

THE
THEOSOPHICAL
REVIEW

VOL. XXXVII

JANUARY, 1906

No. 221

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONCE upon a time a winged intelligence of the Gods was sent forth in rapid flight to upset the staid solemnity of mortal sages.

The sages were all of them very certain that the highest and best thing in the world was

What is Wiser than
Wisdom?

Wisdom. Now by Wisdom they meant something very sacred and solemn and ancient, something weighty and dignified and austere. So as they sat in reverent contemplation of their Goddess, the winged intelligence of the Gods swooped down and whispered into the ear of each and every puckered-browed sage a mocking question, a veritable *griphus* of the Sphinx,—for indeed that intelligence happened to be the real natural Sphinx, not the solemn Sphinx of the legends but the laughing child of radiant Mother Nature, the laughter-loving Goddess. The Mother's little one is always laughing, but the sages generally think her laughter mockery, and when they are pious as well, they even go so far as to fear that the smiling little one is the sneering Old Gentleman. So the smiling winged word sped downwards and whispered into the ears of the solemn old gentlemen of earth the utterly absurd question :

“What is wiser than Wisdom?” Of course the sages, as respectable and well-behaved solemnities, immediately rejected so transparently absurd an intrusion into the privacy of their staid reflections; they had all been well brought-up and instinctively repelled the rude intruder from the holy ground of their inner temple,—which they called their “aura,”—as an elemental sprite that feared not God neither regarded men,—as was manifest from its audacity in whispering into the ears of such wise men as themselves.

* * *

BUT one of the sages who was somewhat weary of the things he had grown used to, and was looking out for something other in the monotony of traditional sameness, hearing
 Wit the *bath-kol*, suddenly felt young again; and with the feeling came the thought that he would stretch the ancient limbs of his mind that had grown stiff with the sedentary habits of too solemn contemplation. So he jumped up and took the hand of the little one and kissed her curls. And now he saw that she was no mocker but smiled like Philomeides the Beautiful herself; and he began to remember a past birth when he had loved the Laughter-loving One with all his heart and soul. And so they two sped away to other space and time, through the pulsing life of Mother Nature herself; in a flash they flew through the laughing worlds and throbbing ecstasies of the Divine Joyousness, and were back again,—she back in heaven, and he once more dumped into the respectability of his sage meditations. But he'd got it; he'd got the answer and it rippled through his stuffy *phrontistērion* or thinking-shop. For he'd established connection with the little one, though she was in heaven and he on earth; and it was she who made the ripples in his “aura,” and laughter filled his soul. He knew now; knew that Solemn Wisdom was a *divorcée* and not the respectable matron of his hitherto obfuscated imaginings; that only when she was properly married to her Better Half was she really True Wisdom, and that the child of this union was Wit, the Darling of the Gods, who was wiser than the Wisdom of the sages.

* * *

So much for “once upon a time”; and now for the present. Is

there any necessity why a Theosophist should be a dull dog?

Nay, by the Dog! For if he be dull he is no
Dull Dogs Dog of the Gods; the Dogs of the Gods are
not dull, for then they would be obtuse, and

the Divine Dogs are acute, most swift intelligences. We should then be true Cynics, not pinchbeck Domini-cani. And yet how seldom comparatively is the monotony of our expositions and conversations and meditations relieved by the slightest glimmer of wit or humour or lightness of touch. Didactic, pedantic, funereal, pietistic, ponderous, sententious,—in a word, dull; so must we reckon not a few of our deliverances. And if we are dull, we fail to interest; for being dull, we join ourselves to the downward-borne elements and not to the upward-borne; we favour too much the things of earth and water, and reject the elements of air and fire. The mixture is too con-centric, and not sufficiently ex-centric; too feminine and not sufficiently masculine. We talk much of the powers latent in man; we have lists of these powers or *siddhis*, grave and potent powers, most excellent energies. But in all the lists the sanest is omitted. Wit is nowhere to be found in the categories. Wit, the great solvent of un-wisdom, the pleasantest of all soul-medicines, the divine panacea for mental congestion, and the most effective catharm of the sage, is ostracised by the smug complacency of over-solemnity. There is too much of Heracleitus in our composition and too little of Democritus,—too much of the Weeping Sage, and too little of the Laughing Philosopher. Compare the wit of a Chwang Tzu, that pierces to the very profundities of wisdom, with the multitudinous tractates of edification in all times and climes with which we are so familiar, and say who has come nearer the heart of the matter. And yet Thoth the God of Wisdom is said to have created the universe by bursting into seven peals of laughter,—Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha! The God Ha is the creative utterance; and if He creates He also can destroy—for recreation. The creations of the sages, however, must be disintegrated unless they can vibrate with His mighty utterances.

* * *

AND why again should we turn all of life into a tragedy, when

the spaces of the Heavens are called the *kōmastērion*, or revelling place of the Divine Sun, who is thus the Lord of comedy. Creation is the sport of the Ever-Young God ; and if He weep, His tears are at once turned into Joy, and they spring up as the sunny streams, and meadows, and the flowers. The Passions of God are all Joy ; His Weeping is Laughter, and His Laughter is Life. Think of the many bitter controversies that might have been averted and turned into pleasant converse by the magical touch of some witty remark that would have brought the dancing troupe of Wisdom into the assembly ! Think of the screamingly funny things that have happened in the Theosophical Society—things that have been taken *au grand sérieux* and turned into occasions of bitter hostility ! How the Gods must laugh in High Olympus at many of our sententious pretensions to martyrise ourselves for our “ sacred convictions,” all of which we might have been saved had we developed the power within us of the Ass of the Gods with ears long enough to hear the words of wit and wisdom in the outcries of our imagined foes. For the Ass of the Gods is not the ass of men, but one of the sacred animals of the Mysteries. And yet, how not unfrequently when something of wit and humour has appeared in these pages, when the bubble of some fond illusion has been pricked by the pin of God-sent humour, do we not receive protests,—often from those from whom we should otherwise least expect them—indignantly demanding why we can lend THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for such scandalous purposes, when the faithful are thereby hurt in their most sacred convictions,—and the idols swept from the shelves of their praying-rooms. Of course they don't add the last clause ; we have put that in to balance the sentence and give all a chance—witty and unwitty. Well, the reason why we commit this enormity, and shall continue to do so, is that we have more genuine belief in the excellence of the material of which the Society is composed than have some of our more timorous colleagues. We believe they are at bottom true men and women and not children, and that they can withstand the shafts of wit and humour and emerge smiling from the fray, and not collapse at the first pin-prick.

MANY years ago, when we first came to a knowledge of Theosophy in this birth, being younger, we used to rejoice in controversy with the orthodox in the theology and taboos of the day ; but whatever was said, or however it was said by the other fellow, with the intention of blaspheming Theosophy, it never reached our gods, for they were Deities indeed ; whereas we found ourselves frequently saying, and that, too, without any intention of blaspheming the other fellow's gods—for we didn't know he had them till afterwards,—things that seemed to bring havoc among the images on his praying-shelves. Now that is, of course, not a very kindly thing to do intentionally, and if done with intention it is a fault of youth. But in the Society we are not supposed to be orthodox in the theology and taboos of the time, and therefore we should be able to stand any and everything that may be said, provided it is not a personal attack on an individual. We assume the *bona fides* of all our writers and speakers ; we assume the utter honesty of their views, but as we stand, or should stand, before the public as searchers after wisdom, and do not pose, or should not pose, as possessors of that commodity, we are bound to test, by every means in our power, every view, whether put forward by any of ourselves, or found in even the most sacred of books. And as wit is the most potent dissolvent of false views, any opinion that cannot stand the touch of the Laughter of the Gods, that cannot laugh back in their Faces, is bound to collapse, whether we like it or no. In a recent article our colleague A. R. O. suggested the terrible things that might happen if *Punch* should cast his Atlantean eye (it *must* be Atlantean if it's anything like his nose !) on some of our doings. Why not, then, inoculate against the epidemic, if it is to come, by playing the Humorous Physician unto ourselves. At any rate, the pages of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW are open to all the wit and humour they can contain. How often have we not asked for gleanings of the real wit and humour of the laughing philosophers, for sayings of the unexpected, for anything that will make us really think and see things from another point of view. So let us laugh often and be merry, not because to-morrow we die, but because to-day we are made alive—Ha-Ha-Ha !

THE following remembrance of the visions of the night, sent to us by a colleague, will be read with deep interest by many a fellow student of the mysteries of the Soul ;

A Vision of Horror and Heroism and we doubt not that not a few of our colleagues could add to the tale of woe from their own experiences, if they would overcome their natural repugnance to tell of such things, even when they are assured that their anonymity will be guarded jealously by the editors of this REVIEW.

On the morning of October 28th, in the train on my way to London, I read in the morning news of the women-students of Moscow or Odessa (I forget which) haranguing the people and urging them to the struggle for freedom. A wave of sympathy swept through me, and that night before sleeping I sent a thought of goodwill towards the Russian reformers. I must add, however, that having been very much occupied professionally the whole day, I had not thought of them since the moment in the morning train. I was rather over-tired and slept soundly and well, not waking until dawn the next morning. I awoke with my heart contracted by emotion into a physical pain that lasted for some minutes. Although I was then free from emotion of any sort, I was conscious of having been in the midst of horror and pain felt by others that had made my heart ache in sympathy ; moreover, I had clear memory of some of these painful scenes.

I was in a strange city ; saw streets unknown to me, and carts of unfamiliar shape drawn by three or four small horses ; soldiers on small horses, scouring the streets, whipping the horses in the carts. The streets now crowded, now quite clear of people. The soldiery was brutal ; there was an atmosphere of terror and of coming disaster. Within the houses, I was with crowds of women and young girls, weeping and lamenting ; yet some heroic and full of courage. There was danger, and fleeing away and helpless hiding, and farewells between mothers and children. There was a massacre or holocaust of victims imminent ; it was inevitable and was to be done by the Government agents. I was conscious of being with these women and girls in a place of great light prepared as for a festival ; it was a festival of pain for which they were being prepared. I went from one group to another and to individuals, trying to exhort them to courage. There were others doing the same, aching and suffering for them and with them, but appealing to them to hold fast and endure, not to despair ; to make the sacrifice willingly and so defeat the pain ; that they would triumph through the pain if borne willingly, that they could see the Light around them giving courage and hope. These thoughts flashed through the assembly ; but some mothers were hard to comfort and convince that the evil would be defeated if they would endure willingly and their pain would turn to joy.

Many of the girls were as brides with flowers and gold about their heads

and in bright dresses; they were exalted with love of their people and sublime devotion. They were prepared for a marriage it seemed,—but one of horror and disaster; yet only some mothers continued to weep with fear and horror. It was a glorious wave of joy in pain for a purpose, for their country, that swept through them. I walked with my arm around a girl of fourteen, who was calm and heroic with the feeling of a grown woman; and as I praised her constancy and courage, and kissed her, rejoicing over her and the hundreds of others alike devoted, I woke with the strain of that intense sympathy and sorrow; and its physical translation of heartache lasted for several moments whilst I wondered over what I had seen. A week later, on November 7th, the morning news told of the massacre and outrage of a thousand women and children at the hands of the soldiery and hooligans, provoked by Government agents, paid by officials it is asserted, in order to discredit the revolution by introducing anarchy and savage bloodshed. I was in the same place the next night but remembered nothing of what was happening I am glad to say. [A.]

* * *

IN *Nature* of November 16th, 1905, occurs the following :

American palæontologists are becoming more and more strongly convinced of the decisive character of the evidence
 “Lemuria” Once afforded by extinct faunas of a comparatively recent
 More connection between South America, South Africa, and
 Australia. A short time ago Dr. W. B. Scott, in the report of the results of the Princeton Expedition to Patagonia, announced his opinion that the fossil Santa Cruz insectivore *Necrolestes* is closely allied to the South African *Chrysochloris*, and that this relationship indicated a connection between South Africa and South America. Now Mr. W. J. Sinclair, of Princeton, in a paper published in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, states unequivocally that *Prothylacinus* and the other marsupial-like carnivores of the Santa Cruz beds are true marsupials closely related to the Australian thylacine. He is, moreover, of opinion that the living South American marsupial *Cœnolestes* and its extinct relatives are connectant forms between diprotodonts and polyprotodonts, and are also not far removed from the ancestral stock which gave rise to the Australian phalangers. The existence of primitive Opossums which cannot be regarded as ancestral to the modern South American forms is also an important determination. In view of the aforesaid relation, coupled with the evidence afforded by the invertebrate faunas, Mr. Sinclair considers himself justified in stating that considerable evidence is now available to show that a land connection between Patagonia and the Australian region existed not later than the close of the Cretaceous or the beginning of the Tertiary, and it is possible that at this time the interchange of marsupials between the two continents was effected.

IN the *Daily Mail* of November 28th, there is a paragraph of news relating to Central Asian travel, of which we hope to learn more through the publication of the travellers' notes. The point of greatest interest is the discovery of two buried cities. The paragraph is as follows:

The Most Recent
Central Asian
Exploration

The Count de Lesdain, of the French Legation at Peking, and his bride, who recently arrived at Darjeeling from Tibet, and are shortly expected in Calcutta, have established a record in Central Asian travel.

They went north from Peking to Minghsi, and thence north again, discovering two buried cities. They then travelled to the Gobi desert, discovering a new lake, and returned south-west to Liangchow, whence they circuted on the north the lake of Koko Nur, in Tibet, and arrived at lonely Tsaidam salt swamps.

The daring explorers reached the sources of the Yangtse Kiang River in latitude 33.58, longitude 91.10. They endured incredible hardships, and at one time saw no human being for fifty days. They nearly perished on a terrible upland mud plateau 19,800 ft. high, only four of their transport animals surviving.

Thence the Count and his wife struck south to Lake Tingri Nor and down to Sang Chu River, avoiding Shigatse, on the route from India to Lhasa, and coming straight to Gyantse.

They found the Tibetans throughout friendly, and attribute their extraordinary success to the effects of the recent British expedition.

Another item of interest with regard to things Tibetan is that the Teshu Lama has travelled south from Shigatse and met the Prince of Wales at Rawal Pindi. More interesting still,—we learn from a paragraph in *The Times* of December 20th that:

The Tashi Lama is visiting the celebrated Buddhist ruins of Sarnath, near Benares. Elaborate ceremonies were performed, including the burning of many maunds of ghee, the lighting of hundreds of lamps, the scattering of flowers, and the burning of incense. At the end of this ceremony of adoration the Tashi Lama was transfigured and the other Lamas worshipped him.

THE SUBMERGED CONTINENTS

SOME RECENT EVIDENCE

IT is now nearly forty years since Ernest Haeckel, in his *Natural History of Creation*, wrote that ever since liquid water existed on the earth, the boundaries of water and land have perpetually changed, and that nothing could be more erroneous than the idea of a firm and unchangeable outline of our continents. Recognition of the full truth of these propositions has been very, very slow. That the outlines of our continents and islands have never remained for an hour, nay, even for a minute, exactly the same, has been generally accepted. The evidence within historic times of the changes on our own coasts has amply established that, for Yorkshire itself has had to mourn the submergence of no less than twelve towns and villages. But it has been a difficult task to win assent from the scientist to the theory that what is now dry land on the surface of our globe was once the ocean floor, and that what is now the ocean floor was once dry land; that our existing continents have risen from the sea in bulk to replace former continents as vast which are now submerged.

Opinion has, indeed, gradually been coming round to the view that in past ages a continent, to which the name of Lemuria has been given, must have existed in the Southern Seas; but the Atlantean continent has consistently been tabooed, chiefly because of Plato's lost Island of Atlantis, which scholarship and science have so definitely declared to be mythical that they dare not now admit the contrary, although there are at last signs that they fain would. It must also be kept in mind that to this body of steadily advancing liberal opinion, there has been opposed an influential school, holding the ultra-conservative theory of the permanence of the existing ocean beds. The influence of this school is most markedly shown in geological and geographical text-books, in which it is usually stated that oceanic islands are, with some

exceptions, purely volcanic, consisting of volcanic cones rising from the abysmal depths of the sea, and that the ocean floor from which they spring is made of a type of rock different from that which forms the continents.

This may be taken as a fair summary of what was the position of the scientific world towards the theory of submerged continents up to within a very recent period. During the past few years, however, there has been a great stirring of the dry bones, due mainly to the results that are being ingathered of the several Antarctic expeditions. The very fitting-out of these expeditions directed the thoughts of scientists to the Southern Seas, and at present one can hardly take up a geographical or geological journal without happening on some article or paragraph that frankly discards as worn-out and no longer tenable the conservative view of the origin of oceanic islands and the permanence of existing ocean basins, and boldly speculates on the possibility of a Lemuria, an Antarctica, and even an Atlantis.

Attention may first be directed to a most important paper by Mr. E. H. L. Schwarz on Tristan d'Acunha, published in the *Transactions of the South African Philosophical Society*.¹ The Tristan group, which is volcanic in character, lies 1,550 miles southwest of the Cape of Good Hope, 2,000 miles east of Cape Horn, and 1,320 miles south of St. Helena, and includes Tristan D'Acunha, Inaccessible Island, Stoltenkoff Island, and Nightingale Island. Once a year a government vessel carries mails from Capetown to Tristan D'Acunha, and recently Mr. Schwarz, through the courtesy of the officers of the vessel, received a number of rock specimens which they had collected on the islands. On examination, these were found to include a gneiss block and fragments of a porphyritic block embedded in lava, and they go far to prove that granite belongs to these islands, and has been actually spouted out of the throats of their volcanoes. But granite and gneiss are rocks of a continental type; and their presence in islands so characteristically oceanic as the Tristan D'Acunha group, taken along with the discovery in recent years of the same rocks in the Island of Ascension, a similar volcanic island in mid-

¹ "On the Rocks of Tristan D'Acunha, with their Bearing on the Question of the Permanence of Ocean Basins." By E. H. L. Schwarz, A.R.G.S., F.G.S. *Trans. South African Phil. Soc.* (1905), vol. xvi., p. 9.

ocean, is, in Mr. Schwarz's opinion, subversive of all that has been so confidently asserted in the past as to the history of volcanic islands and their distinctive character when compared with continental land. Indeed the exceptions to oceanic islands of a purely volcanic character threaten to outnumber the class; and Mr. Schwarz refers to the Seychelles, which possess a great variety of rock types the same as those found on the mainland of Africa, and he adds: "It is certain that in former ages there was a great extension of the Madagascar ridge, probably assuming continental proportions, only the highest portions of which are now above sea level." If the older of the two maps that accompany Mr. Scott-Elliot's *Lost Lemuria*, be consulted, it will be seen that Madagascar and the Seychelles are there shown in the midst of the former continent of Lemuria, whose western shore sprang from the middle of the South Atlantic and extended eastward across Australia and the Pacific.

Neumayr¹ has inferred a land connection between Africa and South America in the Jurassic and lower Cretaceous periods from the following evidences:

- (1) The absence of Jurassic marine beds on the west coast of Africa and on the east coast of South America.
- (2) Evidence of ancient land in the Cape Verde Islands and St. Paul's.

Dr. Blandford² also is of opinion that the biological evidence of a former land connection between South America and Africa is much stronger than that in favour of a belt of land between Africa, Madagascar and India, although the latter is supported by geological data; and he argues from the distribution of living animals that the land connection across the South Atlantic lasted to a later geological epoch than that across the Indian ocean.

The evidence on which these inferences and deductions of Neumayr and Blandford are based will be seen on analysis largely to corroborate Theosophic teaching. The Jurassic and lower Cretaceous periods coincide roughly with the Third Root Race and Lemuria. At its greatest extent, and even in its

¹ *Denkschr. K. K. Ak. Wiss. (Wien.), Math-Nat. Cl. (1885), Bd. L., p. 132.*

² *Address Geol. Soc. (London, 1890), p. 73.*

decline, Lemuria projected westwards beyond the west coast of Africa, south of the Gold Coast, three degrees of longitude ; so that there could at that date be no marine beds on the west African coast. The absence of the like beds on the east coast of South America is more difficult to account for, as that continent is shown on Lemurian maps to be then almost entirely under water. At the date when Atlantis was in its prime, however, the land appears to have stretched right across the northern half of South America and the Atlantic, until it almost reached the present west coast of Africa. Between the later of the two Lemurian maps and the first of the Atlantean there is an immense lapse of time, and it well may be that the beginnings of the Atlantean continent were already appearing above water on the South American side of the Atlantic before the close of the geological periods known as the Jurassic and Cretaceous. Cape Verde Islands and St. Paul's, mentioned by Neumayr as "ancient land," form part of Lemuria as shown on its earlier map ; while, if we may assume that Atlantis approached the west coast of Africa before that coast (which was part of Lemuria) sank below the waters, then it is easy to understand how Dr. Blandford finds the biological evidence of a former land connection between Africa and South America to be stronger than the biological evidence of a continent between Madagascar and India. The belt of land between the east coast of Africa and India was entirely Lemurian, while the land between the west coast of Africa and South America was largely Atlantean and of much later date. It is therefore exactly what we should expect to find that the evidence of the former existence of the Lemurian land is largely geological, while the evidence of the Atlantean is more biological.

His examination, however, of rock specimens of the Tristan D'Acunha group, and the discovery amongst them of rocks of a continental type, led Mr. Schwarz to inquire whether the same type of rock is to be met with on any other islands about the same latitude ; and he found that the Falkland Islands contain volcanic rocks surprisingly like those of Tristan D'Acunha and the cave sandstone of Cape Colony, the fossils also being of the same type as those collected in Cape Colony, while very unlike

European fauna of the same period. The Sandwich Islands,¹ South Georgia, and Bouvet Island south of the Cape, have also yielded specimens of continental rock, and this similarity of rock formation and of fauna has led Mr. Schwarz to the conclusion that there was a former continuity of land following the line of Bouvet Island, the Tristan D'Acunha group, Sandwich Islands, South Georgia, and the Falklands. "The point," he says, "I wish to bring out is, that it is extremely probable that in the South Atlantic there is an old continent sunk beneath the waters, containing all the various rocks such as granites, gneisses, old schists and quartzites." A glance at the map of Lemuria at its greatest extent will show that, although apparently there was not an unbroken stretch of land between the South Africa and the South America of to-day, yet the Tristan D'Acunha group formed part of the mainland of Lemuria, while the Falklands, South Georgia and Bouvet Island were portions of large continental masses of land, the water space between which was so small that there might well be continuity of fauna.

Incidentally, Mr. Schwarz deals with Plato's Atlantis, when he writes :

It is worth noting the persistency of the rumours as to land having once existed in Atlantic mid-ocean. Plato called this land Atlantis; Aristotle Antilla; while the northern nations knew it under the name of Brasil. The extraordinary habit of lemmings in Norway and Sweden at certain periods, collecting together and making due west till they come to the sea, and not stopped by this but swimming, swimming ever westwards till they are all drowned, has been explained by supposing that at some distant date they used periodically to migrate to some land now submerged.

Mr. Schwarz alludes to the facts that off the Canaries also a mysterious island has been known in legend from the earliest times, that it was known to the Portuguese as the Island of Gomera, and is supposed to be that on which the Scottish Abbot, St. Brandon, landed in the sixth century.

There is, I think, no evidence to lead one to suppose that any of these legends have a basis in fact, or that during the last few thousand years this mass of land, or even considerable islands, have disappeared beneath the Atlantic; although we have every reason to believe that such did actually take place in comparatively late geological ages.

¹ Not the Hawaiian Archipelago, but a small group of six islands in the neighbourhood of the South Orkneys, a little north of the Antarctic circle.

Turning his attention to the Pacific, Mr. Schwarz is of opinion that :

The geological formation of New Caledonia, Fiji Islands, New Guinea, Borneo, Java, Solomon Islands, New Hebrides, and the Tonga or Friendly Archipelago, shows evidence of continental rocks, and leads to the conclusion that a submerged ridge connects New Zealand with Australia and South Eastern Asia.

The summing up of his whole paper is that in regard to the permanency of ocean basins he has brought forward clear evidence that continental rocks underlie the great oceans; and that, therefore, the confinement of the waters to their present area throughout geological time must be considered to be unlikely.

The Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in the good ship "Scotia" was one of the most successful of those that recently have added so many interesting and romantic chapters to the history of South Polar exploration, and Mr. William S. Bruce, the leader of the expedition, has, in an article lately published,¹ given some results of his bathymetrical survey of the South Atlantic ocean, which in many respects corroborate the hypothesis of Schwarz as to submerged continental land in that sea. Mr. Bruce writes :

Some time ago Mr. H. O. Forbes, in a paper² on the Chatham Islands and their relation to a former Southern Continent, showed a relationship not only between these islands, New Zealand, and Eastern Australia and Antarctica, but also a connection between Madagascar and South America and Antarctica. It is not without importance and interest that the *Scotia* soundings have helped to prove Forbes's theory, by showing the existence of a long ridge about 300 miles in breadth, extending in a curve from Madagascar to Bouvet Island, and from Bouvet Island to the Sandwich Group, whence there is a forked connection through the South Orkneys to Graham's Land, and through South Georgia to the Falkland Islands and South American Continent. Thus Antarctica, South America and Madagascar become connected with one another in a most direct manner by this "rise." The discovery of sedimentary rocks in the South Orkneys by Dr. Pirie,³ of the Scottish Expedition, proves the existence of a much greater extension of land to the south-east of South America in former times, than was previously

¹ "Bathymetrical Survey of the South Atlantic Ocean and Weddell Sea." By William S. Bruce. *Scot. Geograph. Mag.* (1905), vol. xxi., p. 402.

² *The Chatham Islands: their Relation to a former Southern Continent.* By Henry Forbes. R.G.S. supplementary papers, III., part iv., 1893.

³ "On the Graptolite-bearing Rocks of the South Orkneys." By J. H. Harvey Pirie. *Proc. Roy. Soc. Edin.*, xxxv., 1905.

expected. It is interesting also to notice that the mid-Atlantic "rise" becomes connected with the "rise" between Bouvet Island and the Sandwich Group, and this may be of interest in relation to the distribution of the fossil faunas of South America and Africa.

If Mr. Bruce's survey chart be compared with the earlier of the two Lemurian maps, it will be seen that the long ridge of which he speaks was all Lemurian land, with the exception of two short gaps between (1) Bouvet and the Sandwich group, and (2) South Georgia and the Falklands.

On its return journey from the Antarctic seas to Capetown, in April, 1904, the "Scotia" paid a visit to Diego Alvarez, or Gough Island, which lies some 1,500 miles west by south of the Cape of Good Hope, which is the nearest land, except for Tristan D'Acunha, distant about 280 miles north by west. The island is about eight miles in length and about four miles broad, and is one of the peaks of the mid-Atlantic ridge which, as has already been indicated, probably makes its most southerly appearance above the surface of the ocean in Bouvet Island. Mr. B. N. Rudmose Brown has written an account¹ of the "Scotia's" visit, in which the following passage occurs :

The flora, as at present known, contains seventeen species of flowering plants, ten species of ferns, ten mosses, three hepatics, seven lichens, and one fungus, besides several small algæ, and on the whole, as might be expected, is very similar to that of Tristan D'Acunha, Inaccessible, and Nightingale Islands, and while it shows the same general affinities, has perhaps a stronger American element among it than other islands of the group.

No doubt, looked at from an impartial standpoint, Gough Island is but a relatively insignificant rock in mid-ocean, but its very isolation makes it of great interest. It may throw light on some former continuity of land in the southern hemisphere, and it cannot fail to elucidate various problems in biological distribution when its fauna and flora have been thoroughly investigated. It is for these reasons that its further exploration is so much to be desired.

In a recent issue of *Nature* (vol. lxxii., p. 244), Captain F. W. Hutton published a letter on Ancient Antarctica. It shows in so interesting a way the gropings of the naturalist after lands that are now beneath the waves that I make no apology for quoting it in full :

¹ "Diego Alvarez or Gough Island." By R. N. Rudmose Brown, B.Sc. *Scot. Geograph. Mag.* (1905), vol. xxi., p. 430.

That the continent existed a long time ago is (he states) proved by the great differences that exist between the floras and faunas of the three great southern continents. These differences are much greater than those between the floras and faunas of North America and Eurasia, and consequently the land connections must have been broken up in the south long before they were in the north. We infer the former existence of an Antarctic continent from the existence of granite and foliated schists in South Victoria Land and evidence that it was formerly connected with northern lands is found in the existence of flightless insects living there in the few patches of mosses and lichens which manage to struggle through the winter. These insects are not flightless through degeneration, but belong to an order which never possessed wings. It is very improbable that the ancestors of these minute insects were carried or blown to where they are now found; they must have travelled to their present positions by land. That is, the Antarctic continent south of New Zealand and Patagonia must, at some time or other, have joined on to northern lands.

In the islands of the Antarctic Ocean we have further evidence of a former land connection in the earthworms belonging to the family *Acanthodrilidæ*, which are characteristic of Antarctic regions. A spider also lives on Bounty Islands, which is closely related to one from Cape Horn. But spiders seem to have special facilities for crossing barriers; and the insects found on Bounty Islands are all related to New Zealand forms. I do not include here the evidence of the plants of the Antarctic islands, for most plants do not require that the land should be actually continuous to enable them to spread.

But if the flightless insects and the earthworms imply a former connection with northern lands, that connection must have been a very long time ago, before the spread of insects and angiospermous plants over the world—that is, not later than the Jurassic period. If there had been any land connection in Tertiary times, there would have been a much greater mixing of the animals and plants.

It is evident that the flora, and perhaps the fauna, of Antarctica were formerly much richer than at present, as is proved by the fossil plants of South Victoria Land; and it is also probable that both fauna and flora were killed off by an increasingly rigorous climate. It is not necessary to assume a former glacial epoch for this, for higher plants and animals could hardly resist the present climate, and there is no palæontological evidence of a period of greater cold than now having ever existed in the southern hemisphere. On the contrary, the biological as well as the palæontological evidence is against the idea. For the much-modified plover, *Chionis*, and the insects of Kerguelen Land, as well as the remarkable flora of the Antarctic islands, show that the islands could not have been covered with ice for a very long time.

The relations between the avifaunas of Australia and South Africa are

much closer than exist between those of Australia and South America; and this is just what we should expect if the ancestors of the present birds had spread down from the north under the present condition of land and sea, for the land connection between Australia and South Africa is far more intimate than that between the former place and South America. But the contrary is the case with the mammalia, some of the tortoises, snakes, frogs, some of the freshwater fishes, a large number of insects, and the family *Cryptodrilidæ* of earthworms. This implies that at some former time a closer connection existed between Australia and South America than between Australia and Africa. The question is, was this connection by means of an Antarctic continent, or was it by a Pacific continent?

The principal objection to the southern route is that the connection between Australia and South America is shown by a number of sub-tropical animals—such as *Osteoglossum* and *Ceratodus*—none of which have left any trace of their passage through New Zealand. We cannot suppose that New Zealand was disconnected at the time from the Antarctic continent, for it also has distinct relations with South America, but for the most part by means of different animals from those which show the Australian connection. If the connection was in either the Cretaceous or the Eocene period, we might suppose that the climate was warm enough for the passage of the subtropical animals by the Antarctic route, but, if so, why are there no traces of marsupials and South American frogs in New Zealand? If, on the other hand, we suppose the ancestors of these animals to have crossed from Australia to South America by a South Pacific continent, we can understand how the subtropical forms would not have come so far south as New Zealand, while the New Zealand forms would have crossed at a higher latitude. In favour of this we have a member of the *Iguanidæ* in Fiji, as well as the evidence of the land shells of Polynesia, which are not a collection of waifs and strays, but form a distinct group of a very early type, which, however, has not yet been found in South America.

We still have to consider the floras and the marine faunas of the Antarctic islands. Here we see a number of birds—such as cormorants and gulls—as well as fishes and plants, which could hardly spread round the world under the present conditions of land and water. That this spreading was a comparatively late one is proved by the near relations between the species. But if there had been continuous land at the time, land animals would have spread with the marine ones. It is therefore necessary to suppose that this last spreading of species in Antarctic latitudes was by means of a number of islands. Probably this was in Pliocene times, if we may judge by the amount of differentiation which has taken place since then.

I therefore conclude that the hypothesis which best explains the phenomena is the following:—

(1) That in the Jurassic period an Antarctic continent existed which connected South America with New Zealand and South Africa.

(2) That this continent sank in the Cretaceous period, and that Antarctica has never since been connected with northern lands.

(3) That in the Cretaceous or early Eocene a Pacific continent connected New Guinea and New Zealand with Chili.

(4) That this land sank at the close of the Eocene.

(5) That in the Pliocene a number of islands existed in the Antarctic Ocean which have since then disappeared.

The flaws in Captain Hutton's hypothesis are that he places his Antarctica rather far south, and that while he clearly grasps the need for a land connection between New Zealand, South Africa and South America, he does not appear to have conceived the idea that at the date at which that land connection existed a large portion of Africa and the greater part of South America were themselves ocean beds. Mr. Edward A. Wilson, F.Z.S., the Zoologist on the National Antarctic Expedition, is fully alive to the difficulties in the way of assuming that South Polar land was favoured with milder climatic conditions at a period sufficiently recent to enable it to act as a distributor of flora and fauna to Africa, Australia and South America. In an appendix to the second volume of Captain Scott's *Voyage of the Discovery*, he points out that there are no land mammals properly so called within the Antarctic circle. "There is every probability," he says, "that in some bygone age the Antarctic land mass acted as a bridge between some of the southern continents; but whatever it may have done of service in the distribution of types for them, it has apparently done little or nothing for itself. Separated now by some hundreds of miles of very stormy ocean from the nearest habitable lands, with currents of wind and water all setting in precisely the wrong direction, it maintains an almost perfect barrenness." We have already seen how strong is the evidence for placing the hypothetical land mass to the north of the Antarctic circle, thereby disposing of the few remaining scientific difficulties, and at the same time bringing the hypothesis entirely in line with Theosophic teaching.

I have entered with some detail into these proofs of the existence of submerged Lemuria in the South Atlantic, because the evidence collected by science has hitherto been confined rather to that part of the continent which lies below Pacific waters. Evidence of Pacific Lemuria still grows apace. In

1901, according to a recent issue of the Indian *Pioneer*, Dr. Woolnough, of Sydney, during the course of a geological exploring expedition in Fiji, discovered an extensive area of granite and diorite rock in the heart of Viti Levu, the main island, which led him to the conclusion that the Fijian group formed the outlying remnant of a once far larger continent, which probably extended from Australia by way of New Caledonia to Fiji. Subsequently the Royal Society, London, voted a sum of £150 towards the cost of another expedition, and the amount being largely supplemented from other sources, Dr. Woolnough, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Goddard, of Sydney University, left Sydney some time ago for the purpose of renewing his investigations at the point where they had ceased on the former occasion.

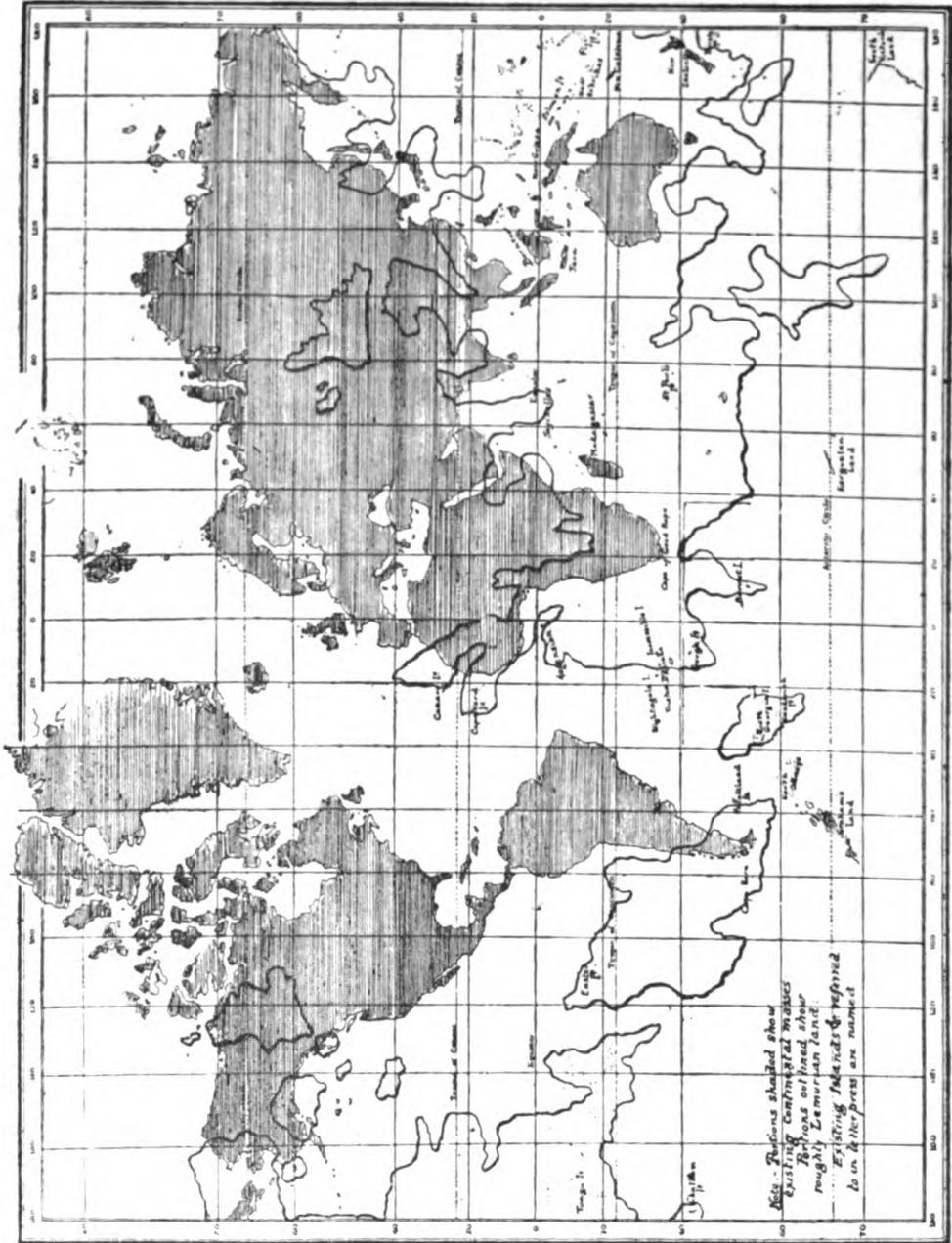
Lastly, in an article in the *New Zealand Herald* for April 8th, 1905, we read :

The old Atlantic is a tomb, the tomb of a continent, the sepulchre of a race. But so it appears is our new Pacific, from which Easter Island emerges, to remind us of the things that have been. From the mere existence of Easter Island, men of wit and insight have always leaped to the conclusion that a lost Pacific continent was the sole explanation of its obvious place in the scheme of a highly developed civilisation, which had reached to the carving of stone upon a grand and majestic scale, to a manifest realisation of Art in sculpture, to the possession of a gorgeous religious ritual, and to that civic organisation by which alone great and lasting work is possible. Within the last few days this poetic theory of a lost Pacific continent has been scientifically corroborated by geological and biological explorations in Fiji, whose islands are now asserted to have been part of a great mainland, that extended to Australia and New Caledonia, at a time when the fauna and flora of the earth were much in their present state. . . . A lost continent is of a mild scientific interest if it was doomed before man appeared upon it. . . . But what if man lived on this lost continent ; what if civilisation flourished in the Pacific, and if it all went down in some wild cataclysm ? And that this is what happened, Easter Island bears mute but unquestionable testimony, for there we can still see work that was never finished, half-finished figures of which the artist workmen were cut off " with the meat between their teeth."

Said I not truly at the beginning of this article that there has been a stirring of the dry bones ? The papers from which I have quoted are sufficient to show that geographers, geologists,

botanists and zoologists are to-day interesting themselves as never before in the past distribution of the land surface of the earth, and that the teachings of Theosophy concerning the previous existence of continents now submerged are rapidly becoming truisms of orthodox science.

EVAN J. CUTHBERTSON.



THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON

(CONTINUED FROM P. 315)

A DREAM

I DREAMT that I was in a deep blue pond.

I could see tall green trees and sweet grasses growing in soft luxuriance round the banks.

As I gazed up through the waters, I saw the water was very beautiful and blue.

And then I beheld our Lord Jesus seated close to the pond.

As I looked up at Him, I saw that His feet were amongst the grasses on the pond's still bank, and he was gazing down into the water.

Then I followed the direction of His eyes, and saw the reflection of the Crescent and Star deep down, below His feet.

Then I gazed up out of the waters, which are but the reflection of the real, and I beheld, above our Lord, in the heavens, the Crescent and Star in power and life in the stillness of God's creation.

And again my heart sought for its Lord, and my eyes saw Him in His gentle simplicity, and knew Him to be the Author of Life.

But it was not given me to know the full meaning of the Crescent and Star at His blessed feet.

THE WINGS OF SUNSET

Below my balcony the massive ridges sink gradually, gently into the smooth sea. One night the deep ravine between them was green with oaks, and the evening breeze, wandering up from the Mediterranean, paused amongst the small leaves, and whispered and sang water-melodies; and higher up, past me, the stone-pines repeated the melodies, and there was a deep undertone of hushed and hallowed sadness in their song.

They sang of rest, the rest of weariness.

Deep, deep below them all, the sea stretched away, in peace, and, close to the west, clouds welled wave-shaped out of its stillness. Behind this barrier, the sun had set; its great iridescent wings were unfurled in the intense blue sky.

One pinion soared over the north, the other over the south, but the sun had sunk onto the opening bud of an awakening day, and drinking deeply of its honey had forgotten the day which was closing in a strange, wild twilight.

The sun's wings waned in the skies, sinking behind the barrier of cloud-waves; pale green radiance shone over the sun's invisible body.

Then the wings vanished, and a red glow in the west, above the luminous white and grey tints of the sea, wrote in the deepening night a message of love and beauty.

Star by star wandered out of the obscuring light of day into the night, and their radiance was a message of vast, unfathomable love and beauty.

The sun may set and with it sadness may arise in the human heart, but the Light of our Saviour's love and life is written in letters of light and life throughout His great creation.

Come, O humanity, follow me in your hearts to the empty grave of Jesus, and your hearts will see Death lying dead in His empty grave.

See, He who created light, being Light, is always near us, and in His life we need fear no fear.

Eternal, gentle, all-powerful Saviour, hear our prayer, and give us Thy Light.

THE EMPTY GRAVE

The gentle breeze is in the alders which grow on the banks of the empty torrent bed.

The voices of the waters are stilled, but the breezes are in the dark green leaves of the alders.

Aspen leaves shiver in silvery brilliance, and the sun glistens on all leaves as they dance merrily, happily in the evening's gladness.

The heavy vine leaves lean upon the wind.

A thick bush of wild white roses spreads itself in motionless beauty around, amongst the waving vine stems.

God gives the summer ; partake of it, all ye His children.

Listen to the breezes and trees, they whisper of Christ's empty grave ; they move in life around Him who is their life.

Melancholy, despair, depart ; the grave is empty !

Anguish and sorrow, loneliness and grief, ye are no more ; listen to the breezes, they say :

“ Christ lives ; Love is close to thee, O sufferer !

“ The Cross is empty, Love and anguish were once laid in the grave.

“ But the grave is empty now.

“ Anguish has been transfigured by Love, and Christ the Saviour has arisen victor with that transfigured anguish shining now an eternal Peace in His deep calm eyes.

“ Great, strong sun, swift winds, sweet beauties of beautiful mother-earth, be at peace, be joyful ; Christ is close to us, and He is Love. Rejoice, O man, in the exceeding beauties of his creation. Behold the empty grave and be glad ! ”

We are 3,000 feet above the sea ; down below us is a deep ravine cleft through two massive mountain ridges ; evergreen oaks, vineyards, and the stone pines catch the westering light in their green tranquillity and transfigure it into a golden-red haze.

Then deep below is a strip of flat land, of a faint purple, fringing the wide still waters of the Mediterranean ; and far away in the west the sun has drawn clouds out of the sea ; they are shaped as waves, and this ocean in mid-air is a tender, grey-white, and behind it the sun sinks with outspread arms of roseate glory. Then to the east the high peaks, faintly outlined here and there with snow, towering in repose against a most solemn and quiet sky.

To the north great, ever ascending peaks, to the south a deep ravine, then a grandeur of enormous ridges rising and sinking towards the south—and Jerusalem in the invisible distance.

I seem always to be hearing a wonderfully beautiful Hebrew melody when I look at them.

The flat-roofed houses and vineyards are Italian-looking and

add a charm of rich life and picturesque reality to the great and full undertone of sacred beauty.

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE

Down deep, deep below me is the wide and still Mediterranean ; no ripples stray hither and thither on its peace.

The sun has drawn the day with it, down into the west, and the night has arisen.

Pause, O mankind, and behold the wonders of the deep.

Out of that motionless ocean, clouds have arisen, drawn ever upwards by an invisible power. They spread themselves out ; they are high over the still sea lying beneath them.

They well up in a wild and gigantic tempest of voiceless storm.

Billows surge, rearing their crests up, up into the deep violet sky where the stars shine in quiet light.

Billow upon billow, wave upon wave, pale grey and wan white ; darker greys where the shadows of their height arise in towering grandeur.

And along one trough steals the pink light of the sun's last mysterious message of glory—roseate light cradled in grey and white tempest.

The moon prays at the foot of God's throne, she is in the zenith of the heavens. Her pure, white prayer sinks into the clouds, welling up the majestic mountains.

Ah, waves, ye break not upon those great shores, an invisible power holds you in your strange and wild beauty of changeless form.

Four gigantic billows growing in magnitude, but ever four.

Then this vision was given me, and I gazed with the eyes of my soul through the mist as through a transparent veil.

In the centre of those clouds, which were wreathed in a spray of translucent vapours and mists, I beheld a great and luminous nest, and in this nest I saw a little child.

This nest was built of soft white lights, and lay in the heart of the clouds.

And the child was a spirit and shone in light.

Then my eyes were withdrawn from the innermost life of

those clouds, and I beheld with the eyes of my body the moon's white rays shining on the crests of two cloud-waves; and these cloud-waves were placed one higher than the other as great steps, and the moon's radiance was on each step.

The first step was higher than the highest mountain, and the next step shone high up against the still sky, where the stars' clear light was calm and the clouds were bidden to pause.

Then the eyes of my soul gazed and saw further than the eyes of my body.

I saw the small spirit slumbering in its nest; I saw it drawn upwards out of its rest.

And as the child ascended he grew.

Invisible power drew him up by the two white steps, and when he had ascended the second, he had grown into a great and radiant angel.

The heavens parted, and I beheld five other steps leading into the innermost heavens.

But the angel turned and paused as his feet touched the second cloud-step, radiant with the moon's pure white prayer.

And the angel called out one name, which echoed and re-echoed through this earth, vibrating strangely and powerfully through its many pulsations of life, and that name was: God.

The angel's voice struck the sea with the force of a full, mighty melody; the clouds sank back into the ocean's stillness.

They rolled down, obedient to that voice, down the deep sides of the great mountains, down, down into the motionless sea.

The clouds have vanished, and the night soars in tranquil serenity over the earth and sea.

In the heavens the angel is ascending up to his master's throne, but the victorious cry of great melody with which he greeted our world and mankind vibrates through all creation, for the name of that radiant spirit is: The Angel of the Future.

THE VOICE OF LOVE

To the south the ravine beneath my window sinks deep into the shadows of the earth, only to arise once more heavenwards in a great ridge, crowned with pale mist and moonlight; then it

sinks again, only to tower up into the sky in a final and triumphant utterance of majestic might.

This mountain's outline is clear and dark against the sky, and light streams up behind it, losing itself above it in the luminous moonlight high in the heavens.

This first light arises out of the land where Jesus lived ; it is mild and powerful ; it ascends in vast, silent flames, and its fire is kindled in the Sacred Land, but its flames spread over the earth, bearing all creation on its light up into the kingdom of light.

I see the light arise out of the distant southward land, and my heart hears the footsteps of angel comforters.

See the moon ; she sees her Lord, and her light is clear and faithful.

In the east clouds pause in a wild whirlwind of beauteous peace. Vapours, mists, and clouds have been bidden to pause.

The East listens, and the Father of all creation speaks. Listen unto His Voice.

And I listen, with the mountains and the moon, the sea, trees, and the clouds of the deep sky.

And we hear It, for the Father's Voice is Christ.

Christ draws us to Him and in Him we are at Peace.

In Him creation is knitted together in love, and bursts forth into the sublime melody of loving brotherhood.

Each life a happy bell hung in the great belfry of eternity, and each bell ringing the praises of the Master in those glad chimes of love and life, and all life united into one vast symphony.

O great, sweet, and final outburst of victory over all Deaths, when shall we be one in eternal life and melody ? And a voice speaks in my soul : Be patient, God the Father knows.

AMADA.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE MEANING OF TAKING NOTHING FOR GRANTED

MR. HINTON begins his book, *The Fourth Dimension*, by stating that with the greater development of man there comes a consciousness of "the higher"; and he goes on to assert that there is a way of apprehending it after the purely objective method of natural science.

The correctness of this assertion depends, of course, on what is understood by "the higher." In the beginning of the first chapter it is defined as "a consciousness of something more than all the forms in which it shows itself." But throughout the rest of the book Mr. Hinton identifies it with "the consciousness of an actual existence spiritually higher than that which we realise with our senses." He seems to be unaware that there is a radical difference between these two definitions of "the higher." This, according to the former, is a consciousness of the essence of phenomena, *i.e.*, knowledge of what they are in truth; and certainly such is "the higher" which every man seeks. According to the second definition, however, the higher is only a matter of visualisation—an actual existence which one seeks to apprehend. Now my object is to show that, although "the higher" in this sense may be apprehended after the purely objective method of natural science, *this* is absolutely of no avail to him who would reach "the higher" in its true sense, *i.e.*, as truth of the phenomenal world.

Questions as to the *raison d'être* of facts seem uncalled for at first sight. Indeed, there is a body of reasoners who do not hesitate to declare them to belong to the stage of intellectual infancy. Speaking from the positivist standpoint, it would seem that it is only in respect of something fresh that we may strive for an understanding; as for that which is already thoroughly familiar—that should be considered as the very key to an explanation of all that is, at first sight, unfamiliar.

It is certainly true that the unknown must be interpreted in terms of the already known. But the question is: Is that, in terms of which unfamiliar facts are presumably explained, known, *i.e.*, understood? Mr. Leadbeater tries to explain clairvoyance in terms of matter and vibration. So, also, Mrs. Besant tries to make the birth of the soul intelligible, by evoking the picture of condensing vapour. But clearly, if we do not understand what matter, vibration, condensation, etc., are, the use of these words does not *really* explain anything.

Thought-transference may be compared to wireless telegraphy, or even to hurling stones at a distance; but such an analogy does not awaken an insight into its *raison d'être*. By trying to explain occult facts by means of analogy with familiar facts, we are trying to make people understand in terms of what they do not as yet understand. Explanations of this type appear extremely lucid only because *knowledge* is commonly confounded with simple *familiarity*.

On seeing something we try to make out what it is. If the object is quite familiar we recognise it at a glance. But, if the object is unfamiliar, we have to pause. At first sight, it may only remind us of something familiar, but, in order to make sure, we proceed to examine its properties. For instance, a savage may take a ticking clock for an animal at first sight, but by taking it to pieces, or by finding out that it needs no nourishment and has no freedom of movement, he corrects his first impression, and declares that it is only a piece of mechanism. But—does he now *understand* what the clock is? Does he understand the *raison d'être* of the force which makes it go?

G. H. Lewes¹ uses this instance as an illustration of the subjective and objective methods in the search for truth. The savage making conjectures about the clock, at first sight, stands for a subjective philosopher, who “moulds realities on his conceptions, endeavouring to discern the order of Things, not by step by step adjustments of the order of ideas to it, but by the anticipatory rush of Thought, the direction of which is *determined* by Thoughts and not *controlled* by objects.”

The correct way to find out what things are is then illustrated

¹ *Science and Speculation*, §§ 13, 19.

by the procedure of an objective philosopher, who "moulds his conceptions on realities, by closely following the movements of the objects as they severally present themselves to Sense, so that the movement of Thought may synchronise with the movements of Things."

"My dear fellow,"—the objective philosopher is made to point out the treacherous nature of the subjective method,— "you seem unaware that your starting-point requires strict examination. You assume the vitality of the clock, and, having assumed this, you interpret by it the resemblance of ticking to breathing, and of the sounds to cries of pain and anger. But the clock may be alive, and yet these resemblances may be fallacious; and if the clock is *not* alive? You muddle yourself with Metaphysics, and amuse yourself with drawing deductions, instead of verifying your data."

But does the objective philosopher verify the *raison d'être* of the categories, which represent the results of his "rigorous" analysis of the properties of the object under observation, *before* he uses them? To declare the procedure of the objective method as *radically* different from taking for granted at sight is incorrect, inasmuch as "in forcing the object to declare its quality," one still continues to use pure assumptions. If the savage had no familiarity with the category "mechanism," he could not apply it to the clock. If, however, the category is familiar to him, then in characterising the clock as a mechanism, his level of cognition is not *radically* different from what it was when the only familiar conception awakened in him by the going clock was that of an animal. In both cases he is defining a fresh experience in terms of an already familiar experience. Those who have perfect insight into the truth of the objective world, find the result of the most exhaustive analysis just as *subjective* as the scientist finds the myths of observation which abound amongst the primitive races.

The objective philosophers, *à la* G. H. Lewes or Comte, fancy that, in order to build on firm ground, one must begin with verified *data* of sensuous experience; and further that, in order to remain on firm ground, one must look askance on all that cannot be verified through the senses. In his *Riddle of the Universe*,

Haeckel ridicules the *fact of post-mortem* existence, on the ground that the experiment of catching the soul, as it is "breathed out" at the moment of death, and reducing it to a *fluidum animæ immortale*, defies success. Reasoners of this type are unconscious that at bottom of their arguments is a mere assumption, *i.e.*, that comprehension is a matter of sensuous verification. They never come so far as to ask for the *raison d'être* of the external world, or, if they do, they promptly turn their back on it. "Indeed," says G. H. Lewes, the author of a history of philosophy, "the ultimate aim of knowledge is adaptation; and we call it Truth, when the adaptation is precise. What bodies are in themselves, what falling is in itself, need not properly concern us; only what are the relations in which bodies and their movements stand to our perceptions."

Indeed! To take nothing for granted means that there must be nothing in our views except what we understand. But to *understand* must not be taken in the sense of verifying that such and such thing is a fact! We are convinced that our existence is an indisputable fact and yet continue asking who we are.

The intellect is satisfied with mere statements of fact, because it is conformable to its nature to credit the objects of the external world with an independent existence *per se*, and realise itself only as one of the infinitely many. To ask for the *raison d'être* of separateness implies an awakening of *rational* consciousness, *i.e.*, of so keen a thirst for knowledge that even the most indisputable fact of experience is realised only as something taken for granted.

As one does not miss what one knows nothing about, the intellectual man is not (or only dimly) aware, that the ultimate aim of knowledge is Absolute Truth. In fact he even tries to persuade himself that it is far more rational that this should be beyond reach; for "what would become of Progress, if it could be reached at last?" Realising himself only as one of the many, the possibility of complete self-sufficiency seems to him a chimera. Not to have to rush out of himself, in order to contact the (to him!) external world, means to him stagnation, death. Hence he prefers a *progressus ad infinitum* to a final *dolce far niente*, as he

interprets the peace that passeth (*i.e.*, presupposes) understanding. Sometimes he is sincere, sometimes his is only the case of the fox and sour grapes.

Function is said to precede organism, and *desire* must be postulated as the incentive to function. Now, is it credible that evolution aims only at the satisfaction of passing fancies, whilst placing the satisfaction of the most fundamental desire—the desire of perfect understanding of all there is to be understood—beyond reach? In imitation of the method of scientific evolution we ought to deny the *raison d'être* of our keenest needs and aim only, say, at scrupulous cleanliness of our nails.

If Absolute Truth be beyond reach, do you think that I or you would really care for the discovery of the *so-called* relative truths? Or do you mean to say, indeed, that the very recognition of the unknowableness of Absolute Truth is the final truth? But if that were so, then ought not this recognition to be conducive to supreme satisfaction? So far as I know, the assertion that Truth is beyond reach, is far from bringing about so glorious a result. Sadness overshadowed Spencer's old age!

Strictly speaking, the scientist ought to say that he only endeavours to acquire a correct knowledge of facts. If it is advisable to attach to words a definite meaning, then the word connoting an understanding of all there is to be understood, *i.e.*, Truth, ought not to be used in the sense of mere correctness of a statement of facts. The assertion *I feel cold* is not a truth, even though it be correct. As science does not pretend to explain the *raison d'être* of facts, it deals with no truths.

Herbert Spencer's legitimate *à priori* method is a pertinent illustration of his inability to realise that he begins with pure assumptions, even when he is most careful in not taking anything for granted. He asserts that sound reasoning must begin with propositions of which the negations are inconceivable, and advance by successive dependent propositions, each of which has the like character—that its negation is inconceivable. Clearly he *blindly* assumes that there are propositions of which the negations are inconceivable. But, then, is there not along with the *so-called* law of identity also the *so-called* law of difference, and further, the *so-called* law of the excluded middle? According to

the first *A* is *A* ; according to the second *A* is *not-A*, and according to the third *A* is either $+A$ or $-A$. The *tertium non datur* is an addition, which has no *raison d'être*, for in saying that *A* is either $+A$ or $-A$ we at the same time enunciate the third as the neutral *A*. Under *A* we may think everything, consequently any identical proposition not only admits but necessarily has its negation. The so-called mental laws are in truth mere forms of mental reflexion. True to its nature intellect insists on tearing identity and difference apart, but one has only to inquire into the meaning of either of them to make the other arise in consciousness. They imply each other just as the finite implies the infinite, or the positive the negative.

The word Law is usually used in just as vague a sense as the word Truth. Under Nature's Laws we refer to general statements about the supposedly necessary correlation between facts. First of all this relation is determined empirically in *several* cases, and then it is argued that what is correct in many instances *ought to* apply generally. However, even if this identification of *many* with *all* were justified, the discovered Nature's Law would be merely an answer to *How ?* whilst the knowledge of Law must imply the final answer to *Why ?* Law implies necessity, but mere verification of a certain relation between facts does not eliminate the conceivableness of its opposite. The scientist really dignifies mere accidentalities with the name of Nature's Laws—just as he dignifies mere statements of facts with the name of relative Truths.

According to Mr. Hinton Kant takes nothing for granted. In the ninth chapter of *The Fourth Dimension* we read that :

“ His system can be compared to a garden, somewhat formal perhaps, but with the charm of a quality more than intellectual, a *Besonnenheit*, an exquisite moderation over all. And from the ground he so carefully prepared with that buried in obscurity, which it is fitting should be obscure, science blossoms and the tree of real knowledge grows.”

Now it is true that Kant's object was to prepare the *ground*, from which the tree of *real* knowledge might grow, but precisely because he left the genesis of the so-called mental laws buried in obscurity (by the way, the fact that Mr. Hinton supposes *it is*

fitting something should remain obscure, shows how little he really grasped the meaning of *real* knowledge), his *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* became merely a *playground* of unenlightened intellect. Yet in its first part he was on the right track. His assertion that experience is possible only through such a unity of consciousness, which is prior to all *data* of perception, amounts to the postulate of Parabrahman. So far he was taking nothing for granted, for under the Unity of Apperception he distinctly meant pure indeterminateness.

To postulate the existence of Matter means to begin with something definite, and reason does not *understand*, how a beginning can be made with something, the *raison d'être* of which is buried in obscurity. Beginning implies the utmost simplicity, hence the articulation of real knowledge must begin with that which is the very beginning of rational activity—with the simplest notion, with the emptiest abstraction. Thus alone the very possibility of introducing a preconception is done away with; thus alone we *do* begin with something, which implies no *non-understood* content, and the *raison d'être* of which as a Beginning is yet perfectly understood. The nature of such a Beginning is not optional. It is not that I or you might begin so, but everybody *must* begin so, if he cares to utter the Alpha of the system of Absolute Truth. True, Kant uttered this Alpha, but he did not proceed to articulate the following letters. After having pointed out the *principium*, he—like Descartes—proposed to arrive at truth by means of a rigorous analysis of the *à priori* contents of human mind.

The system of Absolute Truth can be realised only as a conscious awakening from the pure indeterminateness of the beginning to that fulness of understanding which precludes the possibility of all further problems to be solved. Clearly the element of such a system is rigid necessity, which leaves no room for subjective differences except those connected with expression; it must be marked by an absolute continuity of thought. When Mr. Hinton claims that “in explaining our notions, philosophers from other than the Kantian standpoint assume the notions as existing outside us, and then it is no difficult task to show how they come to us, either by inspiration or observation,”—he pays an

unmerited tribute to Kant. Where is the continuity of thought, if, after stating that the true beginning must be made with the being of pure indeterminateness, one proceeds to deduce the origin of our notions from the non-understood being of the forms of judgment in a developed mind?

Under Categories Kant understands elemental notions, and he flatters himself to have discovered their exact number as well as order, on the strength of the ordinary, empirical classification of the forms of judgment, the genesis of which he left buried in obscurity. Is *this*, then, that which Mr. Hinton thinks it is fitting should be left obscure, in order to prepare the ground for the seed of *real* knowledge? Yet to judge from the last quoted passage it would seem that he realises that a system of true knowledge must not imply any ready-made or *à priori* notions.

In the same ninth chapter, however, he gives clear evidence that he also does not realise the meaning of taking nothing for granted. In wishing to illustrate the process constitutive of an ordered experience, he overlooks—firstly that, “if a posit be that phase of consciousness of which all that can be said is that it occurs,” it is illogical to assume *spatially* different posits a, b, c; and secondly that, as the existence of the posits, *as in space*, implies the notion of order to begin with, his method of space representation is quite irrelevant. For the problem is to trace the *genesis* of the notion of order, not to find a set of points in a cubical cluster, which remains permanent when any arbitrary change takes place in the points on the axis, or in the axis themselves.

Just as in order to trace a circle we must not shift the central point, so in order to think continuously (logically), we must not introduce irrelevant premises. The premise which is the Alpha of real knowledge is the bare *is*—the simplest notion; in order to proceed rationally, we must rely for advance only on Logic.

Thirst for knowledge urges us to go beyond pure indeterminateness. Just as on seeing an object we cannot suppress an impulse to determine its properties, so now we cannot suppress a wish to learn to know what pure being is *in truth*. For now we are not going to deal with facts of perception, but with the genesis of mind. The question emerges: What is the notion of

pure being? And the answer is, that it is the emptiest abstraction, a perfect vacancy of definite thought—a mere readiness to think, but *de facto* as yet a mere Nothing.

So we find that the notion of pure Being is realised as being the same as the notion of pure Non-being. Analogically, all that can be thought about *this* is that it *is* thought. Thus the notion of pure Non-being is also the same as the notion of pure Being. Yet the two notions are distinctly distinguishable, for we have tried to think them separately. Therefore, strictly speaking, along with the statement that they are the same, we must also say that they are *not* the same.

But in making these statements, we have not preserved a strict continuity of thought. For we have taken for granted our capacity for framing assertions; it was our full-grown mind that enunciated them. In order to maintain strict continuity of thought, we ought not to anticipate the activity of a full-grown mind. But, then, can we avoid doing this, if we wish to realise *objectively* the nature of the awakening of mind from its swoon into pure indeterminateness? The very wish to realise as much presupposes rational consciousness. Clearly *this must* be taken for granted with all its, so far, non-understood contents, if we are to attain our object. Only it must be kept in mind that its forms *are*, so far, only taken for granted! We must remain conscious that in analysing the nature of our own awakening to our present height of consciousness, we use categories before we understand their genesis.

For instance, in making the statement: Pure Being is the same as Pure Non-being—we imply categories of Subject, Predicate, Copula, Difference, Identity, Comparison, Judgment, Quality, Quantity, Essence, Separateness, etc., etc.—in short, we imply the whole array of categories, belonging to a mind that has developed the capacity for passing a judgment. Consequently, the statement contains far more than it ought to in order to express the exact result of the beginning of rational activity. In order to do this we must avoid the use of a form of assertion, but seek a category which will not imply a break in our continuity of thought. For the present result of our awakening can be expressed only through a category, which implies no

more than the movement of thought connected with the effort to think Being or Nothing. And as we found that these two notions *cannot* be thought separately, the sought category must express a notion which contains both of them in their truth, *i.e.*, as they really are thought. So we see that even in using the contents of full-grown mind we need not *unconsciously* introduce mere assumptions, but can, and, in fact, must, do so with due regard to what is strictly justified by the continuity of self-conscious awakening from the pure indeterminateness of the beginning. We must try to express the movement of our full-grown mind whilst watching the movement of our rudimentary mind, but we must remain conscious of this dualism, until the perfect understanding will bring about its At-one-ment.

Thus so far we do not as yet understand the *raison d'être* of anything beyond the fact that the notion of pure indeterminateness is realised as an oscillation of thought between Being and Nothing. We had to begin with the simplest notion *is*, but we found that along with this notion there arises immediately the complementary notion *not*, and *vice versa*. The full-grown mind is apt to deal with them as if they were two mutually independent *things*; but it is of paramount importance to remember that they are *pure notions* with no *perceivable* substratum. They are only the arising of consciousness in its simplest state. To say that each of them immediately merges into its opposite does not mean a rushing together of two states of consciousness, which can be isolated. Being can be thought only as at-one with Nothing and *vice versa*, consequently to think either of them implies an identical movement of consciousness. Indeed, they are only through this movement of consciousness. We began with Being only on the authority of our rational consciousness, because it seemed to imply no content, and we found it irrational to begin with a category implying non-understood contents. But it is dawning on us that even the pure Being implies a mediation—the referred to movement of arising consciousness. We are learning that its *raison d'être* is in the first step towards Self-knowledge. In justifying it from the standpoint of rational consciousness, we saw it only in the light of a mere premise for the subsequent articulation of real knowledge. But now we have to correct this view;

we see that it was obscured by our lack of realisation, that after all even the conclusions of rational consciousness are only something taken for granted, so long as they are accepted in their immediacy. We were satisfied with pure Being as a premise on the ground that, as there seemed nothing to be understood in it, by beginning with it we should preclude the very possibility of taking something for granted. But now we see that all the same we *have* taken something for granted; we have taken for granted that pure Being *is* a Beginning, whereas, in truth, it presupposes a movement of consciousness, and consequently is not *the* Beginning. If we allow our full-grown mind to comment on this correction of our former view of the Beginning, it leads us to anticipate that the continuous results of our tracing the genesis of Mind will be a constant succession of corrections of what we cannot help taking for granted, so long as our authority is Reason with her as yet non-understood contents.

But we must not take even Reason herself for granted! If we were not constantly on our guard against her non-understood categories and forms, we should have easily committed the mistake of viewing the pure Being as a kind of boundary between the sphere of mere knowledge of facts and the sphere of real knowledge. The fact that Parabrahman is talked of as the source of all that is in truth, illustrates pertinently the survival of our original assumption that the pure Being *is* the true Beginning. We are led to anticipate a steady awakening to the realisation of what the Beginning, or the source of all that is, *really* is; so far we *must* identify it with that movement of consciousness which we find inseparably united with the notion of either Being or Nothing.

But in speaking of these notions as a movement of consciousness, we use a category which is far too rich for the expression of the first thrill of rational activity or dialectic movement, which as yet does not show any trace of differentiation. Only that category may be used here adequately, which does not contain anything beyond what is the feature of the notion of Being or Nothing. These pure notions cannot be characterised either qualitatively or quantitatively; they have no perceivable substratum, nor are they two separately distinguishable notions, for

they are indissolubly united. Their distinguishableness reaches only as far as an attempt to think them separately—a vain attempt! Their only discoverable determinateness concerns the notion that they are *not* the Beginning, and this is expressed in the simplest way through the category *Becoming*; they *are* only in so far as they *become*. We have only to try to think either of them separately, and immediately it *becomes* a unity of both. If we wish to be exhaustive—and in fact we ought to be so—then we can introduce two corollaries of *Becoming* as a regard for the semblance of distinguishableness between *Becoming* either as the truth of *Being* or as the truth of *Nothing*. In the former sense *Being becomes Nothing*, *i.e.*, vanishes, ceases to be; this gives rise to the category *Decease*. In the latter sense *Nothing becomes Being*, but such a *Becoming* is *Origin*. But, of course, as *Being* and *Nothing* are inseparably united in *Becoming*, *Decease* and *Origin* are also mere aspects of *Becoming*; they may be fittingly characterised as its moments, in so far as the category *moment* is used in mechanics in reference to two distinguishable and yet interchangeable characteristics of a whole.

But, so far, I proposed only to illustrate the absolute necessity of rising beyond the *blind* use of any category whatever, before the initiation into perfect Self-knowledge can take place. So long as one does not as yet even dream that freedom from blind beliefs implies an understanding of the very form in which the simplest statement is couched, so long one cannot cross the threshold of the system of Absolute Truth. The monsters guarding it are the exoteric symbols of blind beliefs. That which Mr. Hinton is doing merely in the sphere of visualised conception—the shaking off the unconscious acquiescence into the current blindness, which finds nothing remarkable in our relation to the external world, but looks on the greatest wonders of our daily experience as a matter of course—such an awakening must be experienced in the sphere of rational consciousness. We must cease to use our Reason as a matter of course. We must realise that even it is something taken for granted. Until we fully understand the *raison d'être* of the most current categories, we cannot lay claim to a conscious use of mind. And the way to

attain to this understanding is to trace the arising of pure notions as they are called forth by continuous thinking from the simplest premise of rational activity.

“But is this the way to realise the *raison d'être* of all that is?” the reader is likely to ask in incredulous wonder. For at first sight it might seem that in merely correlating pure notions we only learn the *How* of their relation, leaving the *Why* of their arising entirely out of question. But the point which I wish the reader to bring to his consciousness is that in calling forth pure notions through continuity of thought alone, the question as to the *Why* of their arising does not present itself as a perplexity. The scientific knowledge of facts fails to elucidate their *raison d'être* because its background is only a modification of consciousness which can be conceived as non-beënt. However, the background of pure notions is the *very essence* of consciousness, which does not admit of a further *Why*. As facts are ultimately reducible to mere notions, in realising the *raison d'être* of the latter we also realise the *raison d'être* of the former.

“Yet,” the reader may persist, “is it not a fact that sometimes there comes over us something like a lightning flash of the most intense wonder that there should be anything at all, the very essence of mind not excepted? As said, it lasts only a moment and yet it makes one feel so unusually queer and, so to speak, giddy, as if one were standing on the brink of an awful precipice. How to account for such ‘fits’ if the essence of mind cannot be conceived as non-beënt?”

The “fits” are the outcome of a persistent effort to penetrate to the very bottom of all that is, only—*previous* to the attainment of super-intellectual consciousness! He who experiences them frequently is very nearly prepared for *beginning* to think consciously; but, all the same, he has not as yet formed the notion of pure Being which is the very *end* of intellectual progress (and only as such *becomes* the Beginning of real knowledge), but has reached only as far back as *Becoming*.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

THE MEANING AND THE METHOD OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

IN considering the meaning and the method of the spiritual life, it is well to begin by defining the meaning of the term "spiritual," for on that there exists a good deal of uncertainty among religious people. We constantly hear people speaking of "spirit" and "soul" as though they were interchangeable terms. Man has "a body and soul," or "a body and spirit," they say, as though the two words "spirit" and "soul" had no definite and distinct meaning; and naturally if the words "spirit" and "soul" are not clearly understood, the term "spiritual life" must necessarily remain confused. But the Theosophist, in dealing with man, divides him in a definite and scientific way both as regards his consciousness and as regards the vehicles through which that consciousness manifests, and he restricts the use of the word "spirit" to that Divine in man that manifests on the highest planes of the universe, and that is distinguished by its consciousness of unity. Unity is the keynote of spirit, for below the spiritual realm all is division. When we pass from the spiritual into the intellectual we at once find ourselves in the midst of separation.

Dealing with our own intellectual nature, to which the word "soul" ought to be restricted, we at once notice that it is, as is often said, the very principle of separateness. In the growth of our intellectual nature we become more and more conscious of the separateness of the "I." It is this which is sometimes called the "I-ness" in man. It is this which gives rise to all our ideas as to separate existence, separate property, separate gains and losses; it is just as much a part of the man as spirit, only a different part, and it is the very antithesis of the spiritual nature. For where the intellect sees "I" and "mine" the

spirit sees unity, non-separateness ; where the intellect strives to develop itself and assert itself as separate, the spirit sees itself in all things and regards all forms as equally its own.

It is on the spiritual nature that turn all the great mysteries of the religions of the world, for it is a mystery to the ordinary man, this depth of unity in the very centre of his being, which regards all around it as part of itself, and thinks of nothing as separately its own. That which is called in the Christian religion the "Atonement" belongs entirely to the spiritual nature, and can never be intelligible so long as the man thinks of himself as a separate intellect, an intelligence apart from others. For the very essence of the Atonement lies in the fact that the spiritual nature, being everywhere one, can pour itself out into one form or another ; it is because this fact of the spiritual nature has not been understood, and only the separation of the intellect has been seen, that men, in dealing with that great spiritual doctrine, changed it into a legal substitution of one individual for other individuals, instead of recognising that the Atonement is wrought by the all-pervading spirit, which, by identity of nature, can pour itself into any form at will.

Hence we are to think of the spirit as that part of man's nature in which the sense of unity resides, the part in which primarily he is one with God, and secondarily one with all that lives throughout the universe. A very old Upaniṣhat begins with the statement that all this world is God-inveiled, and going on then to speak of the man who knows that vast, pervading, all-embracing unity, it bursts into a cry of exultation : "What then becomes of sorrow, what then becomes of delusion, for him who has known the unity ?" That sense of a one-ness at the heart of things is the testimony of the spiritual consciousness, and only as that is realised is it possible that the spiritual life shall manifest. The technical names—by which we, as Theosophists, mark out the spirit—matter not at all. They are drawn from the Saṃskṛit, which for millenia has been in the habit of having definite names for every stage of human and other consciousness ; but this one mark of unity is the one on which we may rest as the sign of the spiritual nature. And so again it is written in an old Eastern book, that "the man who sees the One Self in every-

thing, and all things in the Self, he seeth, verily, he seeth." And all else is blindness. The sense of separation, while necessary for evolution, is fundamentally a mistake. The separateness is only like the branch that grows out of a trunk, and the unity of the life of the tree passes into every branch and makes them all a one-ness; and it is the consciousness of that one-ness which is the consciousness of the spirit.

Now in Christendom the sense of one-ness has been personified in the Christ; the first stage—where there is still the Christ and the Father—is where the wills are blended, "not my will but thine be done"; the second stage is where the sense of unity is felt: "I and my Father are one." In that manifestation of the spiritual life we have the ideal which underlies the deepest inspiration of the Christian sacred writings, and it is only as "the Christ is born in man," to use the Christian symbol, that the truly spiritual life begins. This is very strongly pointed out in some of the Epistles. S. Paul, writing to Christians and not to the profane or heathen—to those who have been baptised, who are recognised members of the Church, in a day when membership was more difficult to gain than it is in these later times—says to them: "Ye are not spiritual: ye are carnal." And the reason he gives for regarding them as carnal and not spiritual is: "I hear that there be divisions among you"; for where the spiritual life is dominant, harmony, and not division, is to be found. And the second great stage of the spiritual life is also marked out in the Christian scriptures, as in all the other great world-scriptures, when it is said that, when the end cometh, all that has been gathered up in the Christ, the Son, is gathered up yet further into the Father, and "God shall be all in all." Even that partial separation of Son and Father vanishes, and the unity is supreme. So that whether we read the *Upaniṣhat*, the *Bhagavad Gītā*, or the Christian *New Testament*, we find ourselves in exactly the same atmosphere as regards the meaning, the nature of the spiritual life: it is that which knows the one-ness, that in which unity is complete.

Now this is possible for men, despite all the separation of the intellect and of the various bodies which bar us out the one from the other, because in the heart of our nature we are Divine.

That is the great reality on which all the beauty and power of human life depend. And it is no small thing whether, in the ordinary thought of a people, they rest upon the idea that they are Divine, or have been deluded into the idea that they are by nature sinful, miserable and degraded. Nothing is so fatal to progress, nothing so discouraging to the growth of the inner nature, as the continual repetition of that which is not true: that man fundamentally and essentially is wicked, instead of being Divine. It is a poison at the very heart of his life; it stamps him with a brand which it is hard indeed for him to throw off; and if we want to win even the lowest and most degraded to a sense of inner dignity, which will enable them to climb out of the mud in which they are plunged up to the dignity of a Divine human nature, we must never hesitate to preach to them their essential Divinity, and that in the heart of them they are righteous and not foul. For it is just in proportion as we do that, that there will be within them the faint stirrings of the spirit, so overlaid that they are not conscious of it in their ordinary life; and if there is one duty of the preacher of religion more vital than another, it is that all who hear him shall feel within themselves the stirring of the Divine.

Looking thus at every man as Divine at heart, we begin to ask: If that be the meaning of spirit and spiritual life, what is the method for its unfolding? The first step is that which has just been mentioned, to get people to believe in it, to throw aside all that has been said about the heart of man being "desperately wicked"; to throw aside all that is said about original sin. There is no original sin save ignorance, and into that we are all born, and we have slowly to grow out of it by experience, which gives us wisdom. That is the starting point, as the conscious sense of unity is the crown. And the method of spiritual life is that which enables the life to show itself forth in reality as it ever is in essence. The inner Divinity of man, that is the inspiring thought which we want to spread through all the Churches of the West, which too long have been clouded by a doctrine exactly the reverse. When man once believes himself Divine, he will seek to justify his inner nature.

Now the method of the spiritual life in the fullest sense can-

not, I frankly admit, be applied to the least developed amongst us; for them the very first lesson is that ancient lesson: "Cease to do evil." In one of my favourite Upaniṣhats, when it speaks of the steps whereby a man may search after and find the Self, the God within him, the first step, it is said, is to "cease to do evil." That is the first step towards the spiritual life, the foundation which a man must lay. The second step is active: to do the right. These are two commonplaces which we hear on every side, but they are no less true because commonplace, and they are necessary everywhere and must be repeated until the evil is forsaken and the good embraced. Without the accomplishment of these, the spiritual life cannot be begun. And then, as to the later steps, it is written that no man who is slothful, no man who is unintelligent, no man who is lacking in devotion, can find the Self. And again it is said that: "The Self is not found by knowledge nor by devotion, but by knowledge wedded to devotion." These are the two wings that lift the man up into the spiritual world.

To fill up these broad outlines which are set to guide us to the narrow ancient Path, we may find a mass of details in the various scriptures of the world, but what is specially needed just now, is the way in which people living in the world, bound by domestic ties, and ties of occupation of every sort, how these people may have a method by which the spiritual life may be gained, by which progress in real spirituality may be secured. It is true that in all the different religions of the world there has been a certain inclination to draw a line of division between the life of the world and the life of the spirit; that line of division, which is real, is, however, very often misunderstood and misrepresented, and is thought to consist in circumstance, whereas it consists in attitude—a profound difference, and one of the most vital imports to us. Owing to the mistake that it is a difference of circumstances which makes the life of the world and the life of the spirit, men and women in all ages have left the world in order to find the Divine. They have gone out into desert and jungle and cave, into mountain and solitary plain, imagining that by giving up what they called "the world," the life of the spirit might be secured. And yet if God be all-pervading and every-

where, He must be in the market-place as much as in the desert, in the house of commerce as much as in the jungle, in the law-court as much as in the solitary mountain, in the haunts of men as well as in the lonely places. And although it be true that the weaker souls can more easily sense the all-pervading life, where the jangle of humanity is not around them, that is a sign of weakness and not a sign of spirituality. It is not the strong, the heroic, the warrior, who asks for solitude in his seeking for the spiritual life.

Yet in the many lives that men lead in their slow climbing to perfection the life of the solitary has its place, and often a man or woman for a life will go aside into some lonely place and dwell there solitary. But that is never the last and crowning life, it is never the life in which the Christ walks the earth. Such a life is sometimes led for preparation, for the breaking off of ties which the man is not strong enough otherwise to break. He runs away because he cannot battle, he evades because he cannot face. And in the days of the weakness of the man, of his childhood, that is often a wise policy; and for any one over whom temptations have still strong power it is good advice to avoid them. But the true hero of the spiritual life avoids no place and shuns no person; he is not afraid of polluting his garments, for he has woven them of stuff that cannot be soiled. In the earlier days sometimes flight is wise, but it should be recognised as what it is—weakness, and not strength. And those who live the solitary life are men who will return again to lead the life of the world, and having learned detachment in the solitary places will keep that power of detachment when they return to the ordinary life of men. Liberation, the freeing of the spirit, that conscious life of union with God which is the mark of the man become Divine, that last conquest is won in the world, it is not won in the jungle and the desert.

In this world the spiritual life is gradually to be won, and by means of this world the lessons of the spirit are to be learned—but on one condition. This condition embraces two stages: first, the man does all that ought to be done because it is duty. He recognises, as the spiritual life is dawning in him, that all his actions are to be performed, not because he wants them to bring

him some particular result, but because it is his duty to perform them—easily said, but how hard to accomplish! The man need change nothing in his life to become a spiritual man, but he must change his attitude to life; he must cease to ask anything from it; he must give to it everything he does, because it is his duty. Now that conception of life is the first great step towards the recognition of the unity. If there be only one great life, if each of us is only an expression of that life, then all our activity is simply the working of that Life within us, and the results of that working are reaped by the common Life and not by the separated self. This is what is meant by the ancient phrase: “give up working for fruit”—the fruit is the ordinary result of action.

This advice is only for those who will to lead the spiritual life, for it is not well for people to give up working for the fruit of action until the more potent motive has arisen within them, that spurs them into activity without the prize coming to the personal self. Activity we must have at all hazards; it is the way of evolution. Without activity the man does not evolve; without effort and struggle he floats in one of the backwaters of life, and makes no progress along the river. Activity is the law of progress; as a man exercises himself, new life flows into him, and for that reason it is written that the slothful man may never find the Self. The slothful, the inactive man has not even begun to turn his face to the spiritual life. The motive for action for the ordinary man is quite properly the enjoyment of the fruit. This is God's way of leading the world along the path of evolution. He puts prizes before men. They strive after the prizes, and as they strive they develop their powers. And when they seize the prize, it crumbles to pieces in their hands—always. If we look at human life, we see how continually this is repeated. A man desires money; he gains it, millions are his; and in the midst of his millions a deadly discontent invades him, and a weariness of the wealth that he is not able to use. A man strives for fame and wins it; and then he calls it: “A voice going by, to be lost on an endless sea.” He strives for power, and when he has striven for it all his life and holds it, power palls upon him,

and the wearied statesman throws down office, weary and disappointed. The same sequence is ever repeated. These are the toys by holding out which the Father of all induces His children to exert themselves, and He Himself hides within the toy in order to win them ; for there is no beauty and no attraction anywhere save the life of God. But when the toy is grasped the life leaves it, and it crumbles to pieces in the hand, and the man is disappointed. For the value lay in the struggle, and not in the possession, in the putting forth of powers to obtain, and not in the idleness that waits on victory. And so man evolves, and until these delights have lost their power to attract, it is well that they shall continue to nerve men to effort and struggle. But when the spirit begins to stir and to seek its own manifestation, then the prizes lose their attractive power, and the man sees duty as motive instead of fruit. And then he works for duty's sake, as part of the One Great Life, and he works with all the energy of the man who works for fruit, perhaps even with more. The man who can work unwearying at some great scheme for human good and then, after years of labour, see the whole of it crumbling to pieces before him, and remain content, that man has gone far along the road of the spiritual life. Does it seem impossible ? No. Not when we understand the Life, and have felt the Unity ; for in that consciousness no effort for human good is wasted, no work for human good fails of its perfect end. The form matters nothing ; a form in which the work is embodied may crumble, but the life remains.

And in order to make it very clear that such a motive may animate men even outside the spiritual life, we may consider how sometimes in some great campaign of battle it is realised that success and failure are words that change their meaning, when a vast host struggles for a single end. Sometimes a small band of soldiers will be sent to achieve a hopeless, an impossible task. Sometimes to a commanding officer may come an order which he knows it impossible to obey : " Carry such-and-such a place " —perhaps a hillside, bristling with cannon, and he knows that before he can gain the top of that hill his regiment will be decimated, and, if he presses on, annihilated. Does it make any difference to the loyal soldier who trusts his general and leads

his men? No. The man does not hesitate when the impossible task is put before him; he regards it only as a proof of the confidence of his commander, that he knows him strong enough to fight and inevitably fail. And after the last man dies, and only the corpses remain, have they failed? It looks so to those who have only seen that little part of the struggle; but while they held the attention of the enemy, other movements had been made unnoticed which rendered victory secure, and when a grateful nation raises the monument of thanks to those who have conquered, the names of those who have failed in order to make the victory of their comrades possible will hold a place of honour in the roll of glory, and of the nation's gratitude. And so with the spiritual man. He knows the plan cannot fail. He knows the combat must in the end be crowned with victory, and what matters it to him, who has known the One-ness, that his little part is stamped by the world as failure, when it has made possible the victory of the great plan for human redemption, which is the real end for which he worked? He was not working to make success here, to found some great institution there, he was working for the redemption of humanity. And his part of the work may have its form shattered; it matters not, the life advances and succeeds.

That is what is meant by working for duty. It makes all life comparatively easy. It makes it calm, strong, impartial, and undaunted; for the man does not cling to anything he does. When he has done it, he has no more concern with it. Let it go for success or failure as the world counts them, for he knows the Life within is ever going onwards to its goal. And it is the secret of peace in work, because those who work for success are always troubled, always anxious, always counting their forces, reckoning their chances and possibilities; but the man who cares nothing for success but only for duty, he works with the strength of divinity, and his aim is always sure.

That is the first great step, and in order to be able to take it there is one secret that we must remember: we must do everything as though the Great Power were doing it through us. That is the secret of what is called "inaction in the midst of action." If a man of the world would become truly spiritual, that is the

thought that he must put behind all his work. The counsel, the judge, the solicitor, what must be the motive in each man's heart if in these ordinary affairs of life he would learn the secret of the spirit? He must regard himself simply as an incarnation of Divine Justice. "What," a man says, "in the midst of law as we know it?" Yes, even there, imperfect as it is, full of wrongs as it may be, it is the Justice of God striving to make itself supreme on earth; and the man who would be a spiritual man in the profession of the law must think of himself as an incarnation of the Divine Justice, and always have at the heart of his thought: "I am the Divine hand of Justice in the world, and as that I follow law." And so in all else. Take Commerce. Commerce is one of the ways by which the world lives—a part of the Divine activity. The man in Commerce must think of himself as part of that circulating stream of life by which nations are drawn together. He is the Divine Merchant in the world, and in him Divine activity must find hands and feet. And all who take part in the ruling and guidance of the nation, they also are representatives of the Divine Lawgiver, and only do their work aright as they realise that they incarnate His life in that aspect towards His world. I know how strange this sounds when we think of the strife of parties, and of the pettinesses of politicians; but the degradation of man does not touch the reality of the Divine Presence, and in every ruler, or fragment of a ruler, the Divine Lawgiver is seeking to incarnate Himself in order that the nation may have a national life, noble, happy, and pure. And if only a few men in every walk of life strove thus to lead the spiritual life; if, casting aside all fruits of individual action, they thought of themselves as only incarnations of the many aspects of the Divine activity in the world, how then would the life of the world be made beautiful and sublime!

And so in the life of the home. The head of the household, the husband, incarnates God in His relation of supporter and helper of the life of His universe. So much has this been seen in older days, that the *Logos* of the universe, God manifest, is said in one old Hindu book to be the Great Householder. And so should every husband think of himself as incarnating the Divine Householder, whose wife and children exist not for his

comfort or delight, but in order that he may show out the Divine as perfect man, as husband and father. And so also the wife and mother should think of herself as the incarnation of the other side of Nature, the side of matter, the nourisher, and show out the ceaseless providing of Nature for all her children's needs. As the great Father and Mother of all protect and nourish their world, so are the parents to the children in the home where the spiritual life is beginning to grow. Thus might all life be made fair; and every man and woman who begins to show the spiritual life becomes a benediction in the home and in the world.

The second great step that men may take, when duty is done for duty's sake, is that which adds joy to duty—the fulfilment of the Law of Sacrifice; that noblest, highest, view of life, which sees one's self not as the Divine Life merely in activity in the world, but as the Divine Life that sacrifices Itself that all may live. For it is written that the dawn of the universe is an act of sacrifice, and the support of the universe is the continual sacrifice of the all-pervading Spirit that animates the whole. And when that mighty sacrifice is realised as the life of the universe, what joy more full and passionate than to throw oneself into the sacrifice and have a share in it, however small, to be part of the sacrificial life by which the worlds evolve. Well might it be said by those who see life, and realise what it means: "Where, then, is sorrow, where then delusion, when once the One-ness has been seen?" That is the secret of the joy of the spiritual man. Losing everything outside, he wins everything within.

I have often said, and it remains true ever, that while the life of the form consists in taking, the life of the spirit consists in giving, and it is that which made the Christ, as the type of the Spiritual Giver, declare: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For truly, those who know the joy of giving have no hankerings after the joy of receiving; they know the upwelling spring of joy unfailing that arises within the heart as the Life pours out. For if the Divine Life could flow into us and we keep it within ourselves, it would become even as the mountain-stream becomes if it be caught in some place whence it may not issue, and gradually grows stagnant, sluggish, dead; but the life through which the Divine Life pours unceasing, knows no stagnation and

no weariness, and the more it outpours the more it receives. Let us not, then, be afraid to give. The more we give the fuller shall be our life. Let us not be deluded by the world of separateness, where everything grows less as we give it. If I had gold my store would lessen with every coin that I gave away; but that is not so with the things of the spirit; the more we give, the more we have; each act of gift makes us a larger reservoir. Thus we need have no fear of becoming empty, dry, exhausted; for all life is behind us, and its springs are one with us; once we know the life is not ours, once we realise that we are part of a mighty unity, then comes the real joy of living, then the true blessedness of the life that knows its own eternity. All the small pleasures of the world which once were so attractive fade away in the glory of the true living, and we know that those great words are true: "He who loseth his life shall find it unto life eternal."

ANNIE BESANT.

THE OBOLUS IN THE MOUTH OF THE DEAD

THUS to his countrymen spake Lukianos:

"Poor mortals, ye who in the dead man's mouth
An Attic or a Macedonian coin do place,
Believing it will do to pay to Charon
His fare across the Styx,—

Have ye then knowledge what the coinage is
Which underground is current?

Perchance the ferryman will hesitate
Your worn coins to accept, full weight demanding.

No one can cross so cheaply o'er, believe me.
To pay your fare, you need coin of another kind.

The soul to Hades bears with it nought else
Except the bent of its own will, and life's true state.

With borrowed gold thou bribest no man longer.
That which exists on Styx far side is only
The metal's standard in a human soul."

OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNA.

THE ASTRAL WORLD

ONE night, from body's prison free,
 Methought I hover'd o'er the sea,
 With lissom wings unfurled ;
 I seemed to cleave resistless air,
 To glide in fashion smooth and rare,
 Amid the astral world.

Full oft, I ween, when thus alone,
 Had I luxurious pauses known
 From Earth's insistent noise ;
 The crowd, the rush, the stress had quit,
 The riot, folly, flare of it,
 To taste the finer joys.

And longer had I thus remained,
 And e'en some concepts deep attained
 Of theosophic sight ;
 When who, to break my quiet earned,
 With aura staid and manner learned,
 Thus hither winged his flight ?

What Muse could e'er describe him ? though
 Terpsichorê and Erato
 Had nothing else to do ;
 Melpomenê had better take
 Her way to some convenient lake,
 And plunge into the blue.

Suffice to say that, at his birth,
 Talmudic thought-forms ringed the Earth,
 With other signs as sad ;
 " Forgotten fragments " roamed about,
 Enquiring for (I do not doubt)
 Some lost Upanishad.

Whom seeing, I exclaimed : " What then
 Dost here amongst us lower men,
 Thrice-greatest one of all ?
 I thought *you* touched Nirvâṇa's fane,
 Or wandered on some Buddhic plane,
 Or where the Devas call."

But he : " Avaunt ! I have no time
 To spend in this malignant clime,
 No strength to chaff or fool ;
 To planes etheric, cleft *quater*,
 I'm bound to say that I prefer
 My editorial stool."

" Etheric " ! at the ominous sound
 Instinctively I glared around,
 And once my wings unfurled ;
 " I beg your pardon," I replied,
 " But I've been often certified
 This was the astral world."

" " The astral world " ! that's very good,"
 He answered in hilarious mood,
 " The best thing I have heard :
 To call a London fog a mist,
 Or trump your partner's ace at whist,
 Would be much less absurd."

" No, no ! these are th' etheric spheres,
 (Scenes of mock joys and hollow fears),
 And if you wish to mend,
 Remember ever still to keep,
 In waking time or hours of sleep,
 Your ' ethers ' clear, my friend.

" A queer chaotic synthesis,
 This plane's a kind of froth or fiz
 From true astrality ;
 A reflex of some other dream
 Mixed with what you yourself may seem,
 Whatever that may be."

He paused. "A thousand thanks," I cried,
 "This argument may be applied
 To your own case," I said :
 "Begone ! etheric mockery !"—
 I heard a crash of crockery,
 And, hearing, woke in bed.

R. C.

AN EXPERIENCE

THE Way of Heaven is like the drawing of a bow ;
 It brings down what is high, and raises what is low.

LAO-TZU.

ON a grey damp day, with rain at intervals, rather cold for August, even in our northern land, I was on my way to the Kirk, to a service of preparation for the Communion the following Sunday.

For a long time I have not been tied to any one belief or creed. To me it seems both useless and impossible to try to limit God's Eternal Truth to any set of doctrines ; and, as all are founded on the Ancient Wisdom, obscured though it is by the accumulations of ages of error, surely one who has learnt, even in a small degree, to separate the gold from the dross, can find comfort and help—perhaps gain strength—from the atmosphere of faith given out by conscientious, if less developed, worshippers of that Truth.

As I walked quite alone through the lovely old Park, I felt perfectly at home, happy, at peace with myself, and all my surroundings absolutely normal. Above all, I was in full possession of that self-control which is generally my strong point, for I am not a very emotional creature. I mention these points in view of what is to follow, for this August day will always remain a memory of wonders to me.

Certain thoughts passed through my mind—the difficult problem of how to assist, intentionally and intelligently, the

unfolding of one's own soul, and so on. The question, "How shall a man attain perfection?" seemed to print itself in front of my eyes, till presently the answer filtered through :

By attention, by keeping the lower mind awake to the Divine Spirit. As God is in all that exists, He is not *only* in us, in what we call our spirit, but He pervades our entire body, mind and soul, so that not the least atom could exist, could *be*, if God, the Self, were not manifesting in it. Our duty is to keep our attention (for without attention nothing can be accomplished on this plane) always turned to our individual share of the Universal; to the Spirit within us, who is indeed in very truth our Teacher, who is ready and waiting for each one till his eyes are opened and he can see and understand. Thus the Teacher, this Divine Spirit, leads soul, mind, and body to the Master's feet.

Part of the reason of our incarnation is that we—our real ego, the I—may do our part in raising this matter which forms the body, purifying each particle that shares its life with us, and then goes on to the fulfilment of its evolution. This duty is only to be accomplished by keeping our thoughts pure, and at the command of the Master, ready to do his slightest wish, eager to learn his most difficult lessons, willing to suffer; for we cannot love, and by love live in the spirit, without suffering; although when we have purified the whole of our personality, we shall become Love and therefore be perfect Bliss.

Clearly then, as I am able to keep my attention always listening with the inner ear for the Voice of the Teacher, no matter what my outward action may be at the moment, so by slow degrees I open a window in my soul and make it possible for the Light of Divine Truth to illumine my heart.

When this Light penetrates, all is cleansed; for all dross is burnt up by its fire of Wisdom, and the vibrations that start from this centre of motion, reverberate through every atom of my physical body, enabling each atom to advance in its slow journey up the Mount of God. We are not living for ourselves alone in this world, but rather as a means of growth, of unfolding, to all with which the "I" comes in contact, whether it be those atoms of physical matter conforming our own dense bodies, or the loved "other soul" that we recognise as "more than ourselves."

At this point of my meditations I found I had reached the Kirk. Stopping a few moments, I drank in the beauty of the old grey walls, against their background of hills, purple with heather in full bloom, with the pale blue sky beyond, fading in the distance to the faintest silvery white.

The people were already assembled, and the last tones of the bell calling to prayer were dying away, as I entered our box-pew by the little private door that leads directly from the graveyard to it.

No sooner had I crossed the threshold than I became aware of an extraordinary Power present with and strongly affecting me. As I listened to all that followed,—prayers, hymns, sermon,—I strove with all my strength to retain my outward composure, to fix my mind on one point. It was useless.

At first, although I still heard the words of the service, like an accompanying chant, I was conscious only of darkness and of feeling the grief, the sorrows of others weighing on my heart, crushing me, till finally, falling on my knees, I broke down completely. . . . Then little by little the gates of my soul began to open. . . . A great light poured in, . . . and I learnt many things, quite beyond my power to express in words.

Having lived contentedly in the darkness, not knowing that "all was Light" around, and the limit of my own blindness, so now, when the window was open, the Light streamed through with such dazzling brilliance that I was almost blinded by its glory.

When such a supreme moment comes, we are left half dazed—stunned. We are so feeble, we can only endure at first, and generally fail utterly to respond, to throw open the whole soul and let the Light rush through. We must be melted, fused as by fire; our life seems almost ebbing away from us, our hearts quiver and faint; the spirit rends us; all we can do is to endure and yet endure. Tears rain down, sobs shake us; streams of liquid fire pour through our veins as all our nerves vibrate in answer to the Power which is moulding us anew in the Image of God. Then by-and-by in the depths of our being we discover a calm centre of Peace; and as we dwell in this Peace, the fire subsides, the racked nerves still their restless quivering, the heart

ceases to ache and throb, and the mists rise from the mind like white clouds before the all-compelling force of that Supreme Sunshine.

It is more, more than we can bear. . . . We cry out for the Master's hands to support us; . . . but we do not grasp those hands, for our lesson is not yet learnt. We but dimly perceive that we must forsake—or rather lay down at the Master's feet—all love; father, mother, husband, children, lover, friend, all love,—all life,—for God must be all in all.

When we have fully learnt this lesson, comprehended its whole meaning, then—Oh! then, we shall reach the Master's hands, and He will clasp ours, and draw us into His loving arms,—into that Peace which knows no understanding. The Light is in us; our duty in life is to let this Light shine through us; for it is not given to be shut up in the heart, but to illumine the whole nature; above all to guide others to the source of Light. This is the law. Jesus Himself said: "I am the Light of the World. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father, but by Me. From henceforth you know Him and have seen Him. I am in the Father and ye in Me, and I in you."

"Of Teachers there are many; the Master Soul is one. . . . Live in that Master as Its ray in thee. Live in thy fellows, as they live in It." Thus we reach the end of one stage of our journey up the Mountain side. Now we shall love all our dear ones with a truer, deeper love, for we adore God because we have added to our Faith, Knowledge. And gradually this love will expand till we take to our hearts all that lives.

Imperfect, dim, faulty, as this knowledge must be while still interpreted by such poor, inadequate instruments as our physical brains, still it is there. Our eyes have seen, our minds have understood, and in the Realms of Light we know, as we are known. The memory of this hour can never leave us, and in God's good time we shall reach the Inner Sanctuary of the Temple. Moreover we shall now have the intuition to choose the shortest road, for the Teacher is ever with us, able to guide our steps, the Ministering Angels are ever around us, protecting, supporting our faltering personalities, and the End is sure.

After long hours I seemed to come back to myself; I had been removed in some strange way from all my surroundings—separated from all who are dear to me in life—alone in the void. A Voice had reached my heart and taught me many marvellous lessons, good for the soul, but not to be bodied forth in words.

Dragging myself to my feet, hardly able to stand, I went out into the cool sweet air. The parting glory of the golden sunset still lit up the sky and seemed to radiate its love and life on the green earth; pointing to my tired eyes the moral of all I had been through.

To give one must have received; now I know that the power to draw on the 'unseen, unlimited, all-compelling Power of the Spirit consists in realising our at-one-ment with Spirit, and that spiritual life is not exhausted by being spent. I feel as if I had been tried by fire, yet in perfect peace. An enfolding 'Love, an unseen but very real Presence, still impresses my consciousness. An Angel walks by my side; I am content to wait with patience, certain that in time the Veil will lift, and I shall see the Master face to face.

B. L. E.

In Memory of August 10th, 1905.

GOD'S GUIDANCE

BEHOLD, I lead the mighty Suns through Space
 As vast as Time; I guide the Planets too
 And myriad Stars by gradual phases through
 Their boundless courses, and by gradual grace
 I have led Nature slowly in the race,
 And every step of hers is sure, and true!
 Man,—man, thou hast not wisdom yet to do
 The right, unless I lead thee to thy place.
 Oh! trust Me, Son of Man, My little child,
 Turn thou to Me, be passive, patient, mild,
 For I will lead thee though thou can'st not know
 Thy progress now, so gradual, and slow
 My guidance; for I will not let thee fall
 Or weary if thou trust Me all in all.

MICHAËL.

“ WHERE TWO OR THREE . . . ”

IN his paper in last month's REVIEW, entitled “ Brotherhood—mainly False,” A. R. O. has touched the fringe only of a great question which deserves, and needs, farther study. We may put it thus. Granting that our meetings are too often dull and our lectures not seldom superficial—(1) would fraternal freedom of criticism much mend the matter? (2) and much more important—if all this *were* made perfect, would eloquent speeches and brilliant discussions of themselves suffice to make our lodge-meetings what the Masters require? It is on this last point I should like to be allowed to express a certain doubt—a hesitation, which may perhaps be only the faint-heartedness of old age, or may have something in it worthy of attention from the actual workers of our Society. Let us make the experiment.

For the *poetry* of the thing we look, of course, to Mrs. Besant's well-known paper, “ A Lodge of the Theosophical Society,” published in our twenty-ninth volume. About a year afterwards there appeared a not ill-humoured burlesque, entitled “ How to proceed to stand still,” which gives the prose of it perhaps even more strikingly than A. R. O. has done. What seems to be needed is to find the “ missing link ” between the two. Mrs. Besant puts it in the broadest way, that everything that is baptised as a lodge-meeting, however dull and uninteresting it may be, and however dull and uninteresting the members present may be (which is not quite the same thing, though working out to the same result) forms a channel through which the influences of the powers may descend in blessing upon the dark world outside. Now I think it must be said that, stated in this unqualified manner, our experience contradicts this view—that it is too heavy a tax on our “ blind faith ”—that not only do we O. P.'s *not* feel it is so, but that we feel in the inmost recesses of our consciousness that it is *not* so. We wish it *were* so with us; but it isn't, and we don't know how to *make* it so.

That Mrs. Besant should not have understood the need of further explanations is natural enough. Wherever she goes she lives in the midst of a whirl of psychic force which takes up those who for the time surround her and carries them out of themselves. It's like the well-known induction coil; plain bars of soft iron are surrounded with a whirl of electrical current, and—whilst the current lasts—can do what almost seem miracles. But when it ceases they drop back—plain bars of soft iron again, and no more. In the Middle Ages there was a man of very similar power, St. Bernard. When he first took to the religious life his eight noble brothers came to bring him back to the world; but instead of that they put off their armour to join him in his hut in the wilderness—such was the power of his words! He preached a Crusade, and everywhere men took the Cross in their thousands at his bidding; wherever he passed he left behind him hospitals, nunneries, benevolent societies of all kinds. But, once away from his personal influence, the Crusade melted away to a shameful end; and what became of the Societies we may guess; history knows no more of them! The real fact of the matter is that Mrs. Besant has never *seen* an O.P.!

I hope I am not too presumptuous in suggesting that it is not more knowledge that we want, but something quite different. The original mania for "phenomena" which did so much mischief in the earlier days of the movement is not extinct—it has only changed its object. It reveals itself now in the prevalent "*gobe-mouche*" attitude of those who listen to lectures and read our books. Everything is dull that does not contain new details of what happened millions of years ago, or is to happen millions of years hence, or is to be found now on the Buddhic or Âtmic plane; the so-called "interest in study" is mainly a nervous anxiety lest we should be found not posted up in the very latest "discovery." I am prepared to hear from many of my friends the whisper "Nothing like leather!" but I cannot refrain from expressing strongly my feeling that what is wanting to *make* our meetings such as Mrs. Besant would have them is simply DEVOTION. It is a priest's view but may be true, notwithstanding. People will come together faithfully, frequently, their whole lives long, for *Divine Service*; and for nothing else. If we

needed an example of the contrary we need only look to our Unitarian friends, who deliver every Sunday the most beautiful lectures, full of quotations from Emerson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, which do not and cannot touch the *heart* of one soul in their scanty congregations. For an object of Devotion—to speak, heart to heart, to a Saviour believed to be present to their eyes, His ears open to their prayers—men and women will brave all weathers, but not to listen to a lecture only—unless it be something *more* than a lecture, as Mrs. Besant's are.

I would say, then, that a Lodge meeting can only be a channel for the higher influences when it deliberately and formally *makes* itself such. But the image of a “channel” may perhaps lead us wrong. The channel is not made on this plane, as on the physical—by putting together so many earthenware pipes! The first condition of success is that the individual members have already made *themselves* channels of Divine Grace. Then, and then only, they meet “in His name.”

A word or two about this. When I was General Secretary and from time to time had to send new members their certificates, I used to ask myself uneasily, *what* precisely it was that their membership would do for them. Often quite out of reach of lectures or meetings, how would they be the better for it? Books they could read as well outside the Society as in it; creeds we had none for them; what common Life had I to give? Would it not be possible that membership of the Society should mean a bond of common Devotion? No one, for that, need change their familiar object; the Masters, Jesus the Son of God, Muhammed His Prophet, as each one's devotion prompted; *only* (as the tie of brotherhood) the full realisation that *all* prayers, under whatever name, rise to the Same, the One God; that they are “joining in prayer,” not only with the members of their own sect, but with the chorus of praise which rises to Him all the world over. Then, for their meditation what can they find better in their later Christian writings than the five Buddhist meditations of Love, Pity, Joy, Purity, and Serenity, so well known in H. P. B.'s time to her pupils; all summed up in the great words:

“He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with

thoughts of love, pity, sympathy and equanimity; and so the second, and the third, and the fourth. And thus, the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of love, pity, sympathy and equanimity far reaching, grown great and beyond measure. Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself easily heard in all the four directions—even so, of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with mind set free and deep-felt love. Verily—*this* is the way to union with the Supreme!”

Finally, for practical use of this abstract goodwill, F. Nietzsche (of all people in the world!) may give us a hint. “The best way to begin the day well (he says) is: when you wake, to consider if you cannot this day give a pleasure to at least one of your fellow-creatures. If *this* were to replace the banal habit of ‘saying your prayers’ the world would be the better for the change.” Yes; to make ourselves *better*, but our surroundings *happier*,—that is the aim by which a good Theosophist should be known to his friends and neighbours.

It seems to me that every one must see that when a Lodge of members who have thus trained themselves in their daily devotions to think the Master’s thoughts and to desire as the Master desires, meet together to encourage each other in devotion and the love of all humanity—nay, of all that has life, *there* surely must He be in the midst of them, and that to bless them. And not to bless them only; surely *there*, if anywhere, must be the channel for the Divine grace of which Mrs. Besant speaks so eloquently; a channel shaped, not of critical *heads*, but of warm and loving *hearts*, fit for the Master’s service.

I do not presume to indicate any particular form which this indispensable *expression* of devotion should take in our public meetings; the “opening the meeting with prayer” has long become the emptiest of *mere* form with the Christians around us. But I do think, and wish to press it very earnestly on our brethren, that the reality which that form once, in happier days, *did* express, is the thing which *must*, somehow or other, *be* expressed, if our meetings are not to fall into the poorest and tamest of debating societies. I grant to A. R. O. that the majority of our country

Lodges do not contain eloquent lecturers—how should they? but if all the members brought hearts full of love to the Masters and to the world, there would be no need to exhort them not to spend themselves in making things "nice" for each other; no need to warn them not to value themselves on scraps of knowledge or abstinences from physical foods and drinks and other matters of the merely physical plane which do *not* profit the soul; but, in return, we should be known by all who came into contact with us as the Egyptian Abbot of old, who "if visitors came, was the first to spread the table; if they crossed the river, was first to take an oar—for he was full of the love of God."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

MORE ABOUT "BROTHERHOOD"

IMPELLED by the spirit—of foolishness perchance—I am moved to say something with regard to A. R. O.'s article on "Brotherhood—Mainly False." I read the article with delight, being one of those people who *imagine* they want a tonic and pine for sincerity. I believe, in my case, this is only by way of contrast, as in my childhood I missed much of the kindly attentions of maiden aunts, etc., which A. R. O. considers so necessary to the development of a right-thinking individual. I have an underlying conviction, however, that the "niceness" with which I came in contact was just what was best for my development, and I can imagine this may be the case with some of our branch members.

We are not all the better for being scraped the wrong way at every turn; and considering that many of us are looked upon as mild lunatics in an anti-theosophical home circle, and have this daily impressed upon us, I almost imagine it may be, after all, that perhaps the grandmotherly indulgence of our fellow-members is our only safeguard, for unless the brotherly attentions to which A. R. O. refers are the result of true insight into character, and free from prejudice, may they not confuse rather than help? He must either be great or small who sets about pointing out to his brother what a fool he is.

But, after all, our branches are not schools of individual training only, but first and foremost instruments, which, through superstition, or something better, we believe to be of some use in the service of humanity, and which have to be made efficient. Now what most prevents effective working? Friction. Yes, say the "nice" people, just so; that is why we try so hard to be "nice," and keep things going smoothly at the cost of some sincerity perhaps, and by bottling up the wise (!!) remarks we feel impelled to make when some dear colleague causes that "shiver at the thought of *Punch*." But, in support of A. R. O.'s views, it is well to remember that a certain amount of roughness is necessary for effective work, to avoid the fatal attraction and inertia which occurs with very smooth surfaces.

Hearing the importance of steering clear of this Scylla and Charybdis of the forces of nature emphasised at a lecture the other day, I began to apply it in thought to our branch work, for I had been feeling that too much smoothness and "niceness" means stagnation, and yet the rough sincerity and bluntness characteristic of the energetic northerner may prove just as fatal in the other direction, and strain the machine to breaking point. Can we not then try to aim at the "middle way"? Of course, we shall not hit it by far; and as long as we go too wide in either direction, may there be such good brothers as A. R. O. to pull us up! We do not mind a few plain truths from him, but if some smaller souls who thrust for thrusting's sake think to imitate him, we may be in danger of something worse than mere "niceness." Unfortunately the people whom the cap fits invariably refuse to acknowledge it, and it is donned by the very ones it least suits. If A. R. O. can stir up in us all a deeper love for sincerity, and a higher standard of mental culture, Amen! But let us avoid the curse of the mentally superior, and not crush out of those in whom these qualities may be deficient, the little they can do, the clinging to an ideal of "niceness," which may be helping them to reach up to the fact of true brotherliness.

I wonder if we who advocate sincerity and outspokenness formed a "Mutual Improvement League," and went for one another in brotherly fashion, how long the charm of it would last. I can imagine some of us, battered, worn, and disheartened by

the conflict, turning for comfort to the foolish ones, who can do nothing else but be "nice."

To return to the question of *Punch*. Perhaps if it finds us out it may dawn upon some dull self-satisfied minds how foolish we often are, just as the smile of an outsider often reveals to us the existence of some weakness that Aunt Jane or Brother John has in vain tried to impress upon us by jeer and taunt. Shall we, then, start a *Theosophical Punch* and try to reform ourselves from within in true family style? Such a paper might act as a safety valve for the bursting boilers, which loom before us in A. R. O.'s article, and to which these necessary adjuncts should be added without delay. We might have a Farce at our next Congress to show up our inefficient lecturers, founded on the model of "The Private Secretary." The result would doubtless be excellent for all concerned, if we can find an author and actors who will carry it out in the spirit of true brotherhood, and if the audience is animated by the same worthy motive. But I will suggest no more safety valves or A. R. O. will doubt my expressions of sympathy with his plea for more sincerity, and with much more in his article, which I hope, without any attempt at being "nice" on my part, will be followed by many another.

A. L. L.

A REVERIE

THE sable shroud of night crept o'er the world,
 Peace and a calm wondrous and pure enveloped all,
 While on wings of Power and Progress passed a Soul
 Into the purer light of God's Beyond.
 The world was still, wrapped in mysterious sleep,
 When Death's cold form allured the earth-born spirit
 Far into unknown spheres, untried, unproved,
 To greatest truth and love and power more deep.
 Earth's mourners wept in piteous grief aloud;
 Great pomp and solemn music. Funereal and grand
 The setting was, of the new glorious birth
 Of that great Soul into a brighter and less transient world.
 Calm silence brooded on the other side,
 As forces of eternal right prevailed and paused,
 Anon to usher to this higher sphere a Soul
 Whose earthly lessons had been learned.

C. DE CRÉVÉ.

BROTHERHOOD—ALTOGETHER TRUE

WE have not to make Brotherhood ; it exists. We have to attune our lives into harmony with it, if we desire that we and our works shall not perish.

ANNIE BESANT.

He, in whom the sense of Brotherhood is uppermost, may be a sufferer and a victim, but he will help to preserve Society from destruction.

F. D. MAURICE.

ONE of the most extraordinary assertions ever made in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW was perpetrated last month by A. R. O. in his article "Brotherhood—Mainly False." He says: "Instead, therefore, of being in the forefront of thought in the matter of Brotherhood, the Theosophical Society is no further advanced than the main body (of other societies) and in many cases seems positively to straggle complacently in the rear."

Such an assertion made in the pages of our chief Review should attract the attention of every member of the Theosophical Society ; for if it be true, the whole organisation of our Society wants renovating. The chief attack in this article is directed against the "branch-system of the Society," but it is not at all clear what the writer desires as a substitution for this system. Does he want to abolish branches altogether ; or is he only concerned that "harmony is maintained at the price of how much self-suppression and monotony" ?

It would be a satisfaction to have a clear definition of what "Brotherhood" really involves. A. R. O. is sure that he knows what it is, and equally is he certain "that the majority of our members have no conception of the meaning" of the term. We should like him to tell us what it does mean. We are all Brothers, therefore it is of importance that we should learn how to "attune our lives into harmony" with this centre fact of existence. In face of the terrible conflicts of nations, the race hatreds,

the struggle of classes, only the largest heart can grasp the idea of humanity as a Universal Brotherhood. But when we come to deal with the life of a Society in which no member finds entrance who has not at least proclaimed his belief in that which is now declared to be "mainly false" it is time to try to clarify our ideas.

Is there "no disgrace in being unbrotherly at our stage of development" even in the restricted limits of a Society founded on Brotherhood? I think there is. Strange to say the severity of this criticism is directed against the too great outward amiability of those whom the writer conceives as seething with tempestuous emotions and ideas which ought to be allowed vent and are suppressed for the sake of avoiding an open quarrel. He exclaims: "and that is—'Brotherhood'!" Well! it is! Brothers ought not to quarrel openly.

I am in favour of the fullest expression of thought and feeling, but why object to *nicety* in expression? Why disparage "fear of giving offence"? Surely we ought all carefully to train ourselves to avoid giving offence, and he is the strong man who knows how to say what he wants without unnecessarily hurting the feelings of others. There are times when it is the duty of any man to speak, even at the risk of giving offence, but would not Brotherliness suggest that these times should be carefully chosen, as also the places where a sincerity without shame or fear of offending may vent itself?

Now, though it is almost loathsome to me to speak of it, I cannot pass by the "glaring" example in favour of the propriety of discussing in public the character of our first great Leader—"she who brought us the Light." Possibly, if she had not been a target for the insolent calumnies of the outside world, a butt for the ridicule of those entirely incapable of understanding or appreciating the message with which she was entrusted, such discussion among members of the Theosophical Society would be less painful to those aware of their deep indebtedness to her. But we all know that the outside attacks made upon her have been used to discredit the truth she taught. So far most of us have deemed it our duty to listen in silence to the silly, senseless discussion of her various imperfections, and the reasons

why a great soul should still have to inhabit an imperfect personality; but the fact that such discussions are intolerably offensive to large numbers of her pupils, who know that their consciousness has been lifted to a higher level through the teaching she has given, that Life and Death and Destiny have been irradiated with a sublime meaning through her instrumentality—this fact alone should prevent any of our brothers from soiling their hands by grubbing in the dirt that has been thrown at her from outside, and is still being thrown.

If it is important to seek for the explanation of a problem, that with our Theosophic teaching need not be a problem at all, let such investigation be conducted in private, not before the world. I can only wonder, in view of the freedom that some of our members have allowed themselves in this matter, that those “tonic jeers of the Philistines at the gate” have sounded so faintly. If, as suggested, the charges made against H. P. B. “require neither apology nor explanation,” why continue a discussion so painful to some and so much misunderstood outside our Society?

To return to the question—What is Brotherhood? It would be interesting to know if those “magnificent exceptions,” among our poor, “deluded,” and fundamentally “unintelligent” fraternity, “whose shining example alone maintains the integrity of the public society” (names please!) can tell us. Cannot a brother be “strong and self-respecting,” without combining in his person “the austerity of a father, the pitiless home truths of a sister, or the tart indignation of a maiden aunt”? We all know these undesirable relatives exist in many households. If we must have their offensive qualities as an integral part of Perfect Brotherhood in the Theosophical Society, had they not better each come in *propria personâ*?—then we can make allowance for them.

Now as to sincerity and the disastrous condition to which it is alleged the branches are reduced for want of it; the question arises—How are these sorry communities, which are described as not only appearing to any spectator from without, but even to themselves, as “mere assemblies of incompatible and warring units,” held together? Can anyone explain why they should

“meet punctually and maintain harmony” under such adverse circumstances? What keeps them together and makes them submit to the “hard discipline” of tolerating in silence the opinions of their fellow members? Observe I am taking as facts the statements made by the writer, obviously exaggerated as they are. Were they facts they would be the strongest corroboration of the existence of that “incalculable mysterious power” which lies behind the communities he ventures to treat with such absolute contempt. Some of us believe that no one enters the Theosophical Society who has not been drawn in by kârmic fate for a distinct purpose, either for his own development or for aid to others. It is not safe to take for granted on any superficial view that because we are so very nice to each other, or because certain of our members in the kindergarten stage have tried to lecture on subjects beyond their range—I notice that A. R. O. candidly includes himself among them—it is not safe on account of this to say that the Theosophical Society itself is an inferior exponent of the fact of Brotherhood. We are told that the Theosophical Society lays claim to “a distinct and special doctrine,” which claim is “as demonstrable as it is just.” If “we do not become Theosophists because we are members of the Theosophical Society,” our simple membership in this Society places us in a special category from the responsibilities of which we are unable to withdraw. Our brotherhood in this Society, little as we may be able to grasp the meaning of it, is no common Brotherhood. Even in the household of common life the members are expected, with greater internal freedom of speech, to act with a caution as regards the outside world, a loyalty and love, a protection for common interests, a forbearance which they do not always extend to the outside world. Yet when death dissolves the fraternity these relations may be finally closed. This cannot be said of the Theosophic Brotherhood. The tie formed remains and binds us, perhaps for many incarnations.

Poor and effete and inadequate as our work may now be, we have to find each other again and realise the harmony, the unity, the Brotherhood we only dimly sense at present. The personality we find it difficult to endure now may hereafter, under different conditions, reward us for the patience, the *niceness*, if

you like, we are able to show in the present. I do not say that it is our duty to seek the society of uncongenial natures. It is always better to work with those we can understand, whose natures are sympathetic with our own, although as a discipline of character nothing is more efficacious than the necessity we are under to deal with uncongenial natures that come in our way in a brotherly spirit, and to let no selfish ideas of incompatibility prevent us from rendering them what service we can.

One disservice we can at least refrain from. We need not belittle in public the Fraternity to which we belong. It is not necessary in order to be sincere that we should expose any of our shortcomings to the world at large, supposing there are shortcomings. It is not the fact that "of the general average of our public and private work there is almost nothing good to be said." On the contrary, the last few years have been remarkable for the developments that have taken place all over the world. I need mention only the Congresses in Holland last year and in London this year, to disprove the rash assertions that have been made. But there is much more behind. There is the wonderful work of Mrs. Besant in India, and its extraordinary success in the establishment of the Hindu College. There is the foundation of universal Co-Masonry in Great Britain and its Dependencies, the work of members of the Theosophical Society headed by Mrs. Besant, another offshoot of Occult Brotherhood. But, leaving these efforts on one side, the work done by the Society alone during the last twenty-five years is enormous. Instead of being branded as a failure this Brotherhood should be hailed as the most signal success of the age. The work it has done reaches to every quarter of the globe, and has been accomplished at a ridiculously small cost, solely because of the wonderful enthusiasm of the converts it has made. Look at Mr. Leadbeater's tour round the world during the last three years, the untiring activity he has shown and the crowds of people that have everywhere attended his meetings. Everywhere we see the influence of the Society's teachings; everywhere corroboration of the facts it has given to the world. We meet with this influence constantly in social intercourse, in literature, in scientific exposition, in religious and philosophic circles. Tens of thousands of

books, periodicals, pamphlets, newspapers dealing with Theosophic truth penetrate every section of society. You hear it in the pulpit even at last ; thousands of meetings are held every year by its adherents in every part of the globe ; classes for instruction in its tenets and addresses are given every day in the year. If this is failure what is success ?

What does it matter if a few people make mistakes, then, and talk of what they do not understand ; if some are too amiable to tell them they are ignorant and unintelligent, and some others cannot convey these unpleasant truths without an alarming "sincerity ?" I think our Brother may lay aside all "shivering" lest there should be a "decline of tone" in the Society. We are stronger than ever we were, yet humble in the strength that we know is at the Root of the Movement, in the Hands that direct it, in the Glory that shall be revealed.

U. M. BRIGHT.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONCE, to a man in his dreams, there appeared a messenger from heaven, who carried a book with clasps of gold ; and when the man, still sleeping, asked : "What means this visit ?"—

The angel answered : "Your life has more than half way run its span of years ; in this book is kept a record of all those who have bound themselves each to each by the invisible ties of friendship, and by the strength of those ties live again on and on together after death. I come to know, if in your life, you have bound other souls to yours, or if you have travelled always lonely."

The man was troubled and answered vaguely : "I have many friends, but I know not if I can claim one such as you describe ; teach me how to find such a one, who will become part of my life, not only now but hereafter."

Then the angel shook his head and smiled pityingly on the man : "The communication of souls and secret thought is learnt through Sympathy and Love ; call these teachers to your aid,

no others can help you. Sympathy leads to Understanding : and with these you can enter far into the inmost chambers of the soul of your fellow-traveller, so can you add his wisdom and understanding to your own, and thus see fresh vistas on life's road, not heretofore dreamed of by you alone. You must learn to give as well as take, to open out your heart to him so that he may receive in return for what he offers, and know, that you must give him of your best, not be miserly in your love, but let your thoughts mingle freely with his ; and with each new friend who so touches your inmost soul more understanding will come to you, a better, wider view of life and its meaning."

The man listened in silence, but when the angel paused he said : " You talk of each new friend, surely it is not possible to love more than one so well."

And the angel answered : " Think you that the human heart is so small and paltry that through use its treasures become exhausted ? No, the closer you grow to any one traveller on life's road, the better are you able to understand and love all others ; each friend gained, strengthens this power in you of winning and loving, and with each, your horizon widens, and you draw gradually nearer to the sublime love of all Humanity. But understand, love such as you must know to win a friend for life and for the hereafter, must be strong to exist in spite of faults and failings in the loved one ; in fact the friendship must be stronger because of these ; and, above all, you must be content at times not to understand the meaning, not to follow the mystery of the soul of your friend, but to love the more because of ways you cannot penetrate ; so long as there is no gate shut consciously in your hearts between you and him, then, differences in creed, in race, in views and aims of life, will but add charm and interest to your intercourse.

" And beware,—you mortals have this wondrous gift of friendship in brittle vessels ; therefore, remember that more care and watching are needed to keep than to win a friend.

" I will leave you now, but will return again in after years to know if you have won a soul to love now and for all time."

* * * *

Then the man woke, and thought of all the faces he knew

and loved, and of one who had always been to him a friend ; and he said : “ Surely for him I feel sympathy and understanding such as the angel described.” And he thought of how he and his friend had worked and suffered and enjoyed life side by side ; and he went out into the morning with a newly-awakened love in his heart, which he felt would last for all time.

* * * *

Years passed ; and one day a plague fell on the town, and the man’s friend was ill, dying. He had no one to care for him ; he was poor ; and so lay lonely and neglected in humble lodgings.

Now when the man heard of his friend’s plight, he wished at once to hasten to him, but his wife begged him to stay ; she was much afraid and cried : “ Would you go and infect yourself and also me with this plague ! You cannot save him ; let him have every luxury money can provide to help him bear his pain, the best of nursing and food ; but spare yourself and me. I implore you go not near him ! ”

And so the man stayed. . . .

* * * *

On the night that his friend died—calling for him—the angel appeared once more to the man ; but he came this time with bowed head—slowly and sadly ; for there were no new names written in the Book of Friendship.

F. K. LEON.

THE external world which consists in the six objects of sense does not exist independently of our mind, and the mind having no forms and attributes cannot be grasped even if we search for it throughout the ten quarters.—AṢHVAGHOSHA.

SCIENCE V. MATERIALISM¹

IT is curious to compare the modern scientific man's attitude to the yet unsolved problem of the relation of life to the material world, with that of the average man of science but a quarter of a century ago. A good illustration of the old view can be found in the article on Biology in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and it is worth while to quote one sentence which for delicious confidence in the unintelligible could hardly be surpassed. "A mass of living protoplasm is simply a molecular machine of great complexity, the total results of the working of which, or its vital phenomena, depend,—on the one hand, upon its construction, and, on the other, upon the energy supplied to it; and to speak of 'vitality' as anything but the name of a series of operations is as if one should talk of the 'horology' of a clock." Strangely enough it is to the biologist or physiologist that we must turn to find a thorough-going materialist. The physicist and the mathematician, who deal with the deeper principles of material science and to whom "energy" and "forces" and "molecules" are not the sacred and mysterious words of power they are to so many of their biological brethren, have never stood in the ranks of materialism.

But the biologist of a generation or so back was seldom an expert in physical science, and the magic formulæ of the "conservation of energy," the "conservation of matter," and such like, often played much the same part in his mind as the doctrine of the trinity and the resurrection played in the mind of the dogmatist of sixteen centuries before. They were the sure foundations of a faith in which the deity was a weighable mass of matter or an omnipresent fluid. Of such a type we have still some few left, though but solitary stragglers among the higher ranks. Most prominent of these is Haeckel, whose work has been spread

¹ *Life and Matter, a Criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe,"* by Sir Oliver Lodge. (London: Williams & Norgate; 1905. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

over this kingdom with such energy by the Rationalist Press Association that the "intelligent artisan," who is appealed to more especially, can hardly come to any other conclusion than that Professor Haeckel cries forth the last conclusions of science and is an official prophet of the new dispensation. The positive certainty of all Haeckel's conclusions, and especially those which invoke the blessed words of power, "energy," "force," "matter," "substance," is just what appeals to those whose opportunities for direct investigation have been limited. For them such names are magic formulæ which by their mere sound shatter the walls of religious belief and in time will bring down the Churches to the ground.

This book of Sir Oliver Lodge is not merely a destructive criticism. It had hardly been worth while for a scientific man to devote so much time to a work which is outside the boundary of strict science, and could never be received as a serious contribution to any branch of scientific thought. It is in the positive contributions to speculation that Lodge is most valuable. As a book it cannot be said to be a success. The volume is, in fact, a collection of reprints, the first few dealing directly with Haeckel, while the later ones are connected only by their general purpose. Such a book is necessarily of very unequal value, and some parts, especially those dealing with positive religion, show signs of hasty writing and somewhat casual thinking. When we come to those portions which treat of the humbler but still unsolved problems of life from the standpoint of a physicist we find the most valuable and suggestive portions of the work.

The two central ideas in the less controversial part are that the conservation of energy does not preclude the possibility of its control, and that "life" is a controlling power and not a form of material energy. Perhaps the greatest difficulty from the physical point of view is to understand how the two great principles of the conservation of energy and the conservation of momentum can be rigidly true and yet leave room for control by non-material agencies—*i.e.*, by vital power and conscious mind. The first principle in itself would offer no difficulty. We can change the direction of movement of a body without interfering with its energy, but any change of direction means a change

of momentum, and this, according to Newton's laws of motion, implies the exercise of an actual force or pressure. If the mind could act thus it would be simply a material force and be subject to the ordinary investigations of physical science—which it obviously is not. We have, therefore, to see if there is any other possibility. Sir Oliver Lodge is convinced that there is, and endeavours in his chapter on "Will and Guidance," to explain it. He gives, however, no more than a suggestion, and we cannot say that the question is really much nearer solution. But that most, if not all, of the great physicists of recent times who have considered the matter should, in spite of their knowledge of the physical side, refuse to extend purely mechanical principles to problems of consciousness and life, is a significant indication of the limitations of mechanical action as understood by them. In this matter Lodge would have the company of most of his scientific brethren, even though comparatively few would follow him into his more detailed speculations.

The suggestion made in this book is that while "life or mind can neither generate energy nor directly exert force, yet it can cause matter to exert force on matter, and so can exercise guidance and control; it can so prepare any scene of activity, by arranging the position of existing material and timing the liberation of existing energy, as to produce results concordant with an idea or scheme or intention: it can, in short, 'aim' and 'fire'" (p. 165). But this reads more like a description of the way in which life must act than an explanation of the "how." To arrange the position of matter or time the liberation of energy would seem to require an interference with the second principle—the conservation of momentum—and hence be an exertion of force in the material sense. The analogy of a rail is used. The quiescent rail can guide a train though it does no work on it. The rail would not represent the action of life or will for it acts by pressure, but the position of the rail was arranged by intelligent control and for a conscious purpose. Still when we come to an ultimate analysis we are met with the incomprehensible. The nearest approach to an idea of the matter we have yet got would appear to lie in the timing of the liberation of energy. If there is some entirely superphysical means of hastening or retard-

ing the liberation of energy, by, for instance, an action from within the electron—within, not in a spacial but an intrinsic sense—then the problem might be solved, but it would seem as if any such action we can at present conceive of must be itself subject to physical laws. Energy is liberated from a system when the state of the system passes beyond the condition of equilibrium, but the progress towards and beyond instability would apparently be governed as certainly by the same mechanical principles as the energy itself. However, perhaps Sir Oliver Lodge may be able to extend his suggestions and give us some conceivable inlet for the spiritual activity which, in spite of all theories, is a matter of more direct and vivid knowledge than the mechanical principles we have developed by its agency.

It is not possible in a brief review to do more than touch upon one or two features of the book, but some of the more daring flights of the writer's thought can hardly remain without mention. The idea of revelation is defended on pp. 55-6—revelation in the sense of teaching received from more advanced beings. "It is, in fact, improbable that man is the highest type of existence. But if Professor Haeckel is ready to grant that probability or even possibility, why does he so strenuously exclude the idea of revelation, *i.e.*, the acquiring of information from higher sources? Savages can certainly have 'revelation' from civilised men. Why, then, should it be inconceivable that human beings should receive information from beings in the universe higher than themselves?"

At the end he proclaims eloquently the conclusions to which his thought is leading him as one of those "who recognise in this extraordinary development [of life in a world of matter] a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by Physics and Chemistry, but utilising the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation, and of lofty joy, long after this planet—nay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present spire [*sic*] of destiny, and retired cold and lifeless upon its endless way."

A. M. G.

ON "THEOSOPHICAL MATERIALISM"

MR. A. M. GLASS writes in the November REVIEW under the above title, condemning the habit he finds in members of the Theosophical Society of seizing upon "curious or fantastic experiments" as proofs of occult or theosophic doctrine.

While one may quite agree with Mr. Glass that it is foolish to pounce upon every trivial or sensational experiment for the purpose of heralding it as a proof of Theosophy, it may be asked if there is any valid reason why we should avoid taking notice of the advance of science when it really confirms what Theosophy has been proclaiming for a long time to a sceptical world. If this were done for the vulgar satisfaction of saying "I told you so," Mr. Glass's attitude would elicit no criticism from any right-minded Theosophists, I believe; but surely this is not the case. On the other hand we undoubtedly owe it to ourselves as well as to the world at large to bring to light everything that can be said for and against our ideas, and as the REVIEW publishes not unfrequently criticisms of Theosophical teachings, it cannot be accused of being unfair or too much one-sided.

Now, Mr. Glass takes exception to the "latest confirmation of occult views." This was to the effect that M. Leduc's experiments proved, as Theosophy has asserted for a long time, that there is no "hermetically closed door between the domains of so-called living and dead matter." (See the REVIEW for October, p. 166). Although I will not attempt to say whether Mr. Glass's criticism is well founded or not, it appears that there are people outside the editors of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW who have also considered M. Leduc's experiments, and others of a similar kind, as *tending* to show that the barrier between living and dead matter is falling. In an article entitled "Universal Life or Death," the American *Literary Digest* gives the following translation of some extracts of an article written by M. Henri Piéron in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, October 7th) :

"When we see that in substances that are not alive there may take place phenomena absolutely analogous to vital phenomena—of assimilation or disaggregation, of growth, of movement; that the forms of crystalline equilibrium of matter may also be considered as vital, since they clothe in certain cases living organisms, when we observe such facts, how is it possible not to think that *the barrier between mechanical movement and life has broken down?*

"But, say the vitalists, from the fact that there are vital manifestations in inorganic bodies it does not follow at all that we have explained life; for it remains to be proved that these manifestations are the exclusive result of the laws of the mechanism. Now this has been attempted, and certainly not with complete success. . . .

"While the mechanists believe that they have seized on the whole of biology and made it a part of physio-chemistry, the mineral world, on the other hand, appears to have annexed the domain of life. . . . *In either case the whole dualism of dead and living matter tends to disappear*, but at the expense of one or the other. The monism of 'life everywhere,' that is, the universal action of a vital principle, or of 'life nowhere,' that is the complete absence of any vital principle, is thus based on the recent discoveries of which so much has been said."

The conclusion of the writer of this article seems to be that :

"Life keeps its own domain, and does not coalesce with the inorganic kingdom, any more than it has succeeded in annexing the latter; *but the two are connected*; we have the outline, the first piles of the bridge that will enable us to pass from one territory to the other, and so we may hope that it will be possible to explain all the phenomena of life without appealing to new principles—to a vital principle. But we cannot yet prove this, and the question of the real origin of life remains unsolved."

Mr. Glass then claims that "to regard life as a property of matter, as invariably associated with it as inertia," is crude materialism. The word "property" sounds, indeed, a little materialistic, but the recognition that there is no life without matter, or matter without life, is, it seems, merely common-sense. Theosophy in this wisely avoids taking into the extremes of both

materialism and idealism. As Mrs. Besant justly says, in her *Study of Consciousness* (p. 36): "There are no fronts without backs, no aboves without belows, no outsides without insides, *no spirit without matter*. . . . There is no spirit which is not matter enveloped, there is no matter which is not spirit ensouled." The search for life independent of matter must be fruitless. If it were found it would no longer be life, and both the searcher and the object of his search would have lost their "existence" in the Absolute. Therefore, so long as we are limited beings :

Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Likewise Mr. Glass's criticism that "any idea that thought or feeling or life is a special kind of vibration of matter, whether it is called mânasic or astral matter, is materialism of the crudest kind,"—may be answered by saying that thought is not a vibration of mental matter, but *manifests* itself in mânasic matter which vibrates under its impulse. This may be very crude materialism. But do we materialise steam by imprisoning it in a boiler and making it drive an engine? Yes, we do, of course. But where is the harm? Without the boiler and engine, steam would be practically non-existent, so far as its usefulness is concerned, and so would be thought without vibrating mânasic matter to express it.

The same kind of objection may be raised to the summary of Leibniz's theory of the monad and matter given by Mr. Glass. We are told that one of the two aspects of the monad is that "for itself it is a conscious centre with its own innate activity," and that matter is "the objective appearance due to what is truly in itself conscious activity in the lowest monads." It seems that the words "conscious," "centre," "activity," all imply an external to be conscious of and acted upon, of which the monad is the centre, so that the above definition of matter involves reasoning in a circle.

Finally, instead of Sir Oliver Lodge's views being at variance with Theosophy, as Mr. Glass seems to think, they appear to constitute another of those "confirmations of occult views." We are told that the theory held by this scientist is that: "Life is not a form of energy, but a guiding principle or controlling agency

which incarnates and reincarnates in different physical forms, utilising physical energies, without altering them in quantity or transforming them into anything else, so as to build up organised bodies in which it can be expressed.”

Anyone acquainted with the Theosophical description of *prāna*, “life,” will see how closely the conception of Sir Oliver Lodge agrees with our own. *Prāna* is indeed the guiding and controlling principle which builds our body and keeps the multitude of “lives” composing it working as an organised whole. Its withdrawal means the scattering of all the elements forming the body, *i.e.*, death and decomposition. But even *prāna* cannot be regarded as an abstract principle without form, for, as stated before, life without matter can have no reality and is an impossibility.

E. F. DUCASSE.

“ FIONA MACLEOD ”

NONE have regretted more than the members of the Theosophical Society to hear of the death of William Sharp, the poet, essayist and critic, linked to the news that in his death the world of literature have lost the still more famous writer “Fiona Macleod,” whose works have charmed and delighted so many thousands, and whose mysterious personality was one of the best-kept secrets in the history of literature. By the death of William Sharp those of us who knew him in friendship, and still more, those who had met him in the intimacy of his inner belief and knowledge, have lost a source of great joy and refreshment; he was a true child of nature, and that, too, in no purely metaphorical sense; his knowledges were taught him by the Great Mother, and well he knew how faithfully to paint her beauties and deftly to suggest her mysteries. In William Sharp the Theosophical Movement has lost a great sympathiser; for though he never actually joined the Society, he was with us in heart, and the *Stanzas of Dzryan* were the subject of his constant contemplation; indeed, at our last parting he had promised us his notes on them for publication.

G. R. S. M.

THE NEXT EUROPEAN THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS

(FIRST NOTICE)

THE next (third) annual Congress to be held by the Federation of the European Sections of the Theosophical Society, will assemble in Paris, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of June, 1906, at the Washington Palace, Rue Magellan. As preliminarily arranged its activities will be of a threefold nature.

First there will be the intellectual side, or the Congress proper, that is the reading and discussion of papers.

Secondly, there will be the social element, consisting of a number of informal meetings, with musical attractions contributed by members of the Section.

Thirdly, it is hoped that an artistic exhibition can be organised which would bring together works of art of a distinctly Theosophical character, but limited to the artists of the Section.

As said above, this is but a preliminary outline of the programme of the Congress, and much may be yet added to make it more attractive.

Participation in the Congress will be open to all members of the Theosophical Society, on payment of a fee of five francs.

All members of the Society intending to send in papers to be laid before the Congress are cordially invited to do so, and to notify the Secretary at once of their intention. Papers should be in the hands of the Secretary before the 1st of April, 1906.

All general correspondence concerning the Congress should be addressed to

Le Secrétaire du Troisième Congrès Théosophique,
Société Théosophique,
59, Avenue de la Bourdonnais, Paris.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE Dark Continent has still many secrets to unfold. Clues to ethnological problems, answers to archæological puzzles, have yet to be unveiled in its recesses, and the student of occult records picks up any new book on the African hinterland with interested expectancy. Lady Lugard's *A Tropical Dependency*, recently issued, deals with the ancient history of the Western Soudan, and affords several items which are by no means without interest to the Theosophical reader. For example, in the Introductory Chapter one finds :

When the history of Negroland comes to be written in detail, it may be found that the kingdoms lying towards the eastern end of the Soudan were the homes of races who inspired, rather than of races who received, the traditions of civilisation associated for us with the name of ancient Egypt. For they cover on either side of the Upper Nile, between the latitudes of 10° and 17°, territories in which are found monuments more ancient than the oldest Egyptian monuments. If this should prove to be the case, and the civilised world be forced to recognise in a black people the fount of its original enlightenment, it may happen that we shall have to revise entirely our view of the black races, and regard those who now exist as the decadent representatives of an almost forgotten era, rather than as the embryonic possibility of an era yet to come.

This is what the *Secret Doctrine* long ago taught us to expect. Then we have an account of the customs of the black inhabitants of part of Northern Nigeria as depicted in the account of the XIVth century traveller, Ibn Batuta,—customs which bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the Aztecs on the other side of the Atlantic, as described by Prescott in his *Conquest of Mexico*, and we recall the old Atlantean connection between the ancient peoples of eastern and western worlds.

Lady Lugard has a good deal to say about the interesting Fulani race, who have attracted the notice of all explorers of the

Soudan by their physical and mental superiority to the races by whom they are surrounded, and who, as our writer puts it, have "maintained in the Soudan an individuality no less marked and persistent than that maintained by the Jews in Europe," with whom, by the way, it has sometimes been sought to associate them. An Indian theory of descent is supported by Dr. Thaly, who links these mysterious people with the gypsies, while M. Delafosse supports a view that traces them to the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings of Egypt, and thus, ultimately, to India, "probably on the southern slopes of the Himalayan Mountains." Lady Lugard leans apparently to this view. We wish some of our qualified investigators had leisure and inclination to unravel the tangle of racial affinities, and spell out some clue to the world's story *between* the origin of the Aryans and the rise of monumental history. The hiatus between the destruction of Atlantis and the settlement of the Indo-European continent leaves room for mountains of paper and rivers of ink, but never a practicable pathway for the would-be traveller across the void.

A somewhat circumstantial account of an underground city and a persistent tradition of a colossal statue make one wonder if Lemurian civilisation, as well as Atlantean, had left its sign manual on Northern Africa for future explorers to discover and future archaeologists to wrangle over. The dwellers in the underground city of such "massive stone as was done only by the great races of old," told the reporter, "this is not the work of our forefathers, but our forefathers found it here, and we have lived for many generations in these huts," built amid the underground cyclopean erections on the banks of an underground stream. Truth is stranger than fiction, and Mr. Rider Haggard will be justified of his imagination. [E. W.]

To eat sweetmeats, one must have a mouth.—*Hindustani Proverb.*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MENS CONSCIA RECTI

Health-Building. By Joseph Ralph. The Human Aura. By W. J. Colville. I Wants and Wants Me. By K. T. Anderson. (London : L. N. Fowler & Co. ; 1905.)

WE rather like Mr. Ralph's book on Health-Building. The author has a good deal of common-sense and broad-mindedness; and, what is still more rare in a writer on such topics, even a sense of humour.

Mr. Ralph believes what we all believe more or less, *viz.*, that drugs are overdone, and microbes are a craze, and that no single "cure" or system of treatment will suit each person alike; that we must understand how to eat, how to drink, how to breathe, and how to will; and that righteousness in these respects exalteth a nation. Physiological laws must be attended to, and the mental batteries must also be brought into action. Either mode is useless without the other.

We observe, however, that Mr. Ralph does not so far despise the gentle microbe that he cares to breathe through his mouth, in this London of ours. While, in speaking of "a prevalent evil and its remedy," we think that, if he does not positively exaggerate the worth of what he calls "psychism" as a therapeutic instrument, he, at any rate, considerably under-estimates the psychic value of certain material methods. There is much psychic value in a raw apple; much also in a stroll before breakfast; while the combination of Swedish exercises with the discreet and wary use of olive oil is, like Wellington's long nose in camp of a morning, worth a whole regiment of reinforcements.

Mr. Colville appears to be a kind of corollary of Mr. Leadbeater. In three lectures entitled "The Human Aura," he thinks aloud about *Man Visible and Invisible* in such a mild fashion as to leave very little impression on the mind of the reader. There was no harm in delivering the lectures. But they were perhaps too slight and disjointed to merit publication in their present form, though we suppose

that it is in this way that news about these subjects percolates to the masses.

Can a man, by going in for "New Thought," add one cubit unto his "aura"? Or does the task rather require what the swindling picture-dealer in Mr. Jerome's story would have called "a life of earnest endeavour"? Mr. Colville seems to think that much may be done by contemplation, and readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW will probably be disposed to agree with him. Yet it has always seemed to us that to sit in one's chamber and "kick up an aura" is rather a dodge of getting out of the "life of earnest endeavour," and we shall hardly be surprised to learn, one day, that the swindling picture-dealer has arrived before us.

We do not pretend to understand what the title of the third of the above publications signifies. Either it must have some Kabalistic value, or else it hails from the airy residence of what a prominent living writer on occultism would call "fatuous drivel." The inside of the booklet seems to contain the *crème de la crème* of "New Thought," raised to the *n*th power.

We can only suspect the sex of the author from the following sentence on p. 123: "I am renewing my flesh, my skin, my hair." It is only our hatred of vulgarity in every form, and our deep sense of the sincerity of the "New Thought" Movement, that prevents us exclaiming "Tatcho"!

We cannot, however, venture to close this thrilling volume, every page of which is pregnant with living interest, without calling attention to another pathetic utterance, with which we can conscientiously say we cordially concur: "I want work that will bring me money."

It is obvious that man cannot live by the "New Thought" Movement alone. Let the Publisher look to it.

R. C.

CLAIRVOYANT GLIMPSES AT ETHERIC MATTER

Occult Chemistry. By Annie Besant. Reprinted from *Lucifer* (November, 1895). (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1905. Price 6d.)

It is a useful thing to have reprinted these suggestive observations of our clairvoyant colleagues, Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, into the constitution of physical matter. These observations, which pre-

ceded the latest scientific theories on the divisibility of the so-called atom, are based on the same fundamental notion,—the existence of corpuscles more minute in the scale of quantitative physical analysis than the one-time ultimate hypothetical atom of scientific speculation. The observations of our colleagues, however, suggest not only a definite series of states of agglomeration of the ultimate physical particles before the chemical atom is reached, but also a highly complex structure of even that physical ultimate, whereas the present investigations of physical research are content with the hypothesis of a single further stage. At present the provisional mathematical calculations of the physicists are out of gear with the numbering of the investigations of our colleagues within the realm of what they call the physical. But as the theory of matter favoured by them extends the analysis of matter to extra-physical states which appear to be of the same general order of matter, it may be that if their investigations had been continued into these extra-physical states, a greater similarity of results might have been obtained. As it is, the data of observation, though highly suggestive, are too slight to allow of any satisfactory theorising. Three “elements” only have been observed, and these differ so greatly from one another in the four intermediate stages through which their atomic structure has been traced, that no law can be deduced.

What is required to place these observations on a firm basis is that more observations of a similar nature should be made, and also that the present observations should be repeated both when the observers are apart and when they are together ; to see whether what is observed is a constant state of affairs under all circumstances. Science can only be built up on the most careful observations many times repeated under every variety of circumstance, and this must apply to extra-physical research equally with physical observation. We would also suggest that if this work is resumed, and we very much desire that it should be resumed, the configurations of the fluid and solid states should be added,—for if the states of liquid and solid hydrogen, for instance, had been diagrammatically represented, we should then have had something within the realms of normal physicality to go upon, and it might have helped us enormously in definitely deducing that common factor of the two methods of research which at present is exceeding indeterminate.

G. R. S. M.

PAST AND FUTURE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL

Vergangenes Seelendasein und dereinstiges. By Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke. Newly edited by K. S. K. (Hamburg ; 1905.)

SUCH is the title of a short treatise by the well-known German-Swiss writer, J. H. D. Zschokke, published in the year 1800, and now reprinted at Hamburg, at the modest price of sixpence. It is interesting to Theosophists to find a German thinker more than a hundred years ago, setting forth the doctrine of man's previous and future existences and demolishing the idea of the resurrection of this earthly body, on purely rationalistic grounds, and this without any reference to Eastern teachings. He argues that as all Nature proceeds by gradual development, therefore nothing is destroyed ; its form only is changed, and man's thinking part must of necessity find new fields and new bodies in which to function from life to life, losing nothing of what he has already gained, but using the powers formerly acquired, though he may not be conscious of their origin. In fact, all the arguments for reincarnation either on this planet or elsewhere are set forth even to the minutest details, arguments which are now beginning to find a wide hearing in this Western world of ours. It is remarkable that a writer whose other works (*Stunden der Andacht*, for example), have been so widely read, should not sooner have been heard on this all-engrossing subject. Zschokke's excellent little book should appeal to all readers of German among Theosophists, and is well worthy of their consideration. We are indebted to our friend and fellow-worker Herr Hubo for bringing it to our notice.

E. K.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

Illusions. By Mabel Collins. (London : The Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1905. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

IN this little book " Mabel Collins " sets herself to show that five general propositions are illusions. These propositions are : (1) that man is imprisoned in the body ; (2) that the unborn are unknown ; (3) that there is any secret in the mind or memory of man ; (4) that the earth exists apart from man ; (5) that nature is indifferent to man. The exposition and refutation of each proposition is lightened by the recital of a psychic experience, so that the interest of the reader never

flags. Much that is in the book is of a suggestive nature, and many will follow the authoress with entire agreement. The style of the exposition is, as is usual with Mrs. Cook, didactic, and the main interest of the philosopher in the interesting experiences she gives, is to observe how strongly personal desire and belief condition the nature of psychic experience.

G. R. S. M.

CONCERNING SYMBOLS

The Science of Symbols. By Godfrey Blount. (London: Arthur C. Fifield; 1905.)

THIS is a very XXth century little book. I mean that as a compliment. I am an optimist, at any rate in regard to the general class of ideas put forward in this book. They are the ideas that suggest the fresh air of open roads and untouched forest-land. They are constructive ideas conceived by a free mind with many years before it and plenty of space wherein to found a kingdom of its own. That is why I think it belongs to the opening years of a century like this,—which follows upon a great wave of iconoclasm, a great burning of rubbish heaps and a great opening up of untrodden paths into newer lands.

The author has also written a little book called *The Gospel of Simplicity*, described by an admirer as “a literature of faith, aspiration, ideals,” and by a Dundee paper as “a spacious revelation in a flash.” I have not the vaguest idea what this last phrase means, but “faith, aspiration and ideals” are certainly the three keynotes of *The Science of Symbols*, and though not weighted with learned illustrations or garnished with any evidences of wide culture, the book should be a tonic to the young, and refreshing to all.

A. L. B. H.

A NEW BOOK BY MR. SINNETT

Occult Essays. By A. P. Sinnett. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1905. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

A NEW book by Mr. Sinnett is always an event in the world of Theosophical literature; and everything that comes from his pen is welcome to those who have followed him in his efforts to place before the thinking public the results of his studies in occult phenomena and the theories he submits as explanatory of them. The present volume is a collection of Essays (somewhat similar in character to his recent work on *Nature's Mysteries*) from the pages of *Broad Views*, which as they appeared month by month were naturally the first things which

attracted the attention of the reader. The catholic range of the subjects our distinguished colleague has chosen to treat of may be seen from the following list, which we append to give the reader some idea of the ground covered by this most recent contribution to occult literature. The essays are entitled: The Doctrine of Reincarnation; The Memory of Nature; Our Future in the World; The Next World; Life in the Next World; The True Meaning of Occultism; The Future Life of Animals; The Intellectual Progress of Animals; The Purpose of Knowledge; Inspiration in Politics; The Management of Mankind; The Women of the Future; Socialism in the Light of Occult Science; Dr. Wallace's View of Creation; Earthquakes and their Consequences; Professor Mendeleéf's Conception of the Ether; The Origin of Life.

It goes without saying that Mr. Sinnett is always able in his expositions, interesting and instructive; and though some of us may think that he is too positive in some matters where as yet, in spite of no few years of familiarity and experiment, we ourselves hold the evidence to be either insufficient or too indirect to form a bed-rock foundation for the vast fabric that is raised upon them, we nevertheless respect the transparent sincerity of his convictions too highly not to recognise that these things are for him such unquestionable facts that any criticism of them would appear to him to be ludicrous.

G. R. S. M.

SONNETS TO THE MONTHS

The Year's Horoscope. By Ethel Wheeler. (London: A. C. Fifield; 1905. Price 4*d.*)

THIS booklet, with its twelve sonnets to the months, has been "gotten out" as they say in America, as the proverbial "Christmas present," and is, for an exception, a far more suitable Season's Greeting to one's friends than the elaborate cards that cost quite as much, and end in the waste-paper basket, after a few days' parade on the mantelpiece. It puts into expression those philosophical ideas which many a system of Theosophy connects and arranges, but which are by no means confined to any system. In the sonnet to March we find that even Nature is building altars with the inscription "To the Unknown God." And in that to May the transition stage of form is referred to as: "When spirit is no longer spirit, flesh is not yet flesh." In the sextet to the sonnet for July the realm beyond sleep is referred to as: "The vast devoid of sight or sound of strife

. . . . Not sleep, not life,—but death, and after death.” Ideas expressed in this way certainly denote a sound system at the back of them whether the writer is conscious of it or not, and they tend to rouse the reader to think, to question, to look before and after.

The sonnets are characterised by a vigour that is quite stimulating, there is a go and swing about them that exercise the soul, as a good ride on a frosty morning exercises the body. The language and the imagery are strong and display careful observation, and some power of analogy. The sonnet form is for the most part correctly observed save for a few peculiarities of pronunciation which seem to characterise the author. She uses the word “fire” as a dissyllable in several of the sonnets. X.

A SEARCH ON WRONG LINES

“What is Truth?” Or the Gospel of the Christ contrasted with the Gospel of St. Paul. By a Woman. (London: G. Rangelcroft & Co.; 1905. Price 2s. net.)

It is a matter of great regret that in spite of the plethora of good reading which exists to-day, a writer should require to put forth, and a reviewer be required to peruse, such a production as the above named. The author, who makes confession of her sex, animadverts against St. Paul mainly on the grounds of his degradation of women; that at least is one of the counts of the indictment. And she does it in such a manner as to lead us to picture the great Apostle of the Gentiles, after a perusal of these aspersions in the Astral Records, grimly congratulating himself on his stern mandate: “Let your women keep silence.” At all events, we would add, let them first learn the language of the writings they attempt to improve upon. A merely rudimentary knowledge of Greek would have saved this writer much foolishness, and her reviewer many wasted moments. It would have acquainted her, for one thing, with the subtle difference observed by the philosophic Apostle between *σάρξ* and *σῶμα*. Nowhere does Paul teach the resurrection of the flesh. On the contrary, he says to his would-be critic, as to those others of his own day: “Thou empty-headed one (*ἄφρον*), thou sowest *not* the body that shall be.”

But one has not patience to deal further with a book which is written entirely from the superficial plane of interpretation. The whole is in the very height of bad taste, more particularly the tone of the discussion of the parentage of Jesus, and the development of the unpleasant suggestion that he contemned his mother on account of her *liaison* with Annas, the High Priest. Such theories are not

criticism; they are not even rational speculation, and contribute worse than nothing to the seemly discussion of a delicate and difficult subject.

C. E. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

The Theosophist, November, presents its readers with a photo of the Adyar Library. After a portion of "Old Diary Leaves," which has nothing immediately concerning us, we have a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on "The Future of Humanity"; "The Way Up," by Sibyl Fersen; "What the Theosophist Thinks," or rather what the author, Mr. Fullerton, thinks—something we are always glad to hear from him; a short story, partly versified, by Michael Wood; S. Stuart gives a very practical paper on "Theosophical Propaganda"; whilst W. Mayers becomes enthusiastic over the virtues of Tolstoy—on which much might be said, were this the place to say it. Indian interests are represented by G. Kṛiṣṇaśāstri's "Bālabodhini," "The Ceylon Social Reform Society," and a vigorous denunciation of the slaughter of goats as a portion of "Durgā Pūjā."

Theosophy in India, November, opens with the continuation of "Seeker's" valuable paper, to which we drew attention last month. He thus sums up the results of our experience: "(a) That there is something within us, as well as without us, which prevents the realisation of the object of life, which is to feel the presence of God in us, and that something is ordinarily known as evil; (b) That it is impossible to accomplish this object of life, unless that evil (which is but a phenomenal phase, coexistent with evolution) is combatted and transmuted into good; for evil is but the resistant power upon which one stands in order to reach out to God, the Supreme Good." For the means of doing this, we must refer our readers to the article itself. An interesting sketch of Paracelsus is furnished by J. M. D.; and K. Venkata Rao undertakes to show "how to cut short the way to liberation." But is it quite certain that we really gain by "rapidly obtaining Moksha"? For our own part, we venture to doubt—seriously—if it be so, for the rank and file of ordinary humanity. There is a kind of talk of this, and of "gaining deliverance from Māyā" and the like, which seems to us to take the place in India of what, in the West, is known as "cant," and easily slips into "Tartufferie." There's no way of attaining liberation without taking a great deal of trouble—whole lives full of trouble—our whole souls set upon it for thousands of years, mayhap; and this can't be too often repeated.

Central Hindu College Magazine, November. With this number

Mrs. Besant takes over the "Crow's Nest," from which she sees with her bodily eyes much progress in the work, and especially in the spread of the Text Books. She hopes to see "the Rupee Books come showering in, many new subscribers to the magazine, and many donations to the College funds." This hope we all heartily share, for it will be the sign that the heart of India is at last beginning to beat under the stimulus of the "new blood" Mrs. Besant and her devoted companions have so lavishly poured in. The number is a very good one.

The Vâhan, December. We are glad to see from the "Activities" that some new lecturers have been discovered and made use of. It is quite time, after all these years, that a new generation should take up the work. Mr. Mead requests all who can assist, to join in making a collection of passages from the Church Fathers which may seem to teach Reincarnation. If such should be found, it would no doubt be an interesting confirmation of some things which have been said by our seers; but it seems to us that the works of the Church Fathers, the professional *obscurantists*, are about the last place in which to expect to find anything of the kind. In the "Enquirer" E. J. C. roundly declares that it is "mere folly to prate of the secrecy of the mysteries . . . when behind such secrecy nothing is concealed," and will surely find some one ready to tread on the tail of his coat; whilst J. L. T. gives a useful reply to the question whether the atoms of our "atomic ether" are identical with the new "electrons" and "ions" of modern science.

Lotus Journal, December. Here the illustration is a brilliantly coloured view of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, illustrating the third portion of Mr. Leadbeater's interesting account of his travels; we hope it is not the last. The more serious part of the *Journal* is the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's lecture, "The Great Brotherhood"; whilst H. Whyte this time takes up "The Story of Jesus of Nazareth"; and lighter matter for the juniors is abundantly provided.

Bulletin Théosophique, December, contains the preliminary notices of the Federation Congress for 1906, to be held in Paris from the 3rd to the 5th of June. The "Enquirer" gives some further and very useful contributions as to the best way of teaching Theosophy to the ignorant.

Revue Théosophique, November, has translations from Mrs. Besant's "Divine Kings" and "The Genealogy of Man," and Dr. Pascal concludes his review of Dr. Geley's book, under the title of "The Subconscious Self"

Theosophische Bewegung, December. Mrs. Windust supplies an editorial in which she impresses on the members that all should join in the work without waiting to be asked. Notice is given of a "P. C. Meuleman Foundation," to which donations and legacies may be made for the work of the Section; and Dr. V. d. Gon continues his pleasant book-chats, "Letters from the Library."

Theosophia, November, has a portrait of the late Mme. Obreen, better known to the readers of the magazine under the title of "Afra," one of the most energetic workers of the early times, and a paper by her "About Theosophy." The Editor writes upon "Theosophical Study," and the other articles are "A Dream Lesson," "The Bearing of the Cross of Christ," and "The Seal of the Theosophical Society."

Der Vahan, November, has more of Dr. Hensolt; this time a "Journey to Lhassa." We have not forgotten his previous attempt at this ten years ago; and no doubt our Indian friends will be interested in the examination of this new romance, to see if he has profited by their criticisms on the comical blunders of 1895. We are sorry to find that in consequence of Herr Bresch's failure to prevent the re-election of Dr. Steiner as General Secretary of the Section he has resolved to have nothing more to do with the Society; we are still more sorry to find that, for want of a publisher, he is privately circulating an attack by Dr. Hensolt upon Mrs. Besant. All these things have happened to us before, and our sorrow is for Herr Bresch, not for ourselves. Henceforth we shall, in our turn, take no further notice of him.

Lucifer-Gnosis, September. This number opens with an important Editorial headed "Theosophy and Science," maintaining that the attempt to reconcile the two *must* be futile, since the facts of Theosophy are not patent to any so-called scientific methods of investigation. The running articles are continued, and Ed. Schuré's "The Mission of Jesus" is another example of the typical French treatment of the Master as the "charming young Rabbi" of Renan, as to which *disgust* is too mild a word to express the feeling of those who know.

Also received with thanks: *Omatunto*, Nos. 6 and 8; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophic Messenger*, November, from which we take a notice that, until the middle of March, letters should be addressed to Mr. Leadbeater, care of Mrs. Besant, Benares City; *Fragments* (Seattle); *Theosophy in Australasia*, with a very interesting account of the folk-lore of the natives of the Marshall Islands; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*; *Theosophisch Maandblad*; and a much improved

and enlarged number of the Buenos Ayres *La Verdad*, from whose cover we are happy to say the figure of Truth has departed, we hope to the very bottom of her well. The contents are well selected and readable.

Of other magazines we have to acknowledge: *The Arya*, October; *Broad Views*, December, with a valuable paper "The Variegated Life of the Future"—that is, on the Astral and Devachanic planes, by the Editor. A curious paper, "Faust the Manu," by Mrs. J. Charles, will interest some of us in an attempt to view the Faust of Goethe as a World-Founder, which is not without its possibility, to say no more. The *Occult Review* is mainly occupied by Dr. Hensolt's romance, of which I spoke last month in reviewing *Der Vâhan*. We cannot say that our opinion is any way changed by seeing it in English. Our feeling is, as it was of the Notovich story and the De Rougemont tale—one of mild wonder that intelligent and "scientific" people should be so easily bamboozled. However, there is one thing in which all readers will agree—that no secrets have been revealed to the author; and it is just as well that the Masters (real or imaginary) were so cautious. Andrew Lang's reply to Dr. Hyslop is well worth the cost of the number. *Modern Astrology* comes out this month as *The Astrologer's Annual* with contents designed to popularise the study. We hope the Editor won't be angry if we quote from him a quotation of his own—too good to lose: "A *crank* is a person who will persist in trying to convert me to *his* way of thinking, instead of letting me convert him to *mine*!" *A Celtic Christmas*, the Christmas number of the *Irish Homestead* (price 3d.) is a very pleasant collection of stories for those who can read the slightly exaggerated Irish brogue in which they are written. We ourselves, who have had the privilege of two years' life as a student in "Doblun" are fully qualified to enjoy them, and the little scrap of real Irish recalls an old experience of that date. Amongst us students there were a good few who talked large about the Irish language, as they do now; and I didn't find *one* of them who hadn't to confess, when put to the proof, that he couldn't read a word of it himself! I wonder if all the present Irish M.P.'s can? But the little book brings back many pleasant recollections of Irish voices long silenced—on this plane, and we commend it to our readers; *Mind*; *Notes and Queries*; *The Race Builder*; *Herald of the Cross* (late Golden Age); *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Humanitarian*; *Christmas Cruelties*, a tract by Ernest Bell, whose contents are sufficiently indicated by its title.

Mental Art, by Samuel George (Power Book Co., Wimbledon, S.W.) with another smaller pamphlet by the same author, is an admirable exemplification of the art of blowing your own trumpet, and not much more. A fragment from the publisher's list at the end may be more interesting to our readers than a criticism. "Will in Salesmanship. If your patrons want bulk for their money you would better not order. The book is 5 by 7ins. and has just 44 pages. I think it is chain lightning. It was put into a hydraulic press. Let the salesman carry it in his pocket and worm into it and soak it into himself. It will make sales—surely. The price is 6/6 nett. Now, make your people understand the small size of the book, so that they will not be disappointed when they see this little package of 90 per cent. dynamite "

If our Editor could only bring his mind to recommend *his* books in this style he would make sales—surely!

Helpful Prayers (Women's Printing Society, price 6d.) a little book of prayers, which are not matters for review or criticism. If any *find* these prayers helpful their unspoken gratitude is all the recommendation the author can desire or expect.

Christianity and Progress, by J. W. Petavel (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., price 6d.) is a cheap edition of a fairly large book, which has some interest for the reader, apart from its avowed conclusion, which is already out of date. Captain Petavel perceives that the *historical* value of the Gospels is hopelessly undermined; and hence finds it easy to satisfy himself that Jesus preached what he calls a democratic religion; and from this the further step that if He were living now He would teach the taxation of land-values is (for a disciple of H. George) an easy one. It sounds rather like the three steps of Vishnu—the first taking all earth—the second, all heaven, and the third—where? but I can't help that. When will these good people understand that Political Economy is a Science; not to be treated by declamation and passages of Scripture, but by facts and figures? When our Captain can show us by accurate statistics that there *is* such a land value as he speaks of, and that any dealing with it *can* produce a sum which would be of any avail for the relief of poverty, we will listen; but the policy of "three acres and a cow" is long dead and buried amongst serious thinkers, as *ludicrously* insufficient to reach the tremendous problems of Society. W.