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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE remarkable change that has come over the public mind with regard to things psychic is by nothing better instanced than by the

Psychism and the Press fact that the reporters and correspondents of the daily papers find such things "good copy."

Ten years ago or even less there was no chance of getting a report of even the best authenticated psychic experience into the most ragged news sheet; nowadays the leading papers will publish almost "anything." Indeed, it has long been seen by careful observers on the Theosophic watch-tower that there is no need of any further effort on our part to persuade the public that there is "something" in these things, on the contrary the "general" is only too eager to believe. The Theosophic task of the future is rather to check than to encourage such credulity, to share with the unknowing the stored-up experience of the race concerning the dangers and delusions of the soul-side of things which confront the neophyte on the threshold of the unseen. Needless to say the public in general is no more ready to-day to listen to the soberer view of experience than it was years ago to listen to those who asserted that psychic phenomena *did* occur. This stage of belief chastened into some semblance of

knowledge is reserved for the future—and perchance only after bitter and public experience. To show how eagerly these subjects are read we take from a batch of cuttings from only one paper—*The Daily Express*—three *coupsures* dated respectively November 14th and December 3rd and 9th; where it is to be noticed that the second and third lengthy scraps of psychic news were telegraphed over from Brussels and Paris.

A CASE of multiple personality—that is, when at various times an individual is conscious of being a different person from what he previously was, and indeed has not any knowledge of his previous existence other than that connected with the present personality —is described by the *Lancet*.

A Multiplex
Personality

A girl was at the age of 12½ attacked by inflammation of the membranes of the brain. In the third week of the illness the multiplicity of personalities began with her being unable to recognise those around, and with hallucinations of vision—a hand or crease in the counterpane being to her a snake.

Then supervened a condition of catalepsy. She began to shake, turned a somersault in bed, and assumed a new personality. She talked “baby talk,” clipping her words, and using them wrongly. She had some conception of her normal self, which she called “that person,” and was cross because “that person” had left her.

In her cataleptic attacks she was noisy and forward, while in her normal state she was quiet.

Her third personality was “Old Nick,” which lasted three weeks, then disappeared for twelve months, and then reappeared for ten weeks. In this personality she was able to read and write, but displayed bad temper.

In her fourth personality she was deaf and dumb. This recurred five times. Another personality she named “good thing,” “good creature,” or “pretty dear.” In this state she learned French.

In yet another state she was blind and imbecile. During this phase, although blind, she could draw, but in the other phases she could not draw at all.

At the age of sixteen she had lost her normal personality altogether.

I WAS present last night at a séance held by the sixteen-year-old spiritualist Edward Pirsch in the hamlet of Chevelipont.

The cures said to be effected by young Pirsch have caused great excitement in the neighbourhood of South Brabant, and hundreds of ailing people flock to the cottage where he lives to have their cases diagnosed and remedies prescribed.

Pirsch lives with his father, mother, and grandmother, and a younger

brother, who were all present at the séance, as were also two Belgian journalists, who accompanied me, the president of the local spiritualist group, the village postman, and four or five stolid peasants. The room in which it was held was bare of furniture, except what was required for the purpose, and was divided into two by a high partition, which cut off a portion used as a dispensary and for clerical work.

We sat round a heavy kitchen table, the boy medium being at the head, with blank-copy-book and pencil before him. When the spirits take possession of him, he says, his hand writes unconsciously at their direction.

The president of the local society gravely introduced the visitors to Callon, supposed to be the spirit of a great traveller who died in Peru fifteen years ago. Then followed a pause, after which there was the sound of the medium writing at great speed.

When we examined the writing we found it to be a dissertation on spiritualism, Belgian politics, and religion. While the message was being communicated Pirsch was asleep, and only stirred momentarily when his grandmother cried "Turn! Turn!"

We also communicated with one, said to be Pirot, the spirit of a Montigny watchmaker, who has been dead many years. By his aid we saw luminous balls of various colours, mostly red, float across the room. Pirot is rather an eccentric spirit, and loudly boxed the medium's ears for daring to move without orders during the séance. He drummed loudly on the table, and through the medium wrote in the Walloon patois.

Often, we were told, Pirot makes the beds spin round in the dead of night, and tears the bedclothes from the sleeper. Sometimes he makes himself useful by winding up the household clock.

Then followed a remarkable exhibition of table-turning. The great kitchen table round which we were sitting danced upon the stone floor, and finally leaped over the high partition into the next room, where it was found to be badly split. One of the journalists who accompanied me, a tall, nervous man, was persuaded to mount the table, which romped about the room in spite of his weight.

The séance lasted until three in the morning, and the boy looked very lively and fresh at the end. The six hours' ordeal he had gone through had left no sign of fatigue. Between the spirit communications he was quite a boy.

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THE *Journal* publishes a remarkable hypnotic story recalling the famous trial, in 1890, of Gabrielle Bompard and a man named Eyraud, who murdered a bailiff by slipping a noose over his head.

Hypnotism and
Crime Eyraud had induced the woman to bring the bailiff to his house with the object of strangling him.

The trial excited intense interest at the time. Eyraud and the woman escaped to America after depositing the body of their

victim in a trunk, which they left at a railway station. They were captured and brought back to Paris, where Eyraud was executed for the crime, Bompard being sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The woman was released some months ago, after serving thirteen years of her sentence, and the well-known advocate, Maître Robert, arranged with Professor Liégeois, of Nancy, to hypnotise her in order to prove that she had committed the crime while under the hypnotic influence of Eyraud, a theory he advanced unsuccessfully at the trial.

The professor made the woman live the crime again with fearful realism. On being placed in the hypnotic state, and the days immediately preceding the crime being brought back to the mind, the woman showed signs of great mental torture. It was evident that she had been quarrelling with Eyraud about the subject for some time. She refused again and again to assist him in his murderous scheme, and it was only after he had nearly strangled her that she consented.

The woman pleaded and shrieked and coaxed in vain. Eyraud got angry, and then, losing all self-control, sprang at her throat. "Oh! he is strangling me!" she cried, writhing in imaginary pain to release herself. "Let me go and I will bring the man. You are killing me." Then she enacted the scene of the murder.

It was shown how she was left all night with the corpse of the murdered man, and how in her terror she was about to take her own life. Later on, the flight of the murderers to the United States was described, and the frightful strain which the thought of the terrible deed engendered was only too apparent to the spectators.

The sight of the writhing, struggling woman depicting the scenes of horror enacted both before and after the committal of the crime, was startling and weird in the extreme.

During the whole of the time photographers were busy taking snap-shots of her every gesture, while a number of fast shorthand writers took turns in reporting her words verbatim, just as they might report speeches in the Houses of Parliament.

When roused from the hypnotic state Bompard showed no traces of the severe ordeal she had just been through, and could not recollect anything that had transpired while she was in the room.

Professor Liégeois is convinced that the woman was compelled to participate in the crime while under hypnotic influence, and says that he has never met with so easy a subject.

He states that there was a gross miscarriage of justice in condemning such a person for acts for which she was wholly irresponsible, and intends reporting the results of his investigations to the Academy of Medicine.

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FROM *The Daily Telegraph* of November 17th we cut the following report of a twentieth century edition of a "black art" tragedy.

The "Black Art" in Paris

We do not do so to moralise thereupon or to endeavour to edify our readers, all can do that for themselves, but simply to show that such things are "good copy." The reporter saves what he is pleased to regard as his superior sanity by speaking of a "lunatic" and "mock magic," failing to see that the "lunatic" was the furious result on the physical plane of anything but "mock" magic on the psychic—the re-action of a magical boomerang :

Further particulars are furnished to-day relative to the case of the young Hungarian student, Count Kornis, who ran amok in his lodging in the Latin Quarter on Sunday morning, and, after having fired at four persons, seriously injuring two of them, blew out his own brains, using a brace of revolvers for the purpose. Kornis seems to have gone mad through love and magic. He was a diligent reader of books on the black art, the Kabbala, occultism, and so on. He often dressed himself as an alchemist of the middle ages, and walked like that up and down his rooms, and sometimes along the Boulevard Saint Michel. He was playfully known among some of his associates as the modern Nostradamus, in allusion to the astrologer who acted as fortune-teller to Catharine de Médicis and Charles IX. Then love intervened, and Kornis fell a victim to the magic of a woman.

It was a case of hopeless passion, for the object of his adoration was a countess of the Hungarian aristocracy wedded to a diplomatist. The young student tried to exert some of his black art business on the lady, and imagined that he had her spiritual presence always near him. She died suddenly, and Kornis fell into fits of melancholy. He was frequently heard calling on the shade of the dear departed in his rooms. He awoke his neighbours by his moans and ravings in the middle of the night, and once he caused fearful alarm by firing shots from a revolver at something in his bed-room. All this culminated in the tragedy of Sunday morning, when Kornis left his flat carrying two loaded revolvers, with which he fired at everybody he met, and then shot himself. The landlady of the house and the maidservants, who were the most seriously injured, had to be conveyed to the Cochin Hospital, there to undergo operations for the extraction of the bullets. In the rooms of Kornis the police found the portrait of a woman riddled by bullets and several wax statuettes stuck with pins and needles, and inscribed with the name of the lady on whom the lunatic had tried to practise his mock magic.

* * *

AN exceedingly interesting theory has been revived in *The Times* of October 28th by Messrs. Mackay, Newberry and Garstang, of

The Hittites,
the Hyksos and
the Etruscans

the newly-founded University of Liverpool. It is that the Etruscan dominion of pre-Roman Italy and the Hyksos dynasties in Egypt from about 2000 to 1500 B.C. are both referable to the mysterious Hittite supremacy which preceded the Assyrian period. These Hittites are claimed to be of a distinctly Mongoloid or Turanian strain. In *The Times* of November 7th, Lt.-Col. C. R. Conder strongly supports the view of the three scholars above mentioned and brings the Hittites into close affinity with the Akkadians. These Akkadians are further connected by some scholars with the earliest Chinese civilisation. All of this is encouraging for students of the race-theories set forth in the *Story of Atlantis* and the *Beginnings of the Fifth Race*. There is a borderland in history as in physical science, and the pioneers of historical science are on the frontiers prospecting. If the seers aloft in the clouds and the surveyors on earth could only join forces what a grand map of this unknown land could be drawn. This surely is to be the scientific consummation of the twentieth century; it is, however, early days as yet, and we can therefore wait patiently.

* * *

IF there is one thing beyond all others for which we have to be thankful to the "comfortable words" of Theosophy, it is its power of consolation in bereavement. Here there is no theorising, it is a practical good. We know of hundreds who have not only been cheered and strengthened, but who have utterly surprised their relatives by their calm and steadfastness under what would otherwise have been the cruellest of all suffering—the death of a father or mother, of a wife or husband, or of a child. This is the sort of thing which tests a man's belief, for it is at such times that he has his back against the wall; he is facing a difficulty of the heart and not only of the head; his pain goes deep down in to the depths of his nature. From this test the strength of Theosophy comes forth triumphant. Now we have the greatest possible sympathy for the Booth family in their recent sad bereavement, when Mrs. Booth-Tucker succumbed to injuries received in a railway accident in Missouri. But when we read

Death
and Theosophy

that "Commander" Booth-Tucker fell into a swoon on hearing of his wife's death, and read the despairing message of the aged "General" to the "Army," we cannot but think that their view of things touching death is based upon a thorough misunderstanding not only of the nature of things but also of the teaching of the Christ.

* * *

WE had thought that it was the special boast of Christianity that it removed all fear of death, and all sorrow and lamentation.

The true teaching of the Christ, indeed, we believe should do so. But we cannot see how there is any willing submission to the Will of God when there is much praying that a thing may not be; and even when a thing prove inevitable, there cannot be said to be much willingness when that submission is made in the tune of "Well, one must I suppose, but it's very hard and totally incomprehensible." And yet this is the general theological attitude, based, we suppose, on such very "human," texts as "Jesus wept," and "If it be possible let this cup pass." Thus General Booth writes on the death of his beloved daughter (and be it remarked the message is not private, but issued to thousands upon thousands of his followers throughout the world) :

I am suddenly prostrated with grief in the presence of what appears at the moment to be an indescribable calamity and an unfathomable mystery. I can only look up and say to my Heavenly Father, "Thy will be done." My daughter was, after her mother, first among the many noble and consecrated women I have been permitted to know during fifty years of public life. Her loss is irreparable. But so much the more need for me, for you, for us all, to go on with our work for God and the blessing of our fellow-men. This, however my heart may bleed, is my purpose so long as He is pleased to prolong my life. The blow will fall with intense severity upon Commander Booth-Tucker and on my officers and soldiers in America, for whom my daughter has fought and toiled so long. In the midst of my own sorrow my heart goes up to God in their behalf. Pray for them. Meanwhile I am trusting for strength to go on with my own duties, and praying that our great agency of alleviating the sorrows of a suffering world may not be hindered by this visitation.

What a brave old man *in spite* of his creed! For he evidently believes rather in a "jealous" than in a "good" God.

IN the September number of *The Nineteenth Century* there was an entertaining and instructive article by Mrs. Alice Kemp-Welch on "Beast Imagery and the Bestiary." These The Lion Symbol mediæval Bestiaries or Books of Beasts go back to an Alexandrian second century prototype, hight *Physiologos*, doubtless based partly on Aristotle's *History of Animals* and Pliny's *Natural History*. The Middle Ages adopted this *Physiologos* for purposes of edification and turned it into a "Christian symbolic menagerie." For instance, according to our quaint Alexandrian, the lion has three characteristics : first, that when he is pursued he obliterates his track with his tail ; second, that he sleeps with his eyes open ; third, that the cubs are born dead, and are brought to life on the third day by his breathing upon them. This is of course balderdash as natural history, but somewhat interesting as mythic symbolism, and therefore we are not astonished to find a certain clerk of Normandy of the thirteenth century, named William, writing in *Le Bestiare Divin* that the first characteristic of the lion, the king of beasts, symbolises the incarnation of Christ, which "truly he did covertly." For, he adds :

When God, our Sovereign Father, who is the spiritual lion, came by his grace on to this earth for our salvation, so wisely veiled he his coming, that the hunter knew not that he was the source of our salvation, and marvelled how he came among us.

By the hunter we must of course understand the Devil. The second characteristic signifies that it was the *man* Christ and not the *God* Christ who suffered :

When the spirit quitted the body, the *man* fell asleep on the holy Cross but the *Godhead* kept watch there. . . .

The third characteristic was a favourite symbol of the resurrection, and so we therefore find William writing :

When God was placed in the tomb, for three days only remained he there, and on the third day the Father raised him from the dead by breathing upon him, even as the lion breathes upon his little cub.

Is it possible in all this mixture that some cognate things have here come together ; that both folk-tale and mystery came originally from one source ?

JOSEPH MORRIS: PROPHET AND REFORMER AMONG THE MORMONS

HIS LIFE-STORY AS RELATED BY ONE OF HIS FOLLOWERS

IN 1875, in San Francisco, I met an old plainsman and frontiersman of venerable and commanding appearance. He had been a Mormon and had resided for many years in Utah. He had also been a leader in what was called the Morrisite Movement, of which he gave me many interesting particulars.

In the year 1859, a man called Joseph Morris appeared in Utah challenging its powerful hierarchy, telling Brigham Young and his associates of their shortcomings, and claiming the right to his proper place in the Mormon Church. He was of course persecuted, and had to flee for his life, and orders were issued forbidding anyone to give him work or shelter.

The basis on which he founded his teaching—and this is the main point of interest to Theosophical readers—was the *doctrine of reincarnation*. He taught that Noah and his three sons were the same individuals in spirit as Adam, Abel, Cain and Seth. Further, that Jesus promised the Apostles that at the time of the restitution of all things, when they and others should be regenerated or born again, they should sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel; that this reappearance of individuals who have gone the round of several existences upon earth, is accomplished by the ordinary means of human generation, for the mortal is only phenomenal or apparent.

The Churches have spoken of this doctrine of regeneration, or being born again, as a change of heart, but a change of heart is only a change from a former course to some other line of action. According to the Mormon prophet, in the regeneration, or being born again, at the time of the restitution of all things, we see the Kingdom and enter into its fullness, for Job has said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand in the latter

day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh I shall see God."

The old man, my informant, said that it is commonly supposed by the Christian world that this refers to the resurrection as they understand it; but this is a mistake, for Job says that it will be in the latter day of time, and in his reappearance in the flesh, in the course of another mortal probation, at the time of the end, he shall see the Redeemer, whom the heavens received and retain until the time of the restitution of all things.

How small would be the experience of man, he continued, if limited to the term of one probation or existence upon earth! The intelligent creatures of God appear in more than one body on the stage of mortal existence. They have just as many probations as are required to bring them to the position their birthright calls for.

According to the testimony of revelation this is Adam's earth, and belongs to him and his children. These mortal bodies having come under the dominion of death by transgression are held in the field of death, and we cannot receive them again.

Does not a father after the flesh give his son the privilege of more than one trial at his start in life? Perhaps the boy is unfortunate or it may be that he is a little dull, or the trade or profession that he may have adopted is one not suited to his capacity. Does the father make his decision rest upon one trial and does he condemn him as a total failure because of non-success in one attempt? Not so, several trials are accorded him. Few pass through life without some opportunity of retrieving themselves. Shall our Heavenly Father be less merciful to His children? The boy is often tried over and over again, till something is found which will bring him through life in a satisfactory manner. How then can we suppose that our Heavenly Father will subject His children to everlasting punishment for not having sufficient light and knowledge to escape the errors of this dark world, where the Devil rules, and sickness and death hold sway over humanity?

What becomes of the children who die before they have come to years of accountability? Will those children who come into the world and stay but a short time, have no further privilege of gaining their exaltation? Surely they will come again, to pass

through experiences in manhood and womanhood, so that they may prepare for the first resurrection.

There is eternal progression both for worlds and for their inhabitants. Worlds in the course of their existence pass into higher conditions ; so do we who inhabit them draw nearer to the celestial, and the nearer we draw to the celestial, the more science, knowledge and refinement do we get from thence. We have improvements in art, science, mechanism and all that ministers to the comfort of life such as were unknown at earlier periods of the world's history ; not but that there were as intelligent scientific men in the earlier ages. The time for these developments had not come according to the law of progression.

It is expected that every earth shall receive those master-minds from other worlds who are able to give it the inventions, arts and sciences which other worlds have possessed before. Hence this earth has received the ennobling gifts of language, arts and inventions, from other earths that have progressed ahead of it.

I wrote down much of this and many things that I will speak of later, said my old frontiersman, from the lips of these men, who were addressing a sort of circular to their co-religionists. They were unlearned and, in a worldly sense, ignorant men, more familiar with the rifle and the plough than with the pen or with books.

Joseph Morris was hunted from village to village, and from settlement to settlement, and those who gave him work or shelter were in danger of being excommunicated by the authorities, and were in some instances in peril of their lives. Before this he had lived in Provo and had had some trouble with the "bishop" there on account of his prophesying in "meeting." The "bishop" called him to order, but the spirit was so strong in him that he had to rise again and prophesy. After that he was persecuted both by the bishop and people. They commanded his wife to leave him, and she did so. A short time after this he received his first revelation.

After this he left Provo and went to American Fork and there remained until the autumn of '59. The young men of the place named him "Praying Joe."

In November of '59 he went to Salt Lake City, where he received the revelation known as the "Keys of the Priesthood." After this he sought an interview with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, and visited many of the heads of the Mormon Church. No one but Kimball paid any attention to him. Kimball entreated Brigham to give him a hearing, but his request was refused.

After this Morris went to Slatersville and remained there till late in the autumn of '60. He was looked upon by the people of Slatersville as a weak, foolish man, and was generally hated for advocating new truths, and speaking against the inconsistency of Brigham Young and the leaders of the Mormon Church.

Here he often visited an old man called "Father" Jones, and sometimes worked for him. One day when Joseph was mowing hay he said to "Father" Jones: "Do you know who I am?" The old man answered: "Yes I do. You are a prophet of God, the Spirit has told me so."

All the comfort that Joseph received for many months was at "Father" Jones' house; but he sometimes was very much opposed by "Mother" Jones, who was then a believer in the doctrine and discipline of the Mormon Church. Still she sometimes admitted the new truths that Joseph gave forth, and had a warm affection for him. She also gave him advice how to avoid the enemies that were continually on his track. At last notice was given him by two or three of the leading men of Slatersville that he must leave in so many hours.

Next day he left for South Weber, carrying with him a small bundle. On arriving at that place, he enquired for Richard Cook.

Both Richard Cook, who was "bishop" at Weber, and his brother carefully investigated Joseph's claims, and received him into their family. John Parson, who lived at that time up Weber canyon, and many others became interested in him. After a while they became fully satisfied that he was all that he claimed to be. Soon the people began to look upon him more favourably, and to listen to his counsels. They subjected him to a very severe ordeal, and tried him in every possible way as regarded his pretensions to be an inspired prophet.

A great "outpouring of the spirit" attended the ministrations of Joseph Morris at this place. This prepared the people for what they had to undergo afterwards. Sometimes in the assembly of the people Joseph's face would look white as if illuminated by a divine influence. It was then known that he was about to receive a revelation. These events in Weber Fort however caused uneasiness among the authorities in Salt Lake City. So they sent John Taylor and Willard Woodruff, two of the "apostles" of the Church, to investigate the matter. These men called the people together in the meeting-house, and demanded to know what was going on. They said: "We hear that you have got a prophet among you and we cannot allow of any other prophet than Brigham Young."

There were assembled at the meeting those who believed in Morris, and those who believed in Brigham; the latter were well armed.

The Salt Lake "apostles" asked Joseph how he stood in regard to the faith of the Church. He replied saying: "I am a prophet, seer and revelator to the Church of the Latter-day Saints."

Then they asked Richard Cook how he stood, and what he had to say. He replied: "With this man and the truths he has brought forth I stand." John Parson answered in the same manner, and so did seventeen others. A "brother" of the name of Morrison said that he was not sure that Joseph Morris was a prophet, but that he knew that they (the Salt Lake "apostles") were not prophets.

Then John Taylor and Willard Woodruff began to cut off the people from the Church. The news spread rapidly through the territory that a new prophet had arisen who had not been recognised by the authorities of the Church. The summary cutting off from the Church of those who had recognised Morris's claims, caused many of the more liberal-minded and thinking people of the Territory to suppose that the old Church was becoming despotic. Many began to have dreams and visions. In some instances the form of the new prophet was so distinctly presented to individuals that they recognised him when they saw him,

In the early part of April, 1861, a revelation was given to Joseph, stating that those who had fully received the new faith had the privilege of being baptised in Weber river. Six persons were baptised in that place. These persons took a bold stand. It was bearding the lion in his den, for Brigham sent delegates to the meetings to keep him thoroughly posted on all that was going on and to report to him.

From the month of April to the month of October, 1861, people came from all parts of the Territory enquiring for the new prophet; leaving their farms and all that they could not bring with them, they came with their teams, provisions and stock, intending to cast in their all with Joseph. In passing through the settlements they were looked upon as deluded, ignorant fanatics. So bitter was the feeling, said the old man who related these events to me—that even I who afterwards became one of Joseph's special witnesses spoke against him in my quorum only two weeks before I accepted the new doctrine.

The demonstration of the power of God was so strong in the Fort that those who came with honesty of purpose to investigate, were sure to remain, for Joseph possessed a wonderful power to hold the people together under the most trying circumstances. He gave revelations every few days on doctrines and principles that had never before been known in the world. He claimed that it was his right, as law-giver to the earth (even as Moses), to bring to light these principles that had been sealed from the foundation of the world to the present time.

In the early part of May, 1862, we sent out our teams with wheat to be ground for the use of the camp at Weber. As our men were returning home with the flour, William Jones and others took the teams away from them. They came back to the camp without supplies and stated what had happened. Orders were given that twenty-five men should go to Kays Ward, seven miles distant, and take the men prisoners who had taken our flour and teams. This was done and they were brought into the Fort and held there. To go to the courts of Utah in that day was useless, for the Mormons ruled there.

On the 30th May, 1862, occurred what was called by the Morrisites "Foreshadowing Day." It was the foreshadowing of

the Kingdom of God in all its details. The "officers" were at the head of the "kingdom," the "generals" were at the head of the "army," and Joseph was hailed as "lord of the whole earth," being considered a representative of Jesus. Twelve generals appeared on horseback, the first four riding on white, red, black, and pale horses. The first seven of these generals wore crowns as representatives of the seven "presidents of the earth." Seven companies of infantry, well armed and equipped, followed them, and they marched round the Fort seven times. After this the horses were given up to twelve other persons, who represented the twelve "princes of the earth," and each one of these bore a rod, upon which was a proclamation signifying what the individual who carried the rod represented. They marched round the Fort twelve times with the companies of infantry following them.

From this day until the appearance of the Mormon militia on the hills around Weber, many revelations were given, and there was much anxiety among the people.

On the morning of the 13th June, 1862, Robert T. Burton with the Mormon militia made their appearance on the hills around Weber.

They hesitated to come into the Fort, and sent a messenger for John Smith to come and see them. Smith did so, and talked with them a few minutes, telling them that they could come into the Fort with safety. They accordingly entered and John Banks met and spoke with them. Then Judd Stoddart, accompanied by another man, read the warrant for the arrest of the five persons therein named. Joseph Morris was not present, for he was writing a revelation. John Banks said for himself that he would not take any notice of the warrant. He then sent for fire and burned it. The Morrisites well knew that if they had given the men up, they would have been killed before reaching Salt Lake City.

While we were holding religious services in a bowery composed of willows and green branches supported by posts, a cannon ball came in our midst. It killed two women—one a nursing mother with a babe in her arms, the other an old woman. A young girl had her chin shattered by the same shot. The yells of the attacking party were heard all around us. Not a man in the

camp of Weber took up arms, while the Mormon militia poured in cannon and rifle shot on every side. Then the men said: What shall we do?—and the word was given: Protect your families the best way you can, but avoid shedding blood if possible.

This was carried out to the very letter, for had the Morrisites been so disposed they could have done much execution. Only ninety-nine men in our camp carried arms, while Burton started from Salt Lake with 250 men, and that number was about double by the time he arrived at Weber. He poured shot and shell into the camp for three successive days, from Friday morning till Sunday evening, June 15th. They sent to Salt Lake for rockets to fire the camp, but the Lord said that He would stop that, and a heavy rain fell all day on Saturday. The spiritual sight of my son was opened and he beheld two angelic warriors guarding the camp. Had these personages not been present, no doubt the destruction would have been greater.

Sunday was a very fine day, but a very sad day for us. We had been almost without food, and were weary, and our ammunition was almost exhausted. Late in the afternoon the buglesounded in the Fort, a white flag was raised and carried towards the west, by order of John Parson and others, who told Joseph that they thought that the men had done all they could, and that they were willing to surrender and give their lives for the sake of the people.

Orders were given to cease firing; bullets were flying all around the men who carried the white flag and bore the bugle, but they remained unhurt. Then Burton and many of his men rushed into the Fort and ordered the Morrisites to stack arms, which they did without hesitation.

After they had done this Burton called out for Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parson, and Peter Klemgard. When they presented themselves before him he said: "I want no more of your damned apostasy. I do not know how you have escaped as well as you have. I have fired over five thousand rounds of cartridges into you and a hundred cannon balls, besides some shells." Then he said to Joseph Morris: "Are you willing to give up?"—as if he had not already surrendered.

He was so overcome with rage that he tried to ride Joseph

down with his powerful horse. But Joseph, stepping quickly forward, took hold of the bridle with each hand and sent the horse back upon his haunches ; then he turned to the people and said : " I have taught you righteous principles from heaven. All those that are willing to follow me to the death come this way."

The general cry was " Here I am "—with the exception of about twenty persons, who formed a circle by themselves and said that they could stand it no longer. Then Joseph stepped to the west part of the Fort opposite the school-house. Burton, in company with some others, rode up to him there, and commanded him to give up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and authority of the United States.

Joseph looked up to Burton and replied: " Never! no; never! no; never!" Then Burton said: " I will try your God," and he fired five shots at him. At the fifth shot Joseph reeled. A man of the name of John Ames caught him in his arms and laid him gently on the ground.

A young woman, holding in her arms the babe of the mother who had been killed by the first cannon shot, stepped forward and said: " You bloodthirsty hell-hound, why have you killed that good man?" Burton shot her dead. Another woman was shot at the same time.

John Banks was standing near the steps of the school-house; one of the Mormon mob stepped behind him, and, placing the muzzle of his gun to the back of his neck, fired and wounded him severely; he died that night.

After this we were encamped on the South Bank till the following morning, when we were marched to Salt Lake City and were brought before Judge Kinney. The judge said: " I have been misinformed about you men. You were represented to me as a band of low degraded men, robbers and thieves; but I see before me a set of intelligent men very different from what you were represented to me. On the strength of the representations that were made to me, I granted a writ to the Mormon militia to arrest and bring before me Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parson, and Peter Klemgard. I see that I have been completely misinformed." We were then bound over for each other to keep the peace for our appearance in court the

following March. The majority appeared for trial, but some went East and others went to Carson Valley and California.

At the March session the trial took place. Seven men were sentenced to terms of imprisonment from seven to fourteen years. The evening after the trial, a pardon was obtained from the governor of the Territory. Friends brought a waggon to the prison for the men and they were conveyed to Fort Douglas.

The people passed through many hardships; the following winter some enlisted in the United States service, and several Morrisite families left Fort Douglas in government trains.

A great deal of knowledge was given in Weber, and that knowledge puffed some up, especially the "high priesthood," until they could not bow to Jesus of Nazareth in the way that was acceptable to the Father, for some believed that they were greater than He was. The enemy has taken advantage of this, but every time that anyone has tried to lead the people on the ground of ambition he has failed, because the love of the Father through the Son was not in him.

For fourteen years our food has been vanity, visions and fears. Some have been willing to take up with false shepherds and they have gained experience thereby; while some have been unwilling to investigate anything and have given it all up.

So runs the story of my old informant. An attempt was made in July, 1876, to organise this scattered remnant into a Church, which they called the "Church of the First-Born," but it was not successful.

I have thought that the above first-hand account of this strange and little-known sect might be of interest to the readers of *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, who are interested in the study of all manifestations of a religious and prophetic nature in their fellow men, and so I have set it down exactly as I heard it.

ELIZABETH HUGHES.

THE HEART OF A STONE

WE whose home is the Beryl,
 Fire spirits of dread desire,
 Who entered in
 By a secret sin,
 'Gainst whom all powers that strive with ours are sterile—
 We cry, Woe to thee. . . .

Beryl-song, ROSSETTI.

ONE evening Margery Dene entertained a limited party at her Chelsea studio. The party consisted of herself, her Persian cat, and a young man. She was pretty, the cat owned a pedigree, the man was lord of his brains. They made a cheerful trio, for the future was their own.

When Margery's pictures were appreciated by an art-loving public, and when O'Flynn's chemical researches were valued at their worth, they were to set up housekeeping together. Meanwhile they saw each other as often as kindly fate allowed; Hafiz made an untiring chaperon.

O'Flynn nursed the chaperon, while Margery made tea. The blinds were drawn over the skylight; the lamps dimly lighted the corners of the room. Faces leaned out of the shadows, bare shoulders obtruded suddenly, draperies swung into momentary prominence in the uncertain light. Margery alone seemed definite as she stood pouring the tea out of her best Japanese tea-pot.

"How goes the picky?" asked O'Flynn, taking a cup from her outstretched hand. He had an admiration for her works and ways only measurable with the large ignorance that was also his.

"Oh—it moves. I've got my background, I've got my model, and to-day I found the one thing needful——"

"The idea?" he asked meekly.

"Thank you; I meant the crystal."

While the tea travelled down the one lane that has no turning, O'Flynn remembered at late length the subject of the picture.

Perhaps it was because she lived in Chelsea that the old gods laid hands on Margery's imagination. Her Turner fever over, Rossetti bound her to his chariot-wheels. In her mind rang the song of the spirits imprisoned in the beryl stone.

"You see," she said educationally, "though many people have painted the subject they have not done it my way. They show you Rose Mary, but never the heart of the stone."

"It sounds an uncanny abode"—observed O'Flynn.

"It is uncanny—read Rossetti! I hunted over five shops to-day before I found a crystal, and I felt it was laughing at me. But I got one at Brown's and here it is."

She held out a shabby velvet case. Within, lay an oval crystal ball, greenish in tint, the sphere divided by a tarnished silver band. As the lamp light flickered on its surface it seemed to wake a twinkle, a gleam of secretive humour in the heart of the stone.

"Looks a bit off colour, doesn't it?" asked O'Flynn.

Margery resented the criticism. "Off colour—that beautiful chartreuse green? To me it looks as if it had been brought from the bottom of the sea, where it had lain for ages doing nothing but draw the colour into itself. It isn't a crystal, it's crystallised sea water."

O'Flynn presented the stone to Hafiz' indifferent attention. "Look at it, philosopher; does it find favour in your sea-green eyes? Faith! it seems an offensive comparison"—for as the stone touched the cat's face, Hafiz jumped to the floor and spat disapproval.

O'Flynn restored the crystal to its bed and shut the case. "Odd looking stone," he said reflectively. "Did Brown tell you anything about it?"

"I didn't ask. It seemed just what I wanted, so I felt I must have it at any cost."

The cost included the price of her new winter dress, but she did not mention this detail.

Her eyes seemed to see beyond the four walls of her room into an infinite future.

“ I mean my picture to tell so much,” she said, “ beyond the mere power of the stone. I will show the happiness of heaven and the misery of hell that went to its making ; the love of good women which has given it its power, all the evil which has given it its strength. . . . I must succeed, I know I must. . . . Isn't it a glorious subject ? ”

“ Don't overdo it, and tire yourself,” said O'Flynn.

Hafiz moved round the room, a grey uneasy ghost.

“ Tire myself? It isn't tiring oneself to pour all that one is into one's work ; it's living, that's all.”

“ There are more ways of living than one,” said O'Flynn.

“ How ? ”

“ A right and a wrong way, that's all. Good-night.” At the door he turned, his hand on a Japanese curtain of grotesque hideousness : “ By the way, what will you do this evening ? ”

Margery smiled enigmatically. “ Begin my picture by studying the heart of my stone. Good-night.”

The curtain fell as the door closed. Stillness crept from the shadows and rested in the room, that stillness which makes its ghostly presence known when other presences go. Margery replaced O'Flynn's cup on the tray, then sat down in his chair.

“ Dear old Con is awfully anxious about me,” she thought, and blessed him with a little smile. Hafiz jumped on her knee in purring acquiescence. “ I wonder he doesn't understand. Perhaps radium and liquid air aren't so absorbing to one's imagination as a picture . . . my picture.” She stroked Hafiz absently while her eyes filled with dreams. Bare walls lately sunset-dyed, a square of pale evening sky where a star hung low on the horizon, and in Rose Mary's nervous hands the beryl stone filling the room with the green shadows of its secret heart.

Margery took the crystal, settling herself to a critical study of its colours. It lay in its nest like a drop of sea water, just as she had said. Green, translucent green, bringing with it the thought of mysterious caverns fathoms deep below the sea, where the waves brought strange treasures. Bones of men whitening to coral in the darkness, blind fishes swimming among purple weed, great iron-bound chests over which strange water-plants flung their limbs ; a storehouse of the sea. Yes, it was just as though

a light shone in the heart of the stone, such a light as may gleam through green waves; a pale flickering light, ghostly, menacing. She took the stone out of its case, and turned the case about in her hands. There were some words stamped inside, words in an unknown tongue, and a roughly drawn runic cross. How silken the stone felt to her touch; she caressed it as though it were alive. Instantly Hafiz put back his ears, looked less cat than demon, and struck at the crystal with his claws. Margery thought his jealousy absurd, though she felt an incomprehensible chill at its exhibition. She pushed him away, only to find him springing on her knee again, rubbing his head against her hand. He tried to roll the crystal off her lap.

"It's not for you to play with," she told him with decision.

Hafiz jumped down, took up a watchful position opposite, and glared.

Margery transferred her thoughts again to the crystal. She had heard of seeing though she had never tried it; she felt it might be interesting to watch O'Flynn's doings; if the stone was a true one it could give her this power.

A vicious spurt of green light shone for a moment in the stone; then a milky cloud overspread it, then it cleared, and Margery eagerly bent her head to look. A terrible face met hers; not old, not hideous, but with the despairing torture of all the seven hells burning in its eyes. For the moment she felt as though it were her own, as though in the grey anguish of that face lived another, truer, picture of herself. The crystal clouded over, cleared again, and again she saw. This time she saw a darkened room wherein a man bent over a furnace brewing unholy philtres in his crucibles. As the crystal grew warm in her hand it seemed to enlarge and draw her into its green shadows. She seemed no longer looking at the crystal, she was in the same room with the man. From a crucible he drew a blackened smoking lump, plunged it three times in the fire and once in water, then seemed to turn to her and offer her the crystal. She felt herself draw back afraid, but her eyes were held.

A fantastic procession of devils next ran across the stone, each too weak in power to wreak its malevolence. Followed the picture of a midnight sin. She could not close her eyes, while the

warm stone yet lay in her palm. The memory of the stone was awakened, and showed itself to Margery. Oh, the remembrance enshrined in the heart of that stone! From the moment of its making it had served its master, writing in its secret heart the judgment books of men. Margery longed to throw it down, yet looked again.

Hafiz sat on guard, stony-eyed.

The crystal cleared again, lying warm as a new-laid egg in her hand. She tried to force herself to analyse its colours, while the strangest maddest thoughts seemed to leap from the stone to her mind. Absurd thoughts for a hard-working painter like herself. Thoughts of luxury, of deep roses rioting over white marble, of violet skies and purple seas, of verse which makes the blood run liquid fire, of sin that seems a sanctity. The heart of the stone was beating against her heart. Lethargy overcame her, it seemed as though the waves of unnumbered seas were drowning her, rising up from the stone in measured order. She could count them as one counts the white-fringed breakers; on they came, inevitably near. The heart of the stone spoke to her heart, whispering its secret tale. How in far Thessaly it had been born with spells and magic rites such as no living man may know; how it had been bound to ill-service through such long ages that it became a power of evil in itself, and from its green depths laid hands on the souls of men. How one and then another had been drawn within its influence and taught to sin; each to live and lie with it close to his heart, to love it as more than life and more than God. The while the leaping waves rolled on unquietly. Then faintly she caught—as one may catch the echo of the sea through the lips of a shell—the story of a brave man who tore the stone from the breast of the woman he loved, flinging it far out to sea; and how in her wrath she slew the saviour of her soul. And how his blood and her hate went through the waves to the further making of the stone. Then, long ages after, how a diver diving among the purple islands where the white pearls are born, had brought the stone once more to light of day, with all its powers unimpaired and all its memories deeply graven during that long ocean rest. It whispered to Margery of work waiting accomplishment, of wonders attendant on her will.

And her will was tossed to and fro like drift on sea water.

Her mind was opening to the memories of the stone, her heart to the stone's heart. It pulsated in her hand. The silence in the room was lost as if in the roar of a hungry sea.

The stone grew greener as her eyes were held by it, she felt tangible bonds binding her to its heart. It seemed as if her doom were spoken, that for all ages her will had been torn from her and united to the will of the stone; another strength added to its power, another soul vowed to its following. "Oh, Con, if you were only here to help me!" she cried, and her intensity made it a prayer. For the stone was drawing her to itself, sucking in her identity, drowning her soul in its depths. It laid commands on her as she sat there, rigid, like a stone herself. She heard them with some inner sense, and felt herself yield up her will. Then the stone tempted no longer, but commanded, and in its depths she read the punishment of disobedience. And again the grey anguished face looked out, and the eyes that met hers were her own.

* * * *

She was dying, she knew it; she felt the little door of her heart open, and herself go forth as breath may leave the lips of a man on a frosty day, visible in some strange manner to herself; a thin film of mist. And she knew the thing which dwelt in the heart of the stone was issuing forth to make its abiding place in her dead body, even as her own life was being irresistibly drawn to the prison of the stone. She fought in her despair, she tried to lay hands on her shadowy self and drag herself to safety; but the great stone grew greater, the waves leaped higher still. With a cry she sank into unconsciousness, for the heart of the stone opened to draw her in.

* * * *

So O'Flynn found her. He had not gone beyond the building, and her cry came to him.

And his love gave him sight, so that he plucked the crystal from her, and threw it into a far corner. And he saw the breath of life again upon her lips. Her eyes opened on him with the look a soul may give to dawning paradise. Brokenly she whispered to him her tale. His face grew grim, his lips set.

"I'll exorcise that devil for you, Margery; but it will spoil your crystal, I'm afraid."

The green shining thing lay on the corner of the carpet. He fetched a hammer, rolled the crystal in a fold or two of drapery and smote twice, thrice, with all his strength. The crystal splintered into fragments beneath the stroke.

"You are safe now," he said, and showed her the pieces.

Amid the ruins of the silver girdle and sparkling crystal dust lay the dried scales of a tiny serpent—green as the depths of a treacherous sea.

M. U. GREEN.

A COMPARISON OF EGYPTIAN, MOSAIC, AND GNOSTIC COSMOGONY AND CHRISTOLOGY

SHOWING THAT THESE SAME IDEAS UNDERLIE THE CHRISTIAN

IN the present paper I propose to attempt a rough comparison of some of the elements of the three main streams underlying the basic principles of Christianity. These "streams" are: (1) the Egyptian, (2) the Mosaic, (3) the Gnostic. I have taken the Egyptian ideas in the first place from a passage in the papyrus of Nesi Amsu (Mus. Brit. 10183), and secondly from a collection of texts concerning God by Dr. H. Brugsch; the Mosaic from the first chapter of Genesis; and the Gnostic from various passages translated in Mead's *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*; while for the general Christian view I have chosen the Proëm of the Fourth Gospel and passages from the Apocalypse, here and there supplementing them from the Creeds.

Before we compare these three streams, however, it will be necessary to give some idea of the basic teaching underlying all of them, first as to cosmogony and then as to christology. But I must ask for much indulgence, for the nature of the subject is such that it is very difficult to treat it with sufficient clearness.

The underlying principles of cosmogony are somewhat as follows:

(i.) That God is the one and only author and origin of all things. That He is infinite and incomprehensible to the mind of man. He is not living, but Life; not loving, but Love; not wise, but Wisdom. It is only under these three aspects of Life, Love and Wisdom, that the human mind can think of God. He is moreover eternal, having neither beginning nor ending, but being the origin and end of all.

(ii.) That, after a period of inactivity, God willed to multiply. To this end He caused to exist within His own essence Matter, which contained the Seed or Germ of life and consciousness; or, in other words, He emanated the Root-of-Spirit enveloped in the Root-of-Form, for Matter is nothing but that which is capable of taking form, in itself it is only an abstraction. Moreover the Root, from which all modes of consciousness spring, from crystalline attraction to the genius of a Newton, and again, from that to the omniscience and all-embracing consciousness of a Christ, is in itself an utter abstraction; so that this first preparatory step towards the manifestation of a cosmos is still in the region of abstract idea, still in the "Depth beyond Being." From this Double-Root all life and all form are evolved.

(iii.) That, just as the appearance of this Double-Root is brought about by the Volition of God, so is further manifestation brought about by that Will. Within this Double-Root, so to speak, lies latent the divine Energy, and only when this Energy becomes active as the Creative Force can we speak of manifestation. All this is outside space and time, all immanent in the tiniest atom and pervading the whole creation.

Thus we have : (i.) God; (ii.) the Double-Root; (iii.) the Divine Energy.

Let us now see what was held in Egypt in regard to these three presuppositions. The idea held by the more educated classes of the nature of the Deity is very well expressed in the following extract from Brugsch's collection of texts :

"(1) God is one and alone and none other existeth with Him. He is the One, the One who hath made all things.

"(2) God is a spirit, a hidden spirit, the spirit of spirits, the divine spirit.

"(3) God is from the beginning, and He hath been from

the beginning; He hath existed from of old, and was when nothing else had being; He existed when nothing else existed, and what existeth He created after He had come into being. He is the father of beginnings.

“ (4) God is the eternal One; He is eternal and infinite, and endureth for ever and aye. He hath endured for countless ages, and He shall endure to all eternity.”

These four verses very clearly mention the facts of God's eternity and that He is the source of all things. The text then continues:

“ (5) God is a hidden Being; no man hath known His form, no man hath been able to seek out His likeness; He is hidden from Gods and men and is a mystery unto His creatures.

“ (6) God is Truth, He liveth by Truth, He feedeth thereon. He is the king of Truth, He resteth upon Truth, He fashioneth Truth, and He executeth Truth throughout all the world.

“ (7) God is life and through Him only man liveth.

“ (8) God Himself is existence, He liveth in all things, He endureth without increase or diminution.

“ (9) God is merciful to those who reverence Him, and He heareth him that calleth upon Him; He protecteth the weak against the strong, and He heareth the cry of him that is bound in fetters.”

The author of these verses, after declaring the nature of God to be unknown and unknowable to man (v. 5), nevertheless attempts to analyse that nature; and, as usual, chooses the triple analysis, an analysis which closely corresponds to Life, Love, and Wisdom; it is Life, or Existence, Mercy and Pity (which are Love) and Truth and Justice (which are essentially the same as Wisdom).

This then was the Egyptian idea of God; but, as is said in a beautiful hymn to Hapi: “ He cannot be figured in stone, He is not to be found seen in the sculptured images upon which men place the united crowns of the South and North furnished with uræi; neither works nor offerings can be made unto Him; and He cannot be made to come forth from His secret place; the place where He liveth is unknown; He is not to be found in inscribed shrines; there existeth no habitation

that can contain Him and thou canst not conceive His form in thy heart." (Maspero, *Hymne au Nile*. Paris; 1868.)

The Mosaic or rather Biblical idea is much less complete; we find, however, still the same elements. *Genesis* (i. 1) speaks of God as the "Creator" of Heaven and Earth; *Proverbs* (iii. 19) mentions the "Wisdom" aspect: "The Lord by Wisdom hath founded the earth." Innumerable passages allude to God as merciful, omnipotent and alone. But on the whole the Hebrew scriptures are much less explicit as to the nature of the Deity.

On the other hand the following quotations will show very clearly what the prevalent Gnostic belief was:

(1) From *The Great Announcement* (*F.F.F.*, p. 173). "One Root, which is the Power Silence invisible, inapprehensible. . . . It was from this Boundless Power that Thought, which had previously been hidden in oneness, first proceeded and became twain. . . . He was One. . . . He was alone. He was not 'first,' though 'pre-existing.'"

(2) From the Basilidean Gnosis (*F.F.F.*, p. 257). "Naught was, neither matter, nor substance, nor voidness of substance, nor simplicity, nor impossibility-of-composition, nor inconceptibility, nor imperceptibility, neither man, nor angel, nor god; in fine neither anything at all for which man has ever found a name, nor any operation which falls within the range either of his conception or perception. Such, or rather far more removed from the power of man's comprehension, was the state of non-being, when the Deity beyond being, without thinking, or feeling, or determining, or choosing, or being compelled, or desiring, willed to create universality."

(3) From Hippolytus' Account of the Sophia-Mythus (*F.F.F.*, p. 336). "In the beginning, naught was that was created. The Father was alone, increate, without space, or time, or any with whom to take counsel, or any substantial nature capable of being conceived by any means. He was alone, solitary, as they say, and at rest, Himself in Himself, alone."

According to an early Ophite System this God is called "the Good and All-wise Deity" (*F.F.F.*, p. 194); and again: "He was all love" (*F.F.F.*, p. 336). Here then are these same ideas:—God, One, beyond thought, boundless, incom-

prehensible, from whom all came forth, eternal in past and future; and then the analysis of this Being into Life, Love and Wisdom.

Let us now turn to the Catholic representation of this idea. Taking first the New Testament writings we find many traces of these earlier teachings.

In *Revelation* (i. 8) we read: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty"; and again (iv. 8) "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and which is, and is to come."

Mention is here made of three things: (firstly) the limitlessness of God, that He is both the beginning and the ending, uncreate and eternal; (secondly) the triplicity of God is implied in the thrice repeated "holy"; and (thirdly) the power of the deity, "Lord God Almighty."

His incomprehensibility is taught; "No man hath seen God at any time." His triple nature is further explained: "In Him we live and move and have our being" (or Life). "God is love." "The worlds were framed by the Word of God" (or creative Wisdom). Again His perfection is taught: "Your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

So much for the New Testament which, we must remember, in many parts came after, not before, the earliest Gnostic writings. Turning now to the Church we find the same ideas at the root of her creed.

In the Nicene symbol we have the simple statement: "I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible." The Athanasian formula is more definite as to the nature of that God. That nature is a "Unity in Trinity and a Trinity in Unity."

This Trinity is then stated to be uncreate, incomprehensible, eternal, almighty. Now there is a very curious apparent contradiction in this Creed. It is, that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are each spoken of as eternal in the *past*, and yet we are told that "The Father is made of none: neither created, nor begotten. The Son is of the Father alone: neither made, nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of

the Son : neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding"; and in the next clause but one: "But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal." This strange contradiction, however, is only apparent, for the three "Persons" of this supreme Trinity are Life, Love, and Wisdom, and these are co-eternal in past and future, for they are but names for God. The Son, however, is the manifestation of the Divine Love, eternal in essence but not in manifestation; therefore is the "Son begotten of His Father before all worlds"; likewise the divine Wisdom is eternal in essence but not in manifestation, for the creative Energy, or Holy Ghost, is not from all time but had a definite beginning; therefore "He proceedeth from the Father and the Son." But I hope to make this clearer by comparison with the older faiths of Egypt and Jewry in the consideration of our second presupposition of cosmogony, which is:

"That, after a period of inactivity, God willed to multiply. To this end He caused to exist within His own essence Matter which contained the Seed or Germ of life and consciousness; or, in other words, He emanated the Root-of-Spirit enveloped in the Root-of-Form."

Returning to Egypt we find with regard to this dogma one of the most striking passages in the whole of the hieroglyphical writings. It is an account of the divine unfoldment from the standpoint of the Deity Himself. It is found in the Papyrus of Nesi Amsu and reads as follows:

"I evolved the evolving of evolutions—I evolved myself under the form of the evolutions of the God Khepera, which were evolved at the beginning of all time. I evolved by the evolving of evolutions, that is to say, I developed myself from the Primeval Matter which I made; I developed myself out of the Primeval Matter (Paut). My name is Ausar the Germ of Primeval Matter."

The MS. then continues with the appearance of the creative Will, but we must leave that until we come to deal with our third proposition. We see here then that God, in the form of Khepera (or as the Evolver) is mentioned as being the Root of all; further that He first produced Matter containing the "Germ"; then that He evolved Himself out of the Primeval Matter. This

passage is of the greatest importance, as the first five verses of the Fourth Gospel (as we shall see) are but another expression of the same ideas. But there is another exposition of this same doctrine contained in the Brugsch collection, it runs:

“God is Father and Mother.” In other words the Mother has proceeded from God. “He begat Himself and produced Himself.” “He is the maker of His own Form and the fashioner of His own Body.” That “Body” being, of course, the “Paut” or Matter. And again: “He established the world with that which went forth from Him.” This is again the “Paut.” The “Germ” is not mentioned here, but the object of the work is different; the first is a divine monologue of the origins, the second a hymn of praise from men to God.

Turning to the Mosaic account we find the same idea in the words:

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” Here “Heaven” and “Earth” are the types of the Dual-Root of Spirit and Matter. The Earth is “without form, and void” because the Energy of God is as yet inactive.

In Gnosticism we have the same idea exactly. From *The Great Announcement* we read (*F.F.F.*, p. 173): “Of the universal Æons there are two growths, without beginning or end, springing from one Root, which is the Power Silence invisible, inapprehensible. Of these one appears from above, which is the Great Power, the Universal Mind, ordering all things, male; and the other from below, the Great Thought (or Conception), female, producing all things.”

This “Great Power” is the creative mind, but we are not concerned with that at present. The “Great Conception” is the Universal Mother, produced from God, and producing all things. The Germ is spoken of as:

“The grain of mustard seed, the indivisible point, which is the primeval spark in the body, and which no man knoweth save only the spiritual” (*F.F.F.*, p. 203).

We now come to the clearest exposition of this teaching, that namely in the Gnosis of Basilides (*F.F.F.*, p. 258):

“The Deity beyond being willed to create universality.”

“And this universality was not (our) dimensional and differentiable universe, which subsequently came into existence and was separated (from other universes) but the Seed of all universes. This universal Seed contained everything within itself, potentially, in some such fashion as the grain of mustard seed contains the whole simultaneously in the minutest point. . . . Thus the Divinity beyond being, created universality beyond being, from elements beyond being, positing and causing to subsist a single something containing in itself the entire All-seed-potency of the universe.”

According to Mead this is “the most admirable statement of the dogma of the ‘creation out of nothing’ which has been put forward by any Christian philosopher.”

In the summary given by Hippolytus of the Sophia-Mythus we read (*F.F.F.*, p. 336) :

“The Father was alone, increate. But since He was creative, it seemed good to Him at length to create and produce that which is most beautiful and most perfect in Himself. Therefore, the Father, alone as He was, emanated and generated Mind-and-Truth, that is to say the dyad, which is Lady and Beginning, and Mother of all æons they reckon in the Plerōma.”

This idea is identical with the preceding. It is to be noticed that “Mind-and-Truth” is a dual principle, or the type of “Spirit-and-Matter.”

In Marcus, again we have the following passage (*F.F.F.*, p. 363) :

“When first the Father . . . beyond all possibility of thought and being, who is neither male nor female, willed that His ineffability should come into being, and His invisibility take form, He opened His mouth and uttered a Word, like unto Himself; who, appearing before Him, became the means of His seeing what He Himself was—namely Himself appearing in the form of His own invisibility.”

This is remarkably interesting as it uses the same terminology as the Proem of the Fourth Gospel.

Lastly we read in the Akhmîm Codex (*F.F.F.*, p. 585) :

“He (God) thinketh His Image alone and beholdeth it in the Water of Pure Light which surroundeth Him. And His Thought energised and revealed herself, and stood before Him in the Light-spark ; which is the Power which existed before the All, which Power hath revealed itself ; which is the perfect Forethought of the All ; the Light, the Likeness of the Light, the Image of the Invisible ; that is, the perfect Power, the Barbêlô, the Æon perfect in glory—glorifying Him, because she hath manifested herself in Him, and thinketh Him.”

From these extracts it is clear that the Egyptian, Mosaic and Gnostic teachings on this point were identical. Let us now see how far they are supported by the New Testament. By far the most important passage with regard to this, is the Proem of the Fourth Gospel (vv. 1-5.) It runs :

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

“The same was in the beginning with God.”

The word translated “beginning” is “*archê*,” which means not only “beginning,” but also “first principle,” “element,” “first cause,” and “origin,” and yet other meanings which are beside the point. Now it is quite admissible to take this *en archê* as meaning “within the primal element” not “in the beginning (of time).” And it is in this sense that Ptolemy, a Gnostic doctor prior to 180 A.D., took the word “*archê*.” Moreover when we remember that the usual Greek phrases for “in the beginning (of time)” are “’APXHN” and “KAT’ APXAC” and that the words used here (’EN ’APXH) are neither of these, it gives great strength to this exegesis.

Again, the word translated “Word” is “Logos,” which has in Greek two distant meanings. It can mean a “word” as the expression of a thought, and it can mean the “thought” or “reason” itself. It can also mean both of these together.

Thus the first verse can mean : “Within the primal element [the female nature] existed the Word [meaning simply the ‘Reason’] and the Word was (one) with God.” This would be quite in accordance with the inner idea, that the Germ, which is in essence the same as God, existed enveloped in the first element.

Or it can mean: "Within the first cause [here identical with God] existed the Reason-Word [the Dual-Root of Life and its expression, Form], and the Reason-Word was (one) with God."

Adopting the second alternative as the more probable we have:

"Within the First Source existed the Logos, and the Logos was (one) with God, and the Logos was God."

"He was in the First Source (one) with God."

"By him all things were made, and without Him was not anything made which was made."

The word translated "by" is *dia* and can mean "through," "arising from," or "by means of" just as well as "by," and the idea of "through" is very much more in accordance with the inner teaching. Again the word translated "were made" is *egeneto*, the simple meaning of which is to "become," to "happen," to "be born." To the philosophic mind the ideas of "becoming" and "being made" are very different; the first is quite in accordance with the inner thought, the second not at all so. Continuing the text we have:

"In Him was life and the life was the light of men."

"And the light shined in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not."

The Greek for "comprehend" is "*katelaben*"; this can be equally well translated by "seize upon" or "hold down"; thus these words can run: "And the Darkness did not hold it down."

Before leaving the Proem, however, it may be of interest to glance at the Coptic translation. This seems to have been made from a different Greek text from the one we now possess. In the received text the words for the two "in the beginning" 's of vv. 1 and 2 are the same, but in the Coptic text they are different. Thus in verse 1 we have *hen tarché* and in verse 2 *isjen hê*. The first properly means "in, or within, the first cause"; whereas the second means "from the beginning." Thus the Coptic makes a distinction between the two "in the beginning" 's of verses 1 and 2. The first two verses thus would read:

"Within the First Cause existed the Logos, etc.

“ This was from the origin one with God.”

In further support of the idea that *Archê* means “ first principle ” it is of interest to note that Hesychius' Lexicon gives it as synonymous with *Theos*.

In the third verse the Coptic for “ was made ” is *aushôpi*; *au* is the prefix meaning “ they did,” *shôpi* is derived from the hieroglyphic (*hoper* or *heper*, the same as *khepera*) which means to “ evolve.” Thus verse 3 in Coptic reads :

“ All things did evolve through Him, and without Him did not anything evolve among that which did evolve.” These considerations materially strengthen my view. With regard to verse 5 “ and the Darkness did not seize ” or “ hold it down,” Mead suggests that perhaps the “ *ou* ” (not) is a mistake, and that we should read : “ and the Darkness seized upon it ”—alluding to the descent of the Logos into Matter.

Thus this famous Proem is an echo of the Nesi Amsu Papyrus. In both, the Dual-Root comes from—or exists within—the Originator of all. In both the Originator evolves through the Germ. In both the Germ evolves *out* of the Primeval Matter; and the Darkness “ does not hold it down.”*

So much for the Proem to the Fourth Gospel. The other New Testament allusions to this phase of self-unfoldment are very fragmentary. In *Revelation* (iv. 6) Primeval Matter is mentioned as the “ sea of glass like unto crystal ” round the Throne; and in Chapter xxi. the Holy City is spoken of coming

* But there is yet another point of strange correspondence between the Proem and the Nesi Amsu Papyrus, perhaps the most striking of all, and one which helps to throw a considerable light on the position of Osiris. It is this: the Egyptian word for Osiris is “ Ausar,” and you will remember that Khepera said that He was Ausar, the Germ of (not in) Primeval Matter. Ausar then corresponds to the *Logos*, the Double-Root. Now we saw that the very word *Logos* was a dual word, aptly symbolising this Root of Life and Form. It is therefore strange and most gratifying to find that the word Ausar does exactly the same thing. For the hieroglyph for Ausar is the eye of Ra and the throne. Now the throne alone is the glyph for Ast, or Isis, the female nature, or Nature herself, that which gives form to the life within. Again, it is said further on in the N.A. Papyrus that mankind came from the “ Eye of Khepera,” this very eye that forms part of the Osiris-glyph. Thus we find this glyph to square exactly with the word *Logos*, and to mean the same thing, namely: the Root from which consciousness (the “ eye ” from which “ man ” or human consciousness came), and the Root from which were evolved all forms of Matter (Isis or Nature). Therefore the phrases “ I am Ausar, the Germ of Primeval Matter,” and “ the Word was God,” are equivalent. It is also of interest to note that the equivalent for Isis in the Theban Triad was Muth. May I ask if this is not connected with “ Mother, Anu Mathar, Mêtêr, Mâtri and Matter ”—and consequently with “ Mary, Mare, and Mâyâ ”? And if we remember the striking similarity between the pictures of Isis suckling Horus and the Virgin and Child, the “ coincidence ” is even more curious

down out of God, and it is said that it measures the same in height, breadth and length, thus being a cube, and a cube is always a symbol for Matter; it is also spoken of as being of crystal, and we saw above that the sea was of glass like unto crystal.

This stage is also spoken of in the Creed of Nicæa: "And (I believe) in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father." Here the Son is this Logos, or Dual-Root; He is begotten before all worlds, for only through Him can the worlds become. ("Through Him all things became.") He is the "Lamb slain *from the foundation of the world*"—*not two thousand years ago on Calvary*. But in the Creed, and indeed in the Egyptian belief, the Logos is identified with the Saviour, Christ with Jesus, the Germ in Primordial Matter with the old Pharaoh and Lawgiver, Ausar. This identification is not the result of ignorance, neither is it unintentional, for in some way, almost incomprehensible to us at present, the Logos and the Saviour *are one*. The Saviour is "equal to God as touching His Godhead; inferior to God as touching His manhood," therefore said Jesus: "The Father is greater than I." This Logos, Son of God, is the second Person of the Trinity, in that He is the manifestation of the Love of the Father.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WAY OF DARKNESS

YOU weep, mother of my son's son, because he whom you bore is dead, and the earth has hidden him from your eyes. And therefore, poor mother, who beheld a whole world with no wider boundaries set thereunto than the limits of a slender body, you accuse the Gods, crying that they be powerless or unpitiful, else they had heard your crying and saved the life of the lad.

When I, who am very old, was young, I saw a dark matter which caused me to wonder whether these, whom we name and worship, see with eyes like unto ours; or regard life and death after our fashion. Behold! I saw the arm of one who was not, of a surety, of human flesh and blood, stretched forth to save the life of an evil man and traitor whom I loved.

For, praised be all holy names whereby men live! we sinners may lay this balm to our souls, we need not tarry till we be virtuous to win love. This man used the life so preserved to break the heart of a good man to whom he owed gratitude, and of set purpose he did it, and broke and ruined his lot utterly. But thus also he caused the weal of a nation, and wrought mightily in the world; moreover, I lived to see his life, rather than his death, become the harsh and heavy punishment of his sins. So mayhap the God scourged where he seemed to save, and also wrought this nation a great service. Come, then, my child, hear this tale; for though I be so old, the gift the Gods gave has not wholly failed me, that by the weaving of words I cause men to forget, for a space, the burden their follies have bound upon them. Nay, come! He who is dead loved my tales, when he was little enough to sit upon these old knees and listen; listen thou also, child, and cease for a while to weep.

I, of noble birth in my own country, was seized by a horde of robbers when I was a child ten years of age; they attacked a band of pilgrims amongst whom were my parents. My father

was slain, after he had slain my mother to save her from their hands ; but I was taken alive and sold in the market of a distant city. Thence I was brought by land and sea to this country, and sold again to a master who loved to have comely slaves of quick wit and graceful bearing. But he was very harsh with me and I was unhappy, save when I called my fellows about me and made them forget their work and their fear of punishment in listening to my words. Once (I was then fifteen years old), I sat astride a low wall by the river, among the blossoming rose trees, and told a tale of battle. The lads and maids who were my fellow slaves left their work to listen. I told of one who was sprung of a great race, but on his birth was the stain of bastardy ; as I told of his wild life by land and sea, they forgot all save my words, and I was glad when I saw how I could grip and hold them. Suddenly I heard a voice say : “ Now I see whose is the blame. I have the idlest household in the city.”

It was my master's voice, partly laughing, partly angry, and—why I knew not—uneasy and troubled. I leaped from the wall and saw the scourge as my certain portion. Beside my master was another, younger than he ; as I saw him my heart leaped to him, and I almost forgot the coming punishment. He was but four years my elder, but he looked three or four years more than his age ; he was very tall and of great strength, his face was the comeliest ever I saw ; he was magnificently dressed ; he had the bearing of a soldier, yea ! of a warrior-king ; his eyes compelled the soul. Never in all the years of this long life did I see one so moulded for strife, rule, and conquest. When he was present, be the assembly what it would, no other man was there. He was like a living forceful flame, he consumed lesser men, and they were not. Now he was death-white, and his lips were quivering ; my master looked afraid, because he was moved ; I knew I should receive a severe punishment, though why this stranger should care so much because I had made some slave boys and girls idle, I could not see.

He—that other, not my master—said to me :

“ Come here.”

I obeyed, shaking from head to foot ; I think I never was a coward, but I was only a boy, and a slave ; and I have seen

many a man—and a free man—shake when he was angry. He looked at me, and I bit my lips to keep from crying. He sat on the low wall by the river and said :

“ Stand there.”

I stood in front of him, trembling.

“ Finish me that tale,” he said.

I tried to obey ; but I stammered, and stopped.

“ Finish me that tale,” he repeated ; and I, being but a lad, burst into tears. I think he was half pleased. He loved power, and just then he was smarting sorely under humiliation. He rose, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, kindly :

“ What do you fear, Curly-pate ? It is a good tale. I wish to hear the end.”

He laughed and pulled my hair. They were a straight-haired race ; hair that curled was rare. I was often mocked because of mine. I feared no longer ; I told that tale better than I ever told one in my life before. When I ended he was silent for a few minutes. He was thinking—but not of me. At last he looked up, and said :

“ Do you know who I am ? ”

I answered, rather timidly :

“ No, sir.”

He turned to my master.

“ Do you think the boy lies ? ” he said.

My master answered :

“ Probably. They all do.”

I dared not speak ; but I looked at him and my eyes filled with tears. He smiled and said :

“ Why do you cry ? ”

I replied, because I did not lie. I never lied ; and I did not want him to think I did. He rose, put forth his hand, and pulled me towards him.

“ Sell him to me,” he said—and my heart leaped. “ You live your life. I mope through mine as best I can. The lad’s tales may kill a long hour for me here and there.”

So my master sold me ; and he took me to the suite of rooms in the king’s palace which were his. There I learned who he was. He was kind to me. I had but to wait on him a little,

and tell him tales when he was gloomy and restless. Never, during the six years I was helpless in his hands with no appeal against him, did he strike me, or even speak harshly. He prided himself on being able to exact obedience from man or beast by the sheer power of his voice and eyes alone—in the main I believe he was right; his horses and dogs were the most tractable, and his slaves the best disciplined in the city. He never used harsh methods; only both beasts and men felt, had he seen fit to use such, there was no consideration of mercy—nor yet, I think, of justice—that would have stopped him. But to me he showed a kindness and a friendship that forged a link betwixt us that held me his slave when my body was free. This was his state and fortune when he became my owner: He was the king's son, but not the king's heir. When the king was a prince, and his brother stood between him and the throne, he loved a beautiful singing woman; she was of free birth, but lowly rank; she came of a wandering people. She held the prince with so strong bands of love that he wedded her three months after the birth of her son. She was his wife, but she could never be his queen. Therefore when the king and the heir apparent were slain in the same day by the overturning of a chariot in which they rode, the prince knew that neither this son, nor any other son his low-born wife might bear, could sit upon his throne. Then his love for her turned to hate; no man of this country, be he king or peasant, may be the husband of more than one wife; and death alone breaks the marriage bond. When her babe was but a year old the king's wife died; some say by her own hand; others say the king sanctioned her death; others that she was slain by those who thought to do him service. She died; the king wedded a princess, who bore him an heir when his elder son was three years old.

As the elder youth grew to manhood the king hated him. He put upon him every humiliation he could inflict; he humbled him in the people's sight; he kept him under his eye; he gave him apartments in the palace, slaves, and luxury. But he forced him to lead the life of an idler, and the lot was hell to a young man of such fierce strength, inborn desire to rule, large ambitions and wide mind. He was ever weaving plans, and brooding and

pondering upon large matters concerning men and nations. The king watched those whom he visited and with whom he talked; he surrounded him with spies; and he strove to lead him to a life at once idle and dissolute. Idle it was, perforce; dissolute it was not; and no temptation which the king flung in his way could make it so.

As for the heir, he was a learned and sober young man; he had a generous nature and a kindly heart; he grieved concerning his father's usage of his brother, whom he frankly and generously admired. This land, now so great, was then a little kingdom. It was a home of great learning and most subtle wisdom. Many, from alien nations, wished to enter our colleges; but the king and the nobles barred them rigidly out. The little land was like a golden casket of jewels, locked and sealed, lying alone in the centre of a barren land where men strove for bread.

I was happy in my new life. My master made me his comrade rather than his servant. He asked me of my country and my birth, and how I came to be enslaved. We hunted together, when the king would let us go a hunting; we fenced, wrestled, and swam; we talked and jested together; I made tales to please him; sometimes, when he and I were alone, he made me sit at his table and eat with him. At last he gave me my freedom, and from that hour treated me wholly as his equal in rank. I was then twenty-one years old, and he was four years my elder.

I knew there was somewhat in his mind; there were turbulent warring peoples on our frontier; soldiers were being sent to guard the land from sudden invasion.

One day I fashioned the shaft of a hunting spear; I sat in a window that looked on a small enclosed garden full of grass and roses, where was a little fountain, and white doves that ran to and fro. The alcove where I sat was like a small room; a curtain hung before it. I heard the clash of metal rings as another curtain at the far end of the room was flung aside. I heard the king's voice say sternly:

"You have written to me, sir."

My master answered freely and boldly, as a strong man to his equal.

"I have written. There is war on your frontier. I am

young and come to my full strength. I lack neither wit nor muscle. You are the king, and you need fighting men. I ask no more than any other subject might ask ; the right to offer you—my sword.”

“ It seems you have taken the right,” said the king.

“ I have. I offer your majesty what I have to give. Is it accepted ? ”

“ No. It is not.”

“ Why not ? ”

I heard his breathing go deep and slow.

“ Because I do not trust you.”

“ Why ? Because you have wronged me ? ”

“ Because there is much in blood—and birth.”

“ I am your son ; therefore perhaps you are wise not to trust me.”

“ Be careful ! ” said the king. “ I will endure no insolence from you. If you do not bridle your tongue, I will force you to offer me a public apology.”

The room was still for a little space. I dared not stir—for his sake ; yet I was ashamed to stay.

“ If you have sufficiently returned to your senses to listen with the respect due to me,” said the king, slowly, and forming each word very clearly, “ I will answer your letter by word of mouth. There is but one man in this kingdom, save myself, who has seen that letter. That is my chief councillor. He and I, sir, are the only men in this land whom you cannot wind as a girl winds a bank of yarn. You shall stay here, with the sword you offer me sheathed.”

I could stay no longer, for shame’s sake ; I threw back the curtain. The king rose with an oath. He—my friend and master—started. Then he caught me by the arm.

“ Stay ! Alys,” he said. “ There’s no man save yourself, having heard so much, would have dared to make it known. Your majesty is wrong in this. There is a third man whom I cannot wind like yarn, he stands here ; and to him I am true. To you also I purposed true service. Remember it, if one day that sheathed sword is unsheathed——.”

“ As a rebel ? ” said the king. “ If you be willing your freed

man should hear what I purpose to say to you, there is no other need care. If he repeats words of mine I shall find means to silence him. Few would have used you as I have done. You live in luxury."

"I live in prison."

"Take care you do not learn, in good earnest, what these words mean. You live in ease. You—a source of danger to the Throne. I have had sterner counsel concerning you, I promise you! Till now, I have not listened. Do not force me to listen. You—the son of a peasant—"

"And of a king."

"Because the son of a king leniently dealt with. I know you as I know the fingers of this hand of mine. Your eyes are on the Throne; they have been fixed there these seven years and more. You are a strong man, sir; strong and brilliant. You would win the soldiers' hearts; they would place you on the Throne when I am dead. Sooner than that should be I would hang you from my own roof-tree, son or no son. Never, while I live, shall you have the chance of action, of winning men to serve your purposes. You may live as you live now; or you may live in prison; take your choice of these. Never, if I can prevent it, shall these fools oust your brother to set a bastard on the Throne."

He spoke the last words at the door; then he left us, and the sound of his footsteps died away. My master flung himself face downwards, on a pile of skins; his clenched hands were flung above his head; he was grinding his teeth; his body quivered with fury; I heard his hard deep breathing. I stirred slightly; he heard me (he had the ears of a lynx) and leaped to his feet. His face was grey with passion; there was a little stream of blood trickling from his lips, as though he had bitten them in his rage, and was too wrath to feel or heed the pain. He glared at me, like a trapped wolf; then he drew breath more easily, and laughed.

"I had forgotten you," he said. "Alys the Truth-teller, not many men would have admitted their presence at a family council such as you have heard. I am glad you heard him, Alys. You are loyal. I am loyal. We are all loyal men, the Gods

forbid else! The Gods guard our Lord the King. Cry: The Gods guard him, Alys."

He laughed. If I had been the king I would rather have heard him curse and threaten me.

"Offer him your sword," he said suddenly. "Offer yours, as I have done mine. You are a free man. Why, if I must lead the life of a dancing girl, must you do the like. Get you away, and leave me."

"You have honoured me by calling me your friend," I said. "Should I leave a friend whose friendship so honours me?"

"Do you laugh at me, Alys?" he said bitterly.

"If I do," I answered, "deal with me as it is fit a slave should be dealt with if he laughs at and mocks his master."

"You heard his words to me?"

"It is not for me to say his words shamed the king," I answered. "But if they shamed him not, then they shamed no man."

"You do not think I deserved them?" he said quickly.

"I wish any other would ask me that question," I said, "unless it were my lord the king; and, even to him, I should speak somewhat."

His eyes met mine still; but his pale face flushed from brow to throat.

"My lord the king has not shamed me overmuch," he said quietly, "but you have a greater skill than he. Sometimes you shame me in good earnest. I wonder I do not hate you."

He laid his hands on my shoulders and pushed me towards the door, half laughing.

"Get you away," he said, "I am not fit company to-night even for my best friend."

Three days later the king lay dead. He was found dead in his chair; bitten, some said, by a serpent, for his body was black and swollen. When they brought the news of that death we were alone. He did not speak for a long time; at last he rose, stood beside me, and touched my shoulder.

"Alys," he said, "why do you not speak to me? Look at me."

I looked up. I was seated, and he stood over me.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"But what do you think I shall say?" I asked.

"The king is dead," he whispered. "My chain is broken."

"I am glad of that," I said.

"He is dead," he repeated; then—almost peevishly—"Gods! why can't you speak to me?"

"What should I say?" I asked, bewildered, "I cannot make merry at a man's death; and I cannot honestly sorrow for his majesty's."

"You think somewhat," he said. "What do you think?"

"There'll be great changes," I replied, "I hope they will be fortunate ones for you."

"They will," he answered; "and if for me—then for you—I shall make your fortune with mine—" he broke off abruptly. "What a fool I am!" he said with a laugh, "We are friends still, are we not? If it be so, clasp hands on it."

He held out his hand, and as I took and wrung it, he caught his breath with what sounded like a sigh of relief.

There were great changes, and they were prosperous ones for him. He offered to his brother the service his father refused. It was accepted; and he rose to great honour; his genius blazed like a flame, and lit his upward path. Through him the strength of the army was increased; he caused the king to send him on long tours of inspection, so that his face was better known throughout the land than the face of the ruler; he went to each town that was garrisoned and reviewed the troops; the soldiers worshipped him. He brought reports to his brother, towards whom he showed a more than common affection and loyalty. He dwelt in the palace still, but now his household occupied a whole wing, and he lived in almost regal splendour. At this I marvelled a little, for he loved a hard and frugal life; he owned to me he was happiest when he and I were hunting together alone, yet he surrounded himself with all the pomp and splendour that could impress men's minds, save when he was in the field, when he was simple and hardy as the simplest and heartiest mountaineer who served in his host. I, a lieutenant of his guard, attached to his person, lived beneath his roof, as in the days when I was his slave. He never took me on his journeys of inspection; he took,

as his immediate follower, a young man of about my age and standing. But all regarded me as his closest friend and confidant, to whom he told his affairs. On one occasion he came back after a long absence, bringing with him a great host to be personally inspected by the king. There was to be a great gathering and display of the military strength of the kingdom. The men who came with him encamped without the city. The young man who had accompanied him came to my apartments; he was excited and full of talk; he had, I think, been drinking more wine than was common with him. He spoke of a matter of which he seemed assured I knew; he said the time was ripe, and we need wait but forty-eight hours at farthest. When I asked him what he meant, he laughed, saying :

“Discreet! Have no fear, sir; I am of his mind in this; you know no more than I, I promise!”

“Perhaps I know less,” I answered.

“Then I must be heedful,” he said, laughing. I saw he did not believe me. “Come! in truth I know as much as you know.”

“And how much is that?” I asked.

He, thinking he was proving himself of equal knowledge with myself, told me all that was purposed. Even now I feel the same cold horror grip me as when I first knew the friend I loved best on earth to be a hypocrite, a traitor, and a betrayer of his king and brother; for his plot was to raise the whole country, to fling down the ruler to whom he owed all he possessed, and take the crown for himself. The words of the old king seemed to peal sternly through the room: “Your eyes are on the Throne. . . . sooner than this should be I would hang you from my own roof-tree, son or no son.”

I said nothing to the babbler. That night, when the palace was still, I went to *him*. It was late. He was writing in a room that overlooked a garden full of roses and jasmine; there was a great grey stone balcony full of the perfume of flowers; one could see thence the gleam of a shrine sacred to the God who protected the land, and once, it is said, incarnated as its ruler, when the country was in great need. A little staircase led from the room straight to the garden. I came in. He looked up.

"Late! Alys," he said. "But better late than never. You are the man I need. I am tired. Tell me a tale, as in the old days when thou wert a lad, I little more."

"I have come to tell you one," I replied. I told him what I had heard.

"Is this tale true?" I asked.

My voice sounded stern; he was not used to hear that tone in the voice that spoke to him; he started, then he seemed to be half amused.

"It is true," he said. "Alys, do not be hurt because you did not know my mind in this matter. It was no slight to you; it was an honour."

"What do you expect me to do now?" I asked.

He frowned.

"I expect," he said sharply, "nay, I order you, to hold your tongue, sir."

"I do not take my orders from a traitor," I said.

He sprang up; his eyes blazed with anger.

"Ten years ago I could have had you flogged or hanged for those words," he cried.

"You could," I answered. "Do you think the fear of either would have stopped my mouth?"

He was not angry now.

"No," he answered, "I do not. And you know, too, you would have had nothing to fear from me in saying them. You are the one free man in this city; and you have always been so. I did not think *you* would fail me, Alys."

"I have not failed you," said I. "I'm true to you soul and body; I would gladly be gibbeted as a traitor, so your name might be clear. I'd sooner see you dead than disgraced."

"Disgraced!" he said, laughing. "Let me alone, you meddler, and I shall win. I wish you were to be bribed, Alys."

"Win?" I retorted. "Win shame, you mean! Does a man's disgrace lie in the hoots of the mob; or his honour in the shouts of traitors as they crown a dishonoured king?"

"If you were any other than yourself," he said, "I'd stab you where you stand, and be rid of you."

"Keep your dagger for the man whose bread you eat," I

retorted. "Bind his hands before you strike; and bind your own eyes, lest his reproach you, and make your hand unsteady."

He sat down and began to sketch little plans on his tablets.

"We will not rail like a couple of scolds in the market-place," he said. "What do you mean to do?"

"I am going to ride with you from the city gates to-night," I said. "I shall make you leave the country."

"Make, eh?" he said drily.

"If you do not go, I'll seek an audience of the king to-night."

"You might do better for yourself, sir," he retorted. "You might ask him for my shoes when I swing on a gibbet in the market-place."

I did not answer him. I know there were tears in my eyes. He saw them.

"Why ride with me, Alys?" he asked, still sketching. "To keep me out of mischief, eh?"

"If you go to exile," I said, "you'll want a servant."

"I want a friend——" he said gently. "I need one, sorely, Alys."

He threw down his pencil, smiled, and rose; he came towards me with the air of a boy who owns his faults, and begs for forgiveness; I have heard that man called "cold as ice," "hard as flint," "merciless as steel," and I believe he was all three; but he had sudden touches of tenderness; and when he showed them not ten in a million could refuse him aught he asked; nor, I believe, one remain unmoved. I have heard it said—I think unjustly—that they were the last of his stratagems when all the rest failed. But I do not suffer myself to believe that he tried to shake and fool me by his sudden change.

"I submit!" he said, with a rueful laugh, like a schoolboy caught in a mischievous trick and blamed for it; "I am sorry. I obey you. But—you are going to forgive me, Alys?"

He gave a little mirthful twist of his mouth and looked at me pleadingly:

"I'll ride through the gates within the hour," he said meekly. "And to show my penitence I'll ride alone."

His eyes twinkled.

"Forgive me, Alys," he said, in the tones of a wheedling woman.

"What are you going to ask of me?" I said.

He laughed outright.

"Nothing," he said. "We'll say good-bye at the gates. If you will not forgive me, remember I am going to forgive you."

I was stunned with surprise that he should take the matter so lightly. Later I understood. He walked to the window, pushed the curtain aside, and looked out. He dropped the curtain and stepped back quietly; but now his face was livid, and his eyes blazed at me.

"Hypocrite!" he said through his clenched teeth. "The garden's full of soldiers. You have sold me."

"It's a lie!" I cried hotly.

I flung the curtain aside. He exclaimed:

"Come back, you fool! They did not know I saw them. You'll bring a hornet's nest about us both."

He was right; but it was too late. Before I could spring back we heard the garden door forced. The king's guard seized us; with as little noise as might be we were overpowered, bound, and forced silently from the wing he occupied to a hall in the king's palace. To this hour I can smell the roses and jasmine of the gardens, the hot dust, and the stones yet reeking of the day's sunshine. I hear the fountains bubble, and the night birds call and sing; I see the moonlight in the hall, the flare of a torch or two; the few dark quiet figures gathered at that swift, silent midnight tribunal, and he, whom they judged, his face white as death, set and fixed as stone. The king's chief councillor suspected him from the first; it was he who forced the king to strike a quick, noiseless blow. He knew the rebellion depended on this one man; the rest they could punish at their leisure. He forced the king, who was shaken to the heart, to deal sternly, to pass sentence. We—he and I—were tried and sentenced in one short hour of the sultry night. It struck me afterwards, I think it also struck him, but it occurred to neither of us at the time, that he might have told them I was innocent. His plans had failed, and he forgot me. They planned that doom should follow quickly on that sentencing, so that when the sun rose the terrified

would-be rebels should see the body of their leader, the king's brother, hanging dead in the market-place, on the great tree beneath which the women gathered to chatter and chaffer. I, his friend and accomplice, was to hang beside him. He did not defend himself, nor speak a word. They locked us in a room that looked on the palace gardens, and told us we had one hour of life left to us. I smiled at him.

"A wise hypocrite," said I, "would have bought the safety of his own neck in selling the life of his master."

"O you fool!" he answered. "Do you think I meant it? I did not tell you my plans because I was ashamed to tell you; I knew you'd sell your own honour sooner than mine. I am sorry you will hang with me."

"What do I care?" I said. I sat by the window. He walked up and down. There was a small band of soldiers without the door whence they would lead us when they were ready. They were sitting idly on the grass, waiting; they were quiet, lest any should know what was to be done. Beyond the grass were winding walks between sweet smelling hedges; far away was the shrine, and the palace gates, which were strongly guarded. I walked softly right along the balcony; there was a narrow ledge running beyond it to the corner of the wall, it carried us many paces from the group of soldiers. I looked, and came back.

"We'll creep along the ledge at the end of the balcony," I said, "thence we'll leap into the garden."

"You'll have a spear through you before you have gone three steps," he answered.

"The ledge is in shadow," said I, "we'll leap, and make a dash for it."

He rose, and counted the men.

"Ten against two," he said, "a poor chance!"

"We shall make a dash for it," I repeated; "they will not expect us. We shall break through."

"And then I must devise means for getting clear of the gardens and city," he said laughing, "you and your dashes, Curly-pate! I know you of old! You stop there."

He had not called me so, since I was a boy.

They were not ready, as I knew they would not be; we leaped, surprised them, and broke through. Then the chase began. In and out the winding walks we raced; the sound of the running feet of the guard behind us. Once a spear flew past my head so close that the wind stirred my hair; for the most part however they could but chase us. I think, in truth, I never enjoyed aught in my life more than I did that run. Past and future vanished; we went so fast I could only feel the joy of quick motion, the swing and suppleness of my own limbs, and hear the pit-pat of my feet on an earth that seemed to fly beneath me. He seemed to be able to think and run too; for he panted "The shrine. To the right. Make for it!"

I sorrowed to stop running, but I obeyed. We had distanced the guard; we dashed like madmen up the steps of the shrine. It was lighted by an ever-burning flame. We halted: the shrine was not empty. A man stood within it. He—my master—leaped towards him. I shuddered; for I thought he was about to kill a priest of the shrine. Three paces off he stopped, and staggered back. He stood as though he was frozen. The man descended the altar steps; he was not dressed in the garb of our country; all about him flickered a faint delicate light; his eyes were steady and unwinking; he did not look at me, but at my companion. About his head there seemed to be a circlet like a phantom crown of flame. He signed to us to follow him; I hesitated to obey; but he, who was commonly less rash and trusting than I, turned like one who walks in sleep, and followed. He led us out of the shrine; at the foot of the steps were the guard; we walked past them, and they did not seem to see us. He led us through the gates of the palace, and through those of the city unchallenged. Upon the plain without he passed from our sight. I fell on my knees and shook, and asked why the Gods saved traitors, and let true men hang. That traitor whom I loved gave me his hand.

"Stand up!" he said. "I am fated, Alys. I was so from birth. I have been marked and chosen. Make haste! Climb the little hill to the right."

We climbed; on the top was a heap of brushwood, carelessly disposed.

"Now mark," said he.

He set it alight with flint and steel, and it blazed up. Lo! as it blazed, another answered, and another, and another, and yet another, till the whole country was lit with lurid light, and humming with the sound of gathering hosts. I heard the clanging of weapons and the tramp of men on the hill; they reached us and hailed him as their leader, and their king to be. He smote his hands together with a cry of glee.

"I've won," he cried. "Have I not won, Alys, have I not won?"

"Your shame!" I answered, "and, I believe, your sorrow too. Perhaps even a traitor may be a weapon in the hand of a God. But woe to him who fashions that weapon with the fire of his own greed."

He laid his hands on my shoulders; the gentleness came back to his eyes.

"You see," he said, "I had not to ride far from the city gates. I said I would forgive you, Alys. And I need a friend as sorely as ever I did."

Again his voice was like that of a wooing woman. I looked at him sadly. I could not speak.

"Which way do you go, Alys?" he said, quietly. "Yonder's my camp. There's the city. I shall enter it to-morrow. Which way?"

I pointed citywards.

"They'll hang you," he said.

"Am I free to go?" I asked.

"You are free," he replied. "And if they've time to hang you before I come (and they need bestir themselves now they have forced me to action), tell them this: If I find your body on the market tree to-morrow, I'll hang every man that's left alive in the city, from the king my brother downwards. Tell them so, Alys."

He entered the city the next day, and the people crowned him. The kindly king who had set him so high, died three years afterwards in prison, broken-hearted and alone.

But that usurper made the country great; from a little people it has become a vast empire; and the learning and wisdom

the dead king prized, shone like a lamp of glory and lighted the minds of men far and near. Truly the work of the traitor I loved was a great work! Great, too, was the man himself, though for a space he walked the way of darkness. He, beyond all other men that ever I saw, was both a ruler and a leader of the people. For these oftentimes are not one but twain; he who rules compels the ruled to walk the way he bids them tread; while he who leads cries rather: "I go! Who follows me?" and straightway many cry in answer, "I!" But this man ruled, or led, as he saw fit, according to the needs of the hour.

Twice I saw him. Thrice he offered me high place and dignity, coming once in person to beg me to return to him.

"You have no need of me," I said. "The exile might have had me. The king does not want me."

"It may be so," he answered, looking at me wistfully. "But the man wants you, if the king does not. Will you come?"

I shook my head. Afterwards I saw him once. His eyes looked restless and hungry; his face was worn with pain. His queen played him false; he slew her and the man she loved. His daughter, whom he prized, died when she was a maid of nineteen, near her wedding day. His sons plotted against him; the son he loved best conspired against his life; he signed the youth's death warrant with his own hand. Men said he never smiled again; they lied; a man can smile and laugh, too, when his heart is breaking. He was lying on a couch when I entered. A slave woman was fanning him; he fretfully bade her give me the fan, and leave us alone. I fanned him slowly; he could not breathe unless he was fanned.

"You have health, Alys?" he said, gasping.

"Yes," I said.

"Will you stay with me now?" he asked, with a groan.

I nodded.

"Ah!" he murmured, panting. "Then I am dying. They—are all—such—liars."

He did not speak again, save once, when I heard him mutter peevishly that he could not breathe.

MICHAEL WOOD.

OVER THE BORDER

(CONTINUED FROM P. 142)

WHY then should we go flying round in all this chaos and confusion ; for even a cursory glimpse of the astral plane suggests that there is more disorder there than on this one ? I should say for two reasons : firstly for the formation of character, and secondly to try to leave that world better than we found it—to try and bring cosmos out of chaos, and establish law and order where we find ignorance, vice, folly and disorder.

And everyone can do something in this direction, psychic or no psychic, because the astral plane we have always with us, more especially in what we call our “leisure moments.”

If when you are sitting around after lunch, dreaming over the daily paper, you allow useless thoughts to course through your head, you are making a dusty corner that some one will have to brush out.

Perhaps you are saying to yourself : “Always did think Smith was a congenital idiot. Don’t see why they make so much of him. He’s so conceited already, etc., etc.”

Someone will clear away when you have finished, but nature will put it in *your* account. Of our leisure moments we may well remember : “*Pereunt et imputantur*,” which is, being interpreted : “They go by very fast but they’re all put down in the bill !”

There seem to be three means of effecting an entrance to this world, where thoughts are not dead things but “have hands and feet.”

Firstly, natural development, or what we should call heredity, assisted by favourable physical circumstances and especially by association with people more fully developed than ourselves. Psychic states and conditions of the physical nervous system favourable to psychic growth are as infectious as influenza, as I have sometimes known to my cost !

The second means is by drugs, which are all most undesirable, and I may say at once that I have never, to my knowledge, taken any narcotic drug or stimulant strong enough to make me "see visions" or "dream dreams," and I hope I shall never feel any temptation to do so.

The third means is sanctity pure and simple, and this qualification I must also disclaim.

The strange parallels to many of our modern phrases describing the astral plane which are to be found in the writings of many Catholic saints of centuries ago, who had never heard the word "plane," shew that they must have had the same experiences, though their ignorance of any theory to explain them, makes them confuse physical and psychical in the most curious way.

The astral wind which is the first symptom that you are "going out," is often mentioned. S. Theresa felt herself carried away in a storm. S. John of the Cross describes in a mystic poem how his hair "floated on the breeze which blew from the turret." "Forth unobserved I went, my house being now at rest." "O happy lot! In darkness and concealment, etc." The "house" is, of course, the body. And Rossetti says in that exquisite poem, "Insomnia": "And thin alas the shred of sleep that wavers with the spirit's wind."

Breeze is hardly the word for it when you feel as if your brains were being literally blown out and your very bones shake like so many matches, a rattling thunder deafens you and an icy cold makes your flesh creep. These feelings are alarming at first, until you understand that they are imaginary, that is that they are not happening to your physical body at all, and you will not wake in the morning with congestion of the lungs or a slight touch of brain-fever from the terrible noise.

Now is your chance to let go of the body entirely. Hold your mind like a vice on some abstract idea, and you will launch off at once with immense speed and a feeling of freedom which cannot be described.

Then through the gloom you will see strange faces peering at you, and strange forms crowding round you—landscapes of great beauty will open out before you, you will hear noises to any

extent, pleasant and unpleasant. Pay *no* attention to these if you wish to get real benefit and some higher experiences. But keep right on ; hanging on to your abstract idea like a bull-dog. Then you will probably go into a second sleep, that is, you will probably pass on to a higher level, where few, very few, are conscious, and when you wake in the morning you may feel that you have heard or seen something most interesting and delightful—but your physical brain is a blank ; at least mine is, so I must return to a few more anecdotes from what is evidently the astral plane, having nothing better at present to relate.

I remember once finding myself in a miserable tenement house, dark and dirty and noisy. In a small wretched looking room was a little child about two years old, lying with hardly any covering on an untidy bed. I heard a woman in the next room wrangling in loud tones and some men's voices. I tried in vain to attract her attention and tell her the child was perishing with cold, as the window was wide open beside it and it was a cold winter's night. As I was trying to re-arrange the coverings, standing with my back to the window, I noticed that the child opened its eyes and seemed attracted by something behind me, and it lifted one of its hands, trying to point.

I turned round and saw instead of the dirty, broken window, what I thought was a marvellously beautiful stained-glass window, dazzlingly rich in colour, with the morning sun streaming through it. In it was the figure of a man reminding me in its general outline of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." It seemed to be over life-size and there was an aureole of light round the head. It was only an instantaneous flash of light and colour and then it was gone, leaving the room again in darkness.

I forget what I did afterwards but I woke up very soon with a feeling of great delight and tried to recall the beautiful raiment and face of the figure, but I could not do so.

I think I once saw what may have been a record left in the astral light. It was in the middle of the night, and I woke suddenly to see to my surprise and horror two figures seated at a small square table on which was a big duplex oil lamp covered with a dark green shade. The figures were two young men in smoking-coats, opposite each other, playing cards. The shade

obscured one of the faces, but the other man's was down lower in the full glare of light. He was staring at his companion with a white set face and an expression of fear and misery in his eyes.

After rubbing my eyes I looked again and in a few seconds the whole scene slowly faded away, light and table and all.

Now there was no square table in the room, and we had gas all over the house, ever since we had taken it. But before that it had belonged to a certain Col. R., who had a son living at home, and they often had young army men staying in the house, and in his time there was no gas. I only ascertained this by chance after my dream, and I also found by the old names written under the call-bells on the attic landing that the room I then occupied was "Mr. R.'s."

Putting two and two together I think it may be that I saw a scene that had actually occurred and had been impressed so to speak on the astral light of the room ; or else it was the astral bodies of the men themselves, one of whom I know was alive at the time, repeating a painful episode. In any case I was a most unwilling intruder.

My only other waking experience was I think a "real live ghost." He must have awakened me by coming because the room was pitch dark and perfectly quiet. Anyhow I woke with a start to see a dignified, motionless figure in white, sitting, if you please, on a chair that used to stand by the head of the bed. (I removed it next morning.) His hands were folded in his lap, his face was slightly turned towards me and his eyes were fixed on mine with an intense penetrating look I shall never forget. I promptly buried my head under the eiderdown in a ghastly fright. After a minute or so I looked out cautiously with one eye, and there he was still looking at me with his unwinking eyes, and I fancied I saw a gleam of something like amusement flash through them.

Dear reader ! it is all very well for you to say : " Why didn't you behave better, perhaps he wanted to speak to you ! " All I can say is, if people *will* come in the middle of the night without even telling you the day before, and sit down like that without being asked to, looking right through you with their gimlet eyes,

they will have to address an empty room or a shivering heap of clothes under a quilt.

When I looked out again he was gone, and I lit a match to assure myself I was awake ; and so I was, because the match was there next morning. Whoever he was he was perfectly at home in his astral body—rather too much so, I thought. And he was quite aware that I saw him and knew that he could see me. He had a face of great dignity and purity, but there was something implacable about his expression that I did not like. His complexion was pale olive, and his black hair just touched his shoulders and waved slightly. He wore a plain white robe without a collar. If he came with any definite intentions, benevolent or otherwise, he failed in his mission. I considered he was an extremely cool card, and I shall continue to think so, and I don't mind if he casts his unwinking eye on these pages !

A very slight but curious incident occurred not long ago when I was certainly wide awake, so it may perhaps be fittingly inserted here. I was listening to a lecture in a private house one afternoon, sitting in a corner by myself. Suddenly I could have sworn I felt someone touch my elbow, and I saw (mentally) the lecturer standing beside me. At that same instant he stopped in the middle of a sentence, staring at the floor in a dazed way.

After a moment's pause he said : " Well ! I entirely forget what I was saying." Someone repeated for him the beginning of his unfinished sentence, and he went on successfully.

What the explanation of this and indeed of all "astral" phenomena is, I, for one, do not pretend to decide. There are so many complex possibilities connected with telepathy, unconscious cerebration, auto-suggestion, thought-projections, deliberate and self-conscious glamour and deception, that I, for one, should not label anything at present. I would rather leave the readers of multifarious psychic experiences sitting on a gate. It is a position not without joyous possibilities !

ECHO.

OF PRIVATE REVELATIONS

THE phrase is one familiar to all readers of Catholic spiritual books. Besides the Divine Revelation which is, for a Catholic, to be found only in the pages of the Bible, it is recognised by theologians (in this point wiser than the majority of modern philosophers), that from time to time persons of special holiness and stern asceticism of life have been visited by inspirations which have lifted them, like S. Paul, to the third heaven ; and that what they have done their best to write down of the unspeakable words they heard is entitled to be regarded with respect as a "private revelation" which may contain truth of great value.

It is to the manner in which these revelations are treated by the Church to which I desire to draw my readers' attention ; for it has lessons which it seems to me may be of use to us at the present time. They are by no manner of means received with enthusiasm. It is taken for granted that there is a strong probability that they are the work of the *lower* powers, not of the Divine Spirit ; and not until they have been minutely examined as to their consistency with the Higher Revelation are they allowed to be published. So strong is the *à priori* prejudice against them that even a Saint Teresa was for over thirty years treated by her confessors and superiors as being deceived by the devil ; and not until she came under the direction of one who was a Saint himself and understood her was there any end to her persecutions. But more than this (and here is the point which specially concerns us) ; when admitted, these revelations are allowed to be read as edifying matter for meditation, but *never* used as authority for doctrine. In the whole range of Catholic theology you will not find the most trifling point put forward on the authority of a Saint's vision ; all doctrine is to be justified solely by the exercise of our human reason upon what is taken as authoritative revelation from God.

Now, doubtless in this way much truth was suppressed; many a poor soul was worried and persecuted to the death for having seen something more than the theologians themselves understood of the true Faith; but, after all, was this not a less evil than to give free course to private imagination? The point is one we have far better means of clearing up than the Catholic Doctors had; we know *what* it was which happened to these ecstasies, and how it came about that so much mistake and even absurdity mixed itself with deep and precious truth in their visions. We know that in their descent from the height of their ineffable converse with God, even the highest of them had to pass through the astral plane of illusion before their consciousness re-entered their bodily frame. Of the many who were *but* mediums, and rose no higher than the astral at any time I need not here speak; we are here concerned with those who did succeed in rising above it. Now on that plane—the place of blossoms, each with the serpent coiled about its stem—all met, not indeed a devil desiring to destroy their souls, as the theologians imagined, but nevertheless abundant occasions of error. The elementals, whose chief enjoyment it seems to be to confuse and baffle their human superiors; the solid and almost permanent thought-forms of the popular religious conceptions which they shared; and their own and others' imaginations, all to them realities in that world of thought—all these could not but unconsciously colour and shape the ideas they brought back to their physical brain and tongue, until, instead of the pure Truth their Higher Selves beheld in the Vision, you get such strange confusion as most of these revelations present.

Allan Kardec's *Spirits' Book* suggests another source of error. His clairvoyants were evidently in communication with spirits who *had* passed through death, and could give a fairly accurate account of the first few days after it, but who evidently knew no more. As a man shipwrecked upon a new country could tell you only of what he had seen and experienced, but would know no more than you of the country beyond the shore; so it is clear that as to all before and after they were simply echoing his own thoughts and feeling, having no real information to give.

But of course the palmary example of all this is Swedenborg.

Here you have a man of education and intelligence, gifted with a complete development of his astral senses (used in full consciousness on the physical plane), unmistakably in communication with powers who could teach him the actualities of the higher planes, and whose writings do (in point of fact) give us priceless hints of such things here and there. For once in the world's history we have a window opened into the other world. But, alas, the window proves to be chequered with all the colours of the rainbow—is thick in one place, thin in another, distorting almost everything we see through it out of all natural shape and form; and instead of a true picture of the universe, we have from him only another illustration of what the Masters teach us, that the Truth can only be obtained on a plane far above the astral, and that it needs a training of many lives to be able to bring our cupful down to the physical without having it spilt or befouled on the way.

So much for the general principle; now for the "practical applications." When we speak to the world of the picture of our future life given us by the Masters, we are constantly met with the objection that none of the ordinary clairvoyants see anything of the kind; nay, that the "spirits" they meet positively deny it. Our answer to this seems sufficient, though I confess it sounds rather—well, what shall I say?—patronising; it is, that (speaking broadly) such "spirits" as *they* meet are not likely to know; that they are newcomers on the astral plane and have much yet to learn—that as they grow older, they will know better. But hitherto we have taken it for granted that *our own* seers, who have gone through the elaborate training to see correctly and from planes higher than the astral which they have often described to us, must (by the nature of things) agree with one another and with the Masters who have taught them. Take, for example, Mr. Leadbeater's account in *Manual V.*, p. 12. He says: "In the case of a student of occultism trained by a Master such a mistake (as reading 139 for 931) would be impossible except through great hurry or carelessness, since such a pupil has to go through a long and varied course of instruction in this art of seeing correctly, the Master, or perhaps some more advanced pupil, bringing before him again and again all possible

forms of illusion, and asking him 'What do you see?' Any errors in his answers are then corrected and their reasons explained, until by degrees the neophyte acquires a certainty and confidence in dealing with the phenomena of the astral plane which far exceeds anything possible in physical life."

And yet, but two pages before, he warns us that what he has to say "is only the result of the investigations of a few explorers, and must not, therefore, be taken as in any way authoritative." "On the other hand," he says, "every precaution in our power has been taken to ensure accuracy, no fact, old or new, being admitted to this Manual unless it has been confirmed by the testimony of at least two independent trained investigators amongst ourselves, and has also been passed as correct by older students, whose knowledge on these points is necessarily much greater than ours."

Of late, however, this wholesome rule has been broken through; and whilst one of our writers has given us a new theory of the earth of which all he tells us is that it has been received "under conditions that, for me at all events, guarantee its accuracy"; another has published a large book which certainly seems, at first sight, to revolutionise our view of the life after death, avowedly on his own private authority as a seer. Now I should not have felt it my duty to remark upon this in the REVIEW on the strength of any feeling of my own on the subject; but the question has more than once been put to me in a shape somewhat like this: "I am told that there has been of late a very important modification in the Theosophical doctrine of the after-death state; will you explain and justify it?" I have reason to believe that a certain amount of uneasiness of this kind is rather widely felt, though not (for obvious reasons) openly expressed. I need hardly disclaim any intention to raise any dispute on the actual facts, as to which I have no personal knowledge of any kind; but a few quotations will show one, though not the only one, of the points which certainly, at first sight, seem novel; or, at least, if old friends, then undoubtedly with very new faces.

What I may perhaps without offence call the old view is well laid down in the *Perfect Way*. "The true ghost," says Mrs

Kingsford, "consists of the exterior and earthly portion of the soul; that portion which, being weighted with cares, attachments and memories merely mundane, is detached by the soul and remains in the astral sphere, an existence more or less definite and personal, and capable of holding, through a sensitive, converse with the living. It is, however, but a cast-off vestment of the soul, and is incapable of endurance *as ghost*. The true Soul and real Person, the *Anima Divina*, parts at death with all those lower affections which would have retained it near its earthly haunts" (p. 71). Subsequent to this we had the direct teaching of the Masters, which I think I am not wrong in summing up that our physical world is the World of Causes, and the state after death that of Results; where the pain or bliss due to the actions of our earth-life work themselves out, but that no new karma can be generated except under circumstances very unusual and much to be deprecated.

The first modification of this view, as far as I know, was made in the Notes to the later editions of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. On p. 120 (edition 1888) he says: "The earlier processes through which the soul passes at death may be described at this date somewhat more fully than they are defined (in the text). The nature of the struggle that takes place in Kama Loka between the upper and lower Duads . . . appears to be a very protracted and variegated process, and to constitute—not, as some of us may have conjectured at first, an automatic or unconscious assertion of affinities or forces quite ready to determine the future of the spiritual monad at the period of death—but a phase of existence which may be, and in the vast majority of cases is more than likely to be, continued over a considerable series of years. And during this phase of existence it is quite possible for departed human entities to manifest themselves to still living persons through the agency of spiritual mediumship."

But that this did not reach to Mr. Leadbeater's present view is shown by a preceding paragraph of the same Note, which is well worth reproducing in this connection. "The spiritual state," says Mr. Sinnett, "which immediately follows our present physical life is a department of Nature, the study of which is almost un-

healthily attractive for everyone who once realises that some contact with it is possible even during this life. . . . The experience of Spiritualism has supplied us with facts concerning it in very great abundance. These facts are but too highly suggestive of theories and inferences which seem to reach the ultimate limits of speculation; and nothing but the bracing mental discipline of esoteric study in its broadest aspect will protect any mind addressed to the consideration of these facts from conclusions which that study shows to be necessarily erroneous. . . . It is impossible to exaggerate the intellectual advantages to be derived from studying the broad design of Nature throughout those vast realms of the future, which only the perfect clairvoyance of the Adepts can penetrate, before going into details regarding that spiritual foreground which is partially accessible to less powerful vision; but liable, on a first acquaintance, to be mistaken for the whole expanse of the future."

Finally, on p. 52 of *The Other Side of Death* (1903) Mr. Leadbeater lays down: "This new life must by no means be thought of as merely a life of results. It may be little more than that for some men, but that is entirely their own fault. The astral plane is one stage higher than the physical, and *therefore*, its possibilities, both of enjoyment *and of progress*, are in every way very much greater than those of the lower level. . . . If in the earlier stage a man has learned to delight in unselfish actions, and to work for the good of others, the astral life will be for him one of the most vivid joy and the most rapid progress!"

Now it is very far from my intention to hint that these two ways of viewing the astral world are irreconcilable; but I think none of my readers can fail to see that they *are* two different views, and that they need reconciling very seriously. The first is connected with the older conception of man as a compound of various Principles; the second with the later view of him as the One Self enclosed in successive Sheaths. Both are understood to be true, according to the side from which Truth is seen; but when the first works out that the intermediate state is one which it is a privilege (rarely granted) to escape from, and the second that the same state is one so enormously surpassing our earth-life that it becomes necessary to supply serious dissuasions (as in the

work under consideration) from committing suicide the more speedily to attain it!—why, I think we may fairly claim that those who have the power to see as well as Mr. Leadbeater should break their silence and tell us distinctly if, in this case also, the new doctrine is confirmed by their testimony and “has been passed as correct by older students.” It is quite impossible for any discussion of it by us, who cannot see for ourselves, to be of any avail to clear up the matter.

In the meantime I venture to suggest that we take Mr. Leadbeater’s own advice (p. 51): “Unless this commends itself to you as utterly reasonable, do not rest contented with our assertion; look into these things for yourself as fully as you can, along any or all of the many lines which are open to you, and then you will be in a position to speak to others as authoritatively as we do.” And until we have done this and are all agreed upon the result it may be well to answer our friend’s questions as to the supposed new departure as I do, something in this manner: “I certainly see that the new view *does* seem to contradict the old; but I don’t feel called upon to volunteer any explanation. At present, what has sometimes been called Theosophical Orthodoxy is in no way implicated; it is simply our friend’s Private Revelation—exceedingly interesting and edifying, but until it has been examined by those who know, and declared to be conformable to the real facts of Nature—to furnish a solid foundation upon which our reasonings can safely rest, I do not choose to make myself responsible for explanations I cannot give to any satisfactory effect.” I can appreciate the suggestion that Mr. Leadbeater is speaking of souls far more advanced than those considered in the earlier view, and can see, though vaguely, that a time *may* come hereafter when something like this statement may be correct. But to give it out as the present condition of things creates a confusion in default of further explanation. We certainly require fuller information before accepting it as “Theosophical Doctrine,” though everyone to whom it *does* commend itself as utterly reasonable can do himself nothing but good by accepting it.

I have taken this point as sufficient by itself to explain my hesitation; there are many others. When on p. 407, after quoting

his own eloquent and exhaustive enumeration of the risks of deception at a Spiritualistic *séance* he adds, "I know very well that these are possibilities only, and that in the majority of cases the dead man gives his name honestly enough," we have a sufficiently startling variation of *proportion* of truth to error to "give pause" to us who were educated in the older school. But, as I have already said, I do not wish in any way to be taken as entering into controversy. My paper is strictly limited to a declaration, not of War, but of Independence. Personally, nothing would please me better than to be assured by those whom I can trust as authorities that I may receive every word of the book without breach of the allegiance I profess and yield to those who know more than any of us, and whose published words seem to me in my ignorance to carry another meaning. It is not a question of veracity; no one of us can for a moment doubt that our friend sees and honestly reports what he sees; but for us there are authorities above and beyond the private revelations of the most highly gifted amongst us. For me (I speak for myself only) it is easier to believe that one of our best seers has mistaken his vision than that They can have taught us amiss; but, on the other hand, the vision *does* commend itself to me as reasonable, as far as my small knowledge goes, and I wait anxiously for permission to take it as truth. But beyond this I cannot go; I need hardly remind my readers to what a condition "Theosophical Doctrine" would be reduced if we were to become like the Christian church of which Paul writes,—one having a prophecy, one a doctrine, one a revelation; and each one speaking as "authoritatively" as the rest. It would be a fall—a precipitation—from the rational and intelligent system given us by the Masters to the intellectual chaos of the Spiritualist position, for our belief on the most important articles of our faith to waver and alter at the bidding of any single seer; and I am sure that others besides myself must have already found in their intercourse with the world outside that the very suggestion of such a thing has lowered us in public opinion. It seems to me that we have here (in the words of the old poet) "a knot worthy of a God's untying," and with this I must leave it, for the discussion of those better qualified to speak.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY

ἀλλὰ λαλοῦμεν θεοῦ σοφίαν ἐν μυστηρίῳ, τὴν ἀποκεκρυμμένην

'Tis God's Wisdom in mystery—the [Wisdom] hidden [in mystery]—about which we speak.

PAUL, I. *Corinth.*, ii. 7.

I.

WHY should I not for a change wander "in maiden meditation fancy free"—though I am afraid there will not be much of the "maiden" about it—instead of labouring forth some set treatise under-pinned and under-girded with "sources" and "literature," and the rest—in brief *bien documenté* as the folk beyond the "Sleeve" say? What prevents by which the less—as we used to say at school with much inelegance when struggling with the subtleties of Latin prose—why I should not follow my fancy whithersoever its foolishness may lead? I pause for a reply, and meantime will wander off and wonder.

I often wonder what induced my dear old friends who founded the Theosophical Society to write up that name of all others on their sign-board, as the outward and visible indication of their endeavour, and of their undertaking. Will anyone, I wonder, be offended if I were to suggest that as far as they were concerned it was simply because the word "Theosophical" pleased them, rather than as the result of some deeply thought-out naming appropriate to what they clearly foresaw was to be a great movement, reviving many and many a memory of a greater past? In those infant days of our fellowship, most things seem to me to have been done—even as they are mostly done now—on the "snap-shot" principle of "Here's a church; come, let's be married," rather than as the result of much study of the experience of the past and a nice appreciation of times and tendencies.

But even so, I wonder whether after all the name Theosophy did not come as a "flash"—a spark from some intelligent fire. Who knows? For there is much in names, and the name-giving of a great movement would seem to demand more care than the apparently casual christening of what was at the time a microscopic association with a programme little resembling the objects and scope of the present Theosophical Society. Is it then so foolish to wonder whether after all the very naming may not have been "in mystery," hidden from and in the "foolish things" of this world, as Paul would have called them.

Theosophy! How will you define it? What value will you assign to this now common counter? What is Theosophy? Will philology help in this; will it even avail to know who was the first to use the word in history? I think not.

For if you say: Theosophy means "wisdom or knowledge in divine things"—I shall venture to rejoin: But what of natural things and things human; are not these equally divine to a true lover of wisdom?

If again you say: Porphyrios the Philosopher—a *Neo-platonic* dreamer rather—was the first to use the term somewhere about the year 275 A.D., and if you don't believe it, see *De Abs.* 327 and *Ep. ad Aneb.* 30, 15—(N.B.—This has almost invariably more effect on those who do not know what "*De Abs.*" or "*Ep. ad Aneb.*" mean than on those who do)—I would further rise to remark: Porphyry's Theosophy (even if he *really* were the first to use the term, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the MSS. of the mystics and wisdom-lovers of the early centuries had not disappeared)—the Syrian's Theosophia was nothing new; it was but the Gnosis of many and many a school before him, the Sophia of God of Paul, the Epistêmê of Plato, the Mathêsis of Pythagoras, the Tao of Lao-tze, the Bodhi of Gautama, the Brahma-vidyâ or Âtma-vidyâ of ancient Ind.

And Gnosis is the conscious beginning of the Way, the end of it is God; and Sophia is the spirit and power of God; and Epistêmê is true knowledge of one's self, and not opinion about the appearance and the show of things; and Mathêsis is the reminiscence of one's true self; and Tao is the mysterious Way

on which there is no traveller, for way and wayfarer are one, and he who tells of it knows it not, and he who knows it doth not tell it; and Bodhi is cessation from sorrow and conquest of self, intensest enlightenment; and Brahma-vidyâ is God-gnosis, knowing God, or Self-knowing.

Yet is Âtma-vidyâ, Wisdom; and Bodhi, Wisdom; and Tao, Wisdom; and Epistêmê, Wisdom; and Gnosis, Wisdom; and each and all are Theosophy, and Theosophy is Wisdom—the Wisdom of God, whether it be hidden in the mystery of divinity, or spoken of in the mystery of man, or shadowed forth in the mystery of nature.

But how, I wonder, have I made the idea of Theosophy any more acceptable to those who love not the word by introducing a procession of Barbara Nomina, strange names from foreign climes and other days, a motley assemblage of unfamiliar faces to the unknowing, to them perchance unlovely masks of fiendish forms rather than fair veils of angel shapes. Perhaps I have but frightened them off by the masks of these mysteries; still, if they will but have patience, the time will come in the great drama when the players will lay aside their masks and hand and hand circling in the mystic dance will blend in one—the Wisdom, Spouse of God.

But for me the goddess-of-many-names is worthy of all worship, just because of her many names and infinite variety; and all her names are fair to me, for they proclaim aloud her worship by the best minds of the best races in many a clime and many an age. She is indeed worthy of all worship—Wisdom hard to seek, hidden in the secret chambers of the heart, her shrines the inmost of the innermost—the temples of the Holy Spirit—the Wisdom of God, not an abstraction, but God's Wisdom, the Spouse of the Beloved, the Power of God,—Wisdom not science, Wisdom not philosophy, Wisdom not religion, Wisdom not art.

Not that because we have sensed an Infinitude transcending their greatnesses we are in our weakness and foolishness to think little of art or religion, of philosophy or science. By no means; for these sublime greatnesses have breadths and heights and depths as yet undreamed of by our insufficiencies; fulnesses and

treasures of infinite variety, seventh heavens of seventh heavens, eluding our keenest observation, transcending our subtlest intellect, surpassing our holiest aspiration, begging every expression of our sweetest harmony or fairest beauty.

And yet we dare to think, we little folk as we seem to be, that even these stupendous greatnesses are things conditioned by time and space,—shows, appearances, phenomena of Wisdom, not Wisdom Herself the Eternal Mother, the Wise Infinitude; even these are ever-becomings, inbreathed with Life and illumined by Light, but not eternities in the very essence of that Being where Life and Light are eternally at-oned.

But some will say: My good sir! what, in the name of common sense, do all these rhapsodies mean? Your Barbara Nomina—your strange names—were really less incomprehensible than all this jargon of seeming sense. We plain-thinking folk are not mystics. We tell you frankly, as level-headed business people, the modern mind will spurn your Theosophy as unpractical, will laugh it off the market as dream-stuff, will dub it the sciolism of Cloud-Cuckoo Land.

My good practical friends, you may be right—and you may be wrong; or, better than either, you are most probably mixed, as we all are. I have just been using the tongue of some of the earliest philosophers of Christendom. You don't like their language; it means nothing to you? Well, I see no particular reason why it should. It meant, however, something to them, and means still something to those kin to them. Let us then try another language together, if you don't like this one.

“We plain-thinking folk are not mystics,” you say. Now by that—and I pray you, my dear straw folk (for I have set you up for the pleasure of knocking you down again if I can)—I pray you pardon my frankness (which some may call rudeness), which you may very well do, seeing that even if I have not quite created you, I have, at any rate, put the words into your mouths, as any one who knows my style can see—by that, my dear *alter ego's* or *sosies* in the argument, you mean: We are hard-headed, clear-thinking folk, dealing with the realities of life, and have no time to waste over the vague imaginings and unsubstantial dreams of obscure mystics; in brief, we have something better to do

than lose ourselves in the incomprehensibilities of *your* Theosophy.

Oh, la, la! I wonder what after all *my* Theosophy really is! But from the start, you dear normalities of the age, you strong folk, you very sane people—for mark you I love you as I love myself, for you are my *sosies* and I am your *alter ego*—from the start I make you a present of such mystics as you despise. I have no wish to plague your practicality with long-haired dreamers, and babblers of incomprehensibilities; I'll clear them out of the drawing-room and put them in the cellar now you have come to call—for after all, you know, even they have a right to exist somewhere, and may even on occasion do some good in spite of the incomprehensibility of their imaginings and the length of their locks. By the bye, why after all *should* a man wear short hair? That *tabu* has always seemed somewhat incomprehensible also to one aspect of my thinking apparatus. However, there is no reason why these dreamers should be allowed to jangle your practical nerves—for the moment, at any rate, my dear folk of straw whom I have set up, myself to mock myself.

The mystics about whom I trouble myself are such men as a Gautama, a Pythagoras, a Jesus. By the bye, I wonder whether Jesus actually did wear long hair. I should think he did. But be that as it may be, he was a mystic; and by that I mean he was not solely a scientist, nor a philosopher, nor a religionist, nor an artist; he may have been each and all of these as well, but what constituted him a mystic, in the only sense in which it is really worth while using the word, he was a hearer of Wisdom and a shower-forth “in mystery” of the sacred things of Her treasury, as witness the sacramental formula, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.” Yet was he practical, though teaching “in mystery,” most practical, I say, for through him, and because of the Wisdom that was in him, the face of the western world and beyond the west has been changed; and so too with Pythagoras, for the germ of the Wisdom that was in him has grown into the banyan tree of modern science.

What then the Christ as Jesus taught was a teaching of Wisdom, and whatever anyone else may mean by the term, that is what I mean by Theosophy. Now the teachings of Jesus have

ever been said to be specially adapted for the plain and simple; they are far other than the incomprehensibilities of a dreamer. Should someone here object: But modern Theosophical treatises are very different from the simple teachings of the Gospel—I reply: No one is better aware of the fact than the modern Theosophist.

And here let me run off a little. Why Theosophist? Why Theosophist because one belongs to an association calling itself the Theosophical Society? Why Theosophist even when one writes a book about Theosophy,—and thereby, according to the ancient Taoist sage, plainly proclaims to the wise that he does not truly know the real mystery? Simply, I suppose, because of the modern imbecility of names. This may be nicely paralleled by the question: Why Christian because a man goes to church? Or even, why Christian even when he writes a Life of Jesus? Personally I do not quite like the name Theosophist; and why? Because I have a poor opinion of a *sophistês* of any sort, desiring as I do some day somehow to become *sophos*. And yet, after all, *sophist*, whether *theo* or otherwise, is a very good name for most of us, and very correct; so perhaps those of us who don't quite like it had better grin and bear it. In France they manage this better, for they have the two words *théosophie* and *théosophiste*—the latter signifying one who has an interest in Theosophy, while the former denotes one who has achieved some distinct growth in knowledge of the Wisdom. In ancient Greek, however, *theosophos* and *theosophistês* are hardly to be distinguished, while in English though we have the rare form Theosopher it *sounds* somehow or other (at least to myself) worse than Theosophist.

In drawing a parallel between the terms Christian and Theosophist we should perhaps do well to remember that the Christians did not at first call themselves Christians. It was a name first given them from without, and, moreover, not intended by the outsiders as a good naming, but rather a designation of turbulent and revolutionary folk—"Messianists"; it was only subsequently adopted for themselves by "those of the way." We members of the Theosophical Society, however, have consented to the term Theosophist from the very beginning by deliberately choosing the name Theosophy for our ideal, and

must now abide by our choice. Perhaps then, after all, it is well that the form of our calling contains *sophistês*, for so it can ever be explained as denoting not *sophos* or the man who is wise, who has attained to wisdom, but rather the man who speaks about being wise, using the term *sophist* in its Socratic and later sense, or, better still, the man who is trying to be wise.

Even as Paul's fellowship at Corinth were spoken of by him as "those being saved," and not as the "saved," so with us we are those in the state of seeking after Wisdom. We are then as Theosophists seekers, hearers simply, and to us pre-eminently is addressed the Saying of Wisdom which in its full form has just been unearthed from the rubbish heaps of Behnesa: "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, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." For, indeed, the beginning of philosophy—the love of wisdom—is, as Plato said, wonder; doubtless also the "fear of God" is also the "beginning of wisdom," but that is another mystery and a more tragical one.

"He who wonders, shall reign"—he shall be "king," lord of himself, ruler of his realm. He shall be the anointed king initiate, the Christ, the Buddha, the Jîna, the Conqueror. He shall then rest from his labours; he shall enter into that "peace of God which passeth all understanding"; he shall enter the Nirvâna, the endless rest that is the fulness of activity, the Self that is in all things and all things in the Self.

But to return to the simplicity of the Jesus teaching as set forth in the Gospels and the objection that modern Theosophical treatises are very foreign to this simplicity. It might be argued that some few are not; but let that pass. Surely the fundamental mistake of such objection of our amiable critics lies in the supposition that modern Theosophical treatises are written either to replace or to rival the simple story of the Gospel writers. Every Theosophist, that is every seeker after Wisdom, would, I take it, gladly and enthusiastically refer to the Gospel teachings as to one of the most precious forms of the Wisdom teaching—so simple and yet so profound, plain for the plain, deep for the deep. They form one of the Theosophists' most precious scriptures. There

can then be no ground of dispute between the lover of Evangelical simplicity and ourselves, for we can honestly and easily accommodate him, and so continue our intercourse in friendship on the common ground of the Gospel teachings; and so also with regard to any other objector in the interests of his own special tradition.

And this leads one to think of the enormous mass of Theosophical and allied literature put into circulation during the last quarter of a century, and to look forward in imagination to what in all probability will be by far the vastest literary activity of the twentieth century. There is a strong leaven working and the ferment is widespread; there is a potent light shining and piercing here and there with dazzling brilliancy through the darkness; but all is at present mixture and muddle—chaos and disorder mostly, as it has ever been in human affairs. For, mark well, Wisdom is ever revealed “in mystery,” never just as we expect it in the respectable clarity of exact repetition; it never comes in the same forms. Yet are there, as there ever have been, unnumbered folk who look for the re-coming of their Lord or Lady only in precisely the same forms in which they were last seen in their tradition; for such the form is the test, the dress is the person. This is a strange foolishness of old clothes, not a sane philosophy that seeks to pierce the disguises of Wisdom, to pierce through the show of things, beneath the appearance of the true, under the surface of the depth. Wisdom in mystery, Wisdom in foolishness, Wisdom in the unexpected, Wisdom in the despised! Out of the mouth of babes!

Who, who knows intimately the history of the present Theosophical movement, has not again and again asked himself the question: Why this, why that? What mistakes, what foolishness! Theosophy lives and grows and thrives *in spite of* its exponents! So it seems, so it apparently is; but are we after all quite sure that it is all as it seems to be?

Supposing that instead of the seeming happy-go-lucky mixture which is seething in the crucible of our modern movement—this very human mixture of all classes and races, creeds and sexes, ignorance and instruction—the compost is the natural and inevitable matter which the protoplasts must begin upon if they

would foster the continued and orderly growth of human evolution. Supposing that instead of this sending out into the highways and hedges of the world and gathering them in, there had been a selecting of chosen minds who would have put forth with utmost tact, and in the most correct clothing of accepted forms, observing every *tabu* and convention of the established order of things respectable, the root ideas of Theosophy, which are now household words in many a humble home—would it then have been a natural and spiritual growth without distinction of persons? I think not; it would have been kept for the privileged few, for an aristocracy of mind and a heredity of feeling, who would have naturally kept all for themselves in fear of the mysteries being profaned by the vulgar.

Are you, then, some one may ask, an "Ebionite" in things Theosophical; are you a "poor man's" friend alone; are you an envier or despiser of the "rich," of those more highly endowed in intellect and feeling? By no means, for I really believe that God—that Wisdom—is no respecter of persons; that there is no distinction—beyond the distinctions we make for ourselves, distinctions, however, apparently more powerful for the majority than even nature. There is, however, a true aristocracy of the mind that smiles at the normal "respectability" of thought, at the timorousness of the average mental *tabu*, marks of a veritable intellectual *bourgeoisie*, characterised by all the *convenances* of traditional thinking, which ethically and spiritually considered is little better than the calculated commercialism of "*le parfait comptable*." This mental *bourgeoisie* is so subtle that few can even detect it; it is enthroned in high places, in church and chair of science and philosophy, in literature and in art. But the true aristocrat, or timocrat rather, of the mind is free of these conventions and passing municipal restrictions; he is sure of his birth, is conscious within him that this stands in no need of certificate from any herald's office, much less is it dependent upon the good opinion of the townsfolk's gossip.

On the other hand, there are the little thinking who imagine that because a woman wears a smart frock or a man puts on dress clothes, they therefore cannot be genuine Theosophists! Or again people dine late; how untheosophical, plain living and high

thinking should be our motto! And so on in a thousand forms, the same elementary fallacy comes up. For what does all this mean after all than that objectors of this order desire the Theosophical Society to be not without distinction of caste, class, and the rest, but with very numerous distinctions indeed? A Theosophist, a searcher after Wisdom, can wear any sort of clothes or none, I take it; if he lives up north he can clothe himself in skins, and if he live down south he can be a gymnosophist, go naked, be a *digambara*, a *bairāgi*—if the police regulations permit it and he so choose. So too for his food and the times thereof and the rest of such matters. If we want to lead a “food reform” or “dress reform,” well and good; only let us call them by their right names and not insist they are fundamental Theosophy; and, above all things, do not let us regard our fellow strivers after Wisdom as backsliders because they do not see their way to adopt our ideal diet or whatever else it may be.

All of these things seem to me to be ephemeral compared to this science of self-conquest and the winning of self-knowledge, and I am more and more persuaded, as years roll on, that there is no guarantee that a man will necessarily reach even to moderate attainment by simply following out—even if he be very diligent in the matter—all the personal recipes of this nature of another whom he thinks has accomplished much that he desires to achieve. Each has his own way, and he must find it for himself. I can hardly believe that the rule will make the sage; it may make the monk—but that is a different thing, and we are talking about Wisdom; and, unless I am greatly deceived, two men in similar circumstances may do absolutely different things and yet both grow in wisdom thereby; it depends on the men and their attitude to their environment. For one man’s meat is another man’s poison, and the municipal ethics of the police regulations are good for the mental town in which we live, but the Regulations of Wisdom, the Laws of the Divine Economy, as drawn up for the good order of the world citizens, are other.

G. R. S. MEAD.

“ OCCULT ” GEOLOGY

IT is a commonplace of Theosophical discussion to point out the difference between what are called the Eastern and the Western methods of study and investigation, but although one hears so much of “occult” teachings and “occult” facts, much misconception obtains regarding the scope and object of occult study, and in our new-born enthusiasm for what are to us, as a race, unfamiliar studies, we are apt to think we have at last found the royal road by which learning can be obtained without labour. We are apt to forget that Eastern and Western science has each its proper field of usefulness in the cosmic scheme, and, above all, that capacities of quite a different order are required by each from the student.

There is, moreover, a latent tendency to suppose that facts and theories which come to us by the exercise of faculties other than normal ones are entitled to general acceptance without being submitted to the ordinary tests which would be applied as a matter of course to facts physically observed. A special validity and importance indeed seems to be attached to anything that savours of the “occult,” and we seem by neglecting to use our common-sense, to be in danger once more of being stifled by so-called “authoritative” statements.

It appears to me that this unfortunate tendency is due, in part at any rate, to the obliteration in our minds of the distinction between the occult and the pseudo-occult, once so plainly set forth by H. P. B., and to the too hasty assumption that we have passed beyond the region where Science, in the Western sense, is valid, into that where “we know even as we are known.”

Mrs. Besant, in the first of her lectures upon *The Evolution of Life and Form*, has dealt with these points very clearly indeed, and it were well if every student could keep in mind the first principles there laid down, when engaged in discussing matters

which, like geology, have hitherto been believed to fall primarily within the field of Western science—the study of form. I trust I may be pardoned for drawing attention for a moment to the different scopes of the two methods of study, the extent of the limitations of each and the different qualifications which they demand from the student, in order that I may, a little later on, apply the general principles which emerge from these considerations to the discussion of the immediate subject of this paper.

One way of trying to describe the difference between the two is to say that Western science studies as it were from the outside of a sphere, and that the finite intellectual faculties of man can only subtend a certain very small angle in its total circumference; hence this kind of science includes all concrete facts, and such concrete facts only, in short everything that comes under the category of knowledge. It can, however, never grasp the transcendent whole.

Eastern, or occult science, on the contrary, attempts to penetrate to the centre of the sphere, and once having attained it can, sitting in the centre and directing its forces outwards along any radius, comprehend the whole. It is, therefore, not concerned with concrete intellectual facts at all, and cannot with propriety be introduced into discussions of concrete subjects. Another way of trying to realise the difference is to compare it to that existing between the inductive and deductive processes of logic, always remembering, however, that in so far as we are dealing with intellectual knowledge of any kind, we are dealing with the form side of the universe, and, therefore, that both these processes in reality belong to the domain of Western science. Such comparisons, though possibly of real assistance to some minds, to others will be without clear meaning, so that perhaps it is better to confine oneself to the general statement that Western science studies the form—by observing it, while Eastern science studies the life—by living it.

It will, I think, be readily granted that so long as we are dealing with the facts about matter, whether physical plane matter or otherwise, we are dealing with the form, and therefore our proper instrument is the (Western) “scientific method.” It does not

matter whether we are employing our physical senses, or our astral or mental faculties, but what does matter is that these senses and faculties should be employed in a scientific manner.

As an example of the use of the scientific method and the exhibition of the scientific temper in theosophical work, one need only turn to the two admirable “ Manuals ” on the Astral Plane and the Devachanic Plane. These manuals, interesting and suggestive as they must be to all, are of value to the student not at all because they contain information gathered by the use of faculties other than the physical senses, and still less because they were written by Mr. Leadbeater, who can see things for himself, but because the author obviously does not depend upon hearsay, or even upon his own observations only, but has checked and corrected these in a scientific manner by the independent observations of others. As hinted above, there is a possible case, but one which in the nature of things must be so rare that for everyday purposes it scarcely comes into account, where the scientific method is not applicable. When we *ourselves* have evolved to such a point that we are enabled not merely to function upon the astral or mental planes, not merely to receive direct communications from loftier intelligences (still less to receive them through a third person whether in the body or not), but to perceive (though that is not the word) the subject and materials of our study ourselves from the life side—from the central standpoint ;—then and then only is it possible to transcend the scientific method. It is hardly necessary or possible to discuss the qualifications involved, but it may be pointed out that they include the ability to identify one’s own consciousness with that of anything and everything else. Of that state it has been written : “ Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it.”

It is one of the principal characteristics of all mystical states, that the knowledge thus gained does not as a rule relate to physical plane matters at all, and that in any case it cannot be imparted to others by ordinary means. We have this on the authority of all those who at any time and under any circumstances have experienced the higher states of consciousness. It is indeed the hallmark of all that belongs to that higher clair-

voyance by means of which *alone* we are more likely to learn what is true than what is false. From the time of that man who "was caught up into the third heaven and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter," through the long line of mystics down to the present day all with one voice proclaim that what they know passes understanding.

Professor James has discussed this matter very fully in his recent book, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, in the chapter on "Mysticism" (p. 379 *et seq.*), and a clear distinction is drawn between the true mystical knowledge and the ordinary information given to the world through abnormal channels, which has to be weighed and tested like any other information. It is obvious that the possibility of communicating the higher "knowledge" at all depends upon the possession of evolved faculties by the would-be recipient as much as on the powers of the teacher himself. Imperfections and errors in transmission must always be expected, and it follows from the above that the higher the source of such direct information the more likely is the ordinary man to misunderstand and misinterpret it, and in its own degree the same applies to any kind of information received through the exercise of abnormal faculties. Instead therefore of accepting teachings upon physical facts with greater readiness and less alert criticism because they are believed to come by abnormal means direct from a very high authority, the converse ought in fact to be done. The utmost care should be taken to test and correct the original superphysical observations, and then, where the observations relate to physical facts, they should be subjected to the most rigorous analysis and comparison with known facts of physical science; not in a spirit of antagonism but in one of open-minded enquiry.

In connection with the weight to be attached in general to knowledge mystically acquired, a further great service has been rendered by Professor James. While insisting (p. 379) upon the reality of mystical experience, he also points out that the revelation thus gained, though absolutely valid for him who has experienced it, carries and should carry no authoritative weight for others, for, as he shews, many of the interpretations of fact given to the world by mystics are mutually contradictory. And

from the theosophical point of view this conclusion of Professor James seems to be entirely justified ; for so soon as that which is life, and which has been lived or experienced, is described in words, the life thereby clothes itself in forms, and becomes the object of science, to be tested, compared, and judged by the lower intellect. Any other conclusion would lead us straight into the bog of “ revelation ” and “ authority ” from which it has cost so much to escape.

In claiming the right, and preaching the duty, of using the scientific method in dealing with the world of form, I am very far indeed from wishing to tie anyone down to the theories, facts, or beliefs, of contemporary science. What I claim is that the scientific *method* should be used when dealing with all the lower planes of nature, *i.e.*, below the level which is described as “ arûpa ” at any rate, and for aught I know even beyond that exalted level. By all means let us investigate the physical, astral, and mental planes by all faculties and every instrument at our disposal, but let us investigate soberly, calmly and critically, by the methods and with the precautions that experience has shewn to be the most effectual.

Now in dealing with the physical plane we moderns start with a vast ready-made equipment of definitely ascertained and verifiable physical facts, which in many cases have been summarised and formulated for us as the so-called “ laws of nature.” These are of course not “ laws ” in any sense of compulsion, but represent merely those sequences of phenomena which are found to occur with perfect regularity. When it is thought that a new fact has been discovered, never mind by what means, the first thing to be done is to compare it with other known facts, or in other words to see if it is consistent with the known “ laws of nature ” (*i.e.*, physical nature). If not, there is a very strong presumption that the “ fact ” has been incorrectly observed. In such a case the fact must be tested and verified by experiment, and until it has survived these tests it not only need not be accepted as true, but it is morally indefensible so to accept it.

A very important matter in all such tests is that the original method by which the fact was discovered should be carefully

worked over again and again by other observers in order to eliminate personal errors ; that different instruments should be used in order to eliminate instrumental errors ; and finally, and most important of all, that totally different methods should be employed in order to eliminate errors which may be inherent in the method first used.

These precautions are doubly necessary when the discovery appears not merely to be at variance with previously observed though isolated facts, but to involve the existence of laws of nature hitherto unknown, or the modification of known laws.

It is further an axiom of scientific investigation that when difficulties arise the solution should first be sought in the known properties of matter and the known processes of nature, not by the ascription of new properties or the invocation of unknown laws. This is of special importance when the explanation so offered is itself at variance with other observed facts, or some other known law of nature valid for the order of facts which is being investigated ; in such a case there is an enormously strong presumption that the explanation is wrong. Thus we do not nowadays ascribe the unaccountable presence of prehistoric structures or monoliths to the agency of the devil, nor should we seek to bolster up shaky theories by appeals to the astral plane. For, in fact, the higher realms of nature can only act upon the lower through the "laws of nature," which are valid for the lower.

It comes to this, indeed, that the scientific method is universally valid in all regions of existence with which most of us have anything to do ; and that physical facts are to be judged by trained experts on the physical plane, in the light of the known laws of physical nature, astral facts by those who are trained on that plane, in the light of the laws of that plane, and so on ; in effect we must "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" ; and no "authority" has the least validity as such for anyone but himself.

W. WYBERGH.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

“CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY”*

THIS very useful volume, which sees the light under the auspices of Professor Muirhead of Birmingham, in the Library of Philosophy of which he is General Editor, is in many respects the best and most comprehensive *general* survey of psychology as a science which is to be found in English. In the first place it is thoroughly up to date; in the second it gives a much fuller and more satisfactory account of Continental work in this department than is to be found in most English treatises, while at the same time it gives full weight and appropriate importance to the work of English and American psychologists, a feature which is so often wanting in French and German treatments of the subject. Moreover, it is convenient in size, well printed, and written in an easy, natural style, which shows in its English garb little or no traces of being a translation. In short, Signor Villa's work fills a gap which has long been felt by those interested in psychology, and should be read by everyone who wishes to make himself familiar with the main outlines of a subject which is rapidly coming to occupy a most important, if not a leading position in the world of thought of this new century.

The chief criticism to which Signor Villa's work seems open is that he has perhaps indulged in an excessive amount of repetition. To some extent this was necessitated by the method of treatment adopted, but I cannot help feeling that it might have been considerably reduced with advantage, and that such condensation would have provided space for a somewhat fuller and more detailed discussion of the most important points. As it is, one finds repetition principally in the shape of recurrent restatements of historical sequences and developments in relation to differing portions of this subject, and though not without their advantages these sometimes appear not altogether necessary.

Having thus briefly dealt with the work on the lines of an ordinary notice, I propose to take advantage of the opportunity it

* By Guido Villa, Lecturer on Philosophy in the University of Rome. Revised by the Author and translated by Harold Manacorda, Attaché to the Italian Embassy in Paris. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

affords to endeavour to place before the readers of the REVIEW some slight account of the present position of psychology gleaned from its pages, with perhaps a few remarks upon the bearing of that position upon the fundamental problems which are of such vital concern to every one of us.

I shall pass over the short but very lucid account of the historical development of psychology which forms the first chapter, merely remarking that it is particularly useful owing to a well-selected series of references to leading authors and their works, and come at once to the question of how we are to define the object and scope of psychology. We are first introduced to the older definition of the more or less spiritualistic school of thinkers for whom psychology was the science of the inner phenomena in man; and then, after considering various intermediate phases, we come to the opposite extreme, the view of the materialistic school, in whose eyes a psychological science, in the proper sense, can have no *raison d'être*, since they hold that the comprehension of mental phenomena must follow as a natural result from the knowledge of the brain processes. This is so because, for them, the only reality is matter, and what we take to be phenomena of consciousness are only apparently such. And it must be borne in mind that this attitude has left very perceptible traces in the works of many psychologists who are by no means to be classed as materialists in philosophy.

Following up the course of thought on the subject, our author shows that psychology may be most properly defined as the *science of direct subjective experience*, in contrast to the natural sciences, which, collectively, may be regarded as the *science of indirect objective experience*, and he then proceeds to show how this conclusion has been reached and incidentally to touch upon several points where psychology touches philosophy proper. He emphasises rather strongly the view that psychology cannot properly concern itself with the relations between the physiological and the mental phenomena, but must stop at the mental manifestations, considering physical phenomena only in so far as they complete the former.

In taking up this position, Signor Villa seems to have the support of the main drift of the best psychological work during the last twenty years, and thereby he is enabled to indicate for psychology its due place in the hierarchy of the sciences and to secure for its special problems that independence and distinctness of treatment which is so vitally necessary.

But it is not easy to maintain this standpoint, even when it is clearly recognised, especially in a historical treatment of the subject, and thus we are presented with a chapter on “ Mind and Body,” in which the various historical positions taken up by the leading thinkers who have dealt with the subject are very ably sketched—though with a considerable amount of repetition, some of which, at least, might well have been avoided, especially as a good deal of the discussion trenches upon what is properly the domain of philosophy. Signor Villa has been evidently much influenced by Wundt, who on the whole may perhaps be regarded as representing the general position as regards this question which is most in favour among psychologists at the present moment.

Wundt accepts as an empirical fact, that strict parallelism of the two series of phenomena, the psychic and the physical, which is technically called psycho-physical parallelism ; but he gives to this doctrine an interpretation which, partially at least, avoids some of the difficulties of the old Cartesian dualism of “ extended ” and “ thinking ” substances side by side. He does not admit, for instance, that either of the two causal series—*viz.*, the series of inner states and the series of brain-changes—can enter into or modify the other, still less absorb it, and thus gets rid of the Cartesian *influxus physicus*, through which the “ mind ” was supposed to act upon the “ body.” So he succeeds in keeping clear of overt dualism, while at the same time he professes to adopt neither of the extreme alternatives—neither a spiritual nor a material theory. In short, he tries to confine himself to a pure empiricism, though at any rate in his language, and I think too in his thought, he not infrequently slips into phraseology which seems to imply a material *causation* of mental states, if construed strictly. But avowedly he again and again repudiates any such position as philosophically tenable.

This represents a sort of mean position and may well serve for the present as a working basis, but I venture to doubt whether it can long maintain itself satisfactorily. For though it has the great advantage of securing an accurate description of the phenomena, when regarded from the point of view of abstraction, yet it is dangerously easy to slip insensibly from it into talking about states of consciousness being *caused* by cerebral processes, and the like. Hence it seems as if, sooner or later, a change must come and the balance incline permanently to one side or the other. All the signs seem to point to a swing towards an idealistic or spiritual view as that which will

come to be ultimately adopted by philosophy and also by psychology ; so it is to be hoped that the old errors and fallacies may be avoided, and a really fresh and new point of view be obtained before the end of this new century.

Meanwhile the position of psychology, as a science, is simply this, that psycho-physical parallelism must be considered as merely an empirical statement that certain physical and physiological conditions correspond to mental processes ; that the content of a sensation, and ultimately of an act of thinking, has always a physical side ; and that feelings and acts of willing, while referring indirectly to perceptive processes, are accompanied by more or less accentuated physiological phenomena.

Again following the historical method, Signor Villa next gives us a sketch of psychological methods, beginning with the introspective, then describing the rise and development of the experimental method initiated by Weber and Fechner, and so leading us on to those now generally adopted. Unfortunately this method brings up again in new forms problems already discussed, but on the whole the treatment is lucid and clear. It seems to me, however, that—in common with most of the official text-books on the subject—insufficient attention is given to the significance of those methods of enquiry of which hypnotism is one, and which I believe may be expected to contribute far more valuable and significant data for psychological generalisation than laboratory experiments on reaction-times, or even statistical enquiries such as those at present so much in favour. It is in this respect that Signor Villa appears not quite up to date ; but he might perhaps reply that such methods as hypnotic experiment are as yet not thoroughly orthodox, large as is the amount of psychological material already accumulated by their means. At any rate he assigns a preponderating value to the introspective method, and there can be no doubt that it is and must continue to be the method of most fundamental importance in psychology.

As regards the problem of the fundamental psychical functions ; cognition, feeling and will—modern psychology has come to regard them in a manner very different from that of the older school, which treated them as “ faculties ” belonging to an abstract entity—“ mind ” or “ soul. ” It is an interesting and instructive task to trace the way in which, from the old Greek conceptions of the “ rational, ” “ vegetative, ” and “ animal ” souls in man, human psychology has passed through varying views and theories of “ higher ” and “ lower, ”

“ inner ” and “ outer ” schemes of faculties, and the like, to the latest view which regards knowing, willing and feeling as the three indivisible, primitive mental factors, which are not separate “ faculties ” or “ souls,” but properties of one and the same phenomenon. But to do so here would take too long, and I must content myself with emphasising the growing reaction against a predominantly “ intellectualistic ” view, and to the rapidly increasing importance which recent research has assigned to attention and volition, which, coupled with feeling, are now regarded as being “ deeper,” more “ inward ” or subjective than cognition in all its forms, though, of course, all the best modern authorities are unanimous in recognising that these three basic mental properties, *viz.*, cognition, feeling and willing, are really inseparable. “ Thus,” remarks Signor Villa, “ the unity of consciousness is now regarded as an accepted fact ; consciousness is not divided into higher and lower faculties, because it is composed of elements which mingle and separate in continually changing formations. Its primary elements are reduced to two—sensations and simple feelings. From the former are evolved the various presentative and ideational complexes ; from the latter the emotions and volitional processes. The will is not, properly speaking, a mental factor, but something more. It is the primary impulse which sets in motion the development of conscious activity and regulates the formation and various combinations of psychical complexes.” This view brings us rather near to Schopenhauer’s doctrine of the primacy of the Will, and again we find ourselves confronted by the problems of metaphysics. Indeed, I am inclined to think that, however we may struggle to avoid it, some form of metaphysic, either implicit or overt, is bound to run through all our sciences, whether physical, moral or mental, and I strongly believe that it is far better that our metaphysic should be explicit and clearly perceived, for nothing is more misleading than an implicit metaphysic of which we are not consciously aware, running through all our work, such as may be noticed in nearly every writer who deals with any of the wider and deeper problems, whether of science or of life.

An interesting feature of Signor Villa’s work is the way in which its perusal brings home to the mind the remarkable, though gradual, change of standpoint which has come about in psychology during the last twenty or thirty years. Instead of looking, with the more materialistic school, to a growing knowledge of cerebral processes for an *explanation* of psychological laws and facts on the one hand, or with its

opponents seeking a solution in the conception of "mind" as an entity endowed with faculties, on the other, we now find it clearly recognised that man must be regarded as a psycho-physical being, each aspect of his dual nature possessing no less "reality" than the other, each too obeying *its own laws* and each having to be dealt with according to its own canons, but none of them being explicable in terms of the other. This has now come to be recognised as the true standpoint of scientific psychology, and while it obviously leaves the fundamental problem of the real relation and connection between mind and body unsolved, it none the less marks a very important advance in the search for such a solution, inasmuch as it affords a sound basis for that experimental and empirical research from which alone we can hope to obtain such data for philosophy (to whose province the mind-body problem properly belongs) as may eventually lead to an adequate solution of this basic question.

But the reader cannot fail to recognise in this changed attitude a distinct defeat for the over-confident dogmatists of the materialistic school, a defeat the more serious in that this new standpoint of psychology involves a rejection, in respect of the processes of the mind, of that *mechanical* view of psychical causation which found its expression in the theory that consciousness was a mere accompaniment of the mechanical processes, an "epi-phenomenon," playing no real part in the drama of evolution, on the one hand, and in the still more untenable view of Büchner that the phenomena of mind were the *products* of brain activity, on the other. Hence we may not unreasonably hope that in due course scientific psychology will contribute a fresh and energetic impulse to the progress of philosophy.

In this connection, Signor Villa's chapters on the Composition and Development of the Mental Life, and more especially that upon Consciousness, are peculiarly significant, for they bring out very clearly indeed the metaphysical implications of the various standpoints adopted by the leading writers in a lucid and definite manner. Such a study as this leaves no room for doubt that all attempts to maintain a purely "empirical" standpoint simply land the investigator in unconscious metaphysics of one kind or another, and, as I have noted above, such "unconscious" metaphysic is in a high degree misleading and dangerous. Thus the need for further active progress in the domain of philosophy proper is constantly brought home to one in surveying such a field as this, and the rapid accumulation of new and accurately observed data gives good ground for the hope that in the

near future a determined effort will be made at least to clear the way for a fresh renaissance of philosophy. And I feel sure that such broad and lucid surveys of important fields of work as Signor Villa has here given us will contribute materially to bring this about.

B. K.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A CONVENIENT VERSION OF THE TAO TEH KING

The Canon of Reason and Virtue (Lao-tze's Tao Teh King). Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus. (London: Kegan Paul, etc.; 1903. Price 1s. 6d.)

WE are glad to see that Dr. Paul Carus has republished his translation of this famous tractate apart from the text and transliteration, critical notes, etc., of his larger work. Whether or not this King is indeed by the Old Philosopher himself or represents the tradition of his school need not disturb us; it is a Way of the Wisdom, and we may rest assured that Lao-tze did not invent it. Dr. Carus boldly cuts the knot of the Tao difficulty by translating it Reason and identifying it with the idea of the Logos. In his Foreword he writes:

“Lao-tze's *Tao Teh King* contains so many surprising analogies with Christian thought and sentiment, that were its authenticity and pre-Christian origin not established beyond the shadow of a doubt, one would be inclined to discover in it traces of Christian influence. Not only does the term *Tao* (word, reason) correspond quite closely to the Greek term *Logos*, but Lao-tze preaches the ethics of requiting hatred with goodness. He insists on the necessity of becoming like unto a little child, of returning to primitive simplicity and purity, of non-assertion and non-resistance, and promises that the deficient may be made entire, the crooked will be straightened, the empty will be filled, the worn will be renewed, those who have too little will receive, while those who have too much will be bewildered.”

There is but one fault we have to find with Dr. Carus' translation—not, however, that we are personally in any position to check it with the original—the attempts at versification of the original verse

scattered through the prose text are doggerel, and beneath the dignity of their prose environment.

G. R. S. M.

AETHER AND GRAVITATION.

Aether and Gravitation. By William George Hooper, F.S.S.
(London: Chapman and Hall; 1903. Price 12s. 6d.)

STUDENTS of Theosophy have reason both adequate and cogent for mistrusting any and every kind of orthodoxy and not least the orthodoxy of Science. Hence, however revolutionary and new a theory, a suggestion, however much both method and manner may seem unusual or unconventional, any well-thought-out views which actually throw light on the nature and constitution of things are sure of a welcome and of most careful consideration at their hands. And so in the book under the above title, I was in hopes of finding something both fertile in suggestion and new in conception; I approached it with pre-conceived readiness to find enlightenment and to cry: Well done! Alas! I am disappointed and its three hundred and fifty large and well-printed pages leave behind them only a keen regret at so much wasted time, industry and money, which might all have been saved had the author taken a two or three years' course of Physics in the Schools so that he might understand the writers, from Newton to Lord Kelvin and Sir Oliver Lodge, whom he quotes so extensively.

Mr. Hooper aims high; he professes to give a new view of the Aether (as he calls it) which shall explain gravitation—and a few other trifles as well. But when we try to grasp his conception of the Aether we find that he regards it as consisting of rotating vortices of oblate spheroidal form (on the analogy of the earth) *which attract each other according to the gravitational formula*; and matter, as we know it, is built up of these aetheric atoms. But this is nothing more than a re-statement of Newton's theory, pushed one step back; a bare substitution of the words "aetheric atom" for "particle" in the formula: "Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, etc." Hence Mr. Hooper explains nothing at all, for it is nowhere made apparent how or why his aetheric atoms attract one another. Moreover, of what are his atomic vortices themselves made? For he scoffs at the notion of a frictionless, homogeneous fluid, as unthinkable, and hence his vortices must be made of still smaller vortices and so on, *ad infinitum*.

It is really pathetic to see how he sometimes blunders for want of merely elementary accurate knowledge, in spite of very wide reading

and really wonderful industry. For instance, he believes in the existence of an actual *centrifugal force* impelling the planets in their orbits, not knowing that it is merely a figurative expression even as used by Newton for the resistance offered to the constant change of speed and direction of the moving body. Or again when he repeatedly mixes up friction with mass and inertia, in his argument, as if they meant the same thing, or when he speaks of the fact that the Newtonian rings formed between a lens and a piece of glass expand when the glass is heated, as due to the rings being *repelled* by the heat! As if the rings were something material and "heat" a "repulsive" force! Or again, when he argues for the need of a continuous "shove" or force of some kind to *keep the planets in motion* and the like.

But all this would be of small account if only his theory of the Aether threw the very smallest light either upon gravitation or upon the nature of the ether. But it does neither, and though I believe he regards some of the views stated by H. P. B. and other Theosophical writers as anticipating and supporting his own, I regret to say that I can find no consolation in that, since I have long sought in these suggestions and statements for anything which could be worked out into a coherent theory of ether and gravitation. But my own efforts have failed entirely, and Mr. Hooper's volume does not to me appear to make the problem any less difficult or even to suggest a more hopeful line of investigation and enquiry.

B. K.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF "OCCULT" WORKS

A Catalogue Raisonné of Works on the Occult Sciences. By F. Leigh Gardner. Vol. I. Rosicrucian Books. With an Introduction by W. Wynn Westcott, M.B. (London: Privately Printed; 1903. Price 5s.)

WE are glad to see that at last an attempt is being made to catalogue the chaos of rare and strange literature dealing with the occult arts and all that mass of magical and mystical writings which medievalism has bequeathed to us and with which the modern revival of psychic research has filled our shelves. The volume before us contains a list of 604 works and pamphlets dealing with "Rosicruciana," and is interspersed with useful notes by the Honorary Secretary of the Rosicrucian Society in England (Soc. Ros. in Anglia); and the whole is prefaced by a sober introduction from the pen of our colleague Dr. W. Wynn

Westcott, who holds the office of M.W. Supreme Magus in the same Society.

Bibliography, especially critical bibliography, is a difficult art, but the bibliography of books on the occult arts and allied obscurities is a Herculean labour and requires not only a special genius but the incarnation of a Minos and a Rhadamanthus, of a Solomon and a Daniel, conflated, to judge justly. Nevertheless we thank Mr. Gardner for making a start and hope to see a number of volumes as the fruit of his industry. Why, however, this catalogue should be "privately printed," and 300 copies only run off and the type distributed, we do not know, except that perhaps Mr. Gardner has unconsciously been drawn back by the dust of these ancient tomes into the atmosphere of medievalism.

G. R. S. M.

A TRIBUTE TO MME. MEULEMAN

In Memoriam P. C. Meuleman-van Ginkel. (21 Mei 1841—23 November 1902.) Door een Aantal harer Vrienden en Leerlingen. (De Teosofische Uitgevers - Maatschappij : Amsteldijk 79, Amsterdam ; 1903. Price 6s.)

No less than sixty-eight friends and admirers have offered their tribute of affection, recognition, and gratitude to our late colleague in this well-printed collection of appreciations. Besides the letterpress it contains no less than six photographs of the well-known features of her whom Colonel Olcott has rightly called the "Mother of Theosophy in Holland." Sixty of these *encomia* are written in Dutch and eight in English, so that it cannot be said of Piet Meuleman, as one of the Logia has it: "A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, November. The President-Founder, being still detained in Paris at the time of writing and thus unable to continue "Old Diary Leaves," is moved by the circumstances to give a very practical treatise on "Bequests to the Society." "Members," he says, "in different countries have been leaving us money in their wills, of which a good deal has been lost through their careless use of

language and ill-digested plans." The essential point of the matter is that the Theosophical Society is not a legal entity, and that money left to the Society, without more definition, simply falls into the residue of the estate, and is lost to us. The same result will take place if money be left to the British Section. And the moral of the matter is that all such bequests should be framed by a professional lawyer ; or as the Colonel says (better still), "All possible mistakes would be avoided if the would-be donor would only ask *me* how his money should be given or bequeathed." The legal form for a bequest to what is now known as the British Section is given on the second page of the cover of this Magazine. Next comes a portion of Sir William Crookes' most important Address to the Congress of Applied Chemistry at Berlin, delivered on the 5th of last June, describing the present condition of what is known as the electric theory of matter. A quotation from Sir Humphry Davy so long back as 1811 is applicable to all investigators: "It is the duty of a chemist to be bold in pursuit. He must not consider things as impracticable merely because they have not yet been effected. He must not regard them as unreasonable because they do not coincide with popular opinion. He must recollect how contrary knowledge sometimes is to what appears to be experience." The chemists have learned the lesson; when our psychic researchers have learned it, perhaps they too may have something valuable to show. Next comes the conclusion of F. Davidson's interesting paper on "Hawaiki, the Ancient Home of the Maori," from which it seems that they have distinct traditions of their residence in the lost continent of the Pacific, and of the existence there of a complete system of Initiation and a fully organised Lodge of Initiates—all destroyed on the submersion of their country. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Clairvoyance in Space"; H. Whyte's "A Buddhist Philosopher"; Miss Kofel's account of Mr. Tilak's valuable work entitled "The Arctic Home in the Vedas"; and a very thoughtful paper by H. Gordon entitled "The Great Illusion," in which the Indian view of the identity of knowing and being is set forth with much freshness of statement and illustration, form the remaining contents of an interesting number.

Prasnottara, November, opens with a study of "Purity," and continues Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthâs," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on Myers' *Human Personality*. We are sorry to see that Mrs. Besant had to recognise that she "has not yet succeeded in reaching the great mass of Hindus with regard to our College; the

English-educated Hindus have, for the most part, heard of it, but only a small minority have helped it financially"; and that she has to start various schemes of collecting for it in small sums. But those who do not care enough for an object to make *great* sacrifices for it are still less likely to make *small* ones,—that's human nature. The "Questions and Answers" contain some valuable replies signed "A. B."

Central Hindu College Magazine, November. In this we have a notice that in the two higher classes double fees will have to be paid by married pupils,—another step for the discouragement of child-marriages. The literary contents are well up to the mark, and the "Letter Box" has some useful answers to questions.

Theosophic Gleaner, October. Here Narrain Rai Varma gives "A Pretty Anecdote about a Fair Vedântist"; N. F. Bilimoria in "Ethics of Zoroastrianism" makes an attempt to put more life into the creed of his co-religionists. In the next article St. Michael of the Christians is identified with Mithras; and various notes on matters of science and archeology make up an interesting number. It seems from the "Notes and News" that the high and dry orthodoxy of the Pârsî priests is beginning to discover itself endangered by the spread of Theosophical teaching; this is a good sign.

The Dawn, October, has amongst other good papers one by M. Townsend, "The Truth about Oriental Patriotism," which should be read and laid to heart by all who care for India.

Indian Review, October, gives portraits of the late Justices Ranade and Telang. A notice of the Sanâtana Dharma Series is illustrated by a picture of Mrs. Besant, in her well-known white garments, sitting native fashion on a tiger skin. It says: "While there is a good deal of empty talk going on in the press and on the platform about the necessity of religious and moral education in Indian Schools and Colleges and the difficulty of finding out suitable text-books for the purpose, the authorities of the Central Hindu College, Benares, deserve to be congratulated on the practical steps they have taken in the matter. The credit of this is due not a little to the self-sacrificing labours of the noble English lady—the founder of the College. We sincerely hope that the master-hand which designed and has worked up the institution to its present successful position will be spared long to realise her cherished ambitions for making India as noble and great as she once was in the past." "The

Vedāntic Doctrine of the Future Life," by Sītānāth Tattvabhushan, is a paper which has much interest for us.

East and West, for November, opens with a long and serious article by Mr. F. C. O. Beaman, continuing his study of Theosophy. It seems to us a model of fair and reasonable treatment of the subject *by an outsider*, and one well worthy of being reprinted in one of our own magazines. He begins by setting aside the vulgar abuse arising from the calumnies against H. P. B., saying: "If in our own times a few individuals, some of them possessed most unquestionably of the highest talents, but also displaying many gross and deplorable infirmities alike of character, intellect and method, sought to rekindle in the West a light that had begun to burn dimly under the accumulation of materialistic forces and the strongest antagonistic currents of thought, setting towards formalism in preference to the realities under formalism, it is surely unjust and unphilosophical to jump to the conclusion that the light itself must necessarily be bad, because those who raised it were full of imperfections. . . . Blavatsky is not Theosophy. Before Blavatsky came Pythagoras, Plato, Manu, Buddha, Christ; later Swedenborg, Behmen, all the Mystics; later still Whitman, Emerson, and now the tremendous and rapidly growing school of American mentalists—all of whom can easily be seen to have been, or to be—some perfectly, others very imperfectly—exponents of the Ancient Wisdom which is the spring of all true religion. . . . If we take what is most distinctive in each and all of the great works I have mentioned, we shall find that this distinguishing quality is a more or less approach to the Theosophical synthesis." We hope this series will be reprinted in permanent form; we could not have a better statement of our case, as I say—for outsiders. In an editorial headed "Ranade and his Times" we find the promoters of the Congress making the same complaint as Mrs. Besant, but with a bitterness which a foreigner dare not use. The editor says: "How has *East and West* been received by the (Indian) public? They hailed its appearance with enthusiasm, but when it came to paying the bills, the enthusiasm cooled down gradually." A friend circulated 4,000 copies of the prospectus amongst the members of the National Assembly, with the result of *three* subscribers "two of whom deserted when in sight of bills a few months later. The *Indian Spectator* and the *Voice of India* have the same tale to tell—one copy read by ten readers and the one subscriber sometimes in arrears. . . . No wonder the press in India draws but few men of character and talent." Evidently *if India*

is to be saved by the press it is in a bad way; but that is a large "if."

The Lotus Journal, for December, gives as its illustration a good reproduction of the Sistine Madonna, and the contents are a pleasant mixture of grave and gay.

Bulletin Théosophique is the first to announce a forthcoming work from the prolific pen of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, to be entitled *Sketches of Occultism, Ancient and Modern*. Besides the activities of the French branches we are introduced to the course of studies of what seems a promising lodge at Sofia in Bulgaria, whose energetic President, Capt. Ftitcheff, has already translated a very considerable portion of our literature into the Bulgarian language.

Revue Théosophique, November, continues Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and gives translations of Mrs. Bell's "Theosophy and Family Life," and papers by H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley.

Theosophia, November. The original contents of this number are an Editorial entitled "Forbearance," and a paper on "Concentration," by Mrs. C. E. Knauff-Grüntke. Translations from Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett, Bhagavan Das, and Michael Wood, fill up the remaining space.

We have also to acknowledge *Théosophie*, with a translation of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras; *Sophia*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophical Messenger*; *South African Messenger*; *Theosophy in Australasia*; *Sophia* (Chile); *Teosofisch Maandblad*; and the seventh *Annual Report* of the Rangoon T.S., a very encouraging summary of work done.

Also, *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *Dharma*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Magazine*; *Light*; *Humanitarian*; *Lo Nuevo*; *Brotherhood*; *The Wise Man*.

From C. W. Daniel, 5, Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, we have a nicely got up set of 3d. tracts, entitled *The Christian Mystics*, by W. P. Swainson. The first three are S. Francis, Swedenborg, and Geo. Fox. Also, *Out of the Heart*, by R. D. Stocker. Mr. Swainson gives us very useful summaries of the lives he treats of, and grows enthusiastic over Geo. Fox, but feels it needful to apologise for Swedenborg's not being a Socialist; thus marking his own point of view.

W.