

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

(AMERICAN EDITION)

FORMERLY "LUCIFER" FOUNDED IN 1887 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY

EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT AND G. R. S. MEAD

MAY, 1906

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CHICAGO: THE THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN
26, VAN BUREN STREET

LONDON: THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 161, NEW BOND STREET, W.
CITY AGENTS: PERCY LUND, HUMPHRIES & CO., LTD., 3, AMEN CORNER

BENARES: THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY
MADRAS: "THE THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 225.

SINGLE COPIES 25c.

\$2.75 PER ANNUM

1906

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The following information is printed in compliance with the demands of the United States' Post Office.

Title of this Magazine is *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, Vol. XXXVIII. No. 225. Date of issue: May, 1906. Frequency of issue: Monthly. Office of Publication: London, England. Subscription Price: \$2.75. Name and (street) address of Publishers of American Edition: THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN, 26, Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXVIII

MAY, 1906

No. 225

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE March number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* contains the account of one of the most amazing "finds" due to archæological industry. Professor Maurice Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, tells the story of a remarkable discovery at Turfan, in the extreme east of Chinese Turkestan, by an expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Alfred Grünwedel, sent out by the German Government in 1903. The sand-buried ruins near Turfan, as might have been expected, yielded Buddhist temples full of statues, frescoes and fragments of Buddhist sculptures.

An Amazing
"Find"

But the great find at Turfan is of another sort. It consists of the enormous number of about 800 fragments of manuscripts, more or less extensive, written in an alphabet which is a modification of the Syriac script that goes by the name of Estraggelo. . . .

These manuscripts are written for the most part on paper, but one is on silk, and a few are on white kid. These last were found in old shoes, being cut into the shape of a foot, and laid on the inner soles of the shoes, so as to strengthen the foundation. They are all written carefully and distinctly, with calligraphic chapter initials. Each page, in the manner of modern books, has at the top a heading, stating the contents of the page, in yellow, green, blue, and red. Some few contain miniatures of exquisite workmanship. . . . But, be it understood, the character, and that alone

is Syriac. The majority of the texts are written in a mediæval Persian dialect, to which the name Sogdian has been given provisionally. Quite a number are written in Turkish. Of the Turkish texts, a number are written in the variety of Estraggelo described above, but there are also others written in an Uigurian alphabet, and again, others in the variety of Hindu alphabet that goes by the name of Brahmi.

* * *

IT is, however, the MSS. in the Estraggelo-like alphabet that will attract the attention of students of religion, and especially of Theosophists, for these 800 fragments are no other than remnants of the long-lost Manichæan literature! It is amazing that just at the very moment when thoughtful minds are beginning to revalue the remains of Gnostic literature preserved to us, Providence should at last place in our hands the means of controlling the statements of ecclesiastical writers who for so many centuries have overwhelmed Mani and his followers with every form of misrepresentation and abuse that bigotry can devise. At last we shall be able to learn of the man and his Gnosis from direct sources, and a long-lost page of a transcendent mysticism that lay quite beyond the realms of orthodoxy is restored to the world, and will, we hope, ere long help to restore to the souls of no few seekers after the Light some memory of the greater things of the Way.

What Prof. Bloomfield tells us, from the information he has gleaned from Drs. Grünwedel and Müller, who have these precious documents in charge in the Belin Museum, is indicative of many good things to come.

* * *

ONE of the fragments headed "Evangeliônîg," that is "Gospel," begins: "An Mânî Prestâg îg Yisô"—"I, Mani, the Apostle of Jesus." But Mani is something else than an Apostle; he is also himself a Divine Messenger: "An Angel came from the Paradise of Light, of distinguished name, elect, the God Mar [*i.e.* Lord] Mani." In time he too was worshipped as Jesus was, as we see from the words of one of the faithful: "I bless God Mani, the Lord; I revere thy great shining majesty."

Mani is frequently addressed as, or identified with, the

Saviour: "Mayest thou come, my Saviour, life-giving God, Mar Mani, in the midst of the Three Sons of God!" Or again: "Mar Mani, O God, save me, O God do thou save me!" And yet again: "Amen to thee O First-born Angel, God, Mar Mani, our Saviour! . . . He came from the Gods, Mar Mani, the God of brilliant glory, to Paradise where the wind wafts lovely fragrance."

The term "First-born Angel" shows that Mani was identified in the hearts of the faithful with the Logos, even as Jesus was.

* * *

INDEED Mani seems to have been regarded as a Christ himself, for he is found to be practically identified with Jesus as the Light-Logos. Thus: "Holy Jesus, forgive my sins! God, Mar Mani, forgive my sins! Holy God, O Light, save me, O Strength, O Wisdom! O God save me!"

The Virgin of
Light

But, most interesting of all, both Mani and Jesus are identified with the Virgin of Light, a name that comes forward frequently in the Pistis Sophia. They were indeed Virgins of Light for they were Pure Minds. Thus we read:

"Mar Mani, Jesus, Virgin of Light, Mar Mani, create peace in me, O Bearer of Light! Mayest thou release my soul from this born death!" And again:

"O Mani, Son of the Gods, Lord, Quickener of Faith, great, elect, to thee I make obeisance! Radiant of countenance mayest thou become, Mani, Lord, Life-giver! He quickens the dead and illumines the dark. Guide me, O Mani, Lord, Virgin of Light, answer me through thy lustre! O luminous Mani, Lord of increasing glory, Life-protector, protect me in my corporeal state! Jesus, O Lord, release my soul from this born death, release my soul from this born death! Glorious is thy Radiant Throne!"

* * *

PROFOUND indeed should be the interest of our Pârsî colleagues in this great "find," for Manichæanism is before all else a blend of the Christian Gnosis with the mystic faith of the Magian Zarathustra. Thus we read:

Zarathustra and
Jesus.

"Jesus, O Lord, O Full Moon of growing

glory! . . . Jesus, God and Vahman! Lustre, God! We praise God Narêsap, Lord Mani we will bless!"

Vahman is, of course, Vohu Manah or "Good Mind" and Narêsap is a Persian Divinity.

Elsewhere Jesus is mentioned in connection with the Zoroastrian genius of holy learning [Gnosis], and the Yazatas, or Angels. Another time he appears with the "Leaders of the Mazdayasnian (Zoroastrian) faith," and yet again with Zarvan (Zrvan) a philosophical personification of Time [Boundless Time, the Eternity or Æon, rather], quite familiar in the sacred texts of Zoroaster.

Other passages are brought forward by Prof. Bloomfield, but sufficient has been given to indicate the nature of what we may expect when the texts and their translation are published. It is also of good augury to learn that in September of 1905 Prof. Grünwevel, fortified with a grant of 83,000 marks from the German Government, started on a second expedition to Turfan. The British Government would not grant eighty-three pence for the discovery of the original MSS. of the Gospels, were they discoverable!

Those who have followed with attention the studies of our contributor, Miss A. H. B. Hardcastle, on the *Codex Nazaræus* and the *Sidra Jahia* of the Mandaites, or Gnostics of the lower Euphrates who still to-day preserve an unbroken line of tradition from the earliest times, cannot but be struck with the similarity of atmosphere between the Gnosis of Mani and the Manda of these allied Mogtasilah or Elcasæans (see *Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.*, p. 385). Enough, however, has been said to indicate the nature of this amazing "find."

* * *

WE have great pleasure in publishing the following report of the visit of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Central

<p>The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the C.H.C.</p>	<p>Hindu College, Benares, for which we have to thank the <i>College Magazine</i> of March 1st. Unfortunately the copy of our contemporary reached us just too late to include the report in our April number, but we doubt not that those of our readers who have not already seen it will be glad to get it even a month late.</p>
--	--

The various changes in the arrangements for the visit of T.R.H. the

Prince and Princess of Wales drove the College authorities into somewhat rapid action at the end. But everything was ready ere the dawn of the important day. A curved road was made across the play-ground, curving round in front of the new School House, and ending in a second opening into the road on the eastern side. A pavilion, roofed with purple and gold—the College colours—was erected just opposite the School; its supports were draped with purple and gold alternately, the four end poles bearing two flags of the College colours and two Union Jacks, and in the centre hung the Royal Standard in front and the Irish flag behind. In this were seated the invited guests. Exactly opposite was a tall flag-staff, with a small table at its base, bearing the silver model of the Sarasvatî Temple, with the address, encircled with flowers. A chair was placed on each side for the Royal guests. Round the chair of the Princess were a dozen little girls from the C.H.C. Girls' School, carrying a bouquet, a garland, and several baskets of flowers. Surrounding the whole stood the group of boys, representing the various Provinces of India, each dressed in his provincial garb, and offering a striking picture of the inclusiveness of the C.H.C., and of the uniting influence it is exercising. There were here represented Nepāl, Assām, Rājputāna, Kāthiawar, United Provinces, Deccan, Bombay, Bengal, Gwālīor, Madrás, Central Provinces, Panjāb. Round these were grouped the Trustees, the members of the Managing Committee, the College, School and Pāthashālā Staffs; the boys of the Guard of Honour stood by the pavilion and on either side of this group, ready to salute the Royal Visitors as they drove up and stopped at the flag-staff.

The road was marked out by bamboo posts, long and short alternately, each draped, also alternately, with the College colours. Along the tops ran a line of pennons of the College colours, and beneath this a festoon of green; each tall post bore also these colours in two flags, making a gay show of brilliant colour. There were four archways—one at each entrance, and two others on the road; at the entrance shone out the word "Welcome," and at the gate of egress "God speed"; the others bore the words respectively: "Homage, C.H.C. Girls' School"; "Loyalty, C.H.C. Athletic Club." On the frame-work of the latter were arranged bats, hockey-sticks, racquets, etc., while the former was rich with flowers.

The boys of the Guard of Honour, selected for their good character and for their assiduity in drill and physical exercises, all wore silver medals, commemorating the Royal visit; these were generously presented by the Hon. Praṭāp Singh, Sirdār Duljit Singh, and Sirdār Chirangit Singh, of Jullundhur. A Rājput and a Nepāl lad stood on either side of the tall flag-staff, and against the poles of the pavilion stood boys from Bengāl, Nepāl, Central Provinces, Central India, United Provinces, Rājputāna and Kāthiawar. All these boys have been practising drill for some months under the care of their Captain, Bābu Kālī Dās, and in their neat uniforms, with their soldierly bearing, and prompt movements, they reflected great credit on him.

The second storey of the School was reserved for purdah ladies, who by the kindness of H.H. the Mahārāja of Benares, were allowed to drive in by the gateway near the Khurd Mahāl, and thus completely to escape the crowd. The verandah was draped for their reception, and a large number of ladies took advantage of the facilities afforded them to have a good view of the pretty scene and the Royal Visitors.

H.H. the Mahārāja of Benares, with the Mahārāja Kumār, Bābu Indranārāyan Singh, and his suite, paid the College an unexpected but welcome visit on the 17th, and inspected the arrangements which were being made. He was received with ringing cheers by the Guard of Honour, the President, Hon. Secretary, and others, bidding him welcome.

On the eventful day the crowd gathered early, and the lads appointed for the work took up their places at the gateways. Mr. Bramley, the District Superintendent of Police—who knows the boys well in connection with athletics—posted his men outside only, to guard the roadway, and left to the College authorities the duty of keeping order in their own grounds; the trust was amply justified, and all went well. Soon after 4 p.m. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor ran over the course in his motor-car, and expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements made. At 4.40 a boy placed on guard signalled the approach of the Royal party, and a few minutes later the Prince's motor turned in at the entrance, and was welcomed by the lads who lined the roadway with ringing shouts of: "Jai, Yuvarāja ki Jai." Quickly the car rolled up, followed by three others, and stopped at the flag-staff, where Their Royal Highnesses descended, shook hands with the President, and were shown by her to their places. The Prince put various questions to the President, while the Princess showed a friendly interest in the buildings round her and the little girls, and questioned Miss Arundale. Then, with a few words as to the work of the Institution, and its national character as evidenced by the boys representing Provinces, the President laid the casket at the feet of the Princess, who brightly exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful casket; how very kind of you." The little ones then offered the bouquet, and garlanded her Royal Highness, who graciously stooped to allow the tiny fingers to place the garland round her neck, and the children scattered the flowers at her feet. The Vice-President, the Principal, the Rector, the Hon. Secretary, and Bābu Mokṣhaḍa Ḍas Miṭra were then severally introduced by the President to the Prince, who shook hands with each, and then greeted the Trustees, Managing Committee, Paṇḍits, Professors and Masters, as the groups were pointed out. After a few words expressing the pleasure with which the Princess and himself had come to the College, and seen evidences of the good work being carried on, and their satisfaction with the warmth of the welcome given, Their Royal Highnesses, again shaking hands with the President, mounted their car and drove slowly away, the boys racing along beside it and rending the air with their shouts. Thus finished a visit which passed from first to last without a hitch, and left everyone pleased and

satisfied. The boys—who did all the work of decoration, assisted by Mrs. Besant, Mr. and Miss Arundale and her cousins, Miss Willson, Miss Davies, Mr. Panday, Bābu Sītārām, Bābu Ambika K. Chakravarti, and others—did honour to their *alma mater* by their steadiness, discipline and enthusiasm, and made the day the perfect success it was. On the following morning H.R.H. the Princess of Wales sent for Mrs. Besant to write her name in her private autograph book, and the President had thus an opportunity of leaving for the Prince a request that he would be graciously pleased to ask his Royal Father, His Majesty the King-Emperor, to bestow on his young subjects a photograph of himself for the College Hall.

On the occasion of the state procession through Benares, our boys had a very good place, and marched thither in order under three purple and gold flags, "C.H. College," "C.H.C. Pāthashālā," "C.H.C. School," all wearing the light yellow turbans which are the official head-dress of the C.H.C. They made an effective show, the School coming off best in point of view of effect, as the boys are drilled—an advantage not shared by the College and Pāthashālā.

Mrs. Besant, Miss Arundale, Dr. Richardson, Mahāmahopādhyāya Paṇḍit Adityārām, Mr. Collie, and Mr. Arundale, were, as representatives of the C.H.C., honoured with invitations to the Royal reception and the presentation of new colours to the regiment stationed in Benares. We have every reason to be grateful to Their Royal Highnesses—to whose personal action the kindness shown to the C.H.C. was due—and to our Commissioner and Collector, who helped us in every possible way, for the honour done to the College, and of this we may be sure, that their gentle and kindly graciousness has sown in the hearts of hundreds of Hindu boys the seed of that personal loyalty which will make them, when they are men, loyal subjects of the Empire.

* * *

THE greatest faiths in the world are founded on spiritual verities and not on historical facts. The histories related of the founders

The Bo Tree are mostly typical and mythological (in a good sense) narratives; they are, as a Greek of the Hellenistic period would have called them, *logoi*. The story that Gautama attained enlightenment under a Bo-tree is probably a *logos*; for it needs must be that every Buddha and every Christ should attain Illumination under the Bôdhi-druma, the Tree of Wisdom and Life, after crucifixion on the Cross (the Tree of Death), the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. When, however, these sacred verities are limited to solitary physical happenings strange beliefs arise, and often pass into superstitions. Thus it is with the Bo-tree of to-day. On this subject there was a most

instructive communication from Dr. G. A. Grierson in *The Times* of January 11th, who writes as follows to the Editor :

In *The Times* of to-day your Calcutta Correspondent, in describing the visit of the Tashi Lama to Bôdh (not Buddh) Gayâ, says : " One can imagine the feelings with which he solemnised the mysteries of his religion under the spreading branches of the same venerable Bo-tree of Buddh Gayâ, beneath which, according to Buddhist tradition, Gautama himself received enlightenment." I was for five years magistrate of Gayâ, and probably know the temple and tree at Bôdh-Gayâ as well as most people. In the interests of historical accuracy permit me to point out that the existing Bo-tree, or *Bôdhi-druma* as it is called in India, has not spreading branches, is not venerable, and is not the same tree as that under which Gautama is said to have received enlightenment. The existing tree was planted in 1876, being a seedling from its predecessor. When I last saw it, some eight years ago, it may have been 20ft. high, and had no spreading branches. It is a "peepul" (*ficus religiosa*), a quick-growing, short-lived tree, and, even if its history were not perfectly well known, it could not possibly be the identical one under which the Buddha sat. According to tradition, the original tree was cut down by the Emperor Asôka (say 250 B.C.), and is said to have been destroyed a second time by his Queen after it had been miraculously restored. The Chinese pilgrim Yuan Chwang tells of another persecuting monarch, by name Sasanka, who cut down its successor of the seventh century A.D., and dug up most of the roots. " Then he burnt it with fire and sprinkled it with the juice of the sugar-cane, desiring to destroy it entirely, and not leave a trace of it behind." Shortly afterwards, a pious local Râjâ, " with the milk of a thousand cows again bathed the roots of the tree, and in a night it once more revived and grew to the height of some 10ft." Dr. Buchanan Hamilton saw the tree about the year 1811. According to him : " The tree is in full vigour, and cannot in all probability exceed 100 years of age ; but a similar one may have existed in the same place, when the temple was entire." The penultimate *Bôdhi-druma*, which was the one seen by Dr. Hamilton, was blown down by a storm in 1876, and its successor, the present tree, was planted in its place by Mr. Beglar, who was then in charge of the restoration of the temple. At this time, it was worshipped both by Hindus and Buddhists. I believe that I am correct in stating that Mr. Beglar planted two seedlings, one on the original site for the Buddhists, and another a short distance off for the Hindus, and that both trees are now in existence. General Cunningham was of opinion that there must have been " a long succession of fresh trees raised from seed, from the time of Asôka down to the present day. Perhaps as many as twelve or fifteen, or even twenty, to meet the frequent destruction to which it was exposed."

THE STRANGE STORY OF A HIDDEN BOOK

(CONTINUED FROM p. 116)

THE GENUINENESS OF THE WORK

THE first question that would naturally strike anyone with regard to a work purporting to have been taken down to dictation from alleged memory under such extraordinary conditions as those described above, would be: "Is the work genuine? Is the man telling the truth when he says he learnt it off by rote in such and such circumstances? Or is it only another of those forgeries with which the history of literature is studded?"

The easiest and most satisfactory proof of its genuineness would, clearly, have been an old and independent manuscript. Such a manuscript Paṇḍit Dhanrāj has failed to supply; and for this failure he advances reasons which, from his standpoint, and in view of the conditions under which he obtained access to the work, are not wholly unintelligible or invalid. He, a blind man, could never himself make use of a manuscript and never owned one, and the Paṇḍit or Paṇḍits who had copies would not part with them.

The independent search, made by some of my friends, as mentioned before, in the places mentioned by Paṇḍit Dhanrāj, has so far proved unsuccessful.

All this, however, is quite in keeping with the habit, well known to be strongly prevalent in India, of concealing old and rare manuscripts; and the absence of this first and highest degree of proof does not therefore necessarily stamp the dictated *Pranava-Vāda* as a forgery.

The proof that would have been satisfactory in the next degree could have been supplied by a good test of memory. If I know a thing by heart I can repeat it not once only but a hundred times. If, then, Paṇḍit Dhanrāj could repeat a second time what

he had dictated once, it would at least be clear that the matter was mnemonic. For so far it has not happened in the intellectual history of mankind that a man was talented enough to dictate four to six thousand syllables of his own extempore composition, at a single sitting, without a single break, and as fast as a fast writer could take them down, and also to go on impressing those syllables so fully on his memory that he could reproduce them exactly at will later on. If Paṇḍit Dhanrāj *were* such an exception, then also he would be a prodigy, a genius, the like of whom the world has probably not seen before (though even otherwise, on any other theory whatever, his performances are wonderful enough).

But Paṇḍit Dhanrāj, during the ten years or more that he has been known to Paṇḍit Parmeshri Dās, and the six years or more that he has been known to me, has never repeated a second time what he dictated and got reduced to writing once. He has never flatly declined to do so either; but he has always evaded any request of this kind. "I am not feeling well enough, just now. I am tired. I shall do so some other time, when I am better," etc. When requested to declare definitely and frankly whether he never would, or whether he had taken any vow not to so repeat what he had dictated, he has always said: "I will satisfy you and do what you wish some other time," etc. That other time has yet to come.

In other matters also, as for instance the producing of manuscripts which he admitted were in his family house and in his possession, or otherwise under his control, he has often made contradictory statements which have given rise to a presumption of some peculiar moral twist in his nature, such as neuropaths and intellectual *lusus naturæ* often suffer from, especially when they are also labouring under the sad privation of sight.

Taking these facts together, with (1) the obscure, abstruse, uncouth, unintelligible nature of a good deal of what has been taken down from him, and with (2) the facts that the Samskrit which flows so uninterruptedly from his lips is frequently ungrammatical, as judged by the standards of Pāṇini, and that the sentences are often incomplete and wanting in *prima facie* connection with each other, the result has been that many impatient

friends who came to "bless" have gone away "cursing." They have hastily decided that the man was a "humbug" pure and simple, that his utterances were the merest gabble, that whatever portions of them happened to be intelligible were nothing else than pickings from the brains of his friends made during conversation on theosophical and philosophical subjects, and that all his talk about a vast old world of literature buried away in the homes of private families was mere mystification, and even downright deception.

Are these friends right? A third test remains. None of these friends spent more than two or three hours altogether in trying and deciding the case of Dhanrāj; some perhaps only as many minutes. What have they got to say who have had the patience to spend some hundreds, even thousands, of hours in weighing *internal evidence*, the intrinsic merits of the dictated material?

I can speak with a certain amount of confidence about the *Prāṇava-Vāda*. In reducing it to writing, in reading it back to Paṇḍit Dhanrāj, in reading it over and over again, in writing out marginal notes, in summarising, paraphrasing and translating it into English, and finally preparing this summary for the press, I have spent over two thousand hours. And at the end of all this labour my firm conviction is that it is a work which, with all its shortcomings, of obscurity of sense and language, of redundances and verbiages, on the one hand, and excessive compressions on the other, and of a mannerism that is apt to tire a modern reader, is unrivalled in the whole mass of extant Samskrit literature, and, so far as I am aware through the medium of the English language, in any other philosophical literature also, for profound and all-comprehending metaphysic, for penetrating insight into a luminous solution of the deepest and darkest problems of all life, and the unbreakable interconnection of all the infinite details of the world-process, for holding up the highest ideals of the fortunes and functions of human evolution, and finally for a suggestiveness that opens up endless vistas of possible knowledge before the straining eyes of the thinking reader. It makes such a reader continuously regret that he is not gifted with a thousand times

his present quantity of mind-power, to follow up at once all these alluring avenues of thought, that seem so easy now to traverse with the guides and clues of main principles supplied in this remarkable work.

It is, further, my conviction, also based on the nature of the book, that it is not a work which can have been produced independently of any connected and co-existing literature of science, like Minerva springing full-armed from the forehead of Jupiter, but is necessarily in organic articulation with a whole large mass of literature of a similar nature, and is itself only the essential and all-important typus of a vast-ranging kind of thought which is radically different in its ensouling principle from anything now extant.

My enthusiasm over the work is probably and naturally excessive, because of the amount of time I have spent over it, and of the personal reasons mentioned before. But after discounting all such excess, I believe that there will still be left behind for every reader a tangible residuum of justifiable appreciation. As an English friend who started with a bias against rather than for the work, remarked to me, after looking through a considerable portion of the translation in manuscript : "There is stuff in it ; it should be published."

But one thing remains to be mentioned in this connection, of which the reader would ordinarily not have an opportunity of judging, and which I therefore add here as matter of personal experience. It is this : Paṇḍit Dhanrāj, from what I have seen of him, has no more the power of creating this work out of his own intelligence than he has of creating the solar system. He lived with me for five months. I sat in his company for many hours almost every day of these months, with one break of three weeks. And I know that he does not understand many portions of the book, which are not in themselves unintelligible.

I have often discussed the sense of passages with him, and he has often admitted that his previous explanation was wrong and mine right, after consulting (as he said) in his own memory, of course, what he called Gobhili's commentary on the *Pranava-Vāda*, two or three fragments from which commentary also I have taken down from him, just for curiosity. Again I have tried to

converse with him, in ordinary modern Samskrit, on everyday matters, and he has found it difficult, or at least given me the impression, by his halting and laboured efforts, that he found it difficult, to construct half a dozen sentences in either modern Samskrit or that of the works he dictates. He has always given me the impression that while he was no doubt a fairly intelligent man, his intelligence was only sufficient to give him a general idea of the value of what he was dictating ; not enough to enable him to make that significance explicit to others, who could often see more in his words than he himself could do.

On the other hand, as collateral facts in support of the view that the *Pranava-Vāda* existed in Paṇḍit Dhanrāj's memory as a completed whole, before he began dictating it to me, may be mentioned these :—Before beginning the work, I asked him what its extent was in shloka-measures, in order to calculate the total amount of time needed, and to regulate my daily routine accordingly. He unhesitatingly mentioned 16,000 shloka-measures, and my manuscript, on completion, bore out the truth of the statement. This manuscript consists of 535 pages of ruled foolscap, each page containing thirty-four lines of writing, and each line from twenty-five to thirty-two letters, or on an average twenty-eight letters, thirty-two letters making one shloka-measure. Again, from time to time, as we completed one section or chapter or part, he stated the progressive total of shloka-measures reached, and also stated beforehand the shloka-measures in the next section or chapter. All these statements have been justified by the manuscript. Moreover, when I was reading over to him the previous day's work, he frequently made small corrections, and more than once asked me, incidentally, to refer back to such and such a place, in order to verify the consistency of the correction with a previous statement in the text, and he directed me to that previous statement by saying how far back, in approximate shloka-measures, I should refer. Also, the Author's Preface, dictated to me *after* the text of the work was completed, contains a fair and orderly table of the contents of the whole, and supplies indirectly the memory-test discussed before.

The theory that he picks the material for his pretended old

works out of the brains of those with whom he conversed, will not stand examination. In the first place, even if he had the ability to pick others' brains of ideas, which in itself is no mean power, he has not, as said before, sufficient Samskrit to clothe them. Secondly, to confine ourselves to the *Pranava-Vâda*, the book contains far more than I had ever dreamt of; while the root-ideas are the same as already existed in my mind, these ideas have been applied, in the book, to fields of knowledge to which I was quite unable to apply them. There is a large mass of details there which was never in my waking consciousness at least. Theories as to their having been present in my sub- or super-consciousness, and Dhanrâj having absorbed them by telepathy, or of their being dictated by a "familiar" spirit—are all less in accordance with the well-recognised law of scientific and philosophic investigation and hypothesising, viz., the Law of Parcimony, which requires that the simplest possible hypothesis should be adopted, than the supposition that the Paṇḍit is repeating parrot-like what he has learnt by rote. The possibility that the Paṇḍit has reproduced and dictated matter which he has studied and digested and thought out and systematised for himself independently, in the same way that great orators and practising lawyers and scientific and philosophical lecturers and preachers have in ancient and modern times orally delivered large works which are studied with profit by generations—this possibility may be considered from another standpoint.

I have already said that my own experience of the Paṇḍit's intelligence and ability is that they are not enough to account for the *Pranava-Vâda*. The other standpoint from which the question may be considered, assuming my judgment of his abilities to be wrong, is that of the question: What motive had the Paṇḍit to tell the lie that the work is not his own, when it is? Of course this enquiry can proceed only on the assumption that the work has some merit and is not mere gabble; otherwise, it is obvious, the query is superfluous, and the whole discussion falls to the ground.

The question then is, why should not the Paṇḍit claim the rightful credit of the authorship of such a remarkable work?

If he did so, he would win a certain amount of fame and honour. He seems to have nothing to gain by persisting in a false repudiation of authorship. I can find no satisfactory answer to this question. The only answer that can be possibly advanced on the data we have is the unsatisfactory one that he is eccentric. Of course a certain amount of eccentricity has to be assigned to him on the other hypothesis also, *viz.*, that he has really committed a genuine old work to memory from a manuscript which was read out to him, and has now dictated it.

But between the two eccentricities, the latter seems to have some method in it. It is possible that he declines to undergo tests of memory either for fear of making mistakes which might be made too much of, or for some other reasons, such as promises made to those with whom he studied, which he does not wish to be known publicly. The other eccentricity, of falsely repudiating authorship, does not show even such traces of method.

A statement here as to the *Gobhili-Bhāṣya* on the *Bhagavad Gītā*, about 26,000 shloka-measures in extent, all dictated by the blind man to Paṇḍit Parmeshri Dās, would also be helpful as evidence in enabling the reader to form his own conclusions as to the genuineness of Dhanrāj's performances. I myself have not had time enough to read through the whole of this systematically. Paṇḍit Ganganāth Jhā has, however, been kind enough, at my request, to do so, and he has also made an abstract in English of its interpretation of the *Gītā*. He says that the work has a perfectly rational consistency and a distinct style and manner of its own, and refers to very many other old works now unknown even by name; but, he adds, the work has nothing remarkably new or extraordinary, or not now generally known, to tell us; and is therefore disappointing in respect of any expectations of esoteric interpretation and occult knowledge. The portions that I have myself succeeded in studying, of this book, confirm Paṇḍit Ganganāth's view. I should add, however, that there is a good deal in it which is very suggestive of new ideas, and stimulates thought to work along unusual directions in a reader with the necessary turn of mind. The "characters" of the *Mahābhārata* story, Yudhiṣṭhira, Arjuna, Duryodhana,

etc., are also explained in the first chapter as allegorical symbols of various conditions and moods of the mind; and this is distinctly new, or at least not extant. The set manner of commenting is to take each word and hypothesise in succession a number of meanings, on the strength of the explanations of the word given in various *Koshas* (dictionaries), and to refute each hypothesis by reasons, till the last and correct meaning is left behind, and this is generally in accordance with the (old) *Nirukta*. Briefly, the method followed is the approved method of Vedânta, *Adhyāropa*, i.e., superimposition, hypothesising, and then *Aparāda*, i.e., refutation.

Considering all these facts together, the proper conclusion to draw seems to me to be that while Paṇḍit Dhanrāj undoubtedly has indulged in exaggerations, mystifications, sensationalism, sometimes even unmistakable divergences from truth, and patent self-contradictions, there is behind and beneath all these a certain amount of basic truth which makes it eminently desirable that persons with better opportunities and abilities than I have had at my disposal, should systematically take up the work of investigation and search for old MSS. on the spot.

Before concluding this section of the introduction I wish to state that I have appeared to myself as rather wanting in appreciation and gratitude, while writing as I have written about the blind Paṇḍit. But I have done so and pointed out his shortcomings myself only in order that others, less sympathetic, less appreciative, less bound by gratitude, may not do it in a worse form, with exaggeration and without balance. I have acted on the instinct which makes a brother feel that for any sin he may have committed, he would rather be punished by his own brother, who, even in inflicting the stroke, would feel sad, would feel that he was cleansing and purifying for rehabilitation, rather than by the public gaoler, who would have no such sympathy and yearnings.

My gratitude to him is deep indeed for the confirmation and amplification he has brought to me of my most cherished views, for the hopes he has given me of endless further discovery, for having accepted me as the repository of one of his most precious possessions, without any obvious and sufficient reason

and remuneration of any kind. Holding the views I hold about him, his shortcomings arouse in me only the affectionate sympathy due to the neuropath, the genius encased in a frail body, the sensitive and shrinking soul bound to a sightless frame, that has not met in the early years of life the friendliness that aroused confidence and trust, but the want of sympathy that leaves behind a permanent apprehension of pain from others.

I earnestly hope that no reader of mine will make this mistake of imagining me to be wanting in gratitude to the Paṇḍit, who compares these few pages of a criticism that is only intended to disarm worse criticism, that is only intended to uphold justice as against blind partiality and partisanship on the one hand and equally blind and rampant abuse on the other, with the many pages of the forthcoming summary of the *Praṇava-Vāda* that embody appreciation of him.

THE NATURE OF PRAṆAVA-VĀDA

A tradition, common all over India, is that the world is derived from the *Veda* (which etymologically means Knowledge and which contains all knowledge whatsoever), that the essence and source of the *Veda* is the *Gāyatri* and that the *Gāyatri*, finally, is born from the *Aum*. Consequently the *Praṇava* (which is the name of the sound *Aum*, pronounced as *Ōm*) is the most sacred of sounds. Such is the tradition. But what the reason for it is, is not quite clear. The *Māndūkya*, the *Tāra-Sāra*, and other *Upaniṣats*, the *Gopātha Brāhmaṇa*, and *Tantra*-works give many elaborate and instructive interpretations of the three letters A, U and M, of which this sound is made up; but none seems sufficient to justify such an all-comprehensive claim as is made by the tradition.

The *Praṇava-Vāda* justifies it. It explains that A stands for the Self, U for the Not-Self and M for the relation of negation which exists between them. It is obvious that these three factors, or rather two factors and the nexus between them, exhaust the world.

The AUM, thus, is equivalent to the Idea or Consciousness "I-this-not (am)." The three factors of this single partless, timeless, spaceless and motionless consciousness, in the

simultaneous affirmation and negation involved in their juxtaposition, constitute the triune Brahman, the Absolute, which is at once the changeless as well as the exhaustless storehouse of the changing.

All the main facts of the world-process are deduced from this logion, which is shown as the one law of all laws, all other laws being corollaries from it.

The permutations and combinations of the three factors give rise to various subordinate *Mahāvākyas*, great sentences, logia, each of which represents one principal law or method governing the world-process. Four, the most important, form the foundations of the four Vedas respectively (the *Atharva* dealing with the logion—"I-this-not" itself, and summing up the other three Vedas and their logia). Twenty-four other logia, next in importance, are each represented by one letter of the *Gāyatri*. The Vedas may be regarded as an extended interpretation of the significance of the *Gāyatri*.

The interplay between the A and the U, the Self and the Not-Self, by affirmation and then negation, gives rise to the Jīva, or individual Ego, and to various triplets of qualities or attributes in Spirit and Matter. The most important are Cognition, Desire and Action in the former, and Substance, or Substantiality, Quality, and Movement or Mobility in the latter. The Samskrit equivalents are Jñānā, Ichchā and Krīya and Dravya, Guṇa and Karma respectively.

The *Rig-Veda* deals with Jñāna, Cognition, Knowledge, predominantly. The *Yajus* with Krīya, action. The *Sāma* with Ichchā, Desire. The *Atharva* with the summation of them all. Each of these is reflected and re-reflected endlessly in the others, giving occasion for the statement, in the work, of much valuable and exceedingly interesting and suggestive information on the psychology of cognition, desire, and action.

The outlines of the whole of the world-process, and consequently the whole circle of human knowledge, are laid down in terms of Vedic technicalities, under the headings of: (1) the *Vedas*, with their fourfold sub-division into (a) Samhitā or Mantra, (b) Brāhmaṇa, (c) Upaniṣhat, and (d) Upaveda, or Tantra, and their developments into the Kriṣṇa and Shukla

Shâkhâs, the Black and White branches, of *each* Veda ; (2) the six Ângas ; and (3) the six Upâṅgas. Each of these is divided and sub-divided endlessly ; and many derivative and intermediate sciences are mentioned. Metaphysical explanations of the Sacraments are given.

Cycles of time and space with their respective Rulers or Īshvaras are touched upon. The nature of Mukti is discussed in terms of the logion. The various Ângas and Upâṅgas, sciences and philosophies, are shown to be consistent parts of one organic whole. Spiritual and material evolution, through mineral, vegetable, animal, human, and various other kingdoms, astral or elemental, and the development of sixth and seventh senses in future cycles, are referred to. And the high destiny and the ultimate development of Jīvas into Īshvaras and creators of ever new world-systems, and the real significance of Moksha, are described with great fulness.

It should be emphatically noted in conclusion, that whatever else the matter of the book may be, it is entirely and absolutely unique. There is nothing like it to be found in extant Samskrit works.

One question will inevitably strike the modern reader at this point. Is there any connection, any reconciliation possible, between this profound interpretation of the Vedas, which goes to justify the exaggerated, nay, extravagant-seeming reverence traditionally paid to them in India, on the one hand, and, on the other, that recent interpretation of them which looks upon them as "the babblings of child-humanity," the improvisations of rival bards of warring and semi-savage tribes, the incantations of fetish-worshippers, a medley of the natural beauty and poetry of primeval man, and the artificial customs and superstitions born of animal terrors and malice, and worship and propitiation of anthropomorphised sun and moon and fire and wind and rain ?

This is a difficult question to answer. It is not possible to pooh-pooh the *Pranava-Vâda* after carefully reading it ; it is not possible to ignore all the results of modern scholarship and research ; and yet the one pictures saints and sages and the other ill-trained, even savage, children ! But perhaps we have the explanation and reconciliation in these very words. The grand-

father and the child riding on his knee form parts of the same congruous picture, and not of two incongruous ones. The objection to which the modern theory is open, *viz.*, the assumption involved in it that children are able not only to appreciate highly poetical and allegorical tales, but to write them, is also obviated by this explanation. The grandfather Brahmâ, the Pitâmahâ, *par excellence*, the Manus and Rîshis, the Hierarchs, Guides and Guardians of the Human Race, explain to their first children the facts and laws of Nature, in language which because of their comprehensive thought is correspondingly comprehensive of all possible good and evil aspects of the world-process; the children understand only the story-aspect of them, and very often misunderstand and misapply them too. When the modern scientist says that plants compete with each other for food, that they marry, that they beget children, and that they make the best provision in their power for their children, he is talking poetical myths as well as rigorous science; if his hearers misunderstand him it is no fault of his.

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLOSSOM OF PAN

WRAPT in a goat-skin, and carried up to heaven, where the Gods long entertained themselves, and made sport of him.

LEMPRIÈRE.

IT was sunset. For one gorgeous moment the cup of day foamed, and overflowed with colour,—orange, saffron, golden, lilac, red; transmuting in its wonderful alchemy the long reaches of the river, the acres of the reed-grown marsh. Gold met gold, and burnt to tongues of flame; red out-matched vermilion, only to fade in opal with a heart of fire; the pulse of earth and sky beat in a fever of unmatched, nameless hues.

A fiery sunset ended an overcast day. All the earth lay still, watching the brewing of the philtre wherewith day soothes her troubled hours; man, beast, and bird spell-bound by the beauty of her silences.

Then, over the ragged wall of reeds, rose a heron, making his stately way across the marsh ; then life crept again from the still-breathing evening hour, and fluttered, swam, or hooted from its vantage.

On a rough staithe, overlooking the reaches of the slow-moving stream, stood a woman, hooding her eyes with her curved hand. She gazed into the infinite gold of the evening mist, already veiling the horizon line. Her heart went up in prayer with the mounting sun-rays, each ray a living tongue, each prayer a living desire. She prayed to the Sun, seeing in his rays the nimbus surrounding the glory of the God-head. Then turned, and made her careful way through the roughened pine-boles.

Her path took her along the wide marsh-meadows, knee-deep in flowering grass, in ragged-robin, purple and yellow loose-strife, dull satyr-wort, and patched with lilac water-mint. Earth reflected faintly the glories of the sky. She picked a sprig of mint, and swept its scented head across her cheek ; then looked skywards, and bent her head in salutation to the first star.

"The Gods grant me my prayer," she said aloud. Then passed on to the place where her women awaited her coming.

They put her in a litter with purple curtains, and set off for the villa on the artificial tree-clad mound. Here met her in the atrium a broad-built Roman, dressed in the robes of a Governor, with a golden fillet about his tawny head.

"Hast thou been to the temple ?" he asked, as he led her through the cavædium to the basilica and colonnades beyond.

"Not to the temple. To-night it seemed to me that the God spoke to me rather from the skies than from the altar."

He tilted up his beard, and caught it in his teeth. "The Gods have given us the temples, and therein it is fitting we should worship."

"Rather man hath built the temples for the Gods, and they have given man the earth and its fullness."

"Theirs are all the gifts," said Agrippa, the Governor, impatiently. "Yet one place has been shown us by the Oracle, and therein has the altar of Apollo been set up."

"How spake the Oracle ; said it not 'where sky and water meet' ? By all the Gods of this unsunny isle, by the Hes and

Dis of these barbarians, that might stand for mid seas, as well as mid marshes, Uncle !"—cried a strong voice, and Constantine, the young Centurion, swung in with his heavy Roman tread. The shadows of the garden seemed to hide a mocking face.

"It is a time of much import to our house," rebuked the elder man.

"May the Gods be propitious!" hastily replied the other, with the gesture—doubled hand, and extended fore and little fingers—that averts evil.

"Call the devil, and he comes," grunted the Governor. "Who knows that these barbarian demons do not resent their deposition? Julia, 'twere well to seek the Gods in the manner they ordain, the true Gods, in prayer. And that their good-will may not be lacking, pay these dues." He signed to his treasurer, and gave the woman some ten sesteria. Prudence, as well as lavishness, dictated the sum.

As he said, it was a time of importance for the house of Agrippa the Governor; for to him was promised by the Oracle the birth of a son, the first-born after years of barrenness. For this cause the beautiful Julia spent her hours in prayer and sacrifice, even in furtive almsgiving to the conquered British, who might on her behalf entreat the Gods of their sad mist-hung isle.

She went fasting to the temple of Apollo, built in the spot decreed by the voice of the Oracle; carven, pillared, hung with crimson draperies, backed by the endless marsh, and over-arched by the endless sky.

In the curtained apse stood the God in his stone semblance, left hand holding the lyre, right arm outstretched, with the crumpled skin of the presumptuous Marsyas hanging in the curve. Before him on his altar smoked the meats his soul loved, and blossomed the flowers of his honour. Round his head were the golden rays of the sun, lambent, perçant, as those which scored but lately the mellow evening sky.

To him knelt Julia, pouring out her soul in prayer. And she prayed that the gift of the God should be with her, for her offspring's good. She prayed for the coming sons of her straight, beautiful body, sons for the glory of the Empire, and the safety of the State.

And in the name of all the dwellers on Olympus she vowed one son of the twain she asked, to the service of the High Gods, the Holy Ones. Especially to the service of Him through whom come the gentler arts upon the earth, the sweet-voiced lute, the design of symbols, the colours that deck the flowers and paint the birds.

So she prayed, till it seemed that her spirit was rapt from her body, piercing the veil that hung between her and the God. And through the lamp-lit temple rang a Voice. "The Gods have heard thy vow, that which thou hast conceived in secret shall be manifest. Blood to blood, life to life, and worship to worship,"—and metal clanged on the darkening pavement at her feet.

She stooped in awe, to find a broken sword-blade, and a pair of gilded horns. And it seemed to her that a horn-crowned head looked round the swaying wind-blown curtain of the door, the head of the British deity or demon, Cernunnos, lord of the oaks and woodland ways.

And seeing him, she saw her sin and swooned, for her hour was on her, and the time was come.

* * * * *

She brought forth twin sons, whereof the one had sucked from the other both strength, shapeliness and stature, so that the second-born took to himself the likeness of the first; round-limbed, white, and even at his birth of strength amazing, with open eyes, and open shouting mouth.

But the eldest-born of the Governor was peaked, and wryed, and covered with ruddy down; his crooked limbs bent under him, and his eyes, deep-set and wild, peered out without intelligence.

Yet the heart of the mother leaped past her pain to her first-born, and she bade her women hide him, hide him swiftly, lest the Governor should slay the monster out of hand. Such was his right, such too his duty, lest the State be burdened with the unfit.

And the child was hidden in the hut of a British serf, while Julia hid her fears, and decked her face with smiles for the displayal of her second boy. And he was vowed, in the place of his elder, to the service of the State.

When the days were fulfilled, and children, strong-limbed and ruddy, clustered round their parents' knees, then Julia told Agrippa of her sin, and of his hidden child. Him he commanded to be brought before him, as for judgment, in the outer court.

When he looked on the boy—sixteen now, misshapen, long-armed, hairy, dressed in braccæ, tunic and sagum, like the conquered British—he broke into a laugh, and turned to his wife, grouped with her handsome, healthy family.

“So this is the lad? Better to have met my blade sixteen years ago, and added to old Charon's load of horrors. What was the vow of Julia the pious? Ran it not: ‘One son of her body for the service of the State, and one for the service of the altar of the Gods?’”

Wide-eyed, the woman bowed her head. One boy, a stout six years urchin, strode out towards the intruder. “He is ugly,” he said briefly. “Away with him!”

The Governor laughed again. “So says thy father, boy. Better for him to have crossed the Styx, and set all Hell agape, than show his face to me. Serve the Gods! By the Gods themselves,”—he paused, and his mind ran back over the ranges of sixteen years. “The pious Julia prayed to the Gods of the Barbarians, to Hesus, and to Dis, and the stag-horns of Cernunnos; and by the faith that is in me, they have had a hand in the making of the boy! Serve the Gods! What blasphemy is this? Let him serve one like himself, the derision of the Gods, goat-footed Pan.” And he gave orders to chase the boy with hide-thongs from his presence.

* * * * *

So the slaves drove the boy back to the marshes, and he sought again the wattle hut on the ronde, where he had lived for five lonely years.

The faithful British serf was dead, nothing but a lean brachet and a hawk kept him sad company. A thin film of blue smoke rose from the opening in the hut-roof; a net or two were spread to dry before the door, in company with the coracle of -sallow-withys, turned bottom-upwards on the spongy grass.

The boy kept life in him by catches of tench and bream from the slow winding river, by roots, pig-nuts and acorns from

neighbouring coppices, by such fish, flesh and fowl as he could trap or net.

He supped his pottage steadily, his dull mind turning over, and yet over again, his welcome in the strong-walled villa on the mound.

The Gods,—who were the Gods? Furies, who scourged a boy away from their door, men in long and ample robes who sat and frowned, or worse still, smiled at the hiss and snap of the thongs. He rubbed a raw wound, then licked his reddened hand.

If such were Gods, away with them. He panted, lolling out his tongue like an over-weary dog, and weary he was of thought, trying to read the cause of things in his unready mind. Then turned to the brachet, and snapped his fingers. “Hey, Buda, you’ve got a sure foot, and keen smell”—he threw back his head dog-wise, and snuffed up-wind—“keen to smell friend or foe. Can you find Pan, I wonder?” Then turned again to furtive caresses of his shoulders, slewing his head along till he could lick the stiffened blood, and use the balm known and used alike by men and beasts. Then sat brooding, dimly and secretively, on his wrongs. Then snuffed up-wind again.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps over the brittle herbage near his door. The lightest leaf-rustle, or snapping twig, set him pointing like his own liver-coloured hound. He rose, with wood and marshland silence, supple yet whole, alert for his enemy.

It was his mother who came to his door. He held back the brachet with his left hand, twisting his knuckles in the tangled hair.

Roman lady and British serf faced each other, but it was the woman who was abased. The boy looked ahead with dim grey eyes far out over the red-brown marshlands, and the silver water, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, but his wrongs.

She laid her hand on the door-post. “May thy mother enter, oh my son?”

He turned his eyes to a heavy thong which hung on the wall. She saw the look.

“Why dost thou keep thy dog in leash?” she asked; and in sooth the boy knew not his reason, save that for one horrible

moment he seemed to see its reddened teeth meet in her long white throat. He shook his head.

"He will not hurt me. See!" She stooped, and laid her slim hand on the dog's head, caressing his fury into tolerance. She stroked him yet again, gently with her free hand loosening the boy's hold on the dog.

"He slew a man," the boy said in his throat.

"Yet will he not slay thy mother, for thou art friendly to me, sinner though I be. See, he knows it, let him go." The dog lay quiet under her hand. The boy stood off, watching furtively, under thick eyebrows.

"What did you come to see?" he asked at last, speech struggling from the silence.

"My son."

"You can see the marks on my shoulders. Who was the man who laughed?"

She shivered. "The father of my son."

"Who drove me like a dog from his door?" The red blood struggled to his forehead, thickening the veins, with the effort at understanding. "I thought perhaps he was a God. One of the Gods of you Romans."

"You Romans! Art thou not Roman too?"

"I know not who or what I am." Again the grey eyes sought space, and he began to croon in a low voice, more to himself and the wide marsh-lands, than to his mother:

"I came from Space, whither
I follow the wind,
With footsteps far fleeter
Than forest-born hind.
Whence came I, where go I
'Tis not mine to find.
The earth is my mother,
My cradle the stars,
The blue spaces beckon
My way through their bars.

"Who am I? In sooth I know not." He ended with a vacant laugh.

"Who taught thee that song?"

"Who knows? Maybe I heard it when the fish leapt yonder; did you not see the ring in the water?"

"I saw no fish rise. Sing me some more."

The boy pitched his voice in a different key, like the echo of a shepherd's pipe playing in green valleys:

"I hear the breathing trees,
The words of troubled seas,
Glean honey from the bees,
And milk from mother Earth.
Gave she me birth?
I feel I stir in her side,
In the hush of eventide,
When the sky and wood seem wide;
When flowers grow
Beneath the snow
Waiting their lenten-tide.
I hear the breezes playing,
I know what the stars are saying:
'Stoop down, weary head,
On thy Mother's bed,
Soon thou shalt be dead.
And mother Earth
Who gave thee birth
Through thee shall renew her worth.'

"I could sing all day," he added, and was dumb.

"Oh boy," cried his mother, "Thou art vowed to the immortal Gods. Feelest thou not thine immortality?"

"Not I," said the boy, and sang again:

"From earth to earth,
Fit earning for men,
Merrily to go.
Gusty the winds blow,
Wavering the water's flow,
What may man know
Of God's ways?
Wrap up the winds,
Folded in fist,
Bind up the waters,
Then may ye wist
God's ways are men's ways
Made as they list."

"But, my son, thou wert vowed from thy birth!"

"Was I,—the eldest son too? Nay, mother, I am vowed anew by my father." He bit his lip, sucked and spat blood on the earthen floor. "Vowed to Pan, the 'derision of the Gods.'"

"Oh boy, it was to the great Apollo that I vowed my son."

"Before his birth. Look on him now. Pan is my God, by grace of these bent limbs."

"Where wilt thou hope to find the God?"

"I'll seek him, mother, I and Buda here. Hey lass! A nose for game, and a nose for Gods," he threw his dreamy eyes over the stream again. "The river is my highway, just as the earth is my bed. I'm away on my God-hunt. Give me the luck-gift."

"Such is not the manner to approach the Gods."

"Great Pan is not Jupiter to blast me. He can do no more than scourge me as my father did. To the mercies of Apollo, and his sweet sister Diana, I commit you, mother. Shall I bring you a petal from the blossom of Pan?"

"The boy is mad already," murmured Julia, as she heard the loosened tongue, and watched the boy run like a lean mongrel down the treacherous pathway, then sighed, and returned to the strong-built dwelling on the hill.

* * * * *

By day the boy kept to the water-side, but by night he struck inland, heading with instinctive sureness for the West. Day and night were alike to him, sunshine and starshine of equal worth, his feet found their way, and his ears heard their danger, without his eyes to show it. Buda ran in the shadow that he flung behind.

He slept through the heat of the day with the rest of the earth-folk, swinging himself up with his long arms into some place of peace, or couching in the deep fern, with his dog by his side, while the jays and pigeons clattered familiarly round him, and grey squirrels cracked their nuts, knowing him for an earth-boy, not a mortal man.

"I'm away to find God Pan," he said to the river, and threw tribute of mint and marygold into her lap. "Ripples, can you tell me where he bides?" The ripples flowed serenely onward with the tide, the boy watched them keenly. "Oh, you

say westward, as the wind says too. I'll away westward." And he ran further, taking in his daily course wide loops from river to wood, and back again.

By and by he met a holy man, caught Buda by the muzzle, and hid behind an oak. Holy men were on familiar terms with brutal Roman Gods. The marsh-bred boy dropped out of sight like a shadow; the holy man passed on.

Next he met a British girl, red-haired, red-eyed. Her he greeted.

"What are the waters doing in your eyes?"

"I met a legionary," she said—and more.

"Come with me, I'm away to find God Pan, he has my vows."

"And Vesta should receive me next ninth of June. My vows were nearly paid."

"Nearly is but part of all," said the boy. "Pan is not Vesta."

The girl followed him a yard or so, then fearing him and his dog, turned back, and went her way.

The boy dashed through the woodlands, bowing his bent back to thorny ways. Then snatched at berries to staunch his hunger, leaves of red sorrel to quench his thirst. Here and there a sloe rewarded him, or a wry crab-apple. Sometimes the beech-nuts gave him food; if not, he was used to hunger. Buda hunted for herself.

On he went, now knocking at the bark of an oak-tree to ask the way, now following the red brush of a fox as he slipped through the long grass towards his earth. Sometimes he asked the waving fern-fronds if they knew God Pan, sometimes plucked wild flowers for a chaplet for the God.

"Touch me not," whispered the roses, when he pulled them by their thorns, "for we are Venus' flowers, sacred to her precious blood."

"Bide then, Pan has sufficient," answered the boy, and stooped to the milk-wort, who shrank back from his rough hands with shame.

"Ah, touch me not," it said, "for I fell from our Lady's breast when she stooped to feed the Lord of Love."

"Pan has enough without you," said the boy sturdily, and sped on.

So he travelled many days, with never a spoken prayer for guidance, never an uplift of his voice to the hidden powers; only with a surety that he was on his way, and an eager, bird-like curiosity to find his goal.

"What gift can I bring God Pan?" he asked a foolish jay. "Only a face of laughter, and a handful of berries,—and myself," and he ran on.

"What gift shall I ask God Pan," he said to a wise black bull. "Only that he leave me as I am,—and kill my father." Then he stopped, and frowned. "Nay, I will not ask him even so small a thing as that. I could do it for myself if needs were. And mayhap his own Gods will plague him. For me, I have my earth." Stooping he kissed the ground, touching the earth with his tongue, rolling in the dew-wet pasture land. The bull smelt him curiously, but offered him no harm, knowing his earth kin, and the sib that was between them.

"Shall I then ask him nothing?" said the boy, rubbing the great velvety nose, and smoothing the bull's whiskers. "He may have nought to give, or all,—what care I? Pan himself shall choose the measure of his gift." And he ran on.

He had fetched a wide circle without knowing it, so that night-fall brought his feet near his old home. Then the scent, and the feeling of the place, seemed familiar to him, and he saw through the bent-backed wood the sheen of his own river once again. And he plunged deeper and deeper into the wood.

It was a very wizard of a wood, sear and leafless under the broadest summer sun; frost-bitten, salt-stained, with matted bearded branches roofing overhead; a wood in shadow at noon-day, a wood where dew lay on the docks and sword-grass till the next dew fell; stretching for roods in a hoary wisdom, lichened, tangled, thorny, leafless, where the underbrush rose up to the tree-tops and the tree-tops bent to listen to the whispering grass.

Here the boy went slowly, finger on lip, eyes piercing the gloom ahead, and on every side; head turning with quick silence to listen furtively. Pan seemed near.

He brushed through giant colt's-foot, giant nettle, giant

dock ; swept against long sword-grass, and oat-grass, while their tears ran over his feet. All round was grey shadow, in the distance green gloom. The boy passed between the sunken shoulders of a horn-beam, his bare arms brushing the lichen-feathers that hung like mildew down its limbs. Passed on, under gnarled crooked thorn-joints, thrust out like sharp elbows in his path ; still treading furtively.

" Oh greybeards," he whispered, " People of Pan, show me his blossom ! " For he knew the blossom hides the fruit, and the soul of the flower is God. The moss-fringed trees said nothing, only their long lean fingers pointed onwards through the wood.

Next he came on fungi, brown things of earth clinging to the roots of older trees, in layers and terraces of vegetable stonework ; then on ones of creamy-white, unhealthy things, shut out from the sun ; then on horns, of flaccid deadly white, and evil smell. And it seemed to him that ill-shapen figures leaned over them, sucking their strength, inhaling their poison. Then a riot of rose-colour beckoned him from the grey shadows, and he passed through a garden of rose-campion, lingering awhile to bathe his eyes with their hue.

Then he passed into acres of wild fennel, rising high above his head, with a green translucent gloom, as of sunlight through deep waves. The stalks thickened round him, wrapping him in a swirl of green. He bathed in the sheen of it, without a thought of fear. Then grasped a fennel bough, and hastened onward.

In the gold-green shadows sat the great God Pan. The boy smiled, for the face of the God was known to him, he had seen his smile many a summer day, caught a glimpse of his great goat thighs on the marshes many a year. Fear fell from off him, as he approached, walking upright, as a man should do, even when he faces the God of his vow.

And the big, bronze-brown head turned towards the boy, and the voice of the God bade him welcome, smiling in answer to his fearless smile. And the boy drew near.

" Are you the God Pan ? " he breathed, though all the while familiar eyes shone on him, familiar lips curved with the wisdom of the silence which enwraps all sound.

" And I have worshipped you without knowing it," said the

boy. "O Pan, let me—crooked, bent, weak, but faithful—worship still!"

He saw the God bend his great head, and his grand eyes looked through the boy to the green gloom, and the grey bents beyond.

"It was the vow of my father," said the boy, "vowed in my ignorance. O Pan, let me keep it in my wisdom."

Again he saw the God smile. And in his smile, he saw the birth of all things, great and small. His own birth, with the up-rush of buds in the spring-time, breaking through from their mother, the earth, the birth of birds within the spotted shell, the river of life that flows through the winding ways of every tree-trunk, every grass-blade. And wisdom flowed into his heart through that smile.

How long he stayed there worshipping, he knew not; he knew only that slowly the light withdrew itself, till it shone, a distant speck in the green heart of the fennel forest, and he knew it shone from the eyes of the God, who watched his worshipper.

* * * * *

So the boy went home to his old life in the marshes, satisfied. He never found his way again to the fennel forest, for the Gods show themselves but once in a life-time to the sons of men.

He sang of strange things which he had seen in that forest, and his songs found favour with his Roman rulers, his plants healed their diseases as did his songs their minds. From the day he found the God-head he was safe, for the wisdom of all nature had flowed into his bent body, and after that deep draught, chances and changes stirred him no more than the changes of night and day.

By and by, too, altars were raised to the goat-footed God, and fennel forests planted in his honour, but the God showed himself to none in Britain, save the boy who sought for him in silence, when he was only the sport of Gods and men.

But the boy kept Pan's blossom, with the love of all created things locked in his singer's heart.

M. U. GREEN.

A PHENOMENAL DREAM

WE are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep !

PREVIOUS to leaving India four years ago, to study medicine in England, I was strongly advised by my friends— as, said they, “ We have noticed something dogging your path for the last three years ”—to delay my departure until such time as this “ something ” should pass. This warning I treated with derision. What had I to fear? What harm could this vague shadow do me? Events, however, have proved too surely how baneful this shadow has been.

This warning vividly recurred to me when, on May 1st last, I looked back on my life for the past seven years. Before then misfortune had never crossed my path. Since then I have had to drink the cup to its bitterest dregs. The first intimation of evil came from my personal friends. One by one they dropped from me. There was nothing I had done or said to give any offence, yet had I become a criminal they could not have avoided me more religiously.

Then again—after enjoying all my life complete immunity from disease—I was stricken with severe illness and lay at death’s door. In swift succession to this came great pecuniary loss.

Persistently through the seven years I have been misrepresented. However right I might be, never have I appeared other than wrong in the eyes of others, even those who are my nearest relatives. Seeking to gain an end, confident of success, nay at the very moment of grasping it, unforeseen circumstances have arisen, thwarted my endeavours and frustrated my hopes.

Strangers, people whom I have never seen before, have crossed my path and done me harm. Actions done with the

best intentions and most disinterested motives have recoiled upon myself, causing me mental and physical injury.

Not only this, but objects of small value though precious from their association have been stolen or lost. Only to mention the latest,—a gold medal, my most prized possession, has lately been stolen. And so the tale runs to the end of the chapter.

It is perhaps only natural that I should question the justice of such a series of misfortunes as has been my lot. Can it be wondered that I asked: "Is it right; is it just?"

Feeling tired and depressed by such thoughts, my whole body aching, I retired early and was soon asleep. Some time in the night I turned my body from left to right. As I did so I involuntarily exclaimed: "I am sure R—— is in the room." The room was simply saturated with the odour of a friend, a young lady whom I knew and passionately loved eight years ago, when I last saw her.

I should explain that as the result of long training my sense of smell is so developed that I am able to recognise any of my friends by the scent of their clothes.

To see if she were actually in the room I tried to raise myself and, not being able to do so, turned on my face, placed my hands on the pillow, and with some difficulty succeeded in raising my body, to fall back immediately like a log.

My eyes were closed, and although I tried to open them I found it impossible. My limbs were powerless and head heavy.

I then turned on my left side and (a thing I have no recollection of doing before) yawned three times. Such yawns! with deep, full inspiration and heavy, strong expiration.

Next thing I remember, was *seeing* myself deliberately turning the handle of the door of an adjoining room. A ray of soothing light was falling on my face and I *saw* my own face showing unmistakable symptoms of one in the throes of pain and agony.

On the forehead were thick transverse folds of wrinkles; the eyebrows contracted and drawn inwards and downwards; eyelids contracted and almost closed; the angles of the mouth drawn backwards and upwards. The face was a veritable picture of pain.

As I pushed the door open I was struck by the thought that it would be impossible for me to open a door which I knew was always kept locked from within.

Realising that I had no right in that room I shut the door; then going downstairs repeated the same thing to another door. My object in walking from room to room was to seek relief from pain by physical exertion.

Suddenly, by what means I know not, I found myself in my own room again, and *saw* my body lying on the floor, near the bed, face upwards.

That I could not have fallen from the bed was obvious, because the head was now lying in the direction of the foot of the bed and in a line with the pillow, as if my body had been completely turned round, using the head as a pivot, and laid on the floor.

About five feet above and directly over the face was a dark crescent, an arc, veiled by a murky cloud.

As I looked at it I began to writhe in agony, clenched my hands and cried: "Is it right; is it just?" And then: "Yes, it is right."

I was then caused to turn to my left side by somebody giving me something to read. I could not *see* anybody in the room, but the impression I had was that somebody was present.

I took the something in my hand. I cannot say it was a paper. Yet I understood it to be on it was written only one word thus: by a milky-white radiant mist.

<p>phe- nominal</p>

paper and
covered

I then got up and handed this paper to the one who gave it me, remarking: "These foreigners are fond of using big words. I am sure there will be a spelling mistake in it."

So saying, I took it back, examined it carefully, then returned it, adding, "Yes, they are wrong."

On rising from the floor I was conscious of having a body *without flesh and bones*, and the physical body had entirely disappeared.

Whilst returning the paper, I happened to turn my head and saw rising from the horizon a star as big as a cricket ball, glowing like a red-hot iron.

The sight of this star gave me a curious feeling of ecstasy, and I exclaimed: "It is the morning star." Why—I cannot conceive.

It seemed as though I was looking through an avenue of trees which extended to the horizon, yet not one tree did I see.

As a background to the star was a beautiful flush of dawning daylight.

Presently, about a foot below the star I noticed another of equal brightness but smaller, about the size of a tennis ball. Each had a beautiful halo round it.

They continued rising up to a certain point, when they appeared, though I did not see it, to fuse into one.

Immediately there appeared a group of stars of similar shape and brightness, but much smaller. This group occupied a space roughly resembling the capital letter U.

At a distance of two yards from the left side of the U, springing from space, other stars were shooting to reach the foot of the group. I saw the shooting on the left side and understood, though I did not see, that a similar shooting was happening on the right side.

And now I was conscious of occupying a position somewhere high in the air surrounded by space. But by what means I was carried from my room to this spatial region I know not.

At this stage I heard a voice exclaim "How (*sic*) do you call this?" Turning my head, I saw a man of remarkable appearance. His body did not seem to be composed of flesh and blood but of a vaporous mist. He had a finely shaped nose and beautiful eyes. Hanging from his neck to the ankles was a loose garment. One feature in him seemed most peculiar. On his left shoulder was a snow-white spot.

When the question was put, I was not the least surprised to find someone near me, and tried to think of a technical word for an answer. Pressing my forehead with my right hand, as one does when trying to remember a word, I answered: "Meteoric shower."

Then, thinking that the word required explanation, said, with a significant motion of the hand: "Just as you would throw a shower of flowers," using for example the Indian custom of

throwing flowers at persons or objects held in reverence, which seemed helpful to explain the meaningless "meteoric shower."

Curiously enough when he asked the question he was looking at me, and gave me no indication as to what he meant by the question, but I understood that he referred to the shooting stars.

Suddenly I was in bed awaking, but still looking at the stars and then exclaimed: "Why, I am looking with my forehead." With this exclamation the stars began slowly to fade away.

I was now quite awake but had not yet opened my eyes. To make sure that my eyes were not open I put my hand to them, and immediately became conscious that a circular area of the brain, the size of a halfpenny, between the eyebrows and directly above the root of the nose, was vibrating at an enormous rate.

It appeared as though a space existed between the frontal bone and the brain and this space was wholly occupied by these vibrations. It is impossible to guess their rate or to give any idea of their harmony and complexity, they were so fine, so rapid and so exquisite.

For some minutes I enjoyed this delightful sensation without opening my eyes and went over the whole dream. At the same time I heard the rain pattering on the window and the ticking of the clock. Shortly after this, the clock struck two.

Now, there are two distinct phases of this dream, one connected with the normal body, the other with a supernormal one. The former part can possibly be explained by the previous agitation of mind. But the presence of a distinctly soothing light and the faculty of seeing, not only all about me, but also my own face, surely require some other explanation.

The second part does not admit of any predisposing influence that can be traced. Has the word "phenominal" such mystic properties to transmute pain to pleasure, a physical body to an immaterial one; and evoke the succeeding phenomena? The sudden transportation to an ultra-physical world and the subsequent encounter with an incorporeal being are yet to be explained.

All that precedes is dream. But those vibrations certainly *were no dream*, because for some moments during entire wakeful-

ness I was enjoying the curiously delightful sensation to which they gave rise and at the same time was listening to the pattering of the rain and ticking of the clock.

It seemed as though previous to raising my hand to my eyes their rate was so rapid as to be untranslatable to the waking-consciousness and were then slackening, for I was conscious that as the moments during which I was enjoying them passed, their rate and complexity diminished and finally ceased. Is there any connection between these vibrations and seeing with the forehead?

For seven years now my mysterious shadow and I have waged continuous warfare. For seven years have I exerted all my strength to gain the upper hand, only to realise that indeed

The moving finger writes, and having writ—moves on ;
Nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

S. CHELLIAH.

SEEN IN THE SÉANCE-ROOM

THERE are many mysterious rooms in the world, but some of the most eerie, and perhaps the most mysterious, are the séance-rooms.

What I saw in these rooms may perhaps explain certain phenomena to a few thinking minds.

It is the scientific side of Psyche (the Soul) which is so fascinating, just as it is the scientific side of Physis (the Body) which attracts.

There were, I found, as far as my experience goes, three kinds of mediums :

- i. The ordinary medium or natural clairvoyant.
- ii. The semi-trance medium.
- iii. The trance medium.

The ordinary medium simply held the client's hand in her own and shut her eyes (generally), sometimes putting it to her forehead, and proceeded to read the past, present and future.

This is what I saw, as far as anyone untrained in anatomy can describe it.

After waiting a few minutes a fine electric current passed from the finger-tips of the client into the hand of the medium, ran up her arm and neck, until it reached the top of the spinal cord, the pineal gland, which then began to vibrate very rapidly.

The vibration of the gland affected the nerves at the back of the head and passed the vibrations on to the lower and upper brain.

As long as the gland continued to vibrate at that rate the medium was able to perceive pictures, words, or different coloured lights, which streamed out of her forehead between the eyes. Whether they were pictures, words, or different coloured lights, seemed to depend on the peculiar characteristics of the medium.

She then had a very difficult task to perform ; namely, to translate to the client what she saw in such a way that the latter could clearly understand. This was tiresome and often very wearisome, since the brain of the latter was much denser, and often there was very little constructive power in the thick material. When this was the case, the medium ran the chance of slowing down her own rate of vibration in order to meet in some way the brain-rate of the client ; and unless the memory was very strong the pictures, words or lights would disappear before they were construed.

It was also difficult to say whether it was present, past, or future, since the line of light was continuous ; it could only be judged by the space which lay between each set of words, pictures, etc. There were several other difficulties, but I will not dwell on those now.

The semi-trance medium was visited next. Her clients were arranged in a circle holding hands. A candle was lighted and placed at a little distance from her, but in such a manner that it shone on her face, leaving the remainder of the room in darkness. A hymn was then sung to steady the minds of the people. After a short time the face of the medium appeared to change or rather recede. In front of her face a series of faces passed one by one.

I watched closely to see how these were formed.

Around the sitters were two circles or bands of magnetic currents : one resulting from the inner circle of the joined hands, the other coming from a very fine aura which surrounded each person outside or beyond the one usually visible to clairvoyants. These finer auras or atmospheres were drawn out or elongated from each person till the sitters became enclosed in a magnetic or fire ring.

When a certain quantity was drawn from any one person, a cold draught was felt, which, in some cases, caused severe shivering. This was due to the fact that as the finer atmosphere was drawn away downwards, the coarser one expanded ; it was this expansion that caused the sensation of draught or cold. As the stream drawn from each person reached the medium, definite forms were seen in front of her face. Sometimes a child's face would appear, sometimes a man's, sometimes a woman's.

Looking more closely at these phenomena, I endeavoured to find out by what means the faces changed ; the current was steady, the medium was steady, and yet the faces altered. The stream itself vibrated rapidly, and looking rapidly round, I saw that a clear concentrated thought was issuing from the mind of one of the sitters and took form on the beautiful plastic stream.

The clue was in my hands ; now for an experiment !

Fixing my thought, not on people, but on plants and animals in the most out-of-the-way parts of the world, these became more and more visible, and at last floated round the circle. Had it been possible to keep the thought absolutely fixed, those flowers would have been handled by the people in the room ; they all saw and described them accurately. If by any chance I forgot the detail of a petal or leaf, the flower was imperfect, or the animal deformed.

The third class of medium was the most interesting of all. There are two kinds of trance mediums : those who entrance themselves and those who are put into a trance by others. The results are the same, and therefore only the latter will be mentioned.

As the medium lay in a trance a subtle shape freed itself from the physical, called out by the will of the operator, and disappeared. It looked like masses and masses of minute white

corpuscles bound together by matter of the very finest kind. In the centre of each corpuscle was a little eye; these eyes were of different colours. This shape soon returned with another one, which appeared to act as its positive counterpart; the two intermingled, and repassed through the body of the medium, when they became visible in the room, and appeared to the majority of the sitters as a white luminous mass; to me it had the same appearance as before, only it was more compressed, and therefore somewhat denser.

There was, however, one difference which seemed peculiar: some of the little eyes had changed their colour; they were *black*.

This apparently luminous form approached one of the persons in the room. As soon as it came within the radius of that person's coarser aura or atmosphere it took upon itself the form of the chief thought in that aura. If they wished to see husband, wife, child, or grandfather, the shape became that relative.

Thus one shape was able to personate many forms, and give back correctly any little trick of the person it became. These little tricks or movements were only known to the persons themselves.

This shape was attached to the medium by a very minute thread-like film, like a minute silver cord. Sometimes while personating some particular person, a voice was heard and the silver cord would be seen to vibrate like a telephone wire. It was this vibration focussing in the medium which caused her to speak.

There was also a kind of inoculation going on. If there was any disease or possibility of disease in the person which corresponded in any way to the little black eyes before mentioned, the possibility of that disease was very much accentuated, and sometimes became virulently active.

This was of course the same along any other line which had a correspondence with the other little coloured eyes.

Tracing the lives of some of the people who went to the séance-rooms I found that a kind of tie or attraction was formed, which drew them back to the séance-rooms again and again, just as a drunkard is drawn to the public-house.

In making these statements I have merely recorded a number of personal experiences made in different parts of the world, and have used terms which seemed most clearly to express what was seen. I am, however, quite open to criticism and correction.

M. F. W.

DATE LILIA!

A FANTASIA

FAR as the eye can reach the moorland rolls away in stretches of withered heather and bracken and fretted masses of golden gorse, bounded by fir-crowned heights and the grey of the distant hills. Here and there in sheltered nooks the fragile blossom of the white wild cherry gleams like some forgotten snow-wreath dropped from the feeble hand of departing Winter. From the little copse hard by comes the brooding note of the wood-dove, and the cuckoo's cry floats over the sunlit common:

For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing is come.

Earth's voices join with one accord to swell the melody of that glad singing: song of the birds from leafless oak, from tasselled larch, from the deeper shadow of the pines; song of the wind as it sweeps through their swaying branches; drone and hum of insect life and beat of gossamer wing; song of our hearts, attuned for an instant to all the harmonies of sight and sound around us, and singing evermore in solemn, all-pervading undertone, a mightier melody, of which all others are but faint imperfect echoes,—the Song of Life, of "Life which has speech and is never silent"—the Secret of Spring.

Secret profound, mysterious, yet "common as Light or Love," and woven like them into the warp and weft of daily life, until miracle by its very assurance ceases to inspire either awe or wonder, and the sublime, viewed from the standpoint of the many, is relegated to the domain of the commonplace and

trivial. We move as bondsmen of Time and Space in the midst of the Eternal and Infinite, and ever our eyes are holden that we may not see ; yet now and again, in moments such as these, with a thrill of awakening consciousness we recognise our inherent freedom, we claim our right of Sonship, and the Divine within us answers to the Divine without.

It is Easter Day, and in the early morning I went into the village church which has stood for so many centuries at the foot of the wooded hills where mighty yew trees still mark out the ancient Pilgrims' Way to the Shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. The sun had not long risen, and rays of coloured light shone through the pictured panes of the eastern window, blending in subtle fashion with the delicate scent of the moss and primroses which wreathed the stone pillars, and of the tall white lilies gleaming from the altar like pale stars.

Did any of those old pilgrims, I wondered, stray into this little church on some Easter morning and find it, as now, dim, fragrant, flower-bedecked, inviting to meditation and worship as a fitting prelude to the toilsome pilgrimage of the day? Or, in ages more remote, did some ancient people on this same spot, offer in ruder guise, yet with no less earnest hearts, their grateful sacrifice to the Goddess of the Spring, of the Dawn? The worship of Ostara has passed from woodland glades and rock-hewn altars to pillared aisles and gilded shrines, but her name is still recalled in the great spring festival of Death and Resurrection ; of the awakening of the buried life to its heritage of power and gladness and beauty. No longer in her honour are the Easter fires kindled on hill and height, no more is the steep ascent of the Pilgrims' Way trodden by weary feet, but ever from human longing and aspiration burn upwards the undying fires of Love and Sacrifice, and ever in the hearts of men the Christ is crucified, and entombed, and raised again to newness of life.

On the grass at my feet lie a small soft feather and the broken blue fragments of an empty shell ; overhead in the tangled branches of a budding hawthorn a nestling is chirping his first notes of happiness. Life given, life hidden for a time in silence and darkness, life rising from its prison-house to give out

again of all that it has received,—is not this the secret of Spring ? It breathes in the curves of each unfolding leaf, of every opening bud ; in sight and sound, in silence and darkness :

A seizing and giving
The Fire of Living !

Fancies come and go, swift as the flight of the passing swallow, light as the gossamer threads thrown by elfin fingers across the woodland path ; fancies born of the play of sunbeams, of the scent of pines, of the rush of the wind, of the gleam of the gorse. A vision rises of plains enfolded in a purple light “ with stars their own and suns their own ” ; of groves of fragrant laurel and fields watered by everflowing streams ; of crowds of shadowy forms flitting here and there as bees on a peaceful summer’s day, and of the words of him whose son, through the magic of the Golden Bough, had dared to enter, while yet in the flesh, the realm of the dread Persephone :

O with full hands give lilies !

Another fancy rises, as the picture of an Earthly Paradise where a poet walked by the shores of Lethe and Eunoë, through flower-strewn meadows, and beneath a sky streaked with trailing pennons of seven-fold colours. He had passed through the sorrowing circles of Purgatory and the Fiery Wall, and as he met once more the spirit who had been the inspiration of his genius and his life’s ideal he heard the same words, falling with showers of flowers from angel hosts :

O with full hands give lilies !

“ Give lilies, give lilies ! ” and with the echo, the shifting web of fancy is drawn on and away, catching in its floating meshes another thought from the world’s poet :

*Stirb und erwerde !
Denn so lang du das nicht hast
Bist du nur ein trübe Gast
Auf der dunkle Erde.*

“ Die and come to life ! ” Summed up in brief phrase is here at once the secret of Spring, of the “ seizing and giving,” of the mystery of man, of the world, of the cosmos.

Dry, brown and seemingly lifeless, without beauty of line or

colour, the bulb sleeps its appointed time in the dark earth, and wakes to the gradual growth and perfecting of slender stem and waving leaf, of starry coronal of white and gold. So, in the spirit of man rising from the darkness of illusion, is the germ that will quicken and grow through life after life, bearing again and again the white flower of sacrifice, until at last it blooms into "the midnight blossom of Buddha," guiding the disciple "through the fields of Being unto the peace and bliss known only in the land of Silence and Non-Being."

Lilies, types of water and fire, of creation and generation ! Whether in the hand of the Bodhisat or of the angel Gabriel, whether as the golden lilies of France emblazoned on an azure field or as the sacred lotus carved on Indian temples, they bear alike the same occult significance. What fitter emblem for Ostara of the Dawn, who comes as the giver of gifts, bringing with full hands life and light and gladness, and putting to flight the powers of death and darkness ? They are symbols of Spring scattering her lavish gifts on the expectant earth ; they are symbols of the Spirit, the very essence of whose life lies in giving, for "there is nothing higher than itself from whom it can receive."¹ As the awakening soul from its prison of the flesh, so their leaves unfold from the earth in "the glad green of universal nature," ensheathing the hope and promise of the future. In their golden centres we can recognise "spirit still in antithesis to soul and body, to matter and life, and therefore, though bright, luminous and glorious, still partaking of distinction, and still bound to the chain of individuality and limitation, the orange ray, ready to escape and lose itself in the pure light."² And this pure light of the lily petals—white, the all-colour, in which all colours coalesce and synthesise—may fitly symbolise that which is "neither matter, nor soul, nor spirit, but something which is all and yet neither of these."³

And we, who fain would serve at the outer gate of the Temple, though ages perchance may pass ere we can hope to cross its threshold and know that service which is perfect freedom, we, too, even now, may give lilies—ay, and with full hands. Our knowledge must be faulty and imperfect, our efforts

¹ *The Ancient Wisdom.*

² *The Dream of Ravan.*

³ *Ibid.*

weak and misdirected, but we may none the less endeavour to cast away thoughts of self and of self-seeking and to give freely, joyfully, asking nothing and expecting nothing in return. Each action, each word, each thought, however small, however trivial, may be a mighty generating force making for righteousness when motivated by the spirit of self-sacrificing love. And we know that when we have learnt the lessons taught us through life after life, the orange ray purified from every tinge of earthly desire will escape at last into the pure light, and for us will the day dawn and the day-star arise in our hearts at some far-off triumphant Eastertide.

CHARLOTTE DICKSON.

WHY I AM A THEOSOPHIST

A PAPER READ AT THE DUBLIN LODGE

You will laugh at me for my bits of personal biography. You may ; I laugh myself. But reflect how good an opportunity reading a paper gives one of "taking the floor" and telling all about oneself and one's opinions without any fear of a maladroit person pushing one off the track with an unanswerable argument, or even starting another theme.

I am not going to unveil my soul to you. No one ever really unveils his soul, and least of all when he is most bent on doing so. But people understand us all the same, though not by what we tell them. We are continually expressing ourselves in all manner of ways. So when I tell you why I think I am a Theosophist you will understand me very well.

You will want to laugh, I daresay, when I tell you that when I was about twelve years old I had come to the conclusion that there was no God, because the God the Churches told me of seemed to me to be just a big bully, who roared at one vengefully in the thunder, and was always waiting with hell ready for somebody ; and I had in my mind that, if he could punish people for ever and ever, even if they sinned every minute of the sixty

or seventy years they were alive, I couldn't respect him, and I preferred not to believe in him ; so I didn't.

At a later date, with the awakening of the emotional life, the ebbing to and fro of those troubled tides made one feel that there must be some unknown source of all that great upheaval, some moon to draw that sea ; and the Churches again took their turn. Vicarious sacrifice, the charm of tradition, the authority of the Church, the Apostolic Succession, the Sacraments with their pomp and ritual—all these had their attraction, though one couldn't help feeling some pity and contempt for a God who couldn't cope with his universe, but could only hold back a small portion of it from the wiles of the Devil—the being who perhaps seemed to me then, as he sometimes does now, the real hero of Christianity.

I wasn't a bit content with the Christian God, and, if I may so call him, the Christian Devil ; and if you pushed me till my back was against the wall, I wouldn't have been able to fight a stroke for either of them.

Please, good kind Theosophists, don't think me flippant. I want you to think well of me, and admire the independence of my intellect ; but I have all the time a misgiving that I am only revealing its poverty. Even so, I do not fear you, for you, and I, and all, are both greater and smaller than we know.

Once upon a time, when I was about fifteen or sixteen, a grey pamphlet found its way into the letter-box of our orthodox hall-door. I read it, and felt at once that I had come to something dear and familiar. I have not now the faintest idea of what it was about, probably the word gnostic—fascinating word—may have been in it—all I know is, it disappeared ; and conscious that it was heterodox, and had been removed by the high hand of authority, and with that reticence about ideas that characterises the young girl in her own home, I said nothing of my find, or of my loss. But when after many years I met you people, and heard your talk, I felt the same thrill as of ideas dear and familiar ; and now I suppose that little grey pamphlet was one of your old Theosophical publications, and that I am a Theosophist for the same reason that I am a daughter, or a sister—because I was born into the family.

I would dearly love to write you a learned treatise. But alas ! I am not learned ; and if I were asked suddenly for my creed by Him into whose halls we go when the Old Boatman leaves us at the other side, I fear I could only stammer : "I believe in all."

I wonder would He let me through. I think he would ; for I am not sure that He has not received the same reply from many another bewildered soul from whom a shrouding creed has dropped off with the shrouding veil of flesh, and nakedness stood in the Presence of the All.

If Theosophy had a creed, I think it would be this creed ; but Theosophy, as I understand it, has no creed, but contains all creeds. No form of belief that ever seemed to the mind of man to explain to him the universe in which he found himself is foolish or unmeaning in the eyes of the Theosophist ; and if I have a reason, other than a woman's reason, for being a Theosophist, this is one. The loftiest conceptions of Buddhism or Christianity, the wonder and worship of him to whom the face of his idol is the gate of glory, all have their place ; there is no great and no small.

Which of us who have swung ourselves loose from the creeds of the Christian Churches that we may learn Christianity, but rejoices that those sweet and lovely ones who left us to find Christ will surely find the heart they longed for, or that those who sought the shelter and love of Mary will not miss their way to the Mother ?

All that Theosophy can tell me of the religions of the world, and of the great conceptions that lie behind their symbolism, will delight my mind and fill my imagination. I will listen eagerly, I will love to be instructed ; but because I am not an intellectual person I feel the terms of this knowledge will not remain with me. What will remain with me is the perpetual delight of Being, that Ben Bulben and Knocknarea are throbbing with my own heart-beats, and that my life is flowing in all the little coloured flowers, and is budding out in leaves on every tree, and yet that I am not these ; that I am not alone, but in a land of the living ; that I am the murderer, the outcast, the sin-devoured, the saint and the hero, and that I am none of these ; that I burn

in the sun and stars, and yet that all that symbolism of the heavens shall pass away, and I be none of these ! And what, at last, remains but the fountain from which spring the poignant joy and anguish that well up in the red river of the heart, whence we draw the drought that we offer to our beloved, and whence we fill the cup that we carry back with us to the high thrones above the stars ?

S. L. M.

WHO WAS SHE ?¹

READERS of the late Frederick Myers's classic work upon *Human Personality* will not fail to remember the outline there given of that fascinating and most remarkable case of multiple personality known as the "Beauchamp Case"; and closer students of abnormal psychology will probably have also read and studied the somewhat fuller account given by Dr. Morton Prince at the International Congress of Psychology in Paris, in 1900, and subsequently published in Volume XV. of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. The volume now under notice contains the full and extended account of this most remarkable case, which was promised in a note appended to the previous report ; and the long delay which has intervened in its appearance seems to have been due to the developments which have taken place in connection with the case since that date, for the account before us comes down to July, 1905.

The whole of this well-got-up and well-printed volume is devoted to a description of the case itself, and to the story of the extremely complicated and varied developments which it has exhibited. Dr. Morton Prince, who is a professor at Tufts College Medical School, and physician to Boston City Hospital, promises a thorough discussion of the theory of the case and of

¹ The Dissociation of a Personality : A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology. By Morton Prince, M.D., Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, Tufts College Medical School ; Physician for Diseases of the Nervous System, Boston City Hospital. London : Longmans, Green & Co., etc. ; 1906. Price 10s. 6d. net.

cognate matters in a separate volume, for the appearance of which the writer of the present paper will look with considerable eagerness. To some extent, in the mere language which he uses, Dr. Prince cannot avoid implying a certain, nay, a considerable amount of theoretical conclusions; but as he explicitly proclaims all these as provisional and does his utmost to reduce them within the narrowest possible limits, the reader will not find much to complain of in that respect; while, as a record of observation covering several years' study of a most remarkable case, by a most careful and competent observer, this book will always hold a place among the classics of modern psychological observation.

It would be impossible within the limits of these pages, to give an adequate account of all the phases and variations of this strange case; but the following highly condensed and simplified outline is indispensable in order to enable the reader to appreciate with understanding the special points to which I desire to invite attention.

In 1898 Dr. Morton Prince was called in to attend a young lady called (an assumed name) Miss Christine L. Beauchamp, who was then studying at a College in Boston, doing good work, but always ill and suffering. This Miss Beauchamp, whom we shall hereafter call with Dr. Prince, B I, was a young lady of very gentle, retiring disposition, extremely religious, given to much self-depreciation, highly idealistic, dreamy, unselfish and extremely conscientious. For a long time there was nothing to indicate that this personality, B I, was other than the original complete, normal Miss Beauchamp, though this was not in reality the case, and subsequently the following facts came to light. The original, complete Miss Beauchamp was a nervous, impressionable girl, who had been subjected to various shocks, strains and frights; she suffered from headaches and nightmares, was unduly emotional and liable to somnambulism and hallucinations. In 1893, five years before she came under Dr. Prince's notice, when about eighteen years old, she suffered a series of severe emotional shocks while acting as voluntary nurse in a hospital. These shocks occurring on the same day caused a change in her condition, modifying her character and memories into the form in

which they remained till she came under Dr. Prince's observation, in other words the *original complete* Miss Beauchamp was modified by these shocks into B I—or the Miss Beauchamp whom Dr. Prince first knew, but who differed both in character and in memory-content from the original Miss Beauchamp as she was before this crisis.

When B I came under his treatment, Dr. Prince tried to cure the nervous breakdown from which she was suffering by means of hypnotic suggestion. He found she was very suggestible, easily thrown into trance, and exhibited the heightened capacity for remembering bygone details so often found in these trance-states. When thus hypnotised some modifications of character in addition to the enhancement of memory made their appearance, and Dr. Prince calls the personality B I, when thus modified under hypnotism, by the name B II.

On pressing the hypnotisation further, however, an entirely new development came to light which constitutes one of the most fascinating and puzzling of the features presented by this strange case. The subject, Miss Beauchamp, as B II, changed altogether and began to exhibit an entirely new set of characteristics. In this phase, B III, as Dr. Prince at first called it, all Miss Beauchamp's usual reserve and gentle dignity had disappeared; B III was a laughing, roguish child, stuttering in her speech, totally different in every trait from either B I or B II, full of life, go and *verve*, not in the least religious or devotional, full of fun and mischief, taking a delight in tormenting and plaguing B I, whom she detested, and later on exhibiting every mark and characteristic of a fully constituted personality. At first B III, or "Sally" Beauchamp as she came to call herself, only became manifest during the hypnotic trances of B I, and at that time she was always clamorously desirous of being allowed to open her eyes. This she at last succeeded in doing owing to a shock which threw B I into a trance-state, during which "Sally" succeeded in rubbing the eyes open and thus obtaining full control or possession of the body. Having thus, to use one of her own phrases, "got on top of the heap," Sally proceeded to play all sorts of pranks and to give B I a very bad time of it indeed, for "Sally" detested and was intensely jealous

of her. The details of this period, as well of the subsequent one, are most dramatic and fascinating, but the reader must be referred for them to Dr. Prince's book.

In 1899 Miss Beauchamp (B I) underwent a second severe emotional shock similar to the former one and brought about by the same person. That evening, while Dr. Prince was attending her, she completely changed in manner and imagined she was back at the hospital again in 1893, having totally forgotten all that had happened since then. This new phase also exhibited all the characteristics of a personality, very different in character and nature from either B I or Sally, equally set upon maintaining her own existence, equally at odds and quarrelling with both the others. This new personality Dr. Prince designates as B IV, and his theory seems to be that when the original Miss Beauchamp underwent the great emotional shock in 1893, which has been alluded to, a portion of her then total consciousness was split off from the rest and became completely dormant, and that it was this split-off portion which woke up again after the related shock in 1899, and displaced the other portion which had survived the 1893 shock and which Dr. Prince had hitherto known as Miss Beauchamp or B I. The portion split off from the rest of the consciousness by the shock of 1893, which is thus reawakened by a shock in 1899, formed the nucleus of a very distinct and characteristic personality, as has been said, and is called by Dr. Prince B IV.

Henceforward we have an alternation of three distinct personalities, more or less spontaneously giving place to one another and each controlling the common body in turn. These are B I, B IV and Sally. Neither B I nor B IV knew the other's thoughts, actions or memories; Sally, however, knew *all* that B I did or thought—even her most intimate thoughts—but she did *not* know B IV's thoughts except to a limited extent and by a special artifice, though she did know and remember all that B IV *did*.

The two personalities B I and B IV were the direct antitheses the one of the other; opposite and contrasted in every particular except in the fact that both were highly emotional. But they differed diametrically in their tastes, likes

and dislikes as to diet, dress, occupation, choice of friends and everything else.

Sally again was completely different from both B I and B IV. To a large extent Sally could control the actions of B I, could make her tell ridiculous lies and play all sorts of tricks upon her ; in B IV she could produce both positive and negative hallucinations, and could torment her in many ways, as indeed she did ; but Sally did *not* in general know B IV's thoughts and inmost feelings as she did those of B I.

Thus during a considerable period, apart from minor variations upon the main themes, so to speak, there were in the "Beauchamp Case" three perfectly distinct and well-marked "characters" manifesting in and through the same body. These "characters" had each different memories as to the past, different plans and intentions as to the future, contrasted and often opposed likes and dislikes ; and finally each of them resented the presence and actions of the other two. In view of this, and after a careful study of the details, it seems to me altogether impossible to discriminate, in any radical or essential manner, between them, so as to enable the observer to call any one of the three a "personality," and to withhold that name from the others. As judged by every criterion that can be applied from outside, then, each of these three "characters" was as much a "personality" as either of the others, and each is equally well entitled to be so designated. To repeat, these personalities were : first B I, or Miss Beauchamp, as she was first known to Dr. Prince ; second B IV, or the personality made up of the states of consciousness, faculties, moods, memories, feelings, which had been dormant between the two shocks of 1893 and 1899, and who therefore woke to a strange situation and resorted to all kinds of dodges and tricks to conceal her ignorance of persons and places ; and thirdly and lastly "Sally."

B I and B IV, as stated, were entire opposites, largely complementary, and, ultimately, after many vicissitudes, a fusion of these two, B I and B IV, was brought about, which seemed to be the real, complete, original Miss Beauchamp, as she normally existed prior to the shock of 1893. And when this was accomplished, "Sally," to use her own phrase, found herself

“squeezed ” and tended to disappear back “whence she came.” And, except for a short relapse under special strain, this improved and stably reunited personality, this, in Dr. Prince’s opinion, the “real ” Miss Beauchamp, has maintained herself for over a year up to the latest date (1905) named in Dr. Prince’s book.

It has been necessary to give this long description of the case, because even at this length it is still so abbreviated and shorn of detail, that it becomes exceedingly difficult for the reader to appreciate and understand at all vividly the actual fulness and concreteness of reality presented by each of these three “personalities ” in turn. And their reality and concreteness must, at least to some extent, be grasped and appreciated, in order that the question which this case so strongly brings home to us, may be felt in its full significance. That question is, briefly stated, this : What constitutes a “personality ” ? and I propose to devote the remaining space at my disposal to some general considerations bearing upon it.

In the first place, let us try to grasp clearly what it is we are more especially talking about in this connection. To begin with, it is obviously not the simple bodily identity that we have in view ; for we are talking of three distinct “personalities ” manifesting through, or if you prefer it, in connection with one and the same body. It is true that *some* of the physiological characteristics even of the body vary in a marked way with the change of “personality.” For instance the symptoms of illness, weakness, pain and neurasthenia disappeared almost entirely when “Sally ” was in possession. Still in relation to the problem before us these variations may be neglected, and in talking of personality here we are definitely confining our attention to the consciousness-side of the problem. On that side we may I think state, in agreement with the whole outcome of psychological investigation, that a “personality ” consists of, or is constituted by, the concurrence of three factors, *viz.* : (1) memory ; (2) character ; (3) self-consciousness. Of these the first, memory, is an essential, though not by itself alone a sufficient factor to render one “personality ” distinct, or distinguishable, from another or others. It is *essential* because unless there are large gaps or changes in the memory-content, we should only

say that the man has greatly changed in character, or is in quite a different mood, but we should *not* assert that a change of "personality" had taken place. But change, lapse, or loss of memory, even when total, hardly seems in itself *sufficient* to constitute a change of "personality." For even in the case of a total loss of memory, providing the character remained in the main unaltered, we should speak of a partial, or complete, loss of memory, but not of a change of "personality."

Now in all of us both these factors, memory and character, are constantly changing. We are always forgetting or failing to recall the past to a greater or less extent; and equally our characters are also constantly changing and our moods and habits of thought varying. But normally both these sets of variations take place by comparatively small steps; they are more or less continuous, they do not usually occur by leaps and bounds, nor attain great magnitude in a moment or a few moments—at least not in normal, average human beings. Thus, since any one change in either of these factors is normally small, we get an intimate sense of continued sameness, of self-identity; and even in looking back over a long vista of years our unconscious dramatic faculty leads us to project our present selves, our momentary personality of the hour, into that distant past, and as the memory is more or less dim and washed out, especially as regards the warm, vivid, emotional elements of the recalled phase, we usually do not realise that the personality which went through those experiences is radically and completely different—except in respect of the memory-continuum—from what we now are, from the personality now engaged in recalling that vanished past. We thus fail to obtain any intimate, actual realisation of the true state of the facts.

With regard to the third factor, self-consciousness, the bare "I" notion,—I think we must admit first that it is absolutely *essential* for constituting a "personality,"—otherwise we should have to ascribe full-blown personality to the lowest animal which exhibits memory and character. But this no psychologist would, I think, be willing to do.

In one sense also it may be said that even the bare "I" notion, or pure self-consciousness, is by itself *sufficient* to con-

stitute "personality"; but such a "personality," since it could have no content, would be the bare abstract "form" of personality and could not admit of the idea of a plurality of "personalities," since in the absence of content, of memory and character, there would be nothing left to *distinguish* one such pure form from another on the subjective side; while objectively—if we could imagine the pure "I" form to be objectively perceptible, which is impossible—they would only be numerically distinguishable by differences of place. Hence, although in a purely abstract sense we may consider that the bare "I" consciousness, the pure self-consciousness, is alone sufficient to constitute "personality," in actuality it must be conjoined with the other two factors mentioned, *viz.*, memory and character, in order to constitute a definite, actual "personality" distinguishable from others. But it must not be forgotten that in truth the pure "I" consciousness, the bare self-consciousness, is *identically the same in all concrete personalities alike*, and that, when divorced from specific content of memory and character, the "I," the "self-consciousness," of Jones becomes utterly indistinguishable from that of Smith, Brown or Robinson. This point needs to be remembered, for it becomes of considerable importance, as will be seen in due course.

If now we apply these general conceptions to the facts of the Beauchamp Case, we shall find that B I and B IV are apparently as completely two separate and distinct "personalities" (except in respect to the body) as Jones and Robinson. They differ completely in content; the memories of B I are quite distinct from, and do not include, those of B IV, and *vice versâ*. In all that marks character too, both moral, emotional, and intellectual, B I and B IV are quite distinct and as different as any two personalities could be. But it is also true that each of them is actually but a part, a fragment of a single identity, *i.e.*, of the complete, the real original Miss Beauchamp. This is most apparent on the memory-side, for the whole of B IV's memories fit into a blank time-space in regard to which B I has no memory whatever, and again *vice versâ*. To some extent also it seems that some of B IV's marked characteristics are, so to speak, complementary to those of B I, so that the two together form a more

rounded and balanced whole than either separately. Lastly, there is the experimental fact, that the two "personalities" with their distinct memories and characters *were* actually at last fused together, and when thus combined produced a much more balanced, rounded and complete whole, both in point of character as well as memory—a resultant which I think we must agree with Dr. Prince in considering to represent and express the true, original and complete Miss Beauchamp.

So far, then, so good; but there remains the question of "Sally." To that fascinating puzzle I shall, however, hope to return on a future occasion, as considerations of space preclude anything more than a brief note of some thoughts which a study of such "personalities" as B I and B IV and allied cases almost irresistibly suggests.

When one has realised from this study the way in which what is to every test we can apply a series of actual personal identities may be formed by split-off portions of what once constituted a single "personality"; when it is thus brought home to us how entirely our personalities, our dear little personal "selves," consist of series of conscious states, moods, modes of reaction to the outer world, feelings, desires and all the rest, linked together by a memory liable to interruption or, as in the Hanna Case, to complete paralysis; when we actually grasp and understand that all this is true of *each one of us*, not merely of such abnormal cases as Miss Beauchamp, that *in us* the small changes of mood, lapses of memory, variations in character and so forth, differ *in degree only*, but not in kind, from those larger and more dramatic alterations which constitute distinct and unquestionable alterations and disintegrations of the personality—in view of all this one cannot help recognising that the Buddhist doctrine that there is no *permanent, continuing* personal Ego or Soul, has much to be said in its favour. And I think that such studies as Dr. Prince's go a long way towards helping us to understand and appreciate the point of view and fundamental thought of that particular school of Buddhism.

Moreover, it is thus very vividly brought home to us how little of real stability and enduring coherence there actually is in these

so precious "personalities" of ours. And there is much more of keen psychological interest to be said and thought over in connection with reincarnation in this connection. But space grows scant and all that must wait.

On the other hand, the Buddhist view just mentioned, no less than Dr. Prince's own opinion, seems to ignore altogether the "self-consciousness" factor in the make-up of personality. Both seem somehow to think that this factor can in some way be resolved into, or accounted for in terms of, some combination of the other two factors, *i.e.*, of memory and the contents of the stream of conscious states and character. For reasons which it would take too much space to explain here, it seems to me that this view is not tenable, either psychologically or philosophically; and that we must recognise an "I"-making factor apart or distinct from the others. This is what the Hindus call the "*Ahaṁkāra*," microcosmically; and the Vedāntic, as well as possibly the inmost Buddhist teaching, was that this human, or microsmic *Ahaṁkāra*, was nothing in reality but the Universal Self, or Logos. In other words, the *Ahaṁkāra* is simply the "*reflection*" of the One Self, or Logos, in some particular complex of conscious states, character and memory; the link binding these elements together into one being, I think, an aspect of Karma, as the Buddhists viewed it. At any rate, in the view of the Buddhists and Vedāntins, and in some respects at least in those of modern Theosophical writers, our "I"-ness, our "Ego," even our "Monad," or "Root-consciousness," since it is but a facet, an aspect, or element of the One Consciousness, that of the Logos, does not seem to be conceived of in a way radically different from this. For such concepts as "Causal Body," "Buddhic Sheath," "Monad," etc., are only objectifications, intended to carry the idea of perdurability and a lasting substratum, of the root-notion that the Universal One Self, or "I-consciousness," is reflected in infinitely varied complexes of conscious states, memories, etc., each of which thereby assumes the form of a distinct and independent personality, individuality, "monadity" (to coin a word), or whatever level and type we may be concerned with. And these *do* differ from one another in their *content*, that is in the memory and character which constitute their filling; but the "I"

is the same in all alike, and it is just the non-recognition of that identity which constitutes the great heresy, the great separateness, the Great Illusion.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

RACHMENNASAWAT

PSYCHOMETRY OR DREAM ?

THIS is neither the result of study, nor a vision, nor—consciously—a dream. It has been seen—if “seen” is the right word for it—quite mentally, and in dwelling on the thought that first came, the picture grew, and the details stood out with greater precision.

It happened on the road between two small cities of the Caucasus, in passing a spot which haunted me even in my childhood as looking particularly faëry-like ; for at that age I knew nothing of the existence of submerged continents.

I well remember the first impression of that place on a moonlit night of August, before my first coming to Europe at the age of eight. It set me dreaming vaguely of giants and destroyed cities, of some mystery hidden there. The effort to disentangle the confused, faint notions of something undreamed of till then, together with the regular trot of the horses on the steppe at the foot of that strange hill, all lulled me into sleep and oblivion, though it never left my memory for good.

Twelve years later I had to pass on that road again, in August again, on a fine, sunny morning. There was no railway then (it has been built since) ; so my friend and I had to go by carriage as of old. We were laughing and chatting away on indifferent matters on that beautiful day. The mountain slopes around us were green with grass, though barren of any other vegetation. They have a curious look of having been beaten for long by the waves of a sea. One could see the traces of the regular surge and fall of the water.

"We must be now on the bed of some bygone ocean," I said.

"Some people think so, I believe," my friend, a German inoculated with science, replied. "But did the people live *in* the water then? Look at this! These are ruins, are they not?"

We were close to the spot which had set me a-dreaming on that moonlit night of my childhood. On our right at a distance, on the mountain-side—the hills themselves looking rather like huge human shapes in a sleeping posture, especially one of them—were scattered stones and fragments of walls. They certainly gave the illusion of the last remnants of some ruined city of hoary age. I had as yet no idea of how old a spot of earth may be sometimes, nor of Atlantis nor of Theosophy.

They were of an ordinary size, like the stones of smaller dolmens. Yet something in them, looked on from afar, suggested great antiquity. We mused a second over them, made some jest about the ancient city, remembered the phrase which begins *Vamireh* (J. de Rosny's prehistorical novel): "*C'était il y a cent mille ans*," and very soon let the subject drop.

At sunset I was at home and sat down to dinner alone. All was silent, and the sinking rays changed to gold everything around me. All at once a word flashed into my brain, a word of an unknown tongue, a name: "Rachmennasawat."

And then an inner picture arose, in the brain, not in the eyes. I saw that strange ruined city or village. It seemed much larger; there were houses of rough stones with flat roofs also of stone (in appearance). No temple was visible, no great building; but in the wall round the city was a high entrance (on which something like a yellow flag hung on a stick) with a bridge that could be lifted by some curious contrivance.

On that bridge, at sunset, stood a very tall old man and a black-haired girl, equally majestic in stature and shape. They were both clothed in something loose and dark, like skins; the girl had yellow coloured strips fastened like ribbons in her loose hair. Of her I had only the impression that she looked strong and daring; but the old man was decidedly good-looking and seemed wise.

He urged the girl not to go out of the city at sunset; even the streets were made dangerous at night both by men and beasts.

But she pleaded ; a younger brother was missing and she would go to meet the hunters who were still out. So confident and calm was she that the elder at last let her pass out. . . .

Then I saw her overtaken by nightfall, climbing for dear life up the steep hill-side to a small cavern where no huge beast could enter. And there I seemed to see her crouch all through the night of terrors ; while enormous reptile-like creatures crawled, and great hairy animals crossed the plains and entered the forest near the hill, a forest looking more like gigantic reeds. . . .

She waited for the grey dawn which could give chance of safer return ; but for the missing brother, for herself, many perils seemed to be in store. . . .

Nothing more I saw ; and never found a way to know the fate of her, whether she ever had the fate of the living, my Rachmen-nasawat, the dream-figure of young Atlantis.

A RUSSIAN.

REINCARNATION IN CHRISTIAN TRADITION

THE time that has elapsed since the invitation was issued to send in any passages from the writings of the Fathers, or the books of the Old and New Testaments, that might be thought to support the doctrine of reincarnation, is now sufficient for me to attempt a review of the situation.

My thanks are specially due to two of my colleagues who have sent me in a mass of material ; the rest of the contributions are of a very scrappy nature.

The question that now arises is how to dispose of the matter in the most practical way.

Of course I can continue to treat of the several Fathers, as I have done already in the cases of Justin, Irenæus and Origen, and show that they were entirely opposed to the idea of reincarnation.

But of what utility will this be except to prove that they

rejected the doctrine? It will mean great labour to translate them, and it will be of little utility to criticise their pronouncements; for the object of the enquiry was not to criticise the Fathers, but to find out who among them, if any, were in favour of the doctrine.

I have always been persuaded myself, from what I know of Patristic literature, that it was exceedingly unlikely that any of the Fathers could possibly hold such a view. I have never myself come across a passage that could be construed into such a belief on their part; though I have of course come across a number of passages which show that some of them held firmly the belief in the pre-existence of the soul.

Nevertheless, as it would have been absurd to generalise without more thoroughly surveying the whole ground, I thought it desirable to issue a general invitation to any who held that there were passages in the Fathers favouring this belief, in any of its phases, to send me in a note of such passages so that they might be verified, compared with their context, and in general treated to a critical examination.

So far no passage has reached my hands that can stand investigation. The passages that seem at first sight to refer to reincarnation have in reality reference to pre-existence only. Pre-existence was believed in by a few of the Fathers; the vast majority of them, however, opposed even this doctrine as strenuously as they did reincarnation.

Of course even now I cannot absolutely say that no Father held the belief in reincarnation. I have always had a sort of belief that the excellent Synesius held it; but I have not as yet found anything in his writings that can be brought forward as distinctly proving this. I should have to go through the whole matter again. But what one can say with confidence is that the burden of proof lies with those who make the assertion that any Father believed in reincarnation. Personally I should not bring forward even Synesius, as I cannot prove that he did so.

What, however, I can prove from many passages in a number of the Fathers, is that there was from early times a large body of reincarnationists in the Church; they formed for long a very strong body. The Fathers of course stigmatise them as

heretics, and abuse them freely ; but the historical fact remains, that there were in early times many Christians of great intelligence, the highest moral character, and great mystical attainments, who believed in reincarnation. They were not of course descended along the line of the Fathers, for the Fathers were the builders of the dogmas of the *Orthodox* General Church ; on the contrary, they claimed that their tradition was superior to that of the Fathers, and that their doctrines were those of a vital gnosis, and not the dogmas of verbal formularism.

To set forth this evidence in detail would mean a volume devoted to tracking out the doctrine of reincarnation through the traces of the Christianised gnosis, recoverable from Patristic polemics and from the few remains of direct Christian Gnostic literature. It is a subject I would gladly undertake, if I had the time ; but it would mean a couple of years' work.

The Fathers in their polemics with the reincarnationists based themselves on the canonical scriptures, which they (with a few brilliant exceptions, notably Origen) interpreted not only in a sense opposed to every idea of reincarnation, but also to any belief in pre-existence even.

And here I may append a note of the passages from the Old and New Covenant documents which are considered to bear on the subject by those who have sent them in. I omit the repetition of the key-passages already discussed in the papers on Origen, Irenæus and Justin, published in the last three numbers ; it should be understood, however, that there are others of a similar nature, but I am only dealing with the material before me, according to my promise. First of all then with regard to the Old Testament :

Job, xxxviii. 21.

(A.V.) " Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born ? or because the number of thy days is great ? "

(LXX.) " Do I then know that thou wert then born ? "

This is then a passage that requires critical treatment by a competent Hebraist ; for the translations vary considerably.

Ps., xc. 3.

(A.V.) " Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men."

(LXX.) "Do not turn man to abasement ; yea, thou hast said : Turn, ye sons of men !"

This again requires the attention of a Hebrew scholar. It seems to me too great a straining of the sense to make "return " refer to reincarnation.

Jeremiah, i. 5.

(A.V.) "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

The LXX. is essentially the same. This is a distinct "proof" of pre-existence ; but helps nothing with regard to reincarnation.

In the extra-canonical Wisdom-literature contained in the O.T. Apocrypha, we naturally get something more to our purpose, for this literature was strongly influenced by Hellenistic ideas. Thus :

Wisdom, viii. 19, 20.

(Vulg.) "But I was a boy of good talents and had obtained a good soul. And as I was good rather than [evil], I came into a body undefiled."

This, however, again proves only pre-existence. On the other hand :

Ecclesiasticus, iv. 12.

"And if ye [the ungodly] be born, ye shall be born to malediction."

This seems strongly to favour reincarnation.

Passing to the New Testament :

John, ix. 1-3.

"And as He passed by He saw a man blind from birth. And His disciples asked Him saying : Rabbi, who did sin, he or his parents, that he was born blind ? Jesus answered : Neither did he sin nor his parents ; but [it was] in order that the works of God might be manifest in him."

This striking passage shows that the disciples at any rate believed that the man could have sinned before birth. But this does not necessarily prove reincarnation, for the doctrine of pre-existence covers the ground. Those Jews, however, who did not believe in pre-existence, had a strange theory that a man could

sin in the womb, and instanced the story of Esau and Jacob. Those who will not believe in pre-existence at any price, may accept this absurd exegesis if they so desire. The usual argument of Orthodox Traditionalism against the believers in pre-existence and the reincarnationists is that the Master did not endorse the question of the disciples, who reflected an "error" of the time; but answered as He did because . . . But here they all break down, for the only meaning of the answer, as it is preserved to us, is that it was all pre-arranged by Providence for the purpose of the special miracle which was to be performed. I have always thought myself that the answer has been defaced in the transmission of the text.

John, xvii. 5.

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with Thyself with the glory that I had with Thee before the world was."

This proves of course the pre-existence of Jesus as the Logos eternally one with the Father; but traditionalism would argue that this applies to Jesus uniquely and to no man or soul or spirit of man. All men are creatures, He alone is increate. The Gnostic, on the contrary, will see in this the promise of the glorious destiny that awaits the perfected man, that is, every man-soul that attains to ultimate Perfection, of which Jesus was the typical instance for Christians but not the unique example.

These are all the pertinent passages bearing on the question sent in to me; I have, however, received a few others, but they do not in any way apply even to pre-existence.

There must, of course, be other passages; otherwise we should all be amazed at the niggardly nature of the information afforded by the Christian scriptures on this all-important subject. But even if we had every passage that could possibly be thought to refer to pre-existence before us, we should be compelled to confess that the Christian scriptures compare very unfavourably with the other world-bibles in this respect. It is quite evident that the number of passages, even in their entirety, must be small and of an obscure nature; otherwise the majority of the Fathers could not have combated the doctrine of pre-existence with such fierce fury as unscriptural.

As for the doctrine of reincarnation, it must mainly depend

upon the emphatic utterance : " John is Elijah who was for to come," and on the Gnostic exegesis of the *logos* " Agree with thy adversary," etc.

In conclusion, I can only repeat that for the Theosophist the doctrine of reincarnation stands or falls by no scripture ; what we seek to establish is that it is a fact in nature.

Historically this doctrine has not been handed down in the General Tradition of Christianity, but it formed an essential part of Gnostic Tradition. It was one of the " many things " not committed to the outer churches, to which reference is made by the writer of the Fourth Gospel when he makes the Master say (*John*, xvi. 12) : " I have still many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." The General Church has never been able to " bear them " until this day ; but the Gnostic schools were able to do so and have handed down to us many of these further teachings.

As students of Theosophy we accept the facts of history and try to explain them on the ground of firm conviction that whatever has occurred in human affairs has not been without the design of Divine Providence. There must, therefore, have been some wise reason why this doctrine has been allowed to fall below the threshold of consciousness in General Christianity ; and it is this which should engage the attention of those who take serious interest in the development of the world-faiths.

Christianity in its general forms has been a doctrine of faith and salvation and not of gnosis and self-realisation. Doubtless this has been the wiser course, because of the inability of the nations to " bear " the " many things " of the Gnosis of the Christ that could be revealed if the faithful would turn their attention to them with love and joy, and not regard them with fear and detestation as disturbers of their orthodoxly conditioned self-meditation.

A knowledge of reincarnation is not necessary for salvation ; for salvation is the being made the object of the Great Mercy, which Basilides calls the bringing of the Great Ignorance upon the soul, when none strive after any thing beyond the state in which they are ; they are content and at peace. This, be it noted, is the Great Ignorance, not worldly ignorance ; it is the

ignorance of any other but the heaven-world. But the Gnostic aims at another goal ; for him the possibility of a knowledge of all states is necessary ; his goal is to be really free, free of the worlds, and of all states, to enter in and depart from them as he may list. He is not only to realise the unity in all things, but also the variety in that unity—Saṃsâra in Nirvâṇa and Nirvâṇa in Saṃsâra. He is not set on attaining to an opposite, no matter how transcendent that opposite may be ; but on realising the mystery of all opposites. And, therefore, the eternity of a heaven-world even of the most transcendent nature of peace and joy is incomplete, and falls short of the Fullness, if he is to be deprived of the Glorious Vision of the infinite transmigrations and metamorphoses of the Soul throughout the worlds,—the Divine Variety in the Sameness of the All.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE MYSTICS

THEIR eyes were tired of all the glare
Of common daily life ;
They found no touch of beauty there,
Amid the storm and strife.

They turn'd away and look'd within
The temple of their souls ;
They flung aside the veil of sin
That o'er the vision rolls.

And in that calm and sacred shrine,
Where evil never trod,
They found a star of light divine,
And knelt to worship God.

But, in ecstatic silence furl'd,
It may be they forgot
That He is shining in the world,
Though comprehended not ;

That through the clash, and clang, and shout
Of all the fever'd throng,
God worketh still His purpose out,
Serene, eternal, strong.

He knows no bounds of human schemes;
No creeds that councils cast,
No solemn rites, no mystic dreams,
Can hold His Presence vast.

His sun outshineth full and free
Beyond all human sight;
And none doth all its glory see,
Yet none is lost in night.

Be ours no lonely visions sought
In selfish solitude;
Be ours no worldly life where thought
Is quench'd in pleasures crude;

But as our Master, crown'd with light,
Came from the mountain down
To heal and teach with words of might,
Within the busy town,

So may we feel God's holy flame
When all our soul is still;
And then go forth in His great name,
To work His perfect will.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

AND new strength
New work will meet,
Till at length
Long rest is sweet.

GEO. MACDONALD.

DWELL no more upon thy weariness; thy strength shall be according
to the measure of thy desire.—FROM AN EGYPTIAN INSCRIPTION.

HOW TO TAKE CRITICISM AND GIVE HELP

A SELF-INSTRUCTION

WHEN a person criticises anything of yours your first feeling should be gratitude. "He is trying to help me; how can I learn?"

Never mind if you are convinced he knows absolutely nothing of the subject and you know much; be *grateful*. He is wishing to help you, and the most learned may learn much from a child; though possibly it will not be the exact detail which the child is trying to impress.

Next, be sure that through no false modesty you try to *excuse* yourself. If there are faults, don't try to account for them. Don't tell the person why you made this or that mistake. That is not the way to accept *criticism*; though it may be useful in some stages of learning, when, for instance, a teacher is really investigating.

Listen to all he has to say, and *don't resist in any way*; metaphorically, take all the bones out of your body and feel like a jelly-fish. Mould yourself for the moment to him. Be pleased and cheerful, and encourage the most scathing criticism, however unjust it may be.

Let people accuse you of all kinds of faults; even if it is their short-sightedness which creates the faults, you may learn much from seeing yourself for a moment through the eyes of a short-sighted person.

It is well to know just exactly the sort of impression you make on every class of person, and if you meditate carefully on all the pictures or images—images which are the result of carefully keeping and preserving the criticisms of different classes of people, you will not only learn much about yourself, but you will learn much about other people and be better able to help them.

You will learn the quality of the glass through which they look, by seeing how greatly they magnify your virtues or your failings, and which *class* of virtue or failing it is they magnify. Then, ultimately, you may learn the relation between virtues and people, and the quality of the vibrations which go to make up the various virtues of people, and learn how to inoculate them, and how to make perfect harmonies with people and virtues.

Study, study everything and everybody, and try to reduce the whole universe to a L.C.M., and then help people by reducing them to a less complex fraction.

Criticism must always be prompted by the spirit of love ; therefore, as people never like their failings to be publicly paraded, be careful never to do this. *Don't patronise.*

Always remember that every man is king in his own castle, and that it is only with his kindly consent that you may be permitted to enter ; and you must always look upon the person you criticise as your host ; and the laws of politeness will be especially stringent.

Remember that every man is working out his own salvation in his own way ; and if you wish to help people you must submit to helping them in their own way. Everybody is going to Paradise by his own road, and even if you do know all sorts of short cuts, or easy routes, it is not for you to coerce people to go along them. Point them out if you like, and have a *good* opportunity ; but if not, or if they choose and prefer their own way, don't think them fools. Every man likes his own way best, and it may be that they know their own constitution and needs better than you do.

In any case, if you wish to criticise and help, you must criticise their methods and try to improve them. Don't pull down their little dwelling-place and build them a new one ; they will not be a bit grateful. Why should they be ? They much prefer the little hole they have built themselves. They may be pleased with a few small suggestions how to improve *that*.

This is one of the reasons, I think, why people are so ungrateful for help. You find people who wish to help others, and have tried to help others, raging because of their base ingratitude, and saying how people prefer to return to their old and

shabby and miserable ways. Of course they do ; the castles you have built for them, out of utterly mistaken kindness, do not suit their stage of development, and even if they realise that it was *meant* kindly, which I think they generally do, the mistake is very apparent to them and makes them resent help in future. This accounts for many people being so difficult to help.

No doubt in other incarnations they have been helped (or hindered) by these kind but very ignorant and mistaken people, and now in this life they are born with a prejudice against being helped, and are reserved, immovable and difficult to a degree.

Study them carefully, and learn in what subtle way you can introduce help, without their being aware of it, and then, years after, when they feel the benefit of help *judiciously* given, you will see that you have undermined their prejudices, and the virtue of gratitude will begin to grow, and you will really have been of some use in the world.

But it is not such an easy thing to help people. It is no use stuffing them with food till you give them indigestion, or turning on a tap of warmth to comfort them in winter and roast them in summer.

Help must be given most judiciously or it is harmful. This is no excuse for *not* helping, but it is a reason for the using of brains and cultivating sense.

If people are ungrateful, don't be daunted ; be humble and penitent and say : "I have been helping the wrong way. I have therefore hindered. Why should they be grateful to me, a sinner ? It is for me to seek their pardon, and try not how I can undo the mischief I have done, but to begin again and try new methods of help." Continually try new methods, until you find out which creates gratitude, then it *may* be the right one !

TH. E. SIEVE.

SOLEMN and smooth this Path, yet difficult to tread for soul while still in body
For first it hath to fight against itself, and make a great dissension, and manage
that the victory should rest with the one part of its own self.

THRICE-GREATEST HERMES.

A LETTER FROM INDIA

WE left Benares for Kāshmir in April, 1905, and from Kāshmir journeyed for a month and a half through the Western Himālayan regions, a month and a half on the backs of poor little horses, thin-flanked but adroit.

It seems to me almost impossible to describe to you Tibet, so little does the fantastic character of its territory resemble the countries that one sees in Europe.

Nothing is stranger than the villages of the country of Ladāk, so comically planted on huge mounts of rock and sand. The villages, perched on their crags like the nests of eagles, are supported by great pilasters, beneath which stretch solitary fields of wheat carefully tilled.

In the midst of this Titanic nature, of rock and sand, these villages, with their narrow strips of verdure, of living green crossed by thin silvery threads of limpid streams, recall, with almost incredible vividness, landscapes of the Preraphaëlites; it is so striking that one almost asks one's self whether the painters of the XIIth century might not have visited similar regions—in dream.

Deserts—interminable deserts, which one crosses under a torrid sun, the eyes in ecstasy with distances of precious stone; for, in these high altitudes, the atmosphere is so extremely pure, that it gives to all things the appearance of cut gems.

Sometimes a lama, robed all in red, mounted on a fine, swift horse, crosses full gallop these immensities of sand—a strange, romantic sight.

This is striking, and gives one the impression of the countries of the Teutonic legends to such a degree that one imagines often that he really sees the fiery gallop of the horses of the “Walküren.”

In the lamaseries, however, the scarlet horseman becomes an ordinary being, little superior to the ordinary Tibetan, whose intellectual level is very low. This applies, of course, to the lamas in general only.

After a short stay in the capital of Little Tibet, we returned slowly to Shrinagar, and thence went back to Benares.

We made, alas ! only too short a stay in this delightful corner of the world, where one lives so peacefully and happily, bathed in its pure atmosphere.

But allow me to repeat that nothing in India can be compared with Benares ; that Benares is, in truth, the heart of India. What prodigious vitality ! No centre could have been more propitious for the renaissance of the great religious movement which Annie Besant is leading with all her moral power. What a profound admiration should one have for this woman who devotes herself so entirely to her eminently humane work, and pursues, bravely, and without relaxation, in spite of the most varied and most hostile criticisms, the road marked out.

From Benares Annie Besant sends throughout all India her living words, and a great agitation is caused. The movement, because of its extreme gentleness, is as yet but little felt by the masses, but the knowing perceive that a breath of liberty is gently stirring, and that under this new impulse a veritable reaction is beginning, and one that is specially in favour of women—a potent sign of the times in India, for in a way the idea of the amelioration of women is becoming almost general, and the education of girls is becoming obligatory.

In the Deccan, where the Mussulmān occupation of the XVth century has not completely established the “purdah system,” the young Hindu girls are beginning to pass through the elementary stages of education. In the Central Provinces the Princess of Bhopal devotes her great fortune to creating centres of female education. Finally, at Benares, the Girls' School which Annie Besant and Miss Arundale have just founded, is growing larger from month to month.

Nevertheless, the discontented (for this class exists everywhere) do not see anything of good promise in this movement. They think that the education at the Central Hindu College for boys, and in these new schools for girls, has not a sufficiently European character ; it seems to them that there is not a sufficient breaking-loose from the caste-system and, say they: “This is putting things back fifty years” !

It is certainly very difficult for us who are only on-lookers, to decide whether a method used to guide the evolution of thought is or is not the right one ; it is wiser, in such a case, to try to identify one's

self with the directing thought of one who is engaged in the actual work, and so ask ourselves whether it may not be that Mrs. Besant thinks that, to do useful work in a country which has been for long centuries subjected to the weakening action of a rule of caste of which the primitive spirit has totally disappeared, it is wise to use the materials which are at hand. The discontented perhaps do not see clearly the end towards which the virile energy of Mrs. Besant is directed—namely, to help to revive in their primitive purity the principles upon which was built the great and remarkable Âryan civilisation. Such persons forget perhaps that the pursuit of such an end and the revival of such a moral system demand extreme tact. This tact is incompatible with that “force” which would overturn and destroy all tradition, and in its stead implant entirely European ideas and customs in a country where, scientifically and psychically speaking, life must naturally differ, and that too in the most radical fashion, from our Western life.

It is well, moreover, to note a fact which seems to be of great importance, and which is in favour of the theories supported by Mrs. Besant, but which, nevertheless, many people do not grasp or actually refuse to see—the fact of the very real vitality of the religious principles of Âryan India, which we can easily detect under the surface of superannuated forms which veil everything in the country. One may discover these principles as lying at the root of every custom, if only we try to learn the “why” and the “wherefore” without any feeling of party and without animosity.

Annie Besant wisely measures her steps and regulates her march with the movement of those to whom she devotes herself. She thus gently leads those whom she loves towards the very high ideal which her soul has envisaged. Her task is a difficult one, for she is working with fire! The notion of liberty which she is trying to revive in all hearts is dangerous when it is not understood in all its profound meaning. Annie Besant must be ever watchful, impersonal and generous. She has around her good and devoted helpers who second her and love her loyally and sincerely. I have in mind the Arundales, Miss Willson, Miss Davies, and still others, besides certain very superior Hindus, as Upendranâth Bâsu, Govinda Dâs, Bhagavân Dâs, Chheda Lâl; sincere souls are rare, yet there are some nevertheless! . . .

After passing some time at Benares, we visited the Western parts of India, perhaps less interesting to our minds than the

Eastern. These countries are more mercantile, more Mussulmán; there is more commerce, more business and traffic, there is also much less of originality than in the Eastern countries.

We however, saw some very curious cities and extremely pretty to look at—Jeypore, for example. The city of Jey Sing, was built after a definite plan, and is laid out in spacious avenues at right angles to one another, with a great crenelated wall which surrounds the city entirely. This wall is pierced with four lofty gates in the feudal style, and the houses which line the great avenues have a quaint and original appearance; they are uniformly painted a rosy-violet colour and decorated with delicate designs in white. The general effect gives the sensation of a symphony of delicate rose. The green of the doors, the vivid colours of the designs—elephants, tigers and sepoyes with great boots and superb moustaches—add their strange but harmonious tones to this symphony. Flocks of pigeons swarm everywhere, and a joyous populace, bedecked in tender and bright colours, throng the streets; in the heliotrope evening light which bathes the whole city, great elephants move about majestically; they have their foreheads and trunks painted, and their ears, like wings of great bats, are pierced with enormous golden rings. In the great howdahs on their backs, are seated young boys dressed for the occasion, like the heroes of the Râma-Lilâ; musicians, bearers of little flags, of great fans and huge umbrellas, follow in procession. Files of camels with curiously small heads on their long necks are strung out into the distance; everywhere polite and clever goats insinuate themselves, and, through the excited crowds, Indian bulls pass indifferent, superb and docile. It is the exact India of Rousselet, oriental without admixture.

We pass by Ajmere, Oudeypore, Mount Abu, Kattyawar, Bombay—the English city, great, vast, and characterless; then the caves or monasteries of the early ages of Buddhism, carved in the living rock, some of them having a quite imposing character; then Ellora and Hyderabad; and at last, Adyar! And there our stay will be longer.

On the eve of the Annual Convention, we find the Headquarters in a state of great animation. Everybody is at work, and there is haste to finish the preparations for offering a dignified hospitality to the great Theosophical family.

The picturesque situation of the Adyar estate makes a natural framing for such gatherings. The villa, chosen by Madame

Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott in 1882 to be the centre of the Society which they had founded, is situated on the bank of the Adyar river, at the distance of less than a mile from the great sapphire-blue plain of the ocean, under a sky of an ideally luminous purity. The group of buildings which form this great villa are of a terra-cotta red colour, and, with the tall cocoanut palms, the limpid blue of the peaceful river, the great azure sky of the Orient, give a very clear impression of the splendid nature of Southern India.

The plan of the interior construction of the villa, although of great simplicity, is remarkable. The Convention-Hall and spacious Library, the cleanliness of the great white walls, the floors of marble in mosaic, the stone trellis of the windows, which allow a calm and subdued light to enter—all combine to make one feel an atmosphere of freshness and peace, which is truly delightful. We recall to mind the fair cloisters of Tuscany, wrapped in an influence of holy meditation amidst the surroundings of an ideal landscape.

Here and there among the groves of palms and banyans, are little bungalows, each having its special use,—bookshop, dining-room, office, etc.; they are scattered throughout the great garden, or rather the thick forest of trees which envelopes the peaceful villa with a curtain of palms.

All is exceedingly well arranged. In truth, all Adyar, created by the pre-eminently organising mind of Colonel Olcott, presents the ensemble of a perfectly fitted machine.

But on the occasion of the great fraternal festival which is about to open, everything is changed; the internal organisation of the Headquarters buildings is modified for the comfort of the coming guests; Adyar is *en fête*.

A real town of palm-leaf and bamboo huts has sprung up, huts designed in some cases for Hindus, in others for Parsis, in still others for Europeans.

A great temporary dining-hall, with palm-leaf roof hidden inside by white hangings, shelters long tables, their white cloths adorned with flowers, flags of many nationalities flying everywhere, on the walls, on the roofs.

Colonel Olcott welcomes everybody with his usual cordiality and gaiety. The old and valiant pioneer who made himself the devoted companion of Madame Blavatsky, generously and bravely consecrating his whole life for the defence of the high ideals which she longed to have revived, sharing her life of struggle against the most

outrageous and deceptive criticisms—the old pioneer is at his post, in all the vigour of his strong old age, infinitely benevolent.

Theosophists of all castes and sects mingle together from all parts of India—Parsis, Brahmins, Vaishyas, Europeans, rich and poor, students of theology, etc., gather together in the great Hall, fraternal, joyous, happy in their meeting, eager to hear the eloquent discourses of Annie Besant. Everywhere is animation and unusual vitality !

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of December, Mrs. Besant gives her first lecture; three thousand people, silent and attentive, listen to it. The subject of the address is “The Awakening of India.”

The orator develops her theme with faultless logic. She speaks of the great current of certain European tendencies which could only paralyse the qualities of the Hindu nation. She calls upon the Hindus to remain true to themselves in the evolution of their art, their religion, and their industries. She says that, at this moment a rigorous control is necessary for the orientation of the reviving activities of India. Mrs. Besant speaks still further of the need of a system of national education, adjuring the Hindus to create their own colleges in which the teaching of Sanskrit and their native idioms should be obligatory. Her ideas flow abundant, clear and fecund, and a storm of applause bursts out when the last sentence of the orator is spoken.

Two days after the ardent address of Mrs. Besant the project of a great college on the lines of the Central Hindu College at Benares, was discussed and agreed to; the location of this educational centre was fixed at one of the principal towns of Southern India, and the first monies of the necessary fund were subscribed.

On the same day, after the first lecture, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a general conversation meeting was held, during which Mrs. Besant replied with her usual sprightliness and instructiveness to the questions addressed to her. Then at 6 o'clock the Hall assumes the appearance of a great salon; groups form, conversation goes on, and soon the sounds of Hindu music and song fill the great apartment.

Indian music deserves to be studied closely, for one can still discover in the majority of the musical compositions which are commonly sung in India, fragments which have preserved a real purity of style. It is said that, at an ancient epoch, music in India was the subject of a very thorough science; and even to-day one may distinguish, at times,

among the mass of compositions of no value sung by nasal voices, yet accurate and wonderfully flexible, fragments of a classical character, without any emotionalism, but curiously artistic. In these fragments the notes follow each other, swift and light, forming swirls of vocalisation which continually return to the original "*Leitmotive*," while other themes of a strangely precise character, if one may so speak, fold themselves with precision in figure-like movements. These specimens, though unfortunately very rare, lead us to believe that, at a certain period, music, in India, must have been the subject of serious and scientific study. At the present time, however, one rarely hears these fragments of real art, and the popular music is expressed only in interminable and monotonous rhapsodies, devoid of any fixed character, sung by strident voices, usually without any musical quality. Nevertheless, the Hindu loves his music; the rhythm of its phrases nurses his imagination and carries him far away.

On the 27th, in the clear atmosphere of a December morning, Annie Besant gives us her first discourse upon the profound and sublime poem of the Lord's Song, or *Bhagavad Gītā*; we had, in succession, four splendid lectures, in which Mrs. Besant rose to the level of genius. And throughout these four discourses, which represented the purest art, the voice of the orator, sonorous and vibrating, described the sublime beauty of the great poem. There was no weakening, Mrs. Besant kept herself to the level of the colossal work which she analysed. Her audiences were moved to profound emotion, for the *Bhagavad Gītā* is the sacred poem of India; every intelligent Hindu has it as his treasure, he chants it, he meditates upon it; it is the poem of the Higher Life! . . .

Then Mr. Leadbeater, with his concise and clear manner of speaking, laid before us the result of his investigations and patient observations of the different states of subtle matter.

The Colonel, with his good nature, his charming humour, his attractive and so paternal familiarity, that makes him really "the father of the great Theosophical family," introduces the speakers and interposes, from time to time, a gay and kind remark, which thus creates a diversion amid the always necessary, but sometimes strained, attention in days so overcrowded. Finally, after the close of the daily lectures, was held an interesting conversation full of originality between Mrs. Besant and her auditors. Then comes again music, the baffling music of the Brāhmans!

On the second day, began the session of the Indian Section, the

business covering the examination of questions of organisation, of administration, etc.

The Convention of the Theosophical Society proper occupied only the first day. It was full of interest, embracing a sketch of the year's history, report of sections, of schools and of the library.

Then Colonel Olcott introduced the young Director-in-chief of the Library, Doctor Otto Schrader. This gentleman pursued his Sanskrit studies at the University of Strasburg under the direction of Professor Leumann. After winning his diploma of Doctor of Philosophy, he devoted himself especially to the study of the Buddhist Piṭakas; and the ardent desire to study Indian philosophy at its very source, attracted him to this country.

While Dr. Schrader is reading his interesting report upon the contents of the great building just completed, one can see through the brazen doors which open into the Great Hall, the high-roofed and light rooms of the Library, containing an imposing quantity of manuscripts methodically arranged on the shelves.

In brief the opinion of Dr. Schrader upon the value of the manuscripts at Adyar is such that it must arouse the interests of Theosophists, for the creation of a centre of Sanskrit studies at the Headquarters of our Society is a matter of great importance when the ulterior results are considered.¹

By December 31st the Convention had closed. . . . Everybody had left. Adyar was again enwrapped in its peaceful and tranquil atmosphere, and the great villa had resumed its habitual fresh and silent calm.

LOTUS.

¹ We have omitted part of the letter dealing with the General Report, as we have already summarised it for our readers.—EDS.

IN the religion of Love the courtesan is a heretic; but the nun is an atheist.

God is omnipotent because all-loving. Were there any that God loved not, that creature could resist him.

De Flagello Myrteo (R. GARNETT).

FROM DIVERS LANDS

Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.

FROM GERMANY

THE Theosophical movement in Germany is progressing favourably, thanks to the numerous lectures Dr. Rudolf Steiner has given this winter. Since the Annual Convention, in October, 1905, more than a hundred new members have joined the German Section, and to the eighteen Branches then existing four new ones have been added. From October, 1905, to the beginning of May, 1906, Dr. Steiner will have given twenty-four public lectures in Berlin and eighty-nine public lectures in other cities of Germany and Switzerland, namely, at Basel, Bonn, Bremen, Cassel, Colmar, Cöln am Rhein, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, Frankfurt a. M., Freiburg i. B., Hamburg, Hanover, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Lugano, Marburg, München, Nürnberg, Regensburg, St. Gallen, Strassburg, Stuttgart, Weimar, Zürich. Besides the public lectures Dr. Steiner has given almost daily lectures for the Branches in Berlin or the cities he has visited.

In November there appeared the first number of an official journal for this Section. Its Editor is Fräulein Mathilde Scholl. At present only two numbers have been issued, for it is not intended that it shall appear regularly but only when there is sufficient news of importance.

FROM FRANCE

If the increase in membership in the Society in France is not yet so great as might be desired, it is, nevertheless, clearly to be seen that the movement in our country is spreading in every direction. Some

years ago it would have been very difficult to insert in newspaper or novel ideas upon the unity of religions, spiritualistic phenomena, reincarnation, or the unreality of physical matter ; now ideas upon these subjects are quite usual in every department of journalism and literature.

Several prominent members of the Gnostic Church—the survival of the Albigenses—have joined the Society. “ *L’Association pour la Prière* ”—a Society which binds together members of different faiths, Catholics, Protestants, and even Jews, in common prayer—has brought about good results, and a kind of unity of thought between the participants. This Association is spreading from Grenoble to many of the large towns of the Centre and South of France ; and it is good to know that a Theosophist is one of the most zealous promoters of this movement.

From another prominent town we hear that the greater part of the members of a Society for Psychical Research have asked to join the Theosophical Branch, regarding Theosophical teaching as their best guide in seeking their goal. In yet another town in which strikes have been perhaps the most frequent and prolonged, many groups of workmen are beginning to study Theosophy and to do their best to live it.

All these are happy indications that the Theosophical Society in our country has not been entirely fruitless in its efforts to attain to real fraternity between men and women of every creed and class.

FROM SCANDINAVIA

Since the beginning of this year the Scandinavian Section has had the satisfaction of seeing the number of its Branches and members fairly increased. A new Branch has been formed at Helsingborg, and two or three more Centres in the county of Scania are expected to be chartered in the near future. About forty unattached members have joined the Society in Scandinavia.

This winter the Section has suffered the loss of one of its most active and helpful members, Mr. Henrik Munktell, President of the Falun Branch. He was a wide-minded and warm-hearted man and will be greatly missed by the Section, to which he had for years given important pecuniary support. At last year’s Convention in Gothenburg, Mr. Munktell proposed that the annual meeting of this year be held at Falun, but his sudden death has rendered this plan impossible and the Convention will now be held in Stockholm on May 24th and 25th.

A new Branch has been added by the separation of the Norwegian members into two: the Norwegian Branch with Mr. J. A. Lundgren as President and the Christiania Branch with Mr. Richard Eriksen as President and Miss Eva Blytt as Secretary.

At the Headquarters in Stockholm they have resumed the Elementary Courses in Theosophy under the direction of one of the Upsala members. These Courses, comprising ten lectures, have been very well attended, especially by non-members.

In Helsingfors and the neighbouring districts of Finland Theosophical activity has been very great this autumn in spite of political disturbances and struggles for freedom. The weekly meetings have been regularly kept up, and a number of original lectures have been delivered; most of them bearing on social and practical problems, such as "Our Troubled Times," "The Religious Question in the Programme of the Labour Party," by Mr. W. Palomar, and "The Different Religious Creeds and their Implication," by Mr. Ramstedt.

Mr. Pekka Ervast has lectured on "The Invisible World," "The Young People of our Day and the Theosophical Ideal," "Bible Miracles," and other subjects. He has also visited various places in this country lecturing on Theosophy.

Quite a remarkable proof of the changed political conditions of Finland is that the Theosophical Publishing Company has obtained permission from the authorities to openly carry on its activities and to sell Theosophical literature publicly. A Swedish translation of Mrs. Besant's *Laws of the Spiritual Life* has recently been published.

From Copenhagen we hear that a Society for Psychical Research has been formed in that city. It started its activity by sending two of its leading men to London in order to study mediumship there. They were, however, of so diametrically opposed opinions as to what occurred at the *séances* that the only results gained by their investigations were endless polemics in the newspapers, and it seems still to be an open question. In spite of these disagreements the Society continues its work, and not long ago invited Mr. H. Thaning, President of the Copenhagen Branch of the Theosophical Society, to lecture before its members and others interested in the work of the Society.

FROM HOLLAND

As usual our General Secretary has been the chief propagandist in this Section during the last weeks. In the Hague he gave an

excellent lecture on "The Work of Theosophy in the World," which was attended by a deeply interested audience of not less than 400 people. It is exactly fifteen years since the same lecturer delivered in that same hall the first Theosophical lecture given in the Hague. What an immense difference that fifteen years has brought about! Then it was hardly possible to get a hearing at all for Theosophy, now we find 400 people giving it a warm and enthusiastic welcome.

Amongst the great number of Study Classes regularly held in the Dutch Section a few are worthy of special mention on account of their subjects. Mr. Van Ginkel—a keen defender and upholder of the Science of the Stars—is giving three courses on Astrology in different places. Miss Levie, of Haarlem, is holding a series of classes on the Kabbalah, and with her co-workers is trying to find a way through the intricate paths of Jewish mysticism. This is the first serious attempt at a study of the Jewish mystical tradition since the Dutch Section was formed, and Miss Levie deserves our fullest sympathy in the task she has undertaken.

Dr. Bähler, the very liberal and mystically minded clergyman about whom we wrote last year, has just given a lecture on "A Hindu Saint," to the Branch at Delft. It is to be hoped that in the future we may see more signs like this of a friendly co-operation between representatives of the Church and the Theosophical Society.

In Haarlem a clergyman of one of the most liberal Christian sects, the so-called "Remonstrants," has been developing his religious views in a decidedly mystical direction, and in his sermons has ably tried to expound the deep and glorious truths which mystically inclined minds find in the Christian Scriptures. It is significant as a sign of the superficial judgment of many members of the Christian Churches that by the members of his community he was charged with "going back to orthodoxy," and his dismissal was demanded. Fortunately the majority of his congregation repudiated the charge and at a general meeting of the community he was maintained in his office. By this decision one of the most enthusiastic and broad-minded leaders of Christian thought has been enabled to continue his work in Haarlem, and every Theosophist will wish him success in his labours.

FROM NATAL

Theosophists in Pietermaritzburg may not yet boast of a Society *de jure*, yet Theosophical literature is being largely read, and we may

suppose that gradually the foundation is being laid whereon the Society may be built in the near future.

The visit of Mrs. Green, a spiritualistic medium, to this city has given rise to a newspaper controversy and several of the letters contributed reveal minds imbued with Theosophical ideas.

By far the greatest impetus the study of Theosophy has received was given by Professor Parmanand, of the Anglo-Vedic College of Lahore. He came purposely to teach his own people of the Indian population, but several lectures were given for the benefit of Europeans. Mr. S. Mason, our ex-mayor, occupied the chair at the first lecture. Though a staunch Wesleyan, Mr. Mason possesses broad and generous views, and in the course of introducing the lecturer, he pointed out that religious activity, whether Christian or Hindu, could be productive of nothing but good results.

The several lectures delivered by the Professor were on the subjects of "The Origin of Evil and its Cure," "The Evolution of the Soul," and "Worship." The "Origin of Evil" was ignorance which saw not that worldly pleasures were illusion, the "Cure" was knowledge which dispelled illusion and gave power over matter. The "Evolution of the Soul" dealt with reincarnation; but the lecture most appreciated was that on "Worship." After dealing with the several modes of worship generally practised—such as singing praises or flattering God; dancing or amusing God; asking help or begging from God—the Professor gave his version of worship. This consisted of six steps: (1) Contemplation, followed by (2) Knowledge, which induced (3) Love and a desire for more knowledge. This led to (4) Sincere Prayer, and (5) a Nearness to God. The sixth act was the Shadow of God, which settled on the worshipper and gave him immortality.

THE inconstant woman undergoes a perpetual metempsychosis even in this life; one never knows into what beast her soul may transmigrate next.

Ignorance and Innocence are twins in the same cradle. Ignorance is never reared, and her death is either the death of Innocence also, or her immortality.

Love is wont to visit Man in the company of Desire; but Woman by himself.

De Flagello Myrteo (RICHARD GARNETT).

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

DEUSSEN ON THE UPANIṢHADS

The Philosophy of the Upaniṣhads. ("The Religion and Philosophy of India" Series.) Translated into English from the German of Prof. Deussen. By Rev. A. S. Geden, M.A., of the Wesleyan College, Richmond. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; 1906. Price 10s. 6d.)

"DR. DEUSSEN'S treatise on the Upaniṣhads needs no formal introduction or commendation to students of Indian thought who are familiar with the German language. To others I would fain hope that the translation here presented, which appears with the author's sanction, may serve to make known a work of very marked ability and of surpassing interest. As traced here by the master-hand of the author, the teaching of the ancient Indian seers, presents itself in clearest light and claims the sympathetic study of all lovers of truth."

With these words Mr. Geden introduces his translation of Dr. Deussen's very important work on the Upaniṣhads, and I endorse every word he says. The original German has been in existence for some years now, having been first published in 1899. It forms the second part of the first volume of a greater work by the author—as yet incomplete as far as I know—namely, his "General History of Philosophy."

The translator, who is "alone responsible" for the English rendering, has not had an easy task of it, for, as he says, "Dr. Deussen's style is not easy." The work of translation "has exacted many hours that could be ill spared from a very full life. If, however, it conduce in any way to a better understanding of the mind and heart of India," he will be amply repaid.

And let me at once say that in my opinion the book is sure to conduce to such a better understanding of India on the part of a much larger circle of readers who could not read it in the language of the original. Mr. Geden has thus done a service to those English

readers in the West who are interested in Indian philosophical ideas generally and to us Hindus specially. For it is a great gain for us to be understood better by our English rulers, and any work which contributes to this end cannot but be heartily welcomed by us. We are, therefore, very grateful to Mr. Geden for this his labour of love.

The translation itself seems to be well done in as much as it gives one a very clear idea of the *system of thought* which underlies all Upaniṣhadic compositions. In one instance only have we noticed a Sanskrit verse rendered [erroneously (p. 212, translation of *Kāth.*, v. 13). The meaning of the original is: "Those wise (men) who see Him (Âtman) dwell in themselves; they alone and no other have eternal peace"—and not as we have it in the English translation here

"He who, the wise, sees them dwell in himself

He alone and no other has eternal peace."

This rendering follows neither the Sanskrit nor even its German translation which, by the way, does not seem quite correct either.

Leaving alone this single instance of mistranslation of the Sanskrit—which is very insignificant—the present translation places in the hands of the English reader the best and most important work written so far by any European scholar on the Upaniṣhads as a complete system.

The value of the book has hitherto been known only to readers of German; and now that it will be read by a larger circle of students in its English dress, it may be worth while to examine it in detail. But as such a critical examination will have to be somewhat lengthy I propose to do it in one or two future issues of this REVIEW.

The present notice, however, cannot be complete if I do not enumerate here some of the most excellent features of the book.

First and foremost of these is sympathy. Prof. Deussen, although undoubtedly the greatest authority in Europe on the Vedānta literature in Sanskrit, is no mere scholar, studying exclusively the outer husk of words. He is an enthusiastic student and lover of metaphysical truths in which he believes firmly. Some of these truths, specially those he considers greatest and most important, he has found best and earliest expressed in India. This makes him, like another of his great countrymen, Schopenhauer, a lover of the Upaniṣhads and the Vedānta-system generally, which are devoted to the exposition of these truths. Speaking of the highest Upaniṣhadic teaching, namely, "the identity of God and the soul, the Brahman and the Âtman," he says:

"It will be found to possess a significance reaching far beyond the Upaniṣhads, their time and country; nay, we claim for it an inestimable value for the whole race of mankind. We are unable to look into the future, we do not know what revelations and discoveries are in store for the restlessly inquiring human spirit; but one thing we may assert with confidence,—whatever new and unwonted paths the philosophy of the future may strike out, this principle will remain permanently unshaken, and from it no deviation can possibly take place. If ever a general solution is reached of the great riddle which presents itself to the philosopher in the nature of things all the more clearly the further our knowledge extends, the key can only be found where alone the secret of nature lies open to us from within, that is to say, in our innermost self. It was there that for the first time the original thinkers of the Upaniṣhads, to their immortal honour, found it when they recognised our Âtman, our inmost individual being, as the Brahman, the inmost being of universal nature and of all her phenomena" (pp. 39 and 40).

Or again, referring to the root idea underlying the ancient Indian social nobility and culture, he says:

"The entire history of mankind does not produce much that approaches in grandeur to this thought" (p. 367).

How different is the tone from that of another writer on the "Philosophy of the Upaniṣhads," who saw in them nothing but "thoughts of a lower order than the thoughts of every-day life of Europe"—those "of a rude age and race"! (Gough's *Philosophy of the Upaniṣhads*, pp. 2 and 5.)

Apart from this spirit of sympathetic treatment, which runs through the whole book, it is as accurate and thorough as the work of so great a German scholar should be. In it one finds an exhaustive treatment of practically all the Upaniṣhad passages bearing on the subject. Thus the book can be confidently recommended as the best guide for those who would study the Upaniṣhads from the standpoint of a western scholar and a student of philosophy regarded as a system of speculation.

Prof. Deussen, as said before, is no hunter after "mere words." He sees the idea however differently expressed in different words at different stages of the Upaniṣhadic thought or under different circumstances. Thus, for instance, the idea of Mâyâ, which plays so prominent a part in the life and thought of India, even to this day, is recognised by him as an integral part of the Upaniṣhadic teaching

from the very beginning, although the word *Mâyâ* is not to be found in most of the important Upaniṣhads. He says :

"It is true that the term *Mâyâ* occurs for the first time in *Shvet.*, iv., 10; and, therefore, some writers, whose recognition of a fact is obscured by the different language in which it is clothed, have hazarded the assertion that the conception of *Mâyâ* is still unknown to the more ancient Upaniṣhads. How in the light of this assertion they find it possible to comprehend these older Upaniṣhads (*Bṛihad.* and *Chhând.*) they themselves perhaps know. The fact is, they are penetrated throughout by the conception which later was most happily expressed by the word *Mâyâ*" (p. 42).

Because he is not blinded by the difference of expressions in which a thought is clothed in different treatises, he has been able, unlike the mere word-hunters referred to in the above quotation, to discern, not only a complete and self-contained system of Philosophy in the Upaniṣhads, but he sees in them the germ at least of every important idea which has found full and systematic expression in the later works on the Vedânta.

This recognition of the root of all important Vedântic ideas in the Upaniṣhads has enabled him to treat of these books in a way which is, to my mind, the best method of dealing with and systematising the apparently contradictory statements of these outbursts of spiritual enthusiasm. This method consists in taking the main ideas of the Vedânta from the later and systematic works on the subject and then tracing them in the Upaniṣhads. If it can be shown that all these ideas are there in the Upaniṣhads, then it is proved that they contain the system which has been treated logically in later works. This Dr. Deussen has succeeded in doing and herein lies the principal value of his book. He has, in fact, produced a kind of *Mimâṃsâ* system of the Vedas; and if the *Mimâṃsâs* of Jaimini and Bâdarâyana are called the *Pûrva* (Earlier or Eastern), and the *Uttara* (Later or Northern), respectively, Dr. Deussen's work may be regarded as a sort of *Pashchima* (Western) *Mimâṃsâ* of the Vedas—suited to the tastes and requirements of the Western intellect and culture.

He has a kind word to say even for the mightiest and loftiest of all Indian cultures, Yoga, which remains to this day utterly misunderstood by the scholars of the West. But this as well as those points which require critical examination I propose to treat in a future article or articles. For the present enough has been said, I think, to show that the book under review is the best and most

important work on the Upaniṣhads—the most sacred of Ancient Indian literature—ever written by a Western scholar; and it should be read by everybody wishing to understand “the mind and heart of India,” as the translator puts it.

J. C. CHATTERJI.

“UNTO EACH HIS OWN”

The Chief Scripture of India; and its Relation to Present Events.
By W. L. Wilmshurst. (London: Philip Wellby; 1906.
Price 1s. net.)

IN noticing this little volume a member of the Theosophical Society cannot but make complaint at the outset because the author has not rendered its proper due to the organisation of which he forms part. First, in the preface, while there are enumerated other and as some think less satisfactory translations, no mention is made of Mrs. Besant's; but much more serious is the preposterous claim put forward in the opening words of the booklet itself: “To introduce, perhaps for the first time, and make clear to Western minds” the *Bhagavad Gītā*! And this when the Theosophical Publishing Society has sold over 50,000 copies of Mrs. Besant's translation of that gem of the East, to ignore the thousands of copies of other translations, such as Telang's, Davies', or Edwin Arnold's, that the Theosophical movement has put into circulation both within and outside its own ranks. So far for the poem itself; as for introductions and explanations, our literature contains not a few, from T. Subba Row's admirable *Lectures on the Bhagavad Gītā*, through a series down to Mrs. Besant's last set of lectures at Adyar.

Altogether this calm and superior ignoring of the large volume of work done in this field by our movement does really demand a word of protest, however much we may be used to this kind of treatment. But having done this necessary, if unpleasant duty, we may now come to the book itself.

In the first place, the whole tone of the book is decidedly sympathetic, even though the author's standpoint is radically that of the inherent and unquestionable superiority of “Christianity.” Still, not only does Mr. Wilmshurst recognise the special significance and importance of the British connection with India, as well as the imperative duty of mutual understanding which that connection imposes upon both peoples; but he is in many ways singularly appreciative of Indian thought and feeling, and not unfamiliar with the fundamental

ideas which permeate that ancient civilisation. Indeed, were it not for the complete absence of any and every sign that he recognises its work, one would feel inclined to see in him a student of our literature and a borrower from Mrs. Besant's writings about India. Probably, however, this is not so, and in that case one must see in this booklet a very remarkable coincidence of thought and view on sundry points, with here and there even curious parallelisms of language.

Of the contents of the book it is unnecessary to say much, beyond recommending them cordially as a useful introduction to the *Gîtâ*, for those who are quite unacquainted with Indian life and thought.

For the student, of course, the book contains nothing new; nor has the author done much to throw light upon the points alluded to in his sub-title, or so at least it seems. But such a book as this can only do good, and we wish it a large circulation, for if even the little it contains of real sympathy and understanding for Indian life and feeling and thought could permeate widely our British public, it would mean a great step in advance in the drawing closer of the two peoples.

B. K.

COLOUR IN MOURNING

Colour in Mourning; or a Plea for the Abolition of Black at Death.

By J. Stenson Hooker, M.D., etc. (London: Paternoster Publishing Society: 1906. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

THE reform advocated in this little book will doubtless find many sympathisers among the ranks of Theosophists. Dr. Hooker pleads effectively for the abolition of a custom which is not in harmony with the ideals of the XXth century. "Let us pay no respect," he says, "to a custom simply because it is an old one; that in itself is no passport to its respectability; no criterion to its utility; no test of its wisdom, and no warrant for its continuance." Quite so. Only the worst of it is, that the more senseless a custom is, the more people are apt to cling to it. Not being able to give adequate reasons for its preservation, they assume there must be some very sacred cause, hidden from ordinary eyes. Dr. Hooker rightly points out that the £7,000,000 per annum spent on mourning could and should be utilised for better purposes. Especially is this the case with the poor, who can ill afford the heavy drain on their finances at such times.

The usual reason given is that of "respect to the dead." "But," says Dr. Hooker, "if they are really dead, we cannot show respect to

them, only to their memories. If they live, as we profess to believe, and see our depressing signs of mourning, this would surely tend to grieve them. If they are not cognisant of our doings at all, then we don black either to please ourselves or others, or simply because it is the custom." Another argument against the use of black is that black clothing is unhygienic; it excludes sunlight, and is depressing mentally. It may even produce a morbidity which lowers physical vitality and predisposes the wearer to disease. At any rate, pleads our author, let the children be exempt from these depressing influences. Truly one may ask "*Cui bono?*" And yet there are probably many people like the old lady quoted by Dr. Hooker, who said: "It was a beautiful funeral, and we was all as black as crows!"

B. G. T.

IN MEMORIAM : GIORDANO BRUNO

Giordano Bruno: Discorso Commemorativo. Dal Prof. Alberto Gianola. (Fabriano : Tipografia Economica ; 1906.)

PROFESSOR GIANOLA, whose essay on Pythagoras has been presented in an English garb to the readers of this REVIEW, now sends us an opusculè on Giordano Bruno in the form of a memorial address delivered at Fabriano before the "Free Thought" Society on February 17th, the anniversary of Bruno's martyrdom. The account of his life and death is prefaced by an earnest appeal by the Professor to his hearers against the spirit of intolerance. For though the methods of the XVIth century are no longer in use, the spirit of intolerance is not dead. It has only changed its face. Real Christianity is not yet so diffused in the hearts of men, especially in those of Churchmen and, says the Professor somewhat ungallantly, of women, as to have stamped out the dislike to novelty in scientific and social matters. The address is somewhat bitter in tone against the political situation in Italy, a feeling hard to realise in the more tolerant conditions under which we live in England in the present day.

Nevertheless, the sad story of Bruno's arrest, his mock trials before the tribunals of the Inquisition, his seven years' imprisonment, varied by torturing and ending with the stake in the Campo di Fiori, has many a match during the same century in our own country, from the death of Sir Thomas More to that of Raleigh and Algernon Sydney, and many others who should have been the pride and ornament of their country.

A copy of Bruno's monument in the Campo di Fiori, with the

flames rising behind and the martyr's palm in front, adorns the outer cover of the pamphlet.

K.

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD SYSTEM

The Restoration of the Gild System. By A. J. Penty (London Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; 1906. Price 3s. 6s. net.)

IN the preface to this stimulating work Mr. Penty tells us that he has aimed at forging the links required to connect the ideas of Ruskin and Edward Carpenter with practical politics. Whether he has actually succeeded in this is of little immediate moment. What he has done is to raise the problem in an exceedingly interesting and vigorous way; and out of such discussions the best results may be confidently expected. The two most important chapters deal respectively in criticism and reconstruction. In face of the pathetic assumption of the doctrinaire collectivists, that everything will be well under collectivism, Mr. Penty enters into a searching analysis of the tendencies of collectivist legislation. The only change thereby brought about he finds, is the substitution of the State for the private employer. So far as the quality of the work and the conditions of the worker are concerned the change does not amount to much. The collectivist ideal, in fact, is merely an intensification of the present individualist conditions.

Mr. Penty suggests as the first necessary step towards social reform the transference of attention from the consumer to the producer. At present, the world considers only the consumer. Everything must be made for him and for his stingy purse and narrow ideas. But as the consumer is also in one phase the producer, this exclusive regard of the consumer's demands reacts upon him as producer. He is not only enabled to purchase commodities cheaply, but to exactly the same extent he is compelled to sell his commodities cheaply. But this he can do only by sacrificing his desire to do his work well. His best work is not saleable, it does not pay. Thus is brought about the universal degradation of labour and of the products of labour.

As means towards the desired social transformation Mr. Penty, as we have seen, dismisses the collectivist ideal. His only hope is the restoration of the gilds, in their widest significance, political, economic, social and artistic. To three existing movements he looks

for support in this task, to the Trade Unions, to the Arts and Crafts Movement, and to the intellectual tendency towards unification in science and philosophic thought. Mr. Penty's discussion of these is acute and interesting. Indeed from almost any point of view the book is worth a good deal of study.

A. R. O.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, March, opens with a further portion of Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves," followed by a reprint of Mr. S. Studd's Melbourne lecture in defence of H. P. B. against the attacks of the S.P.R. and Solovieff. J. K. Murray furnishes an interesting account of the founders of Phrenology; and W. A. Mayers a series of "Notes on the Science of the Soul," which are interesting as being taken from a somewhat different point of view from the usual one. A story of Buddha's preaching is versified by "Maitra"; and "Gurucharana" gives the first portion of a curious study of "Spirits and Spirit-worship in Malabar," showing how the original worship of the Gods has been there, in practice, superseded by the propitiation of the Spirits of Black Magicians of old times,—much as in Europe the worship of the loving Father of Jesus has been transformed into the "Salvation" of men from a God who desires to cast them into eternal fire. A. E. Powell speaks well of the real meaning of what is often ill-named Indifference, and we have a farther instalment of "Bâlâbodhinî," which we do not feel ourselves qualified to criticise.

Theosophy in India, February, contains the official Report of the fifteenth Convention of the Indian Section. The literary contents of the number are Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Evolution from Eastern and Western Standpoints"; S. S. Mehta's critical examination of the Dasopanishats and the Svetâsvatara; Miss Edger's "Seeking the Self"; and "The Construction of the Tesseract."

Central Hindu College Magazine, March, in addition to the account of the Royal visit quoted elsewhere, has an interesting selection of articles, including "A Hindu Catechism," and Mrs. Besant's "In Defence of Hinduism."

Theosophic Gleaner, March. "Theosophy and Modern Science" by Mr. Sutcliffe, "Persian Mysticism" by R. P. Masani, and J. D. Mâbluxmivâlâ's "Have Cells Intelligence?" are the most important contents of a good number.

Indian Review, February, gives a full report of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "National Universities."

The Vâhan, April, contains a form of bequest to the British Section, and a report of the Building Sub-Committee, from which it appears that the lease of the present Headquarters has yet six years to run. The questions are as to Pythagoras and the heliocentric theory, conversion, and the distinction between the matters of the various planes and subplanes. It may, perhaps, be of interest to note that G. R. S. M. decides without hesitation that "neither the heliocentric orbit of the earth nor its axial rotation were taught by the Pythagoreans," as has sometimes been stated.

Lotus Journal. In the April number we have Mr. Leadbeater's account of his visit to the Falls of Niagara, illustrated by an exceedingly good reproduction of a photograph; a second instalment of Mrs. Besant's lecture on the "Value of the After-Death Life"; Mr. Worsdell's "Nature Notes," and Miss Foyster's "Signs of the Zodiac." The story is furnished by K. Dawson.

Bulletin Théosophique, April. The Sectional Convention was held on the 18th March, and the Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were highly satisfactory. Mme. Hervy concludes her paper, "The Garden of Olives," and we have some further correspondence as to the affiliation of Centres to stronger Branches, which does not seem to find favour with the writers.

Revue Théosophique, March, has translations from Mrs. Besant, Col. Olcott, and a brief but handy summary, entitled "Fatality and Karma," signed E. B.

Theosophische Bewegung, April. Bernard Robert in a second letter describes some of the Branches in London, making, however, the not unnatural mistake of calling the Blavatsky the "original" Lodge; and a Supplement contains correspondence upon the proposed Meulemann Foundation.

Theosophia, March, contains a paper on the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* by Mme. Obreen-toe Laer, "The Blowing of the Trumpet," by L. V. T., translations of Com. Courmes' experience of "raising the wind" and Michael Wood's "Son of Man," and an interesting collection of reviews.

Théosophie, April, has short papers by Mr. Leadbeater, Com. Courmes, and one on "The Universal Religion," by Mlle. Aimée Blech, enforcing the great truth that "We belong to the great Universal Religion, set forth by Theosophy—and *after that*, are Chris-

tians, Hindus, Buddhists, etc., according to the sect to which we belong; and the majority of us do not think of leaving or denying our own special cult because we follow the Theosophic teachings. For us, *all religions are true!*"

Mitteilungen für die Mitglieder der Deutschen Sektion der Theosophischen Gesellschaft (Hauptquartier Adyar). Cologne, Nos. I. and II.

We are glad to find that the German Section is setting up a *Vâhan* of its own. In the first number we have a full report of the Convention of October last, and the discussions which then took place; the second, dated March, is devoted to the coming Paris Congress, but also contains a full list of the Activities of the various Branches. We hope that it will be found possible to make this a regular monthly publication.

Also: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Omatunto*, in which we are glad to count up no less than eight original articles, besides the Questions and Answers; *Theosophic Messenger*, March; *Fragments* (Seattle); *Theosophy in Australasia*, February, to which W. G. John furnishes a long and important paper on "National Ideals and Destiny"; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, March; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *La Verdad*, with a most lugubrious series of predictions for the year 1906, by "Lob Nor," for the fulfilment of one of which he is entitled to credit, that "Italy will suffer new and great cataclysms in her soil"; *The Message of Theosophy*, a bright and interesting little Magazine published by the Rangoon T.S., and already at the eighth number of its second volume.

Broad Views, April, is an excellent number, in which the "Occult Student" fortifies his views on "The Politics of the Occultist," by some recent utterances of Mrs. Besant. Mr. Sinnett furnishes a story illustrative of the inconvenience of falling in love with a lady blessed with a "double consciousness," ending, indeed, in the orthodox manner, but with a suggestion that the husband's troubles might not be ended by the marriage-day, as seems only too probable. "A Country Rector" gives an interesting account of his experiences with an "Indian Guide," and naïvely reports that on one occasion he was trying to give him some idea of "God," and was answered: "Oh, yes, me know that Great Spirit who is all love and goodness—but *that is not your God!*" Amen!

Also acknowledged with thanks: *Occult Review*, April; *Modern Astrology*, April; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *The Grail*; *Equitist*; *Race Builder*; *Notes and Queries*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

Notes on the Pedigree of Man, and *The Relation of Man to God* (Theosophist Office, Adyar), are reprints of articles, by A. Schwarz, from the *Theosophist*. The first of these consists of excellent diagrams and tables for the use of students of Mrs. Besant's *Pedigree of Man*, and will be found exceedingly helpful. That the latter has been appreciated, the fact that our copy is the fourth edition, revised and enlarged, is sufficient evidence.

From the "Free Age Press" we have two further extracts from the works of Tolstoy. *The One Thing Needful* at the present time for Russia is the total abolition of all government; and *The Great Iniquity* is the existence of landed property. The best thing we can quote is the recognition that "external conditions cannot change without a change in the inner spiritual condition of men; therefore, all the efforts of men should be directed towards the accomplishment of this inner alteration." It is not all Tolstoy's disciples who have learned *this* from him. W.

MRS. BESANT writes :

With reference to the remark in the March "Watch-Tower" that "I do not think that H. P. B. formulated
100 B.C. her view [that Jesus lived B.C. 100] before she had read his [Massey's] works," I should like to call the attention of readers to H. P. B.'s statement, in answer to a question about the opinions held by the Masters as to Jesus (*Theosophist*, vol. iv., p. 261); she there distinctly says that the Masters say of him various things and "finally" that he "lived over a century before the year of our vulgar, so-called Christian era." This was in July, 1883, and the information is distinctly stated by her to be derived directly from the Masters.

* * *

I AM very pleased that Mrs. Besant has been enabled to dig out this piece of evidence. *The Natural Genesis*, which, as far as I am aware, is the first of his works in which Gerald Massey puts forward the Ben Pandira date, was published only in 1883. It is hardly probable that H. P. B., who was in India, could have seen a copy by June, 1883. This then should give another turn of the screw to the problem for those who accept the statement of H. P. B.—G. R. S. M.

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