about "Vâch"—"the magic potency of Occult Sound in Nature"?

*Ans.* Yes, the mighty power of creation.

*Ques.* How could such thinking have this effect?

*Ans.* You cannot think about such forces without setting in motion great effects.

*Ques.* Where do the effects take place?

*Ans.* In the world eventually, but first on the pliant astral desire in the desire body.

*Ques.* Do you mean my desire body?

*Ans.* Yes, and through you into the outer world.

*Ques.* Is it my next desire body that is to be affected?

*Ans.* No, now immediately. Such thoughts modify desire at once by turning it upwards, instead of down to matter.

*Ques.* How has thought such great power?

*Ans.* By the fire of love within it.

*Ques.* Is it Divine Fire you have to do with?

*Ans.* Yes, and all kinds in earth, water, air, fire. Fire is the cause of motion; motion is the sign of life. The intensest life is the most vivid motion. All motion is vibration.

*Ques.* What is the meaning of your whirl and dart motions?

*Ans.* Fire and lightning; that is what we work with.

*Ques.* Are you connected with "Fohat," the cosmical electrical energy?

*Ans.* Yes, we are Fohat. Fire is the steady will; lightning is the outgoing activity.

*Ques.* Are you limited to this planet?

*Ans.* No, I am all there is of life.

*Ques.* Do you, then, extend throughout the solar system and to the stars we call fixed?

*Ans.* Yes, beyond them, wherever there is light.

*Ques.* As you are an intelligence, I ask: Have you been a man in the immensely distant past?

*Ans.* No, nor ever will be. I am the vital energy of all.

Man is but a passing phase. I was before and shall be after him.

*Ques.* But have you not evolved in this universe ?

*Ans.* Certainly I am the result of past evolution ; but I am in my essence, as man is in his, unchanged, but developed. I am felt as heat, but am seen as light. Light is the higher vibration ; heat is the coarser. But both are the result of one fire of love. Light is the feminine element ; outgoing fire is the masculine. Fire destroys limitation ; light attracts to new formations.

*Ques.* Is the light you speak of the same on all planes ?

*Ans.* Yes, the same in essence, but to suit the conditions of each plane.

*Ques.* What becomes of the outgoing fire ?

*Ans.* It returns in the result of action ; it is then the heat of motion, and is stored up in the elemental life, to be diffused again as fire-giving light. When burned up as a light-giver, it is then practically one with its originating life.

*Ques.* Does this refer to the sun being burnt up in course of ages ?

*Ans.* Yes, the sun is a light-giving fire, burning up its own energy in giving light, and so preparing for its own re-absorption into its own source.

*Ques.* So the outgoing destructive fire becomes changed into a creative energy ?

*Ans.* Exactly.

*Ques.* The sun emanates light and heat into space. What becomes of the force thus sent out ?

*Ans.* It goes to prepare future worlds.

*Ques.* The sun constantly gives out light and heat, and apparently there is no return.

*Ans.* No, it is returning itself.

*Ques.* We are told in *The Secret Doctrine* that the visible sun is only a "reflection" of the real Sun.

*Ans.* It is the outer form of the present stage of the outgoing fire on its return to its central source. The outgoing fire is the thought or offspring of its source, and must change its destructive career into creative before it can be re-absorbed into

its source. Because "creator" cannot receive into itself anything but "creative."

*Ques.* What is the colour of the sun ?

*Ans.* The sun is dull white within. Yellow in its activity, because it is, as it were, the mind-soul of this universe [solar system].

*Ques.* Has the central spiritual Sun a definite location in space ?

*Ans.* The central spiritual Sun is in every centre. When all the various centres are focussed, the central centre will reveal itself.

*Ques.* What is Parâshakti—mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine* as "supreme force or power; the powers of light and heat" ?

*Ans.* It is a power of destruction, belonging, of course, to the fire element. It feeds on the inner forces of forms, so allowing of their adaptation to changing conditions of life.

*Ques.* It is said every element is dual in its nature; is this the same as saying it has love-power of creation ?

*Ans.* Yes, life is incessant creation. Without activity there could be no creation, because activity causes the vibration that attracts the [mental, astral or physical] atoms together in form. That is why men claim to be sole creators [of forms], because they have been most active and most attractive in nature. Men, therefore, have attracted into form according to their own nature. When women wake up more fully into action, they will be stronger creators than men, because their inherent love-nature makes them more attractive than men with their destructive elements.

*Ques.* Do you mean that the creations will be stronger in themselves ?

*Ans.* Yes, less liable to fall to pieces.

*Ques.* This duality or love-power of creation—is it spirit and matter ?

*Ans.* No, it is all spirit, spirit in two forms. One essence alternately active and receptive.

*Ques.* It alternately pours out and draws in ?

*Ans.* Yes, each aspect of the force.

*Ques.* Is it what one form pours out, the other draws in ?

*Ans.* Yes, that is it exactly.

*Ques.* Each aspect, then, is at once a transmitter and receiver ?

*Ans.* Yes.

*Ques.* Is there a double current ?

*Ans.* Yes, crossing at the outermost point.

*Ques.* How high up is it well to use terms of sex import ?

*Ans.* Up to the highest when the mind is purified from the desire to have. Love is giving out, not seeking to withhold from others. Study the fundamentals of being.

*Ques.* What are the fundamentals of being ?

*Ans.* The law of cause and effect, and the love-force of creation. The causes are always in the love-element. Effects are in the physical by means of the mental desire. If you see an evil in the physical world, trace the cause back through desire,—through the thought that created the desire, to the misuse of love-energy turning it to creation for the one-self instead of for the all-self.

*Ques.* What is the divine fire ?

*Ans.* The fire of self-sacrifice.

*Ques.* What is your special work in this ?

*Ans.* To urge to action of a higher order—to action of heroism and self-sacrifice, in order to burn up the effects of selfishness.

*Ques.* What plane are you working on with us ?

*Ans.* On the mental emotional plane in its highest development at present in the world.

*Ques.* Do you mean that there is a kâmic element in it ?

*Ans.* No, not kâmic, something far higher.

*Ques.* Is this working all within the lower form-planes of Devachan ?

*Ans.* Yes, as you understand that phrase.

*Ques.* Have you a symbolic colour ?

*Ans.* I am white heat at centre, and I come from the centre over your head ; but I take on the colour of the plane I work in.

*Ques.* What colour would you show if we could see you ?

*Ans.* To him yellow ; to you white.

*Ques.* Have you a symbolic form ?

*Ans.* Yes, as a tongue of fire or a globe.

*Ques.* Have you a distinctive sound ?

*Ans.* Yes, a "hiss" and a deep "hum." My "hum" is the fundamental note of life in form in nature. My "hiss" is the outgoing note of the joy of life.

*Ques.* Will you say what is the colour of love ?

*Ans.* Yellow-white.

*Ques.* Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant give rose-red as the colour of love ?

*Ans.* It is love active in the physical.

*Ques.* Then do the colours in Mr. Leadbeater's book refer to the physical ?

*Ans.* Yes, to the separated man.

*Ques.* Are you acting of yourself ?

*Ans.* No, we are guided by the lords of karma.

*Ques.* How can we call you when we need you ?

*Ans.* You need not call ; I am always with you, and come to you when permitted.

\* \* \* \*

The foregoing comprises passages taken from the results of three sittings. All the answers are given verbatim. There was much besides of a private nature and alleged purpose in communicating. Though one of us was the automatic writer, yet the answers were unexpected and often surprising. When we first sat down it was furthest from our thoughts to have such messages as these. Some people may say that our minds have been tapped for the ideas ; but many of the ideas were not in our minds, and are quite fresh to us.

Respecting the written language, we put a question : " How is it that you write in English ? "—the answer followed : " I do not ; you translate vibration into words." One of us has studied closely the relations between colour and music according to the Hermetic scale, and to the question : " Can communications be established with many people ? "—the answer was : " Not yet ; too ignorant of colour language." Mr. Leadbeater has told us that a language of flashing colours is the speech of the entities on the higher planes of Devachan.

The vocabulary, we suppose therefore, may be set down as

our own, but the ideas expressed originate beyond our ken. One request for a name was negatived—"because there is no word in your mind to express the name."

In *The Secret Doctrine* are many allusions to the "Cosmic Gods." Each of the great forces of nature "has a living *Conscious Entity* at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation" (vol. i., p. 313). "Fohat is One and Seven, and on the Cosmic plane is behind all such manifestations as light, heat, sound, adhesion, etc., etc.; and is the 'spirit' of electricity, which is the life of the Universe" (*ibid.*, p. 163).

In times prior to history it would appear from the many names surviving in the ancient theogonies, that the Cosmic Gods were much more perceptible to humanity than they are now. "Fire, Air, Water, Earth, were but the visible garb, the symbols of the informing, invisible Souls or Spirits, the Cosmic Gods, to whom worship was offered by the ignorant and simple, but respectful recognition by the wiser" (*ibid.*, p. 498). "Love in its primitive sense is Erôs, the Divine Will, or Desire of manifesting itself through visible creation. Thence Fohat, the prototype of Erôs, becomes on Earth the Great Power 'Life-Electricity' or the Spirit of Life-giving" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 69).

Respecting the nature of the sun, we learn from *The Secret Doctrine* that "the Sun is the heart of the Solar System, and its brain is hidden behind the visible Sun . . . . There is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our System,—the Sun contracting as rhythmically as the human heart does at every return of it. It takes the solar blood ten of its years to circulate" (vol. i., pp. 590-1).

We are told: "The 'Central Sun' is simply the centre of Universal Life—Electricity; the reservoir within which that Divine Radiance, already differentiated at the beginning of every 'creation,' is focussed. Though still in a Laya or neutral condition, it is, nevertheless, the one attracting, as also the ever-emitting, Life-Centre" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 250). "The Central Spiritual Sun, the electric Fire of all Life" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 120) gives rise to the Seven Suns at the manvantaric Dawn. "Explain, or complete the teaching of the Seven Suns with the seven systems of Planes of Being, of which the 'Suns' are the central

bodies, and you have the seven Angelic Planes, whose 'Host' collectively are the Gods thereof" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 251).

With regard to the spiral-whirl symbol, we see in the Book of Dzyan that "Fohat traces spiral lines, etc." (*ibid.*, vol. i., p. 144), and the "Fire Elemental" informs us that "the whirl is like a watchspring; when let loose it flies out again."

Sometimes, since these communications, when we speak of the "Fire Elemental," my wife sees the flashing symbol in white light before her.

We were also told that the up and down movement was a "symbol of man; to call your attention."

On expressing the difficulty of discriminating between the delusive and the true in occult communications, the "Fire Elemental" observed:

"You cannot discriminate by sitting still and looking at things with prejudging eyes. Discrimination comes only by applying what you read to actual test in doing. You must live what you learn, and so learn what is true and what false. If you absorb what you afterwards find to be false, it will not hurt you; you have only to cast it out as excreta. Therefore swallow all you can get hold of and digest it afterwards, just as you do with ordinary food. You will know enough not to take hold of poisons.

"All knowledge is mixed with some error; it is the outer skin to protect the truth; the skin is not deadly to anyone when it is not produced of set purpose to deceive. The true false covering is only a veil to prevent the truth being absorbed too quickly or too carelessly.

"Therefore, as I said before, do not worry yourself so much about the possibility of delusion.

"Seek to *know*,—and to know the *truth* at all cost, and you will never be in danger of delusion. For the delusion never deludes those who desire the truth."

We do not pretend to explain the source of the writing that has come to us; we only set down our experience.

G. A. GASKELL.

## A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS\*

READER, if you are also a writer, you will have known that terrible moment in an author's life, when he must begin a new work. The well-loved and well-worn pages of the old MS. have undergone the defilement of the printer's dirty fingers, the odious proofs have been carefully revised, the typographical errors duly sworn or laughed at, the book advertised, the last throes of authorship quite performed, and the work duly set afloat upon the sea of life!

And then——another must be begun!

Such was my condition last night. My careful servant had placed on my table a packet of quill pens, and a folio of virgin paper, and, after lighting my "midnight lamp," retired quietly to his bed, little envying me my wakeful hours.

As to myself, I felt neither inclined for sleeping nor for writing. Wrapped in a loose Turkish dressing-gown, with a narguileh reposing its one end upon the ground, and its other extremity against my lip, I almost mechanically inhaled an occasional whiff of the perfumed smoke, and sent it out through the open window, to mingle with the clear, transparent air of the beautiful night. Occasionally I cast a hurried glance towards the green baized altar on which I was to sacrifice the delights of my listless idleness, but soon I turned to gaze again upon the splendid panorama that lay unrolled at my feet.

The myriads of stars that spangled the dark blue sky above

\* This story originally appeared in the *Belfast Northern Magazine* (March, 1852 to February, 1853). Some ten years ago a friend copied it out for me, and I have since occasionally disinterred it from among a mass of ancient MSS. and wondered whether anyone else would be interested in it. My main interest is that it was written at the very same time that the "Dream of Ravan" appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. And if there be any of our readers who do not know *The Dream of Ravan*, and who love the Eastern Wisdom, let them instantly procure a copy (from the T.P.S.) and wonder who the anonymous author was who upwards of fifty years ago knew intimately all we speak of and write of and dream of to-day.—  
G. R. S. M.

my head were all reflected in the clear waters of the Bay of Naples, that washed the foot of the hill whereon my house was situated. The heavy silence of the night was broken but by the ripple of the waves, as they splashed the sands with toy-like breakers.

I was lost in such a reverie as might be induced by so placid a scene, when a strange, rustling noise beside me caused me to turn round with a start. All the pens upon my table were moving. At first I thought that a scarabæus, lured by the brilliancy of my lamp, had been betrayed into certain perdition. I got up to rescue him from his danger, but I stood aghast at the spectacle which presented itself to my eyes.

One of my pens left the bundle of its own accord, examined its own nib by the lamplight, dipped itself into the ink, and commenced writing. A great blot fell upon the paper, and the pen threw itself into the farthest corner of the room with violence. Utterly stupefied with amazement, I stumbled back into my chair. Another pen rose, dipped its point carefully into the inkstand, and began to fly with incredible velocity over the paper; sometimes appearing to hesitate, it would scratch out one or two words, and proceed again. When one sheet of paper was full, it appeared to remove itself, and another presented itself, as though moved by an invisible breath. When one pen grew tired, it fell upon the cloth, and another took its place. How long this lasted I know not; my eyes were fixed upon the wonderful proceeding without attempt to comprehend its import. At last, a pen started up with a flourish, and wrote, in majestic letters, the word—Finis.

No further movement took place, and I, laying aside the long-extinguished pipe I had held tightly to my immoveable lips, took my seat at the table, collected all the sheets of written paper, placed them in order, and read with wondering eyes what follows:

“ I am a wandering spirit, a troubled spirit; I hover restlessly about the realms of space, waiting for a body—I ride upon the wings of the wind—I brood in the azure sky—I live in the song of the birds—I bathe in the pale moonbeams—I am a wandering spirit.

“ I am an eternal spirit, like all my kind. During my many

phases of existence, I have heard my species often made the subject of discussion. Some said, 'The spirit does not exist.' Others replied, 'The spirit is immortal.' They are all wrong—we are *eternal*. We co-exist with the Deity, from whom we directly emanate; we each form a particle of His omnipresence, and later we shall return, and merge into His essence again. Those alone who have confessed our eternal existence have heard the true voice of revelation.

“ Since the moment of our separation from Him of whom we form a part, we have been bound down to the earth many times, passing through generations of mortals, parting without regret from the human portion of ourselves, and pursuing the great work of our own perfecting through the stages of human existence to which we are temporarily attached.

“ When we are freed from those human bands which so greatly fetter and curb our aspirations after the Perfect, when our earthly casket has returned to the dust whence it was called forth, when liberty is restored to us, and we can expand our wings, then the Deity reveals to us the real end and aim of our aspirations, then our past existences are revealed to our sight; we see what progress we have made during the bygone centuries; we comprehend the rewards and punishments which have been allotted to us by the means of the joys and the sorrows of our earthly being; we see the growth of our intellect at each successive birth; and we aspire to that state of supreme felicity, which we shall attain only when we are freed from our corporal cerements to inhabit those blissful regions in which our passions are more exalted, our love less oblivious, our happiness more enduring, our senses more numerous and delicate—those happy regions reserved for the abode of those spirits who have reached the summit of Holiness.

“ When we are sent back to give life to another human body we lose all consciousness of our previous existences; the feeling of individuality which had been awakened in us no longer pertains to us, and nought remains but vague, dreamy reminiscences of the past, which are the cause of our natural sympathies and antipathies, and, what mortals term, innate ideas.

“ I shall not speak of all the creatures whom I have inspired;

but, during my last life I underwent such misery that I must tell the tale.

“ Before my rashness caused me to lose my human form, I lived amongst men ; and many might have coveted my fortune, my happiness and my youth.

“ A friend of my mother’s had a daughter who was five years younger than myself, and whose name was Margaret. I had shared with her my youthful sports. We were bound by ties not only of affection, but of habit. All our airy castles were jointly built ; we spoke of the future as though we were to share it ; we grew up side by side, and never dreamt of treading life’s path otherwise than hand in hand.

“ My manhood stole gradually over me—I was twenty and she fifteen. I was sent upon my travels for a year, and on my return could scarcely recognise my former playmate. I saw no longer the thoughtless, joyful child, who was wont to spring upon my knee, and treat me as an elder brother ; before me stood a maiden, with pale, languid air, and demure and feminine port. I was amazed at this metamorphosis. I had not yet learnt that women attain their maturity almost at a bound, and without transition.

“ All was changed. I no longer chid her as before ; she, on the contrary, gained over me an ascendancy which I perceived every day more clearly. When near her my joyousness was put to flight ; I became thoughtful and uneasy—I could not comprehend the feelings of my own heart. I went and confided my sorrow to my mother.

“ ‘ O dearest mother,’ said I, ‘ I feel as if I no longer loved Margaret, and yet, more than ever, I feel the desire to be near her ; then I experience feelings new to me, and which I have never known before. I would speak to her, and know not what to say.’

“ My mother made no answer, but smilingly passed her fingers through my hair.

“ One winter’s day, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, I was seated beside the fire, with my eyes fixed on vacancy, my head resting on my hand, and I thought of Margaret. A deep melancholy had crept over me, and I felt a strange longing to die.

“ This nervous restlessness, which I now felt for the first time, appeared to enlighten me as a flash of lightning sent across my brain ; I saw clearly into my heart, and springing up I flew into the arms of my mother, who had been earnestly watching me, and whispered into her ear with deep fervour the name of ‘ Margaret.’

“ She smiled, and looking on me with ineffable tenderness, replied : ‘ You are both young still, my children ; let but some years go by—and we will see ! ’

“ Later in the day I saw Margaret. We were alone. I fell on my knees before her, pressed her hand to my lips, and told her with fervour of the love which filled my whole being. She turned away her head for a moment, then, fixing upon my anxious face her eyes, moist with tears, replied, ‘ I have ever loved you ! ’

“ From that hour a complete change came over her. She treated me with a reserve, full at once of tenderness and of modesty. All traces of her former childishness now disappeared—the feelings of womanhood developed themselves in her as though by magic.

“ Oh ! how happy we might have been, had not my imprudence and curiosity brought upon my head the chastisement of Heaven !

“ I was proud of my love. I strove to concentrate in this one feeling all the energy of my youthful strength ; to me my *love* became the guiding instinct of my life. I saw Margaret daily ; yet it never appeared to me that I saw her often or long enough. I could have wished to follow her, to hear, to see her unceasingly. In the evening, when I sat alone, I mentally went over all the details of the past day. I repeated aloud, and, in endeavouring to imitate her voice, her accent, all that she had uttered during the hours we had passed together, I remembered a thousand things that I had intended and forgotten to say, and I revelled in recollections that seemed to awake the heart as with a warm embrace ; I prayed for some miracle that could convey me to the place where she was ; I counted the years, the months, the days, the hours that divided us, and I yearned for her with all the burning aspirations of youth.

“ One evening, after listening to her as she sang, I retired to my room, trembling with emotion, and pressing to my heart a few roses which she had given me. In a feverish state I went to bed, and put the flowers under the pillow that I might have pleasant dreams.

“ I could not sleep—a nervous excitement had possessed my mind. I closed my eyes but to see golden sparks fly by me. I was burning with excitement, and vague and unreal shadows passed before my brain, that always assumed the form of Margaret.

“ If sleep overcame me for a moment, my dreams were maddening; my ear was filled with wild melodies which I had never heard before; I dreamt of the time when fairies endowed one at birth with all virtues and with matchless beauty, and I woke to regret the time when enchanters could bestow rings that rendered one invisible, elixirs to incite love, and secrets that carried their possessors invisibly through the air.

“ At last, and by the power of volition, it appeared to me that an unknown power was bestowed upon me; it seemed to me that, by a gigantic effort of the will, I *could* separate my spirit from my body, and convey it to the object of my love. So strong a hold did this idea gain over me, that I felt as if my reason were gradually leaving me. I lay there motionless from terror. I had but the one thought—to part from myself and fly to Margaret.

“ The morning sun filled my room with its radiance; I was still sleepless, and then I could no longer resist the force of my desire, the dictates of my curiosity, and, yielding to feelings which I had no longer the power to combat, I imparted sufficient force to my will to effect the miracle.

“ Alas! I was obeyed—and hence all my misfortunes!

“ Suddenly I felt relieved of a great burden, my body lost the power of motion, and my spirit, startled at its new-gained liberty, hovered in my room about the frame to which it lately gave life, and which now appeared wrapt in the profoundest sleep. I delayed no longer my experiments with this super-human power which I had just acquired, and which was completely beyond my comprehension. I passed through the house, gliding through the

crevices of the doors, and thus reached my mother's sleeping-room. She was awake, and lay reading by the early sunlight. I was astonished at her evincing no surprise on seeing me enter her room. I went up to a mirror, but saw nothing; I had no shadow. I went and hovered round my mother, she remained unconscious. I placed myself between her eyes and her book; she did not cease reading. I was invisible, transparent, impalpable; I could see, I could hear, I could enjoy all that part of my senses which was not material, but could manifest nothing—I was a breath—an essence—in short, my own spirit. I returned to my room; my body was still asleep. I sprang upon its lips, returned to my abode, and woke in my entirety.

“The sun was high in the heavens, and daylight was flooding my chamber. It was too late to visit Margaret; I awaited the night with impatience.

“Evening came, and with it many painful apprehensions. I feigned indisposition, that I might retire the earlier, and my paleness gave an appearance of truth to my pretence. My mother accompanied me to my room, gave me her accustomed kiss, and I remained alone!

“I stood motionless for some time, not daring to turn round—I was *afraid of myself*. I trembled at the idea of a second venture, but anxiety and curiosity conquered my feelings of alarm. I took flight, and leaving my body lifeless in my bed, I winged my way to the abode of Margaret.

“I had scarcely reached her little room when she entered it. I shrunk into a corner that I might not be seen, forgetting that I was lost in the air's transparency. She stood before the glass, murmuring an air which she had sung to me the day before; and taking out the comb, she first let her luxuriant hair shower down over her shoulders, and then plaited it and bound it round her head. Then, looking at the glass intently, she undid all the pretty fabric, saying to herself:

“‘I do not look well so, besides he prefers it dressed quite plainly.’

“O, my spirit—my spirit—thanks—thanks—thanks! I saw her then divest herself of her garments slowly. I saw the brilliancy of her white shoulders, the delicacy of her graceful

arm. I gazed on her, robed in her purity, by the light of the candle that stood beside her. Then, bending with devotion over the book that lay beside her bed, she addressed to Heaven the prayer of a pure and chaste maiden. At length, when she had rested gently upon her pillow, I approached her, passed like a zephyr over her face, and lodged among the tresses of her hair.

“‘My poor flowers,’ said she, looking at some roses that stood at the foot of her bed, ‘they are all faded, I will gather some violets to-morrow.’

“By degrees her eyes closed, a sweet sleep came over her, and I remained watching her all night, rocking up and down as I rested upon the gentle and regular exhalation of her breath. At break of day I returned to my sleeping body, and my first care was to send Margaret the flowers she had expressed a wish to have.

“My mother inquired anxiously about my health.

“‘Last night,’ she said, ‘I could not sleep; I was anxious about you. I got up and went to your room; you did not waken; you were lying on your back, pale and motionless; I could not hear you breathing; your sleep was so profound that I was quite frightened. I kissed your forehead, and still you gave no sign of life—you looked quite deathlike.’

“Night after night the same occurred. Before departing, I always closed my eyes carefully, in order to give my body the semblance of sleep. Night after night, though invisible to Margaret, I shared her solitary thoughts, her sweet repose, her nightly dreams, and knew the heart of her wishes. I felt certain of her affection for me, hope filled my heart and my brain, and yet a gnawing anxiety embittered my existence, poisoned even my hopes of the future, and, spite of all my causes for joy, I was unhappy. And yet, when I was near her, when cradled on her lips, I drank in deep draughts of felicity, I forgot all my anxiety, and revelled only in my present happiness.

“Thus my life passed away in alternate transports of rapture and of remorse. For more than a year I had made use of my secret power, and no one had suspected me. Who, indeed, would have credited so marvellous a story? On one occasion, I ventured to say that I believed in the possibility of a temporary divorce

between the spirit and the corporeal part of man; but I was laughed at, and told that in time my ideas would become more rational.

“I had no reply to make; my arguments would have convinced none but myself.

“Never did idle curiosity tempt me to swerve from my path, nor did I ever use my power for any purpose but that of flying at once to Margaret. I had but one thought—one desire—one dream—one love! I found in her a beauty which agitated my body when my spirit carried back its reminscences. Her features were exquisitely delicate, and the girlish outline of her figure gave hopes of the highest order of mature beauty. Often, when she stood before me, with her rich locks streaming over her pure shoulders nearly to her feet, I thought of those golden-haired Naiads who gambolled in the sun, on the borders of the stream of old, and shook their coronals of twisted rushes. And thus each day brought nearer the period of my happiness, while, invisible as myself, my evil destiny stood before me, ready to wrap me in its sable cloak.

“One evening, on my return from a short journey, during which I had received no intelligence of Margaret, I threw myself hurriedly upon my bed, and, burning with anxiety, left my body behind and took flight. When I arrived, I was astonished to find her room in such order. The furniture was all covered up, the curtains taken down, and I met no one throughout the house. I waited anxiously—night approached, I sought to learn the hour from the clocks—they had all stopped. A vague feeling of approaching evil overcame me. I passed throughout the house in the hope of discovering the cause of her absence, then flew back to her room, hoping she might have returned. Vain hope! I fell into a deep despair, and fluttered restlessly and hopelessly amongst the curtains of her vacant bed. I had forgotten all but my grief! ‘Where is she? where is she?’—this thought alone possessed me. I thought no longer of my body, of my mother. Intent on my anxiety for Margaret, I had but one idea—to seek and gaze upon her once more.

“I was not relieved from my suspense until the morning, when an unforeseen circumstance informed me that Margaret was in

the country. I hesitated not a moment—the horrors of the past night left me no time for reflection. Forgetting the hour, the distance and the danger, I flew to the spot where I hoped to find my love.

“‘I can return to-night,” thought I, as I doubled my speed; ‘they will think I have overslept myself after my journey.’ I sailed over plains and forests, over hills and dales, over towns and rivers. The birds alone accompanied me, and I outstripped them all in the swiftness of my flight.

“At length I arrived! I found Margaret kneeling beside a flower-bed, carefully training a rose-bud. I rested upon a bush of heliotrope, and remained absorbed in contemplation before her.

“She rose—I followed her. She walked slowly towards a bower at the other extremity of the garden, and there began sorting the flowers that filled her basket. A daisy had, by an accident, crept in among the rare flowers that formed her bouquet. She seized it, and began to despoil it of its white petals, saying, as she cast each on the ground:

“‘He loves me—loves me not—he loves me—loves me not—he *loves me!*’ She sprung from her seat with childish joy, clapped her hands, exclaiming:

“‘He loves me—he loves me!’

“Then she sat down again, and with cheeks covered with a roseate blush, with eyes that smiled more eloquently even than her curling lip, she gazed silently at the humble oracle that had spoken so truly. I was lost in ecstasy. I wished to be reunited to my body, that I might precipitate myself at her feet, and die of too great happiness.

“I dwell fondly on these details; I love to think on them again and again throughout my long sufferings—these reminiscences have alone given me powers of endurance; now they are my last, as they are my only solace—to-morrow all will be forgotten.

“That day passed like a dream, and when night came, I dissolved into dew, and fell with gentleness on Margaret’s shoulder as she returned to the house.

“I felt that I ought to leave this scene of happiness and

return home, but an unconquerable attraction kept me back. My spirit, so far removed from its earthly bonds, seemed to have infused itself, and become a part of my idol. 'I cannot, I *will* not leave her,' thought I; 'to-morrow, to-morrow it will be still time enough to return.'

"The morrow came, and I lingered still! Yes; I remained beside Margaret—I forgot the whole world in my supreme felicity. When my spirit was thus alone with her, my feelings towards her seemed more angelically pure than when I had become an earthly being again.

"On the evening of the second day she sang, and I rested on her lips to catch the fullness of her notes. I had long ceased to reflect—to foresee; my happiness was unbroken by remorse, or by the fear of danger. When she went to her room she wreathed a crown of honeysuckle, and bound it round her brow; then, standing before her looking-glass, she curtsied profoundly to her own image.

"Oh, who would not have given worlds to see her thus lightly clad, her forehead decked with flowers, smilingly dancing on her rosy, tiny feet?

"She slept, but her sleep was restless. Her hands moved convulsively, her breath was short, and the heaving of her heart rapid and irregular, she seemed troubled with some frightful dream, and twice or thrice she muttered my name.

"It was late when her mother entered her room. 'Are you not well?' asked she, with a kiss. 'You look pale and weary.'

"'No, mother, I am well,' replied she; 'but last night I dreamt—Oh, I had a fearful dream. I heard a well-known voice weeping underground, and another voice replying, "It is too late, you cannot now return!"'

"These words caused me a fearful pang. Four days had passed since I had left my body inanimate. Without delay I sallied forth, and gave all possible speed to my flight. The air was heavy; the birds, conscious of the approach of a storm, were taking shelter in the trees; the wind was burning and suffocating as the air of a furnace, but I hastened on, on, on, heeding nought in my terror.

"At length I reached home, and thought I should soon be able

to comfort my mother. When I arrived at my own door two unusual circumstances attracted my attention. On the steps of the house lay a heap of black cloth, which had been removed from over the door, and the windows of my own room were wide open, although the blinds were carefully closed. What could all this mean ?

“ I flew in at the window of my bedroom. The interior was in the greatest disorder, and my body no longer lay on the bed where I had left it. On the carpet I observed a hammer and some nails, some blood-stained linen, and more black cloth. Such was my perturbation, that I could not comprehend the meaning of what I saw. With my utmost speed I flew into my mother’s room.

“ Oh! never shall I forget the spectacle that was there revealed to my horror-stricken sight! Her attitude betrayed the most poignant grief. Her eyes were closed, her countenance pale; she was wringing her hands in the writhings of grief. She was surrounded by my relatives, who were all in tears.

“ One of them whispered to her something which I could not hear, upon which she threw herself backwards in her chair, and exclaimed, in a voice broken with sobs :

“ ‘ Oh, my child, my son! who could have foreseen that you would die so young, and so cruel a death! ’

“ I saw it all. The horrors of truth flashed on me in all the fearfulness of their entirety! During the absence of my spirit, I had been taken for dead, and physicians had been called in. After much discussion, they had agreed that apoplexy had caused my sudden and terrible death. To make sure of this, they had subjected my poor body to an examination, which must have obliged my spirit to depart, even had it been present.

“ One last hope remained. I flew to the church—to the graveyard. Alas, it was too late! The last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon my coffin, and the crowd was silently dispersing.

“ I went home distracted, weighed down by the awful burden of my sorrow! I cursed my imprudence, and the fatal power that had been its cause! For many days I remained absorbed in my grief, and weeping over the sorrow that I had caused.

“Some time after my demise, the door of my mother’s room suddenly opened, and Margaret flew into my mother’s arms. Then I saw how great had been her love for me, and what a treasure I had lost! My dreams of happiness had vanished—my hopes of bliss had faded for ever!

“I made a superhuman effort to speak and explain my invisible presence. I wished to say to them, ‘Do not weep, my loved ones—do not weep! I am here beside you, invisible, but ever devoted to you. My body is no more, but my spirit remains, and will never leave you!’

“Vain effort—I was as speechless as I was invisible. I envied even the fate of my body, which was at rest, and knew not this misery. So great was my wretchedness, that I would fain have died—but no!—my immortality weighed as a curse upon me.

“Two years have now elapsed since that dreadful day; and since then, I have become one of those countless wandering spirits that hover in the regions of space without shape or sound—that remain unknown and unfelt until their Maker recalls them into life, by placing them in some new-born earthly tenement.

“For days and days I remained almost inanimate, broken by misfortune. Besides my regret for the past, besides my present sufferings, I had to endure the dread of the future. In the midst of my sorrows, my thoughts returned to Margaret. I resolved to watch over her, and be present with her for ever in my spiritual shape, since I could not reveal myself to her otherwise.

“From that hour I have divided my existence between my mother and my promised bride. The more she grew in beauty, the more intense was my despair.

“The first bursts of grief gave way in her to a more peaceful melancholy. Often she called, weepingly, upon my name, little dreaming that it was my spirit that dictated her sorrow. It is this very gift of ubiquity (which we possess, perhaps, too unwittingly during our life-time) that occasions our heart-vexations, and causes us to regret the dead.

“When one loves, and is beloved, a fusion takes place between the spirits of the lovers. Each receives from the other a portion of that Divine breath which inspires us with life—each lives at

once in himself and in the other loved being—each lives in the heart of the other; thus, by this interchange, is the spirit of each revived, inspired with new strength, with new faculties, new sensations, new delights—then both creatures are happy.

“ But when, of these two united beings, one grows weary of its affection, and, yielding to the temptations offered by inconstancy, recalls that portion of spirit which it had imparted, then the balance of the other spirit becomes disturbed, a great void is felt, it feels dispossessed of a portion of its own existence, and suffers the pangs of unrequited love, until it finds a fresh portion of extraneous vitality to replace that which it has lost.

“ When death has destroyed the body which we inhabit, when we part from our clayey mansion never to return to it, we take flight, leaving to those whom we had loved on earth that portion of ourselves which had been theirs during our life-time—thus do we still exist in their recollection. When they think of us, it is that our voice responds to theirs; when mortals experience moments of sadness for which they cannot directly account, and aspirations which appear aimless, it is that their spirit answers instinctively to the call of some portion of itself from which it has been riven by death.

“ We also, when released, carry with us those portions of various spirits which have been in greater or lesser quantity imparted to us by those whom we loved while upon earth; and it is this interchange of spiritual ingredients which will occasion, in future generations, the novel and modified instincts that will be revealed to them. Thus the spirit goes on through the varied phases of life to which it is condemned, exchanging its atoms, completing its perfection, purifying itself, and expanding daily, until at length it becomes worthy of a place in those blissful regions, which it will only inhabit when it has again been admitted to form a part of the great Unit from whom it was originally separated.

“ Margaret knew nothing of all this. She was unaware of my continual presence within her, and her grief served but to increase my own.

“ I was with her unceasingly. I followed her to the balls which her mother compelled her to attend; and, hovering about

her, shed round her an atmosphere cooler than the heated air of the rooms. Ah! could she but know how often I have rested upon the delicate flower-wreaths that encircled her brow! At times I used to dip into the cups of the flowers she loved best, and return to her redolent of their perfume. In winter I am very unhappy. The trees are leafless, and the flowers faded! I know not where to seek shelter, and I wander restlessly in search of places that can protect me from the chilling blasts. But I end by returning to my beloved Margaret. Often, however, it happens that, just as I have reached her door, weary with combating the force of the gales, and numbed with the falling snow, a gust of wind seizes me, and hurries me far away. I have no strength to resist its violence, and am carried off, in company with other wandering and troubled spirits. On the wings of the hurricane I traverse wild regions and vast expanse of ocean, hearing the sailors uttering wild prayers for help as the wind passes over their ship, and we shriek in pain as we are hurled through the sharp cordage, or dashed against the mast.

“These torments might have lasted to all eternity, had not Heaven in its mercy permitted me to return to life amongst men. This night my incarnation will take place, and I hasten to write this account of my misfortunes, as a warning to others who might be as imprudent as myself.

“One evening I was in Margaret’s room when her mother entered, and, kissing her affectionately on the forehead, told her this was her twentieth birthday and that she must think seriously of marrying. Margaret bowed her head, and, with tearful voice, uttered my name. Her mother reproved her tenderly, and argued with her upon the inutility of her protracted regret, enforcing upon her the imprudence of sacrificing the advantages which the present occasion offered, for the sake of that which could be nothing to her but a reminiscence.

“Margaret hesitated. She fixed her eyes upon her mother for a long time without speaking—an inward combat was going on. At length, with the courage of one who has taken a great resolve, she threw herself into her mother’s arms, saying, ‘Mother, I obey you!’

“The marriage was thenceforward looked upon as settled.

“At first she was cold and reserved towards her intended husband ; a voice seemed ever to murmur in her ear, ‘ Remember ! remember ! ’ But this voice grew weaker, and the recollection of my poor self seemed to fade gradually away.

“I was in despair ! I had forgotten that all wounds may be healed, and that love is a Phoenix which dies but to revive again !

“In the midst of my sorrow a bright thought came across me. They were just married, and perhaps I might obtain permission to return to earth in a shape that should be dear to Margaret. I rose to heaven, and laid my prayer before its almighty Monarch. He, having compassion on my protracted sufferings, and deeming that I had sufficiently expiated my crime. of rashness, granted the petition which I had laid at his feet Thus all is over ; and, to-morrow, one miserable soul the less will people the boundless regions of space.

“I shall reappear before Margaret’s eyes in a form dearer to her than even that which I was wont to bear. Yes, I, who have so long worshipped Margaret as her lover, shall henceforth love her as her child !”

\* \* \* \*

Here the manuscript came to an end. When I had finished it my candles were burnt very low, and I decided that it was too late to begin my new work. I re-lighted my narguileh, and looked out pensively into the brilliant night ; and, for the last four-and-twenty hours, I have believed implicitly in the transmigration of souls.

CAMPANA.

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SEEK not for a name for God ; for you will not find any. For everything that is named is named by its better, so that the latter gives the name and the former gives ear. Who then is he who hath given God a name ? “ God ” is not a “ name,” but an “ opinion about God.”—SEXTUS.

## A MISSIONARY VIEW OF THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE

It is of course not to be expected that a Christian Missionary can fully subscribe to the truly Catholic Faith of our Theosophic ideal, but it must be gladly confessed that the Rev. Professor Armitage has stepped forward many paces from the ranks of his fellow Missioners towards our own position in penning the following sympathetic account of the Central Hindu College in *The Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* for October. It is natural that Professor Armitage should believe that the religious future of India will be a future in which his own way of faith will ultimately prove triumphant; it is as natural that our distinguished colleague, Mrs. Besant, should hope that the religious future of India will be a revival of the greatness of its own spiritual past. The future as ever is on the knees of the Gods. All we know is that *there is a new life stirring*; what *form* will eventually come forth from the womb of present endeavour is no more certain in India than it is in Europe. It is highly probable, however, that neither here nor there will the old bottles hold the new wine; indeed many of us are hoping that the new order of things will reject all bottles, even the newest, as too fragile to contain the potent wine of the Spirit. But to Professor Armitage's paper:

I have thought that it would be interesting if I were to say something about an amazing attempt which is just now being made by Mrs. Besant to rally India about its ancient strongholds, and—whilst owning the fitness of other faiths for other men—to bid India still to travel by Indian paths to the goal which religion sets everywhere before men.

Mrs. Besant has had the courage to set up her new buildings at the sacred capital of Benares, and to make her confident appeal to India from its shrine. I had heard little or nothing about it before I went to Benares, and seeing that the "Central Hindu College," which she has formed there, is only about three years old and is still in process of formation, there may be many others who know little about it.

In itself no great importance might attach to such a venture, but it is

significant of the temper of India to-day that an apparently enthusiastic response is given to Mrs. Besant's appeal from the whole wide field of Hinduism, and that from north and south, from east and west, there is a steady inflow of contributions to the College treasury.

Mrs. Besant has gone to India with the benediction of the Theosophical Society. As a member of her Benares staff said to me: "We hold that the forms of religion will vary infinitely, but that the substance is ever the same; many are the paths, but they all lead to the centre; and, therefore, we ask every man to think little of the path but much of the goal, and faithfully to travel to the Centre of all Truth by the way which lies open to his feet." Accordingly there is no quarrel with Hindu, Moslem, or Christian, and these are exhorted not to quarrel with one another. Ancient religions are declared to have approved their fitness for the nations that pursue them, and nothing but confusion and hurt can follow from the attempt to upset them and to substitute something else.

Mrs. Besant has thus struck a note for which India seems at present particularly ready. She has nothing to say against the Christianity that is calling so loudly to India. It is pronounced an excellent religion—*for Christians*. She has nothing to say against Islam; on the contrary, she visits Mohammedan princes and lectures to them in words of encouragement. And all this seems to India to present the acme of magnanimity and enlightenment.

But her main effort is addressed to Hinduism. She has spoken some plain truths to Hindus on the subject of the present degradation of their faith and worship. Their priests, she tells them, are illiterate as well as dirty, and they are scandalous livers to boot; and she warns them that the whole edifice will topple down before the battering-rams of the Christian attack unless some radical changes are made.

Her words have not by any means fallen on deaf ears, and earnest Hindus felt that, if but this far-sighted and brilliant English woman would lead them they might hope to secure a reform of the most effective practical kind, without any surrender of their central positions. And she is leading them fast and far. A beautiful college, of attractive stone architecture, has sprung up on a fine site in Benares. It provides assembly halls and lecture rooms, with long lines of buildings devoted to students' rooms abutting on pleasant courts and gardens. Beyond these stretch wide playing fields, for Mrs. Besant has actually persuaded the Hindus that they must scorn bodily exercise no longer, but must become athletic and brave and cultivate a sound mind in a sound body.

But the whole educational edifice rests on a religious foundation, and the students diligently practise the duties assigned to the Hindu boy from remote antiquity. Ancient hymns from the *Vedas* are chanted and liturgical passages are duly recited each morning before studies begin, and every boy and young man is taught that the noblest ideals of manly virtue, as of

spiritual culture, are put before him in the Hindu writings. Mrs. Besant has published sets of lectures on the Great Indian Epics with this express object of satisfying every ethical and religious aspiration in her students; whilst the College Board of Trustees has just issued a text-book of Hinduism which has this same purpose, and which it is hoped will be translated into all the vernaculars of the land.

I visited this ambitious institution and found it vibrating with happy energy. Three new professors had been recently accrued from England, and I talked with these Cambridge and Oxford men about the task they had in hand. I watched, too, the agile young Hindus in their delightful costumes, who were to be seen in the courts and galleries of the College. There were given to me some of the recent College reports and some of the College magazines, and I discovered that the students were gathered together from almost every part of India, whilst I saw how freely the native princes and the wealthy classes were pouring their gifts into the treasury.

Now, all this has a bearing upon the work our missionaries have in hand, and it should deepen our sympathy with them and augment our patience. India is far from being wearied of its own religious system or longing for fuller light. On the contrary, it vaunts its faith in the sight of all comers, and is ready to give an enthusiastic reception to any European scholar or worker who will tell it that India is the fountain of the world's true light, and that the world will yet come to fill there its empty vessels. And our missionaries will need, for many a long decade yet, to work faithfully and confidently at their great task.

The Central Hindu College is but one fresh symptom of the sense of its inadequacy that the Christian message has forced upon Hinduism, and it will assuredly not remove it. The more that these students ponder the *Vedas* the more will they find that in the despair of life which they preach there is no gospel for a strong and capable race, and the surer will be the preparation for the Word of unquenchable hope which the ambassadors of Christ have brought.

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#### SURTOUT PAS TROP DE ZÈLE

WITH regard to the book *The Shambles of Science* which recently received such favourable notice in our pages, it has to be stated that an action has been brought by Dr. Bayliss, Professor of Physiology at University College, London, against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Secretary of the Anti-vivisection Society, to recover damages for slander and libel. Mr. Coleridge relied implicitly upon statements made by the authors of this book. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and awarded him the very substantial sum of £2,000 damages. The full report of the trial will be found in *The Times* of Nov. 12th, 14th, 18th and 19th.

G. R. S. M.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## CONCERNING THE IDEA OF SACRIFICE

Transactions of the London Lodge, No. 39. The Law of Sacrifice.  
By W. Scott Elliot. (London: The Theosophical Publishing  
Society; 1903. Price 1s.)

IN the first part of his paper Mr. Scott Elliot has been industrious to glean a sheaf of samples from primitive-culture and anthropological fields. Robertson Smith, Tylor, Fraser, Hartland, Lang and others have been drawn upon to fill out some outlines of the history of sacrifice as a primary element of all cultus. This is naturally a laborious and puzzling task, and can be treated from many diverse standpoints. Our colleague's chief interest, however, has been mainly to dwell on the "anticipations" of Christian rites and doctrines, and there is thus much in his sketch to hold the close attention of the reader,—especially if he has not been previously acquainted with the literature.

In the second part of his essay Mr. Scott Elliot deals with the mystic doctrine of self-sacrifice, based on the great dogma the "Self lives by giving"—the prototype, exemplar and idea of the crude notions of child humanity, whose motive in sacrifice was simply to gratify the god by giving or sharing with him a meal. Here is opportunity enough to appeal to the highest emotions of the human soul, and our colleague makes good use of the opportunity and of what has been set forth in the best of our modern Theosophical literature.

We all remember the indelible impression made upon us when first hearing of the stupendous ideal of self-surrender portrayed in *The Voice of the Silence*, where the mystery of the "sacrifice" of Nirvāṇa is set forth, or when reading the marvellous passage in *The Secret Doctrine* which tells us of the still more hidden mystery of the "Silent Watcher."

But when we talk of "renouncing Devachan," when we speak reverently of the "making sacrifice" of Nirvāṇa, when we whisper of the "self-exile" from that which, according to the followers of this

Way, is the Nirvâṇa of Nirvâṇa's,—do we use the words of reality or only the sounds of illusion? Is "Devachan," or whatever we may call the "heaven world," a *place*? Have we to *go* there? Are any of the terms we use true for the things of the spirit, if indeed "Devachan" is a thing of the spirit? "Nirvâṇa *is*"—says one of the Great Sayings of the Wisdom. A Nirvâṇi *is* therefore; all else is appearance, phantasia, mâyâ. These things are "mysteries"; so far they have been spoken of, they have not been revealed.

G. R. S. M.

#### VISIONS OF HADES

Forerunners of Dante: An Account of some of the more important Visions of the Unseen World, from the Earliest Times. By Marcus Dods, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; 1903. 4s. net.)

IN our June issue we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Mew's humorous and chatty *Traditional Aspects of Hell*, an infernal guide-book with "seventy illustrations from original sources," and a very good six shillings' worth at that. We have now before us yet another Baedeker of Hell not only as "opened to Christians," but as opened to Babylonian, Egyptian and Classical imagination. The sources from which both authors draw are well known to be exceedingly abundant, but nothing can demonstrate this abundancy more strikingly than the fact that hardly in any instance do our compilers overlap in their selections.

Beyond the fact that it makes accessible much that is otherwise buried away in not easily procurable volumes, Mr. Marcus Dods' book has nothing very particularly to recommend it. It displays a fair measure of scholarship, but no sure grip of the subject or intuition of the points of real importance in these legends of past seeings and inventions. Its humour is heavy and its title on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for there is practically nothing of Dante in the book. All this is surely not the fault of the subject.

What a splendid hunting ground are these Hades apocalyptic legends for the trained "psychologist" of the inner science! How useful, for instance, would it be to collect, analyse, and classify such hints as the following, taken from Mr. Dods' unconscious and incurious pages:

"His soul comes out of his body, *appearing to him to be as small a*

*the newly hatched chick of a little bird.* This soul has all the human senses, but it cannot speak until it gets from the air (in some mysterious manner not explained) a *body like the one it has just left*" (p. 183).

"He, then, was 'rapt in the spirit,' and that by a guide most glorious to behold, who held in his hand a *thread which gave a wonderful light*" (p. 208).

"*Without and within* I seemed to go through all the seven worlds' (p. 215).

How much could have been added to the interest of Mr. Dods' book by dwelling on such details and on a host of others may, however, be a thought which occurs only to one familiar with the literature, and with some of the elements of seership; for the general reader, doubtless, will not be disturbed by any such reflection, and will be proportionately fascinated by our compiler's selection from this curious library of horrors. As for the Theosophical student, he had better turn to the originals or the full translations of the originals, and work over the ground for himself, thanking Mr. Dods for his references.

It is curious to remark how full and detailed the imaginings of hate, fear and spiritual pride can be in furnishing hell with torments for enemies and heretics, and how utterly barren of any truly satisfactory element the notions of the same seers about heaven can be. For the most part these visions are the "seeings" of utter materialists, and this sight sees not into the heaven of the mind.

G. R. S. M.

#### NEW EDITION OF MRS. BESANT'S GĪTĀ TRANSLATION

The Bhagavad-gītā or the Lord's Song. Translated by Annie Besant. (Benares: T.P.S.; 1903.)

THE "T.P. Works, Benares," are certainly improving in technique to judge by the copy of the third and newly revised edition of our colleague's version of the ever-famous "Songs" on Yoga which has reached us. Among the greatest of the new improvements is the substitution of English equivalents for a number of technical terms which were previously left untranslated. The most important of these are the ever-recurring *manas* and *buddhi*.

In her Preface Mrs. Besant writes: "Manas is the mind, both in the lower mental processes in which it is swayed by the senses, by passions and emotions, and in the higher processes of reasoning; Buddhi is the faculty above the ratiocinating mind, and is the Pure

Reason, exercising the discriminative faculty of intuition, of spiritual discernment."

Turning to the text we find that *manas* is translated by "mind" 31 times and by "heart" once (ii. 55); we also notice that the *cheta* of xii. 7 and the *chitta* of xii. 9 have both also to be rendered by "mind." *Buddhi* is translated by "reason" 19 times, by "pure reason" 4 times, by "determinate reason" 3 times, and by "understanding" twice (a rendering otherwise kept for *prajñā*), while *buddhi yoga* is rendered the "yoga of discrimination."

What precisely the *Gītā* school meant by these terms is not always very clear, and unfortunately we do not seem to have any exactly corresponding terms in any Western tradition. One thing, however, seems certain, that the *manas* and *buddhi* of the *Gītā* cannot be equated with the *manas* and *buddhi* of neo-theosophical nomenclature; there is sometimes it is true an approximation in sense, but as frequently a contradiction. Again they can hardly be paralleled with the *logos* and *nous* of the Platonic tradition, for there *logos* approximates rather to the *Gītā buddhi*, while *nous* sometimes satisfies the idea of *ātman*; *manas* again seems sometimes to be *phrēn*, but more frequently *thumos*.

What the puzzled student of comparative psychology requires is to be put into possession of the various points of view or rather states of consciousness, from which the same phenomena were analysed by the different schools. The facts must be the same, and a thorough knowledge of them from the several points of view should be able to bring fair order into the seeming chaos.

We are informed that an English edition of this third (Indian) edition is to be printed immediately, and this alone is sufficient to prove in what great demand this most popular of all Indian scriptures is. There are at least a dozen translations of the *Gītā* into English alone, and we believe we are correct in stating that Mrs. Besant's version in its previous two editions has exhausted some 20,000 copies. This is a high figure compared with the circulation of any other version, but it is, we believe, a mere bagatelle to what the circulation of the *Gītā* will be, no matter in what translated form, when once the practical utility of its teaching is realised by the general intelligence of the over-busy West.

G. R. S. M.

## THE SADHUS OF INDIA

The Mystics, Ascetics and Saints of India: A Study of Sadhuism, with an account of the Yogis, Sanyasis, Bairagis, and other strange Hindu Sectarians. By John Campbell Oman, formerly of the Government College, Lahore. With illustrations by William C. Oman, A.R.I.B.A. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1903. Price 12s. 6d.)

It is not often that one comes across a book on such a subject as this, which is at once "objectively" written, and yet reveals a certain power of understanding and appreciation which enables the author to handle a topic usually so unsympathetic to the now dominant trend of the Western mind, in a manner which gives a real value to his work. And the fact that Mr. Oman draws his materials very largely from personal observation and study, and resorts to books only for the necessary historical, religious and philosophical elements needed to complete his picture, shows that his sympathy and appreciation must be real, and that the lives and the ways of thought of the Indian Sadhus he has studied must have possessed a real attraction, if not actually a fascination, for him.

Taken as a whole, his work is by far the best and most complete treatment of the subject to be found in English, though on various special topics others have possessed a more detailed knowledge; while it goes without saying that were a Hindu to write such a book, in anything approaching the same careful and accurate spirit, it would possess an almost indefinitely greater value for the student. Perhaps the future may bring us such a work, but at present we can only be frankly grateful to Mr. Oman for what he has given us, and not least because he scrupulously avoids any suggestion of that unpleasant attitude which treats all racial and social religious developments which are so different from our own as to be hard for us to understand, with an air of lofty superiority, or with the often hardly veiled sneer of materialistic negationism.

In the first chapter, after pointing out that asceticism is a common feature in all religious systems, he broadly indicates its basis and points out in particular the root-conceptions in the Hindu mind which have given it such prominence; then he proceeds to analyse and explain with commendable terseness the political and other causes which, it appears to him, have in India for ages past contributed to induce the frame of mind in which asceticism flourishes. To these

he adds, in his next chapter, some specially powerful and peculiarly Hindu motives which have also contributed not a little to stimulate the ascetic practices of the Sadhus. Among these, special importance attaches to the idea, traceable from the very earliest times in the Shâstras, that by *tapas*, or ascetic penances, "supernatural" powers and knowledge may be gained. This Mr. Oman illustrates by anecdotes from Sanskrit literature, showing how, not only "powers" of this kind, but anything and everything which the mind or heart of man can desire may be obtained by "penance"; so that even the highest Gods engage in terrible penances for various purposes. And with quite exceptional fairness and open-mindedness, Mr. Oman recalls to the reader's mind at this point the fact that, however fantastic such ideas may appear to us, it cannot be denied by the unbiassed seeker after truth that an essentially kindred idea to that underlying (for example) the story of the terrible self-inflicted penances endured by the Supreme Being, "the cause of creation and its course," in the form of a *muni* on the Gandhamâdana mountains, as narrated in the *Mahâbhârata*, lies at the root of the story of the Crucifixion, as well as of the motive assigned for the "cross and passion" of the Redemption. Of course, alongside of this conception of asceticism as leading to achievements otherwise impossible even to the Gods, we must not forget that there also existed the conception of the goal of asceticism as the attainment of Liberation or spiritual emancipation.

In the next chapter we have a very vivid, accurate and not unsympathetic description of the Sadhus as they appear in public at the great *melas* or religious fairs, with many carefully noted and interesting details of their dress, sect-marks, postures, arm-rests and the like. Most of these have obviously been gathered in India north of the Vindhya and would hardly cover all that may be seen in the South, but the differences are superficial and the reader gets a very clear notion of what such gatherings of Sadhus are like.

In the short chapter devoted to the wonders which Sadhus are said to perform at the present day, there is nothing at all startling or really marvellous, except in the account of Hassan Khan, whom I believe Colonel Olcott also met some years ago. But the subject is handled in a not unsympathetic tone and quite objectively, so that I should be disposed to regard it as giving a substantially true and correct idea of what a careful seeker might expect to find at the present day.

The next five chapters are very well done, but call for no special

comment as the personal note is absent ; but Mr. Oman's account of some of his own personal experiences with Sadhus in Chapter ix. is most interesting and vivid, as well as accurate, careful and fair. Of Hindu monasteries there is no need to say more than is given in the next chapter, which leads the reader up to Mr. Oman's conclusions in regard to the general problem of Sadhuism, from which I cannot resist making a brief extract by way of conclusion :

"Holding as I do," says Mr. Oman, "that happiness, virtue, dignity, *personal* freedom and reasonable comfort are quite compatible with modes of life, political institutions, industrial systems and religious creeds which are not those of England or the Western world, the present transition state of India seems to me a subject of much more than passing interest.

"By no means enamoured of Indian *sadhuism*, I feel at the same time no particular admiration for the *industrialism* of Europe and America, with its vulgar aggressiveness, its eternal competition, and its sordid, unscrupulous, unremitting and cruel struggle for wealth as the supreme object of human effort. But, whatever may be the merits or demerits of these two systems, they are essentially antagonistic, since the economic ideal of life, being frankly worldly and severely practical, excludes imagination, emotionalism, and dreamy sentimentalism, and consequently religion also, except of the philanthropical or pharisaical type. Hence a momentous, if unobtrusive, struggle in India is inevitable under new conditions between the forces which make for the *renunciation of the world* on the one hand, and for the *accumulation of wealth* on the other ; and there is no doubt that, as a consequence, the immemorial civilisation of the Hindus will undergo change, both in its spirit and practice, under the stimulus of the potent foreign influences to which it is now exposed. Yet I cannot help hoping that the Indian people, physically and mentally disqualified for the *strenuous life* of the Western world, will long retain in their nature enough of the *spirit of sadhuism* to enable them to hold steadfastly to the simple, frugal, unconventional, leisured life of their forefathers, for which climatic conditions and their own past history have so well fitted them, always bearing in mind the lesson taught by their sages, that real wealth and true freedom depend not so much upon the possession of money, or a great store of goods, as upon the reasonable regulation and limitation of the desires."

B. K.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, October, "Old Diary Leaves" are again mainly filled with the Judge trial. If we consider the responsible position of the Colonel himself, and the injury done to the Society, for which alone he lives, we cannot wonder that the affair takes a place in his mind which we hope it has by this time ceased to hold with the rest of those who took part in it. It has done its appointed work, and many who thought themselves quite near to entrance on the Path have been misled; but after all (in the words of Mr. Sinnett's Baron Mondstern) they would have been either more—or less than the men they were to have done otherwise. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Clairvoyance" follows; next F. Davidson begins a very interesting account of the traditions of the Maori race as to their origin and early home. Miss Kofel concludes her "Recent 'Notes' on Science and Theosophy"; Mrs. Currie's translation from L. Revel is also concluded. Of the remaining papers H. Whyte's "Account of Ashvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahāyāna" should be mentioned as an interesting and painstaking contribution to a study which has perhaps been too much neglected by us in the last few years.

*Prasnottara*, October. The main contents of this number are the continuation of Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gāthās"; Mrs. Besant's fourth lecture on Mr. Myers' *Human Personality* and the conclusion of Miss Arundale's "The Conception of Soul."

*Central Hindu College Magazine* for September and October. The interest of this Magazine for us is not so much in the literary contents, good as they are, as in the encouraging account of the continued progress of the College. We are glad to find that the late Countess Schack has left a legacy of £2,000 to it, and that the enlargement proposed to be made with this sum will include the accommodation needed for the Lloyd Memorial Library.

Also from India: *The Dawn*; *The Indian Review*, from which we rescue the statement that in salaries and contributions of all kinds, the people of India are taxed to the extent of forty-five lacs of rupees yearly for the maintenance of the Protestant religion; and *East and West*.

*The Vāhan* for November announces that henceforth the space for the "Enquirer" is to be reduced for a new column to be entitled "Stray Notes." To judge from the first specimen the model seems to be our own "Watch-Tower." We acknowledge the compliment, but are not

quite sure the Editor has hit upon the precise improvement needed. The correspondence upon the matter is continued, and the small space remaining is filled by answers to questions as to the right to kill an animal "to put it out of its misery" and the condition of insane persons after death.

*The Lotus Journal*, November, continues Mrs. Besant's lecture on the "Development of the Spiritual Life," and Miss Ward's "Thoughts are Things," the last illustrated by a reproduction of some of the coloured pictures given in this REVIEW with Mrs. Besant's article on "Thought Forms," September, 1896. Professor Arundale ends his interesting account of the Central Hindu College; and Miss Mallet continues her valuable "Outlines of Theosophy for Younger Readers."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, November. This interesting little periodical gives an account of much good work done for the Section, with answers to questions. Would it be taking too much of a liberty if we were to suggest the *Bulletin* as, in some respects, a model for our improved *Vâhan*?

*Revue Théosophique Française*, October, opens with a short paper by M. Ch. Blech on the much-discussed utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge on the Electric Theory of Matter; Mrs. Besant's "Evolution of Conscience" and Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny" are continued and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley takes up her favourite subject of the "Hidden Origins of Free-Masonry."

*Theosophia*, October, has a short editorial on "Accuracy" and a more serious one, a discussion of a paper under the title of "Spiritual Powers" published in a contemporary by Professor Dr. P. D. Chantépie de la Saussaye. Then follow Mr. Leadbeater's "Clairvoyance"; "The Story of Lîlâ"; "Studies in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," by "The Dreamer"; and "Letters from Abroad," this time from Prague. We learn from the "Movements" that some of our friends on the Continent have been victimised by a young man calling himself Dr. John Blavatsky and claiming to be a nephew of H. P. B. It may be well to note this, though I think our English mind is not in much danger; we are not enthusiastic enough to be thus taken in! [We are though, and have been!—G. R. S. M.]

*Théosophie* (Antwerp) for November, gives a well-selected series of extracts, and a very practical editorial, to the effect that if their friends would take more copies it could be enlarged, but that in four quarto pages it is impossible to answer on such matters as the Origin of the World except by a reference to books.

*Sophia*, September. In this number we have the conclusion of the translation of *Esoteric Christianity*; the opening chapter of Ocellus Lucanus' *Nature of the Universe*, translated by R. Urbano, who rightly notes that this work of "the last disciple of Pythagoras" deserves careful study and comment; Renan's "Upon a Universal Consciousness"; Luis de Zulueta's "Thoughts in Time of Trouble"; and more upon "Hylozoism." In the "Notes" we find mention of two not unrecient deaths which call for notice; one, Alexander Aksakoff, the brave defender at all risks of the *facts* of Spiritualism, with whom H. P. B. had much to do in an early stage of her public life; the other, Professor Albrecht Weber of Berlin, who has perhaps done more than any other man to confuse the history of Indian Literature, and the mention of whose name recalls Max Müller's caustic phrase: "What weighty consequences may be drawn from *no* facts may be seen in any page of Professor Weber's . . . !" We won't say *which* of his works; it doesn't matter.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, October. The contents of our Scandinavian magazine are translations of Dr. Wells' "True and False Yoga" and of a chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death*. Reviews and notes of the work of the Section fill the remaining space.

*The Theosophic Messenger*, for November, comes to us from Chicago under the editorship of the National Committee, as voted in the Convention. We hope the change will be for the benefit of the Section. A very interesting report of the meetings of the Convention is given, and we are glad to see that our American friends mean to set up a Department for Questions and Answers of their own, instead of depending entirely on our *Váhan*. But their frank acknowledgment that "the questions and answers taken from the *Váhan* are considered by many to comprise the most interesting part of the *Messenger*," is worth meditating by those who desire to curtail these in favour of "Stray Notes," or what not.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, for September, has an excellent paper, signed J. L., "Theosophy for the Busy." "Lunch Table Talk" is a not altogether unworthy imitation of a well-known precedent, and the Questions and Answers are worth reading.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, October. In this number Marian Judson asks: "Will Christianity rise to the sublime task of giving itself to be the channel of a yet higher Life than heretofore—moulding its forms and its dogmas to suit the growing, expanding thought of that Life?" It is a question on which the future of

Europe and America depends; those who have marked the changes of the last twenty-five years may, perhaps, answer more hopefully than at first glance seems reasonable. From a story by Michael Wood we take these few, golden words: "It is one thing to see, and another to know. By inward vision a man may see; but he knows by *becoming*."

*Sophia* (Santiago de Chile) keeps up its interest, as does also the *Theosophisch Maandblad* (Semarang).

Also received: *Modern Astrology*; *Light*; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *La Nuova Parola*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*; *Animal's Friend*; *Logos Magazine*; *Lo Nuevo*; *The Anglo-Russian*; and *The Humanitarian*.

We have to congratulate E. A. J. that he has been allowed by the editor of *The Week's Survey* to contribute two effective papers on "What is Theosophy?" We have also to acknowledge: a Dutch translation of the late Miss Shaw's *The Object of the Theosophical Society*; a useful eight-page pamphlet by J. J. Vimadala, M.A., LL.B., of Bombay, entitled *Why you should study Theosophy*; and from the Free Age Press, two more small publications of Tolstoy, *The Morals of Diet*, and *Appeal to Social Reformers*. From the first of these we learn that to the true disciple "every stage possessing merit in paganism—such as abstinence or manliness—represents no merit in Christianity." Nevertheless the desire for "simplification" in the new gospel as in the old brings us unavoidably to the Apotheosis of Dirt. In Tolstoy's statement of the horrors of civilisation special reprehension is addressed to the disgraceful habit of having "two clean, smooth sheets" on the bed; of not "sleeping in the same shirt we wear in the day"; and (worst of all) "going through our washing, cleaning and brushing, for which several sorts of brushes and soap are required, and a great quantity of water and lather. Many English people (he says), women especially, are, for some reason or other, particularly proud that they are capable of using very much soap and of pouring much water over themselves!" Finally "an effeminate man who . . . is correspondingly dressed, warmly, or coolly, and always cleanly . . . can do only very little"!! I don't think the Free Age Press will make many converts here to the new Gospel of Grime—we *are* too proud!

W.