

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXV

NOVEMBER, 1904

No. 207

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE British Mission has returned from mysterious Lhasa, the Mecca of the Buddhist world, and for months the attention of the Western world has been turned to one of the most romantic episodes of modern times. To none has this event been of greater interest than to the members of the Theosophical Society; not, however, that they had any expectation of any immediate discoveries that might prove that there were somewhere hidden away in the mass of strange and fantastic beliefs of the ignorant, traditions of a nobler kind and documents of greater value than any which have so far come into the hands of Orientalists (for this seemed to be excluded by the wise policy which scrupulously respected the prejudices of the monks, and permitted the doors of the monasteries to remain closed to the officers as well as the men of the Mission), but rather because the way was being paved for a future when a better understanding might make accessible what has so far been so jealously reserved.

To be more precise; the stanzas and commentaries psychically dictated to H. P. B., in *The Secret Doctrine*, have they or

have they not parallels in the mystic literature of Tibet, Mongolia, China and Central Asia? This is a question which is of profound interest to the students of that most fascinating of all Theosophical books. The opening up of Tibet for trade purposes with India is the first step in the direction of making a practical answer to this question possible, and it is therefore for us an event of the greatest interest.

* * *

BUT it may be said that such an expectation is absurd, for all reports go to show that Tibet, as far as the Tibetans are concerned, is a country of filth, of the densest ignorance, and grossest superstitions; no good thing can possibly come out of this squalid Nazareth. Quite

The Nechung
Monastery

so; but how many monasteries have our able newspaper correspondents, whose reports have throughout been most graphic and intelligent, visited, even by invitation? Few we take it, and in Lhasa itself apparently only one. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit the Nechung Monastery, which he calls the monastery of the "Chief Oracle of Tibet," and in a letter dated August 10th writes: "The five hours spent there were the pleasantest and most surprising I have yet passed." Without all was filth, within all was "most beautifully clean." The frescoes, decoration, and colour-scheme of the pillars and doors of the court-yard and temple are spoken of as being in exquisite taste and admirably executed. The subjects of the frescoes in the courtyard were the gruesome torments of the wicked; there was, however, not enough light to distinguish the subjects of the frescoes on the walls of the interior.

The most sacred place in the temple itself was a shrine or inner temple, lit by the flare of a perpetual light burning on the altar. Behind the altar was the chair of the "Chief Astrologer"; by it was standing his sword and a large "silver disk, set in brass," which the visitor took for a breastplate, but which we should say may have been a mirror. Much else of interest also was seen on the ground floor, but as the reproduction of the text of the article is forbidden we must hasten on.

After tea the visitors were taken to the second and third stories of the building, which were also spotlessly clean, and where

one of the most interesting rooms contained a collection of some thousand statues of the Buddha. The colouring of the pillars and roofs of the upper stories was the same as that of the ground floor, while the main roof was admirably and solidly constructed of copper, gilded apparently with an amalgam of mercury and gold. The excellent frescoes in the upper verandah depicted the Buddha and saints, and their reincarnations.

* * *

WHAT, however, seems to have surprised the writer of this interesting narrative more than anything else was the house of the "Chief Astrologer" in an enclosed garden

The House of the "Chief Astrologer" at the back of the monastery. Guarding the gate in the wall was a splendid black Tibetan mastiff in his kennel; while inside was a small grass lawn surrounded by bamboo clumps and hollyhocks and nasturtiums all ablaze. The house itself was a small three-roomed stone cottage, with a door painted bright red, adorned with a brass knocker; its interior was spotlessly clean, and charming, gay with flowers in every window; the floor of one room was of beautifully polished inlaid wood, and the partitions between the rooms were of fretted woodwork. The whole was a perfect gem, said to be equal to anything found in Japan. But the owner of the house was not there; he had accompanied the Dalai Lama on his pilgrimage to Mongolia; so that, as the writer says, there was no opportunity "of judging of the character of the man himself, and comparing it with one's ideal of the possessor of such a house as this."

* * *

SURPRISING as it was to find this scrupulously clean monastery and dainty retreat in the midst of the general filth of Lhasa, even more surprising was the piece of good fortune

The Jo-Kang which enabled several members of the Mission, on the invitation of the Chinese Amban, to visit the world-famous Jo-Kang, and inspect its mysterious interior without let or hindrance. The Jo-Kang may fitly be termed the Holy of Holies of the Buddhist world, the most jealously guarded spot even in Lhasa itself. The great doors, across whose threshold no European had even stepped before,

were thrown open and immediately barred behind the Peling visitors, who gradually passed from the light into the ever deepening obscurity of the inner courts. Among these visitors was the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, who describes his experience and impressions in two and a half columns of intensely interesting notes in the issue of September 24th.

Omitting his description of the outer court surrounded with a forest of pillars, the frescoes on its walls absolutely hidden by their coating of the dirt and grease of centuries, and of the second court, its massive walls honeycombed with a number of small cells or chapels, each with its altar and images and its eternally burning butter-lamps, which cover everything with a thick deposit of grease and soot, and charge the air with rancid vapours, we pass on to the central court of the second court, "the sanctity of the temple obviously increasing" stage by stage as we pass from court to court.

THREE sides of this inner court^{* * *} of the first inner court are surrounded with statues of the Buddha, in tiers, the larger rising behind the smaller to the roof. But what strikes the eye and rivets the attention, are two statues apart, sitting, not standing, one of life size, the other of gigantic proportions.

The Statue of the
Lord Maitreya

Both of these present the same peculiarity—one that cannot fail to arrest the eye at once. Each is seated upon a throne in European fashion, and this identifies them at once. Of all the Bodisats, heroes or teachers which fill the calendars of Lamaism only the image of the Coming Buddha is thus represented. How this tradition arose the Lamas themselves are unable to explain, but it is of great antiquity, and it is to Europe that the eyes of Buddhism are turned for the appearance of the next reincarnation of the Great Master. . . . Crowned with a huge circlet set with innumerable turquoises, Maitreya sits here with one hand raised in benediction, the other resting upon his knee.

UNDER the eastern end of the temple^{* * *} the darkness deepened fast. In the gloom ancient chapel after chapel is passed. The archaic walls and worn pillars bear the burden of the warped rafters overhead; the stone slabs beneath are worn into a channel, and the grime of a thousand years has utterly hidden the frescoes on the walls.

The Holy of
Holies

At last, on turning to the right and passing beneath the uplifted statue of Tsong-kapa, the great fifteenth century Reformer of Central Asia (a contemporary likeness), the Jo itself comes into view.

The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol [statue ?] in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god [? Master]. One only realises a high pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute, and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden idol which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter-lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of the twenty or thirty beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghostlike and shadowless. . . .

* * *

It is not the magnificence of the statue that is first perceived, and certainly it is not that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression. For this is no ordinary representation of the Master. The "The Ancient of Eternity is a Boy" features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. . . .

Here . . . is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who has never yet known either pain, or disease, or death. . . . This beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet, and as one gazes one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians.

Whether or not the statue is that of Gautama as a young prince, or is to be more appropriately described by the archaic saying, "the Ancient of Eternity is a Boy," must be left to the reader who knows what that saying means.

According to tradition the statue is of very great age, and its making is the subject of legends. It is said to be not of pure gold, but of gold alloyed with the four other elemental metals, silver, copper, zinc and iron. The priceless jewels on the statue, the throne and canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragon of silver-gilt, and the innumerable golden ornaments of the shrine, are all described. Of all this wealth "the crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel."

It is a deep coronet of gold set round and round with turquoise, and heightened by five conventional leaves, each enclosing a golden image of Buddha, and encrusted with precious stones. In the centre below the middle leaf is a flawless turquoise, 6in. long and 3in. wide, the largest in the world.

The eternal youth of the Master and the *taxis* of the Five are not without significance to students of *The Secret Doctrine*.

* * *

IMPRESSIVE and haunting as is the statue itself, its impressiveness is greatly enhanced by the background, which produces a feeling of immense antiquity and grandeur. It is not "The Atlantides" the calculated art but the grim simplicity of the thing that strikes the beholder.

Behind the throne are dimly seen in the darkness huge figures standing back against the wall of the shrine all round. Rough-hewn, barbarous, and unadorned they are, but nothing else could have so well supplied the background for this treasure of treasures as the Egyptian solemnity of those dark Atlantides, standing shoulder to shoulder on altar stones, where no lamps are ever lighted and no flowers are ever strewn. . . . Outside, the maroon-robed monks sat and droned their never-ending chant.

No European had ever entered the Jo-Kang before; no one knew that there were such figures behind the Buddha; and yet some of us have heard H. P. B. talk of them, even as of the eleven-faced statue of Shen-ne-zig which the *Times'* correspondent also saw. Whether or not we have, then, already here the first contribution to the justification of the publication of the marvellous stanzas and commentaries that form the inner text of *The Secret Doctrine*, students of that amazing book may perhaps answer. In any case it is a strange coincidence that the "Story of Atlantis" should be the tragical turning-point and most dramatic incident of its colossal anthropogenesis, the great struggle between the Giants and the Buddhas of the ancient earth, and that in the Jo-Kang, the Golden-faced Master should stand in front of the dim shadows of the earth-tyrants of the past.

* * *

PASSING by much else of interest, as for example the chapels on the first floor, maintained by the devotion of special races of the Buddhist faith, the visitors ascended yet another storey, where they came upon the statue which, after the figure of the Master himself, is considered the most important that this mysterious Cathedral contains; it is the statue of the guardian goddess who, writes the *Times'* correspondent, without further comment, "as every

The Statue of
Palden-Lhamo

Tibetan knows—from the Dalai Lama to the peasant in the field—was reincarnated during the last century as Queen Victoria.”

In the south-eastern corner of this storey is the armoury, where the walls and pillars alike are loaded with ancient and grotesque instruments of war. From this room a low, narrow passage leads down half-a-dozen stone steps into a small dungeon, where the statue of the guardian goddess, Palden-Lhamo, is worshipped. This is a most amazing figure. The three-eyed goddess, crowned with skulls, grins affably with 'mother-o'-pearl teeth from her altar ; upon her head and breast are jewels which the Jo himself might condescend to wear. . . . Before her burn butter-lamps, and brown mice swarm fearlessly over walls and floor and altar, so tame that they did not resent being stroked in the lap of the goddess herself.

We wonder what Victoria of pious memory, the impersonation of so much that seems the very antipodes of such a portraiture, would have thought had she known of this persuasion of the piety of Tibet. In any case, whatever we may think of the matter, it is the highest compliment any Tibetan could pay her, and it is difficult to understand why the subjects of this Queen should have been hitherto so rigorously excluded from the land by a jealous policy which practically stultified the universal belief of Tibetan Lamaism.

* * *

SUCH are some of the treasures which a brief visit revealed to a trained observer who was presumably not technically a Buddhist scholar, much less a student of the inner side of the highly complex tradition of Buddhism in Tibet, tradition of traditions which are outlined on a dim background of primitive myths, one stratum of which is apparently strongly reminiscent of archaic Babylonian lore. In the Jo-Kang there is for the Buddhist scholar :

The Treasures
that await
Exploration

An unexplored wealth which it may be many years before any second visitor will have the privilege of inspecting, or the knowledge to appreciate. The great eleven-faced Shen-ne-zig, the “precious” image of Tsong-kapa, the innumerable figures of divine teachers, each symbolically representing the spiritual powers with which he was endowed, the great series of the disciples of Buddha, the statue of the Guru Rimpoche, the usual “chamber of horrors,” and hundreds of other objects, each worthy of the great Pantheon of Lamaism—all these must remain for the moment unnoticed. But the longer one stays within these strange and sacred courts, the more amazing

does the contrast appear between the priceless riches and historic sanctity of their contents and the squalid exterior of the most sacred structure in all the vast domain of Buddhism. Yet the face of the Buddha remains the dominant impression of the whole.

* * *

IN *Nature* of May 26th there is reviewed by R. L. (R. Lydekker, the well-known zoologist) a work by Captain F. W. Hutton, entitled *Index Faunæ Novæ Zealandiæ*. The author has for many years devoted special attention to the origin and relationships of the fauna of this island, and, in the words of the reviewer, "his matured conclusions are of the highest value and importance."

Further Scientific
Evidence for
"Lemuria"

The New Zealand fauna may be divided into a small aboriginal element and larger Malay, Australian and Antarctic elements, as well as several smaller ones.

From the occurrence of the number of animals which it is impossible to believe could have crossed the sea the author is of opinion that New Zealand is not entitled to be regarded as an oceanic island, but that at an epoch relatively remote it formed part of a large continent.

The land-shells of the genus *Endodonta*, which range all through Polynesia, New Zealand, Eastern Australia, New Guinea, and the Philippines, with an outlier in Ceylon, afford the best evidence in favour of a Polynesian continent, the Cingalese outlier pointing to the conclusion that this group of molluscs originally came from the north. The molluscan evidence will not, however, explain the South American connection.

The best zoological evidence of the latter connection, by way of Antarctica, is afforded by the earthworms of the family *Acanthodrilidæ*, which are unknown north of the equator, although their occurrence in Madagascar may point to a northern origin.

Additional evidence of a connection with Patagonia is afforded by the occurrence in tertiary strata of South America and New Zealand of quite a number of shallow-water marine invertebrates, as, indeed, has been recently pointed out by Dr. von Ihering. Further, the occurrence of these forms in older strata in South America than in New Zealand points to the conclusion that the migration took place from the former to the latter area.

THE HEROES

By many a dream of God and man my thoughts in shining flocks
were led :

But as I went through Patrick Street the hopes and prophecies were
dead.

I could not think this murky flood had issued from the golden fount,
Or that the dark beneath the deep could go up to the holy mount.
The hopes and prophecies were dead : they could not blossom where
the feet

Walked amid rottenness, or where the brawling shouters stamped the
street.

Where was the beauty that the Lord gave man when first he towered
in pride ?

But one came by me at whose word the bitter condemnation died.
His brows were crowned with thorns of light : his eyes were bright as
one who sees

The starry palaces shine o'er the sparkle of the heavenly seas.
"Is it not beautiful?" he cried. "Our Faery Land of Hearts' Desire
Is mingled through the mire and mist, yet stainless keeps its lovely
fire.

The pearly phantoms with blown hair are dancing where the
drunkards reel :

The cloud frail daffodils shine out where filth is splashing from the
heel.

O sweet, and sweet, and sweet to hear, the melodies in rivers run :
The rapture of the crowded notes is yet the myriad voice of One.
Those who are lost and fallen here, to-night in sleep shall pass the
gate,

And wear the purples of the King, and know them masters of their fate.
Each wrinkled hag shall reassume the plumes and hues of paradise :
Each brawler be enthroned in calm among the Children of the Wise.
Yet in the council with the gods no one will falter to pursue
His lofty purpose, but come forth the cyclic labours to renew ;
And take the burden of the world and dim his beauty in a shroud,

And wrestle with the chaos till the anarch to the light be bowed.
 We cannot for forgetfulness forego the reverence due to them
 Who wear at times they do not guess the sceptre and the diadem.
 As bright a crown as this was theirs when first they from the Father
 sped ;
 Yet look with deeper eyes and still the ancient beauty is not dead."
 He mingled with the multitude. I saw their brows were crowned
 and bright,
 A light around the shadowy heads, a shadow round the head of light.

A. E.

A MASTER MYSTIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TEACHING OF JACOB BOEHME

I.

IF we take together the words of wise natural philosophy, as expressed in the inscription over the entrance to the Delphian Oracle, "Know thyself," and the words of wise divine philosophy, as expressed by the Saviour of the world: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou hast sent, even Jesus Christ," we get the two sides of an all-important truth. To know myself truly I must know God; to know God truly I must know myself; either knowledge is impossible alone. For "in Him we live and move and have our being"; and in us He dwells, and has His outward presentment and manifestation: perfectly, in Jesus Christ, in whom dwells the whole fulness of the Deity; but in us, only as in a glass darkly (as yet); but when we too are perfected, then shall we be "filled with all the fulness of God."

The errors into which the world has fallen have arisen from attempting to put asunder these two sides of truth which God has joined together. To study God alone, and neglect to know ourselves, leads to a theoretical, notional idea of righteousness as

a system arbitrarily imposed on us ; whereas it is really the very nature of our own true Being. To study ourselves alone is to rest in superficial knowledge ; for to know what a thing is on the outside, and not to know whence it came, nor what it is for, nor the whole fulness of its content, is certainly but the circumference of knowledge.

A telescope can show me what my eye alone cannot see ; but if I do not understand the instrument I look through, how can I feel confident that what I see through it is what is there, and not a deception of the glass ? And if I feel no interest in what is distant I shall never use the instrument at all. There are many who have never learned to "focus" the spiritual faculty in themselves, and so regard the distant as the unknowable ; for, looking, and seeing nothing but blurred images, they unwisely conclude that what is there is blur. Others, to whom they tell this, think it therefore waste of time to look through the glass at all.

So not to know myself in the full content of my being is, very possibly, to miss much knowledge that most closely and intimately concerns myself. Not to know God is to regard myself as a mere fact apart from its purpose ; which would be as useful as a knowledge of optics to a man who never wanted to make, or use, a telescope.

Thus God and man are inseparably linked together. God is the unseen Spirit and Power ; man, its seen manifestation and effect. These two are separable only to limited faculty ; the wiser a man grows the more clearly he recognises that the two are one.

Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, is gloriously illogical ; for he says :

Know then thyself ; presume not God to scan,

and yet could also say :

One truth is clear, whatever is is right.

But this assurance necessitates a knowledge of God ; for, apart from this, and judging from outer sight only, many things in the world of man seem to be hideously wrong.

By many it is asserted that man has no spiritual telescope, no faculty for discovering what his outer eye cannot see. Hence

the world has plunged enthusiastically into science to the neglect of mysticism.

Many reasons have led to this. Intellectual faculty lies on the surface ; it reveals itself spontaneously, and we have but to cultivate what we find ourselves already possessed of. Requiring only the head, it leaves the heart uninvolved. One must, indeed, be resolute, and resist inclination to laziness ; but there are many incentives to industry which can be recognised and appreciated immediately.

On the other hand, spiritual faculty lies deeper in the nature, and does not always reveal itself spontaneously. Instead of beginning the cultivation when the cotyledon leaves have already appeared, we may have to dig the ground and wait for the seed to begin to grow. Here, too, the heart is directly involved. The heart that is not set right, that does not strive to be kindly, meek, and self-sacrificing, will never discover anything in the pursuit of divine philosophy. Also the rewards to be won, though really far greater than those of science, are not so obvious at first sight, and are not such as the outward nature of us longs for and loves. Nay, on the contrary, we must be prepared to face much that is very distasteful to the outer nature. The world will scorn us ; worldly success, fame, recognition, rewards, will not fall to our lot. So that, with regard to this path, as seen by the outer eye, the inducements are at a minimum, and the difficulties at a maximum.

Yet, to such as can discern the realities, it lacks neither inducements nor encouragements. There is a joy in the smallest progress that he who experiences it cannot describe in words ; and help comes unexpectedly in difficulties, before which the difficulty vanishes. The student knows, too, that, though there may be much to be borne at first, yet in the end he will have conquered the three greatest foes of man's peace—fear, care, and death ; and be for ever everywhere at home, free of the universe.

In saying this, we do not expect to find it readily accepted ; or think, with little persuasion, to induce men of science to study mysticism. What we would fain succeed in is to induce them no longer to condemn mysticism. No true mystic despises

science. There is no knowledge of outer fact that does not throw light on inner truth. No one recognises this more clearly than the great master about to be introduced to the reader. Let men, if they will, investigate and explore the wonders of God in every department of knowledge. Would it hinder them in this to recognise that what they were investigating *was* the wonders of God? Every man has his gift; and some are fitted for the study of science, and some for the study of philosophy. Let neither despise the other.

The quarrel of the mystic is not with the *discoveries* of science but with its *negations*. When we hear men say, in effect: "We are sincerely convinced that the works we are investigating are nothing more than the works of an abstraction that we call 'nature,'" we cannot resist asking them to allow that this is but an opinion which never has been, and (from the nature of the case) never can be proved. The conclusion from ignorance is (to the holder) as strong as the conclusion from knowledge. We do not ask them to accept what *they* cannot see; but we may ask them not to expect *us* to say we do not see what we do, simply because they do not see it. Knowledge is yet too far from its perfection to justify any in being dogmatic as to what it does not contain; or in rejecting evidence of what he himself may not yet have observed. "Nothing I see, yet all there is I see," is a piece of dogmatism that no really scientific man would ever allow himself to utter.

And just as scientific facts throw light upon the truths of Spirit, so would the truths of Spirit illuminate, and give a higher significance to, the facts of science. The two are brethren, and should do no wrong the one to the other. For God is unknowable apart from His operation; and His operation is illogical apart from Him. There has never been known to human experience an operation without an operator; or an operation which had not some end and purpose beyond itself.

But it is not only among men of science that mysticism finds opponents. The Jew, as well as the Greek, says St. Paul, is out of sympathy with spiritual perceptions. What the latter regards as folly, the former regards as dangerous (a stumbling block). There is a science which is falsely so called; and there is a

philosophy which is vain deceit (*Col.*, ii. 8). The context of this passage shows that what was in St. Paul's mind was a hard and fast religious system, which opposed to the "mystery of God" a pragmatism of "meat or drink, feast day, new moon, sabbath"; and all such things which are as the body without the Head. There is no harm in erecting a system for the conservation of a threatened truth; but when the truth is established the system should be let go, and a further truth sought. Instead of this, we too often find that the system is still maintained, and regarded as if, instead of being made for the truth, the truth was made for it.

The Mystic has no quarrel with systems as such; but he must ever protest against systems set up as a boundary beyond which none may advance. The Lord spoke of one flock, but never of one fold; indeed, He expressly says: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold"; nor did He ever give authority to any to attempt to divide the sheep from the goats, and label one as sheep and the other as goats.

All systems are broken lights; useful if recognised as such, but disastrous if regarded as full and perfect light. Most disastrous of all, when, under them, *success in the pursuit of truth becomes replaced by success in the system*. The rewards of truth are never things of this world; the rewards of the system only too commonly are; hence the temptation to pursue these rewards instead of truth itself.

But it seems to the present writer that many opponents of system make as much a system of their anti-system as those whom they oppose do of their system. We ought to remember that while there are the few who can do without the help of a system, the many require this help. It is not system as such, but the unprogressive system, against which the Mystic protests. To use an illustration: To a child who has not mastered the alphabet the teacher may well say: "Stick to your letters and do not attempt yet to dip into higher branches of knowledge." But yet the teacher does all he can to prepare the child for the higher branches; and is glad when he is able to pass on to them. Thus should all systems be used.

But in the human heart there is often found a strange desire

to "draw the line" somewhere. We love to define, and erect boundaries. We like to believe that the journey is done, and that we are arrived; and so we shut up truth to our own apprehensions, and suppose that everything outside this is evil.

But while protesting against this spirit, the protest should be made without irritation or anger. There should be no calling of names, or imputing of unworthy motives; for "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Least of all should the Mystic who, if anyone has, has weapons which are not carnal, resort to abuse and indignation. No world-power can shut up God's truth against the will of God; and if God sees fit to give it the victory over us, it becomes us to submit in meekness, rather than to resent and call names.

It is therefore with the greatest humility that we venture to make a plea for Mysticism before the great masters of the theological systems of the world. We shall probably be told that it is not Mysticism, but the particular conclusions of some self-styled Mystics, that are objected to. We reply that Mysticism never has been, and never can be, a shut in, sharply defined system. In a certain sense it is, and must be, systematic; for the perception of a thing as true evokes at the same moment the correlative perception of its contrary as false. But the wiser a man grows, the less will he rely on this latter perception; and still the less will he emphasise it. We are not appealing for the acceptance of any particular system; but for a wider recognition of the fact that the sole value of a system is the spiritual truth it enshrines; and for a less insistence on the system, and a greater on the truth. But this can only be done when the vastness of the content of truth is recognised; and that no single system—however useful as a preliminary aid—can express the whole of divine truth. It is also necessary to recognise the existence of a spiritual cognising faculty in man which, when opened, enables him to see truth directly, and independently of the system. All true theologians should admit the right of every man to see with his own eyes; remembering that the Spirit divides to each man severally as He will. And though no rational person would deny the right of any man to say that certain apprehensions are, to him, untrue; still he should give his reasons temperately; and,

having done so, leave the matter to the arbitrament of God. The use of might, to repress forcibly opinions we ourselves cannot accept, is never justifiable.

Persecution always shows a greater zeal for the system than for its truth. Demetrius seemed full of zeal for Diana ; but his real care was for the profit he made out of her cult. No one can love truth, without also loving his brother, which involves the most important of truths. This is what we want ; if we could love better we should persuade better. More have been drawn to the truth by the love of those who hold and teach it than by all the persecution and excommunication that has ever been practised. If we could find the *via media* between persecution and indifference, our controversies would be lifted to a happier plane ; and we should find how much there was upon which we could agree to differ. And where we could not, we should be content to wait till God gave the ability to see.

We plead then for greater fluidity, and less eagerness to crystallise, in matters of truth. The door of the heart only stands shut while Christ is without. When it opens, He comes in ; not in one entrance, but in many ; and for these the door must be left open. It is only again shut when the Bridegroom has come, and those that were ready have entered in with Him. Even then, it is only shut to lip-friends, and earthly learning. Throughout the ages of eternity we shall ever be receiving new perceptions of His love and wonders and glory in the life in which all things are for ever new.

* * * *

The author we are about to study was a poor and (as worldly knowledge goes) unlearned man, to whom a wonderful opening of spiritual vision was given. To ask why to him, more than to any other, is a profitless question : " The wind bloweth where it listeth." He himself is constantly asserting that anyone who will strive to live in faith and humility may have all that he had. In his writings he tells us that his mind was set and bent on gaining the true knowledge of God ; and that, for long, he sought in vain. Whereat, instead of giving up, he strove still harder to live purely and meekly ; and in all things to do what his heart told him was the will of God. There was in him such a vehement

determination to go to the utmost of endeavour, that he resolved to persevere even if the attempt seemed to threaten utter ruin in worldly circumstances, and the loss of his bodily life. This splendid resolution was at length rewarded. Truth opened to him in spiritual vision. He saw in everything around him its spiritual centre and idea. His insight extended even to the very gates of the Deity ; for, as he says, without this all the rest would have been of small assurance and profit.

Feeling irresistibly impelled to write down what had come to him, he found himself—as he frequently says—unable to express it as clearly as he would wish. He complains that he can only stammer as a little child. This difficulty arose from two causes. First, the abnormality of his own inspiration ; not that it was really abnormal, but it certainly is so to the world, which cognises entirely through intellect. In him the spiritual vision was opened, which showed him the thing directly, without the ordinary mediation of the intellectual faculty. And yet he has to use this faculty to describe what he saw ; and his readers would mostly have to rely on this faculty in perusing his works. This is the second difficulty—that those to whom he tried to speak were accustomed to use only external faculty in the acquisition of ideas. He is quite conscious that by most he would not be understood ; but he is equally conscious that such as had spiritual minds would understand him. “We shall be clear enough to our schoolfellows,” he says, “and the worldly-minded who will not understand, had better leave our books alone.” He said that in those intervals when the Spirit left him, he could not himself understand what he had written under its influence.

To many minds this alone will be a sufficient demonstration of the valuelessness of his writings ; they will decide at once that he lacks the critical ability to weigh evidence. With men of this spirit it is no use to argue. It is the blind man easily concluding that, because one who tells him of the beauties of colour cannot read the date on a coin by feeling with his fingers, his evidence as to what he asserts is inadmissible. When conviction depends on the possession of a faculty which is absent, it is hopeless to attempt to persuade. One can only point out that, even by canons that are accepted, nothing but a negative conclusion can

follow from a negative premiss, and urge that the attitude of mind should be, "I am not convinced that it is true," rather than "I am convinced that it is false."

Thus most readers will find this author at first very hard to comprehend. Yet if they will but use some pains and persistence, one thing will soon become clear; and that is, that however unintelligible his writings may seem, there is plainly a wonderful method and unity therein. We feel that his system is, to him, a single, logical, connected system. It is never self-contradictory; the whole hangs together and is a unity; and does not at all resemble the writings of the mentally incapable, which abound in inconsistencies and contradictions. This will encourage us to persevere in the effort to understand him; and the present writer has found that this effort is rewarded in the end.

* * * *

The English translation of Boehme's works occupies four large quarto volumes, bearing dates from 1764 to 1781. There is an edition in smaller quarto of about one hundred years earlier. Both editions are rare; the price of the larger is usually from £8 to £9.

A short account of his life is given at the beginning of the first volume of his works, and also in Bishop Martensen's *Jacob Boehme: his Life and Teaching*.^{*} There is an article on Boehme in Charles Knight's *English Cyclopædia*; and also in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. To these sources we refer the reader who desires to know something of the man.

For it is with his teaching alone that we are at present concerned; and how best to set it forth has long been a problem to us. He has, of set purpose, made himself very obscure. For, like many of the most highly illuminated Seers, he seems to feel that there is danger in too clearly explaining the depths of God, lest ignorant and carnal minds should read, and profane the knowledge thus exposed to their view. So he sets, as he says, strong bolts and bars athwart his meaning which shall at once keep out the scorners and admit the wise. The result of this is that we ourselves have not felt entirely satisfied with the works we have seen, professing to expound him; and we are equally sure that

^{*} Hodder & Stoughton, 1885.

other students may very likely feel the same dissatisfaction with our own exposition. Therefore, it seems best to us to give our exposition as only what, after careful and prolonged study, we have gleaned of his meaning. The best we could write could never be as useful to the reader as the study of his works themselves; and it is not to relieve the reader from the trouble of this study, but rather to encourage him to undertake it, that we venture on this attempted exposition.

For if ever an author needed to be read and re-read, it is the one we are concerned with now. At a first perusal it seems hopeless to expect to understand him. Fortunately, however, his longer works, the *Aurora*, *The Three Principles*, *The Three-fold Nature of Man*, *The Mysterium Magnum*, and the *Signatura Rerum*, deal with the same concepts, all from slightly different points of view, and greatly help to explain each other.

Our own experience has been that the more we have read, the more clearly does some understanding of this wonderful philosophy dawn upon us, and also, that when it does, the pains we have had to take are more than compensated by the delight of attaining to such a wonderful exposition of the profoundest mysteries of nature and of grace.

Let it be understood, then, that we profess to give only what we have thus far been able to grasp of the teaching of this marvellous author. More than this we dare not venture to claim.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE best soldiers are not warlike; the best fighters do not lose their temper. The greatest conquerors are those who overcome their enemies without strife. The greatest directors of men are those who yield place to others. This is called the virtue of not striving, the capacity for directing mankind; this is being the compeer of Heaven. It was the highest goal of the ancients.—LAO-TZŪ.

ON MOODS

As we all know in theory, the Theosophical Society has as its work in the world the spreading of the great truths of the WISDOM, and most of us believe the fact that these truths are preserved to the world, generation after generation, by the great body of spiritual Teachers whom we speak of as the White Lodge. Those Teachers have their claim on our allegiance because They are the greatest servants of humanity. They stand out above and beyond all other Helpers of men by the immensity of Their sacrifice for the sake of the world, and by the perfection with which Their service is rendered. It is not too much to say of Them that Their very existence lies in sacrifice. Great as are the interests with which They deal, far-reaching as is the wisdom with which They scan the worlds and the evolution of humanity, none the less we know—as all of us have been told and some of us have observed—that despite that immense width of work and of duty They are in fullest and tenderest sympathy with the individual efforts of individual men and women. To us, of course, it is wellnigh impossible to realise how comprehension so vast is at the same time so minute in its observation. We ourselves, as our interests widen, are so apt to become more careless of details, are so apt to look on the smaller things of life as though they were insignificant. We are not yet at that point of greatness which is able to look on all things we call great or small as neither small nor great—that point of greatness which considers the perfection with which work may be done as far more important than the importance of the work in the eyes of the world. It is difficult for us, because we are not yet great, to understand this bringing together of points that to us seem to be so opposite in their nature ; and yet it is one of the profoundest truths in the universe that the greater the comprehension the more complete, tender and sympathetic is the attention to detail, is the feeling

with all that breathes. Greater in range of vision most certainly is the LOGOS of our system than the Masters who serve under His direction, and yet even closer than Their touch with Their disciples is His touch with all. Literally and perfectly true is that phrase spoken by the Christ that "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." To that all-embracing Love and Life all lives which are part of Itself are infinitely dear and precious. In the immensity of the Mind which comprehends and supports them all, every distinction disappears, so that that phrase of the poet :

Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,

is literally true of the LOGOS of our universe. And true is it also that They in whom His spirit is more manifest than it is in us, alike in the extent of Their knowledge and in the deepness and detail of Their sympathy, are more like Him than we are like Them.

But while this is true, the great Ideal that They present to us is surely one which we may well endeavour to some extent to reproduce in our lives ; for just in proportion as we can extend our knowledge, and deepen, refine and make sensitive our emotions, so are we gradually evolving along the line which at last shall bring us closer to Their perfection. And in this article I wish to urge the infinite importance to each one of us, as member of the Society, as member of the nation or the home, of trying to join together and to evolve in our own life these two aspects of the far-reaching and the detailed sensitive and tender feeling towards each. In the proportion that we reach the Wisdom, which is the realisation of the One Life, so also must be the proportion with which we manifest the Love, which is the unity of that Wisdom manifesting itself in the diversity of forms ; for just as Wisdom recognises that all lives are one, so does the separate life—realising that Wisdom and yet the infinite variety of separate forms—try to draw its own enveloping form towards the other envelopes of the Soul. The drawing together of the forms by the Life is that which we know as Love ; so that the Wisdom of the buddhic plane is the Love of the emotional plane. And as that Wisdom begins to bud on the higher plane its aspect in our emotions must flower in proportion. It is this recognition in our own lives of

the duty of knowing, and of the duty of loving, which builds up that rounded perfection of character after which each one of us should strive. In the past we have naturally evolved in a lopsided manner ; we have evolved perhaps strongly in the direction of knowledge or strongly in the direction of love and sympathy. It is our duty, now that we are beginning to understand things better, to take our emotions into our own hands and our evolution under our own control ; that we should see that these two things that seem so different down here are really but two aspects of the same Life as manifested on the higher planes of being. And as we see this intellectually and try to realise it emotionally, we shall be developing the type of character which approaches to the possibility of Initiation into the Higher Life, we shall be preparing ourselves for that growth of wisdom which makes possible the opening of our eyes on the buddhic plane.

Now, one great obstacle that we find in our way, both with regard to the growth of our knowledge and to the refining and deepening of our emotions, is the obstacle of changeableness in ourselves, that which we sometimes speak of as our changing moods. And these are very curious and strange : curious, because they seem to alter our whole attitude towards the very things of which really our certainty is the most profound ; strange, because of the enormous power which they wield over us. On what we call an April day, when clouds and sunshine are rapidly succeeding one another, we see a landscape at one moment dark, then bright ; then a portion shines out brightly while another portion is clouded, and so on ; as the clouds and sunshine change so the whole appearance of things, either shadowed or illuminated, alters ; the stream which shines like silver in the sunlight rolls grey and dull beneath the cloud. We see these changes and we know that they are due to the cloud and the sunrays succeeding one another in relation to these things, so that the relation between them is that which changes and makes the immense difference in appearance. And so with us. These moods which have such immense power over us, which influence us so profoundly, are the changing clouds and sunshine of the intellectual and the emotional temperaments—it is chiefly to the emotional temperament that these changing moods must be traced. For

although it is perfectly true that so far as the intellect is concerned it is sometimes alert and sometimes sluggish, sometimes quick to grasp and sometimes slow, sometimes inclined to labour and sometimes to be idle, those changes are really not of the essence of the intellectual nature at all, but only that of the intellectual nature as it works beneath the clouds or sunshine that come to it by contact with the emotional plane. When we want to deal with these moods which sweep over us we must trace them to their origin in the region of the emotions, and learn how they can be dealt with there.

I put side by side the moods of sunshine and of cloud because the sunshiny condition is quite as much a mood as the cloudy one—they go together, a pair of opposites, and if we watch ourselves, we find that just in proportion to the depth and completeness of the depression of one time is the brightness and completeness of the sunshiny mood of another. People who do not sink low in depression do not rise high in elation, while those who at one time are in a state of brilliant delight are those who at another sink down to the very depths of depression. It is a question of the swing of the emotions, and, just as in the swing of a pendulum, the further it swings one side, the further it will swing on the other side of the middle point, so it is also with our emotions. Now this is one of the marked peculiarities of western peoples, and we have it very largely from being born in western nations. For it is a very marked peculiarity that as we travel eastwards this great changeability of moods largely disappears—not entirely, but so much so that it is scarcely perceptible when one is accustomed to the immense changes which sweep over the western nature, and it is a point which I have often observed during my stay in India. I have found it has been for myself a matter of difficulty and continued struggle to reach the kind of equability of mood which seems almost the natural condition of the ordinary cultivated Indian mind. I do not, of course, know at all intimately the people of other eastern nations, but I should imagine from much that I have heard that this equability is also found among the people on the other side of the Indian Peninsula.

This equability of mood is an immense advantage; it pre-

vents a person from being thrown continually off his feet either in one direction or another, and if he is devoted to any particular ideal at one time you may expect to find him devoted to that when you meet him perhaps at long intervals. We, on the other hand, continually find that our attitude changes, so far as our emotions are concerned, to our ideals. And our moods change not only with reference to our ideals ; I should like also to pause for a moment on certain moods which come to us that do not affect us so deeply, in order to clear them out of the way and distinguish them from the more important moods.

Now, first of all, we have a certain amount of changeability of moods caused by the nerves. Very often depression or elation, irritability or calm, are matters very largely dependent on the state of the physical nerves. And those who are students of their own nature should try to divide off the moods of that kind from those of a more serious nature. These things are to be conquered, to be got rid of definitely by a certain amount of reasonableness, common-sense and understanding. First we must separate them from the others ; we must see how far our nervous condition is at the root of our changing moods—a little extra tension of the nerves, a little extra fatigue, a little less of sleep, will make all the difference in this type of moods. When we recognise that for responsible beings it is a thing of which to be ashamed, we should try to get beyond them by endeavouring to keep our bodies as healthy as possible, a duty to ourselves and to those around us ; if the body is out of sorts then necessarily, unless we are very strong, there will be this nervous reaction on our moods. We may be strong enough to prevent it ; we cannot be strong enough to work against it as if the nerves were in good order. And one necessity is the deliberate measuring of our strength and fitting what we do to that measure. It is not a question of the amount of work, but of the proportion between the amount of work and our ability to do it ; the amount of work one can do will be different from what another can do, and it is no use to judge by the amount of work ; we must judge the power of the person to do the work without being thrown into an overstrained condition. There is where common-sense and wisdom come in. My own rule for marking out my work is simply to see

how much out of all the claims upon me I can attend to, knowing what power I have at my disposal; and when I have marked that out, I do not go outside it, no matter how much people may blame me for not doing what they think I ought to do in attending to them—and that is often difficult, because it wants a certain amount of grim determination, when you have marked out what you have to do, not to let yourself be forced beyond it. Yet this is the right way for the Wisdom-student to act, not only because he has no right to break down in the service he is offering to his Master, but because it is not “duty” to do more than we are able to do, and that which is not duty is beating the air. That is an important lesson in occult teaching: we cannot effectively do more than it is our duty to do; if we try to do more, everything outside the duty is so much wasted time and work; it is mere folly to try to do it. There is also the great fact that by doing what is not our duty, we are preventing some one else from doing what is his duty, merely out of our own conceit. We often overstrain ourselves because we think we are the only people who can do this work. As a matter of fact there are many other people who can do it. This lesson in occult economy is one I recommend to all who are apt to overstrain themselves and break down. It is a blunder in practice, and hinders the evolution of those around us; they must evolve as well as we, and we have no right to take away from them their fair opportunities of growth by service. These overstrained nerves from overwork are things that should be looked on as absolutely wrong.

Let us put aside that sort of moods, and take another kind, which is very often very distressing, but would be less so if rightly understood. I mean, those that come from our increasing sensitiveness to super-physical conditions, before we are sufficiently evolved to recognise what those influences are. As we evolve our astral bodies, they not only receive more impressions from the astral plane but pass them on more to the physical body, and so we find a mood of great depression coming over us for which we cannot in any way account. Now very often such a mood is simply an overshadowing from the astral plane with which we have really no more to do ourselves than the stream which is shadowed by the cloud has directly to do with the

cloud. These clouds come over us from the astral plane, sometimes because one we love at a distance is suffering, sometimes because some misfortune is on its way to us and the shadow foreruns it—we have seen and felt it on the astral plane before it comes into view on the physical. Sometimes it is that there are troubles not of those immediately connected with us but of those in our neighbourhood, setting up some vibrations to which we unconsciously and sympathetically respond, and the wider our sympathies the more liable to depressions of this kind are we. People, for instance, who feel strongly about public matters, who are deeply interested in the welfare of large numbers of their fellow men, such people would feel very heavy depression sometimes from public calamities which are impending or going on at the time. Take, for instance, such a thing as the trouble caused by a great strike. Many people who do not suffer directly from it, who are not in themselves physically suffering directly, might get clouds of depression coming over them from the actual sufferings of the people under depression at the time, and so with many public events either coming or present.

What, then, can a person do when a mood of this sort comes along? The only way I know of meeting those is by the clear, definite recognition of the law; the feeling that nothing can come to us or to others which is not within that law, the feeling that whatever comes is working to a good purpose and for a good end, the intense inner conviction that just as when a trouble comes and we see it and understand it we deliberately train ourselves to accept it and live through it, so we are to deal with these vaguer and obscurer things. We need not let the vagueness overpower us; we should not let the obscurity blind us to the working of the law, and we should habitually cultivate the frame of mind which faces everything that may come with fearlessness, remembering that great truth written in an eastern scripture: "Brahman is fearless," and those who share His nature should also share His fearlessness. The cultivation of a spirit that is without fear is one of the very best things any one of us can do. To face the world knowing it is full of cloud and sunshine, and to be willing to pass through each in turn, refusing when the feeling

of depression comes to let it master us, recognising it as a shadow thrown upon us from outside, and declining to allow that shadow to influence the light that is within. That clear recognition that many of the clouds of depression are simply from the astral plane, the dealing with them as impulses that affect us from that region, the looking at them in this light, calmly and deliberately, will generally remove them from our path, and make them take their proper place as simply interesting psychological facts which we do not permit to disturb or affect our serenity.

These, then, are what I may call the less important moods : those that come from the nervous system, and those that come down upon us from the astral region. And all of you who are anxious to become more sensitive and to develop the inner psychical faculties, might consider, when dealing with these moods of depression, how, if you are affected by them, you would face the things which are casting these shadows ; how, say, physical life would be carried on, if you had continually in mind all these incidents on the astral plane which in the mere shadow cast down on the waking consciousness have so much power to depress ; because until you have grown entirely beyond being affected by such moods, until you have got rid of that lack of confidence in the law which makes it possible for these to affect you so strongly, it is better that your eyes should remain closed. It would be impossible for you to have a moment's peace or quiet, if that wider life pressed upon you, and if you could see on the one side all its troubles with the wondering how to meet them, and on the other all its joys with the inevitable elation and impatience that those joys would bring.

Passing from the less important to the more important moods, what is it in us which at one time makes us full of enthusiasm and at another quite indifferent ? Why, to put it plainly, at one time does our theosophical work appear to us as the one thing that makes life worth living and at another (if we speak perfectly honestly to ourselves) we do not care a bit about it, we have neither love for it nor wish to be in it. I know that is a strong way of putting it, but I do not think it is too strong ; I have felt this myself time after time. It is a hard and difficult mood to be in, mostly because it is a mood that makes people think they have gone

suddenly back in evolution, or made some tremendous failure ; it is nothing of the kind, and what is more, these feelings of not caring for, or of indifference towards, our ideals are not of themselves of any importance. What is important is our conduct under them ; what we *feel* does not matter much, how we *act* under the sway of the feelings matters immensely, and that is the real test of enthusiasm. Do we, when we do not care, act exactly as if we did ? Are we strong enough, when we feel that everything is dead, to go on exactly as if everything were pulsing with the most vivid life ? Can we work as strenuously, serve as completely, devote ourselves as utterly, when the ideal is dim and vague as when it is brilliant and filling our life with light ? If we can do this, our devotion is worth something ; if we cannot, there is still much to learn. And that is one of the thoughts I would like to arouse in all of us, because these changes of mood are not possible to escape until we have risen very high. I do not know, in fact, how high it is necessary to rise in order to get quite beyond those stages in which the attitude in feeling to the ideal appears to change.

And how shall we meet these moods ? First, I think, by a recognition of what is called the law of rhythm, which H. P. B., in *The Secret Doctrine*, puts as one of the fundamental truths ; and yet it is a law which few people understand at all, apparently, in its bearing on themselves. What are these moods of enthusiasm and indifference but the inevitable working of this law of periodicity ? These moods must take their part in our emotional and intellectual life—as inevitably as night and day, as necessary as night and day. A person who was without these changes would be like a person who is either always in the night or always in the day. But the wise man should endeavour to bring the day into the night and the night into the day, and that brings about what is often called the Higher Indifference, an equability that is maintained under all conditions. It is not that the night and day cease to follow each other ; it is not that the darkness and light do not still fall upon the soul ; but that the soul, recognising them, is no longer affected by them, feels them without being shaken by them, experiences them without confusing them with himself.

We will recognise then this law of periodicity, that the changes will come, and we will be ready to meet them. When the mood of indifference comes, we will quietly say to ourselves: "I was very enthusiastic for a considerable time; necessarily now I must feel the reverse." The moment we are able to say that and think it, the power of the darkness over us lessens; the darkness is there as before, but we have separated ourselves from it; we see it as an external thing which does not flood the recesses of the soul, we realise it as something belonging to the lower changing astral body. And by that very act of separation, by the recognition of the law that is working and that is good in its working, we remember the day in the darkness of the night, and we remember the darkness of night in the day. Some people do not care to remember the darkness during the period of light. But if they want to gain power over both they must do so. They must check the mood of over-elation quite as much as the mood of over-depression. The mood of lightness is more dangerous than the mood of darkness; it contains more perils, for it is just in the time when we feel most elated that we do the things that afterwards we wish we had not done, and lose that vigilance which the pressure of the darkness makes us maintain. The sentry is less careful in the light than in the night-time, and sometimes, therefore, more easily surprised. Most of the slips we make are in the time of brightness rather than in the time of darkness. Understanding the law of rhythm, then, is the first step towards becoming master of our moods.

The next step is the intellectual one, which definitely recognises that the ideal which is beautiful at one time must be beautiful still, although its charm for us may have vanished. That which is beauty cannot cease to be beauty because our eyes are blinded. We shall bring the clear light of the intellect to bear on the clouds, we shall realise that that which, when our sight was clear, was seen to be good is good, no matter what clouds may sweep around it. And just as the mariner takes his bearings by the sun and by the stars when he is able to see them because they are not covered by clouds, but steers by these bearings afterwards when the clouds have covered the sky, so should we, when the emotional clouds are absent, take our bearings by the sun and by

the stars of Beauty and of Truth, and then steer our course by those when the clouds have hidden them, knowing that these everlasting lights change not, although clouds may hide them and storm and darkness be around.

To understand, then, the law of periodicity, to base our ideals on the intellect and not only on the emotions (for the intellect stands by us when the emotions fail), these are two of our greatest means of becoming calm and peaceful in the midst of these changing moods. Then the steady attempt day by day to realise ourselves as the Eternal and the Changeless, and to put aside as not ourselves everything in us which is changing—that is the practice which leads us beyond the moods into peace. We must make it part of our daily thought. Let us give one minute, or a couple of minutes, in the morning, to this definite recognition: “I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self.” Let us say it over, dwell upon it until it becomes a constant music in life, which we can hear at every moment when we turn our ears aside from the noise and tumult of the streets. Let us make it the habitual thought, and it will become in time the ruling thought, so that always there will be playing in us this idea: “I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self.” The strength of that! The beauty of it! The glory of it! No one can even dream of it save those who for a moment have felt it. If we could always live in that, we should be as Gods walking the earth: even glimpses of it seem to bring the peace and the beauty of Divinity into our petty and sordid lives.

And it is not so difficult a thing to think of this each morning, and it is worth doing it. As we continually think, that we will become. All the Sages have so taught. All the Scriptures of the world proclaim it: as the man thinks so he is. And this thought is of all the truest thought, the most absolutely true that can enter into the mind. We are the Self, the living, the eternal, and the changeless. That is the thought, then, that means peace, the thought which makes all the moods unable to do any real harm, to change our steps in life. That they will not come, I do not say, but we shall not blunder by identifying them with ourselves. We shall no longer feel: “I am happy,” “I am unhappy,” “I am in light,” “I am in darkness.” We shall say,

when we feel that this lower sheath, this lower mind, is in the darkness or light, is happy or unhappy, is depressed or glad: "Let me see what I can learn from that changing experience, what useful lesson for myself or for the helping of others I can win from this experience through which the lower part of me is passing." For that, after all, is what we are here for, to learn what is to be learnt through these lower principles, which are so changing, so volatile, so irrational, so foolish. We hold them because they are valuable for the lessons that they can pass on to us; and how should we ever be able to help others, who are the victims of the moods, unless we ourselves experienced those moods, and experienced them when we were separate from them? So long as we are their victims we cannot help others, but if we did not feel them we should not be able to help others any the more; for if we did not feel them with them, we could not sympathise with them and therefore could not help. And that also I have noticed in the same eastern people I was speaking of before. They often fail in sympathy, because they do not experience the changes which would make them able to understand and thereby able to help. It is well that we should know by experience the pains which others suffer, but also well that we should learn to know them so that we can study them ourselves and not be conquered by them. As long as we are conquered we cannot be helpers. We have to learn at once to conquer and also to help, to feel enough to sympathise but not enough to blind. And suppose we could look at our own moods from this standpoint we should find that at once almost they had lost their power to sweep us completely off our feet. We should find we were becoming separate by the very fact of the analysis we were carrying on; and although at first it seems an intellectual exercise we should find it a step towards realisation, we should feel ourselves apart in the very effort to imagine ourselves apart. Then we reach that higher point so often spoken of in the *Bhagavad-Gitā*—to be above the pairs of opposites, above the *guṇas*, and also able to use them. For these are the great forces of the world which are affecting ourselves. These are the great energies of nature by which all is brought about that she brings about in her vast workings. While we are moved by them we are their

slaves ; when we begin to control them we can turn them to the noblest ends.

These moods of ours that seem so troublesome are really our best teachers, and as we learn that we shall value them rather than dislike them or shrink from them. We shall feel that they are only our enemies while they are unsubdued, according, again, to a great phrase which says : " To the unsubdued self, the Self veirly becometh hostile as an enemy." The fact is that all these storms and whirlpools around us in the lower self are the very things that we have come into the world to live amongst in order that we may understand and use them ; the things that we think are enemies are our best friends, they are the things that enable us to grow, that give us power to rule. The more we thus look on all in the clear light of the WISDOM, the more peaceful will our lives become ; the more these moods are used to understand others for the helping of them, the more shall we rise above them as enemies until they become our friends. It is a great and a true saying : " We have never conquered our enemy until we have turned him into our friend." That is true of the lower self, it is true of all the surging emotions, it is true of all the difficulties around us, of all the trials and the ordeals through which we pass. We see them as serried hosts opposing our onward path ; we conquer them, and find that they are great hosts behind us, ready to be led by us, into the battle which shall win the victory of the Self.

These are some of the lessons that I have learned in the light and in the darkness, and far more in the darkness than in the light. So that I have come to think that the times of light are only valuable as times of rest to prepare one for higher struggles and for greater conquests, and to look on the darkness as the welcome time, the time in which the Masters best are served, the time in which the world is lifted a little higher towards the Light. But it becomes true for us all at last that darkness is as light and light as darkness ; it becomes true for us at last that darkness has no power to appal and no power to depress, that we know that those who would bring the light must be those who live in the dark, that the torch that sends its fire out around itself is but a dark piece of wood, and in the burning of the dark wood the

light comes to others, but not to itself. How shall we be able to go into the darkness of all Christs who have saved the world, except by learning to bear the passing darknesses which creep over us from time to time? The greatest lesson of all that we have to learn, the lesson that it is the one privilege of life to learn, and learn perfectly, is the lesson that those who would help the world must go below the world and lift it on their shoulders, that those who would bring the sunshine to others must accept the shadow and cloud for themselves. But in the cloud there is a fire, and in the fire there is the voice of the stillness, and only those who have the courage to enter into the cloud find therein the light which is the glory of the Self; they see the Flame, they know themselves as the bearers in the world of the Flame that illuminates, and they learn to know that the darkness and the light are both alike, because they are equally divine, because without the one the other could not be.

ANNIE BESANT.

THEOSOPHIC LIGHT ON BIBLE SHADOWS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 165)

I NOW turn to another subject.

In Genesis iii. 21, we read: "The Lord God made coats of skin and clothed them." If this is to be taken literally what an extraordinary and novel sight is here portrayed for us: God as Adam and Eve's tailor!

Theosophic light, however, helps us in this matter. Let me quote from *Isis Unveiled*, where H. P. B. says: "These 'coats of skin' are explained by certain ancient philosophers to mean the fleshy bodies with which, in the progress of the cycles, the progenitors of the race became clothed. They maintained that the Godlike physical form became grosser and grosser, until the bottom of what may be termed the last spiritual cycle was reached and

mankind entered upon the ascending arc of the first human cycle.”

In vol. i., 301, H. P. B. says again on this subject : “ Arrived at the lowest point of the arc of the cycle which directly preceded life on this earth, the pure divine spark still lingering in the Adam made an effort to separate itself from the astral spirit, for ‘ man was falling gradually into generation,’ and the fleshy coat was becoming with every action more and more dense.”

Dr. Ginsburg, who has collated all the best known MSS. of the Old Testament, and given the fruits of his labours in his *Introduction to the Massoretico-critical Edition of the Hebrew Bible*, reveals an interesting discovery with regard to this text, though he himself does not grasp the significance of the fact ; he says that one MS. has instead of “ coats of skin ” (the reading “ luminous coats ”). This, of course, would very well describe the descent into astral matter, the stage before taking on “ coats of skin.” It is most interesting because it implies a knowledge on the part of the writer of the gradual descent of the divine spark through the successive planes.

I find in *Isis*, vol. i., 299, that the theory of the astral luminous coats is supported by H. P. B.

I will quote the passage, which also contains a few words from the *Timæus* of Plato. “ But, man must not be ‘ like one of us,’ says the Creative Deity, one of the Elohim ‘ intrusted with the fabrication of the lower animal’ (Plato). And thus it was, when the men of the first race had reached the summit of the first cycle, they lost their balance, and their second envelope, the *grosser clothing* (astral body), dragged them down the opposite arc.”

In the Genesis account of Creation, light is called into existence before the sun or any luminous body ; this has been and is a great puzzle to Christendom, but I find that in *Isis*, vol. i., 272, H. P. B. helps us out of the difficulty and again upholds the esoteric teaching of the Bible. “ It is not to the sun,” she says, “ that we are indebted for light and heat ; light is a creation *sui generis*, which sprang into existence at the instant when the Deity *willed*, and uttered the first ‘ Let there be light ’ ; it is this independent material agent which produces heat by *friction* on account of its enormous and incessant velocity.”

The divinity of man is very clearly set forth in the Bible, but Christians, because of their hide-bound dogmas, have great difficulty in believing it. In the Genesis account of the creation of man we have the definite statement that he was made in the likeness and image of God (Genesis i. 27). In the third chapter of Genesis (v. 22) we learn that by his fall into matter man became as God, a knower of good and evil.

In Psalm viii. 5 we read of man that he was made a little less than the Elohim and crowned with glory and honour. Remembering this, we are sure that Jesus, the Master, was not indulging in sarcasm when He exhorted His hearers to become "perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect." In this evolution we perceive the Kabalistic axiom (of course, through a series of complex evolutions): "A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man; a man, a spirit; and a spirit a God."

The divinity of man is expressed in the Epistle of James i. 21, though the English translation somewhat veils it. We should render: "Receive with meekness the inborn word which is able to save your souls."

S. Paul expresses it, too, in the Epistle to the Romans viii. 14: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

S. John in 1st Epistle iii. 2: "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him."

The Godhead in man is most emphatically taught by the Master Jesus in answering the charge of blasphemy. In His reply, which is very remarkable, especially from the orthodox point of view, He directs our thoughts concerning Himself and His claims; in it He shows us that the difference of quality of all mankind with Himself is a matter of degree only and not of kind. The passage (S. John x. 34) runs thus: The Jews took up stones to stone Him, and Jesus asked them for which of His good works they would stone Him; they answer: "For a good work we stone Thee not; but for blasphemy and because that Thou, being a man, makest Thyself God." To that accusation His answer is very important when we remember the orthodox claim

for Jesus: "He answered them, 'Is it not written in your law (Psalm lxxxiii.) 'I said Ye are gods'? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said I am a Son of God?' " And now to turn to another subject.

Thought-reading at a distance, about which there is so much incredulity in these days, is believed when read in the sacred records of the Scriptures. There is a splendid illustration of this in 2 Kings vi. Elisha the prophet warns the King of Israel, who was warring against the King of Syria, not to go near certain places because the Syrians would be there. Listen and let the passage speak for itself:

vi. 8. "Then the King of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying, In such and such a place shall be my camp.

9. "And the man of God sent unto the King of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down.

10. "And the King of Israel sent to the place which the man of God told him and warned him of, and saved himself there, not once nor twice.

11. "Therefore the heart of the King of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants and said unto them, Will ye not shew me which of us is for the King of Israel?

12. "And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O King; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber."

The writer of Ecclesiastes (x. 20) insists on the transference of thought; he says: "Curse not the King, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

This same author (vi. 9) has also something to say respecting the astral plane. He himself seems engrossed with the pleasures of the physical body and life, but shows his belief in the astral world, for he says: "Better is the sight of the eyes (physical) than the wandering of the desire," but this ought to be rendered "than the wandering of the soul," or astral body.

S. Paul is far more precise and very distinctly speaks of the *σαρκικός* (*carnal*), *ψυχικός* (*psychic*) and *πνευματικός* (*spiritual*).

In Job xix. 26 we have an instance of making the translation fit the Church dogma of the resurrection of this physical body, but the Hebrew text cannot by any manner of means be made to bear the strain. The Authorised Version reads: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body yet *in my flesh* shall I see God." And it stands thus in the Prayer Book in the Burial Service, a glaring instance of want of revision. The Revised Version has made an alteration, but still leaves it ambiguous, and renders: "After my skin hath been thus destroyed yet from my flesh shall I see God." The Hebrew of this passage certainly means, "But out of, or apart from, without the aid of my flesh, I shall see God."

Let us now take the doctrine of reincarnation. In the very first chapters of the Bible we find it very plainly set forth in the Hebrew, but it does not appear to the English reader. It is in passages of this kind that the translators have failed to take the reader into their confidence; whether it be intentional or not, it must make the intelligent inquiring reader suspicious of all the renderings of difficult or esoteric passages.

From the "dust of the ground" was man made—a brief statement of a truth accomplished only through countless ages. Into the nostrils of this man of clay did the Elohim breathe the breath of life (Genesis ii. 6), say the Authorised and Revised Versions, but the Hebrew says the breath of *lives*. When God thus breathed into man He imparted something—the divine spirit—which had the power of living through countless physical lives, or cycles of birth, we should say.

In the same chapter (verse 9) we read of the *tree of life* set in the midst of the garden, here again it should be "the *tree of lives*." This reminds us of the tree inverted, whose root is in heaven and its branches on earth, which I suppose is an emblem of the one spirit originally breathed into man, but which manifests itself and gains experience through numbers of lives, indicated by the branches on earth.

Probably reincarnation is meant in the passage, Genesis vi. 3: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man for that he is flesh." The Hebrew may be rendered: "And

Yahwè said, My Spirit shall not tabernacle in the man for an age or æon in that he is flesh." The LXX. supports this rendering.

The last verse of the Old Testament in Malachi contains a prophecy of the return of Elijah upon earth, and we have the declaration of Jesus that it was fulfilled in the person of John the Baptist.

That the belief in reincarnation was prevalent in the days of Jesus is sufficiently demonstrated by the question which Jesus put to His disciples respecting Himself: "Whom do men say that I am? They answered, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets" (S. Matthew xvi. 13).

This doctrine is implied in the account of the healing of the man born blind. His disciples asked Jesus: "Master, who did sin, *this man*, or his parents, that he was born blind?" It is, of course, obvious that the man born blind had not sinned in this incarnation, therefore what could be the point or sense of the question unless they had believed in a former life on earth for the sins of which the man was now suffering?

The Apocrypha come to our aid in this subject in at least one instance (Wisdom viii. 19), we read: "For I was a witty child and had a good spirit, yea, rather being good, I came into a body undefiled."

There is another subject of great interest to us which can be found in both the Old and New Testament, but I fear the English reader would not easily discover it. It is the presence of the little "man" the size of a thumb in the heart. *Vide* vol. i., p. 68, of *The Upanishads*: "The Man, of the size of a thumb, resides in the midst, within in the Self, of the past and the future the lord; from Him a man hath no desire to hide.

"This verily is That.

"The Man, of the size of a thumb, like flame free from smoke, of past and of future the lord, the same is to-day, to-morrow the same will He be."

The Hebrew word *ishon* (ishon) which means "the little man," occurs, I think, five times in the Old Testament. Three times it is translated "apple of the eye," once "black" and once "obscure." A strange misrepresentation of a beautiful teaching

The word first occurs in Deuteronomy xxxii. 10. "He kept him as the *apple of his eye*."

Proverbs vii. 2. "Keep my law as the *apple of thine eye*."

Psalm xvii. 8. "Keep me as the *apple of the eye*."

In this place the Hebrew is fuller than in the others; it adds "daughter" to the sentence, thus: "Keep me as the little man, the daughter of the eye."

Zechariah ii. 8. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye, saith the Lord of Hosts." The word used here is קַרְבָּי "eyeball," *ἀσπάζ λεγόμενον*.

Samuel ii. 18. "Let not the apple of thine eye cease" (קַרְבָּי), *i.e.*, "Let not the little man be silent or perish."

Proverbs xx. 20. "Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness." *Ishon* is here translated "obscure."

Instead of this guess at the truth let me offer another which will attempt to do justice to the "little man" who is buried in "obscure darkness." Render it "He who curseth Father or Mother extinguishes his own lamp; in the 'Little Man' there is darkness."

Proverbs vii. 9. "He went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening; in the black and dark night." "In the black and dark night," render rather by: "In the 'Little Man' is night and darkness," *i.e.*, misfortune or calamity or ignorance.

There is one other passage in the Old Testament which might be classed with these, though the word יְהוָה does not occur therein, but the idea is the same.

Psalm li. 6. "In the hidden (part or man) thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

There are at least three places in the New Testament where we find reference to the "Little Man," but under the expression "inner man" or hidden man of the heart.

They are:—

2 Corinthians iv. 16. "Though our outward man perish, yet the *inward man* is renewed day by day."

Ephesians iii. 16. "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the *inner man*; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

1 Peter iii. 4. "Whose adorning let it not be outward . . . but let it be the *hidden man of the heart*, in that which is not corruptible."

In conclusion I would direct attention to the wonderful Book of Job, the fifth chapter, seventh verse. The passage is one of the most pessimistic in the whole Bible, but by a correct translation it is transformed into a most glorious and helpful text. In the Authorised Version and Revised Version you will find the translation runs thus: "Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

Now the true rendering is this, at least so I am convinced: "Man is born to trouble *but* the Sons of the Divine Flame mount up above it," *i.e.*, the man of earth, the physical body, is born to trouble; true, but he possesses within him the germ of Divinity, which will cause him to endure all things and rise superior to any trouble. The Septuagint translates this passage thus: "Man is born to trouble but the young vultures fly up into high places," a curious rendering which shows they did not understand the meaning of "Sons of the Divine Flame," but it also shows, I think, that our English translation is not the correct one.

Having indicated some Theosophic teachings in the Christian Scriptures may I end with a scrap of advice in dealing with traditionalists on these subjects. Do not approach them from a standpoint which has been reached after many years and through much struggle, but look at these things from their standpoint and deal gently with them; do not expect them to see at once the meaning—do not give them more than they are able to bear; remember the Master Jesus's words to His disciples: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Let us refrain from giving our friends mental or spiritual indigestion, or it may be truly said of them that "the last state of those people was worse than the first."

MATHĒTĒS.

THE simple nameless herd of Humanity
 Hath deeds and faith that are truth enough for me!
 EURIPIDES, *Bacchæ* (Gilbert Murray's Translation).

SEVEN LEGENDS OF KOREA

FOREWORD

THE following legends are taken from *Notes on Korean Lore*, published by N. Garin, notes written down exactly as Koreans dictated them, in the course of a journey through Korea six years ago. The present translation, made amidst the turmoil of war, has had to be shortened somewhat as to details uninteresting to the readers of the REVIEW.

In most of these tales, the moral requirements imposed by religion are distinctly the same as in the Western Asia of old: control of thought and conduct, endurance, faith, balance in trials and indifference to results. The Law of Blood, so alien to the sweet temper of the Koreans, seems to have resulted from some elemental worship which preceded the (superficial) influence of Buddhism, to which conclusion point also the many tales of elementals or "human animals" mixing with mankind, tales too of species of were-wolves—very monotonous in their details. The gentle influence of China—whose poetry and philosophy are so beneficent—is clearly felt, though naturally the high levels of the Chinese mind, as manifested in the Tao, are not attainable by their Eastern neighbours. Yet in the "Chance of Korea," the first of these seven legends, some traces of higher methods of contemplation may be discerned, and the graceful story of Sim-tchen is possibly a story of reincarnation pure and simple. All the elements of this doctrine are present: the self-sacrifice that procures golden harvest, after a drink of pure water that brings oblivion and a death-like sleep "in the sea"; the return to earth through the "sea" upon a ray from heaven; the blooming of the magic flower; the return of the memory of the past on reaching the "Kingship." The legend of the "Heavenly Companion" is a tale of the two-fold Manas, and in the other stories we have met with the expression "physical soul."

Thus faintly the eternal ideas of karma, of reincarnation, of the planes, of the bodies and principles of the universal life of man, once more shine back upon us even from the dim and entangled beliefs of the Hermit Kingdom.

I.

THE CHANCE OF KOREA

There lived, once upon a time, a great Korean painter, Kim-Ton-Tchuni. Great was his renown, but he wished it to grow still more.

Once he had a dream. An old, old man, robed in white, appeared to him and said: "There is in Heaven a Celestial River. It is more tender in colour than the sky, more transparent than the purest water of earth. To see it man's eyes must penetrate the very heavens, at the point whence falls the red radiance of Orion. Paint it, and thy work will bring happiness to Korea; but the picture will cost thee thy life!"

Kim awoke, and from that time nightly he watched the skies. Hundreds of nights came and passed, drowning the moonlight in the tender shining of Orion, and the starlight in the radiance of the moon. Still, Kim saw not the mysterious colour.

At last one night while he kept his watch he began to perceive particles that seemed to move in the airs of heaven. In the same instant new power fell upon the artist's sight, enabling it to penetrate into heaven, whither no mortal's eye could see. Kim's body sat motionless, while his soul, leaving the body, roamed the upper universe. All the while, for many nights, slowly went on the work of his picture, as if beneath the artist's hand.

At last, one night of light, when he had almost attained, the painter's sight left his eyes. The morning found him lifeless.

The picture remained; but no sage could explain it. Thus it happened that it was flung away amid archaic things stored up in the palace.

But far away in China a great Sage said to the Ruler: "In Korea is a picture left by the famous Kim. It must be bought at any price."

China therefore sent emissaries who purchased the painting

for a trifle, since no one knew or cared. Thus, and along with the magic gift, the chance of Korea passed to China. From that day forward China rose and Korea fell.*

II.

THE HEAVENLY COMPANION

There lived a son who was firm in filial duty; so devoted was he to the care of his parents that he found no time to marry. His father and mother were paralysed in their age. Their son carried them about in a vehicle which he drew himself. Thus his youth passed. At last death took the aged folk. That they might be buried with due honours their faithful son sold himself into slavery, and a splendid funeral ceremony to his parents being concluded, betook himself to his master.

On his way to his new home he was met by a maiden of marvellous beauty. She seemed shy, and afraid of the lonely road. He therefore accompanied her to her dwelling. As they walked together she asked: "Why are you so sad?" "Through misfortune. I have but to-day buried my father and mother, and now I have to leave you." But she replied that she would remain, and be his very own. She kept her word, and even into slavery she went, spite of his remonstrating, in his deep love.

"What canst thou do, O woman?" demanded the master.

"I know how to make fine silks," she answered, "even three hundred pieces a year."

"But no woman could do that in two hundred years," exclaimed the surprised master. "Yet if thou shouldst succeed, in a year hence, you are both free. Go and try."

Hard worked the husband at his common tasks, which often seemed too heavy even for his great courage; but ever calm and radiant his wife was by his side, cheering his heart and soothing him in his weariness.

Twelve moons went by, and the three hundred pieces of finest silk lay ready. Thus, at the year's end, the wife's fingers,

* A story goes among the people that, before the eyes of the Koreans, wondering why the picture was so eagerly desired, the Chinese emissaries approaching it drew forth a living fish.

by the silken threads she wove, broke the bonds of her husband's slavery. Now, the two were free.

When they had gone out of the city, and were alone beneath the open skies, the worn-out husband stopped, and, marvelling, said to his wife: "Who art thou, for thou art not one of us humans? Non-human is thy beauty, goodness, spirit, skill, and devotion. And how is it that thou lovest me, who am but an humble slave?"

"Yes, I am a denizen of Heaven," she answered; "I am a servant of the great God, O Konshanté, and my being is made out of the best qualities of thy soul. The hour has come, rise with me to Heaven, to the God, to thy parents. Rise, young and happy. In Heaven thou wilt forget with me the trials of the earth."

And the two melted together into the blue of the heavenly world.

III.

INDISCRETION

Where the Amhoka is encircled closely and without a break, on the Chinese side, by the perpendicular walls of the Chaifoon rocks, the river makes a winding course, and covers in its circuit ten *li*.

Once upon a time a woman, journeying through that wild region, descried a dragon labouring to sunder the rocks in twain by the mighty blows of his great tail, in order that, for the good of men, the Amhoka might run straight.

She saw, and could not hold her tongue, but cried aloud: "Look ye, look ye, behold what the dragon is doing." So she cried.

Instantly the dragon ceased his work. He rose into the heavens. And forthwith, as he rose, down rushed again the great Amhoka, whirling its waters as before around the grim rocks, and bearing too, and for all the future, in their tedious circuit, the toiling sailors with them—all by the fault of an indiscreet woman, whose silly cry broke the silence needful for a good work.

IV.

THE LAW OF BLOOD

A horrible thing exists: Eman-Aman, the law of blood-revenge. A Korean proverb says: "The life of one victim costs thousands of other lives." Whosoever bears the name of the murdered one, however remote his home may be, is under obligation to kill the murderer. Those again of the murderer's name avenge him in their turn.

On and onward from generation to generation blood demands blood.

The beginning of the end of that law came about in this manner. In the district of Kog'ni lived one, named Chan, who kept in his house the widow of his son. This young widow was stolen away by a man named Moun, who was caught and put in prison for murder, he having slain one who had tried to save the woman. Money, however, bought his freedom. But ere he was let go, and while he was yet in the cell, Chan broke in and slew him, and then forthwith accomplished the ancient rite. He seized the victim, tore from his bowels his liver, bit off with his teeth a fragment of it, spat it out upon the ground, and flung the rest to the street dogs.

This horror was the last. The kindred of the victim, having passed on to Russian territory, learned among their new countrymen quite other thoughts about revenge and duty. So it came to pass that the blood of Moun ran into the earth unrevenged.

V.

CONFUCIUS

Once on a time Confucius, with three thousand of his disciples, was passing through a valley and saw there a tree full of fruit. On each side of it sat a woman, eating the fruit. The woman sitting to the West was beautiful, slender, and white. The woman sitting to the East was not so handsome, and yellow of skin.

"This one is beautiful," said Confucius, pointing to the Western woman.

"But when you are called upon to make a thread pass

into a bead with ninety holes, then you will remember the Eastern woman only," said the yellow one.

"She is not handsome," rejoined the Sage, "and her mind seems wandering."

But lo! when he returned to Court, the Ruler gave him a bead with ninety holes. "If you are really a wise man, pass a thread into this bead, so that it goes through each one of these apertures."

Off went the Sage to the Eastern woman. He found her still at the same place ; but the other woman was gone.

"Help," he cried, "I am in a great difficulty."

The woman took the bead, and plunged it into hydromel. Then, catching an ant, she affixed the silken thread to its body ; and the little insect, running in and out to drink the coveted liquid, passed the thread through all the apertures. And the woman said to the Sage :

"I knew it all [how to solve this problem] because I am a messenger, sent by Heaven to tell its chosen one Confucius that it wishes him ever to be able to answer whatsoever questions humans can and will ask of each other."

Then she rose from before him up to Heaven, and the Sage fell on his face and thought all night.

VI.

THE LI DYNASTY

Five centuries ago came to the throne the reigning dynasty of Li. It came thus.

In the province of Han Juan, and the district of Koig'n, lived two families: Li and Pac. Li and Pac were heroes. A hero is born of a woman and of the holy mountain Men-San-Sorghhi. A ray of the holy mountain penetrates the woman's bosom ; and twelve months after the vision, behold a hero is born, born with wings which bear him away forthwith to the mountain where he is to be brought up. The parents have to keep the marvellous birth a close secret, else they never see their son again.

Such heroes were Li and Pac.

A new dynasty was about to be chosen by the nation. Then the dead father of Li appeared to him in a dream, and said: "On the third night of the moon, on the lake Zok-tchi, two dragons will fight, a blue and a yellow. Do thou shoot thine arrow at the blue; it is the father of Pac, the other am I."

Li did as commanded. The wounded blue dragon turned himself into the lake Toumangan. The yellow dragon turned himself into the river Zok-tchi, and ran into the lake.

Thus the hero Li conquered Pac, and became the first emperor of the Li dynasty.

And in the native villages of the heroes, marble slabs placed upon their tombs tell of their great deeds, written on the hard stone, by the very fingers of the heroes themselves.

VII.

SIM-TCHEN

Long, long ago, when the Japanese had not come yet, and while the monks of the Buddha were yet holy guests in Korea, there lived in San Nara a blind man with his wife.

Their greatest grief was to have no child. Thus when a daughter was born to them, they rejoiced exceedingly.

But the mother died in a week's time, and the blind Simpois was alone with his little girl, whom he named Sim-tchen.

Sim-tchen grew in strength and beauty, but her father could not see her, and to the praises of her answered sadly, "I am blind."

Once there passed by the door of his house a holy monk, who, hearing his complaint, asked the blind man: "What wouldest thou give to the Lord Buddha if He restored thy sight?" And Simpois made the vow to offer three hundred measures of rice.

"But wherefrom canst thou obtain three hundred measures of rice, since thou art so poor?" asked the monk.

Simpois answered: "It will be as I say, for no man could dare to deceive the Buddha."

"Bring then the rice to the convent," said the monk, "and thy sight will be given back to thee."

But once the monk had gone the blind man began to reflect

upon his words, and to doubt if his vow could be fulfilled. Therefore his anxiety was great, and he ceased to take nourishment. In vain his daughter strove to know the reason of his abstinence.

At length, melted by her tears, her father told her all. "Be thou no longer grieved, my father ; it was the Lord Buddha who caused thee so to speak, and He will make it all come true."

Some little time after these events, there came into the city men who were merchants, who were about to cross the sea. They announced a desire to purchase a maiden for sacrifice that they might be safe in storms, and the oceanic gods be propitiated.

"Here am I, buy me," entreated Sim-tchen, "and pay for me three hundred measures of rice."

But the night before Sim-tchen must depart, her blind father learned of her noble deed.

Great was his sorrow. He fell on his face and wept, entreating the merchants to take back the price, and forbidding his child to go.

But alas! this restoration could not be. The rice was already within the walls of the convent.

So Sim-tchen came to her father's side, and tenderly kissing the old man, said: "Father, sometimes it comes to pass that old trees give forth flowers, and young trees wither. Behold the will of the gods, and death makes me not afraid."

So the maiden departed, amid the respect and honour of all in that city, and the compassionate tears of her race. She took her way to the sea, sat down upon the shore, lifted her fair face contemplating the deep blue waters, and the happy sirens welcomed Sim-tchen with greetings from the waves.

So she sat. But later the brightness changed to dark. The sun hid his glory in his golden dome. The windows of his palace shook with peals of thunder ; the water stood up in wrath. The dreaded storm had come.

This was Sim-tchen's hour. The maiden arose, took a bowl of pure water into her hands, prayed to the gods for the merchants' safety. A moment later, with closed eyes, she cast herself into the waves.

And suddenly there was silence, and a great calm, while the pleased sun, coming out from behind his tower of purple and

orange, shed down straight beams once more upon the sea, making it all gold. The ship shone, and glided forth peacefully.

Three years passed, the ship and her crew were returning with treasures. On the spot of the sacrifice, they beheld in the waves a rose floating, fairest of roses, of the sort men call "kangsen-hva." In memory of Sim-tchen they took it up. "It is herself," they said.

Arriving at their village they learned that the young ruler of the country was sick, nigh unto death, and that only a flower of the "kangsen-hva" family could save him. So hastening to the King they sold him the flower, in return for much gold.

Now this is the story of Sim-tchen after her great sacrifice.

The God of the Sea took the maiden from the depths of his kingdom, where she had dwelt in wonder and rapture, forgetting all matters of earth. He raised her up in deep sleep, and bore her upon a rainbow ray to the gardens of the King. Thus sleeping, Sim-tchen saw her dead mother in her dreams, who prophesied to her daughter, "Thou shalt be a Queen."

It came to pass that the King, holding the flower that had healed him, strolled forth in the garden, and found there this maiden, the fairest his eyes had ever seen. She seemed as if she were a sister of the rose that he held in his hand. "Who art thou?" he cried in wonder.

"I do not know," she said, opening her wondering eyes, for she had forgotten the past.

The King took her to him for his wife. Then, when the earthly tie was formed, the old mind revived, memory returned, her father's name came back to her, with the deed that she had done. And she told all the story to her royal husband.

The King sent forthwith and called Simpois to his presence. He came, and lo, the old man was blind no longer. "Were you never blind?" asked the Queen.

"I was blind once, but my child died for me, and my sight came back."

"Behold then, your child," said Sim-tchen. "Recognise your child's voice."

And so these three, crowned with bliss, have lived ever since together.

A RUSSIAN.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 113)

[IV. M.] ASCLEPIUS. What, then, Thrice-greatest one, has caused it that man should be planted in the world, and should not pass his life in highest happiness in that part [of the cosmos] where is God ?

TRISMEGISTUS. Rightly thou questionest, O [my] Asclepius! And we pray God that He bestow on us the power of setting forth this reason.

Since everything depends upon His will, and specially those things that are set forth about the highest whole, the reason that's the object of our present argument. Hear, then, Asclepius !

VIII.

The lord and maker of all things, whom we call rightly God, when from Himself He made the second [God], the visible and sensible,*—I call him sensible not that he hath sensation in himself (for as to this, whether or no he have himself sensation, we will some other time declare), but that he is the object of the senses of those who see,—when, then, He made him first, but second to Himself, and that he seemed to Him [most] fair, as one filled to the full with goodness of all things, He fell in love with Him as being part of His divinity.†

* *Sci.*, The Logos as Cosmos.

† The Greek original of this passage is quoted by Lactantius, *Div. Instit.* iv. 6, and runs as follows in Fritzsche's (O. F.) text (Leipzig; 1842):

" The lord and maker of all things (whom 'tis our custom to call God) when

Accordingly, in that he was so mighty and so fair, He willed that some one else should have the power to contemplate the one He had made from Himself. And thereon He made man,—the imitator of His reason and His love.*

The will of God is in itself complete accomplishment ; inas-much as together with His having willed, in one and the same time He hath brought it to full accomplishment.

And so, when He perceived that the “essential”† [man] could not be lover‡ of all things, unless He clothed him in a cosmic carapace, He shut him in within a house of body,—and ordered it that all [“men”] should be so,—from either nature making him a single blend and fair-proportioned mixture.

Therefore hath He made man of soul and body,—that is, of an eternal and a mortal nature ; so that an animal thus blended can content his dual origin,—admire and worship things in heaven, and cultivate and govern things on earth.§

By mortal things|| I do not mean the water or the earth [themselves], for these are two of the [immortal] elements that nature hath made subject unto men, — but [either] things that are by men, or [that are] in or from them,¶—such as the cultivation of the earth itself, pastures, [and] buildings, harbours, voyagings, intercommunications, mutual services, which are the firmest bonds of men between them-

He had made the second God, the visible and sensible,—I call him sensible not that he hath sensation in himself (for as to this, whether or no he have himself sensation, we will some other time enquire), but that he is object of senses and of mind—when, then, He'd made him first, and one and only, he seemed to Him most fair, and filled quite full of all things good. At him he marvelled, and loved him altogether as His son.”

* *Diligentia*.

† The Greek *ουσιωδης* being again retained in the Latin. Compare “The Shepherd of Men,” § 15 (*τον ουσιωδη ανθρωπον*).

‡ *Diligentem*.

§ This sentence is also quoted by Lactantius (*Div. Instit.*, vii. 13) in the original Greek which reads:

“From the two natures, the deathless and the mortal, He made one nature,—that of man, one and the selfsame thing. And having made the selfsame [man] both somehow deathless and also somehow mortal,—He brought him [forth], and set him up betwixt the godlike and immortal nature and the mortal ; that seeing all he might wonder at all.”

All of which seems genuine enough, and therefore, as in the previous case, the original has been considerably glossed and truncated by the Latin translator.

|| That is, the “things on earth.”

¶ That is, the two elements mentioned.

selves and that part of the cosmos which consists [indeed] of water and of earth, [but is] the cosmos' terrene part,—which is preserved by knowledge and the use of arts and sciences; without which [things] God willeth not cosmos should be complete.*

In that necessity doth follow what seems good to God; performance waits upon His will.

Nor is it credible that that which once hath pleased Him, will become unpleasing unto God; since He hath known both what will be, and what will please Him, long before.

IX.

[V. M.] But, O Asclepius, I see that thou with swift desire of mind art in a hurry to be told how man can have a love and worship of the heaven, or of the things that are therein. Hear, then, Asclepius!

The love of God and heaven, together with all them that are therein, is one perpetual act of worship.†

No other thing ensouled, of gods or animals, can do this thing, save man alone. 'Tis in the admiration, adoration, [and] the praise of men, and [in their] acts of worship, that heaven and heaven's hosts find their delight.

Nor is it without cause the Muses' choir hath been sent down by highest deity unto the host of men,—in order that, forsooth, the terrene world should not seem too uncultured, had it lacked the charm of measures,—but rather that with songs and praise of men accompanied with music,‡ He might be lauded,—He who alone is all, or is the sire of all; and so not even on the earths,§ should there have been an absence of the sweetness of the harmony of heavenly praise.

Some, then, though they be very few, endowed with the pure mind, have been entrusted with the sacred charge of contemplating heaven.

* The above paragraph seems to have been very imperfectly translated into Latin.

† *Una est obsequiorum frequentatio.*

‡ *Musicatis*; or perhaps "Muse-inspired"; a word which, like so many others, occurs only in the Latin of this treatise.

§ *In terris*, pl.

Whereas those men who, from the two-fold blending of their nature, have not as yet withdrawn their inner reason from their body's mass,* these are appointed for the study of the elements, and [all] that is below them.

Thus man's an animal ; yet not indeed less potent in that he's partly mortal, but rather doth he seem to be all the more fit and efficacious for reaching certain reason, since he has had mortality bestowed on him as well.

For it is plain he could not have sustained the strain of both, unless he had been formed out of both natures,† so that he could possess the powers of cultivating earthly things and loving heaven.

X.

The reason for a thesis such as this, O [my] Asclepius, I would that thou should'st grasp, not only with the keen attention of thy soul, but also with its living power‡ [as well].

For 'tis a reason that most men cannot believe ; the perfect and the true are to be grasped by the more holy minds. Hence, then, will I begin.

[VI. M.] The lord of the eternity§ is the first God ; the second's cosmos ; man's the third.

God's maker of the cosmos and of all the things therein ; at the same time He ruleth|| all, including man, [who is] the ruler of the compound thing,¶ the whole of which man taking on himself, doth make it thus the same [as his own self], the proper care of his own love, in order that the two of them, himself and cosmos, may be an ornament each unto other ; so that from this divine compost of man, "world" seems most fitly called "cosmos"*** in Greek.

* The reading is "*interiorem intelligentiam mole corporis resederunt*," of which I can make nothing ; *resederunt* is evidently an error.

† There is here a "double" in the text, which the editor has not removed.

‡ *Vivacitate*.

§ That is, the æon.

|| Reading *gubernat* for *gubernando*.

¶ That is, the compost, or "cosmic" part of himself, apparently. Compare this with the "mixture" of the Gnostic treatise generally known as the *Pistis Sophia*.

** The original Greek *κόσμος* is here retained in the Latin ; it means "order, adornment, ornament," as well as "world."

He knows himself ; he knows the world as well.* So that he recollects, indeed, what is convenient to his own parts. He calls to mind what he must use, that they may be of service to himself ; giving the greatest praise and thanks to God, His, image† reverencing,—not ignorant that he is, too, God's image the second [one] ; for that there are two images of God—cosmos and man.

So that it comes to pass that, since man's is a single structure,—in that part [of him] which consists of soul, and sense, of spirit, and of reason, he's divine ; so that he seems to have the power to mount from as it were the higher elements into the heaven.

But in his cosmic part, which is composed of fire, and water, and of air, he stayeth mortal on the earth,—lest he should leave all things committed to his care forsaken and bereft.

Thus human kind is made in one part deathless, and in the other part subject to death while in a body.

XI.

Now of that dual nature,—that is to say of man,—there is a chief capacity. [And that is] piety, which goodness follows after.

[And] this [capacity] then, and then only, seems to be perfected, if it be fortified with virtue of despising all desires for alien things.

For alien from every part of kinship with the gods‡ are all things on the earth, whatever are possessed from bodily desires,—to which we rightly give the name "possessions," in that they are not born with us, but later on begin to be possessed by us ; wherefore we call them by the name possessions.§

All such things, then, are alien from man,—even his body.

* The idea is that man is a microcosm ; he is, as to his bodies, "cosmic" ("mundanus homo"), for his vehicles are made of the elements ; he is thus in these an image or seed (microcosm) of the universe, the macrocosm.

† *Sci.*, cosmos.

‡ *Ab omnibus divina cognationis partibus.*

§ This seems somewhat tautological. The first clause runs : "*quocumque terrena corporali cupiditate possidentur ; qua merito possessionem nomine nuncupantur.*" This Latin word-play seems almost to suggest that we are dealing with an embellishment of the translator ; it may, however, have stood in the original.

So that we can despise not only what we long for, but also that from which the vice of longing comes to us.

For just as far as the increase of reason leads our* soul, so far one should be man. In order that by contemplating the divine, one should look down upon, and disregard the mortal part, which hath been joined to him, through the necessity of helping on the lower† world.

For that, in order that a man should be complete in either part, observe that he hath been composed of elements of either part in sets of four ;—with hands, and feet, both of them pairs, and with the other‡ members of his body, by means of which he may do service to the lower (that is to say the terrene) world.

And to these parts [are added other] four ;—of sense, and soul, of memory, and foresight, by means of which he may become acquainted with the rest of things divine, and judge of them.

Hence it is brought about that man investigates the differences and qualities, effects and quantities of things, with critical research ; yet, as he is held back with the too heavy weight of body's imperfection, he cannot properly descry the causes of the nature of [all] things which [really] are the true ones.

Man, then, being thus created and composed, and to such ministry and service set by highest God,—man, by his keeping suitably the world in proper order, [and] by his piously adoring God, in both becomingly and suitably obeying God's good will,—[man being] such as this, with what reward think'st thou he should be recompensed ?

If that, indeed,—since cosmos is God's work,—he who preserves and adds on to its beauty by his diligence, joins his own work unto God's will ; when he with toil and care doth fashion out the species§ (which He hath made [already] with His divine intent), with help of his own body ;—with what reward think'st thou he should be recompensed ;—unless it be with that with which our forebears have been blest ?

* Lit., my.

† Reading *inferioris* for *interioris*, as immediately below.

‡ This seems very loose indeed ; the text or the Latin translation is probably at fault, unless the "other members" are supposed to be grouped in sets of double pairs.

§ Singular ; that is, the species in the cosmos, according to the type in the divine mind.

That this may be the pleasure of God's love, such is our prayer for you, devoted ones.

In other words, may He, when ye have served your time, and have put off the world's restraint, and freed yourselves from deathly bonds, restore you pure and holy to the nature of your higher self,* that is of the divine !

XII.

ASCLEPIUS. Rightly and truly, O Thrice-greatest one, thou speakest. This is the prize for those who piously subordinate their lives to God and live to help the world.

TRISMEGISTUS. [To those], however, who have lived in other fashion impiously,—[to them] both is return to heaven denied, and there's appointed them migration into other bodies† unworthy of a holy soul and base; so that, as this discourse of ours will show,‡ souls in their life on earth run risk of losing hope of future immortality.

But [all of this] doth seem to some beyond belief; a tale to others; to others [yet again], perchance, a subject for their mirth.

For in this life in body, it is a pleasant thing—the pleasure that one gets from one's possessions. 'Tis for this cause that spite, in envy of its [hope of] immortality, doth clap the soul in prison,§ as they say, and keep it down, so that it stays in that part of itself in which it's mortal; nor suffers it to know the part of its divinity.

For I will tell thee, as though it were prophetically,|| that no one after us shall have the single love, the love of wisdom-loving,¶ which consists in gnosis of divinity alone,—[the practice of] perpetual contemplation and of holy piety. For that the many do confound philosophy with multifarious reasoning.

ASCLEPIUS. Why is it, then, the many make philosophy

* Lit., part.

† *In corporalia . . . migratio.*

‡ The Latin here does not construe.

§ *Obtorto . . . collo.*

|| *Ego enim tibi quasi prædivinans dixero.* Notice the *dixero*,—the "prophetic" tense, if we may be permitted to coin a term to characterise this use, which reminds us so strongly of the "Sibylline" literature and the allied prophetic centonism of the time.

¶ Lit., philosophy.

so hard to grasp ; or wherefore is it they confound this thing with multifarious reasoning ?

XIII.

TRISMEGISTUS. 'Tis in this way, Asclepius ;—by mixing it, by means of subtle expositions, with divers sciences not easy to be grasped,—such as arithmetic, and music, and geometry.

But pure philosophy, which doth depend on godly piety alone, should only so far occupy itself with other arts, that it may [know how to] appreciate the working out in numbers of the fore-appointed stations of the stars when they return, and of the course of their procession.

Let her, moreover, know how to appreciate the earth's dimensions, its qualities and quantities, the water's depths, the strength of fire, and the effects and nature of all these. [And so] let her give worship and give praise unto the art and mind of God.

As for [true] music,—to know this is naught else than to have knowledge of the order of all things, and whatsoe'er God's reason hath decreed.

For that the order of each several thing when set together in one [key] for all, by means of skilful reason, will make, as 't were, the sweetest and the truest harmony with God's [own] song.*

XIV.

ASCLEPIUS. Who, therefore, will the men be after us ?

TRISMEGISTUS. They will be led astray by sophists' cleverness, and turned from true philosophy,—the pure and holy [love].

For that to worship God with single mind and soul, and reverence the things that He hath made, and to give thanks unto His will, which is the only thing quite full of good,—this is philosophy unsullied by the soul's rough curiousness.

But of this subject let what has been said so far suffice.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Compare "heaven's harmonious song" in Chap. xxviii. below.

THE SILENT GARDEN

THERE is, running towards the river, an alley of old houses which bears an evil reputation in the district of South London wherein it stands. For this reason a community of Sisters of Mercy have settled there ; and, from the same cause, the big, rickety old house nearest the river has been taken by a small body of laymen who are devoted to the task of bettering the condition, mental and moral, of their less prosperous brethren. In this house one morning in spring, when the old plane tree in the little black yard without was beginning to show touches of delicate green, sat Philip Merton, the originator of this little community. He was a middle-aged man ; tall, vigorous, keen-eyed, and kindly. The room in which he sat was carpetless and sparsely furnished ; it was very clean, very simple, but not especially ascetic in aspect ; it was definitely secular in its atmosphere. There were two good engravings on the painted walls ; the subject of neither was religious ; the bookshelves held a very catholic assortment of books. Philip Merton sat at a huge writing-table covered with papers ; he was writing, and when he heard a knock at the door he shrugged his shoulders before he called "Come in," with the action of a busy man used to be interrupted in his work, both in and out of season.

When the door opened, he rose with an air of welcome.

"I didn't think it was you, Dennis," he said. "I'm glad. I suppose you've come to hold your tongue, as usual."

His visitor laughed.

"I came to see you."

"You came to look at me in silence. I know ! To see me is a very accurate description of your purpose."

Philip Merton was used to dealing with all sorts and conditions of men ; occasionally, however, he, like other people, made a mistake. He thought his guest needed "rousing." This visitor

whom he reproached with silence, was a very young man who looked three years younger than his age ; he came from a home in which riches would thankfully have been bartered by the inmates for peace and a decent modicum of happiness ; his father was living, though he was now in very bad health, the result of years of intemperance ; his mother was crushed and broken-hearted, her nerves shattered, her temper soured by misery ; the daughters of the house were married ; Dennis, the only son, was some years their junior ; he, of the five children of a wretched marriage, was the only one left at home. He sat down listlessly, colouring a little at his host's words, and listened to the noises in the alley without.

After a short space of silence Philip Merton spoke to him, and the young man answered. He spoke slowly and dreamily ; his grey eyes were dull ; he lay back in his chair in a curiously limp and motionless fashion.

" Are you ill to-day, Dennis ? " said Merton. He spoke very gently, for he knew, as few did, the horrors of the home in which his visitor had lived for twenty little-cared-for years.

" No, thanks. I have a headache."

" You'd rather not talk ? "

" I didn't mean to talk. I came here to be quiet. I was up last night, and two nights before, with my father. He will die soon, and he likes to have me with him."

" I didn't know he cared for you specially."

" I do not know that he does. But he has me with him day and night, if he can."

" Is he delirious ? "

" Not now. Except that he hears music. Isn't it odd that he should hear music ? His delirium used to take horrible forms. But now he is quiet ; except that he hears the hymns they used to sing in the school chapel when he was a boy."

" People often go back to their childhood when their life is nearly over. This is a strain on you, I am afraid, Dennis. You look very tired."

" It is a strain. But it has been a seventeen years' strain ; and it is less, now that it is nearly over, than it was when I was younger."

“Seventeen years! Hardly that.”

“I am twenty. The vague sense of fright and strain began when I was three years old. I knew all about it when I was six. You think me queer. I do not think even you realise what has helped to make me so. You know much of what you call sin, but you don't know what it is to live under the same roof with a man who is unnerved and savage with drink when he is supposed to be sober; and a violent madman when he is known to be drunk.”

“I know how you—and he, too, for that matter—have suffered.”

“No. You do not know that. You do not know how I have suffered; and you do not know, as I know, the measure of his suffering either. You do not know what it is to lie hour after hour, a little quivering slip of a nervous child, and watch and listen, and listen and watch, till the gate creaks, the gravel cracks, and the stairs shudder as he staggers up them, swearing at them and God and his own soul. You don't know the terror of the little child at the grief and fear of his elders, his mother and sisters; of the black pall of fright that lies over the house as they go to and fro with white faces, and twitching nerves, and red eyes, whispering how he has gone, and when he will come, and what he will do; smiling ghastly sometimes at the child when they remember him, and telling him to play. Play! his little heart is solemn as a funeral dirge, and sick with horror he but half understands. When I was twelve years old our old Scotch cook told me ghost stories, and then the fear of the unseen was added to the dread of the seen. I think I was quivering to and fro between semi-sanity and sheer madness, when the thing happened which I am going to tell you, if you'd care to hear it. You say I don't talk. Perhaps you would like a change? Or shall I bore you?”

“Go on. I should like to hear.”

“These ghost dreads came and went capriciously. Sometimes I would be brave; sometimes for no known reason the fright swept down on me, and I lay half the night wet and limp and quivering with terror which I was afraid to own. I had a very bad attack of these terrors; I think I had not slept till day-

light for three nights ; on the fourth night he came home late, and worse than we had ever seen him. I don't know where he had been ; I think he was drugged as well as drunk, for he had been robbed, and he knew no one. He flung himself down on a bed ; and my mother, thinking he slept, touched him to loosen his clothes about the throat, for he breathed heavily. He sprang up, caught the hangings of the bed and tore them down ; the iron rods broke ; then he tried to fling himself over the stair rail, sheer down into the square stone-paved hall below. My mother shrieked—that is a thing one should not do before a child, if one can help it ; the child does not leave off hearing it for weeks—she threw herself on his arm and pushed him so that he swerved ; and he, and she too, fell down the stairway to the landing ; my sisters ran out of their rooms, screaming. I was kneeling on my bed in the half dark, looking into the lighted passage. I was cold as ice, and quite rigid ; I think, looking back, in one minute more I should have been mad, when suddenly I was taken out of the place. Not bodily, of course ; but *I* was taken ; and that has happened ever since every now and then. Not very often ; but now and then.”

“ Where were you taken ? ”

“ I don't know. But I call the place the ‘ silent garden.’ ”

“ What is it like ? ”

“ It is a green garden. There are no flowers in it ; but only a wonderful growth of leafage, and shades of green. The play of the light on the grass and leaves and water gives colour enough ; besides there are mists like opal and amethyst among the trees. There is much water in the place ; you never saw such water. It is very clear—diamond-white ; but where it foams and rushes it is milk-white ; the pools are blue too, and green, and faint blue-white, and silver, and orange-brown ; there are little streams, and smooth lakes, and torrents and little pools set round with water grass and weeds. Such water ! such green ! such silence !

“ You like silence, Dennis.”

“ Don't you think we have enough din ? Sometimes when my father can spare me I sleep up on the roof of our house ; it's flat. I hear the noise come ringing up from the streets, and from

this place where you preach 'to the spirits in prison'; the noises of the night are more hideous than the noises of the day; I long for my silent garden, and I cry: 'O dark night of ignorance, O black sea of sin! O sea of sorrow! sea of pain, full of drowning cries and groans of those who choke in its waves! O sea of most bitter waters! how long shall we be hindered by thy raging, and deafened by thy roar?'"

"Is there no sound in your garden? No living thing?"

"Living things? It is all life. Every leaf quivers with the joy of it. Sound? Are you thinking I am mad?"

"No, no."

"At first I heard no sound. Well! Now there is no sound, but there ought to be."

"Why?"

"In the centre of the garden I have found a well, with hazel bushes all round it. By the well there sits one—a god, I think—who plays upon a pipe made of one of the reeds of the garden. I know he plays, for it is always at his lips; but I cannot hear the music."

"Was he always there?" said Merton gently. He did not think his guest was mad; but he thought a sorely strained and most delicately complex nature had caused a fair and gracious delusion.

"In another household," he thought, "he would have been cared for and trained; born into a home so sad, these 'sweet bells' of thought are jangled and confused; poor boy!" Aloud he repeated: "Well, Dennis, was he always there?"

"I did not see him at first. But lately I have seen him. He was there just now."

"Were you there just now?"

"Yes, when you spoke to me; and I answered as though I was not listening to you."

"And you never hear his music?"

"I never hear it. But—I'm sure you're thinking I'm mad—just now—it was very strange—"

"How so?"

"I never knew where I was taken before."

"And now?"

"I am not taken anywhere. My silent garden's here. It must have been there on the first night I went there. When all was fear and misery in our house, the silent garden was there too. Just now as I was thinking how squalid and ugly this alley is, I found I was in my garden; only this time I was in both places at once; that's how I managed to answer you. I felt both."

"How?"

"I can't tell you. I don't think my garden seems to be *in* this place; and yet—it seems to be related to it somehow. They're both—I'm very dull; I don't know how to put it."

He sat silently for a little while, thinking; at last he rose, said good-bye in his gentle dreamy fashion, and went away.

Three weeks later his father died; his mother went to stay with her eldest daughter, and Dennis, until his plans for the future were settled, came to the rickety old house to visit Philip Merton.

It was a house through which passed strange surgings of life. The little knot of men who lived there were of very diverse types; they were alike only in this: they were all filled with a keen sense of the crooked ways of life, and a passionate desire to make them straight; but they strove to do this by very different methods. They were of differing creeds; a few held no creed; one strenuously denied the truth or desirability of any form of worship; this man worked more zealously than any, in order that people should become upright and truth-loving, that the streets should be fair and cleanly, the houses well cared for, and the children taught and trained.

Philip Merton was the eldest of the little community; he was the founder; moreover, he was one of those to whom others talk freely and confidentially, consequently his room was the centre of the life which flowed from the old house to animate a score of enterprises in the district.

One night, when he who lived in the silent garden had been a week under the roof of the community house, Merton was reading in his room. It was very late, and a tap at the door startled him.

"Come in," he called; and the man who so strenuously denied the value of religious observances, entered. He looked greatly moved, excited, and inspired.

"Did you hear that music?" he cried eagerly.

"Music? No."

"Not? Oh you must!"

"I didn't. What was it like?"

"It was the sound of a flute. But it was like no music I ever heard. It was the voice of one's own soul, that one can never utter. It was like the triumph song of a race of gods. Ah! if we could make——" And he began to talk with eagerness and passion of the schemes he had on foot, and the great day that should dawn at last.

Week by week the same thing happened. Man after man in the little community came eagerly to Merton speaking of the music he had heard. No man, moved and inspired as all were by it, seemed to dream it was other than natural; plain, simple, and even as his mother tongue. Moreover, no two men described it quite alike. At last Merton heard it himself; faint, delicate, unearthly, with a strange sound therein of many waters.

The Sisters in the neighbouring "Refuge" heard it; it was said it had been heard in a music-hall of very evil repute which stood in the next street. Some heard it as a familiar tune linked to them by some fair memory; as, for example, an old dying woman, who heard the hymn she loved best:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers as nowhere else are seen.

She had lived forty years in the narrow alley; but as a girl she lived among the flowers, fruit, and pot-herbs of an old farmhouse garden; and heaven in her eyes was a place of "gallant walks," with a goodly scent of crimson roses, verbena, and lavender bushes.

Some people heard the pipe as a song of victory; some as a hymn of praise; a few heard it as a voice that sorrowed with their sorrows; the tones of one "acquainted with grief," singing of a joy that lay beyond pain, as their sure heritage.

There was one person in the house who never heard the music; and that was Dennis. As the talk concerning it reached his ears he grew troubled because he never heard it. He had not entered the silent garden for many weeks; and his sordid and squalid surroundings were beginning to weigh heavily upon him.

"I wonder," he said one day, dreamily, "whether it is that piping you hear. I wish I could hear it."

His eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"We do not know that it is other than natural," said Merton, hesitatingly, "though I am bound to say I can hardly think it is so."

"Of course it is natural; but it comes from the silent garden. What is nature there is not nature here."

He became silent; his eyes half closed; Merton had forgotten his presence when he heard a cry, and turned towards him. Dennis was standing; his face shone as though a light gleamed from it.

"I have found out why I never hear it," he cried. "He spoke to me. I heard his voice. He said: 'Has a pipe ears to hear? If my music be given to men, the piper must have wherewith to make his melody. The green reeds of the river rustle in the wind; and the dry reed carven and wrought into a pipe for my mouth gives music as I will. But a song may not hear its own sweetness; nor a pipe know the fair music it gives.'"

As Dennis ceased to speak he fell heavily to the floor. When Merton lifted him he saw he had returned to the silent garden; whence, having done the work given to him for a space, he did not return.

It was very generally said that this was well; for he was conspicuously unfit to battle with the world, or to do therein any useful work.

MICHAEL WOOD.

He who raises himself on tip-toe cannot stand firm; he who stretches his legs wide apart cannot walk.

The soft overcomes the hard; the weak overcomes the strong. There is no one in the world but knows this truth, and no one who can put it into practice.

In the highest antiquity, the people did not know they had rulers. In the next age they loved and praised them. In the next, they feared them. In the next, they despised them.—LAO-TZŪ.

THE CONFLICT WITH MATERIALISM

“NAY, pious souls! seek not the devil in the exact sciences. You have him in your very midst, in practical materialism, whose most gigantic revelation is the spirit of the industrialism of the nineteenth century.”

Den Nya Grottesången.

THE conflict between good and evil has many phases, many different forms. There is one fight which takes the form of single combat in the inward self of humanity, while that in the outer world rages in the shape of a ceaseless warfare between true idealism and materialism. In this conflict, no one has the right to be neutral. In this case it is a question, in the fullest meaning of the words, “He who is not with me is against me.” Everyone is bound to take his part in this strife, to which may be applied that law laid down by Solon, that when conflict arises within the state no citizen has the right to declare himself neutral, to remain passive.

It was a foregone conclusion that Viktor Rydberg, in his character of idealism's chief standard-bearer, not in our land alone,* but throughout the whole Scandinavian north, must of necessity play the self-assumed rôle of leader in this our warfare against materialism. During earlier periods of his life, his weapons were directed principally against the abstract forms under which the enemies of idealism appear, but the older he grew the more directly did he take part in the practical battle against materialism.

It is against the modern race for wealth, as the medium for satisfying the lust of pleasure, first and foremost, that Viktor Rydberg in the *Grottesången* has turned the point of his mighty poet-sword.

With the least amount of labour
Change the muscle into gold,

* Sweden.

is the formula according to which industrialism solves the Grotto problem. This is the first commandment in the law of mammon-worship; and the second is :

Pity for the weak one's lot
Breaks the law of evolution ;

and the refrain of the festal hymn in praise of mammon runs thus :

Now Lazarus at the beam toils slow along,
With wounded foot, until at length he falls ;
Nor for the pauper's sake, the orgies in those halls
Are vexed, nor discord jars the feasting revellers' song.

Viktor Rydberg once more allows old Ahasuerus* to appear upon the scene,—this time that he may, from the rich experience of his wanderings, seek points of comparison between the misery of former ages and that of our own day, and that from these he may draw his conclusions :

“ If I could characterise, in a few words, the misery of the closing nineteenth century as compared with that of previous ages, I should say that it consists of systematic poverty, organised in a manner by industrialism, in contradistinction to unorganised poverty; of poverty justified by theory, instead of theory-free; of poverty that looks hopelessly away from religion, instead of that poverty which the Church compassionately cared for, petted, increased by unwise almsgiving, but also relieved, comforted and even ennobled. And finally,—a fermenting poverty, laying plans for the complete subversion of society, in contradistinction to the poverty of former ages, which, although occasionally tempestuous, was, as a rule, patient and apathetic.

“ Previous centuries owned many small hand-mills for misery. The nineteenth century has seen the erection of one huge mill, which will soon embrace the whole humanity of our planet. The Grotto-Mill of the myth has been changed to reality. It is not the life of the workman only that it demands; it devours all alike with the same rapacity.

“ The buyer of work and the seller of work are alike hurried under its fly-wheel, fall under it and are crushed to death. There are but few who can consider themselves even to some extent

* The Wandering Jew.

safe from the devouring monster. Worry has taken possession of almost every mind. The voice of song, natural and spontaneous, inspired by calm happiness, or by its equally fair kinswoman, calm sorrow, is heard less and less frequently from the grove, the cornfield, the cottage, and the castle. Worry has driven it away. Worry begins to lay hold even of the children.

“A preacher’s voice cleaves the fog-bound space. What has he to declare? Some message to the heavy-laden, or what else? Is it something that can lighten the burden of the horror that oppresses countless breasts?”

And what is the object of this ceaseless strife for wealth? Nothing else than the possibility of satisfying the lust for material pleasures, to which money furnishes the road.

The greed of pleasure is the great malady of the age; and it is before all else the besetting sin of the Swedish people. The democratic spirit of the age has found one of its most palpable expressions in the attempt to place the means of enjoyment within the reach of all. A universal rise in the requirements of life has kept pace with the rise of universal education, or, more properly speaking, has increased in a still greater degree. Just as every crime against the eternal laws, moral as well as physical, which govern the world and human nature, brings its own punishment with it, so have crimes against simplicity and moderation brought in their train bodily suffering and economic ruin.

The disastrous consequences of an unnatural mode of life—amongst the higher classes through the combination of high living and much drinking, and amongst the poorer classes through much drinking and unsuitable food—are much more widely diffused than is usually believed. So soon as an individual has succeeded in gaining an income that is larger than is necessary for the absolute needs of existence, he begins at once, in full conformity with the tone prevailing in all classes of society, to convert this surplus into a means of enjoyment. As a rule, it troubles him but little that his health suffers thereby. He continues his mode of life until some fine day Nature herself cries “Stop!”

But such a manner of living is not only destructive to the body; it is also degrading to the spirit. The man who has accustomed himself to other and more expensive habits of life

than are warranted by his income, seeks the possibility of continuing them by sponging on others, either directly, or else indirectly in the form of borrowing. When eating and drinking become the chief object of friendly gatherings, hospitality loses its original significance, that of sharing with the guests the domestic atmosphere of the home, and that mental appreciation which is acquired by the companionship of its members. To do nothing but pay for the food of one's guests is hospitality of the same kind that the parish bestows on its paupers.

When the requirements of life cannot be made to keep pace with the income, a way is found to get out of the difficulty, which in Sweden is but too easily accessible to all—running into debt. To this national failing, which is one of the most evident consequences of the lust of pleasure, Viktor Rydberg was ever alive, as to all others of a like sort. He makes Svante the harper say of the offering of the church-bells in payment of Sweden's debt to Lübeck :

“Debts must be paid, if even with labour and sorrow to the day of one's death. Debt is a warrior who will kill thy soul's honour, if thou kill not him. The consciousness of dishonour shall weigh down thy labour in field and forest, oh Swedish man ! It shall pluck the wings from the prayers thou sendest up for the increase of thy land, and the welfare of thy home.”

Against this low lust of pleasure, this flat materialism, he set an all-embracing idealism, which shines out on us from all his works ; and as though he believed in a final victory in the conflict of the human heart against innate selfishness, he sang of that day when our race, after its long wanderings through the desert of materialism, should at last reach the Salem of the ideal :

In the day's hot haze before us, see the cloudy pillar swells !
 But the cloud-wreaths are ideals, and God's spirit in them dwells.
 On Mount Nebo's song-crowned summit stands the seer, and joyous calls,
 Salem, Salem, in the distance ! Onward to your father's halls !

OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNA.

ALL things in Nature work silently. They come into being and possess nothing. They fulfil their functions and make no claim.

LAO-TZÜ.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

THIS lonely sea-shore in Normandy seems to stand on the verge of infinity. There is no line of horizon, for sea and sky mingle in an excess of bloom ; from our little ridge of sand we look out into a vast blue circle of radiance, palpitating with intense vibrations. Even the rim of sand-dunes appears only half-material in its crumbling whiteness, and its arches of long pale grass form a fitting gateway into the place of ascetic dreams. In this great emptiness which is so full of life, we lose ourselves, and for a moment taste immortality and experience eternity.

Such moments are not uncommon in the lives of most of us, and mountains and forests and meadow-lands may all alike be stepping-stones to kindred moods of exaltation. It is possible, however, that these moods may vary according to the gate through which they are approached, and Mr. Bliss Carman suggests that the sea appeals to us through the emotions, and that on the mountains we enter into the realm of pure thought. Certain it is that Wordsworth, the poet of the mountains, is mainly philosophic, and Swinburne, the poet of the sea, is mainly sensuous. Perhaps because the world of emotion is nearer to us than the world of pure thought, we are able to unite ourselves more easily to the spirit of the ocean than to the spirit of the mountains. Nevertheless, the expression of an attempt at such union in English poetry is still rare and still inadequate, and the identification, when achieved, is far removed from the Eastern ideal of absorption into the All, and is of a curiously physical character. Matthew Arnold has perhaps reached the most spiritual conception of identification with the ocean and sky when he visions himself and Marguerite after death maintaining :

The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.

Walt Whitman seeks unity with all things by magnifying

himself to include the universe. His foremost disciple, Edward Carpenter, elaborates identification so extensively that it becomes almost a physical sensation. In that book of strange inequalities, *Towards Democracy*, there is a poem in which Edward Carpenter describes how he becomes one with the ocean and one with the land:

I am a bit of the shore: the waves feed upon me, they come pasturing
over me . . .
I am a little arm of the sea . . . I feel the waves all around me,
I spread myself through them . . .
Suddenly I am the great ocean itself: the great soft wind creeps over
my face.
I am in love with the wind—I reach my lips to its kisses.

This particular passage, though it has sympathy and imagination, is lacking in spiritual significance. Coventry Patmore, whose works are unaccountably neglected, employs images as direct as those of Carpenter, but they glow with the light of an arresting symbolism. In "Vesica Piscis," one of the odes of the "Unknown Eros," Patmore tells how he laboured all the night and took naught. "But at Thy word I will again cast forth the net."

And lo! I caught
(Oh quite unlike and quite beyond my thought)
Not the quick, shining harvest of the Sea
For food, my wish,
But Thee.

Even this splendid poem, however, only serves as another illustration of the difficulty the Western mind experiences in quitting the confines of personality. We dare not let go of everything and venture into the unknown; instead of this, we simply expand our boundaries of self. Yet we read in *The Voice of the Silence*:

"The Self of matter and the Self of spirit can never meet.
. . . . Ere thy Soul's mind can understand, the bud of
personality must be crushed out; the worm of sense destroyed
past resurrection."

Does the sea imply to the Indian fisherman, nourished in the atmosphere of such traditions, the same sense of separation, of terror, and of vengeance, that our Western fisherfolk experience

in regard to it? Has he the remotest glimmering of the Eastern belief on the illusion of space, which C. Johnston summarises so well in his little brochure, *The Memory of Past Births*?

“We feel the misery of separation because the voice in us says there should be no separation; and the discrepancy between intuition and fact is our sorrow. But the fact is a mere material shadow cast into the psychic world, where it has no true right nor proper place.”

Or is the world as cruel to the Indian, as to the Norman fisher, with wanton and meaningless suffering?

I talked with the people of the tiny fishing village where I was, and heard tragedies of the sea; I visited the little chapel where bead-wreaths were hung in memory of those who were drowned. In these pitiful mementoes I read the poignancy of human yearning for something definite and tangible on this edge of the unknown, and began to understand something of the creed, so poor, so limited, which an old fisherwoman expressed in these words: “Si nous ne croyons pas au Bon Dieu, le Bon Dieu se vengera.”

And yet these fishers, venturing so short a way into metaphysics, have most heroic courage in other spheres to endure and to explore. They support the terror of loneliness, the terror of a monotony which constantly seems the messenger of some more fearful experience. They loosen their ropes, they lift their anchors, and dare the unknown; little wonder that they should recoil from similar hazard in another world and should rather seek comfort in the most definite of mental habitations. We choose to remain snug in harbour, and only set forth on tentative pleasure trips when the wind is fair. But tale after tale is being wafted to us of adventures more glorious than any of older days, of spoils more precious than the ancient yields of Spanish seas; and here and there are mariners strenuously preparing for a voyage on the Great Ocean.

D. N. D.

AND in thy mystics waken memory
Of the holy rite, and Lethe drive afar.

ORPHIC HYMN, lxxvii.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

SLOWLY but surely it is being recognised that Theosophy is something very different from the caricatures of it which prejudice and hostility have for so long been busily circulating in the streets of public opinion. It was, perhaps, but natural that at the beginning of the present-day Theosophical Movement, many doctrines to which Theosophists gave serious attention, should seem strange and even fantastic to a public to whom the comparative science of religion was a mere name, while the vast records of the mystic experience of the inner way enjoyed by the Gnostics of the great world-faiths were utterly unknown. But to-day it is gradually being recognised on all hands among the intelligent that it is precisely in such experience that religion finds its justification, while many are already convinced that a sympathetic study of the great world-religions, viewed from the standpoint of the experience of their best adherents, opens up a dazzling vista of realms of knowledge that ultimately lose themselves in the depths and heights and breadths of the fulness of Wisdom.

That this widespread change in public opinion is not a glamour conjured up by the tired eyes of the watcher on the Watch-Tower, who has been "gazing all night into the air," as did the King Nechepso, is very evident from the very interesting paragraph which we take from *The City Press* of September 24th.

ST. ETHELBURGA, BISHOPSGATE.—With the Rev. Dr. Cobb, the rector, in the chair, a meeting of the League of the Kingdom was held on Tuesday at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. The subject for consideration was "The Relations of Christianity and Theosophy." Dr. Cobb, in an introductory address, expressed sympathy with the Theosophists up to a certain point, and added that he himself was inclined to believe in reincarnation. A resolution as follows was afterwards drawn up to embody the belief of the Guild: "That, by asserting that spirit is the one and only reality, this League desires to affirm its belief: (a) That religion is based on faith or mysticism

rather than on reasoning. (b) That Christian philosophy must not be dissociated from the facts of Christian experience. (c) That the League would welcome all co-operation in furthering its objects from groups of people whose philosophy may differ from their own. (d) That the League, while not prepared to endorse all Theosophic teaching, would yet rejoice to know that those who hold it are helping on the acceptance of the spiritual basis of life. (e) That the brotherhood of man, insisted on by Jesus Christ, can only be effected by the realisation of the Divine in man."

Theosophists all over the world will thank Dr. Cobb and the League over which he presides for these resolutions ; they would be the last people in the world to expect anyone to endorse "all Theosophic teaching," for they by no means do this among themselves. Those who cannot believe in reincarnation are as welcome among us as those who hold that it is so far the doctrine that throws the clearest light on the complex problems of human existence ; and so with all other doctrines and opinions. Everyone in the Society, we take it, is ready at any moment to exchange any doctrine or opinion that he may hold for one that explains more and gives more light. That seems a self-evident proposition to all of us in Theosophy, and we doubt not also to all the members of the "League of the Kingdom." We are thus in sympathy, and well-wishers one of another, desiring that each may quickly come into his kingdom, be lord of himself, and so at peace.

* * *

It is not in the popular press that the thoughtful observer looks for the most significant signs of the change that is coming over thinking men's minds with regard to mystical subjects. Ample as is the evidence in the daily papers that popular interest is keenly aroused in psychic phenomenalism of every kind, though for the most part it simply flutters in fascination over the alluring surface of sensationalism, there are also abundant signs of a very marked change of attitude in even the most conservative periodicals, which are naturally the very last to abandon their attitude of contempt, and break the silence they have hitherto maintained towards ideas which they have not only regarded with suspicion as newcomers but deliberately turned their backs on as *parvenus*. To be brief ; a mystical novel of any kind used to find very short shrift

The Mystic
Renaissance

with an *Athenæum* reviewer, while anything savouring of Theosophy was either pitched into the waste-paper basket or, even when written by a well-known author, briefly dismissed with a shrug of contempt or a severe reprimand. Now *The Grey World*, by Evelyn Underhill, if not written by one of our colleagues, is through and through what is called a Theosophical novel. To it the *Athenæum* of October 1st devotes a column of praise, and ends its appreciation as follows :

Passages in this story make one realise the wonder of our daily apathy with regard to the life of the spirit. That we can only carry beyond death the qualities we manage to elaborate during the earthly life is insisted on with a keen simplicity, which at least proves the author's own force of conviction. Startling suggestions of another world, and of the things "not lawful to be spoken of," seem to have been by some means revealed and apprehended. Naturally the theory of reincarnation is involved, but it is treated without sensation. The book opens with a few realistic details. A sick child of the slums in a hospital, his dissolution, "arrival," and rebirth into a family of a respectable middle-class suburban kind, afford a grim and curious picture. Sudden and vivid remembrances of his passage through "the grey world"—unseen to others, but present to him—overcome him at most inappropriate moments. This actual world, that to others seems solid, satisfying, real, has for him a disconcerting way—some of us know the trick—of dissolving into phantoms. The boy's experiences are in a sense, of course, incredible; in another sense, partly metaphysical, they are acceptable. He has the power of seeing further into things than his companions do or wish to do. The motive of the thing may be said to be the pilgrimage of an embryo spirit, the making of a soul. The author's sense of the ludicrous side of life and people is not the least surprising of her qualities. It chimes oddly, and sometimes a little cynically, with the other strain. The reader's attention is kept alive as to what is to be the mental goal and resting-place of the principal personage. When we reach it (and the end) it is to be conscious of some disappointment.

One thing is very evident: had the Theosophical movement not existed such a book could not have been written. It is also very evident that belief in the idea of reincarnation is now too widely spread in the West to dismiss it with a sneer, even in the most exclusive circles of literary criticism.

FROM MANY LANDS

FRENCH SECTION

As the Headquarters of this Section is closed from July 1st to October 1st, there is practically no combined work to record this month. Much quiet work has, nevertheless, been done by the individual members in different places. Mr. Keightley held a very successful enquirers' meeting while visiting in Alsace, with excellent results, and work of the same kind has been done by various members elsewhere.

The effect of the holidays is equally to be seen in regard to activities other than Theosophic. The chief interest in the scientific world has centred round the attack made by the more conservative scientists upon the N-rays and the denial of their existence.

DUTCH SECTION

In Holland the ultra-orthodox party seems to be awakening to the fact that Theosophy is a real danger to those of the Christian sects that seek to maintain the old narrow and intolerant outlook. Of several pamphlets and articles that have of late been written by members of the clergy, about or against Theosophy, the most important is a book on *The Relation between Theosophy and Christianity*, by Dr. J. C. de Moor, who appears to have made an extensive study of Theosophical literature. He begins by stating the Theosophic position, that Theosophy and Christianity are not in conflict. He then explains the Christian position, but to him Christianity is Calvinism, so there is perhaps less wonder that he comes to the conclusion that there cannot be unity and friendship between the two, and that, however logical the Theosophic system may appear to the intellect, it must nevertheless be classed as one of the "clever stratagems of Satan" to delude the ignorant souls of men. He denies the existence of an Esoteric Christianity and devotes a chapter of his book to an elaborate criticism of the claim put forward by Mrs. Besant that there is an esoteric side to the tradition of Christendom as to every other faith.

Until now our opponents have been entirely ignorant of Theosophic doctrines, and Dr. de Moor is one of the first to take the trouble to study before attacking them—an important and most encouraging sign of the changing times.

With increasing opposition the need for real strength in the ranks of the defenders is more severely felt, and it is good to see how much more the attention of the Dutch Branches is being turned to serious study. While propaganda is chiefly pouring its energies into newly formed centres, in the older Branches new study classes are being formed and old ones reorganised. By the energetic labours of the Dutch Theosophical Publishing Society a considerable number of English Theosophical books have been translated and published, so that study need not flag for want of books.

The winter session seems to promise well, and in nearly all Branches much increase in energy and goodwill is to be seen amongst the members. In Arnheim, Amersfoort and Zwolle, three important towns, where until now little propaganda has been done, courses of lectures are to be given during the winter.

AMERICAN SECTION

Of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the American Section recently held in Chicago, a few points of interest may be mentioned. It was the largest assembly of the kind ever held here; the post-convention meetings, which lasted for a week, three meetings a day, were attended to the end with unflagging interest and enthusiasm; among the addresses given was one on Wagner's music and the Theosophical interpretation of "Parsifal," one on Atoms and Electrons, illustrated by experiments, and one on Radium—indicating a widening of the lines of thought and study which it is certainly desirable to encourage.

The *Literary Digest* for September 24th, quotes quite extensively from an article on "The Influence of the East on Religion," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton. In the opening sentence, Dr. Newton speaks more truly than he knows. "What we may reasonably expect," he says, "is not the coming of a new religion from the East to supersede Christianity, but the coming of influences from the East to renew and restore Christianity." He then goes on to comment on the absence of any "sense by which to apprehend God" even among our most admirable and conscientious men, and the ever-abiding

consciousness of His presence among our Eastern brothers, and to express the belief that through this abiding sense of God the East will help us to "a freshened feeling of the true nature of man," that he is a Son of God, made in the image of his Father. Finally he expresses a belief that the East will help us to find the way "within the innermost recesses of the soul, where is the holy place of God."

BRITISH SECTION

Mrs. Besant has managed to crowd into the intervals of visiting Scandinavia and Germany a great number of meetings and lectures in England. On October 2nd, by invitation of the Rev. A. Baker, M.A., Mrs. Besant spoke at the "Brotherhood Church," Islington, her subject being the nature of the mystic consciousness. As a class had already been formed in the Church for the study of James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, the lecture was much appreciated. Her prophecy that the modern psychologist would in his research be driven further and further into the realms occupied by the mystic and the philosopher is worthy of note.

On October 4th, Mrs. Besant visited Leamington and lectured to a crowded audience in the Albert Hall, by invitation of Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton. Archdeacon Colley holds that the free discussion of reincarnation as a rational solution of problems of life is desirable within the Church, and he tests the question which was raised by the Bishop of London in the case of the vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington, by his action in inviting Mrs. Besant to lecture in Leamington, and in presiding at the meeting. The title of Mrs. Besant's lecture was "Reincarnation and Christian Doctrine," and she spoke for over an hour on the evidence for belief in the pre-existence of the soul among the early Christians and the Jews, from whom they took so much of their theology. The lecture, together with the chairman's address, was published by the press and will doubtless prove a most useful addition to our pamphlet literature, as it is likely to find its way into the hands of thousands of good Churchmen.

On October 6th, to a crowded audience in the Elysée Gallery, Mrs. Besant gave a glowing account of the educational work of the Theosophical Society in India.

On October 9th, Mrs. Besant presided at the meeting of the Federation of London Branches. This was the best yet held. The

Rev. Conrad Noel, well known both within and without the Church, delivered an address on "Spiritual Healing." As readers of the daily papers will have gathered, the Rev. Conrad Noel has lately formed amongst the clergy of the English Church a society for the study of Spiritual Healing, and this, together with the fact of his presence, lent an additional interest to his address and the subsequent discussion.

On October 10th, Mrs. Besant lectured at South Place Institute on the subject of "The True Nature of Free Thought." As part of the service extracts were read from Mazzini and from Fiona Macleod's new book, *Winged Destiny*.

On October 11th, in the Caxton Hall, her subject was "The Evolution of Man according to Science and according to Theosophy." She dwelt upon the necessity—in the hurrying West—of Art and Poetry, if the life of man was to be made whole and beautiful; and defined the true mystic as the most practical and efficient type of the evenly developed man.

Other lectures by Mrs. Besant were: October 12th, at the London Pioneer Club, on "Women's Education in India"; October 13th, at the Blavatsky Lodge, on "The International Character of the Theosophical Society."

It may be added that the first edition of Mrs. Besant's 1903 Indian Convention Lectures, "The Pedigree of Man," published in September, was completely sold out in six weeks. A new edition is being prepared.

All over the country the Branches are beginning their winter's work. The syllabuses of lectures issued by the various Branches and Centres are marked by catholicity of subject. In the North a new scheme of propaganda—outlined in the last number of the *Vāhan*—has already begun to work; in Darlington, under the guidance of the Middlesbrough Lodge, and in Wakefield and Ripon with the help of the Harrogate Branch. It is hoped that as the result of the lectures given in these places, centres may be formed to carry on the work independently. At Sheffield, Manchester, Bradford and York, courses of six public lectures each are being given to large audiences on *An Outline of Theosophy* and *The Evolution of Consciousness*. At Sheffield, York and Leeds groups of students continue the special study of Plato.

It will be good news to many to hear that a new Branch has been formed in Ireland, under the name "The Dublin Lodge."

Mr. George W. Russell, once the leading spirit of the old "Dublin Lodge," and editor of the *Irish Theosophist*, is president.

In the Theosophical movement, of which the Society is but a part, there may be noted the formation of "The League of the Kingdom," under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's, London, to the objects of which we refer elsewhere.

Still another mystical Christian unsectarian body has been formed under the name of the "Association of St. John the Evangelist." From the first occasional journal issued it appears that there are now seventy members arranged in seven groups for purposes of common meditation and that friendly relations are established with the members of the "League of the Kingdom," and with an American association, the "Brotherhood of the Kingdom." Particularly interesting and significant is the account in the journal of the meeting of East and West. Mr. Mozoomdar, author of *The Oriental Christ*, and a prominent member of the Brahmo Somaj, has written cordially and sympathetically approving the objects and means of the Association of St. John the Evangelist, and promising on behalf of the Brahmo Somaj the practical co-operation of its members.

One of the most striking features of the Church Congress held at Liverpool was the appearance on the platform of Sir Oliver Lodge as scientist and theologian. This happy augury for the restoration of the harmony of Science and Religion has been followed by Sir Oliver's presidential address before the Birmingham University on Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, in the course of which, speaking as a scientist, he gently took to task the scientists who believed that the riddle of the universe is either solved, or soluble in terms of physical science alone.

GERMAN SECTION

The central point in the German Section's life during the last month has been Mrs. Besant's visit. On September 15th she arrived in Hamburg from Sweden accompanied by Miss Bright and by Miss Westerland (of Gotenburg). She was met by Dr. Steiner, Dr. Hübbschleiden and Mr. Keightley, who had arrived the day before. A members' meeting had been arranged in Herr Hubo's house, and here Mrs. Besant spoke on the "Meaning of the Theosophical Society," and answered questions put by members. In the evening she gave a public lecture on the "Message of Theosophy to Mankind," to an

audience of over 300 people, who listened with the greatest attention and upon whom the lecture made a deep impression. At the close Dr. Steiner gave a short *résumé* in German.

Mrs. Besant lectured also in Berlin, Weimar, Munich, Stuttgart and Cologne, having full halls everywhere as well as good Branch meetings. Warmest gratitude is felt by all German Theosophists for the work done by Mrs. Besant and for the renewed spiritual energy she has poured into this Section and its workers.

Thanks to the good work and energy of Herr Bresch, the Branch in Leipzig has considerably increased its membership and strength ; and a new Branch has just been founded in Dresden. Dr. Steiner has begun courses of lectures not only in Berlin and Hamburg but also this year in several other towns. His magazine, *Lucifer-Gnosis*, finds a steadily increasing number of readers and has lately contained important contributions on "How to obtain Knowledge of Higher Worlds" and "From the Âkâshic Records."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MRS. BESANT AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

Theosophy and the New Psychology: A Course of Six Lectures by Annie Besant. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1904. Price 2s. net.)

ALL those who formed the crowded audiences which listened to these lectures in the Small Queen's Hall in the early summer, and not least the many who went disappointed away from the doors because there was not even standing room for them, will welcome the appearance of these discourses in book form and hasten to revive the impression which the living voice left on their minds. For such, therefore, no word is needed in these pages to stimulate their interest or invite them to the perusal of these pages. But for the much larger public, both within and outside of the Theosophical Society, which is keenly interested in the questions and problems upon which these lectures touch, it may be useful to sketch the line of thought followed by Mrs. Besant, and to indicate what they may expect to find in them of light and suggestion.

And first, to prevent the disappointment which might otherwise be roused in some minds, it may be well to emphasise the fact, stated by Mrs. Besant in her Foreword, that these lectures are "merely a popular treatment of a large subject." Hence the thorough student must not approach them with the hope of finding either a systematic or an exhaustive treatment of the topics dealt with, or any detailed working out of observations and cases. Such a treatment would certainly have been out of place in lectures addressed to a general audience, to say nothing of the fact that the great and wonderful gift of oratory tends rather in an opposite direction. Knowing thus what we are not to expect, we shall, I think, appreciate all the more fully what the Gods have given us, and draw the greater profit from its assimilation.

The keynote of the New Psychology, according to Mrs. Besant, is the definite recognition of a consciousness in man wider far than the ordinary brain-consciousness. But, as she well observes, and as every student is painfully aware, there is a most lamentable lack, in the scientific literature of the subject, of any clearly formulated, definite working hypothesis. And so there is all the more reason, as she urges, why students of the subject should at least try the experiment of seeing what light the teachings of Theosophy can throw upon the enormous mass of tangled facts and observations with which they are at present vainly struggling. And we shall see, as we go on, at any rate in outline, how she herself so applies them—that indeed being the purpose which the title of these lectures implies. But let us return to the wider consciousness just alluded to.

There are several lines of evidence all converging to prove the reality and the existence of this wider consciousness, which Mrs. Besant summarises under various heads. First and most common, we have the large class of premonitions and intuitions; then the various phenomena associated with the trance condition, *vis.*, exaltation of the senses, of the intelligence and of the emotions; next come dreams; then fixed ideas, both the fixed idea of the madman and that of the hero, the saint or the martyr; and finally telepathy,—not to mention the large class of facts and experiences which Mr. Myers has omitted to treat, and which owe their clear recognition as coming within the domain of a truly scientific psychology to Professor James—*vis.*, the large class of religious and mystic experiences, such as conversion and the like.

Now when once we have recognised the existence and reality of

this "larger consciousness," the question next arises: What is it? What is the "more," the "larger" which thus works in us? As to this, Mrs. Besant opines, two chief views may be put forward, which, with some reluctance, she inclines to label as the scientific and the religious views respectively. And she describes the first, the scientific view, as "regarding the unfolding consciousness of man as gradually evolving throughout the growth not only of humanity but of the kingdoms that lie below humanity in evolution"; the keynote of this view, in her opinion, being, as appears later, that consciousness evolves *from below upwards*. Whether or not this would be accepted by science as correctly representing its position is of no great consequence, since Mrs. Besant refers to it only in order to contrast with it her own, which assumes the existence of "a supernal entity, a living spirit, a divine fragment, a spiritual germ planted in the soil of matter." Now both these views are *fundamentally problems of philosophy*, but neither the one nor the other seems to me as yet adequately defined or established in relation to philosophy. Leaving that aside, however, it is open to us to regard Mrs. Besant's view as a *psychological* hypothesis, as she suggests.

Enough has already been said to show the type of view which is here called religious. And that view, the view of man as essentially a "spiritual germ" related through various vehicles to different regions of the universe, is the clue which we are going to see applied to the problems of the New Psychology.

But, as Mrs. Besant rightly reminds us, there was this much of truth in the old view that a sane psychology must be based upon physiology; that we cannot hope to understand the working and manifestation of consciousness as known to us in waking, unless we understand something at least of the mechanism which both conditions and makes possible that manifestation. And so we come to consider the mechanism of consciousness, as our second step.

In this connection the first question, according to Mrs. Besant, is this: "Is man, by the mechanism of his consciousness, related to more worlds than one?" Curiously enough the old Rishis of India gave to this question an answer essentially the same as that of the late Mr. Myers—our most recent expositor of the New Psychology—*viz.*, that he is related to three distinct worlds, called by Myers, man's physical, ethereal, and met-ethereal environments. And then we have a brief exposition of the Theosophic view on this point, in the form of a description of the descent of the Ego into re-birth. This brings out

one special point of great significance, giving a clue to many of the problems we are concerned with ; *viz.*, the fact that into the *physical* body will be built, by the laws of physical heredity, the *physical* past that lies behind the actual materials which enter into the structure, and in this fact we find the reason and source of many of those curious up-rushes into consciousness of the contents of what Myers not inaptly calls the lumber-room of the subconscious.

We have put before us here a sketch—suggestive and illuminating, but sorely in need of much detailed working out—of the mode in which the Ego hands over to the quasi-automatic subconscious working of the sympathetic nervous system those activities which no longer demand his constant supervision, and a most suggestive hint is thrown out as to why ancient passions, and barbarous elements, rush up at times with such force as to sweep away the reasonable Ego and transform the man back into a savage for the moment at least.

We are also given some light upon the fixed idea that makes the saint or martyr or hero, and shown how it differs in its origin from the fixed idea of madness ; the former coming down from the Ego, the latter arising usually from some idea that has strongly impressed the sympathetic system and arises out of some long-past stage of evolution. But in both we have the same condition of manifestation ; *viz.*, the impressibility or receptivity of the brain and cerebro-spinal system to these extra-normal vibrations.

So, too, in the case of madness or hysteria and genius, the conditions of manifestation are the same—instability of the brain-system ; but in the one case we have a true degeneracy, in the other the promise of the future. This is eloquently and admirably worked out, and leads up to a fine climax which those who heard it will not have forgotten.

We are thus led clearly to apprehend the need for, and the justification of, a mode of classification often insisted upon in our literature, but unfortunately not made use of by Mr. Myers. We class the phenomena in question under two divisions ; namely, those of the subconsciousness and those of the super-consciousness. Mrs. Besant's treatment of this topic is exceptionally interesting and she throws light on several obscure points, so that the reader will carry away very much more definite and clearer notions upon these points than he had before ; though one cannot help wishing that this one chapter had been expanded into a whole volume. The student will find less that is new and useful in the chapter on Clairvoyance and Clairaudience,

and in that upon Telepathy, though doubtless to the general public they will prove very attractive. One great point, however, is very clearly brought out in the former, and that is the imperative need for sane, sober common-sense and cool, reasoning judgment in practically dealing with all such experiences—a lesson which cannot be too often or too strongly emphasised.

The concluding lecture deals with "Methods of Unfoldment," a topic of keen interest to us all and of vital significance to many. One most important fact is very clearly brought out at the very beginning, a fact of great significance and one we are apt to overlook; namely, that in complete, orderly unfoldment there are two distinct and contrasted lines of evolution involved, each having its own place in the perfected whole, and each its own laws, its own dangers, its own advantages and disadvantages. These two lines of human evolution are respectively that of consciousness, and that of the vehicles. And I think the clear understanding of this distinction and what it implies will clear up many difficulties as well as be of great practical service and help to students.

The main point to grasp is, in my opinion, very clearly and admirably put by Mrs. Besant in the words: "As the consciousness unfolds on one plane after another, it does *not* thereby follow that the consciousness will be able from the higher planes to directly affect the physical brain, so as to bring about effects in what we call the waking consciousness."

It is round this central fact that revolve the many difficulties that perplex not a few earnest students; and indeed it is very difficult to hold the balance true, to give a complete view of the subject, or even to lay the maximum of stress and importance where it is most urgently needed. Perhaps in some passages of this chapter some will be conscious of a rather one-sided tendency; with the greater part of it, however, they should be entirely in agreement, in practice at any rate, especially with the warning, made so clear and intelligible, against the many artificial methods of psychic stimulation at present so largely advertised. By the eloquent conclusion all hearts will be stirred, and, like the audiences who listened in wrapt attention to these lectures, we cannot but feel deeply grateful for the stimulus towards a lofty ideal.

B. K.

"THE SCIENCE OF PEACE"

The Science of Peace. By Bhagavân Dâs. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 6s.)

THE name of Bhagavân Dâs is already familiar to our readers, not only as the author of the valuable *Science of the Emotions*, but as the translator of the episodes from the *Yoga Vâsishṭha*, that appeared in our pages some time ago. The present volume from his pen is one that will much enhance his reputation both as thinker and writer, and if one may judge by the intense interest shown in my last summer's lectures, which were an exposition of it, it is likely to find a very large circle of readers. The author shews himself in it as a philosopher and metaphysician of rare originality and subtlety, while throughout there pulse a passionate love of truth, and an eager longing to share the truth found with all who, like himself in the past, are pierced with the keen arrows of intellectual craving and the desperate need for intellectual rest. It is, most of all, to those who are struggling in the webs of doubt—as appears in the touchingly beautiful dedication—that he brings his message—the message of truth seen, and with truth Peace.

The first chapter outlines "The Great Questioning" where-with the troubled, restless soul, unsure of its own immortality, faces the sphinx of nature. A first and a second answer—the creation of the world by an external God and its evolution by the interaction of two factors—are accepted only to be later thrown aside. Then rains down upon the naked striving soul a shower of uncertainties, detailed questions of all kinds, storming in from every side. Driven back from multiplicity, refuge is found in a duality, the Self and the Not-self, the "I" and the "Not-I," "the two simplest constituents of the last result of all philosophical research." What is the Self, the "I"? That it is, none may doubt; but *what* is it? It emerges out of "the world-process, the true, universal and unlimited One," leaving behind for the "Not-I" "a mass of particulars." Every "I" finds its root in the "Universal I"; every particular its place in the mass of the "Not-I." The "Relation of the Self and the Not-Self" follows, and then the author pauses in his argument to outline the position reached by European philosophy, touching on Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Schelling and Hegel, to dwell on Fichte's final contribution. Fichte saw in the Ego the only true universal, and summed up the world-process in three steps: Ego=Ego;

Non-Ego is not = Ego ; Ego in part = Non-Ego, and Non-Ego in part = Ego. Here our author takes up the unfinished work, seeking to compress the three steps of Fichte into one : Ego Non-Ego Non (est). Then for Ego, I ; for Non-Ego This, *i.e.*, the universe ; for Non Not ; “ I This Not (am) ” ; here is the expression of the world-process : I, the One, identifying itself with the This—“ I (am) This,” and the universe is ; I, the One, repudiating the This—“ I This Not (am),” and the universe vanishes. “ The rhythm between the Self and the Not-Self, their coming together and going apart, the essence of all change, is expressed by it ; and yet, when we take the three constituents of it at once, it expresses changelessness also.”

This is the centre, the heart, of the whole book ; when the Self lends to the Not-Self its own reality, the latter emerges into Being—illusory Being, pseudo-Being ; when the Self withdraws from the Not-Self, the latter falls into its inherent nonentity. How this conception illuminates many dark sayings of ancient Holy Writ ; how it emerges triumphant from all challengings ; how it introduces order into chaos ; all this must be read in the pages of the book itself.

There follow some interesting chapters on Time, Space and Motion, on Atoms and Jīvas, etc. An Index of Proper Names and a glossary of Saṃskṛit words conclude the book.

I heartily commend the volume to students, advising them to read it slowly and carefully, as, so read, it will, I earnestly believe, prove to many the *Science of Peace*.

ANNIE BESANT.

LAO-TZŪ

The Sayings of Lao-Tzŭ. Translated from the Chinese, with an Introduction. By Lionel Giles. (London : The Orient Press ; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

Wu Wei : A Phantasy based on the Philosophy of Lao-Tse. From the Dutch of Henri Borel. Authorised Version by Meredith Ianson. (London : Luzac & Co. ; 1903. Price 3s. net.)

It is not unremarkable that the sublime philosophy and supreme transcendentalism of that most secret yet most natural mystery of mysteries, which in ancient China was spoken of as Tao, should have aroused such interest in the modern Western world, that the number of translations of the most ancient existing “ classic ” of this “ Way,” the *Tao-Teh-King*, and that, too, in an entirely popular form,

should increase with every year. Only a few months ago we noticed the appearance of Dr. Paul Carus' *Canon of Reason and Virtue*, in a popular edition, and now we have translations by Mr. Lionel Giles of the British Museum, the son of the famous sinologue, and by Mr. W. Gorn Old, our old colleague, and a most pleasant "Phantasy" from the Dutch of M. Henri Borel.

Mr. Giles' translation and introduction is a good piece of work, though it cannot be said to add much to our knowledge; it is useful and will bring the tidings of Tao to many who have never heard of it before. How it stands philologically in comparison with other translations we have no means of deciding, for such a judgment must rest solely with an exceedingly well-equipped Chinese scholar; we have, however, read some translations that in some respects conveyed more to us of the nature of Tao. But as we have also read translations of other works—translated from languages we do know—which conveyed more to us, but which did not faithfully reproduce the original, we cannot permit ourselves to do more than register our general impression.

For what is Tao? It is precisely the same mystery as Nirvâṇa; and I know no simpler, purer, or more natural "setting of it forth," if such telling is in any way possible, than is to be found in the small treatise ascribed to Lao-Tzū, containing the doctrines of a wisdom that indubitably existed long before him, while many of the "sayings" themselves were in every probability formulated just as we have them long before they were collected into the *Tao-Teh-King*.

Indeed, the great difficulty of the treatise is its intense simplicity, its archaic primitiveness. It is written with a terse severity, that is not so much studied as natural, and natural in the midst of a simplicity of a language written in word-signs that can be differently interpreted from every step of the ladder which rises from the depths of the sensible to the heights of the intelligible universe. The difficulty of translation is said to be sometimes unsurpassable even for aged Chinese philosophers who have spent all their lives in its study.

M. Henri Borel, who is strongly imbued with the mysterious spirit of Tao, and for whom the profundities of its unseizable meanings are immeasurably more than any philological considerations, does not accordingly attempt a translation. He is content to set forth the thoughts which the tidings of Tao has awakened in him. And, indeed, unless his English translator is a greater word-artist than himself, his Dutch original must be often very beautiful. It is frequently so in

the English, though naturally here and there the thought is unequal. But the spirit of the thing is there, and it will bring the feeling of this timeless, spaceless, truth more nearly to the heart of the general reader than translations pure and simple.

We, therefore, will not find fault with M. Borel for this or that; we take it for what he gives it—a “phantasy”; and knowing from other scriptures that “Wu-Wei” means “self-movement,” and not “inaction,” we are assured that he is on “the track of the paths of the ethers,” towards the path on which there is no “going,” towards the rest that knows no ceasing, in the Great House of unresting peace. For Tao, though the most virile of all things, is yet the most gentle.

G. R. S. M.

PAMPHLET-LECTURES

THE Theosophical Publishing Society has sent us yet another pamphlet-lecture of our eloquent colleague's. *When a Man Dies shall he Live Again?* is the title of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Besant at Myddelton Hall, Islington, and makes the fourth of the most recent batch of pamphlets, the other three being entitled: *The Necessity of Reincarnation*, *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?* and *Reincarnation: a Christian Doctrine*. They are all nicely printed, bound in coloured paper covers, and are sold at the ridiculous price of 1d. (1½d. by post).

G. R. S. M.

THE EXTREME LEFT OF NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM

The Origins of Christianity: With an Outline of Van Manen's Analysis of the Pauline Literature. By Thomas Whittaker. (London: Watts & Co.; 1904.)

MR. WHITTAKER'S study of *The Neoplatonists* (1901) had given us so much pleasure that we took up his new volume with great expectations. But however sympathetic he may be to the higher side of philosophical mysticism when treating of the great minds of Later Platonism, in dealing with the New Testament writings Mr. Whittaker has left the spiritual content of them severely alone and addressed himself solely to the critical, historical and literary problems which they present, and that, too, from the most extreme standpoint with which we are acquainted. For not only does he go all the way with Mr. J. M. Robertson, whose *Pagan Christs* we lately reviewed, but he considers that even this champion of pure rationalism has stopped

short "through not questioning the ecclesiastical tradition radically enough." For though Mr. Robertson holds that the Jesus of the Gospels is a myth, he is nevertheless inclined to believe "that Christianity, as a distinctive (Jewish) sect, may have arisen" about the received time; whereas Mr. Whittaker, who accepts Van Manen's analysis of the Pauline Letters as conclusive against the authenticity of every one of them, contends that nothing in the shape of Christianity existed prior to the destruction of the Temple in 70 A.D., except that obscure mystery cult of a mythical person, the evidence for which he believes Mr. Robertson has established on a sound foundation. In brief, the whole of the writings of the New Testament are without exception pseudepigraphic, and all were composed in the first half of the second century. Van Manen is, as Mr. Whittaker calls him in his Preface, the Copernicus of New Testament criticism, and the whole history of the origins has to be reconstructed from this point of view.

The whole system of the wandering and unstable elements of New Testament historical phenomena is accordingly made by Mr. Whittaker to revolve round the supposedly fixed and assured conclusions derived from Van Manen's analysis of the Pauline Literature; these conclusions constitute for Mr. Whittaker the central sun of the whole system and throw a brilliant light on all obscurities.

Now whatever we may have thought of its startling conclusions, and however difficult we may have found it to fit in these conclusions with the rest of the complex data of Christian Origins, there is no doubt that the revolutionary article on "Paul" by the distinguished Leyden professor, which appeared in the third volume of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, and roused conventional traditionalists to so much fury, has practically inaugurated a new and deeper phase of criticism of "The Apostle" and "Acts"; the screw of analysis has received another turn. It was, however, very difficult for even those scholars who had no position of their own to defend, who were absolutely unprejudiced and in no fear of the conclusions, provided the premisses were proved to be unquestionable facts resulting from sane critical methods, to form any just opinion of Professor Van Manen's work, in that they had before them only a summary of results apart from the detailed *apparatus criticus*, upon the accuracy and right method of which all depended. Unfortunately for most of us Van Manen's great work, *Paulus*, with its three parts dealing with : i., *Acts* ; ii., *Romans* ; and iii., *I. and II. Corinthians*, was written in Dutch, and admirable a language

as Dutch may be, few scholars in this country are able to follow in it a long critical study, the essence of which depends on minute analysis and keen reasoning.

Mr. Whittaker has, accordingly, done a very useful piece of work in devoting three-quarters of his book to an outline of this *magnum opus* of Van Manen's. We are now able to do greater justice to what is undoubtedly a brilliant contribution to New Testament study, and are advanced a stage towards a saner judgment of it. On reading it through for the first time, it must be admitted that many points seem well taken, while many seem far too weak to support the crushing weights which are placed upon them. Of course, Van Manen in general seems to have proved his point; that is to say, the reader who is not a specialist, and who is not bent on violently resisting in the interests of prejudice what he considers vital truth, moves in the atmosphere of a mind that has no hesitation as to the certainty that we have not a single letter of Paul himself before us, and that the historic Paul is hidden under several deposits of church development, growth of doctrine, and tendency-redaction. But what decent book on criticism does not seem to have proved its point, until you begin to analyse it and follow the writer in detail step by step with the Greek text before you?

Until this is done it is of no real value merely to record impressions. A criticism of Mr. Whittaker's main position means practically a criticism of Van Manen's labours. This is proceeding apace among the learned, and the Pauline documents are being run through a finer sieve than they have ever been before—an excellent thing in itself.

As, however, to the deductions and general conclusions which Mr. Whittaker has hastened to draw with regard to the main questions of Christian Origins, they are in the form of an essay, clearly written and bearing the signs of good scholarship and wide reading; but we doubt very much whether Van Manen himself would draw these conclusions, for we are very certain that they do not explain the very complex and baffling phenomena which the Origins of Christianity present. Far more work yet has to be done on the contemporary religious life of the time before we can get our values correct. But the religious life and the nature of its experience have been severely excluded by Mr. Whittaker in his otherwise exceedingly interesting essay.

G. R. S. M.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MYSTIC GAEL

The Winged Destiny: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael.
By Fiona Macleod. (London: Chapman & Hall; 1904.
Price 6s.)

No one is more deeply imbued with the spirit of the mystic Gael than Fiona Macleod, no one more fitted to hand on from a forgotten past the memory of things beautiful, the tradition of simplicities and profundities that take their birth from a passionate nature-love chastened by the solemnity of things unseen. Fiona Macleod is a poet and a seer; and the charm of her seeming prose flows from the fact that she never forgets an old definition of poetry, which she has herself rephrased as "the emotion of life rhythmically remembering beauty."

Fiona Macleod charms us not only by her love of the ancient nature-gods, but by her sense of their meaning; for her they are no wraiths of a disordered imagination, no mere subject of a donnish academical exercise, but beings of elemental nature who, though they may for some momentary purpose bear the occasional guise, or rather disguise, of human shape, so that the unaccustomed mortal may not be over-much amazed, are in themselves protean and non-human essences.

The collection of fugitive pieces now before us breathes throughout a most gracious spirit, and transports us into a world of ideas among which it is a pleasure to move; and this not only because of the matter of it but because the manner of it never allows us to forget that the world is beautiful.

Not the least excellence of this writer, who is associated so intimately with what is known as the "Celtic Movement" or "Celtic Renaissance," is the catholic spirit she displays, and her courage in pleading for the cultivation of a spirit of peace and good-will to stranger neighbours—a most difficult task for an enthusiasm that must in its very nature be mainly dependent on what is essentially national.

Excellent again is the way Fiona Macleod deals with the great mystery of again becoming in the flesh. Referring to Pythagoras and Empedocles, she writes:

"But I am not now concerned with this problem, that, like a wind at twilight, has troubled with fugitive shadows the waters of many minds. As with a greater problem, it may be folly to believe it, but a worse folly to hold it incredible. And, too, in the end, when we are tired of the tide-play of the mind and sink into the depths and

silences and think from there, what are the thousand words that say no against the one word that says yes?"

Perhaps ere long Fiona Macleod may be concerned with the problem, and that too, in her own way, a way that suits to perfection the illusive half shadows of dim memories, on the borders of that land in which the "may-be" and "perhaps" of the waking mind translate themselves into the living facts of a wider existence, in which man, like some gods, puts off his momentary disguise of flesh and towers into his true stature of cosmic proportions.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

THIS month we will place the October number of *Broad Views* at the head of our list, for the sake of recommending to our readers Mr. Sinnett's important statements as to the precise nature of the reincarnations of the Dalai and Teshu Lamas, to be found under the head of "Passing Events." Not all of us are clearly aware that: "Neither Amitabha nor Avalokiteshvara are entities. The first expression gives a name to the divine influence manifesting in the world through the personality of Gautama Buddha. The meaning of the term Avalokiteshvara is . . . 'the divine Self perceived by Self.' . . . The notion of treating these ideas as entities that can specifically incarnate in definite individualities would be extremely ludicrous to the cultivated Buddhist mind." And when we learn that "it has rarely happened that both the Teshu and the Dalai Lamas of any given period have both of them been on the path of occult progress," and that "in the present case it is the Teshu (*not* the Dalai) Lama who represents occult development and is advanced to some extent (outside the circles of initiation no one can exactly say to what extent) along the path leading to adeptship," we have a hint which leads to the solution of several puzzles which have troubled some of us with regard to the apparent failure of the Gods to guard their own. But the whole article should be carefully studied by all who take an interest in Buddhism.

Theosophist, September. "Old Diary Leaves" for this month are a pleasant chronicle of events at Adyar, including the 1895 Convention, of which the President-Founder says that "its psychological effect on his mind seemed to be that of a great explosion of harmony on the astral plane." Mr. Fullerton's lecture, "The Spirit of the

Age," is concluded. In it he discusses a rather thorny subject—how far the presentation of Theosophical doctrine should be modified to suit the times. He tells us that "in present-day expositions of Theosophy, both in its elementary and its more advanced contents, propositions are sometimes made at which cultivated intelligence opens its eyes, and cultivated humour shakes its head. It will not do to say they are endorsed by Masters, for that is not quite certain; and the result would be the same even if it were. When one remembers that the test of a standing or failing faith is its conformity to reason and the moral sense, one cannot expect to have the place of that conformity supplied by a name. This will not rescue, nor should it." But when Mr. Fullerton undertakes to give specific instances of this, he enters a region where we, less daring, fear to tread. We should be very pleased to see Mr. Sutcliffe's interesting paper on "The Hindu Zodiac" treated by an expert. Miss Burnett's "presentation of the views of Mrs. Besant as she understands them" on the "Science of Food" deserves a respectful study, even from those who prefer the teaching of the Galilean Master that "not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man," or as Henry Ward Beecher puts the same thought more epigrammatically, "When I eat chicken I do not *become* chicken; the chicken becomes *me!*" We have a thoughtful paper on "Man and his Character" from a new writer, Wm. Rout; the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, "Theosophy and Spiritualism"—as to which, while heartily joining in all his expressions of kindness towards Spiritualism, we can hardly follow him in his declaration that our differences are but "immaterial points of detail." Rather are they the, at first, slight differences of lines at a railway junction which in the end lead off into entirely different directions. The number closes with S. Stuart's "Historic Theosophy."

Theosophy in India, September. The more important contents of this number are an unsigned study on Mrs. Besant's *Man and His Bodies*; the continuation of the notes of her lectures on "The Three Worlds"; and the conclusion of Govinda Prasad Dutta's valuable paper on the "Agreement between the Doctrines of Theosophy and the Hindu Shâstras." We are glad to see in the Supplement that the first year's Report of the Bhagirathi Federation speaks very cheerfully of the results of the new experiment of Federation.

Central Hindu College Magazine, September, announces that Mr. Harry Banbery, after five years' service as head-master, has accepted the headship of the Jubilee High School, Lucknow, and has been re-

placed by our friend Mr. G. S. Arundale. We will do ourselves the pleasure to quote the terms in which his appointment is introduced: "His devotion to the ideals of the C.H.C., his educational qualifications, the interest he takes in games, the humour and good-humour with which he corrects the conceits and aberrations to which the young mind is so prone in class and playing field, the spirit of co-operation and constitutional loyalty with which he inspires his subordinate staff—all these promise fair that the school department will flourish and progress under his administration." All his friends in England will heartily wish him success.

Theosophic Gleaner, September. Here Mr. Gostling maintains that the sacred Bo tree should be identified with the Banyan instead of the Pipal upon the physical plane, not forgetting that it is truly in itself the Cosmic Ashvattha. The other important papers are the conclusions of the papers on "Vegetarianism" and "Sutakas in the Zoroastrian Scriptures."

Also from India: *The Dawn*; *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society*, edited by Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., containing an interesting instalment of his account of his journey to Lhasa, and testimonials to his great Tibetan and English Dictionary; *East and West*, with an important enquiry into the date of the *Gîtâ*; and the *Indian Review*, which has an exceedingly favourable review of Sister Nivedita's *Web of Indian Life*.

We find from the *Vâhan*, for October, that our friends of the Northern Federation are energetically starting a Propaganda movement, with Committees and lecturers. Miss Maud MacCarthy writes at length on the influence of music—a subject on which she is so well qualified to speak. The "Enquirer" includes an answer by G. R. S. M. to the question, "Has any really good thing ever come out of magic?"—decidedly not encouraging, and there are others on the advisability of developing a gift of clairvoyance.

Lotus Journal, October. Here we have notes of Mrs. Besant's Address to the Lodge, a further portion of her lecture on "The New Psychology"; more of Mr. Leadbeater's experience with the Mormons, and much good reading for the children.

Revue Théosophique, September. Here the original matter consists of a paper by Héra on the "Existence of the Masters"; the conclusion of Dr. Lerède's "Theosophical Morality"; and "The Ceremonial of the Mass," by Miss Hardcastle.

Theosophia, September and October. Herr v. Ginkel's interesting

series of papers on the Great Pyramid is concluded. Besides translations from the English we have an account of "Nanda, the Pariah Saint," from the vernacular. Dr. v. Deventer continues his classical studies.

Also received with thanks: *Bulletin Théosophique*; *Théosophie* in its enlarged and much improved form; *Der Vâhan*, with the conclusion of Dr. Currie's paper on the Lord's Prayer; *Lucifer-Gnosis*, in which E. Schuré's startling tragedy, "The Children of Lucifer," is brought to an end; *Sophia*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophic Messenger*; *South African Theosophist*; *Theosophy in Australasia*, from which we are glad to learn that Miss Edger's lecturing tour has proved a success; the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, which gives us a novelty in the shape of a portrait of Mr. W. H. Draffin; *Theosofisch Maandblad*, opening its fourth volume in a more convenient size and neat cover; *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

PAMPHLETS: *Mind Power, and how to get it*, by K. T. Anderson (L. N. Fowler & Co., 6d.), is a treatise on the manner of dealing with Worry which has some good suggestions well expressed. It may be found useful, though we can't recommend its readers to concentrate upon the utterance, "I want *money* to get through!" There peeps the more or less "Black" of most similar works.

The Second Book of Revelations, by A. King. (G. Rangepcroft & Co. 1s.) In this little work there is (as in the calf's head of the old jest) much confused good eating, but the new wine of modern history and criticism has been a little too much for Miss King's head. Enclosed is a prospectus of *The Bible and Apocrypha*, "arranged by hand, chronologically. The above book can be read straight through as a continuous story." We can but wonder at the author's modesty in asking only ten guineas for this; such a work (if it were only possible) would be worth thousands!

Messrs. Natesan, Madras, send us three small reprints from *The Indian Review*, and a little book *The Son-in-law Abroad and Other Indian Folk-tales*, some of which are truly humorous. The conclusion of one is calculated to open the eyes of our more serious readers. "Herein was verified the saying that, for pure mischief, a single Brahmacharin is equal to a century of monkeys rolled into one!"

W.