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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE General Report of the Theosophical Society in the thirtieth year of its existence is a bulky document of 155 pages. Once more we have to congratulate ourselves that the man who convened its first assembly in 1875 is still at the head of affairs, and that it is our venerable President-Founder, the Nestor of our body, who makes this General Report. It is indeed allotted to few to see a work of these dimensions grow from month to month and year to year under one's own eyes; and such an experience is a more than liberal education to the soul and spirit of the man who has had this privilege, and discharged the duties of principal organiser of our body with such dogged perseverance and unimpaired enthusiasm. It must be a keen pleasure for Colonel Olcott to look back to the small beginnings of this great thing, and compare them with the complex detail and widespread scope of our present activities. The time must inevitably come when we shall be without our veteran pilot at the helm, and then we shall realise, even more than we do now, the work he has accomplished, and

The General
Report

the difficulties he has surmounted. Whoever succeeds to this high office in the Theosophical Society must be a man of the most tolerant views and of more than international sympathies, if he is to discharge its duties with any hope of success. Henry Steel Olcott has these qualifications, and such men are rare.

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As to the statistics of the Report, we are informed that up to the close of 1905, 850 Branch Charters had been issued, sixty-one of them in the last year. But of this number
 Statistics some 271 Branches, owing to secession and other causes, have disappeared from the horizon of our present existence. To the general body a new member has been added in the form of the Cuban Section, consisting of eleven Branches; while South America and South Africa also hold out hopes of being shortly sectionalised. There are now eleven Sections in the Society, namely: the American, Indian, British, Australian, Scandinavian, New Zealand, Netherlands, French, Italian, German, and Cuban,—the names appearing in the chronological order of the formation of the Sections.

The literary output of the Society continues and grows in volume and volumes, and it would be a good thing if statistics of it were compiled from the beginning and appended to the next General Report; we should thus have a chronological bibliography of this branch of our industry, and few societies, we think, would have a better record. During the last twelve months the recorded works that have appeared are: in English, 28; French, 11; German, 3; Italian, 12; Spanish, 6; Swedish, 2; Danish, 4; Finnish, 5; Marathi, 1; Tamil, 3. Of magazines (monthly) there have been published: in English, 17; Swedish, 1; French, 4; Spanish, 4; Dutch, 3; Finnish, 1; German, 2; Italian, 1; Hindi, 1; Gujarati, 1; Sanskrit, 1; Sinhalese, 1.

In addition there is notice of 36 books in Dutch and 42 in Indian vernaculars, but what number of years these numbers extend over is not stated. The lists are, however, incomplete, for we know of at least one other magazine (in Czech) and of several books in Russian.

The financial report of the general funds of the Society is difficult to summarise intelligibly, but it may be stated that the

schedule of the estimated property of the Society (this is, of course, apart from the Sections and Branches), works out at about 280,250 Rs. (£18,683), a by no means magnificent sum, when one considers the balance sheets of far smaller bodies.

It is, of course, impossible to realise the detail of the work of the Sections and Branches from the General Report, for no attempt is made to give the statistics of lectures and meetings, the main forms of our corporate existence. These are not to be counted by hundreds but by thousands, and no few of these. From all of which it follows that the Theosophical Society is not only a force in many lands, but that it is perhaps the most active body for the propagation of Theosophical ideas that has ever consciously worked on these lines.

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THE Headquarters at Adyar are now transformed out of all recognition by those who have not seen them for some years. In addition to the new buildings, Colonel Olcott reports the setting up in the grounds of the gateways from an ancient ruined temple in the Arcot District. Our President-Founder adds:

The Gate of
Lions

An idea of the difficulties to surmount will be gathered from the fact that the two great columns of our present entrance gate, the Gate of Lions (Siñha Dvāram in Sanskrit) weigh between six and seven tons each, and that they had to be removed from their plinths and transported a distance of four miles over a bad road and across the dried beds of two rivers to the railway station. To complete the record, I will add that the three stone portals that we now possess have cost the Society nothing, the Vasantapuram (in honour of Mrs. Besant) having been given by our esteemed colleague Señor José Xifré, of Madrid, the middle one by the late Princess Bai Sahib Harisinjhi, and the third, the entrance gateway, by myself as a souvenir of the two Founders.

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THE Adyar Library, it is pleasant to see, is in a flourishing condition. Colonel Olcott has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Herr Otto Schrader, Ph.D., of Strasburg University, and a pupil of Leumann, Deussen and Oldenberg, for its Directorship. Dr. Schrader, in submitting the report of the Library, expressed his satisfaction at the state in which he has found the

The Adyar
Library

MSS., books and buildings, which by far exceeded his expectations; he believes that the value of the collection of MSS. has been under-estimated, and says that the development of the Library to its present state warrants us in entertaining high hopes of its future. Within a period of twenty years the Adyar Library has been able to collect 12,847 MSS., while the Tanjore Palace Library, which is said to be one of the richest MSS. libraries in India, has been able to secure, even with so much of Royal patronage, only 12,376 MSS., and that too within a period of 300 years. Some idea of the extent of the collection, which includes, in addition to the MSS., 14,124 printed books, may be gleaned from the fact that the bookcases total up to 622 shelves.

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WITH regard to the educational work inaugurated and carried on by our members in India and Ceylon, the reports are of the most satisfactory description. In Ceylon no less than 63,759 Buddhist boys are attending the schools; the four Olcott Panchama Free Schools for Pariahs have an attendance of 629, and report that the passes in the Government examination for the Lower Primary Department are 95 per cent. of the entrances, or 20 per cent. above the average of all the schools in the Presidency. While the Central Hindu College reports an attendance of 713 pupils, and the winning of no less than eleven Government scholarships, besides other honours and distinctions. Indeed it promises to be, if it is not already, the most flourishing educational establishment of this description in India. Its handsome buildings are almost completed, and a girls' school on similar lines has already an attendance of seventy girls of the higher castes.

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As to the Annual Gathering itself, there was not space for the crowds at Adyar, and some idea of the number coming from a distance may be gathered from the fact that 700 Indians were fed after their own fashion, while ninety-five guests, Europeans, Parsis, and Buddhists, were catered for. "All barriers to free and affectionate mutual intercourse were levelled, and Europeans,

Parsis, Buddhists, Mahommedans, and Hindus of all sects and castes mingled together in the Convention Hall and about the grounds in complete amity," writes Colonel Olcott out of the goodness of his heart. It is in these greater gatherings of the Theosophical Society that the larger life of our body is realised. Members whose only acquaintance with the Society is by means of the Branch of their own town, cannot easily have an adequate appreciation of the international character of the Theosophical Movement; the spirit of our endeavour is superior to all local limitations, and parochial views are inconceivable once a general meeting of the Society has been intelligently attended. Everywhere in the Theosophical Society, in all its Branches, the thought should be present that the proceedings should be of such a nature that any member from any land can attend and find himself at home and welcome, whether he be Bráhmaṇ, or Buddhist, or Parsí, or Mahommedan, or Jew, or Christian; whatever subject is under treatment or discussion it should be so dealt with that it is removed from the trammels of sectarian narrowness and carried into the free air of an enlightened and all-embracing humanism.

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FOR the last two months, in *Broad Views*, the magazine so ably conducted by our veteran colleague, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, there has appeared a series of interesting communications purporting to come from the late Lord Carlingford, whose identity has been established to the complete satisfaction at any rate of the relative to whom these communications have been addressed. In the February issue, among other subjects treated of, is that of the Origins of Christianity, and the historical Jesus is asserted to have been "Jehoshua Ben Pandira,"—that is, the 100 B.C. date is asserted. Months ago, when I glanced at a copy of these communications in the privately printed volume, the contents of which are now made public in *Broad Views*, I was at once struck by this, as may very well be imagined, considering the time and labour I have expended on the discussion of this hypothesis on purely objective and historical lines. (See *Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.? An Enquiry into the Talmud Jesus Stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious*

Did Jesus Live
100 B.C.?

Statements of Epiphanius. Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins.)

The first question that arose was naturally: Have we here a trustworthy witness, with knowledge derived from direct and independent sources unattainable on the physical plane? Turning over the pages, however, I came across the statement that Lord Carlingford, while still alive, at a time of great doubt as to the authenticity of the traditional view of the Origins, had read a number of books, and among them the works of Gerald Massey. Now it is precisely in the works of Gerald Massey that the Talmud-tradition of Jeschu ben Pandira (the Carlingford spelling is that of Massey) was first utilised in the discussion of the Origins of Christianity and (the personality of Jesus. H. P. B. refers to Gerald Massey, and Gerald Massey alone, for any objective corroboration of the view which she adopted, and which has been subsequently adopted by several of our prominent writers. Massey's references to the Talmud, however, are of the most meagre description, and he was evidently unaware of the sources which I have practically exhausted in my recent volume. Now in the Carlingford Papers not only is this point identical with the contention of Gerald Massey, but also the whole general view as to the Origins is very similar to the contentions put forward by Massey in his two great works and in his lectures.

It is, therefore, apparent that in "Lord Carlingford" we have not an independent witness, but one who was already while alive quite familiar with the subject from the point of view taken by Gerald Massey.

The point of departure for the recent evolution of a belief in this view that Jesus lived 100 B.C., thus appears to me to be traced along all lines to the works of Gerald Massey, for I do not think that H. P. B. formulated her view before she had read his works. We thus through Massey are referred to the Talmud itself and therefore to the evidence and problems I have more fully treated in my essay.

The further question that now arises is: Are we to believe that the observations of seership have been entirely conditioned by the physical evidence, and are therefore in this case a reification of opinion historicised in the subtle region of the imagina-

tion ; or are we to believe that the physical statement simply aroused the attention of the seers and so put them on a line of research that opened up the secret pages of physically unrecorded history to their inner sight, thus proving that the shadowy and blurred and contradictory traditions of the Jew veiled the historic mystery less completely than the apparently ingenuous and consistent tradition of the General Christians? With which query I must leave the question till something fresh turns up.

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IN the last number of *The Hibbert Journal* there is an instructive article by Ameer Ali, M.A., C.I.E., entitled "A Moslem View of Christianity." Although at the same time it is insisted on that "both Islâm and Christianity have identical aims and ideals; both agree in their general principles,"—the main ground of dissension between the two faiths is given in the following paragraphs :

The orthodox Moslem, like the orthodox Christian, accepts Jesus as the Messiah of the Jews, and even designates him as "the Spirit of God." And what is most noteworthy is that they both believe in the mystery of the "Immaculate Conception." And yet an impassable gulf, as it seems, of bitterness and misunderstanding divides the two religions so closely allied to each other, and makes all communion in the work of humanitarian development well-nigh impossible.

To the question what can be the cause of this divergence, the answer is not difficult. It consists primarily in the Christian dogma of the Sonship of Jesus—that he was "the only begotten Son of God."

The Moslem denies that there is any warrant for this doctrine in the teachings of the Nazarene Prophet. He asserts that the idea is borrowed from foreign sources and interpolated with his sayings. The Arabian Prophet regards the very notion as preposterous, that Jesus claimed divine worship: "It beseemeth not a man," warns the Koran, "that God should give him the Scriptures and the wisdom and the gift of prophecy, and then he should say to his followers, 'Be ye worshippers of mine as well as of God,' but rather be ye perfect in things pertaining to God, since ye know the Scriptures and have studied deep." The conception that God should have issue is viewed with a feeling akin to horror. "They say the God of mercy hath begotten a son. Now have ye uttered a grievous thing; and it wanteth but little that the heavens should be torn open and the earth cleave asunder, and the mountains fall down, for that they attribute children unto the Merciful; whereas it is not meet for God to have children. Verily there is none in heaven or earth but shall approach the Merciful as His servant."

The worshipping Jesus as God is a clear issue, and we do not see how this is to be got over; it will for ever form a wall of partition between Islâm and Christianity in any traditional form. But what is surprising is that Moslem should agree with Christian on "the mystery of the 'Immaculate Conception'" and yet deny the Sonship of Jesus. We are afraid that the great Arabian Prophet could have known very little of the teachings of early Christianity on this subject; the words of the Koran treat the whole matter from the point of view of the man in the street entirely unversed in spiritual things. What knowing Christian ever contended that God "begot" a Son, in the sense of human begetting? Surely the greatest of all prophets, according to the Moslems, should have known the spiritual meaning of "Monogenēs," and have recognised the enormous power of enlightenment contained in the faith in the Sonship as latent in all men—the real Glad Tidings; that, in brief, God is as a Father rather than as a Master, and we are His children and not His slaves; one is freedom, the other is bondage. The whole mystery is there. Then, again, why such revolt against the idea of God begetting, when it is God who begets all creatures?

But seeing that in the Koran the Prophet has invoked the opening of the earth and falling of the mountains against the believers in this doctrine, there is little hope that Moslems will listen to reason on the subject as long as they regard their Book as plenary inspiration. Some day it will be recognised by all men that Bibles are as great curses as blessings to men, but at present that knowledge is still struggling for life.

LET us have ideas, whether they are right or wrong—let us say what we think—toss out our crude opinions for criticism and destruction—refrain from nothing for fear of being thought foolish or extravagant or disreputable; if it is genuine thought it is worth uttering, not dogmatically, but through a desire to give it form and to have it criticised, examined, tested.

MANDEL CREIGHTON, *Life and Letters*, i. 97.

THOUGHTS ON "THOUGHT-FORMS"

A WONDERFUL book, truly, and describing wonderful things! yet by no means to be merely read, admired, and laid aside, as describing things beyond our ken, even though we ourselves may be totally devoid of any ability to see the things described; rather, a book that is to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested, for seldom have we been afforded a brighter, clearer, and more penetrating flash of insight into "the things that belong unto our peace." Dull indeed must be the man to whom it does not bring home with relentless force the consciousness of his constant, daily, hourly sins of omission and of commission, the realisation of wider powers and heavier responsibilities, whatever may be his powers and opportunities in this dull outer world of physical matter. The worst of it is that even when the truth has been brought home to us momentarily while under the spell of such a work, we too often, having laid the book down, go straightway out into the world, absorbed once more in the pursuit of the fruits of physical action, and forgetful of the wider, deeper, and fuller field which is our birthright, and of which this physical action is, after all, the mere echo.

But while there are warnings for the heedless, and spurs for the negligent, there are for those who are more easily led than driven, for whom an aspiration means more than a warning,—for these happier mortals, there are unfolded possibilities of dazzling splendour, and that not merely by the presentment of *information* as to the powers which lie within us, nor even by the light thrown upon all sorts of difficult problems, to which we shall return in a moment. All this we have given us in abundance, but we have far more. He who will take one of those glorious forms (Figs. 42 to 47) described as among the highest the human mind can produce in contemplation of the Logos, will try, first of all, to picture it to himself in something of the splendour of its

opalescent sheen and pulsating life, and will then spend a few moments in reverent meditation upon it, may perchance find, not that he knows or sees or understands, but that he *contacts* or feels or experiences that which transfigures knowledge, and opens, as it were, a door through which shines for a brief moment endless glory, bliss unspeakable, majesty divine.

In truth, these are no common thoughts, nor do we perhaps realise how great is our privilege in that we have them here presented to us—not indeed in their true radiance and living harmony, but in a form which bears implicit in itself all these higher possibilities, and from which pours forth a heavenly music which words alone cannot interpret to us. For each of these glorious thoughts bears within it, involved and built into its structure, shining forth with quivering radiance, the very warp of the Universe, the All in one, and One in all.

See how in one the Cross shews forth the Eternal Sacrifice, as the life-waves, radiating outward in ever-widening spheres, reach the limit self-imposed by the Logos upon Himself, and “turn again home”; see, in another, how, from an amazing complexity of detail, there emerge the great principles of three-fold spirit and threefold matter, typified to us by the interlaced triangles, and within them, dimly outlined, as in a mist of shimmering lines, an unsubstantial Mâyâ, the foursquare symbol of matter in our planetary chain, and through it all the “Spirit that moves on the face of the Waters” shadowed forth by the Svastika, for, bright though it be to us, it is but a shadow of the Reality. Again, see how in a third, the intuition soars upward to catch, if it were possible, a glimpse of Three in One and One in Three; the First pure Being, shown only as pure Light, eludes even the powers of this high thinker; the Second, deep in contemplation of Himself, the All in All, typified by a stupendous complex of incurved lines; the Third, the Creative Energy, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is conceived as vivifying the Matter of the Universe in sixteen ($=4 \times 4$) bold outward tending curves of four lines each. Lastly, we see the seven living petals of the mystic Rose, the symbol of All Saints, the mystic Body of Christ.

How much more all these signified to him who made these

thoughts, and how much more vividly realised, who can say? For the mere attempt on our part to understand must be itself a woeful limiting of the original, yet without such an attempt the thoughts must pass, as it were, over our heads and be lost to us.

Thoughts such as these are surely on a very different plane from those depicted elsewhere in the book. They cannot, one supposes, require for their expression the matter of the astral or lower mental planes, at any rate, and probably they differ totally from even such pure and elevated thoughts as are shewn in Figs. 12, 16, 33, 34, 35, and 36. These latter can, of course, be recognised as good and useful, and indicating an evolved capacity, but while they seem to compel intellectual appreciation of this fact, they do not seem self-explanatory, far less apocalyptic in character.

To turn for a moment to some of the more specifically intellectual aspects of the book, we realise, almost with a start, that we are actually being given a glimpse of the process of creation itself, for throughout the universe, as far as it is known to us, thought and creation are merely two names for the same idea. We call it "thought" when we try to express it from the point of view of consciousness, and "creation" when we regard it from the point of view of matter. As Edward Carpenter has pointed out in that most theosophical of all his works, *The Art of Creation*, a house is merely the externalised thought of the architect; from the lowest to the highest all that makes up this phenomenal universe is the thought of someone, until we see that the Universe itself is but the House that the Great Architect has built for Himself by His thought, for indeed "we are such stuff as dreams are made of," and not only we, but "the great globe itself, yea, all that it inherit," are of that same stuff, but the dream is the Dream of the Eternal.

If then we could realise and understand the process of the creation of thoughts, we might, perhaps, in our human and imperfect way, obtain thereby such knowledge as is within our capacity of that art and science whereby the Unmanifest becomes the Manifest. Let us pause then to draw a few analogies between the processes of thought that we have here pictured and described for us, and what we have heard elsewhere of that

“joyful throwing out” which we call creation. The resemblances may be only fanciful indeed, but to the writer they have proved helpful, and so may be to others. Can it be said then, in any intelligible sense, that we ourselves are thought-forms? The answer, or at least *an* answer, must surely be “Yes.” The vehicles of consciousness on the various planes may, it seems, reasonably be compared to thought-forms, varying in their powers and their permanency according to the powers and the permanency of their source, so that the lower and less permanent vehicles are but thoughts of thought-forms, shadows of shadows indeed. We, in our personal consciousness, can produce but fleeting thoughts, lasting from a few hours maybe to a few hundred years at most; in our individualities, our causal bodies, we produce thought forms, which, as successive personalities, may endure for a single cycle of incarnations; and perhaps in some higher consciousness still we produce those relatively permanent thought-forms, which, as the reincarnating Ego, endure for a period, incalculably long indeed, but still finite.

If we look a little more closely at what our seers tell us of the manner in which thought-forms are produced, we may try to trace the analogies more in detail. It would appear that they originate (viewed objectively) in a change or disturbance within the matter composing one or other of the bodies of man, a change which, viewed subjectively, is the manifestation of a change in consciousness, even as when Īshvara “again throws out the Universe in mighty gradations,”¹ He sends forth His Breath, *i.e.*, His Life-force, into the Mâyâ which surrounds Him and it becomes Prakṛiti. The emanation of a Universe is a modification of consciousness in Īshvara, and as, in the mental or astral body of man, vortices arise² which are not yet the thought-forms that are to be, so in the Mâyâ of the Logos, now become Prakṛiti, vortices or vibratory movements arise which are not yet a Universe, but are the Tanmâtras and Tattvas which form its necessary preparation and substratum. Thus also within the Ego, dwelling on the arûpa levels of the mental plane, surrounded by the “indrawn order of things,” which is his Mâyâ, arises Tanhâ,

¹ *Evolution of Life and Form*, p. 27.

² *Man Visible and Invisible*, Plate XI.

a modification of consciousness, vivifying once more those vortices termed the "permanent atoms," as a necessary step towards the new personality that is to be.

Again, is there not an analogy between the Monads upon the Anupádaka plane, still in the bosom of the Logos, and not yet born into the lower worlds as separate entities, and the "minute images"¹ which a man forms within his own mental body, and which have not yet issued into independent existence as separate thought-forms?

In the next stage, the actual emanation of the thought-form, we see again some striking analogies. Intermediate between the vortex stage and the full development we see in Figs. 13, 28 and 29 the actual though incompleting process of emergence—oozing out of the astral body, which when completed is typified by the form of Fig. 21. Compare with this the Chhâyas "oozed out" of the ethereal bodies of their progenitors² in the earliest stages of human evolution, or the "sweat-born" men of the Second Race, and again with the creation of a universe: "Having pervaded all this *with a portion of Myself*, I remain."³ A still later stage is represented by Fig. 10 and others, and it is suggestive to compare the forward and at the same time rotary movement of this form with the motions of petroblasts in being born from the substance of a mother-crystal, as observed under the microscope of Professor von Schrön.

Finally, we have the completed and active thought-form detached from the mental body of its creator, and in its own quasi-dependent way fulfilling the object of its existence. Yet, we read, even then its connection with its creator is not finally severed, for there is a "magnetic line of least resistance"⁴ still keeping the connection alive. If we leave out of account for a moment the relations of thought-forms to individuals other than their creators, we have the broad fact that they are projected into the outer world and may return whence they came. May it perhaps be that the mysterious connection between the Ego and his successive personalities is of this nature and that the "magnetic line" corresponds to the Sutrâtman and the "web of

¹ *Thought-Forms*, p. 36.

² *Pedigree of Man*, p. 68.

Bhagavad Gîtâ.

⁴ *Thought-Forms*, p. 39. See also pp. 26 and 27.

life”¹ of buddhic matter, uniting the bodies to the self. But imagine the thought-form whose attachment to its creator is weak, whose tendency is to become a “floating” entity, and finally to exhaust by degrees its initial store of energy, and either to disintegrate entirely or to become absorbed in some other body with which it finds itself in sympathetic vibration, and consider whether or no any light is thrown upon the dark problem of soulless men, and of the death of the soul in outer darkness or its absorption, like that of Sensa in the soul of the Dark Goddess,² or again upon the Hindu belief in reincarnation in an animal body, as the consequence of a life full of animal propensities.

Doubtless this line of thought could be pursued still further by anyone with the necessary knowledge, and it may be useful to do so, if it is clearly kept in view that these are only illustrations of some common underlying idea, not by any means to be taken as assertions of phenomenal identity.

In considering the book itself, it is clear both from the illustrations and the language in which they are described, that both are often the outward model of the physical plane. This is perhaps inevitable, and indeed, as the authors remark, the necessity of so expressing themselves is one of their chief difficulties. It is also probable that things on the astral plane do as a matter of fact present themselves to most observers, if not to our authors, not as they are, but in the guise of and under the forms characteristic of the physical plane objects to which the observer is accustomed. Thus aspiration is typified by an *upward pointing* spire, selfish desire of all kinds by *hooked* projections, the desire to know (*i.e.*, to penetrate to the heart of a question) by a *pointed spiral*; and so forth, and certainly, as far as the very meagre personal experience of the present writer goes, it is the fact that such thought-forms as he and some of his personal friends have seen do appear to have an “above” and a “below,” a “right” and a “left,” etc., as if they were physical objects, and generally to accord with the preconceived geometrical form of the physical plane. Certainly there is an added quality, something which for aught one knows may be a “fourth dimen-

¹ *Study in Consciousness*, p. 91.

² *Idyl of the White Lotus*.

sion," but which presents itself more as an appearance of "life" than as an additional *geometrical* property. It seems, however, not impossible that this general resemblance to physical plane objects may be an illusion, that it is due to one's inexperience, and that these forms are built up from images and impressions received in the physical world. Not that they are by any means subjective, for they sometimes possess the quality of total unexpectedness.

Thus, in the writer's experience, it happened quite recently that he was endeavouring to comfort and help (mentally) one in trouble. He was endeavouring to send thoughts of love, and was under the impression that he was doing so, without however having any idea of thought-forms or colouring in his mind. He suddenly became aware of a stream proceeding from him, like a ribbon cut into detached *rectangular* pieces, following one another in quick succession so as to appear almost continuous. The colour was emerald green *above*, becoming lighter and more luminous *below*, as if a bright white light were shining through. At the same time he perceived a zig-zag continuous ribbon of apple-green, very delicate in hue, proceeding diagonally downward from him towards, as it seemed, the person he was thinking of. This illustrates in two respects what has just been said; in the first place the appearance was quite unexpected and the green colour showed that *sympathy* was being sent instead of *love* as intended, so that the appearance can hardly have been subjective in the ordinary sense of the word, and secondly these forms had a definite "above" and "below," and the direction in which one of them proceeded was apparently downwards, although as a matter of fact the person to whom they were sent was quite near and physically on practically the same level. This certainly leads to the belief that the perception of these forms, though quite objective, was entirely conditioned by physical-plane ideas.

Space and geometry are perhaps only modes of perception, and the writer has often wondered whether the transcendental geometry of Lobatchewsky and others may really have some analogy with the manner in which objects are perceived on the higher planes,—whether for instance to astral vision space may be pseudo-spherical, or to mental vision spherical, and whether,

just as these conceptions have no meaning when applied to the description of physical objects, so our Euclidean space may be quite inapplicable to the higher planes. If this is so, the utter bewilderment and unreliability of untrained observers would be easily explained.

To return, however, to our authors. It may be confidently assumed, one would suppose, that where, as in Figs. 15 and 17, the "upward rush" of devotion and the response from "higher" planes is typified by an upward pointing spire, the picture and description are either purely symbolical, or else, intentionally or otherwise, are dominated and conditioned by physical analogies. For our authors themselves have repeatedly emphasised the fact that there is no above or below, that all planes occupy the same space, and a change of plane is nothing but a change of condition, and that the Logos is not a Being far away up in the sky, or on some higher plane, but is in truth one with our very selves. Whither then can the "spire" point and whence can the response come, except from within, and that without any spatial connotation of the word at all? That the symbolism is effective no one will deny, but *why* is the Infinite always thought of as "above" rather than "below," and *how* is it that this idea is so deeply engrained in human nature that it cannot be eradicated and that the symbolism is effective in spite of reason?

In his review of the book (THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, August, 1905) G. R. S. M. has touched upon these points, more or less from the point of view just indicated, but there is another view of the matter which is the converse of the first, and which seems to deserve consideration. Is it not possible that the physical plane way of looking at things, instead of furnishing a preconceived basis (and the only possible one) for the investigation of other planes, is really derived from these higher realms—that there really is something in the construction of the Universe to which these notions of above and below, and in general the geometry of the physical and other planes, correspond?

In passing, perhaps a very small contribution may be made towards the interpretation of these thought-forms. It may be of interest to students to record a recent observation of an intimate friend of mine. At a Theosophical lecture spiral forms of a

brilliant golden-yellow were seen, apparently about three feet in length and in form closely resembling the lower figure in Fig. 19. In this case, however, the forms seemed to radiate outwards from the lecturer, issuing from his head and shoulders particularly. They were in rapid and vigorous motion, pulsating with life, and were seen repeatedly during the course of the lecture, which was on the subject of reincarnation.

Assuming that the forms were correctly observed, the question arises whether they may be characteristic not only of the intention to know, as observed by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, but also of the intention to impart knowledge, for it can hardly be supposed that they were in any way connected with the idea of reincarnation. It may be mentioned that the subject was being treated from a strictly intellectual point of view, and that the lecturer was quite unaware of the forms he was creating.

To the present writer, one of the most attractive portions of the book, tantalising by its brevity and by the many things *not* said, is the portion dealing with music. There are some who tend to translate sound into sight, to whom the unspeakable reveals itself more readily as vision, and there are others who instinctively translate things seen into things heard; to this latter class the present writer seems to belong, for to him a symphony of Beethoven means more than all the pictures in the world. Yet on occasion he, too, has found himself translating sound into form and even into colour, as when, on one occasion, between sleeping and waking, he became aware that he was "playing" a sonata of Beethoven, though, alas, quite incapable of doing so in waking life. The *adagio* of the magnificent "Waldstein" sonata expressed itself as a tracery of white marble, indescribable in its purity, forming and dissolving upon a background of tender sky-blue, as he "played" phrase after phrase, hearing the while no sound at all. For it was not (or so it seemed) a mere perception of someone else's playing, but a deliberate and conscious reproduction of the noble theme of the master by such faculties as are his portion. The reproduction seemed singularly perfect, intellectual rather than sensuous, and mingled with and breathing through it all was a sense of bliss, not of this earth.

In the case of music, as in that of geometry, the relation

between certain musical forms or sounds, and the ideas which they are meant to express, or which they do express to different people under different circumstances, is one of surpassing interest. The two cases are really identical, though different apparently, for, after all, geometry and music are practically the same thing in essence.

This, the musical aspect of the question, has also been touched upon by G. R. S. M. in his review, when he asks whether the forms actually seen are subjective or objective, whether they depend upon the musical training of the seer or not. He takes it for granted that when music is perceived as sound, what is heard depends both upon the hearer's musical training and upon the skill of the performer. Now this is doubtless true in a literal and material sense, as regards the physical *sound*, but is it true as regards the *music*, which is so much more than sound? It would seem, at any rate, that the importance of the skill of the performer depends greatly upon the nature of the faculties, as distinguished from the technical training, with which the hearer "hears." In using the word "hears," it is surely necessary to include the word "sees" in the case of those who perceive music by sight. For it must be beside the mark to look for any difference in this respect, if, as seems true to the writer, sight is to sound as geometry to music, and those who know best have always recognised that geometry and music are but different aspects of the same thing. On the physical plane, then, the instrument and the technique are all-important and will be valued accordingly by the hearer; on the astral plane, the plane of personality, the "interpretation" is what matters, and we naturally use such terms as a "sympathetic" performance; we are all familiar with the glamour that can be thrown over the most mediocre composition, when rendered by some great singer, and those who use the astral faculties for the purpose will, it may be supposed, be those who set most store upon the "rendering." Yet what is so heard or seen is not music but rather the personal magnetism of the performer, and for him who can for the time being transcend the personality with its passions and emotions, good or evil, technique and interpretation are but the husk, for such an one "hears" with some higher faculty which reck little

of these things. It may be that there is nothing to hear with this faculty, that the so-called music is but sound or passion, and has its origin only on the astral or even the physical plane. Then he who habitually uses the higher faculties for the purpose, simply hears nothing, and the performance is without value or quality, a mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. On the other hand, hearing some great masterpiece, played without understanding, on a miserable instrument, the same man, having ears to hear, enters accordingly into the heavenly places. The writer can bear witness that for him this is, at any rate sometimes, true, and that he would rather sit down and try to pick out with one finger on a piano the thought of some master never perhaps hitherto heard in any adequate rendering, than listen to the exquisite performance of that which, appealing only to the emotions, can never reach the heart.

Perhaps this way of looking at the subject may throw some light upon the fact of the enormous range of music, greater than that of any other means of expression, and may help towards an answer to the question whether music belongs to the personality or to the individuality, the plane of the Ego, or to some still higher plane. Probably all three questions must be answered in the affirmative, for one affirmative does not exclude another. No one, for instance, can listen to the great overture to "Tannhäuser" without recognising, at any rate, the personality and the individuality, and that not as mere puppets in the play, for perchance also for him who seeing, sees, and hearing, understands, through it all some divine breath may blow from the immortal fields, vivifying and transmuting that impetuous and seductive personality, and the stern pure voice of duty itself into something rare and strange.

Where, then, are these immortal fields whence blows the Breath of Life? At any rate, it is surely delusion and deep blindness to suppose that music or geometry are nothing but subjective notions, born in our own individualities; a delusion, that is, except in the sense that in our innermost being "I am That," and all Selves are One. The *forms* both of geometry and music may have their origin in our limiting individualities, yet there is more in these forms than mere concepts, mere abstrac-

tions, that is to say. Rather are they specialisations or reflections of something real, unconditioned by Time and Space,—some Platonic *Idea*, seen in a glass darkly here on earth, and perchance not here only but on the astral and mental planes as well, but at the same time constituting on each plane a clearer and more direct view of the Reality than is afforded by the separate species of which they *appear* to be abstractions. And surely also on the higher planes of our individuality the veil between the real and the unreal is very thin, and the vision and the voice are clearer than here below. There, too, the identity of substance between those thoughts and feelings which make up our sentient life, and that which thrills through us as we perceive some great masterpiece, be it as sight or sound, becomes more apparent. For ideas, thoughts, feelings, and those fundamental relationships which we call harmony, whether in colour, form, sound, geometry, or mathematics, are all specialisations of Ideas within the veil, and are all strictly convertible from one to another, and on the higher planes are seen and realised to be so. Here on earth we cannot know that it is so, though we can infer it, but in our moments of deepest devotion and clearest insight, following upon, and perhaps purchased, and brought to birth by the most poignant pain of which we are capable, we may be privileged to catch a glimpse, many times reflected though it be, of the Harmony of the Spheres. Hardly may such a glimpse be translated into words, and even in the consciousness brought through to this world, how much of error may lurk! Yet the impulse to share what there is with others is strong.

Some three years ago the present writer, under the title of "The True Story of a Vision,"¹ attempted to give an account of an experience upon some higher plane which at the time affected him deeply, and has continued to do so ever since. The climax of this vision was a melody of unspeakable beauty and glorious meaning, which indeed summed up and became the expression to him and in him of bliss not only indescribable in its intensity, but also perfectly definite in its form and content. Weakly and inadequately translated into words that content was as follows: A tremulous and yet piercing feeling of joy, of love, and of bound-

¹ THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, September, 1902.

less vitality vibrating through and through him ; a knowledge of perfect peace, passing the understanding, blended with, arising out of and inseparable from furious stress and storm, and anguish the most poignant ; a triumphant sense of great things accomplished and with it a deep humility and knowledge of unworthiness ; a glimpse of life so full as to embrace all knowledge, yet utterly lucid and transparent and cosmic in its simplicity ; finally the sure perception that this was indeed the end, and that in the still fuller life that lay beyond the individuality would melt away like a summer cloud.

All this appeared as a simple melody of small compass, continually repeated, welling up from the infinite depths with gentle but irresistible undulation. Reproduced on earthly instruments, without context, it might seem, to one who had not experienced its real meaning, bald, commonplace and uninteresting in its utter simplicity, and yet he who heard it can never repeat it to himself without bringing back in some degree not merely a taste of unearthly bliss, but also *the same* perfectly definite meaning,—that and no other.

But to the student of these things perhaps the interesting circumstance about this experience will be the sequel. To the present writer, upon whom such a deep impression was made, the melody was otherwise quite unknown, and so remained for nearly fifteen years, until in fact a few months ago. He happened then to come across, for the first time, Edward Carpenter's book entitled *Angels' Wings*, which is a series of essays on Art. In the text is inserted, among other illustrations, a part of the score of the choral finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It should be said that the writer, though an ardent lover of Beethoven, has certainly never heard this symphony, nor previously seen the score, yet there was something strangely and excitingly familiar in the first two or three phrases of the melody which forms the theme of this finale. In a flash it came to him that this was actually what he had heard 'or rather experienced in that vision of fifteen years ago. The identity was not exact, the phrasing being somewhat different, but there was no room to doubt that they were the same, though as it were slightly different renderings of the same idea. In the vision the thoughts and feelings had

not been the cause of the melody, nor the melody of them, for they had seemed to be the same thing; the writer's interest therefore may be imagined when, reading Carpenter's comments, he found that Beethoven's sublime melody carried for him (Carpenter) almost exactly the same meaning as that same melody heard in a dream fifteen years ago conveyed and still conveys to the writer. Carpenter's words are :

"This air with its absolute simplicity of structure . . . has the sense of perfect rest, of virginal and grateful gladness, conjoined with a sense . . . of infinite experience (and even sorrow) outlived and transmuted. The round of all experience has been circled. This is our surrender to Nature, to simplicity, to the human heart, to Love, to Joy itself. It is the realisation of a joy which lies beyond the ordinary objects of endeavour, which in some way is the fruit of deep suffering. . . If there had been no words joined to it, still its meaning (to those who have ears to hear) would have been plain enough."

Now can we suppose that such a melody *and the meaning that it bears* are merely subjective, that the similarity of meaning and the similarity of sound arise merely from some chance resemblance between the personalities and the individualities of Beethoven, Edward Carpenter and the writer? Shall we not rather suppose that what there is of *difference* arises from the difference of these various personalities, and that there exists on a certain high plane a group of experiences, thoughts, ideas, or whatever they may be called, which on that plane *is* a particular melody or cadence and which therefore when fully cognised will always have that melody and no other for its expression. If this is so the plane in question must be one above that even of the Ego in his causal body, and the completeness and exactness of any reproduction in the "three worlds" will depend upon the powers of the man to come more or less into touch with this higher [reality]. As however, relatively to the personality the Higher Self is always regarded as subjective, so to the outer, earthly man it may well appear that music is subjective, and originated by himself, instead of being an imperfect rendering of something beyond the self altogether.

Whether the writer, dumb and inarticulate as he may be, indeed

caught an echo of that which, heard by the mighty Beethoven, was translated into glorious music, or whether it was merely an accidental resemblance based upon self-evolved methods of expression, or whether again it was permitted for once to hear and imperfectly bring through to waking consciousness a fragment of that "great tide of melody" still poured forth by Beethoven and his compeers in that heavenly place to which their faculties have brought them—all this may be the subject of curious or scientific enquiry. For him who has heard, the hearing is enough.

Z.

THREE PICTURES FROM THE PAST

WOULD you care to hear a memory from the past—just as it came to her? If so, listen, and I will tell you.

We were sitting together in the firelight, she, and I, and that other. I had brought them together, these two women of different nationalities, whose lives had run far apart until that seemingly chance meeting—but who can unravel the web of destiny, who can say what is to be, or not to be? From the first moment that they met they knew each other; the one attracted, fascinated, with no knowledge within herself of any life but the present, questioned vainly for a cause—the other with the wider outlook understood, and *almost* remembered.

There was a vision of crimson flowers and jewels and music—and a haunting memory of some debt to be paid—and a desire to give, give everything without thought of return, and a name by which she had called her for ever trembling on her lips—and above all a firm conviction, almost a certainty, that some day she would remember.

So it all came to pass, and sitting in the firelight the memory came back, and in a dream or trance, call it what you will, she spoke from out the past. I, listening, wrote down the story, which I give you now just as it came to her, three pictures from out of the long ago.

I.

It is dark—very dark—I cannot see. Ah! yes, now it comes. A hall, a large marble hall, no, it is not a hall exactly, for three complete sides are open to the air, to gardens, flowers, and sunshine. Flowers, every kind of flower which grows, right up to the very steps. The hall is all of marble—white, dazzling marble—in some places inlaid with semi-precious stones, and the roof is supported by rows of pillars. It is crowded with people, such crowds. I can hardly see. There are rows of men in curious kinds of armour, and quantities of girls all carrying trays full of flowers—nearly all are white. Just piles of white flowers, and there are some crimson also, but very few. Now the crowd is dividing, and I can see right up to the end of the hall, where there is a dais with two couches, and reclining on them are the King and the Queen. I cannot tell you how I know he is the King, but I know it. He is tall and dark and has a beautiful cruel face. He has a leopard's skin clasped over his purple tunic, and a fillet of gold round his head, with an ornament in gold standing up in front like a rising sun. The Queen is all in white, but she too has the skin over her dress, and the golden fillet, but her symbol of the sun is made of shining white stones. She is very fair, far fairer than the King. Her hair only is dark, and her face is beautiful, but very sad and quiet.

Presently the King bends towards her and says something, and she calls one of the maidens and gives her an order. The girl hurries off, and the face of the Queen has grown sadder still.

Now I hear music; it is hardly music, it is more like a melodious clashing of metal, and I see a procession entering the hall. They are bringing in a woman dressed all in a tissue of gold which clings to her, and she is veiled. Now she stands before the King, she throws up her arms above her head, the veil falls from her, and I see she is beautiful. She is glittering with jewels, every kind of precious stone is woven into her clothing, and even into her hair, strange, golden-red hair. She makes a profound obeisance to the King, and then she looks up at the Queen with her wonderful dark eyes and smiles, and I can see it is a smile of triumph, for she has won what the Queen has lost

—the favour of the King. I know her name, it is *Zalita*, and she stands before “the *Lily*.” I don’t really know the Queen’s name, I only know her by that which she was called always, the *Lily*. Nor can I tell you her thoughts, or the King’s, I can only judge by their faces, their movements, but I can tell you what *Zalita* thinks, in some strange way I seem to know her thoughts: I am *Zalita*. She is not really evil; I think she is vain, proud of her beauty, proud of her success, and of the King’s favour, and in her heart is contempt for the Queen, and careless indifference to her pain.

Now *Zalita* begins to dance. Is it dancing? It is movement, swaying, bending, lovely movement; she seems almost to float on the air to the strange weird music, and as she dances, the flower-girls throw showers of white flowers over her and round her feet. Now the movement is getting faster, she is circling all round the hall, and I can see all the men start and lean forward as she glides past; they are going mad with the pleasure of watching her. Faster, faster, faster, and the flower girls throw the flowers till she is covered with them; they are everywhere. Now she is before the King, and she is uttering a strange, soft, little cry, and she throws up her arms above her head once more, and draws her glittering gold veil round her. Then she falls at the feet of the King, and clings to them, and kisses them. She is just a mass of gold lying there, raiment, jewels, hair! And the King springs up; he has forgotten everything! Forgotten his surroundings, forgotten that he is a King; and he raises her and draws her to him. Now he takes down her veil and kisses her passionately on the mouth, and for answer *Zalita* smiles up at the Queen. But the King knows nothing, he only sees the girl; he has come down from the dais, and he leads her away from the hall. And the *Lily* stands very white, very silent, very stately, for she is a Queen!

It is all growing dim, very dim. I can see nothing now. It is dark.

II.

Oh! yes, I see a mountain; oh! you know the mountain. It is the one that goes up all round with the Temple on the top. Don’t you remember? The beautiful Temple with its marble

columns, and its flights upon flights of steps, and its courts. Yes—I know it quite well, and yet it frightens me, for I seem to remember that though the outside was so beautiful, within it was black with evil, and there were sacrifices and dreadful things. How silent it is! Breathless silence and yet there are crowds of people, both men and women, and they stand on the mountain side and on the great wide flight of steps which leads up to the platform. You know the Temple stands back at the far side of the platform. The flower-girls are there again, only now the flowers they carry are crimson, piles of crimson flowers. And I see that all those present, both men and women alike, wear the symbol of the rising sun on their brows. Now beside the central altar I see the High Priest standing with his horrible cruel face. Don't you remember the altars? Those to the right were to the Past and to the Future, and those to the left to the Spirits of Good and the Spirits of Evil, and the one in the centre with the horns of gold at either end and the great golden Rising Sun was for sacrifice. It is very early, I feel it is just about four o'clock. Away in the east the dawn is breaking; we are all waiting for the rising of the sun just as we always waited. The people seem half awed, half expectant, half pleased at the thought of the sacrifice which will be offered as the sun rises above the horizon. Oh! I am so frightened! Now I see the Lily and she is standing all alone, and her face is sadder than ever. She is watching the procession that is even now issuing from the Temple; it is just as we watched it so often in those days. First come the rows of priests and the boys carrying the sacred burning wood. I can smell it, that curious heavy aromatic scent—but I can't remember what it is called. Then comes the sacrifice—a girl; even though she is veiled I seem to know her. They have paused before the great altar, they have torn down her veil, the girls are flinging crimson flowers over her. Ah! it is Zalita. She is terrified, whilst tumult reigns all round her. All her beautiful garments have been taken from her, she has only a dress of coarse white stuff, over which her curious red hair is falling. And the crimson petals of the flowers are like great drops of blood as they rest on her. Wait—yes, I know. She has been unfaithful to the King—and for that she is doomed, he has handed her over

to the priests. She is to be offered in sacrifice to the rising Sun. I do not think she is feeling anything. She seems to hear nothing, her terror is too great, she is dazed. Her eyes are turned to the altar, she can only think of the sacrifice—that awful rite of sacrifice she has seen so often before. I am not going to tell you what it is, it is too awful, and you know it as well as I do.

The Sun is just rising now and the High Priest begins the hymn—you know it too: “O Thou Sun, Father of Spirits, Creator of all that lives, we Thy creatures come before Thee in adoration of Thy glory and Thy might. Accept this our sacrifice.” I can hear no more. But he has finished now and he has seized Zalita by the hair and is twisting it and drawing her towards the altar. I feel the crowd, they are swaying in silence with painful yet pleasurable expectancy. Oh! is there no one to save her—none to speak or plead for her? Yes, yes. I see a movement in the crowd—the Lily is coming forward, she is very quiet and still and has no fear. She speaks, I can hear her: “Stay thine hand, O Priest! I will not have this sacrifice; give me the girl. It is my command, I the Queen will have it so!”

There is a murmur through the crowd, half in sympathy, half in opposition, and I can see the High Priest’s face grow black with anger.

“Thou wilt not have it so? Nay, O Queen, thou canst not forbid the sacrifice. It is the decree of the gods, the girl must die. If in thy pride thou sayest that thou wilt not have it so, then shall the curse of the gods rest on thee and thine for ever!”

Hush—the Lily is speaking.

“I know not, proud priest, if indeed thou hast power thus to curse me and mine. Indeed it would seem to me most strange were the gods to speak their will through thee and such as thou. Surely the gods—if indeed there be gods—must love goodness and peace and virtue and mercy. But thou hast bathed the land in blood and suffering. But if indeed it be so, and thou art the mouth-piece of such evil gods as thou sayest—be it even so unto me—I accept the curse for me and mine for ever. But this maid shall *not* die; loose her and give her to me. It is my will, I, the Queen, have spoken!”

There is dead silence for a moment, then a cry—is it exalta-

tion?—and a swaying and surging in the multitude. The High Priest is standing motionless, he does not dare to disobey the Queen, but his face is black with passion and evil rage. Zalita also does not move, I think she does not comprehend what has taken place. I can see her still gazing with wide terrified eyes at the altar. She is riveted by the horror of the thought of the sacrifice. Now I see one of the young priests spring forward, with a blow he strikes the fetters from her wrists—I think he is glad she is not to die—and he pushes her towards the Queen. At last the spell is broken, she understands, and springing forward with a wild cry I see her throw herself at the feet of the Lily. All is over, the crowd is dispersing, but I can hardly see now. It is growing dim again. Now it is dark, quite dark.

III.

What is it I hear? Clashing of arms and steel, trampling of many feet, cries and tumult. I can see nothing, only I know and feel that there is danger for someone, and an angry crowd of men. Now I am beginning to see. They are soldiers, rows upon rows of them. I am in the large hall, it is crowded and I see them pouring in from all sides. They are pushing their way and pressing forward towards something at the far end of the hall. Yes, it is the Lily, standing alone and undefended, and Zalita is crouching close to her at her feet. The face of the Queen is full of scorn and anger, but she has no fear as she faces the threatening crowd around her.

What does it all mean? Wait—yes, I know. The curse has fallen. There is blight and famine and pestilence, the people say that the gods are angry and that it is because of the Queen. She robbed them of their sacrifice, and they in their vengeance have brought down the curse, and the wrath of the people is aroused—the Queen must die. Now an awful face of cruelty has come to the front, it is that of a young priest, he has a spear in hand, now he has stepped forward, look—he is hurling it at the Queen. Ah! Zalita has sprung to her feet, she has thrown herself between the Lily and the threatened danger. She cries out—she is hurt—then there is silence—she has fallen to the ground, she is dying. Oh! I am suffering—I am choking! give me air!

She is writhing in her agony—now she is trying to rise, oh! how difficult it is—but she raises herself on her arm. The Queen bends over her and I can see her face is full of tenderness and sorrow. Hush! Zalita is speaking. Be very still, her tones are so low it is hard to hear what she says.

“ Listen, oh! Queen, I see before thee much pain, much evil, much darkness. There will be many lives in which thou wilt not see, nor remember, in which thou wilt suffer blindly. But out of the pain and the evil the joy will be born, out of the night and the darkness will dawn the Light—so it has been—so it is—so it shall be while the world lasts. It is the law. And when the light dawns, O Queen, arise and follow it, it will be for thee the dawning of the everlasting Day. As for me, I go hence to rest awhile, to sleep, perchance to forget, but I shall come again. And always I shall seek thee, always I shall find thee, always I shall serve thee, always I shall love thee. Farewell, O Queen, until the dawning of the Day! ”

She ceases—she is not suffering now—but all is growing dark for her, I can feel it—I see her look up once more at the Queen, ah! how she loves her—then she falls back—Zalita is lying quite still now—Zalita is dead.

And now I see the Lily standing alone, she is upright. No one dares to touch her, no one approaches her, it seems as if the moonlight were falling on her as I see her hold out her arms slowly,—I don't know, I think it is moonlight. She stands quite still and the dead girl is lying at her feet.

Wait—she is speaking.

“ Farewell, oh! Zalita. It shall be to thee as thou sayest—thou shalt go hence to sleep, perchance to forget. It may be that in the future all shall be as thou sayest. They say the eyes of the Dying see far—I know not. But if it may be so, that I shall meet thee in the future that lies beyond the stars, I too will wait for thee. I too will find thee, I too will love thee! Farewell, Zalita, until the dawning of the Day! ”

That is all. It is dim. I can see no more. It is dark.

I have written down all this just as she saw it, just as she spoke it; make of it what you will.

M. E. G.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A HIDDEN BOOK

(CONTINUED FROM P. 504)

PAṆḌIT PARMESHRI DAS' NARRATIVE

I FIRST began to take an interest in the Saṃskṛit language in 1894, so far as I can remember, when I was about fifty years of age, after coming across an account, in a newspaper, of a lecture by Mrs. Besant, delivered in Calcutta, wherein she strongly advocated the study of Saṃskṛit.

My beginnings were very modest. I began, indeed, with Devanāgarī and the Hindī vernacular, which I knew well, having studied Urdū and Persian at school and college. From Hindī and Devanāgarī I passed on to Saṃskṛit, taking up the *Bhagavad-Gītā* to begin with, naturally, as will be easily understood.

The difficulties I met with in properly understanding the language of the *Gītā* compelled me to think of studying Saṃskṛit grammar. I went to a Shâstri, teaching in a local school, and promptly got by heart the first fourteen sūtras of Pāṇini, reported by tradition to have been received by him direct from Shiva after much penance and propitiation, and forming the foundation of the rest of Pāṇini's grammar.

But now arose a difficulty. The misfortune of having been a practising lawyer for over twenty years, at the time I engaged the Shâstri to help me across the depths of Saṃskṛit grammar, compelled me to ask him why there were only fourteen sūtras and not fifteen or thirteen; why there were only so many vowels and so many consonants, and not more or less; why, even amongst those that were enumerated in these aphorisms, the particular order observed had been followed, why *a* preceded, and *i* followed, and *u* succeeded, etc.

The Shâstri came to a standstill. I tried to pull him along a little further; but our mutual perplexities became more and more

tangled every day. I sought other help. The same results. My collection of Samskrit grammars, old and new, eastern and western, grew more and more complete. So did my discontent with them. The thing weighed on me like a nightmare: Why were there only and exactly fourteen aphorisms and forty-two (or counting also the repetition of one) forty-three letters enumerated in them, and why were they arranged in that particular order? My very sleep was affected. My daily prayers began to include a petition for help on this particular point.

Months passed. It was June of 1894, I believe, and I was still rubbing my eyes in bed early one morning, preparatory to getting up, when I was informed that two men had arrived at the house, one of them blind, and that they wanted to see me. Against my usual custom, I went straight from my bed to the doorway of the house. I saw two men. One was under twenty, possibly not more than eighteen, blind of both eyes, one eye sunken, the other bulging with a sightless, distorted and swollen eyeball. The other man was of almost the same age. Neither had anything else on than a loin-cloth. I asked them who they were and what they wanted.

“We want a meal and enough money to carry us to Cawnpore.”

“Are you literate?”

The blind man said: “Yes.”

“What have you studied?”

“Samskrit.”

“Why are you going to Cawnpore?”

“I hope to get some work there in connection with the *Ārya-Samâj*.”

“What emoluments?”

“Rs. 5 or Rs. 7 *per mensem* for a teachership.”

“Do you know the *Siddhânta-Kaumudi*?”

“Yes.”

“All right; I will see you again; rest and eat in the meanwhile.”

The blind man gave his name as Dhanrâj, and that of his companion as Chandra Bhâl.

I saw them again in the afternoon, and we had some little talk on Samskrit grammar. We met again in the evening.

Then I could not wait any longer and propounded my standing difficulty.

The blind man said : " Yes, I can answer all your questions."

" Out of your own intelligence, or from some old book ? "

" From old books." This was good news. " But," he added, " I have not got the books ; I only know them by heart."

A few days later, after he had settled himself in the house, I began taking down to his dictation a series of Samskr̥it verses, mostly in the *anushtup* metre. I took down about 1,500. They constituted a dialogue between Shiva and Pārvatī, in which the latter asked the very same questions that had been puzzling me, and the former answered them in a way that was quite satisfactory to me, at least, and at the time.

I do not now remember whether he mentioned the name of this work, but he said that it was complete in those 1,500 couplets. He added, however, on further inquiry, that if I wanted more details on Samskr̥it grammar I should find them in complete fulness in the *Nāradiya-Bhāṣhya* on the *Māheshvara-Vyākaraṇa*.

I had been also studying pieces of the *Siddhānta-Kaumudī*, relating to *Sandhi* (the coalescence of letters and sounds) with the man, all the while becoming more and more discontented with the *vrittis* (explanations of Pāṇini's aphorisms) contained in the work, and obtaining better explanations from the blind Paṇḍit himself out of his mnemonic resources as regards the physiological reasons for these coalescences. I preserved notes of these perpetual " whys " of mine and " because " of his.

My next manuscript-enterprise was more ambitious. I began writing to Dhanrāj's dictation the *Nāradiya-Bhāṣhya*, which, he said, extended over 60 or 62,000 couplets, all verse. I took down about 500 or 600 of these.

Then I began to question him about the *Māheshvara-Vyākaraṇa* (of which the *Nāradiya-Bhāṣhya* was said by him to be an extended commentary). He began to dictate and I to write. To the best of my recollection, he said there were 5,000 aphorisms in the work. I wrote down about a thousand. I found that the order and arrangement of the sub-divisions of the subject was exactly the same as in the modern *Siddhānta-*

Kaumudī. But the aphorisms were entirely different, and the illustrations and examples were all Vaidika-looking, and very numerous and lengthy, and full of compounds difficult to pronounce. In connection with this difficulty of pronunciation, after giving me a number of inconsistent replies, first saying that the current *Shikṣhā* (a set of rules for pronunciation, etc., forming a sort of supplement to the current grammar) was genuine, and then that the one published by Dayānand Sarasvatī (the founder of the Ārya Samāḥ) was genuine, he ultimately said that the original *Shikṣhā* written by Pāṇini was different from both.

I wrote down this *Shikṣhā*, extending to over 100 shlokas, and said by the Paṇḍit to be complete in that number.

I also employed, about this time, another Paṇḍit, and got him to write down a *Bhāshya* (commentary) on this *Shikṣhā*, consisting of extracts of the best portions of eight different commentaries. This *Bhāshya* is also complete excepting the last five or six shlokas. All this, of course, was dictated also by Paṇḍit Dhanrāj, and all from memory, as he said.

The year 1894 came to an end with this.

I asked Paṇḍit Dhanrāj how he came to find the *Nāradiya-Bhāshya*.

He said : " Our family are residents of the village of Belhar Kalān, in Tahsil Khalīlābād of the Basti District (in the united Provinces of Agra and Oudh, India). My grandfather was a very learned Paṇḍit. He had a great taste for studying and teaching ancient works. His collection of MSS. is still with us. He kept up a private Pāthshālā (school). He was very fond of *Sannyāsis* (wandering ascetics). One day, when I was about twelve or thirteen, there came a *Sannyāsi* who was very much struck with my exceptional memory, for I could get almost 1,000 couplets by heart in a single day. He taught me the *Nāradiya-Bhāshya*. I had an elder cousin, now dead, who had not lost his eyesight, as I did at 2½ years of age from small-pox; and he had even a greater retentiveness. He also committed the *Nāradiya-Bhāshya* to memory."

At the close of 1894, Paṇḍit Dhanrāj went back to his village. He returned again, after an absence of a few weeks, at the end of January, 1895. This time he came with changed ways, always

trying to evade dictation and avoid talk on the matters in which I was most interested. However, I got him to dictate some old *stotras* (hymns) to me. Then, one day, in the course of conversation, he mentioned that in a work called the *Nārmaṇa*, a dialogue between Kṛiṣṇa and Uddhava, there was a statement that Rīṣhis would continue to dwell on the Himālayas throughout the Kaliyuga and be the custodians of all knowledge after Kṛiṣṇa's departure from this earth.

I forthwith began to reduce the *Nārmaṇa* into writing, having succeeded in inducing Paṇḍit Dhanrāj to dictate it. We proceeded to about 500 shlokas, the whole being declared by him to be many thousands. I forget the exact number.

Then, one night I asked him if he had ever studied the small *Bhagavad-Gītā* too, amidst all these huge performances. He said "No." Then I said, "You ought to study it now."

So we began, I this time acting as dictator and he as memoriser. I taught him about eight or ten shlokas, he repeating them faithfully after me, at first in a halting manner, and then over and over again, exactly imitating the process by which a child commits lessons to memory.

By and bye it was decided that Dhanrāj and I and another friend should spend some time every day on the *Gītā* and endeavour to discover esoteric meanings therein, out of our own unaided intelligences, and write them down in the vernacular (Hindī). Well, I led off with guesses, based on Theosophical literature, which I had been reading steadily.

Dhanrāj said: "Yes, this is so." I asked: "Why do you speak in this *imprimatur* style?" After many days' haggling he repeated shlokas, from some *Koṣha* (Dictionary or Tnesaurus), saying that they proved authoritatively that the *Gītā*-words had that particular meaning. I asked: "Why then bother our heads unnecessarily? If you have got an appropriate *Koṣha*, specially fitted for this purpose, you can go along interpreting the *Gītā* far more easily." He said he had been repeating from a *Bhīṣhya* on the *Nirukta*, the *Koṣha* of the *Veda*.

We began anew with this help. After we had struggled on to the seventh or eighth verse of the first chapter of the *Gītā*, Dhanrāj admitted that he knew the book very well and many

Bhāṣhyas also on it, including one by Gobhila. The pretence of ignorance was only a hoax.

We began the *Gobhiliya-Bhāṣhya* on the *Gītā* and for a wonder finished it too! People who will take the necessary trouble to put themselves mentally in my circumstances of age, life-long habits, heavy legal occupations, insufficient knowledge of Samskrit, eagerness to know more and inability to spare the necessary time and energy for systematic study from the beginning like a young tyro, and the wonderful nature of the entirely new world of literature opened up, will not wonder that I made so many beginnings and so few endings, and that I was always wandering off into alluring digressions. They will rather wonder that I completed the few MSS. that I did.

My previous familiarity with the subject matter of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and my great respect for the work, the Hindus' Bible, and the interest of the commentary itself, took me right through the whole of this great work. Not having learnt Samskrit or practised Devanāgarī-writing in my earlier years, I have never made myself a good calligraphist of that character. Yet I, with my own hand, laboriously inscribed the bulk of the book. The rest was written by two other writers whom I employed. And the bulk is large; the complete work measures about 24,000 shlokas (of thirty-two syllables each). This performance occupied us three whole years,—1895-6-7.

But while our energies were mainly directed to this work during this period, digressions were not wanting, as was inevitable from my endless queries. A piece of a *Vyārṇava-Samhitā*—a dialogue between Kṛiṣṇa and Rukmiṇī (that is Paṇḍit Dhanrāj's spelling, the current one being Rukmiṇī) on all matters in heaven and earth, said to be complete in about 14,000 shlokas—was put on paper.¹ A *Sāmyāyana-Koṣha*—an independent lexicon in about 8,000 verses, by Vyāsa, was so fortunate as to get completed. And the "real original" *Vaidika Nirukta* with a *Bhāṣhya* was also begun. Of course all this was done to the dictation from memory (as he alleged), of the blind Paṇḍit, who is also the sole authority for the descriptions and

¹ About 800 shlokas of this were written down by me, in the course of some holidays during my stay at Bārābanki.—B. D.

epithets used, as to whether a work was or was not completed, whether it was genuine, etc., or not.

In 1896 Paṇḍit Dhanrāj attended the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, held at Benares; and with his help I contributed some articles on Saṃskṛit grammar to *The Theosophist*, during the three years 1895-6-7.

At the end of 1897, Paṇḍit Dhanrāj went away for a long period. But he did not go to his home. He went and stayed with the Rājā of Harahā, close to Bārābanki. He stayed with him almost throughout the whole of 1898, coming to see me now and then for a few days only at a time. I, too, suffered from unhappy family bereavements in that year, and no work could be done with Paṇḍit Dhanrāj. The year 1899 also passed similarly. Paṇḍit Dhanrāj was wandering about elsewhere, coming to see me now and then. In 1900 he stayed with me for almost a month in the summer, when we did some sporadic work on the "real original" *Bhāshya*¹ on the *Bhagavad-Gītā* by the "real original" Shaṅkarāchārya, the current one being decided to be spurious. We also did some miscellaneous hymns and stotras.

Then Paṇḍit Dhanrāj went on to Benares, and dictated the *Pranava-vāda* there.

He returned to Bārābanki in the summer of 1901; and then dictated to me 700 shlokas of what he declared was the second half and continuation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* now current. The *Vyārṇava-Samhitā* was also continued with the help of a copyist.

We also began a *Bhāshya*, by Bārhāyaṇa, in 80,000 shlokas, on the "original" *Brahma-Sūtras*, numbering 10,000. By the end of February, 1902, we had progressed to the seventh or eighth *sūtra* of the original and about the 3,000th shloka of the commentary. He left again and has not returned to me since. But he has been wandering about amongst other householders in the district of Bārābanki, and I have met him also at one or two places casually.

At the end of these eight years of acquaintance, this extra-

¹ The first hundred shloka-measures or so of this were written down by me on the 31st of July, 1900, when I was visiting Paṇḍit Parmeshri Dās, for a day at Bārābanki; they seemed to be a sort of abstract of the alleged *Gobhiliya-Bhāshya* of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.—B. D.

ordinary man still remains a puzzle to me, notwithstanding the fact that he has lived in the same house, almost in the same room with me, night and day, for months and months together. If all he says about himself; his memory; the hundreds of ancient works of which nobody in the outside world knows anything at all; his memorial knowledge of them all, comprising perhaps two million couplets of thirty-two syllables each (I have taken or have had taken down some 60,000, and you, Bhagavân Dâs, 16,000); amongst them such "trifles" as fifty-two *Bhâshyas* on the *Gîtâ*, four complete *Bhâshyas* on the "complete" Vedas (not the patches now extant) from beginning to end, all the eighteen *Purânas*, the "real original" ones, and the *Mahâbhârata*, with Gobhila's *Bhâshya* on them all, full of wonderful "esoteric" interpretations, the original *sûtras* on the six systems of philosophy and the six *Vedîngas*, all with *Bhâshyas*, in fact works on all possible branches of science and philosophy; and all that he says about the secret handing-down of all such wondrous learning in old families of Paṇḍits, in the Nepâl Terai and adjoining country;—if all this, or a tenth or a hundredth of it, be true at all, then it is very, very wonderful.

Can we believe him or can we not? In all these eight years, he has never repeated a second time, despite incessant requests and offers of all kinds of inducements, honorary, pecuniary, etc., a single shloka that he has dictated once. He has evaded and avoided, equivocated and prevaricated; but never actually given this absolutely simple and conclusive test of memory. He has failed most wofully in promises to show or secure MSS. of the works he dictated, which again would have settled all our doubts most satisfactorily. The majority of my friends, interested in these matters, who have come into contact with him, hold the strongest and most unfavourable opinion as to his straightforwardness in this respect. Indeed they do not hesitate to call him a charlatan; and it is difficult to prove them wrong.

I myself have been often driven to such irritation by his want of straightforwardness, that I have more than driven him out of my house—but always only to call him back again when the irritation subsided. And yet the fact of what he has dictated remains and stands invincibly. Has it or has it not any merits?

After eight years of work on it I am satisfied that a fair portion of it is new and valuable to modern thought. I have made many efforts to trace the MSS. of the works mentioned by Dhanrāj, with the help of occasional descriptions given by him as to the Paṇḍit families with which, as he says, he stayed and studied the books he says he knows by heart. But I have always failed to lay my hand on any such substantial thing, partly, at least, I think, because of my very restricted opportunities for search. Yet I believe that the MSS. exist, for I cannot believe, after what I have seen of Dhanrāj for eight years, that he has the power to invent all that he has dictated to me or my copyists. For the present, then, the people who take any serious interest in valuable philosophical thought must content themselves with judging these dictated works and pieces of work, on their inherent merit. The future will show whether actual old MSS. justify this most wonderful man's statements.

BHAGAVĀN DĀS.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IRENÆUS ON REINCARNATION

I.—*Contra Hæreses*, I. xxv. 4 ; S. i. 250 ff.

[Text: Stieren (A.), *Sancti Irenæi Episcopi Lugdunensis Quæ Supersunt Omnia* (Leipzig ; 1848).]

IRENÆUS, who wrote his Refutation about 185-190 A.D., is inveighing against the Carpocratians, who, however, called themselves Gnostics simply, and who, in Origen *Contra Celsum*, v. 62, are otherwise called Harpocratians,—thus suggesting their close connection with Egyptian tradition. Carpocrates, or Carpocras, lived at Alexandria, and is generally supposed to have flourished in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.). Prædestinatus (i. 7), however, says that the Carpocratians were condemned in Cyprus by the apostle Barnabas. If we can place any reliance upon such a statement, it would throw back this Gnostic school to the middle of the first century.

The passage of Irenæus concerning their belief in reincarnation runs as follows, in the crude Old Latin translation, for the original Greek of this part of the Refutation of the Presbyter of Lyons has not come down to us :

“ And they give the rein to such madness that they declare they hold in their power all things whatsoever, even things godless and impious, and accomplish them. For it is only in human opinion they say that things are bad and good. [They say,] at any rate, that by means of transmigrations (*transmigrationes*) into bodies souls have to take birth in every [mode of] life, and part in every [kind of] action ; (unless one by anticipation in a single visit accomplish them all at once, and together [with them] things which not only it is not proper for us to speak of and listen to, but not even for them to come into our thoughts, or to believe that any such state of affairs can exist among men living in any state of society which we regard as civilised).¹

“ For they say² that they must in every way make every use of the present [opportunities],³ lest their souls going out of incarnation without accomplishing some work or other, should because of this come back again into bodies to do all over again what they have failed to do.

“ And this is, they say, what Jesus declared in the Gospel by means of a parable, namely: ‘ Have friendly dealings with him who hath a claim against thee, while thou art in the way with him, and do thy diligence to get thy discharge from him, lest at any time the one who hath the claim deliver thee to the judge, and the judge [hand thee over] to the officer, and the officer cast thee into gaol. Amen, I say unto thee, thou shalt not come forth thence, till thou pay the last farthing.’⁴

“ And they say that the ‘ one who hath a claim ’ is one of the Angels who have made the world, and that he was prepared for this very purpose,—to lead the souls to the Judge when they come forth hence from bodies ; [and] that the souls are handed

¹ This seems to be a gloss of Irenæus' own invention, as we shall see later on.

² From here to the end of the next paragraph I use the Greek text of Epiphanius, who has copied the Greek original of Irenæus.

³ Lit., “ of these.”

⁴ This version of the *logos* seems to me to give back the original form more correctly than either *Matth.*, v. 25 or *Lk.*, xvi. 58.

over from the Ruler to the officer to take them back again and pour them back¹ into suitable bodies, for they say that the 'gaol' is the body.

"And the saying 'Thou shalt not come forth thence till thou pay the last farthing'—they interpret as though one should not get free from the power of the Angels who made the world.

"That thus there is a continual passing from body to body (*sic transcorporatum semper*), until one gain experience in every work whatever that is in the world; and that when one is deficient in nothing, then [and not till then] is his freed soul taken up to that God who is above the world-building Angels.

"Thus also is it that all souls are saved, whether of themselves² in one visit they participate in all works, or by transmigrating from body to body or being sent into every type of life [they do so]; [only] after fulfilling and paying their debts are they set free, so that they are no longer in body.³

"If, however, they actually practise such godless and lawless and forbidden deeds, I should not like to believe it; but so it is written in their books, and they so explain it, saying that Jesus spake thus apart in mystery to His disciples and apostles, and required them to hand on the tradition to the worthy and believing; for by faith and love was salvation gained; but other things, being indifferent, were considered partly good and partly bad according to men's opinion, there being really no evil in nature."⁴

It is thus to be noted that even Irenæus cannot bring himself to believe the deductions he thinks himself justified in drawing from what he holds to be the doctrine of these Gnostics; for in all probability he was aware that they did none of these things, but were known to be strict livers following the path of righteous-

¹ *καταγγίξαι*—a metaphor based on the action of pouring water out of a vessel; *metempsychosis* being the technical Pythagorean term for reincarnation.

² *ipsa* ? = consciously or voluntarily.

³ The obscure reading of the Old Latin version is to be restored from the Greek of Hippolytus, *Philos.*, vii. 32. It is on this statement, evidently, that Irenæus bases his insertion which I have enclosed in parentheses in the first paragraph.

⁴ The Greek of the last paragraph is found in Theodoret, *Har. Fabb.*, l. 5.

ness. It is further to be noticed that Irenæus, though he mentions the writings of the Carpocratians, does not quote from them directly but summarises what appears to be a commentary on one of the dark sayings, which interpretation they claimed to be based on the direct inner tradition they had received.

We further learn that the Carpocratians, or Harpocratians (or Followers of Horus), taught in the first place that there was "no evil in nature"—a most excellent doctrine; and in the second that good and evil differed according to human opinion,—a self-evident fact. Moreover it is evident that they also taught that certain "debts" were to be paid, and until these kârmic debts were paid, liberation could not be gained. A man had to discharge his debts to nature and the nature-powers, to the Lords of Creation and Karma, to the last farthing. But how? The Judge and Ruler of action in this world was a God of Justice, who saw to it that the soul was balanced, had passed the Judgment of the Scales in the Hall of Truth, before it was free to go to Osiris, the Good God. What was requisite for the successful passing of that test may be read by all who choose in what is called the Negative Confession of the Ritual, the so-called *Book of the Dead*; the triumphant soul had to show itself perfected in the ways of the Good Commandments.

The Carpocratians taught that the general way of the soul was by means of reincarnation, that so it should be experienced in every way of life belonging to its parent type; there was then some particular life in which this probation came to an end, and the soul became perfected and freed from the kârmic wheel; liberation was to be gained, we are told elsewhere, by the "recovery of memory," and therefore should be aimed at in the present life, for a man could of his own will consciously anticipate the normal course, or "shorten the time"; this he could do most easily, according to the Carpocratians, by faith and love.

This last doctrine seems to me to have been the leading idea of which Irenæus has made such a muddle. The only other hypothesis is that the Carpocratians had, in addition to the doctrine of reincarnation, another doctrine of immediate descents, or as a Hindu would call it of *avatâras*, that Great

Souls could incarnate for certain purposes and concentrate the normal progression of lives in a series of incarnations into the Great Passion of one life. But this seems to be contradicted by their claim that Jesus was a man born naturally of human parents and having no prerogative beyond the powers of other men to attain to. Indeed they said that other men might not only be the equals or superiors of Paul and Peter, but even of Jesus himself.

Those then who they said could complete all in one life, seem to me to have been intended by them for men in their last compulsory earth-life, who were on the threshold of liberation. These souls on winning the final victory became Triumphant Christs and passed to the Right Hand of the Father.

Finally if, as the Carpocratians believed, Jesus and Peter and Paul were men in their last life of accomplishment, then the "works" they spoke of as being necessary to accomplish, must have been of the same nature as those wrought by Paul and Peter and Jesus—which dilemma we may leave to the shade of the worthy Presbyter to chew upon at its astral leisure,—if any of it is still hanging about.

Irenæus returns to his charge against the Carpocratians in Bk. II., chap. xxxii., and after harping on his own misunderstanding of "accomplishing all things in one visit" and some other points that do not immediately concern us, takes up the subject of reincarnation again as follows; the Old Latin version being still our only guide.

II.—*Ibid.*, II. xxxiii. ; S. i. 410 ff.

I. "But their [doctrine of] transmigration (*transmigrationem*) from body to body we may overturn from the fact that souls do not remember a single one of the things they have done before. For if they were sent forth with the object of their taking part in every work,¹ then they ought to remember the things that were done previously, so as to accomplish what were lacking, and not revolving forever round the same tasks toil away without intermission in sorry plight; for the admixture of the body could not totally blot out the whole memory and sight of those things

¹ The insistence of Irenæus in taking this in an absolute sense is owing to his own misunderstanding, as I have already pointed out.

which had taken place—especially as they came for this [purpose, namely to get back their memory].¹

“For just as normally when men are fast asleep and the body at rest, whatever things the soul of itself sees in itself and does in fancy (*in phantasmate*), and remembering most of them, shares them with the body, and sometimes even after a very long time, whatever one sees in dream (*per somnium*), he relates when awake,—so would it, of course, remember those things also which it did before it came into the present body. For if that which has been seen or conceived in fancy in a very short time, by the soul alone in dreams, it remembers after it has been mingled with the body and dispersed in every limb,—much more should it recollect those things in which it has stayed for such long periods of time,—[namely] the entire age of its past life.

2. “In face of these [difficulties] when Plato, the famous ancient Athenian, who was also the first to introduce this opinion,² could not extricate himself, he introduced the ‘draught of forgetfulness,’ thinking thus to escape this dilemma; making however no exposition [of the matter], but giving the dogmatic answer that it is because souls on entering into this life, before they come into their bodies, are given to drink of forgetfulness by that daimon who is set over their entering in.

“[Thus] he [Plato] unconsciously fell into another greater dilemma. For if the draught of oblivion, after it has been drunk, can obliterate the memory of all deeds, how dost thou, O Plato, know this fact, since thy soul is now in a body, and before it came into body was given to drink of the drug of forgetfulness by the daimon? For if thou hast memory of the daimon and draught and entering in, thou oughtest to know all the rest too; but if thou dost not know the rest, neither is the daimon true nor the draught of forgetfulness so artfully concocted.”

Unfortunately for Irenæus, however, Plato says that souls

¹ But the “memory” of which the Carpocratians and Plato speak is not the memory of deeds done in body, but of the state of the free soul in its heavenly course (*circumlatio*), as Irenæus himself has already told us in xxxii. 3, though apparently in complete ignorance of the technical meaning of the term.

² This is of course not true; Pherecydes, Pythagoras and Pindar (who preceded Plato by a century) all taught reincarnation. It was also a root belief of the Egyptians millennia before them (see Herod., ii. 123; Diog. Laert., i.; Diod. Sic. i.). See Harvey's *Irenæus* (Cambridge, 1857), i. 377, n. 1.

³ See the Vision of Er in *The Republic*.

were required to drink only a certain measure of the water of the River Amelētēs; for it was not a drug (*medicamentum*) as Irenæus supposes. Those preserved by wisdom drank only their proper measure, while the foolish ones drank too much (*Rep.*, 621A.). The spirit of Plato could thus retort that his soul had been preserved by wisdom from over-drinking, and so it remembered some things, but not all; these things were part of the Mystery-tradition, and so, because of his oath, he had no choice but to set them forth *dogmatically*, even as Jesus also had done in His parables. In any case Irenæus has evidently not read Plato.

The rest of Irenæus' argument we may summarise. He first of all traverses the statement of those who declare that the body itself is the "drug of forgetfulness," by asking how then does it come about that whatever the soul sees by its own instrumentality both in dreams and by reflection or by effort of the mind, it remembers and communicates to those in its neighbourhood? Nay, if the body were forgetfulness, things normally seen and heard in body would immediately vanish from memory and be incapable of being recalled. For if the soul existed in such a state of forgetfulness, it would be able to know nothing but what was actually before it.

To all of which it might be replied that Plato has already answered that he has never advocated the theory of absolute forgetfulness, even with regard to things it has seen above, when the soul is entirely separated from body; and that this in any case transcendental problem has nothing to do with that of normal memory.

Nevertheless, Irenæus in complete ignorance of Plato's words continues: And how should the soul,—if the body, as they say, is forgetfulness,—learn divine things as well, and remember them when in the body? In proof of the truth of which we have the whole phenomena of prophecy to assure us.

But surely no one would contend otherwise, least of all Plato and those who believe in reincarnation,—seeing that it is just the knowledge of these divine things that they sought for; only they called it "reminiscence," and said this was the soul renewing the memory of its natural divine state, and therefore they had never contended that the body was absolute forgetfulness, but

that it was partial forgetfulness, and only absolute forgetfulness in the intoxicated who drink more than the proper measure of the River—which the Gnostics would have called the “delights of this world.” Just as Jesus himself says: “I stood in the midst of the world and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken.”

Irenæus then proceeds to argue that the soul is more powerful than the body, but that its natural velocity is checked by the body, in proportion as the one strives with the other. The body again is like a tool, while the soul plays the part of an artisan into whose mind the idea of a piece of work springs up rapidly, but the execution of it is a slower business owing to the deficiency of motion in his tools and material.

All of which is very excellent in its way, and certainly no reincarnationist would think of finding fault with the analogy; with all the more surprise, therefore, does he read the confident conclusion of Irenæus: “If, then, the soul remembers nothing of its past [states of existence] but gets its knowledge of existing things in this state [only]; it has therefore never been in other bodies at any time, never did things which it does not even recognise, nor knew things which it does not even see.”

But Plato’s contention—and therefore that of the Gnostics, who knew Plato by heart as well as much else—is precisely that the soul does remember provided it is prevented by wisdom from drinking too deep of forgetfulness; and that when it is thus lightened from the dullness of the physical senses it sees with its own light, and seeing with its own light, it recognises what it sees as familiar to it, and therefore knows that it is regaining its memory of what it once was.

But Irenæus has his own theory,—the theory familiar to all of us as that of the Ecclesiastic as distinguished from the Gnostic,—that “as each of us receives his own body through the act of God, so has he also his own soul.”¹ This is taken of course by the Ecclesiastic to mean directly from God and created at the moment of conception,—a proposition which excludes all gnosis, and regards all enquiry into the nature of the “act of God” as blasphemous.

¹ The Greek original is quoted by Johannes Damascenus in his *Parallela*.

Souls, says Irenæus, do not pass from body to body, but preserve the same form eternally; and this has been taught by the Lord with very great fullness, for not only did Dives recognise Lazarus after his death but also Abraham.

But the Gnostics could have replied that they had taken all that into consideration, and that their tradition of that "dark saying" taught them that Abraham here stood for the Demiurgos who was the emanator of souls,¹ and that souls were thus called the "Children of Abraham" in the mystic teaching, and that the "Bosom of Abraham" did not mean the bosom of the ancient patriarch, which could hardly be considered a paradisiacal locality, but that it was typical of the Heaven World as configured by that Cosmic Man whose footstool was the earth, and whose "bowels" were the labyrinthine paths of souls still in the region of the *Samsâra* of Buddhist tradition, or the Fate-whorl of the Orphic Mysteries, as so graphically described in the Vision of Er.

These are, as far as I am aware, the only passages in Irenæus bearing directly on the doctrine of reincarnation; but before we leave the writings of the worthy Presbyter who detested the Gnosis with such whole-hearted loathing, we will endeavour to deduce from him the general position of the Gnostics, whom he belabours with every club and cudgel he can lay hands on. The most instructive passage is the following.

III.—*Ibid.*, III. ii. 1 ff.; S. i. 424 ff.

1. "For when they (the Gnostics) are confuted out of the scriptures, they turn round and accuse the scriptures themselves as incorrect and unauthoritative, both because their wording hides many meanings, and also because the truth cannot be got from them by those who do not know the tradition. For the truth was not handed on in writing but by the living voice;² for which reason also Paul said: 'But we speak Wisdom among the Perfect, but not the wisdom of this age.'³ . . .

2. "But when we again recall them to the tradition from the apostles preserved by succession of elders in the churches,

¹ See *F.F.F.*, p. 351.

² This reminds us of Papias (*Euseb., Hist. Ecc.*, iii.), unless it simply means *viva voce*.

³ *I. Cor.*, ii. 6.

they object to this tradition, saying that they themselves having greater wisdom than not only the elders but even the apostles, have discovered the unadulterated truth."

They, however, probably said that the tradition of Irenæus was not the original tradition, and that their succession was the only historical one. The "being wiser than the apostles," probably looks back to the contention of the Gnostics (for instance, the Carpocratians) that there had been other members of the inner communities who had known more than Paul or Peter, or even Jesus; which shows that they made a vast difference between Jesus and the Christ, the Teaching Spirit, who spake through him in his greatest moments. "The tradition from the apostles preserved by succession of elders in the churches" is first invoked by Irenæus himself; it is, so to speak, his pet theory; and this is really why he is so wrath against the Gnostics. They flatly contradicted his assertions and treated him as an outsider. For, as he tells us, they said that: "The apostles [of whom he spoke] jumbled up the things of the Law¹ with the oracles (*logia*) of the Saviour; nay, that even the Lord himself pronounced his sayings (*logoi*) under different inspiration,—[namely] sometimes from the Demiurge, at other times from the Midst, and again from the Height;² and yet [they say] that they themselves know the hidden mystery beyond contradiction without defilement or adulteration!"

It is by no means certain, however, that they made so absolute a claim;³ they probably said they knew the true nature of the teaching, for it had come down to them by direct tradition, taught from mouth to ear in the inner communities. This teaching had nothing to do with worshipping Jesus as God; Jesus was a prophet, and like all prophets his inspiration varied; there was nothing necessarily inherent or absolute about it. As to scriptures, they thought little of them, for they knew

¹ That is the doctrines of the Jews. This of course was the main contention of the Marcionites.

² That is: of the Hebdomad, of the Ogdoad and of the Plērōma—in some way corresponding with the modern Theosophical "planes": mānasic, buddhic, and ātmic; or the Gnostic: psychic, pneumatic or spiritual, and divine.

³ Indeed it is easy to see that this is Irenæus' own embroidery on the simple statement above mentioned which Irenæus there phrases as "discovered the unadulterated truth."

how they were made. All of which necessarily made Irenæus very angry; for it was in the highest probability true. Justin and Irenæus were the developers of the popular view which had accepted the religious romances intended for its spiritual instruction as absolute history and inerrant literalism. But already Marcion, and before him Papias, had insisted on the inauthentic nature of such scripture when thus regarded. The Gnostic tradition, which knew the correct value to attach to such writings, seeing that its own adherents had been most active in the compilation of this literature, and were still busily engaged in adding to it, thus stood in natural opposition to the naïve popular view, not that it arose after that view, but that it possessed a memory of the manner of the things done and said from the earliest times, and looked with amazement on the narrow and cramping beliefs that the bishops of the outer churches were imposing on Christendom as the only truths of the Christ-revelation.

“The tradition of the apostles, however,” continues Irenæus naïvely and wholesaley, “is manifest in the whole world and present in every church for all to recognise who wish to see the truth, and we can enumerate the bishops instituted by the apostles in the churches and those who succeeded them up to our own day, who neither taught nor knew of any such thing as is babbled of by these folk. For if the apostles knew any mysteries that were not in common circulation, which they taught to the perfect apart and did not communicate to the rest, [surely] they would have delivered them especially to those to whom they were entrusting the churches themselves.”

This is of course where the shoe pinches; if there was an inner teaching and history, then says Irenæus practically, he as a bishop and successor of bishops would have known it. But that is just what all the Gnostics contended that he and men who believed crudely and literally like himself, did not know. This contention of the Gnostics, as of men earlier than Justin and Irenæus, is still *sub judice* before the bar of history. It means a total reconstruction of the history of the origins, and this, in my opinion, means light and life and liberty in place of the piled-up impossibilities of orthodox traditionalism. G. R. S. MEAD.

FROM THE LEGENDS OF THE GIANTS

ANOTHER STORY FOR LITTLE ONES

ONCE upon a time when the world was all slime and there was no air anywhere, but only hot steam and vapour rising from off the mud, there lived a Great Giant, the sole occupant of our earth. He was built like man in all respects except one: he did not breathe.

His body was of fire and water and earth; it was moulded and formed, but it contained no air, and the world contained no air, and no one breathed. There were no plants to breathe, and there were no animals to breathe; and of course the earth did not breathe, because earth even when it is slime cannot breathe.

So this Giant did not breathe, but he had heard some of his Giant friends dwelling in other worlds speak of another race of Giants still greater than themselves, who breathed and drew into their bodies a different element—neither earth nor fire nor water—an element called air.

This puzzled our Giant very much; for though it may seem strange to you and me, our Giant could not imagine how anyone could draw anything into his body that was neither earth nor fire nor water.

He was himself a great fire-eater, and found earth also quite digestible, though he preferred wet mud. He often drank boiling water too, for there was a great geyser at the North Pole in those days that poured forth boiling water at all times.

For in those days, the days I am trying to take you back to, the North Pole had only just begun to grow; it was not yet a proper pole like a may-pole around which all the dear little ice-fairies dance on Christmas Day as it is now; it had not yet solidified, for it was hot and watery; it was years after that it condensed and became a proper North Pole.

And there was no equator at all; for the world was all slime, and had not decided quite what shape it would finally be, and in what manner it would divide itself into zones. So you must try to picture a very different earth to our present one.

So our Giant pondered over air, as to how it would be possible to eat something quite new and different. He was exceedingly eager to find the way, for he was a greedy Giant, and was hoping for some new delicacy in the way of diet.

Now Giants have very peculiar customs in all things, and I think their customs with regard to eating are the strangest of all, though perhaps we might learn something from even these.

When these Giants ate fire they always stood on tip-toe, when they ate earth they always sat down, and when they drank water they always stood on their heads. This last was of course quite natural, for the water from the water-spout fell into their mouths more conveniently thus. So our Giant's only idea was to try some new and unheard-of attitude in order to obtain this new and much-coveted delicacy.

But there is one other thing which must be explained before it will be possible to understand our Giant; and this was his one ruling idea, his one great egotism, for everyone knows that Giants are very conceited. I suppose they are so great they cannot help thinking that they are even greater than they are.

This Giant seriously believed that he and the world were one; that he was quite as big as the world, and that the world could not possibly contain anything that he did not find in his body. This of course was absurd, for the water-spout was outside his body; but there is no arguing with Giants, they have very little brain and too much body.

So instead of roaming over the world in search of this new element as any sensible *man* would have done, he sat down and began to search within his own body for this new strange element; for he knew as soon as he had found it within his body he would find it in the world outside, for his body and the world were one to him.

So our Giant sat down and began to eat earth; but it was just as before—no new taste. Then he stood up and ate some fire; but the fire had the same old flavour. Then he tried

water ; but it was just the same as ever. Then he knelt. This was quite a new attitude ; Giants never kneel ; but he did not find that it brought any new flavour into his mouth, nor any further satisfaction into his stomach. So then he tried lying flat down on his back. This he had never done before, and he found it quite delightful—so restful. He felt a little ashamed of himself, for Giants pride themselves on their great strength, and are not supposed to want rest ever. But the attitude was far too delightful to be given up for any slight feeling of shame. And he lay there for a long time till at last he fell asleep.

Now outside this world there was a mischievous sprite, a little black three-legged imp, who was a great friend of all fire-folk. And when dancing about from globe to globe, he perceived our Giant asleep in this strange attitude, he thought what fun it would be to chain him down so, and prevent him from ever rising again—a just and proper punishment for his laziness.

So this little black three-legged sprite went off to the globe where Vulcan lives, and induced him to come and chain our Giant to the earth, so that his body and the earth might become one even as he had boasted. And this was done all in one night.

And when the Giant awoke the next morning, he was astonished to find himself lying ; for Giants if ever they sleep, do so sitting up and nodding. And he was ashamed, and tried to jump up immediately before any of his Giant friends should see him ; but he could not, for he was chained with invisible chains. And he roared in his anger till every globe in the sky shook, and every Giant came forth from his globe to see what was amiss. And when they saw what had happened they roared with laughter and delight at his discomfort and would not help him. And so our poor Giant was condemned to lie still.

And as the day wore away our Giant became hungry ; and he roared again in his anguish, for this time he realised still further what being chained in this posture would mean. It would mean that he could neither eat fire, nor eat water, nor eat earth. But the other Giants were cruel, as Giants always are, and they only thought it a very good joke ; they praised the little imp for supplying them with such a good and novel entertainment, and then returned each to his own world.

And as our Giant lay getting more and more hungry, he began to think back as to what had first induced him to try this new and alluring-to-death attitude. And he remembered that it was his anxiety to find the new and tasty element called air which was at the root of all his misery.

And he became very sorry for his sin ; he saw he had been greedy, and he was sorry ; he saw he had been lazy, and he was sorry ; he saw he had been ambitious ; he had coveted the greater power of other Giants, and he was sorry ; and lying there he became quite meek. And if the naughty little sprite had come and released him then and there I think there is no doubt that he would have become a good Giant instead of a sinful Giant, and no doubt would have lived happily ever after as all good people do.

But there is one very strange thing about the attitude of mind called penitence, and that is this. If you are expected to be penitent for too long at a stretch your mind twists right round in the other direction, and you vow you will never be penitent again. I speak from experience, and no doubt the experience is common to all people. It appears, however, to have been common among Giants ; for our Giant, after he had been very, very sorry for the best part of the day, suddenly felt his mind flying round in the opposite direction, and he solemnly vowed vengeance, vowed that in some way even as he lay there he would out-do his fellow Giants and make them in their turn sorry for their sins.

Again he struggled to rise but in vain, and when almost exhausted with the effort the idea came to him that if he could no longer use his external limbs to do violence to his enemies, he had better try to use his internal organs in some way to wreak secret vengeance on his foes.

And as he lay there, his body crying out for food still more loudly every day, he went within and said to his members that he could no more supply them with fire, earth or water, so they must learn to feed themselves.

And there was great consternation within the body of our Giant as to what should be done. And it was suggested that some should be killed to make food for others ; and in the

struggle which ensued there was developed within the body of our Giant a new motion,—a new sort of expansion from within, a new pulsation. And the Giant felt it and wondered.

He felt his body vibrating in a new way; he felt alive in a way in which he had never felt before. His body moved, yet it moved not; he had been hungry, now he was fed; and the motion continued upwards even unto his breast, and his breast moved, as it had never moved before, and the marvel continued even higher; his mouth ceased to crave. And higher still, his nostrils felt the thrill of life, which they had never felt before. And still the mighty life-wave swept on until it reached his brain; and then as it vivified and awakened his brain, he understood as he had never understood before; and in one great moment he realised that he breathed.

He breathed; he lived; he rejoiced. He had triumphed over all his enemies. He was not dead, but alive. He was lazy, yet not idle. He was satisfied, yet not fed.

And as he lay there, he learned more and more how to breathe, till life pulsed through him more and more, and he was possessed of a new power and vitality. And the spirits of the air now came in answer to the call of his breath, and they fanned him with cool breezes and refreshed him with sweet scents.

And the other Giants watched, and could not understand why he lived; for they knew not of the Power of the Air, they understood not the mode of life called Breath. They watched astounded as he lived century after century apparently quite happy.

And as time went on such was the vitality of our Giant, that he became clothed with hair—beautiful sable-coloured hair, smooth and silky; and the other Giants were jealous, very jealous; for the worlds were all getting cooler now, and the other Giants felt the need of clothing as they never had done before, and there was nought wherewith to clothe themselves.

Now this is the old, old legend concerning the birth of man, as recorded in the Legends of the Giants. How we little men live and move, and clothe the great Giant of our universe, and how it all happened through our Giant learning to breathe air. Before this Giants were unclothed and men were not.

This is the oldest record concerning the creation of man, for Giants lived long, long ago, in prehistoric times. In India, in Egypt we find, and shall find, legends concerning the creation of man ; but the Secret Legends of the Giants are hidden far, far away among the relics of civilisations which flourished long before the Babylonians and Chaldeans, and will not be read by mortal eyes for many years to come ; they are only to be read now by true lovers of Giants.

And they say that this is the reason why we men cannot eat fire ; we eat earth, we eat air, we eat water, but fire seems prohibited. The Great Giant, to show his gratitude to the little imp, who by chaining him to earth had compelled him to learn the art of breathing, ordained that fire-folk should in future be free from all tribute to him and his members. But in order that wonder at the Power of Breath might never cease among men, he ordained that in the fullness of time Man shall be fed by Breath alone.

ERINYS.

THE GOLIARDI OR JONGLEURS: THEIR ORIGIN AND CONNECTION WITH FREEMASONRY

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 547)

THE initiation ceremonies were far more intricate, and indeed much more important than those of ordinary modern Freemasonry. In Germany the Gouliards were known under the name of "Rose-croix" or the "Illumined"; but everywhere the members used the same language, and used the same writing, *i.e.*, the *blason*, to which the name of *rimaille* was given.

In certain professions, notably those of drawing and designing, initiation into the Gouliard order was obligatory before the person could enter the Guild or Corporation of that Craft. The reason for this special limitation in these two arts was because

they were closely connected with the hidden symbols and secret designs that were in use. This fact is now being verified by the very important work that is being done on water-marks, woodcuts and printers' marks, by the Bacon Society; they have placed their fingers on part of the hieroglyphical system used by this Great Secret Association, of which Francis Bacon was a member.

In order to prove the truth of this hypothesis, we have only to compare what was written by the Comte d'Orcet on the secret systems of the Gouliards with the statements made by another writer on, apparently, another line of research, but which is really one of the secret keys to the mysterious association of the Gouliards. In a most deeply interesting article on "Mediæval Paper-marks" the author says:

"There is the symbolic paper-mark of a Guild, a Society, or Brotherhood, which caused the paper to be made for its own publications. . . . The mediæval societies, as spiritual successors to previous and more ancient ones, added to symbols borrowed, new ones of their own. . . . Now, when we meet with a number of books of different places of publication, which exhibit each and all the same marks, . . . we cannot but be justified in saying that they were brought out, or printed, and the paper water-marked, for some secret associations, whose principles they embodied and propagated, and whose aims they furthered by their publications."¹

To this statement we may add another proof from the Comte d'Orcet, who says:²

"Indeed all the artists of this period were organised in 'Guilds,' or 'Corporations,' united necessarily by the closest ties to the wandering companies of workers, under the name of Freemasons. . . . It was in the dialect of the Île de France that all their plans and their hieroglyphic communications were arranged; for they would not state in the common form of writing the secrets of their corporations, and there exists a crowd of proofs attesting that the hieroglyphic writing which appeared incontest-

¹ *Baconiana*, W. Krisch, "The *Raison d'Être* of Mediæval Paper-marks." (London; 1903), p. 225.

² *Revue Britannique*, "Rabelais, et les quatre premiers Livres de *Pantagruel*" (Paris; March, 1879), pp. 215-220.

ably in the eleventh century, under the name *blason* (blasonry), was already in general use in the time of the Gaulois."

It was moreover that which was used by Sir Francis Bacon in his great work; he was the "ready writer for a great secret society with a bibliography of its own, with secret means of communication and mutual recognition, and a complete system of marks and signs, symbols and hieroglyphic designs"; and, as the writer of the just quoted passage wisely says, a little before: "Millions of separate links forged with equal care, and piled in a heap, would be of no more use than so much old iron. But join those links as you weld them, and you will have your chain complete."

This is a most valuable statement, and it is on this very line that these separate links are now being welded together; so we will pick up some more from the articles of the Comte d'Orcet, particularly one which is of peculiar interest, where he states:

"I can to-day affirm without any doubt of contradiction that the 'Dream of Poliphilus' is nothing else but a Masonic *Grimoire*,¹ that is to say a *Grimoire* applied to architecture; and it differs from the modern ones in its style, only in the fact of the richness and incomparable nobleness of its compositions. . . . It is in truth the 'Language of the Gods,' for that is the title that Plato gave to the secret writing of his time, which was condensed into a hieratic form, at an epoch most probably before the Phenician Alphabet, in the Cypriotic syllables, which contrary to the Egyptian syllables is Cuneiform, and has no writing: it is sometimes in ideograms, and sometimes in phonograms."²

This author was a Gouliard, and his poem is a mystic treatise under the form of a love poem to the Lady Polia. He hid what he was trying to convey under this poem.³

It has already been said that many of the aristocracy were members of this body, and among the Kings of France the

¹ *Grimoire* is a magician's book of symbols, figures and signs.

² *Op. cit.*, Art. "Statistique Maçonnique" (May; 1884)!

³ The author of this poem was Francis Colonna, an Italian monk, who was not allowed to attach his name to the work; he contrived that the initial letters of every chapter should be formed of those of his name and of the subject he treats. (D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. i., p. 300.) Beroalde, Sieur de Verville also wrote on this book of Francis Colonna's; speaking of the Secret Society in his preface. *Le Tableau des riches Inventions couvert du Voile de Feuilles Amoureuses qui sont représentées dans le Songe de Poliphile*, par Beroalde, Sieur de Verville (Paris; 1600).

following were members of this great secret association: Henri IV., Louis XIII., Louis XVIII., Charles VII., and Louis XI. And not only was Madame de Pompadour one of the "Purple Mistresses" of the "Mother Lodge" but it was she who protected and aided the great work of the Encyclopædists, and it was she also who effected the expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

In another interesting article, the same author says:

"Charles I. (of England) was a Mason, as was his father; he was judged and condemned Masonically, and it is known that this process played an important part in the mysteries of Scottish Masonry, which is essentially English and Protestant. . . . In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Scottish Rite spread throughout Europe, with its theories of the rights of men, and its parliamentary system, to which was joined the views of the secularisation of the property of the Church; . . . for Free Masonry has shown itself conservative and aristocratic in Protestant countries, where the secularisation of Church property has taken place, and it was radical and revolutionary in Catholic countries where it aided the downfall of the Roman Church."

All this fits in exactly with the work of the Troubadours, the greatest part of whom were Goliardi; they were also known under the name of Clerici Vagantes, the title so often given to the Goliardi, working also among the Albigenses and Waldenses, as we see from another writer,¹ who says:

"The Albigenses, who united themselves to the Waldenses, under a common persecution, understood the necessity of effacing themselves and withdrawing from the public world as a religious body; hence they sheltered themselves under various forms, and titles, as artisans, carriers, pilgrims, weavers, coal-merchants; their doctors—that is to say, the members of their clergy—under the name of the 'Perfect,' became Troubadours.

"These 'doctors' possessed not only their own science, but

¹ Aroux (Eugène), *Les Mystères de la Chevalerie* (Paris; 1858), pp. 67, 161, 164. A great Guild, or Academy of Troubadours, the *Jeux Floraux* was founded at Toulouse in 1300. The strongest period of their work was from 1127. The chronicles of the Albigensian Wars were written by Wilhelm von Tudela, in 1234. In 1450 there was also a "Corporation" of Minnesängers at Augsburg; Wolfram von Eschenbach belonged to this body in 1280, and from it and Guiot de Provins came the Oriental versions of the Holy Grail. The name Troubadour comes from *trobar, trovar* "to find," in English the "Finders."

they had also zeal, and that faith wherewith to remove mountains. Deprived of the right of speaking, they took to singing. . . . Once accepted as Troubadours and Jongleurs in society, as they found it constituted, they displayed extreme cleverness in adapting themselves to the time, and the places, the customs and modes of life of the countries in which they exercised their ministry. They were Minnesängers in Germany, Bards and Skalds in Sweden, Minstrels in England, Trouvères in Northern France, Troubadours and Jongleurs in Aquitaine, and Gay Men in Italy (Goliardi)."

Here we have a good list of the methods of disguises adopted by this great secret movement; to this we can add what the Comte d'Orcet says in another place, which adds evidence from another source of a later stage of work :¹

"The Minstrels of Morvon and Murcia existed still at the beginning of this century under the name of 'Fendeurs,' or 'Boncousins,' and their origin is identical with that of the Italian Carbonari. . . . According to the Masonic researches that I have in my hands, the 'Minstrels of Morvon,' or the 'Frères du Chêne,' passed into Italy with Charles VIII., and there went on under the name of Carbonari."

With this last quotation we bring the Goliardi into the middle of the XIXth century, still doing the same work of freedom for the people, for it is mainly due to the work of the Carbonari in Italy that to-day there is some measure of freedom in that country for educating its people. But there is much yet to be said on these latter points.

A few words must be added as to the work done by the Goliardi, or Troubadours and Jongleurs, under the name of Clerici Vagantes. It is but little known that the Troubadours had a Guild or Corporation of their own in Spain, and that the Bible of Guiot de Provins which was so sought after by the Roman Church, was :²

"None other than the Holy Grail itself, or the Book of the Gospels, as the Albigenses had adopted and translated them, the Golden Book, the Vessel containing the True Light, visible only

¹ *Op. cit.* (Paris ; 1884), art. "*Les Menestrels de Morvon et de Murcia*," p. 291.

² Aroux (Eugène), *op. cit.*, pp. 161, 169.

to the initiated, to the Professors of the Gay Science (*du gay saber*). . . . Like the other aspirants to the Sectarian Priesthood, they went into Schools or 'Lodges' to receive instruction; then having become deacons or squires, having undergone tests and given required pledges, they were admitted to the ranks of Perfect Knights, or Perfect Troubadours.¹ Having thus graduated, they started in the character of Perfect Knights, or Perfect Troubadours. . . . Nothing was more common in the XIIth and XIIIth centuries in the countries of the Provençal tongue, than to see Knights, Castellans, Canons, Clerics, becoming Troubadours or simple Jesters. . . . But it was precisely because the apostles of the dissenting doctrines found this method established, in the countries where it had survived the Roman domination, that they eagerly adopted it for the furtherance of their propaganda. . . . Preaching the doctrine of love, the true law of the Redeemer, their mission was to redress the wrongs of Rome, to take up the defence of the weak and oppressed; they were also represented and celebrated as the true soldiers of the Christ, the champions of the poor, attacking under all their forms the monstrous abuses of a theocratic régime; and as comforters of the 'Widow' Rachel, that Gnostic Church so cruelly tried by the Pontifical Herod, they were devoted supporters of the 'Sons of the Widow,' those humble members of the 'Massenie' (or Massonrie) of the Holy Grail.² . . . Let the philologists make as much outcry as they will, our old Troveurs knew more about it than they do, and when they adopted certain names they thought far more of the hidden meaning than of the actual etymology, for which they cared very little."

It is not in the least surprising to find these constant references to the Grail coming before us in these researches, if we remember the connection pointed out in the beginning of this sketch,—that the general knowledge of the Legend of the Holy Grail was through Golia or Walter Mapes; what is remarkable, is the marvellous development of that teaching throughout

¹ The Perfect Troubadours were the Bishops or Heads of the secret teaching, and went among the higher classes to reform them; the Jongleurs appealed to the popular instincts and worked in the mercantile and labouring classes.

² Supporters of Masonry, they were many of them leaders of it.

Europe, and the extraordinary organisations which were linked together, holding to one another with a persistency which is unique, and were, moreover, so enduring in their power, united only by the single cord of an inner teaching.

For the moment, however, we must turn to another phase under which the same set of forces reappears at work, this time under the name of the "Compagnonage," closely allied to—indeed in France the same as—the Baukorporationen in Germany and the Guilds. This outward order was derived from the Building Confraternities of Germany, and they are, says Jannet,¹ "analogous institutions with the 'Steinmetzen' of Germany, and to the Freemasons of England." They had their signs of recognition, special rites and ceremonies, and their oaths of obedience. They were divided into three classes, and had three lines of tradition about their origin, which were "Enfants de Maître Jacques," "Enfants du Père Soubise," "Enfants de Salomon." They were divided into "Devoirs," with various subdivisions and names. The "Enfants de Salomon" came from the Architects' Corporations of special privileges;² they gave themselves various names, notably that of "Foreign Companions," or the "Wolves," Companions of the "Devoir de la Liberté," or the "Gavots." The first of these names belongs to their tradition, that is, their order was called from Tyre to the construction of the Temple of Solomon, and they recite in their initiations the mystery of the death of King Hiram. Says Perdiguier:³

"These Stonemasons are those who hold the most ancient tradition. . . . They are divided into two classes, the 'Companions' and the 'young men.' . . . Whoever presents himself as a member of this association has to pass through a certain noviciat; he lives at the 'Mother's' house, when he is sufficiently known he is received as a 'young man.'"

They were called the "Wolves," a traditional name coming down to them from the "Mysteries of Isis," wherein the Initiates wore a mask of the head of a jackal, or a golden wolf; the son of an initiate in those mysteries was called a Young Wolf,

¹ Jannet (Claudio), *Les Précurseurs de la Franc-Maçonnerie* (Paris: 1887), p. 40.

² Privileges derived from the ancient Roman Collegia, as we shall see later on.

³Perdiguier (Agricol), *Le Livre de Compagnonage* (Paris: 1841), p. 31.

“Louveteau.”¹ The initiation ceremonies were a mixture of early Christian and Judaic forms.

The “Enfants de Maître Jacques” had an equally ancient tradition; their rites were especially Judaic; they had the names of “Loupsgaroux,” the “Devorants,” and had also “Foreign Companions”; their founder, Maître Jacques, was a Son of Jakin, and a long tradition is attached to his wanderings, closely allied to the tradition of the death of Osiris.

The “Enfants de Maître Soubise” were called the “Drilles” and the “Chiens,” the latter is supposed to be because of the legend that the body of Hiram was unearthed by a dog.

It appears that all the trades were in time divided under one of these three headings, and gave allegiance to the order from which it was so derived.

The Compagnonage developed enormously during the XVth century, and carried on the same work as the Gouliards; their leaders were always of this order. One important point must be noticed that is brought to us by Clavel, and it introduces an important factor into our chain of evidence, namely, that “certain of the members of the Compagnonage who were descended from the constructors privileged by the Popes were called in the ancient municipal laws of Germany by the name of *Schrift-Maurers* (*Maçons de l'Écrit ou du Diplôme*), others were named *Wort-Maurers* (*Maçons du Mot*).” That is to say that writing—and later printing—and also the “art of composition” was included in the Corporations, with initiatory rites and ceremonies, and with a secret teaching to hand on; hence we can see the source of water-marks and printers'-marks, etc. And Clavel adds: “We have said that all the secret doctrines and secret initiations had found their way into the Roman Colleges.² It is from them that have descended the various mysteries of the Compagnonage.”³

It is of course the fashion to deny that any such mysteries existed during the Middle Ages, since there are but little traces

¹ As Jannet says, “Un Louveteau” was the son of a Mason; the name Soubise was probably derived from Sabasius, a name sometimes given to Bacchus; and the Dog-star was an epithet attached to the star Sirius.

² Clavel (F. T. B.) *Histoire pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie* (Paris; 1844), p. 88 (3rd ed.).

³ The Roman Collegia will be treated in another article.

of them in modern Guilds, but to this question there are two answers.

In 1645 a shoemaker, belonging to the "Shoemakers' Company" in France, denounced his order—after having been received as a Compagnon—to the Ecclesiastical authorities; an investigation was the result, of which the text is to be found in the *Archives legislatives de la Ville de Rheims, Statuts*, t. ii., p. 249, in which are denounced the "impious sacrileges and superstitions which are done by the Saddlers, Shoemakers, Tailors, Clothes-makers and Hatmakers when they receive the Compagnons into what they call the 'Devoir.'" This investigation was presented to the Sorbonne, and these practices condemned.

Now, if no such rites had existed, no condemnation could have followed. The other reason for saying that no rites existed is yet more simple, and is given clearly by Perdiguier as follows :¹

"In 1823 the Aspirants to the Carpenters and to the Locksmiths revolted against their Compagnons, and formed amongst themselves the centre of a new society at Bordeaux; later at Lyons, at Marseilles, and Nantes other Aspirants rebelled, founding a society, following the example of those of Bordeaux; these various societies corresponded together, and the 'Union of the Independents' was formed, and they made war on the Compagnonage of the Devoirs. By these the Independents were termed the 'Rebels.' Amongst the rebel Independents there is no initiation, no sign of tradition, no distinction; their Chief, or President, is elected, all the members are equal, but in spite of this equality, order and peace are far from existing amongst them."

Hence among all the present descendants of the so-called Independents there would be no rite, no tradition, no ceremony, nothing but the bare commercial struggle for life, to hold them together. No wonder that peace and order are not to be found!

Jannet gives us another interesting fact, namely, that in 1560 Charles IX. complained of the "mummeries" in the Printers' Company,² which shows clearly that at this epoch they had rites which were denounced as "mummeries." And it appears that the orders of the Compagnonage were known to be the centres

¹ Perdiguier, *op. cit.*, i. 49.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 42.

of the religious reforms, and for other traditions quite apart from ordinary commerce, and thus were regarded with immense distrust by the Ecclesiastical authorities, and Catholics were told to avoid the "pernicious assemblies of the Compagnons, under pain of entire excommunication"; they were betrayed by some of their members and their ceremonies published, "which revealed," says Clavel,¹ "a very ancient origin, derived incontestably from the Initiations of Antiquity. There were to be found the purifications imposed on the novice, the funerary myth, the symbols and the enigmatic language which characterised these solemn mysteries."

It appears that the division of the Compagnonage called "Les Enfants de Salomon" became the centres of the Waldensian movement, and thus were closely united to the Clerici Vagantes, or the Goliardi. Hence we can see how enormously extended was this association, and under how many different names was the secret tradition handed on from century to century, until its final struggle came for freedom in Italy; and few there are who know how the Carbonari worked silently for the great work of liberty of thought; nor are the secrets yet told of the mystic life of Garibaldi and others who led the way to Liberty, and who broke down the stronghold of the Vatican; thus allowing the opening to be made by which slowly a freer spiritual life can grow up amongst the Italian peoples.

From Rome, under Numa Pompilius, spread these great secret traditions over Europe; and Rome, only in the middle of the XIXth century, was forced to open her gates to freedom of religious opinion. Slowly indeed through the dark centuries did the great work proceed, but finally conquered; and now it is to Rome we must turn to see the early beginnings of the great movement, under so many names and with so many aspects.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 362.

RELIGION has constantly inspired Art; but Artists have rarely been Saints.—CARMEN SYLVA.

THE MYTHOS IN IRELAND

PREFATORY

THE existence in former times of an Irish Pantheon, whether homogeneous or unrelated, is now accepted as a matter of course by students of Mythology. For many years Continental scholars, in conjunction with a small band of home students, have laboured patiently to disinter, translate and coördinate the innumerable traditional stories which have found their way in the shape of age-stained manuscripts, written in obscure Irish, into the darkest corners of European libraries. Page by page they have recovered and given to the world a literature of momentous import; epic in grasp and character; lyric in impulse and utterance; full of feeling after colour, and music, and form; subtle, naïve, simple, barbarically splendid.¹ Cycle after cycle has taken shape, and in and behind them loom up the titanic forms of great and terrible deities actuated by a life that knows nothing of the chain of time or space.

“The stories that fall under the head of the *Mythological Cycle*,” says Dr. Hyde, “are both fewer in number and more confused in substance than those of the other two cycles. To antiquarians and etymologists, however, they are the most interesting of all, for it is in them we find the clearest traces of the *old Irish Pantheon*.”

“What race,” asks Professor Rhys,² “gave the Celtic landscape of antiquity its population of spirits? The Celtic invaders of Aryan stock brought their gods with them to the lands they conquered, and these continued to be in the main the great figures of the *Celtic Pantheon* until that rude edifice crumbled to dust under the attacks of Christianity, but as to the innumerable divinities

¹ See Jubainville, *The Irish Mythological Cycle*; Rhys, *Celtic Heathendom* (Hibbert Lectures, 1886); Hyde, *The Story of Early Gaelic Literature*, etc.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 105.

attached, so to say, to the soil, the great majority of them were very possibly the creations of the people here before the Celts."

In the ensuing endeavour to trace the foundations for the rebuilding of that "rude edifice," we shall concern ourselves very little with questions as to the date, location, or authorship of stories or cycles. The history of literature so recent as to be contemporaneous in comparison with the earliest records of the Irish Myth-tales, is eloquent of the futility of an appeal to "facts" even where acute personal issues are involved,¹ and in any consideration of the vast impersonal literature that is being opened up in the Mythology of Ireland, which has for its object the correlation of things differentiate or identical in essence, rather than in form, the final appeal must be to a canon beyond the letter,—to the bar of the intuition, provided that that intuition be the free and unfettered expression of a soul-consciousness that has risen like a clear-shining orb above the distorting vapours of kâmic predilection, above even the refraction of unaided intellect.

Such is the method we shall endeavour to pursue in our studies.

"To some extent," says Thoreau,² "Mythology is only the most ancient history and biography. So far from being false or fabulous in the common sense, it contains only enduring and essential truth, the I and you, the here and there, the now and then, being omitted. Either time or rare wisdom writes it."

So far then as concerns the origin of Myth, we shall now only say this, that the "*worship* of any personification" (to adopt the phraseology of anthropological writers) is evidence of ignorance as to the true significance of that personification; for *knowledge*, in its deepest sense, and *worship*, in its form of anthropomorphic idolatry, are mutually destructive. But when, behind the personifications that crowd the Mythologies of the world, we discern an interior relationship and a significance that is true to the facts of enlightened science and to the history and experience of men of the highest spiritual and intellectual attainments, we are constrained to recognise something like a system-

¹ For example, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

² *A Week on the Concord.*

atising and going forth of a fundamental Mythology at a period necessarily antecedent to the degradation of those personifications into objects of worship.

Whether the source of such primal "revelation" be located in East or West, or timed in pre- or post-Aryan times, or found by all nations in the process of their evolution on a particular subjective stratum of their being, does not affect the verity of the existence of that Mythology. What is, was; what was, is: this is the key wherewith every illuminated soul has unlocked the mystery of himself and the universe.

"The gist of histories," Whitman has said, "and statistics, as far back as the records reach, is in you this hour, and myths and tales the same."

We therefore approach our study by regarding universal Mythology as a vehicle for the manifestation of truths relating to the deepest problems of the mind of man, the Whence? Why? and Whither? of the universe, and of himself as bound to the same. Thus, as regards the Myth which we are about to consider, in the language of the man-in-the-street it is a story—possibly with a moral hidden in it; in the language of the Church it is a parable—"an earthly story with a heavenly meaning"; in the language of Mysticism it is the *mâyâvic* body through which an eternal reality is made manifest.

In it we have the "real" and "unreal," the "true" and the "false," interwoven and interdependent, the real incapable of expression save through the unreal; the truth impossible of conveyance save through untruth. And in this inevitable combination the way is opened wide to future anthropomorphism, to degradation of idea to the level of the medium of its expression, to crystallisation, to sacerdotalism, and ultimately to the reaction of agnosticism, which, denying the possibility of the obviously impossible (in the story when treated as a "fact") is not prepared to recognise the impossibility of ineffable truth being conveyed through any other medium.

For Myth lies not only at the beginning, but at the end, of thought; it antedates—our exotericists tell us—the birth of reason; but it is ever, as in the case of Plato, the unfailing refuge of the consciousness which has exhausted the possibilities of the

world of intellect ; and it is the inevitable language of the poet when he views with open vision the splendours of " that true world within the world we see."

The attitude and the method are not " scientific." Neither were telepathy and wireless telegraphy in the days when they were scientifically declared to be " manifestly impossible." But the student of esotericism, having rid himself, to some extent, of the time-illusion, is content to adopt the mere empirical method of bringing to bear upon the study of Myth the same knowledge and experience as have answered the questions of his soul more satisfactorily than any formula of exoteric theology, or any dogma of materialistic science. He therefore views Myth as passing, like all vehicles of manifestation, through its cycle. For, as archetypal man gave birth to, and passed through, the entire analysis of himself in multitudinous forms, so Myth has given birth to and passed through its sections under the guise of the arts and literature ; and as the perfect Archetype will become the type made perfect, so has the Mythos *in potentia* become " the Word made flesh " on its way towards perfect utterance. For within the form, howsoever grotesque and distorted it may be, dwells the prophecy of final beauty.

Indeed, to the student of esotericism, the distortion of Myth is no greater matter for wonder than its survival, notwithstanding the superficial incongruities of its manifested forms. In all lands, in all ages, Myth has subsisted ; and the conclusions of comparative study—whatever they may be as regards place, date, and method of inception or revelation—are agreed on the fundamental identity of Myths as far removed in expression as Ireland and the Oceanic Islands. To borrow the semi-scientific nomenclature of Mrs. Besant,¹ the Myth-monad puts forth its tentacle, and around its permanent atoms, each on its own plane, aggregates a form of manifestation. In process of time, and subject to the same laws as all else in the Universe, that manifested form, or Myth-personality, or shadow, assumes a will of its own, crystallises, becomes a religion. Yet within it exists a dim reflection of the Monad, a suggestion of light even in utter darkness. Thus the Mythologies of the world are but the

¹ *A Study in Consciousness.*

personalities of the indestructible Ego which, passing from each to each, is enriched by the individual, tribal, or race-consciousness of its personalities, and will one day gather itself and them into one simple conscious expression of the Divine Word.

The way to that consummation is wider and freer to-day than ever before. Souls are passing into incarnation who have eyes to see and ears to hear, and to whom the Mystery of the Kingdom will be made known with ever-increasing light. And the instruments for the external impacts that will stimulate into consciousness and activity the slumbering soul-knowledge, have, in the hitherto unknown Mythology of Ireland, received an addition the importance of which will only be realised as centuries go by. There are now at the disposal of the student the labours of that worthy band of Mythologists who, for a Divine reason, have chosen in this incarnation to be "darkened with excess of light" from the Solar-Myths (or, as St. Chrysostom says, "being blinded by sunlight, thus lose sight of the true sun in the contemplation of the illusory one").

In them, Gods and Gods combine and differ, Myths evolve from and return to Myths, even Mythologies loom up behind Mythologies¹ whose significance moves farther and farther from the exoteric and actualistic, and justifies any attempt to find an interpretation supplementary to the solar or naturalistic. Of such a character is the following Myth.

THE EXILE OF THE SONS OF DUIL DERMAIT

This story is contained in a manuscript, said to be of the fourteenth century, called "The Yellow Book of Lecan." The date mentioned does not of course refer to its inception, but only to its transcription after having passed from bard to bard down untold centuries. The manuscript, though preserved in Trinity College, Dublin,² has not yet been fully translated into English. Two full continental translations have, however, been made, one in German,³ the other in French⁴ from the German. A summary,

¹ See *Cuchulainn, The Irish Achilles* (Nutt), p. 43.

² H. 2, 16.

³ Windesch, *Irische Texte*, II., pp. 164-216.

⁴ Grammont, *Épopée Celtique*, pp. 149-169.

not quite satisfactory from an esoteric point of view, has been given by Professor Rhys in his Hibbert Lectures (1886)¹; but the condensation which follows has been made from a fairly full rendering of the story—not yet in book form—by Mr. R. I. Best, the translator of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville's invaluable work *The Irish Mythological Cycle*.

The story, after recounting many incidents, full of profound significance, which do not, however, fall within the limitations necessary to our present study, tells how *Cuchulainn* (1)² overcame *Eochu Rond* (2). Peace was made between them, but, as they parted, Eochu said to Cuchulainn: "May there be neither rest, nor sitting, nor lying to you, Cuchulainn, until you know what brought the three Sons of *Duil Dermait* (3) out of their country."

Afterwards, when in his own house, Cuchulainn felt as if his clothes were on fire, and the house and the earth under him, so he cried out that the curse of Eochu Rond was upon him.

Whereupon, he armed himself and went out toward the East, accompanied by *Loeg* (4) and *Lugaid* (5). There he met *the King of Alba's Son* (6) coming across the sea with presents for the King of Ulster.

In a quarrel which ensued, Cuchulainn spared the King of Alba's son because, while he could not tell Cuchulainn the secret of the Sons of Duil Dermait, he offered Cuchulainn his own boat, by means of which the country might be reached where the secret would be found. Cuchulainn thereupon gave his spear to the King of Alba's son, and bade him fill his seat at the Court of the King of Ulster.

Then Cuchulainn, taking Loeg and Lugaid with him, entered the boat given to him by the King of Alba's son, and set sail on the quest. After a day and a night they came to *an island* (7), which was surrounded by a rampart of silver and a palisade of bronze. On the island dwelt the father and mother of Loeg, with three sons and three daughters. And the King, and the warriors, and three maidens of equal age and beauty, bade Cuchulainn welcome for the sake of Lugaid, and Loeg for the sake of his father and mother. And the King told Cuchulainn that the Sons of

¹ *Celtic Heathendom*, pp. 342-346.

² These numbers refer to the commentary which will follow in the next issue.

Duil Dermait left their country "because of their sister and her husband," who dwelt on an island to the South.

Towards this island the voyagers set sail in the morning after they had been bathed and had slept, and Cuchulainn left a ring of gold with the beautiful Etain. And they came to *the island* where *Achtlann*, the daughter of Duil Dermait, abode with her husband, *Condla Coel Corrbac* (8). There they found Condla lying across the island, his face toward the East, and Achtlann combing out his hair. When he heard the vessel coming he blew against it, so that a great wave arose; but his breath came back to him. And he welcomed Cuchulainn on shore, and Achtlann greeted Cuchulainn with a sign of recognition. In reply to Cuchulainn's question, she said she would tell him about the Sons of Duil Dermait, as the healing of them had been prophesied for Cuchulainn. So she entered Cuchulainn's boat, made a sign of recognition, and told him the story as they sailed towards the island where the three Sons of Duil Dermait would be found.

On *this island* (9) were seven kings, with seven victories over them, and seven defeats fleeing before them; seven princes with seven women for each of them, and a king at the foot of every woman. Then Loeg took up the mantle of a woman whom Cuchulainn had slain because of an insult, and they proceeded to the island fortress. There they were met by *Coirpre Cundail*, who gave battle to Cuchulainn. But, though they fought until the day's end, neither gained the mastery. At last Cuchulainn called for his invincible weapon, and Coirpre yielded. Then Coirpre took Cuchulainn to his fortress, and prepared a bath for him, and gave him *his daughter* (10), and told him the whole story of the Sons of Duil Dermait.

On the morrow, *Eochu Glas* came to the fortress of Coirpre to seek battle. He was met by Cuchulainn, and in the fight which followed, Cuchulainn leaped upon the edge of Eochu's shield, then upon the boss, then upon Eochu's body, but each time Eochu blew him into the sea. At last Cuchulainn brought forth his invincible weapon and cast it at Eochu. The weapon pierced the helmet and head of Eochu, and he fell. Then, from the East and from the West came hosts of liberated ones, and the three Sons of Duil Dermait with them. And they bathed in

the blood of Eochu and were purified. And the Sons of Duil Dermait returned to their own country.

Afterwards Cuchulainn went homewards as he came. And he told his adventures to Condla Coel Corrbac, and to the father of Loeg. And he was given Findabair, the wife of Rianganabra, the mother of Loeg. And after that he went to the Court of the King of Ulster, where his portion of food and drink had been kept for him. And after that he told the fulfilment of the quest to Eochu Rond, whose curse had sent him forth. And Cuchulainn asked for and obtained the hand of Findchoem, the daughter of Eochu Rond; and together they returned in triumph to Cuchulainn's country.

SYNOPSIS

The following is a brief outline of the esoteric interpretation of the story, which will be set forth in detail in the next issue.

Under the impulse of Eochu Rond (*the Tempter or Serpent of Heavenly Counsel*), Cuchulainn (*the Logos and Saviour*) sets out on a journey toward the world of manifestation in order to ascertain why the Three Sons of Duil Dermait (*Ātmā-Buddhi-Manas on the physical plane, or the shadow of the Monad in manifestation*) left their Celestial Home; *i.e.*, by passing through the human evolution to acquire for himself (Cuchulainn) the conscious knowledge of that evolution, and in descending to its lowest point, to become its redeemer. He therefore set forth with Loeg (*Buddhi*) and Lugaid (*Manas*), the Three (*Will, Wisdom, and Activity*) taking possession of the boat (*the Causal Body*) provided by the King of Alba's son (*the Genius*). On the journey they pass Loeg's native island (*the Buddhistic Plane*), and the island of Achtlann (*Intuition*) and Condla (*Intellect*)—(*the Mānasic Plane*). Ultimately they reach the island of the Seven Kings, Princes, etc. (*the Septenary Universe of complete manifestation*), where Coirpre (*Spirit*) and Eochu Glas (*Matter*) are ever in conflict, and where the latter holds the Three Sons captive. Cuchulainn, fighting for Coirpre against Eochu, overcomes the latter, and releases the Three Sons.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A STEP ON THE PATH

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BROTHERS COUNTS NYROD, THE BROTHERS ELLIS, THE BROTHERS SVERBÉEFF, WHO DIED WITH THEIR WARSHIPS AT CHEMULPO, PORT ARTHUR AND TZOUSSIMA; AND TO THE MEMORY OF TAKEO HIROSÉ, REGRETTED FRIEND AND NOBLEST ENEMY, FALLEN BEFORE PORT ARTHUR IN APRIL, 1904.

My mind 'is soaring high; but my heart
Is ever there, in the depth, where my brothers lie!

—*From a Russian Song of Mourning.*

One link binds closer than even the link of country and of flag,
'Tis the strength to fight with equal courage!

—RUNEBERG.

Now is the time . . . to forgive and to love!

Ima taki naru so!

—*Japanese War Hymn.*¹

THE sun was setting behind the low range of hills which shut out the bay of Vladivostok, the "Golden Horn," from the waves of the ocean. The beautiful white city was settling to another night of watchful rest. For behind these peaceful hills, on the shining evening sky, clouds of smoke moved—the ships of the "enemy." From the fortified hills vigilant eyes were following them and the search-light was set ready to illumine the nocturnal shadows.

On a terrace overlooking the Horn, under a mass of tropical creepers, sat a small group of people watching the town so dear to all Russians.

"Oh, there is the 'Som' coming back," one exclaimed, as the long, dark profile of a torpedo boat glided past them on the silvery surface of the bay and disappeared behind the dark mass of a merchantman at anchor.

¹ This battle-song (the end of its first strophe has been changed by me) was written by Capt. Hirose, on a theme of ancient Japan, at the outbreak of the war 1904-5. Hirose expressed in it all the patriotic ardour of his noble soul and also, alas, the fierce enmity his country was then feeling. But his Russian friends knew that, to the last, Takeo Hirose loved, in his inmost heart, the land where he had been loved.

A peal of thunder rolled over the waters, and all the hills answered.

“Is it they?” asked a girl who wore the dress of a “Sister” of the St. George Community.

“No, it is the sunset-signal from the ‘Gromoboi’; don’t you hear that it was not a shot.” . . .

The Sister sighed: “I wish *they* would come at last!”

“You, a Sister of Mercy, you thirst for blood?” said the fair-haired doctor tauntingly.

“You know it is not that reason,” she replied. “Struggle is not hate. Most of us grow by struggling. As to those who fall . . . it is said so well: ‘*La plus grande vérité de l’histoire c’est que l’humanité vit par la douleur, le sacrifice et la mort de ses meilleurs enfants.*’”

A silence fell. In the evening mists rose the picture of the recent sunset, so calm, so glorious—Vladivostok, the “Ruler of the East,” bathed in its rosy rays.

Round the point of “Russian Isle” come the masts of a black cruiser entering the harbour to a thundering salute from the “Rossiya”—the “Almaz,” heralding the Baltic Squadron, the first that had forced its way through the hell of Tzoussima!! The Sister runs up the hill with a field-glass, for on the deck of the heroic ship was one who was of her own kin, true to the traditions of the race to which he belonged!

Then, later, at nightfall, the first wounded who had reached their native shore, brought to the Marine Hospital, as white as the sheets in which they were wrapped, but with eyes aflame by the titanic effort which—for them—had succeeded! The impossible thing *had* been done. . . . In two days the whole Squadron was expected . . . “if it be the will of God,” many added, with the Eastern resignation of the true Slavs.

But only three followed . . . the third dying, like the heroic “Novik,” as it reached the shore,—as of old the warrior of Marathon:

*Épuisé par sa course effrayante et sans trêve
Il mourut dès qu’il fut au terme du chemin,
Heureux qui peut ainsi, ayant atteint son rêve—
Mourir, la flamme au cœur et la palme à la main!*

But the palm of "Tzoumron" was the palm of the martyr.

Oh, the night of the 17th May,¹ the watch in the long marble corridors overlooking the sea, while the searchlights pierced the dark sky. . . . The balmy tropical night, the silence, the stars, the prayer: "Shield them, Thou 'within the Shadow.'" . . . The verses learned in childhood came to the mind; a child's query:

*Maman,
Pendant que je prie Dieu de conserver mon père,
Les petits ennemis font la même prière.
Il y a donc deux bons Dieux—pour eux et pour nous ?*

No! there was no forgetting that the "enemy" was God's child also. But an old Slav word of wisdom taught: "May God arise against him who *begins* the strife." Was the wish for victory unlawful, was it in any way insulting the rights of humanity? Moscow had answered by flames the sacrilege of Napoleon's conquest, and had risen from its pyre of sacrifice to see the French imperial Eagles fall. But the Eagles rose half a century later, victorious, over the bodies of the great defenders of Sebastopol! What of that? In the stress and storm of two great wars Russia and France had been revealed to each other by the search-light of heroism; and Russia sought *its revanche* in winning the *heart* of the great nation which it had learned to love. Hate was the only vanquished. From the shores of the Arctic they watched where the Northern women, in their boys' dresses of furs, glided on snow-shoes, in the pale light of the Aurora, over the endless plains watching their reindeer, while the men watched the ice-plains of the sea; from the borders of hermit Korea, where the Cossack women were in saddle to watch the frontier, which all their men had to cross with the army; all through the vast steppes of central Russia; through the old tangled gardens of its "nests of nobles" and the rose-gardens of Kieff, the "mother of Russian cities," which rose with the silver crests of St. Andrew on its white cliffs over the Dnieper; down to the burning deserts of the Amu Daria in Central Asia; to the yellow rocks of Kars at the foot of the Range of Prometheus; up to the "Roof of the World," where Russia still stood, as the youngest of the children

¹ May, 17/30, 1905.

of Âryāvarta, to watch over the Mother's peace, not to do her wrong; all through tens on ten thousands of miles they watched,—mothers, sisters, brides, who had gladly given their beloved; they watched for God's blessing of the supreme sacrifice. And all who were free to follow followed; and to any who had seen in the hell-fires of the "Liaouyang week" two or three of these "Sisters of St. George," in their severe uniform, bringing the wounded through the battle-storm, under the cross-fire of *shimosé* and bullets, yet without a muscle trembling in their fine faces, girls from the highest class and some from the people's rank, daughters of those who fell at Sebastopol and at Plevna—girls who wore now the St. George's Cross of the bravest; to any who had seen these girls and who had read the sweetest, saddest portraiture of the Japanese *mousmé's* life, *Nami-Ko*, the mothers of the two races seemed so different—and yet so alike. For the spirit of sacrifice, of that *joyous* sacrifice that is a necessity to both these races, and not a pain, so incomprehensible to Europeans at large,—that was identical.

And Russia, a woman herself, stood waiting. Like the Slav heroines of old, the "*palenitza*," who went to war and held their ground in the most daring combat, she could love only those whom she could not vanquish. She had thus chosen her mate in Europe, but the greater, ay the *better*, part of life belonging to Asia, she had to seek one in Asia as well. If she found him not . . . well, she could stand alone, the Slav Sphinx, the "land of surprises." Had not the mighty kingdom of Yaroslav, in 1612, been reduced to a handful of townships on the Volga, without ruler, army or money? And now? When *turning* on to the next step, does not the spiral of evolution always seem to go back? . . .

But this time was not the expiation too great for whatever kârmic retribution may await that race which has never taken the slightest care of itself?

The two days had passed; the "Grosnyi" had come to the "Askold Isle," then the "Bravyi"—and there was no hope! . . .

With flags flying, refusing all signals of surrender, they had died with their last shot, "Borodino," "Suvoroff," "Onchakoff," "Navarin," "Alexander," "Ossliabia," "Sissoi," the three old

cruisers worthy of their names: "Nahimoff," "Donskoy," "Monomach," and the brave little "Svetlana"—alone against three at her last hour!

More than Life is Love;
But more than Love such Death!

The shining peace of the high worlds be on you, of the worlds where they waited for you, the heroes fallen for the flag on Port Arthur's walls—"Stéregoutch," "Bourakoff," "Petro-pavlossk." And surely there also, their glorious enemies. Surely there, where the brave meet the brave, the three young Counts Nyrod met in brotherly embrace the three noble boys of General Nogi; surely the dead know no hate, as the "dead know no shame"?

But, untold horror that came to deepen the despair, which blackened the azure sky of Vladivostok. The well-nigh broken heart wavered not; it could still be worthy of the fallen; but it could hardly stand the news of *shame!* A deed of the past was again whispered of,—the story of the "Raphael" which had surrendered once—long, long ago. And its crew? . . . For fifty years their destiny had held back from failure even the weakest minds. The "Raphael," under its new flag, had been sunk at the battle of Sinop. But what mattered planks, sails, masts, the guiltless, soulless "body"? . . . What really mattered, this no enemy could take or give back,—the unstained purity of the flag, the shame of surrender without fight!

Was it possible to live with such a stain? Yet even into that hopeless sorrow no hate entered. It takes long years of wrong to break the patient forbearance of Russia's people; it took them two hundred years to hate the destroyers of Arcona, a century to realise where the fault of such agony lies now.

Only the coward is to be hated,
To him alone contempt and shame!
But hail to any who fights as a brave,
Whatever he was in this life—
Our foe or our friend.¹

They knew it in the little group musing on the terrace over

¹ Runeberg: *Tänrik Stals Sägner*. This most excellent poem of war and unconscious theosophy we recommend to all who are able to read Swedish.

the silent sea, in the besieged city. There sat one who was the child of a Russian and of a Swede, of a Swede who had fought against Russia in that very war of which Runeberg sings. And at his side was one, a young naval officer, still a boy, whose father had been killed at Tzoussima by that Nippon which was the country of his mother.

So was not evolution bringing on faster and still faster conditions that would, before a century is over, turn every war into a civil war, a fratricide? Was not, even now, every insult in war, every useless cruelty, a wrong done to the doer himself?

The Sister had taken the nearest review at hand, and now her eyes, dimmed with the tears of love, were riveted on the words she read to the others in the low tones involuntarily taken in the presence of greatness and of death,—the last lines of a diary written by a hand now still for ever,—by one of the young officers of the Baltic Squadron.

“My God, if an expiation is still needed for Russia, here *we* are, willing victims; . . . but by *our* death give to Her, the beloved, adored, victory and peace! . . .

“Russia! that word makes all other thoughts vanish. . . . Grant to me, even after my death, to be with Her still, to serve Her on and on! . . .”

That was the supreme sacrifice, the giving up of progress, of heaven, of the soul's life itself. Veiled by a sorrow never to lift again, this was yet the highest hour of life,—the fulfilment of the day. And nothing could be compared to its joy!

And nearer, nearer, comes already, unseen, unexpected as yet, the blessing of the sacrifice: Russia's greatest victory,—Freedom.

A RUSSIAN.

REPEAT not extravagant speech, neither listen thereto; for it is the utterance of a body heated by wrath. When such speech is repeated to thee, hearken not thereto, look to the ground. Speak not regarding it, that he that is before thee may know wisdom. . . . That which destroyeth a vision is the veil over it.—ПТЯН-НОТЕР.

A FRAGMENT¹

IT was a winter's day. The earth was covered with a thin white veil, and I was sitting on the point of rock called La Viscomté, at the mouth of the river Rance, looking across the Bay of St. Malo, at St. Servan in Brittany.

From this rock can be seen that faithful sentinel which the mariners look for on each homeward voyage, the bell-tower of St. Malo, or Tower of Solidor, which seems to carry us back to the time of the "*preux chevaliers*" who defended their faith and their country with all the force of our early ancestors.

I was sitting there—alone—and the sun was shining with the clearness of a winter's day. A profound silence reigned about me. As I sat there dreaming, with this superb scene before me, my soul seemed raised to heights I dare not even speak of—it would be a sacrilege.

Time passed on, when I saw the sea which had appeared so blue, the ancient town, and the rocks which stretch out their black and cruel claws from the water, suddenly change and become all transfused with a fiery light.

I turned and understood; the sun was setting. Then, dazzled with the splendour of the colouring, I remained motionless, gazing on the orb, which gradually disappeared.

Then I saw the shadowy outline of a woman, who seemed to rise out of the water, and who advanced slowly and silently towards me.

I seemed to recognise her, even her gestures were familiar to me, and I tried to see her face; but, alas! it was hidden from me by a large white veil which enveloped her.

¹ The main interest of this "Fragment" is the way in which it was written. It was written during sleep. The writer goes to sleep with a pencil in her hand and an open note-book by the bedside. In the morning she frequently finds the note-book filled with her own handwriting but without the faintest recollection of what she has written in sleep. The further interest of this particular "Fragment" is that it is a description of a personal vision of which the writer again has not the faintest recollection. It was written originally in French and on the nights of the 15th, 16th and 20th of January, 1904.—EDS.

As if fascinated, I watched her gently advancing, for she seemed so happy in her youth and beauty. Around her I saw all the pleasures and temptations of this world bowing before her on her way: friends who entreated her to stop, others who offered her their hearts; but each time that I saw her stop to touch them, the person or object vanished into the shadow and nothing remained.

Each time she found herself thus deceived, she appeared to say to herself: "Forward, courage, try again," but I could see a drop of blood flow from her heart—that poor heart of hers which was emptied drop by drop at each disillusion.

"O Lord God, have pity on this poor woman!" I cried at last, for I felt my own courage ebbing away, and a profound sorrow overwhelmed me at the sight of this woman giving her heart's blood for those objects that escaped her, and disappeared as she approached.

Motionless I gazed . . . Ah! she begins to be wearied . . . she totters, she will fall.

"O dear, unknown one! take courage, come to me, and I will lead you to the Fathers,¹ and together we will find Him who never deceives. Come, poor sister!"—and I held out my hand to her.

Suddenly she stopped, and turning towards me raised her arm and snatched away her veil. I uttered a cry of fear, for the strange woman had my face, and as with a telepathic shock, I knew that I had been looking at my own soul. . . .

I closed my eyes for an instant and when I reopened them, there was nothing.

The sun had disappeared. In front of me the moon was rising cold and pale in the silence of a winter's night.

Only the cry of a sea-mew was heard through the gloom.

I arose with a shudder, and I understood that the happiness of this life, such as we know it, was not for me, but that I was twice-blessed in having found my joy in the faith of the Supreme Being.

V. H.

¹ A Monastery near by belonging to the Capuchins.

“ VIA CRUCIS ”

My soul looked out upon the ways
 From fevered windows, dim with pain,
 And phantoms of a fretted brain
 Obscured the meaning of the days.

With clouded heart, whence faith had fled,
 I bent my soul to one great quest—
 I who from sorrow was at rest,
 Save for the tears which others shed.

“ Oh God,” I cried, “ and dost Thou know
 The hardest man is called to bear ?
 The burden of another’s care,
 The anguish of another’s woe ?

“ Is there of trouble no surcease,
 Even for one from trouble free ?
 Is the world’s note of agony
 To sound alike through storm and peace ?

“ I see the young in helpless gyves,
 The old brought low with useless toil,
 A holocaust, for lawless spoil,
 Of humbler forms, and gentler lives.

“ The beggar’s want, the starveling’s cry,
 These things I yield Thee in Thy name,
 Oh Master-Despot, but I claim
 A human right—to know the Why.

“ Let shoulders to the burden bend,
 Let bleeding feet the pathway scale,
 I shrink from neither woe nor wail,
 I only ask to know the End.

“ Thou art behind Creation’s throe,
 And Thine the Will that brings to birth
 The play of this illusive earth,
 Oh, Heart of Mystery, *dost Thou know*

“ The End, the Purpose ? Does the Mind
 That holds the world hold aught of Plan ?
 Or art Thou, like Thy Image, Man ?
 Thy name, Anagkē, stern—but blind ? ”

* * * *

“ I am the Heart whence Plan is born ;
 I am the Purpose and the End ;
 The Point to which all systems tend ;
 The Night that passes into Morn.

“ Beneath Creation’s iron bands
 I dwell concealed from the unwise ;
 I am the veil before thine eyes,
 And bind Myself with thine own hands.

“ Ask not the Why ; thou canst not see
 A human purpose in My ways ;
 I am the winding of the Maze,
 The Clue, the Mystery—all is Me

“ As starlight in the rising morn
 So passes pain to richer life ;
 I need the sorrow and the strife
 Because from sorrow I am born.

“ Happiness yields a nurture sage ;
 I cradle soft in human joys ;
 The glad things of the world, My toys ;
 But pain My earthly parentage.

“ Have larger trust ; ask not to see
 An End the Endless cannot show.
 Enough for peace of heart to know
 Who looks on Sorrow, looks on ME.”

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUN-SPOT PERIODICITY

THE correspondent who supplied the "Watch-Tower" note in the February issue did not make a very exhaustive study of the subject of sun-spot phenomena in the *Secret Doctrine* itself, or he would have found that Mme. Blavatsky was fully acquainted with the several scientific theories with regard to the cause of the periodic reappearance of the spots. Not only so, but she made the statement that all the theories were incorrect, and thus explains the phenomena from the occult standpoint :

" During the manvantaric solar period, or life, there is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our system, of which the Sun is the heart—like the circulation of the blood in the human body ; the Sun contracting as rhythmically as the human heart does at every return of it. Only, instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years to circulate, and a whole year to pass through its auricle and ventricle before it washes the lungs and passes thence back to the great arteries and veins of the System. This, Science will not deny, since Astronomy knows of the fixed cycle of eleven years when the number of solar-spots increases, the increase being due to the contraction of the Solar Heart " (*S.D.*, i. 591).

Mme. Blavatsky further says that if the human heart could be made luminous, and the living and throbbing organ be reflected upon a screen, then we should see an exact reproduction of sun-spot phenomena on a small scale. It may be remembered that in the " Watch Tower " of *Lucifer*, for April, 1894, a communication was printed from a Vienna member stating that he had actually seen the experiment (horrible as it was) performed on the heart of a living dog, and verified the truth of the prophecy in the *Secret Doctrine*. So much for the way the matter stood as long as twelve years ago. Since then scientific authorities have continued to theorise and to differ as to the probable connection between sun-spot periodicity and various earthly conditions, *e.g.*, magnetic storms, displays of aurora, dry and wet seasons,

etc., but the statements quoted by your correspondent are by no means novelties. What, however, is of more recent interest is the confirmation of observations with regard to the changes in the Sun's corona being in harmony with those in the number of sun-spots. The recent confirmation is due to observations made during the last eclipse. When the sun-spots are at their maximum the corona sends its streamers uniformly out in every direction. Then they begin to come out more markedly from the Sun's equator. Finally, the uniform distribution reasserts itself.

"It is found, in fact, that the whole activity of the Sun, including the amount of heat it radiates to the earth, undergoes a regular pulsation in eleven years."

I quote from an article by the Hon. R. J. Strutt, in the *Tribune* of January 24th, commenting on the last issued "Proceedings" of the Royal Society. Here we have the conception of the whole cycle as a "pulsation," and if we may regard the corona as an outpouring of solar energy, which an eclipse renders temporarily visible, we have in its expansion and contraction a further confirmation of the "heart theory" of the *Secret Doctrine*.

Moreover, if we consider Professor J. J. Thomson's theory of the aurora—the negatively-electrified-particle-discharge-theory, if one may venture to coin a term for it—in the same connection, more especially if we study it in the light of the footnote on p. 681 of the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. i., and the whole subject of radio-activity in its recent developments, we shall find that once again H. P. B. and the *Secret Doctrine* score heavily.

E. W.

"GOD IS A SPIRIT"

My first impression of this anthem, as sung at our Congress last year, very much resembled the criticism of it given by the Editor in the February number of the *REVIEW*; but as further reflection considerably modified this view I would like to accept the invitation he seems to give us to discuss the matter. To begin with, it can hardly be held to be surprising that the Churches of Christendom should be agreed on the statement that "God is a spirit," since the assertion, according to St. John, was made by Jesus himself. He was speaking of the omnipresent and omnipotent Ruler and Creator of the world, of Him Whom we should call the Logos of the Solar System, an individual entity, "a spirit," in fact, to be "worshipped in spirit and in truth."

Probably Jesus was aware that "there is no spirit without matter

and no matter without spirit," but this delightful solution of a troublesome controversy, which is still debated in our own day, could hardly have been appropriately introduced to the poor woman who only wanted to know whether it was better to pray "on this mountain" or "in Jerusalem."

Even in the Theosophical Society, when we speak of Parabrahm we are quickly reduced to silence by our absolute ignorance of THAT which is dimly perceived only through manifested existence. "Unveil, O Thou from whom all come, to whom all return, that true face of the Sun now hidden in a golden vase of Light," is an invocation addressed to the Spiritual Being, our God—for us all powerful, everywhere present, immanent in all, certainly not divorced from that which He universally pervades.

Now about the rising of members when the anthem was sung, and the objection that it should have been sung twice. "Think not," says Goethe somewhere, "that anyone can ever escape from or overcome the first impressions of his youth." Probably most of those present, being serious people, had attended Conventions, annual gatherings for religious purposes, and it is usual on these occasions "to open and close with prayer" or a hymn. No doubt the custom is still preserved because it is found to have the result, so well described by our Editor, of producing that feeling of unity and a common aspiration so necessary if any progress is to be made. There is nothing mysterious about this common experience of the rapid transfer of thought and emotion.

As to the statement, "God is a spirit," having been felt to be so objectionable, I must confess old custom and the well remembered ancient words, taken in the sense in which they were spoken, overcame immediately my doubt as to the technical accuracy of the definition, and I was really deeply touched at the instantaneous response of the members. After all, if "far more good was done, on the whole, than harm," let us be thankful that the protest has been deferred for six months.

One more point. What should be sung or said at our next Congress? Something, I hope, beyond criticism, if such a thing can be. If it be an appeal to the Supreme everyone will certainly rise. It requires an effort not to do so for most of us, even during the performance of our blasphemous National Anthem, so great is the power of custom, the longing for unity, and the absence of intellectual or moral criticism upon old observances. URSULA M. BRIGHT.

With regard to the mistranslated *logos*, put into the mouth of Jesus, "God is a Spirit," on which I commented last month; it is of interest to notice that if we amend the version and take the saying in its least objectionable form, "God is Spirit," we have an instructive commentary on this limited view in a literature contemporary with the Gospels, in which the following *logos* is put into the mouth of Hermes: "God is not Spirit, but Cause that Spirit is."—G. R. S. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE PROBLEM OF NIRVĀṆA

Nirvāṇa.—Extract from "The Journal of the Pāli Text Society."
By Dr. Otto Schrader. (London: Frowde; 1905.)

IT is with great pleasure that we notice this paper by Dr. F. Otto Schrader, the new Director of the Adyar Library. At last a scholar has been found who appreciates correctly the value of the Buddha's wisdom concerning that transcendent problem of problems—the nature of Nirvāṇa. The favourite view of Western scholarship, that the wisdom of the Enlightened One reached its consummation in the unthinkable doctrine of the absolute annihilation of being, is strenuously combated by Dr. Schrader, not only on general grounds, from a study of the history of the unwearied endeavours of the countless followers of this Way for so many centuries to gain Nirvāṇa, but also on the detailed evidence of the texts of Buddhist scripture.

The paper before us is by no means intended to be exhaustive, but is given as a preliminary instalment of a work which is in preparation and which will contain a full treatment of the subject, together with an edition and translation of all the passages of the Piṭakas which refer, either directly or indirectly, to Parinibbāna. The lines of the enquiry, however, are sufficiently indicated in this essay, and it is easy to see that a new force for "right views" concerning the central doctrine of the Buddha has come into the field with Dr. Schrader's labours.

To avoid all technical terms, we may perhaps say that the Search for Reality involved in the effort to "attain" the Summum Bonum called Nirvāṇa, is conditioned by the unalterable determination

to transcend every possible conception of the Real as existing apart from itself. This process of transcending all that has previously been regarded as the utmost essentiality of being, is in its very nature so subtle, that, as far as the average man is concerned, the mind almost immediately loses all comprehension even of the elementary data of the problem, while even the intellectualist has but the faintest conception of ideas which lie quite clearly before the reason of the ecstatic mind. For the many then, and even for many intellectualists, such ideas appear to be pure abstractions; they seem to mean nothing; they feel like shadows and illusive surfaces without any content of reality—nothingnesses. And so they think that in that way lies annihilation and nothing else.

But the Illuminated Intellect of the Buddha was not content even with such "ideas" as seem to be fullnesses even for the mystic in-sight, which still clings, in some fashion, to formalism and substantialism. The highest generalisations of formal philosophy, the most sublime aspirations of the religious consciousness, are regarded by this truly Divine Reason as insufficient. This Path of Supreme Attainment is the logical consequence of the *Neti Neti*—"Not this, Not this!"—of the Upanishads. But so far from eventuating in abstraction, in the sense of withdrawing from any condition or state of consciousness which we may call "this" as opposed to "that," it is the ever deeper realisation of that Being which includes all states in itself as one and many and all simultaneously; and with this realisation must come the inevitable concomitant conviction of the impossibility of ever getting rid of anything that has ever existed, much more than of the impossibility of ever making what is cease to be. Indeed the conception of non-being is the Great Impossibility. Every attempt to think it inevitably ends in its own self-destruction. Annihilation, in the very nature of things, is the only thing that *is not*.

What, however, the Buddha did teach was the total insufficiency of our ideas of Being; not only the ordinary man, but even those who passed for sages among mankind, had no adequate notion of the inexhaustible riches of Being. They were always thinking of the Mystery in terms of their own experiences in materiality; whereas the Nirvânic Being of the Buddha was other.

Thus in the *Aggi-Vaccha-gotta-Sutta* (*Majjh. Nik.*, No. 72) we read:

"The Tathâgata, O Vaccha, when thus liberated from the

category of materiality, is deep, unmeasurable, difficult to fathom, like the great ocean. That he reappears, is not right; that he does not reappear, is not right; that he both reappears and does not reappear, is not right; that he does neither reappear nor not reappear, is not right."

What *is right* the Master does not say; for that "cannot be said." It is always the same story in East and West; the Silence alone can speak forth the Mystery.

Let then the Annihilationists amuse themselves with trying to make folly of the wise words of the Master; the only thing they will prove to the Hearers of the Gnosis in East and West is that "having ears they hear not."

In our belief the metaphysic of the Buddha has never been approached, much less surpassed, by any other Teacher; and it is indeed a matter of congratulation to think that one of the first uses to which the Adyar Library will be put by its new Director, will be the preparation of a work that will establish, in a thoroughly scholarly fashion, the "right view" of Nirvâṇa, as contrasted with the miserable imitations which Western scholars have for so long industriously hawked about as the only genuine article.

G. R. S. M.

WAGNER'S ART-WORK

The Art of Richard Wagner. By Wm. C. Ward. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 6*d.* net.)

THIS appreciative sketch of Wagner's life-work and ideals should appeal to all who seek, through forms of Art and Beauty, the understanding of the great Cosmic Harmony. The theory of "Art for Art's sake" is touched upon by the author, who points out that the "unconscious purpose," the "essential work" of the artist, is to make manifest the Divine idea. His conscious purpose may indeed be poor and vain, and may mar the truth he should express; but that working within him is true to itself. Wagner, it is shown, was faithful to the Divinity within. "To him, his art was a sacred thing, and, even in years of poverty and distress, he never allowed himself to use it to other than the highest purposes."

The completeness of the music-drama, the employment of "one great, all-embracing musical form, co-ordinate with, and inseparable from, the poetic form of the drama," and the use of the *Leit-Motiv* are clearly indicated.

"The *Leit-Motiv* must not be an arbitrary sign, however beautiful ; it must convey some real expression in musical sound of the nature of the thing typified. It must possess, in fact, a certain suggestion of inevitableness."

In the beautiful description of the opening of the "Rheingold," the general spirit of Wagner's method is clearly put forward. The following quotation may well speak for the spirit and purpose of the booklet, which is worthy of attention from all lovers of the Divine Art:

"This, beyond question, is the power of genius, of inspiration in the strictest sense ; lifting, as it were, for a moment, the veil which hides from us the true unity of life, and revealing, if but by hints, the secrets of that high region in which Thought and Being are one."

L. R. H.

"NEW THOUGHT"

The Science of the Larger Life. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. (London : P. Wellby ; 1905. Price 3s. 6d.)

IN Mrs. Gestefeld we have a writer—so we are told by her editors—as yet but little known to English readers ; and in *The Science of the Larger Life* an attempt has been made to present in book-form some of her essays, many of which are known to the American public through the medium of a Chicago newspaper.

There can be little doubt that the book which we have before us will be received with appreciation by the many who are to-day eagerly absorbing the popular exposition of Idealistic Philosophy put forward by such writers as Ralph Waldo Trine, Lilian Whiting and others of the same school.

The Science of the Larger Life is a fresh contribution to the flood of literature which we are tempted to classify under the heading of Neo-Berkeleyism in which the psychological and spiritual faculties are regarded as not only *potentially* but *actually* dominant and supreme ; and in whose pages are set forth many and various methods of escape from the *Māyā* of Matter. To the student of the deeper Philosophies of the Old World, there is something almost pathetic in the very intensity with which the discovery of the illusory nature of Matter is heralded by Mrs. Gestefeld and her school. It seems as though no words would suffice to express the rapture they experience at the knowledge that man is not his body, is not even its servant, but is able to transcend and dominate its limitations by virtue of his inherent divinity.

With this view of the power of the Self over its vehicles we are

naturally in accord ; but we discern a tendency (natural and perhaps inevitable where reincarnation does not appear to be regarded as a factor in the evolution of the Ego) to take an extreme view of the nature of Matter as a clog to development of the spiritual being, and to adopt an attitude with regard to it which is faintly reminiscent of the old Manichæan heresy. We say that reincarnation does not appear to enter into the scheme of things as seen by Mrs. Gestefeld, because, although there is a sentence on p. 266 which might possibly be taken as suggesting it, we find that throughout Part II. heredity and environment are taken to be *the cause* of personality in the man of average development, and not (as in the Theosophic view) as the *effect* of causes already existent at birth and themselves the result of previous lives.

Thus on page 152 we find : "Family tendencies constitute a fact of existence, but they do not constitute the whole truth. *You are not the least to blame for these tendencies into which you have been born ; . . . so far no ethical responsibility rests upon you.*"

And again : "Your personality is first consequent upon and according to *family tendencies.*"¹

Mrs. Gestefeld goes on in this and the succeeding fourteen chapters to develop in clear and forcible language the possibility of transcending the limitations of heredity and environment, and of developing the Individuality out of the personality ; but in our opinion she leaves untouched the great problem which faces the thinking man when he looks round him at the differences of environment which exist side by side, and which nothing but the doctrine of reincarnation can solve if Law and Justice are to be retained as attributes of Divine Being.

The lack of this central idea in her conception of evolution leads also, in our opinion, to a disregard of the benefits which must accrue to the individual by his interaction with the various phases of material existence ; to the Theosophic thinker such a transformation as that depicted on page 159 would not be possible in the life of every man or woman to-day ; nor would it be desirable at many stages in evolution, even if it could be brought about by some abnormal impulse given to the personal Ego by contact with the Higher Self. The Theosophist thinks that no one of these stages can be omitted by the evolving Ego ; and that in proportion as any one of them could be left out there would be eventual loss to the Divine Man, who is being formed

¹ Italics mine.—E. M. G.

by their means. The description of that Perfected Man is so beautiful that we are tempted to quote it :

“ In his right hand is strength, in his left hand is wisdom. His feet are planted upon a rock, his head is above the clouds of mortality, his face is illumined by the eternal sun. . . He is full of love, he knows no evil, fear or hate. All men are his brethren, he has no enemies. . . He lives, moves, and has his being in God. . . . He receives from the Eternal and gives to the world. . . . He knows his relation to Nature, and all the forces of Nature are his friends and not his foes. He co-ordinates himself to them, and they serve the Great Purpose in and through him.”

In such a picture the Theosophist sees a portrait of a Master of Wisdom, and can have nothing but sympathetic feelings for the painter who depicts it ; he would merely question whether such a development from the querulous “ member of the family Brown ” could be brought about so suddenly as Mrs. Gestefield seems to think possible. “ Back to origins ” might mean *devolution* for the mollusc, and in the case of the human being at a correspondingly low stage of divine sentient life, such a process *might* mean loss of the very centre he came forth on his pilgrimage in order to establish.

But these are questions that do not affect the general trend of the teaching in *The Science of the Larger Life*, and will assuredly not prevent its having an elevating and helpful influence on thousands who are emerging from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the Children of Light. The book is full of beautiful things, and of well conceived analogies, notably that of the stereopticon in Chapter viii.

It is with pleasure that we anticipate the appearance of the volumes which we see are in course of preparation, feeling sure that the idealism and optimism of such writers as Mrs. Gestefield will fall upon the minds of many as water on a thirsty land.

E. M. G.

PYTHAGORICA

The Pythagoræan Sodality of Crotona. By Alberto Gianola, Doc. Litt. et Philos. (Translated by E. K.) (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 6*d.* net.)

ALL our readers who have any love for the Pythagoræan tradition and appreciation of scholarly work will be glad to know that the admirable article on the Sodality of Crotona, by our colleague

Professor Gianola, has now appeared in pamphlet form. A word of praise must be given to our old friend E. K. for an excellent translation, and we hope that before long we shall have the pleasure of bringing further studies on the same subject by Dr. Gianola to the notice of our readers. A number of members of the Theosophical Society have lately manifested a deep interest in the Pythagorean tradition, but they find themselves heavily handicapped in their studies owing to the lamentable lack of books on the subject in English. The subject is one of the most difficult in the whole field of classical literature owing to the very fragmentary condition of the tradition, and only those who are acquainted with the uncertain sources, and the voluminous and contradictory opinions based on this uncertainty, can appreciate at its true value the essay of our colleague.

G. R. S. M.

MERCURY IN LEO

The Progressed Horoscope. Edited by Alan Leo. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co; 1906. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

WE have sometimes had cause to regret the slightness of books which appear under the auspices of Mr. Alan Leo. The present volume weighs 2lbs. It is divided into four sections, of which the Editor is responsible for the first three, while Mr. Heinrich Dāath, one of the most literary writers on astrology, contributes the fourth section, which deals with "primary directions."

Facing p. 1 is to be seen the now well-known horoscope of Mr. Leo himself, with its glorious twelfth house, in which the Sun, lord of the ascending sign, lies between Jupiter and Mercury, receiving a trine from the Moon in Aries on the cusp of the ninth house.

The most important subjects treated in the sections written by the Editor are the Progressed Ascendant, Solar and Lunar Aspects, Mutual Planetary Aspects, and Transits. We have always had difficulty in understanding how, when an event of any kind occurs, the astrologer knows whether to attribute it to a transit, or to a "direction" of some kind; and if to a "direction," to which of all the kinds of "direction." Sometimes there may be little doubt about the matter; more frequently there is all the doubt in the world. And this doubt, we suppose, is the principal cause of the existence of different schools of astrologers.

R. C.

THE OLDEST BOOK KNOWN

The Instruction of Ptah-hotep and the Instruction of Ke'gemni : The Oldest Books in the World. Translated from the Egyptian, with an Introduction and Appendix. By Battiscombe G. Gunn. (London : John Murray ; 1906. Price 1s. net.)

WE offer our sincere congratulations to the Editors of "The Wisdom of the East" series on their last volume, and to Mr. Battiscombe G. Gunn for his excellent version of the Sayings of Ptah-hotep. The date of this Egyptian Solomon, who lived so many centuries before the Hebrew sage, can be placed with confidence at about 3,550 B.C. His Instruction or Teaching was the favourite manual of ethics in Ancient Egypt, and its contents were used as copy-book exercises in the schools. Though we are not competent to pronounce a technical judgment on Mr. Gunn's version, we are quite confident, from what we do know of the subject, that his translation is the best, both in accuracy and style, that has yet appeared. His Introduction is sensible and judicious, and we have great pleasure in recommending in their most recent garb these *logoi* of the ancient Egyptian sage to all who desire to learn the art of right conduct in public and private affairs. Householders, ministers, and magistrates, are all catered for ; and Ptah-hotep has not to hide a diminished head before the wisdom even of a Solomon, or rather of the collection of proverbs handed down in his name.

G. R. S. M.

Health and the Inner Life. By H. W. Dresser. (London : Putnam ; 1906. Price 6s.)

THE author takes a wide-seeing attitude on the subject of mind-cure, and is willing to give all methods of cure, whether orthodox or not, their due recognition. It is towards Christian Science that on the whole he is most antagonistic, since he regards its methods of negation and affirmation as radically unsound. It is understanding and not denial or affirmation on which the true method is built. Health means not so much the bodily state as the accompanying mental condition ; but the body and its disease must not be ignored or denied. But just as we constantly mistake the belief for the reality in ordinary life, so too in the question of health, and it is by an intelligent understanding and sifting of cause and effect that the cure is sought.

Suffering is neither an affliction nor a necessity, but a condition brought about through ignorance and wrong modes of thought and life. A very interesting fact is that as a result of the attention being drawn to truth, an enormous expansion of the religious and spiritual side of the patients' nature usually takes place, and their cure not only marks a turning point in their material, but also their spiritual existence.

"True healing means to trust God more, to love more, to become at peace." Past sorrows and regrets are concerns of the old self, and may be put away. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the history of the subject, and especially to the life and works of Phineas Quimby, who was the first to suggest this aspect of the question. He seems to have been, to some extent, a sensitive, and though this is not mentioned in the book as even a desirable qualification, yet one gets the impression that it is really rather an important one. As regards methods, one gathers that "Will" is not to be employed, but that the secret consists in calming and strengthening the patient's mind of "spiritual matter" (his sub-conscious self) by words, or better still by thought impressions, either during absent or present treatment.

L. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, January. Here, after the usual portion of "Old Diary Leaves" we have Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Use and Abuse of Psychic Powers." We are somewhat at a loss to catch the precise point of Major Stuart-Prince's cleverly written sketch, "An Indian Night." We are glad to learn from him that the majority of the members of the Theosophical Society attain what we are assured by Mr. Leadbeater in his *Astral Plane* is the reward of a life of high spirituality, to sleep through their sojourn there; but surely the Major cannot suppose that to spend years in wandering round looking for somebody to talk to, even if the search be relieved by unlimited astral "corpse-revivers," is a prospect which could tempt them to keep awake! Excellent papers are furnished by Miss McQueen on "Equilibrium," and by "Seeker" on "What Humanity Needs"; and a good number is swollen to the size of a volume by the Annual Report, noticed elsewhere.

Theosophy in India, January. The "Dreamer's" "Thoughts on Theosophy" are always welcome; and amongst the other contents an

elaborate table of the corresponding terms of our system in English and Sanskrit deserves mention.

Central Hindu College Magazine, January, comes out with a new picture on the cover, in which we see the stately entrance front of the palace the College inhabits; a front which not even the unwelcome intrusion of the cold Italian pilasters and round arches can deprive of all its Indian expression and life. The Editor promises various improvements for the new year, and begs her friends not to expect her to answer "the slanders so freely printed about her just now in Bengali papers." Her European friends also will do well to notice this, for the slanders against her are not confined to Bengal, or to Asia, and are best left to the working of the karma of their writers. The account of the Movement is encouraging.

Theosophic Gleaner, January, announces a project by Mr. B. M. Malabari for the foundation of a "Home for Indian Sisters of Mercy," these ladies to be qualified "as lady missionaries for educational, medical, and other good work on unsectarian lines." The best work of the Christian missionaries has, undoubtedly, been done on these lines; but whether the work is likely to be more effective in the hands of Hindu women, thoroughly understanding the needs and social prejudices of their sisters as no Christian Englishwoman can ever do, is a question which, although one might think it answered itself, must be left for decision to the Hindus. Would it not be possible to bring in the well-to-do mothers of families somehow into the scheme? It seems to us that it is from *them* the power must come, if any change is to be made in the social habits of the people. Mr. Sutcliffe continues his interesting studies of Astronomy, and we may also notice the continuations of the Editor's lecture on "The Message of the Society" and of "The Wave of Dissent amongst the Parsis."

The Vâhan, February, has a paper (the first of a series) on Meditation, in which A. R. O. gives an interesting little sketch of F. Nietzsche's life and mode of work. The "Enquirer" fills up more space than of late has been allowed it, and contains questions as to Conditional Immortality, the effect upon the etheric double of embalming the corpse, and the date of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* and the various Purâṇas.

The Lotus Journal, February, promises for its new volume, beginning in March, all kinds of new improvements, amongst others Lotus Songs, with music. This number includes a short paper by Mr. Leadbeater; a biographical article on R. Schumann, with a portrait;

and a curious account of some experiments in which what purported to be the spirits of little children lately dead gave their own history of the event and its surroundings. Nor must we omit to mention Miss Willson's pleasant description of the Adyar Convention.

Bulletin Théosophique, February, gives some further particulars as to the plans for the Congress, and much encouraging matter as to the progress of the Section.

Revue Théosophique, January. Dr. Pascal's lecture, "Brotherhood," is the most important of this month's contents. He describes his object as being "to expound the Law of Unity which makes us all brothers," and the way to realise this brotherhood is thus laid down. "The perfect *proof* is to understand and *feel* it—to become a god, or rather an instrument of God, an instrument which when perfected will manifest the qualities of the Logos—that is to say, the Divine Wisdom, the Divine Love and the Divine Power. To *understand* is to have *become* the thing comprehended, to feel it, to vibrate in unison with it. And we attain this by two means—Purity, and Practice of Unity. *Purity* must be that of *all* our bodies, physical, moral and mental. It refines and makes sensitive the matter of the centres, thus causing them to vibrate in perfect synchronism. *Practice* creates the machinery which produces the qualities of the instrument, polishes it and thus facilitates its movements." The conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Pedigree of Man," and a short paper on Mantras, with the remainder of an answer by Mr. Sinnett on some questions of Evolution, complete the number.

De Theosofische Beweging, February, in addition to a long list of activities, has a letter from London in which the writer states his conviction that the English might well take some lessons from his country-folk, especially in matters of social intercourse. We shall not dispute it.

Theosophia, January. The contents of this number are "Truth," by M. W. M.; "Enoch," by the late Mme. Obreen; "Influence"; "Ruysbroek the Mystic," by Mary Cuthbertson; and more of H. J. v. Ginkel's "Theosophical Language." The "Outlook" is much interested in the papers by Sir Oliver Lodge and the Japanese Professor in the last number of the *Hibbert Journal*.

Also received with thanks: *Théosophie*; *Lucifer-Gnosis*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, of which an obliging pencil note informs us the contents are translations from Mrs. Besant's "When a Man dies, shall he live again?" and Mr. Leadbeater's "Use and Abuse of Psychic Forces";

Omatunto; *Theosophic Messenger*, containing amongst other things a protest over the well-known initials C. J. against the mania for using all the elaborate devices of exact transcription of Hindu words in the spelling of ordinary English books so much in vogue just now; *Fragments*; *Theosophy in Australasia*, with a useful paper, "Jesus the Master," by E. H. Hawthorne; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *O Mundo Occulto*; and *La Verdad*.

Modern Astrology. The seriousness of the February number is relieved by a "Story of the Edelweiss," by Mrs. Leo; also by the complaint of a much-to-be-pitied correspondent who is haunted by a persistent dream that he is going to be hanged, and naturally wishes to know what it signifies. Let us hope that *his* dream, at all events, "goes by contraries"!

Occult Review, February. We cannot but think it a pity that the Editor, in commenting on the recent death of Dr. Hodgson, could find nothing to say about him but to repeat and improve upon the Doctor's melancholy *fasco* over Mme. Blavatsky. Whatever may have been the case then, we are fairly sure that in this year of grace 1906 he will not find his position with the general public improved by his unprovoked onslaught on the Founder of our Society. We had hoped better things from one who is fighting in the same ranks as ourselves; but, as ever, our worst foes are "those of our own household." Mrs. Alexander's "Dreams" are deeply interesting.

Also received: *La Nuova Parola*; *Notes and Queries*; *Humanitarian*; *Equitist*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Race Builder*, in which we would draw attention to a very practical and useful paper entitled "Fallacies in Physical Culture," by Eustace Miles, M.A.

From Italy we receive a nicely-printed pamphlet, recording the Commemorative Service held on the thirtieth day of the death of the late Lieut.-Colonel Bonaini by the Bologna Branch of the Society, of which he was the President. The little work is signed by C. P. Stauroforo, and seems to us admirably calculated to give a favourable impression to its readers, at once of its subject and of the Theosophical principles which comforted him in life and sustained him in death.

W.