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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXIX NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 231

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE last number of *The Hibbert Journal* contains a very outspoken article by Mr. William Tully Seeger on "The Vital Value of the Hindu God-idea"—that is, the doctrine of the Inner God or the Divine indwelling Self. Mr. Seeger boldly avers his belief that the prevailing aversion of Occidental peoples to mysticism, asceticism and orientalism is due to their "half-developed religious sense," and their disloyalty to the teaching of their Master, whose cardinal doctrine was: "The Kingdom of God is within you"—the teaching of one who was saturated with ideas of mysticism, asceticism and orientalism. But, says Mr. Seeger:

The Doctrine of the Divine Self

> The great majority of so-called Christians have habitually acted as though their nominal Lord never spoke those words, but rather the following: The Kingdom of God is within *me*—me alone. And when sincere followers of Christ's ideals have insisted upon the complete scope of the text as it stands, giving its universal application, they have even been denied the Christian name! Centuries before Jesus lived, Hindu religious teachers were expressing the same thought as this text contains, and they did not fail

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to see and appreciate the irrefutable logic of it, which is that the King is within the "Kingdom," and not an absentee.

* * *

THIS is all very true. And it is just here that Theosophy parts company with all forms of Post-Nicene Christianity, and for a matter of that with much that is Ante-Nicene; for the doctrine that all men may become Christs has been denounced as heresy by every shade of orthodoxy since that tyranny first cast its black shadow on the suffering heart of Christendom. But a brighter age is dawning and many are being encouraged to return to the true Glad Tidings of the Christ, the universal doctrine of the potential Divinity of all men, and to shake themselves free of the nightmare of a diseased theology that has claimed Christhood as a unique historical happening. This widespread tendency to return to the true spirit of the Gospel teaching which is now becoming manifest on all sides is referred to by Mr. Seeger as follows:

The Gospel of the Christ

> The latter-day spread of the belief in the immanence, as of more pressing importance than the belief in the transcendence of God, has prepared the way for the current diffusion of Buddhistic, Vedântic and Theosophical ideas among Western peoples. Many thousands of the more open-minded Christians and Agnostics are finding that these newly reflected rays of orientalism have more power to quicken their religious aspirations than anything that has demanded their attention since that youthful time when the celestial beauty of the Sermon on the Mount first won their hearts. Can there be any doubt as to the threefold reason? Is it not that ecclesiastical Christianism is outgrown and now seems puerile to them? Is it not that these mature religious conceptions for the most part supplement and reinforce the words actually spoken by Jesus? Above all, is it not that in these conceptions is boldly prefigured the God-becoming of man's higher self?

* * *

THIS is a paragraph that has substantially been written over and over again by Theosophical writers for thirty years. Indeed, but for the strenuous propaganda of members of the Theosophical Society there would have been no diffusion of Buddhistic and Vedântic ideas; and these ideas would have remained as previously the possession of scholars whose works appealed only to the few and who themselves seldom appreciated any really "vital value" in

The Spread of Theosophical Ideas

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them. The superior public has for long been hypnotised into the belief that Theosophy is nothing else but a recrudescence of superstition and parlour magic and table-turning; meantime, under this popular delusion the work has been going on unimpeded. Ideas of the most far-reaching character and of the profoundest religious importance have been allowed to take firm root in the hearts of many; and if at this late hour the furious hands of vested interests and age-long monopolies should seek to tear up these now sturdy plants they will find themselves too feeble to achieve their purpose. For the Ever-living Banyan Tree has once more sent down its branches into the hearts of men of Western birth; and that Tree can never be uprooted, for it is not of the earth or of opinion, but of heaven and of truth.

* * *

AT the recent Church Congress the Presidential Address was delivered by the Bishop of Carlisle; it is a weighty pronouncement, marked by remarkable breadth of view and burning with a desire to see the realisation of the reconciliation of all the Churches of Christendom. The Bishop concluded his address with the following impassioned passage:

A Bishop's Vision

In my young days I often dreamed dreams, and now I am growing old I sometimes see visions. Among my sweetest visions is that of a truly Catholic and Apostolic Church; a Church wide as the world and holy as the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. In this vision I seem to see all the Churches slowly marching into the one flock of that one Church, with its one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one All-Father. In the van of the procession I see our own beloved Church of England, with a vast train of young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, sinful yet pardoned, carried in her arms and holding on to her robes. Then I see the Nonconformist and other reformed Churches following close behind; and then the Greek and other Eastern Churches emancipated from their trammels and glowing with freedom; then the Roman Church, purified as by fire; and last of all the hosts that no man can number, all washed in the blood of the Lamb. Then I wake and find it all a vision; yet not a vision of the black closing night, but of the red opening dawn.

* * *

THIS is a man who transparently means well; his heart is evidently flowing over with goodwill to all mankind according to

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A Sorry Instrument for the World Orchestra

his conception of humanity, and we feel that it is a good thing for the Church to have such men to lead her and broaden her outlook. But, ye Gods! from what appalling depths of narrowness has she not to be delivered, if we have to welcome (as we honestly do welcome) this ideal as a sign of better things! Here we have the vision of a Bishop; transparently so,—of a Bishop of a national state Church. Doubtless his day-dream, when he has put off temporarily his body of corruption, will realise itself in his consciousness in his special heaven-world, and he will then see it all as he has dreamed it now, with the Church of England at the head and himself near the head of the Church of England! But to the Theosophist, if the Bishop were not so deadly in earnest, it would seem almost a comical spectacle. Even in his highest dreams the good Bishop gives himself away, and advertises to the world the feeble gamut of theological sympathies that conditions his power of music-making. The Church of England, the "highest "note—the only one in tune; the Nonconformist, the "forefinger" note, the Greek Church, the "middle" note—both out of tune somewhat; the Roman Catholic—almost requiring a new string; and the rest of the world to fill out the scale when they have been duly twisted into Christian harp-strings for episcopal strumming.

What a sorry burlesque of the true Church from every nation under heaven of which every Christ has spoken.

* * *

THIS is just where the Theosophical ideal—crude as our present conceptions of it may be—is immeasurably greater and saner than that of any believer in the unique transcendency of one single form of faith. A vision can hardly be said to be God-inspired when the imagination of man can transcend it; yet how few comparatively can look forward to the future with any expectation of adequately prophesying what will be! One thing however is certain—that the world is not yet nearing its old age. It is not yet out of its childhood even; it is only just beginning to approach to puberty. And when it becomes a man it will think as a man and put away childish things. It will—ere long let us hope—

The Church of Theosophy

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begin to love as a man; a great flood of love of man will pulse through its veins and transform it into a new being. The dreams of its childhood will take on new meaning; the unknowing impulses of its dawning puberty will be knowingly concentrated on the beauteous object of its true love, and the counterpart of humanity, its Divine spouse, will be wooed with all its heart and soul. Will the heart of humanity beat solely to the impulses of that Divine Love which has been showed forth in the best that is in the Church of England, or of English Nonconformity, or of the Reformed Churches in other lands, or of the great international communions of the Roman and Eastern Churches alone? We think not. It will recognise—Oh so gladly and whole-heartedly!—the same Divine Love throbbing through the other great national Churches of the present and the past, the other great religions of the world, that we little souls in the Great Soul have forgotten or have never heard of. It will gradually dawn on every single soul that its destiny is to become that Great Soul of humanity, and its little loves must swell out into the Great Love of the Divine Mother that pulses ever through her whole being. The day will dawn when we shall look back upon this twentieth century of ours and all its crude religious notions with as much dissatisfaction as we now look back on the beliefs of savages. We shall wonder how men could have been content to think they had heard all that could be revealed of religion when what they had heard was but the beginning of the Divine promises, and when for the most part they deliberately stopped their ears even when far more had been said by knowing souls who spake of the mysteries.

* * *

The Great Work

IT is just because Theosophists have the power of responding to the greater impulses that have stirred the hearts of men and that still stir them, irrespective of distinctions of special times and lands, that we are a power in the world and shall continue to be so, even though we may not be able correctly to distinguish the impulses which we feel. It is a great thing that is being wrought; the Great Work is being operated by the hands of the Gods, the gnostic servants of Wisdom, and the creative forces that shall

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bring humanity to manhood are beginning to pulse through the body of mankind. No Church can control them, no Communion can contain them, no Religion can explain them; for they are cosmic forces, not individual; Humanity alone can control them, Humanity alone can contain them, Humanity alone can explain them. And Humanity is the Divine Sonship and that Sonship is now awaking to consciousness in men.

* * *

The Pulpit and Modern Thought

THE leaven is working everywhere, working even in the Churches themselves, and busily too, and some of them are beginning frankly to recognise that with puberty begins the dawn of the true age of reason in things religious, and that faith must be transmuted into gnosis. Whereas at the Church Congress the papers on the criticism of the Old and New Testaments (we regret to say) showed an anxious spirit to minimise the importance of the results of biblical criticism, no such weak-kneed policy influenced the presidential address of the Principal of New College, a Congregational theological centre in London. Dr. Vaughan Price, Chairman of the Board of Studies in Theology of the University of London, in his opening address on "The Pulpit and Modern Thought," boldly faced the present position of affairs, in the following weighty pronouncement. He said (*The Times*, October 3rd):

> That the effectiveness of the preacher depended largely on emphasis, which must be laid on essentials and that which was vital, and not upon accidentals and formals. This law was often violated, and never without mischievous effect. He gave illustrations of such violations. The Bible, once regarded as the source of spiritual power and life, came to be regarded as itself an external authority, through emphasis being laid on supposed verbal inspiration, with the result that scepticism was encouraged. In the second place, the story of the Creation had been regarded as a rival to geology, whereas it was simply a Semitic tradition purged of polytheism, and it described, not the method of creation, but its Divine source. The result had been the victory of the scientist over the Christian. Thirdly, there was the story of the fall of man, thought by Origen to be largely, and by Augustine to be partly, a parable. This had come to be regarded as purely historical, the emphasis being shifted from the ethical truth the story was intended to teach to the story itself, and bringing Christian truth into unnecessary conflict with the truths of Scripture. Again, in reference to the

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truths connected with the triune nature of God. The person and work of Christ found expression in the early ages in the form which the controversies of the age suggested, but to insist on the expressions in the great historical creeds rather than on the truths involved in the person and work of Christ was an employment of emphasis which endangered the truths of Christianity. Finally, the doctrine of eternal life had suffered to a calamitous extent in the minds of men from the use of false emphasis, the words of Christ being interpreted in the spirit of the ancient Pharisees and not in the spirit of Christian revelation, thus giving rise to questionings with high-minded men against Christianity itself.

* * *

Allegoria Rediviva

PHILO of Alexandria before the birth of Christianity and a few philosophical Church Fathers who watched round its cradle have been most severely taken to task by the materialistic and literalistic minds of Protestant bibliolaters, because they were compelled to find the only raft of salvation for the reason in the Mosaic sea of historic chaos and impossibility in the method of allegorical interpretation. After all these centuries of intellectual darkness in things religious the best minds in Christendom are beginning once more to reach the same conclusions as Philo and Clement and Origen. To the philosophical observer, however, it seems somewhat a belated kind of progress to find that modern biblical "science" ends, 1,900 years after, where Philo & Co. began! Dr. Sanday is by no means an extremist in criticism, and therefore what he says is a good indication of the moderate position. The sole way out, he says, is allegory. We cordially agree, and would add to that—mysticism and initiation, and so leave the bare bones of the phantom skeleton of history to be gnawed by the dogs of rationalism—to borrow from the elegant Tertullian in his controversy with the Marcionites. *The Standard* of October 12th reports as follows:

Speaking yesterday at the Church House, Westminster, on the subject of "The Symbolism of the Bible," the Rev. Dr. Sanday, of Cambridge, said that the first book of the Bible went back beyond the reach of any continuous tradition. The resources of modern science, of geology and astronomy, were not then available for recovering the records of the past. Apart from a preternatural conveyance of knowledge, of which there was no evidence, and for which there would be no analogy, the only method left for the reconstruction of the past was the exercise of imaginative intuition. It

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must have been in some such way as this that the authors whose writings had been dovetailed into one another in the first chapters of Genesis had framed their allied, though not identical, pictures of the first stage of the earth and of man.

They would not be wrong in calling the cosmogony of Genesis a symbolical representation of the facts, any more than we should in giving a like description of the Babylonian cosmogony. The cosmogony of the book of Genesis he could not help thinking had had rather hard measure at the hands of criticism. Its sublime features had, indeed, been pointed out, but along with this there had gone a certain severity of judgment from the point of view of modern science. The application of such a point of view was really a survival from the days when the inspiration of the Bible was identified with verbal infallibility. Scholars had been compelled to point out, in the interest of truth, that this definition would not hold, and in the course of their argument they had appealed to modern science. He could not help hoping that the time had come when corrections would no longer be thought necessary, and that it would be assumed from the outset that the representations in the first three chapters of Genesis were symbolical, and that they were never intended to be literal.

When once they made up their minds to regard these pictures as symbols, they were free to admire their sublimity and truth from the point of view of religion, and their aptness of form for the purpose for which they were designed. He believed that the whole of the Pentateuch would be rightly described as symbolical in a greater or less degree.

* * *

The Meaning of Nirvâṇa

In the last volume of the new edition of Meyer's *Conversations-Lexicon* there are signs that the "Annihilation" absurdity that has been so sedulously and for so long promulgated by scholars in the West as the true Buddhist doctrine of Nirvâṇa is receiving its *quietus*. Here at any rate is a translation of what the most recent German knowledge-digest says on the subject:

Nirvâna (Extinction) with the Buddhists (and indeed in all the Indian religious systems founded on philosophical speculations) the highest aim of human endeavour, which can only be reached by the attainment of the highest knowledge and emancipation from all earthly desires. In what precisely Nirvâna consists the founder of Buddhism himself (who indeed took the idea from prebuddhist speculation) has left unexplained; "it is enough to know that Nirvâna preserves from danger, gives security without apprehension, and imparts true Bliss."

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THE ROSY CROSS IN RUSSIA

(CONTINUED FROM p. 144)

IV.

The Trial of Novikoff

We shall not quote all the absurd accusations against the "sect of Martinists."[1] One of their worst "crimes" seems to have been the pledge of the Rosy Cross: to obey it, and guard its secrets under torture unto death. And torture was no idle threat. However slight the punishment of the "seduced" noble companions of Novikoff was, for himself, when he refused to answer in writing the questions proposed to him, "being ill," Prozorovsky gave the order to deny him food so long as he persisted in the refusal. Novikoff then wrote, but said nothing of what his tormentor desired.

A young Church server, Stephane Tliinsky, a Mason and a worker for Novikoff, was called to testify whether Novikoff had printed forbidden books. Seeing no way out, and yet loyal to his chief, he cut his throat with a small knife left him by chance. An attempt was made to save his life, but we have found no further details of his ultimate fate.

Relations with the Duke of Brunswick were also brought forward as proofs of a political plot. In vain the Masons protested that they had even ceased to write to the Duke when there was for some time a diplomatic breach between Russia and Germany, and that Rosicrucians were received by permission of Woellner, and not of the Duke. Catherine wished no real trial; the witnesses were summoned to Prozorovsky's house one by one, rarely two at once, and even then to refute each other. The questions to be put to Novikoff were of too "delicate" a nature to

[1] The name was evidently given because of the great honour in which the famous book of St. Martin, *Erreurs et Vérité*, was held in Russia in exoteric Masonry.

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be treated in open court or even before a group of judges in secrecy. Catherine sought to discover the measure of her heir's engagements to Masonry.

On May 17th or 18th Novikoff was secretly carried off to the living tomb of the Schlüsselburg Fortress. He was shut in the same cell where the unhappy young Czar Ivan Antonovitch suffered. Novikoff himself had seen it twenty years before, and had always been deeply impressed by its terrors. The shadow of his own fate was on the place. He was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment in that cell. On August 1st, 1792, Catherine signed the sentence. It was practically a death sentence, a slow and cruel death. But of his own free will Dr. Michail Bagriansky shared the fate of his adored teacher. He faced the ruin of his own career just begun with brilliant promise, and at thirty-two gave up all hopes of a personal future on earth, to come out—*if* surviving—an aged, broken man. But his devotion and his care, with the faithful service of a valet of Novikoff's, who also followed his master, saved Novikoff's life, and all three were permitted to enjoy nearly five years' respite, when Paul I. ascended the throne and on the same day gave back their freedom and honour to Novikoff and Bagriansky.

Nevertheless, the life in that terrible cell and the strain of the ever-watchful anxiety for his beloved teacher, left their marks on Bagriansky, and his death at the best time of a man's force, when not yet fifty years of age, was without doubt the result of his willing sacrifice. But who that knew could pity him, thinking of the long and gloomy winter nights, of the pale white summer nights, when he guarded his martyred teacher's rest at the cost of his own, in his ever-growing hope of preserving a life so precious to his country and to mankind? For he knew, as a physician, that the Empress, who was old, led an existence hastening to its close.

No horror, however, was spared them. In June, 1793, the implacable Chechkovsky appeared himself in the Fortress again to question Novikoff. He urged him to "retract his beliefs." Novikoff, of course, refused. Henceforth he was forbidden to read, except the Bible. . . . . Little did the persecutor dream there were means of bringing to his victims

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help and solace which even the walls of Schlüsselburg could not shut out!

The whole of Russian society was thunderstruck. Novikoff and his friends—though they were unknown—were a force, and they possessed the affection of many, an attachment to their cause so great that some were ready to sacrifice all for it, even life.

Karamzine, the great historian, alone dared to lift his voice in protest, though in a veiled form,—in his Ode to Catherine II. —"To Mercy" (May, 1792).

Not all, however, were so true. Lopuchine was not fair to Novikoff in his answers about the printing of forbidden books, throwing on him all the responsibility for it. He seems to have passed only the external degrees. He was, however, just towards Troubetzkoï, who he averred had written to Woellner "on Hermetic philosophy only." Troubetzkoï declared that he had not reached the "mystery of Nature's knowledge"—(whatever he meant by this evasive phrase). He had burned his correspondence with Schwarz and Schroeder.

Baron Schroeder, at first in high office in the Rosy Cross in Russia, was led astray by money temptations, in which schemes Novikoff thwarted him. Schroeder thus seems to have tried to avenge himself. The letters of Schroeder to Novikoff, however, never reached the latter, as the Masonic correspondence was then already being watched and stopped. (Catherine herself read them.) Koutouzoff, a high Mason, who studied with Woellner at Berlin, wrote to warn all Rosicrucian Brethren that in Germany some objectionable actions of Schroeder had become known, that it was forbidden to all Rosicrucians to be in relation with him as to the affairs of the Order or even to speak of it to him. In June, 1792, Catherine received the news that Schroeder had died and left a will in which he admitted that he had deceived the Rosicrucians of Moscow.

Lopuchine, who was confined in the house of Prozorovsky for some days to write his answers, though he treated his inquisitor *de haut en bas*, nevertheless reduced Prozorovsky to such amenity that he was even asked to dine with the family, though the dinner was naturally the picture of gloom with Lopuchine

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expecting possible orders to leave for Siberia, and his host depressed by his failure to "catch" the Masons.

Lopuchine was condemned to exile in the country; he, however, forced the Prince to show the Empress the paper in which he demonstrated all the difference between Illuminism and Masonry, and protested against his fate; and an incredible thing happened. For Catherine changed her once expressed will in favour of Lopuchine's blind father, then ninety years old, allowing the "guilty" son to remain with him, under pledge never to go to Masonic meetings again or see his former friends.

Lopuchine received the news the night before he was leaving, still trying to keep to the very end his departure secret from his old father, who, however, knew all and bore it with courage. Lopuchine had indeed written a Masonic treatise, which was much admired, but in French, as a foreign work; all the doings of Masonry in the outer world, however, were known to the Imperial spies.

One of the heaviest reproaches against these friends of Novikoff was that they educated their children in the same ideas.

We see that the insistence with which the members of the Theoretical Degree had been trained to avoid curiosity and indiscretion as the "worst enemies to spiritual progress" had borne its fruits. Even those who wavered gave nothing out, at least nothing important, for the sale of forbidden books was a fact so well known, even to the authorities, that Catherine herself, finding a book designated by her ukase "sold out," ordered that "the matter should be left."

Gamalea, the most faithful of Novikoff's elder friends, received the visit of a police officer, Larionoff, who came to search his house and who, moved by sympathy, advised him to write "lies" in his answers so as to be "saved." Gamalea told him, however, that it was impossible for him to lie and so to break his oath. The police officer was moved to tears and converted on the spot to Masonry, or at least to its morals. All the rest of his life he considered Gamalea as his patron.

Gamalea went to live with Novikoff's orphaned children at their Avdotieno and there he remained thirty years. The widow of Schwarz also came to take the dead mother's place; and the

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faithful, hardly-tried household waited . . . for what? Schlüsselburg seldom restores a life once confined within its mute walls. Those who have even but once beheld, at the entrance to the Ladoga canal in the Neva, the low greyish mass of its colossal walls, over which no high roof, no waving green tree, no voice of man or bird ever comes as sign of life or of joy —those will remember their feeling of hopeless depression, the instinctive apprehension as they pass. One is free on the waves without, yet a few hours are enough sometimes to be "in," for long, for ever! And all who pass gaily by on the Ladoga steamers know that behind these walls are human lives condemned never to see light again but in the eternal.

Yet "God is not without mercy," as the popular saying has it. Within these walls, in his cell, Novikoff was not alone; even there the prisoners found love and care shown them, and from a very unexpected quarter. According to the secret plans of the Fortress Novikoff's cell was the only one inhabited on the first floor; all around were empty cells. His cell was the inner of two rooms. The front one, leading to the inner corridor of the prison, was filled with guards; a window cut in the wall of his apartment kept the prisoners under unceasing watch. His own window overlooked the outer rampart of the building, on which again guards walked day and night. He could see only the inner canal in front of the rampart and the first wall of the Fortress, guarded by soldiers again.

Behind that first line of fortification was an open place, and the second, outer walls falling straight to the waves of the Neva. Nobody is allowed to leave the Fortress; even the Commander of the place is seldom seen by the world outside, and then only by permission. Yet on their window-sill, our prisoners often found a small gift, salted mushrooms or some such popular delicacy, left there in secret by the soldiers on guard, afraid to be seen, yet moved by the deep compassion of the Russian people for all who suffer, for all "blessed" by trials from God. And who can tell how many thrills of courage these little tributes of love brought to the condemned?

The secret list of prisoners—few in number, for Schlüsselburg sees only the gravest cases—showed among others these:

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No. 3. Sergeant Protopopoff; for seduction from the Faith and disobedience to the Church; for life.

No. 6. M. Novikoff; for supporting the Masonic sect and the printing of dissolute books concerning it; fifteen years.

No. 7. With him a doctor; for translation of these books (we know this was not exact, for Bagriansky was not condemned).

No. 8. His servant; for an unknown cause (!).

The Commander of the place was then Colonel Kolubachine. Some of his prisoners were "secret," *i.e.*, even in that hell of secrecy they were known only to him and his chiefs. (Secret papers of the Fortress, No. 14, under date of 26th of October, 1794.) The garrison numbered 220 soldiers. The chances of escape were then, as now, *nil.*

Novikoff and his two companions were allowed a rouble (2*s.*) daily for their maintenance. At last Novikoff's frail health broke completely down under the miserable pittance and various physical ills. Dr. Bagriansky certified that Novikoff's life was in danger, and asked for a remedy (of which he added the prescription) as no drug-store existed in the Fortress. Novikoff himself addressed Catherine. The letter, of which with deep emotion and respect we read the original, written on hard greyish paper, is full of humility and resignation. He asks the "Mother of the Country" to take mercy on his children and on his sickness, and to allow him some relief. No allusion is made even to the possibility of a retraction of his beliefs.

A long correspondence between the authoritieso f the Fortress and the "Secret Commission" ensued. So far as we can learn the demand was made in 1794, and an inspection of the prisoners took place in the autumn of the same year. Novikoff was very ill with an abscess in the stomach, and Bagriansky, without remedies, without any means of giving him even a change of air, saved his teacher by sheer force of love. The Sergeant Protopopoff refused to retract, saying he hoped for the "crown of martyrs." The visitor found the other prisoners more tractable; they wept and "repented," standing before the holy images in the cells. All their requests for money or clothes were granted. On October 28th, 1796, Count Samoïloff, the official chief of Commander Kolubachine, wrote to him, sending the remedy for

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Novikoff, and Catherine allowed the prisoner one rouble more daily.

It appears in this exchange of secret official papers how the "secret" was so well kept and organised, that the General Procurator of the "Secret Commission," Prince Alexis Komakine, did not know that a plan of the Fortress existed in his "Commission" and asked for one. The Colonel then notes: "The plans have been taken to the Prince."[1]

Novikoff sent Count Samoïloff his thanks. (Secret Papers, No. 2824, vii.)

A month later Catherine suddenly died and Paul I., on the first day of his reign, sent to Schlüsselburg a message of mercy; Novikoff, his servant and Dr. Bagriansky were free!

Paul I. and Novikoff

What was the "delicate" question to which really Novikoff owed the tortures of that fearful trial?

It was well concealed behind a thick wall of pretences, of "political" and "religious" questions. The interrogation sounded simple enough: "What were your relations with a certain person" ("*ossoba*," indicating a person of high rank)? The "person" was no other than the Grand Duke Paul himself, so soon to be Paul I.

Volumes could be written on the discussion to which the legend that Paul had entered the Order gave rise. We will give only a few facts—very significant, and without much comment. But we shall chiefly quote the *original* letter of Paul to his mother, in answer to her direct interrogation. For those who can read between the lines its tone speaks volumes, especially if taken together with his behaviour to Novikoff and to his own Masonic friends immediately on ascending the throne. We must bear in mind that Paul was proud to excess, haughty to his subjects and exacting, embittered by his unhappy youth and inclined to suspicion against "innovators."

Longinoff (*op. cit.*, p. 159) mentions the rumour that Paul entered the Masonic ranks in 1781, when travelling abroad with Prince Alexander Kourakine, a fervent Mason, and another

[1] The interior of the Fortress has since then been rebuilt.

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Brother, Pletcheeff. Schwarz also went abroad at that time, and the closer link may have begun then which aroused the anger of Catherine. They were few who were just or devoted to the Grand Duke and she did not wish their numbers to grow. All our sources and the secret Masonic papers concur in the affirmation, ever repeated: "Kourakine was employed to bring the Grand Duke in."

The same fact is stated in an original letter of the Duke of Brunswick to Schwarz in 1782. Hrapovitzky, who wrote on these matters, remarks that in the archives of the Masons there were particular details about the Grand Duke sent in a secret parcel by Prozorovsky to St. Petersburg while the "trial" of Novikoff was in progress. Pypine asserts that Paul is reported to have entered on August 1st, 1776, while the *Signalstern* tells us Gustav III. of Sweden was to "initiate" him in the Order when on a visit to St. Petersburg. In any case there seems to have been at Stockholm a portrait of Paul in the portrait gallery of Masons.

Catherine herself at last put to her son a formal question, though worded in a guarded manner. He was accused of being a Mason; she did not believe it, she wrote, but what had he to say? Paul answers textually thus:

(Copy.) "Votre Majesté peut d'avance se dire ce que j'ai pu me dire en moi-même en lisant le papier qu'elle a eu la bonté de me confier, d'un ramas de paroles, la moitié vide de sens, et l'autre de paroles dont on a fait apparemment un abus, car je crois qu'il s'agit de quelqu'un qui aura voulu s'appuyer de votre très-humble serviteur, serviteur qui aura pu avoir demandé le prix du comestible ou bien des nouvelles méritoires même sur une secte dont certainement il n'a pas [here a word has been made illegible] été. Il aurait fallu ou être fou ou imbécile pour avoir été pour quelque chose dans tout ceci autrement qu'avec des propos d'antichambre. D'ailleurs toute explication ultérieure me semblerait inutile."

Paul knew his mother—and he remembered, with love, his father. He knew how Peter III. had died; he knew the cell of Novikoff had seen a young Imperial prince before.

On November 6th, 1796, Catherine died. Paul I., now

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Emperor, liberated at once Novikoff and Bagriansky, recalled his own friend the exiled Prince Komakine, recalled all the Masons confined to their country seats, and went himself five times to see the unhappy Nevzoroff in his madhouse, then set him also at liberty. Nevzoroff's nerves were very much shaken. He had been at first brought to the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul, where Chechkovsky himself interrogated him; but the undaunted young man answered that he was a student of the Moscow University and by its constitution could answer only in the presence of a deputy of that University. He was told he might go to Siberia as a physician, *i.e.*, as a disguised exile. He refused, and then he was left in the madhouse.

Lopuchine and Troubetzkoï received great honours; Heraskoff also, though he had not been persecuted. Tourgueneff became director of the University of Moscow. Novikoff's disappearance, the ruin of his printing and publishing enterprises and the *auto-da-fé* made of thousands of his "forbidden" books,[1] all this had involved him and his "company" in enormous debts. But his creditors loved and esteemed him so that they never troubled him for his involuntary failure with them. Novikoff had scarcely the time to touch the soil of his Avdotieno, where he was received with a storm of joy and tears, when a courier arrived from the Emperor to bring Novikoff to Paul's rooms directly. Paul I. proposed to Novikoff to give him back at once all the money he had lost. Novikoff refused. (Longinoff, *op. cit.*, p. 366.)

Paul then showed Novikoff, in a corner of his study, a huge box with all the papers of the Order, the correspondence of the Dukes of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel with the Masons of Moscow, and other documents. He had also many Masonic books. (When, years before, the architect Bajenoff presented the first book of the Masons to the heir to the throne, Paul had accepted it very graciously. It was, we believe, the *Mysteries of Christianity*.)

Paul wished to give again full liberty to the lodges and to Masonic work. Perhaps he would have taken the office of Grand Master that had waited for him. But clever and cunning emis-

[1] We give later the titles of some of these "forbidden" works.

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saries of another society surrounded him already. Count Litta soon won influence over him and he accepted the post of Grand Master of the Order of Malta. To Masonry he was lost.

Under Alexander I., Labzine, one of Novikoff's most promising pupils (signing always with initials that meant "Pupil of the Wisdom") gave a new impulse in Russia to Mysticism and Masonry. Karamzine, also of the flock, had become Russia's greatest historian; and two others, who had chosen the convent life, rose to be high dignitaries of the orthodox Church—one, Matvey Desnizky, became known as the Metropolitan Mihaïl, the other, Stefane Glagolevsky, the Metropolitan Seraphim.

Novikoff lived till July 31st, 1818, to his 74th year. Secluded in his Avdotieno, he had around him a group of friends: his friend Gamalea, his pupil Bagriansky, his faithful servant (whose name remains unknown), the widow of his teacher Schwarz, and his own three children, of whom only Vera (Faith), the youngest and brightest, had the elasticity and the joy of youth. She was her father's secretary. Her brother and sister lived upstairs in seclusion, even dining alone together, both epileptic since the terrible night of their father's arrest, martyrs to the cause he loved from the dawn of their days. They lived uncomplainingly, filling their days with love and reverence for their father.

Gamalea continued, at Avdotieno, translating mystical books for some brighter future. (It was near at hand, though it was to be so short.) A new famine came and Novikoff strained his last forces and means to help. Then came 1812, Napoleon's invasion and the "Patriotic War." Novikoff remained in his manor and gave to his peasants a rouble for every "living" French prisoner. These he took into his house, nursed their wounds, and saved thus the lives of his "enemies." At the end of the war they were sent to the Governor of Moscow to be "exchanged."

In 1818 he passed away peacefully, leaving his children without fortune or health but "in the hands of God," who soon took them to Him. After his death people still spoke of him as of one living. He was buried in the Tihvin Church at Avdotieno, dedicated to the Virgin, with a chapel consecrated to St. Basil.

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His simple grave is near the altar. He went full of hope for the land that had been his in that noble life, hoping most for Russia from Russian women.

A RUSSIAN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE LAND OF THE LIVING

FAR, far away in a land not so very different in climate from our own, there dwell those who understand and speak the language of nature, who hold daily converse with the flowers and trees, with the animals and even with minerals. These people—for it is a small community of which I speak—dwelling together in the perfect harmony of brotherly love, toil all the year in cities or on the land, except for the space of a month, which has since the foundation of their brotherhood been set aside for rest and recreation. And the month which has been set apart for this is the month when the sun is in its height, a time when all nature seems to have attained to its fullest maturity and most perfect beauty, and waits rejoicing to its utmost in life, blooming in the sunshine, breathing in the air, ere it turns its attention to the great work of its life, the casting forth of seed once more into the earth for the re-creation of its own forms.

During this month of rest the members of this community go forth in search of solitude, well understanding that man to renew his life, to refresh his soul, must seek union with the great Life and great Soul of which he is himself a part; and they know that for most men this union is more easy of attainment away in the forest or in the mountains, by the babbling brooks or by the music of the sea shore.

Here they linger, scarce troubling about food or clothing, nourished and vivified mostly by the elements, breathing in the air and the sunshine through every pore of the skin, bathing in the refreshing dews, being made strong by the powerful magnetism of the earth upon which they tread. Thus they seek to rein-

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vigorate their bodies, to refresh their souls, to rest their minds, and to awaken that true spiritual sense which makes man one with all that surrounds him and is the first step towards union with God.

I, by chance, visited this land, so like our own, yet so different; and whilst there, hearing of this brotherhood, I sought admission into the community and was duly received by the rites of the order, and this that I am now about to relate is the first thing I heard after I had had imparted to me the understanding of the language of nature.

I was sitting by a pool in the twilight. The reeds were scarcely moving, though a breath of air fanned my face and seemed to transport me into an ecstasy the like of which I had never experienced before, although I had had many dreams and visions and had been taught many strange things by those who dwell beyond the veil. But this was different; was it a dream, or was it reality?

I thought I was awake, for it seemed quite natural. I was just talking to the birds and plants around me; but now I remember that the time was neither morn, nor noon, nor eventide, but all times at once. The bats and the bees were sporting together; the evening primrose and the morning glory had each its petals unfurled. The sun, moon and stars seemed all to be shining each with its own accustomed brilliance, yet in no way interfering with the light of each other. It seems strange to think upon now that I am back in our own land; but it was not strange then, it was quite natural. It seemed to be the law there even as here it is the law that the sun shall shine by day and the moon and the stars by night alone.

I say it was eventide, for when I wandered in the glade towards that pool the stillness of the evening twilight had just begun to make itself felt, and there was a hush so serene that even the movement of my own body seemed to outrage the calm and stillness everywhere, and that is why I sat down. I watched the gnats dart hither and thither; then my eye wandered further over the pool, and I chanced to look upon a water-lily; and it was she who first spoke to me. I listened while she sang a strange, weird, yet to my sense melodious, rhythm:

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I am the flower of the immortal gods.
Earth, air, fire, and water
Join to feed their chosen daughter;
Born in the soil beneath the pool,
Fed by its waters clean and cool,
My leaves breathe in the scent of air,
My petals breathe the power of fire,
My blossom is made fruitful by the sun
And owes its fruitage to no other one—
E'en as immortal gods are born
By God's descent to virgin form.
I am the symbol of purity
For all who live on earth, to see
How this the goal is for all men
Before they can their birthright claim—
Their immortality.

The Water-lily paused, and I asked her what she meant by claiming to be the chosen daughter of the immortal gods?

"Do you not know," she replied, "that we alone of all plants or animals are able to live and breathe in any element? We dwell first in earth, then in water, then in air, and are brought to our final perfection and fruitage by the power of the sun. We are messengers of the gods sent to dwell amongst men, to show them how, ere they can attain to immortal life, they must be able to live and breathe within any body, that they must so harmonise the substance of their forms to the various elements that they can live and move within each, creating for themselves a new body for each space while never losing touch with the world below,—even as we do, building for ourselves first roots, then stem, then leaves, then petals. Without us how would you mortals learn the secret of immortality, how would you learn the secret of the elements, the great body of the gods through which they talk to us in a language unknown to mortal men?"

I picked up a stone and played with it while I thought on what the Water-lily had said, and I wondered: Could it be true that the gods talked to plants in a language which the plants understood? Could it be true that the Water-lily was a messenger of the gods with some direct knowledge of a secret key for the control over the elements, even as she claimed, breathing each

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or any into her body for its nourishment ere putting forth new forms ?

And, as the stone lay in the palm of my hand, it too began to sing, and this was its song :

Within my stony body
Lurks the divine fire ;
Within my outer form
Lives the perfect form—
The form which none can shatter,
For I, I am root matter.
Men may live and men may die,
Worlds may come or pass away,
But I live on for ever, I.
The secret of the jewel
I to man could tell ;
Which planet in the sky
Shines within my eye,
Ere I bring to birth
The rubies of the earth.
Wisdom which men long to know
Is hid within my body low ;
For it is the gods' decree
Man shall ever learn of me
Of his immortality.

This is very strange, thought I. What can a mineral know of immortality ? And I questioned the stone concerning his song.

" What do I mean ? " cried the stone. " I mean that from any stone can be brought to birth at any moment fire, which is the expression of the Divine Mind. You men might rub your hands together all your lives and you would never call forth a spark. You have no divinity in your bodies ; that is the privilege of the mineral world. I never could understand what a human means by life ; you seem to me to be more dead than alive and must be in constant peril of sudden extinction. Your consciousness seems to be dependent upon the relative positions of the various parts of your body. A most extraordinary plan for anyone to be built upon. I would not be a man for anything !

" You can fling me about and smash me to atoms, and I am still alive, for *I* dwell within every atom of my body, and it matters not to me whether my parts are together or scattered. We stones have no fear of death. That is the curse of being

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born a mortal man. Nor do we waste our time re-creating ourselves as you men do, dying and returning to earth every few hundred years just as before. We have a greater secret concerning rebirth of which you men know nothing. It takes thousands and thousands of years to perform ; so of course it is quite beyond the power of man to know anything about it."

I asked the stone to tell me what that secret was.

"It is the secret of the transmutation of metals," he replied ; "how the planets play into the centre of gravity of each of our atoms in turn, and change our whole being and structure, until we become of great value and rise to high positions, being set in the crowns of kings and the breastplates of high priests to give to them further power, to instruct them in secret wisdom and things unknown to mere men."

I questioned him further, but this was all he was permitted to tell. It chanced then that a butterfly flitted past me and the sound created by the motion of its wings now fell upon my ear as language. The butterfly was singing, not so much to himself, as proclaiming to all the world the following strange ideas, which I will attempt to put into words :

Born every hour, flitting every way,
Busy in the sunshine, gone with the day ;
Egg, worm, grub, and fly,
Symbol of how men live and die ;
Here to tell to man re-birth,
Here to teach eternal life,
Here to show how each doth spin
The web of fate his mind lies in,
Here to sing of his release
When each shall dwell in perfect peace.

Can there be truth in this?—I thought. And even as I wondered the Soul of all butterflies seemed to descend and converse with me and teach me thus :

"Man, even as the butterfly, has four phases of existence connected with body, soul, mind and spirit. While the man's centre of interest is within his personal body alone, he can hardly be said to live. It is mere existence within a shell of selfishness. As his soul awakens to the realities of life, it begins to spin around itself a body of opinion, spun out of the manifold

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passions it has experienced in its life of activity. Within these it lives, and here is born the true mind, the subjective reason, the body of stillness which dwells in the region of the Great Silence. Long after, within this mind, when the man has learned to withdraw himself from the external world of sense and has focussed every energy of his being upon the comprehending of the underlying reason of phenomena, when he has dared to stand alone, apart, while still within the whirl of mentality, then is born the first spark of Divine Will, which shall gradually transmute his whole mind and whole nature, and shall enable him to burst through the bonds of fate woven by his soul out of the forms of his lower mind.

"On the wings of Will shall he be borne in his true mind to the sunlight of reality, to the experiencing of all the realms of nature."

And then my teacher changed; it was no longer some great soul within and without me, but the pert, gay little butterfly who had just flitted past brim full of the enjoyment of its own little life. It now came up and said:

"Would you like to know what it feels like to die and be born again? Because I can tell you; I was a grub only a few hours ago and shall soon be an egg again, so it is quite easy for me to remember what it is like. Would you hear something of the Land of Death?"

I expressed great interest.

"Do you suppose," began the Butterfly, "that when you are in heaven you will have arms and legs and a head?"

I answered in the affirmative, for I had always supposed that ghosts had arms and legs and heads.

"A great mistake," replied the Butterfly; "you will be a grub."

I laughed at the bare idea and said: "I am not sure whether I should like to be a grub, and I am quite sure that my friends would not like to be told they were going to be grubs."

"Well," replied the Butterfly, "that will make a great difference, for it is one of the laws of the heaven-world that people always think themselves to be just what they would most like to be, and they always think their surroundings are just what

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they consider most to be desired. If, therefore, men want to continue to have arms and legs, they will feel arms and legs, and see arms and legs, but it won't make the least difference to the fact that they will all be grubs in the sight and knowledge of those who can rise above prejudice."

"Humans are all so dreadfully prejudiced, you see," continued the Butterfly, dropping into a sort of soliloquy. "They have so little mind, they cannot remember any form but the one they happen to wear now, and they have so little imagination. We Butterflies must try to be patient with them, though they do indeed seem very slow to learn what we have to teach. We sing all day of rebirth and of new and different forms of life. We die every hour, and bring ourselves to life again almost as soon as we are dead, on purpose to demonstrate to man just what it looks like; but still he keeps to his one solitary idea.

"Some have a vague notion that they will have wings some day, but seem to think these will sprout the moment they die. They little know how much has to be done first! You don't get wings till you come back to life again"—and he looked up at me with an air of great superiority.

"But many men," I protested, "can visit the heaven-world even now, while they live, and they bring back to us accounts of our dead friends, and how they are moving and travelling all over the world with, as far as I can gather, arms, legs and wings and fifty other means of locomotion, living a life as active and busy as we do here."

"Quite wrong," replied the Butterfly. "That's not heaven. That is travelling about amongst the shades of men in Hades, their world of imagination. One thing you may be quite sure of," he added confidentially, "when men tell you they have been active and busy and in motion, you may know that they have *not* been in heaven, because in heaven you have got *all the world inside you.* That is the great change men will not grasp. Instead of living *in* a world with every variety of form and every possibility of experience outside you, in heaven you *are* the world and have the essence of all variety within your own body of consciousness. Men talk a great deal, I know, about unity and getting to the inner planes, and no longer allowing their consciousness

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to go outward through sense towards multiplicity, but directly we begin to talk to them about grubs, they won't listen, so we can guess at once how much they have really experienced of unity. It is nearly time now for me to be dying, so I must go and see about laying my eggs, or I shall never return to life in a thousand different forms. There again you men could learn of us."

It looked round cautiously, and then said: "After you have been to heaven and on, beyond unity, to the winged globes above, you return once more to earth and are reborn in a thousand different forms. Many men talk of regeneration and the birth of the Christ-consciousness, some men now are living in the daily expectation of the birth of a new Saviour, and what do they expect? A man of perfect form, of perfect mode of life, wise with the wisdom of all men?

"If they would put in a little of the wisdom of the Butterfly," he added slyly, "it would change their expectations considerably; they would watch for a birth in a thousand forms, no one conspicuous for its beauty or wisdom, else how could the birth be *hidden?* Where would be the mystery? But stay! I must away, I fear I have already said too much, given too great a clue to the secret of the gods."

I was silent, amazed at so much wisdom coming from so small a creature. I thought again upon his song wafted to my ears by the motion of his wings, and I wondered could he really be a messenger of God sent to earth on purpose to teach man; it seemed such a pretentious claim. I had always been taught that man was the great lord of the universe, the most developed of all animals, of all forms, and that it was his duty to help forward the evolution of his lesser brethren by kindness, care and attention, pitying this speechless race, assisting them in their helplessness; and here were some of the least of living things boldly proclaiming to me in a language as musical and as perfect of expression as any human tongue, that they had secret control over the elements, were in daily converse with the gods, had a method of life far superior to man's, being unfettered by the limitation of form, and finally, that they considered themselves the instructors of humanity, having direct experience at every hour of the day of the manifold forms of existence through which

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man was laboriously to drag his unwieldy consciousness during centuries to come !

I tried to think, but it did not seem the right place or hour for thought, and I sank into a deep reverie.

A moment later I was startled by the braying of a donkey—an unearthly sound at the best of times, but breaking in upon the stillness and serenity of that evening air, it seemed to penetrate into recesses of my brain which had never been stirred before, and sounded more uncanny than ever.

I looked round; there was the creature, his head thrust forward, trumpeting away, touching only the highest and lowest notes of the musical scale, scorning to use any vowel but those which mark the limit of human speech. What could such noise as that mean? It could mean nothing. It conveyed no meaning to my ears; but as I looked upon the creature a second time, still feeling somewhat startled, a great wonder occurred. I heard nothing, but as I gazed upon the scene before me the objects, while remaining precisely the same, all appeared to change. I saw the forms before me in the depths, I saw the meaning before me in the heights, and the power of human expression in the midst was gone. I was speechless, but I knew that I had been transported to the land of symbols. There before me open the book of the gods, open as it never had been to my gaze before ! I felt a thrill of excitement, I felt a new life pulse through my veins. Now, even as I write about it, the pen trembles in my hand, for I seem to live again through that strange, never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Speechless, I thought: Is this what is meant by the dumbness of animals? Great God ! if only we men could have such vision, even for one moment in our lives, 'twere worth a century of speechlessness! And then again I was overwhelmed. I had looked a third time upon that ass, the symbol of the gods, and with the third glance a further wonder occurred, the whole air was filled with a Presence, the majesty of which was beyond words. I felt it permeate my whole nature and I became numb.

I lay as if in a tomb, knowing not if I were alive or dead,—not deaf, not dumb, but every member of my body silenced by

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the awesomeness of this great Presence. The depth and height had met and become one in me, through me.

Was the power of expression still to be wanting, should I never be able to describe what I had experienced?

I struggled to free myself from the deathliness of the grasp that I might see the real truth, that I might reach to the inner light, and as I did this I sank back overpowered.

I called to the gods to tell me what to say when I returned to earth, when I returned to the language of men; and as I gave the call, life once more seemed to stir in my veins, and with it the answer to my question.

"When the Depth and the Height meet in the midst the expression of this is Man. Nought that man can write, nought that man can utter, nought that man can create, will express its greatness, for the Creator gives not forth the whole of Himself in creation, but a portion. Even so all that you can say, all that you can write, all that you can imagine, will be insufficient to express this momentary experience, for you yourself have become the expression of it."

* * * * *

"My child, the power of our sacred rite has indeed come to birth in you, it is not the privilege of all to attain to the land of symbols upon the passing of the first step. Our first ceremony is acted in order to call down upon the candidate, should he be fitted for it, the understanding of the language of nature, the understanding of the language of plants and stones. It is not until the pupil has advanced to many, many higher degrees that he receives his first instruction concerning the land of sacred animals, it is no wonder that you were overwhelmed and well-nigh killed by your experience.

Thus spake the grand master of the brotherhood on hearing the account of my first experience in the Land of the Living. "But will you not explain to me what it all means?" I cried, "will you not teach me so that I may understand further?"

"I will tell you all that it is permitted to utter on these subjects, but for the interpretation of the language of the sacred animals man must seek in other places than books, in other modes of expression than words, for they are the expression of

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the great act which makes man Man, of which it is not lawful to speak. The pool to which you were guided is one of the necessary factors in any true rite. For when the great act happens, even in its initial stage, there is called down upon the candidate the divine fire.

"The fire enters his body at the top of his head, and as it travels down the central passage of life, vivifying the whole fiery nature, it rushes forth again to earth, no longer as divine fire, but as fire which would scorch the very ground on which he stood, were not its complementary element at hand to receive into its bosom the superfluity of the divine descent. Hence for any true baptism there must be both fire and water. The moment your fiery nature had received its baptism you were transplanted beyond the realms of time. It was neither morn, nor noon, nor eventide. The sun, the moon, the stars were all shining at once without detracting from each other's brilliance.

"Mark the true spiritual vision when everything happens at once in time but each happening is a world or completeness in itself. Note there is no comparison between the objects seen in this vision. The stars shine, the sun shines, but their rays do not interpenetrate and blur or mar each other's beauty. Each is seen in its own world of reality, yet all are present at once to the eye of inner vision. To the eye of spiritual vision there is no comparison between the objects of sense, each is perfect, complete, a world in itself. *For the seer is himself the complement of its imperfections.*

"This indeed is a great awakening, for now every object which you touch, every object upon which you cast your eye, will have its little story to tell of the great scheme of existence.

"For he who would be a vehicle for the Divine Mind must learn how to bring himself in touch with every passing phase of Divine objectivity, for only thus can the realities of existence be reflected into his finite brain.

"For even as the Divine Mind is Father of all variety, so shall no one member of His nature receive the understanding of the all except through his fellow members. Within the realms of variety every soul, every atom, has his own little story to tell, the word or syllable allotted to him to express the world; and

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unless each shall listen to what the other has to tell he shall never be illumined with the whole, for the interpretation and expression of the inner realms is only to be found in the creatures of the Creator, even as the mind of man can only be read in its uttered forms.

"So truly may every plant, every stone, every mineral, every atom, sing as the stone sang to you:

> "'For it is the gods' decree
> Man shall ever learn of me
> Of his immortality.'"

E. R. INNES.

THE NATURE OF DHÂRAṆÂ

HE who for the first time approaches the study of that book of truly golden precepts for which we are indebted to H. P. Blavatsky, will probably follow with difficulty the very first sentences:

"He who would hear the voice of Nâda, the soundless Sound, and comprehend it, he has to learn the nature of Dhâraṇâ.

"Having become indifferent to objects of perception, the pupil must seek out the Râja of the senses, the thought-producer, he who awakens illusion.

"The mind is the great slayer of the Real.

"Let the disciple slay the slayer."

It is easy to realise that "the mind" refers only to the intellect which is the fruitful source of all illusions. To slay this mind means simply to get rid of blind assumptions; and the soundness of such advice is obvious. It is equally easy to recognise in the voice of Nâda or the "soundless Sound" an Eastern expression for our intuition; to hear and comprehend this voice undoubtedly implies acquisition of insight into the *raison d'être* of all that is. It is the nature of Dhâraṇâ, however, that we fail to grasp.

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"Dhâraṇâ," explains Mme. Blavatsky, in a footnote, "is the intense and perfect concentration of the mind upon some one interior object, accompanied by complete abstraction from everything pertaining to the external universe, or the world of the senses."

Accurate as this characterisation may be, it is yet vague from the student's point of view so long as he is uncertain about the nature of the interior object on which to concentrate. Moreover, it seems strange that by concentrating on something which appears to be at best only a mental picture, we should acquire full insight. Now I propose to show that if it is by learning the nature of Dhâraṇâ that pure knowledge is reached, then Dhâraṇâ must stand for pure thinking.

A slight effort at self-analysis shows that the wish for understanding arises only with regard to something which strikes us as foreign to our own Being. In any case we most decidedly cannot reconcile ourselves to a mere recognition of facts as isolated phenomena. Somehow or other we are sure that they must form a systematic whole. In fact, we intuitively consider the external world as our own property. We have not the slightest compunction in kicking away a stone from our path, or in cutting down a tree for fire-wood, or in killing an obnoxious animal. We respect only the rights of our fellow-men, and where these are not involved we make everything subservient to our own convenience. If we seek for the source of our unscrupulous dealing with Nature we find it in an intuitional certainty that the external world is *for us*.

This being so, the object of our pursuit of knowledge cannot possibly be either to prove or disprove the reality of the external world. Through the very wish to understand it, we already negate the rationality of such an enterprise. The keynote of our intuition is that the ultimate basis of Reality is our own Being. Consequently it is not really the *raison d'être* of the external world as existing *per se* that we wish to grasp, but its *raison d'être* as a semblance of our own Being.

The problem is then: How do we come to manifest ourselves in such a way that our very Being assumes the appearance of our Non-Being? Our intuition proclaims our eternity and the

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fundamental at-one-ment of all that is. How is it, then, that we are surrounded with apparently isolated phenomena? We cannot reconcile ourselves to a mere enunciation of our intuition, any more than we can stop at a mere counting of external objects. If the world is our own Being, as it undoubtedly is, how do we become it?

In realising at once that we are eternal we have already realised the absurdity of a query about our own origin and *eo ipso* about the origin of all that is. We are because we are, and the world is only because we are; this is how we formulate our fundamental premiss. In doing so, we do not study our own convenience, but only refuse to perpetuate blindly the irrational assumption of our finitude on the one hand, and of the world's existence *per se* on the other hand.

Surely we cannot possibly deny that we feel as if we had lived for ever. True, we say that we have been born so many years ago, and we anticipate that we shall die sooner or later; but is it our real Self that we thus measure by years? Is it absurd to draw a distinction between our body and ourselves? We draw this distinction, only we do not imply thereby that we are essentially different from our body. Nor do we blind ourselves to the fact that our statement, "Body is because we are," can be reversed. Our position is precisely that we are both body and mind.

That is, when we say, "The body is because we are, and we feel eternal,"—we are already transcending that very assumption which is at the bottom of intellectual perplexities as to our origin and end, *i.e.*, that we are either the body alone or the mind alone. A discussion as to which is *prior* is to us so much quibbling. We cannot conceive ourselves either as bodiless or as only the body, and we have sense enough not to elevate an intellectual abstraction to the rank of our fundamental premiss. What we wish to know is this: How is it that we are both body and mind and yet at the same time feel as an unchangeably eternal Neither? Or rather, not to give the impression that we are perplexed as to the *raison d'être* of the fact of our triuneness—for this is the most fundamental of facts and consequently incapable of being either proved or disproved—we

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ask ourselves: How do we give to our own Being the semblance of something foreign to us?

It is clear, then, that we are not pestered with the theological problem as to the creation of the world from *Nothing* by an external God; nor is it our true object merely to review imaginatively the building of the cosmos from pre-existing Tattvas. We do not look on the universe either as having come into existence or as doomed to vanish; it is our own Being or *We*, and we are eternally triune. Our object simply is to realise the nature of the process through which We are eternally perpetuating ourselves as the contradiction between the world of the senses and the world of mind. We cannot view ourselves otherwise than as a manifestation of the eternal "I," nor can we view the eternal "I" as external or foreign to us; hence we do not waste time by asking *why* we are, but only *how* we are. In short, our object is perfect Self-knowledge.

A truly daring problem, indeed! Still more or less dazed by the mocking demon of illusion, we are apt to doubt our capacity for solving it. At moments the audacity of the wish to unravel what presumably is hopelessly beyond human grasp seems truly Satanic. "The moth," we read in the *Voice of the Silence*, "attracted to the dazzling flame of thy night-lamp is doomed to perish in the viscid oil." Do we not imitate the moth? Thus the light shining from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer blinds us: "Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light."

In truth, our initial perplexity in tackling our task is only similar to that which we often felt in our schooldays when grappling with a mathematical problem. Just as then we at last managed to see our way, because we knew that we were not attempting the impossible, so also now we feel that by dint of calm deliberation we are bound to succeed. In realising what it exactly is that we wish to understand, we have already acquired boundless confidence in our ability to unravel our problem. To abandon ourselves to the preconception that as yet we cannot even dream of gauging the mystery of the universe; that for a long time to come we can only repeat what we are told by those who are supposed to know;—what is it but an unreasoning

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surrender to the illusion of time and space? What is it but a sin against the Holy Ghost in us? Is, then, Truth a gift, which some benevolent Master has in store for us as a reward for our goody-goodiness? "I am Truth," said Jesus. We say: "The ability to solve our problem is our birth-right."

At first sight it appears that the reason why the world seems foreign to us lies in the customary view of feeling and thought as being radically different. This view, however, is false. Feeling and thought cannot be radically different, because all that is is fundamentally at one. It is hopelessly irrational to degrade this innate certainty to the rank of a problematical assertion, since it is the very ground of the possibility of the whole of our experience; since it itself prompts the very desire to remove this semblance of the external world's foreignness to our own Being. Feeling and thought are not in an external relation of cause and effect; each of them is at once the cause and effect of the other. In short, they are dialectically identical.

We must not allow ourselves to be distracted by the objection that the creatures of the lower organic regions appear only to feel and that, in fact, the arising of mind from feeling has been scientifically proved. We must never leave out of sight that our premiss is not that of an experimental man of science. To allow the appearance of lower organisms to figure as an argument against what we verify to be our own nature—we undoubtedly know ourselves as both thinking and feeling—would simply mean to forget that our Being is all-embracing. We may calmly admit that worms only feel, without in the least implying that *therefore* feeling is the absolute *prius* of thinking. For a worm is included under the head of appearances and we refuse, indeed find it hopelessly irrational, to view ourselves as developed worms. This is the illusion of which we have disposed once for all in realising our eternity, and all we have to do now is to be on guard lest "the slayer of the Real" should begin anew his pranks, improvising difficulties where there are none. We had best make up our minds to ignore all intellectual objections to our progress, no matter how scientific. In taking notice of them we only run through a vicious circle.

Another result of our pondering so far is that we recognise

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the necessity of emphasising the distinction between the subjective mind or the human "I" and the feeling of our eternity or the eternal "I." Not to keep this distinction before us would entangle us in a hopeless muddle. For instance, we might be led to declare the external world to be merely an imaginative picture of our human mind. This is, in fact, what has happened to many a philosopher of note, *e.g.*, Leibnitz.

An exact attitude towards our surroundings is this:

We certainly cannot assert that the objects which we see are *only* in our mind. If this were so, we could do with the world what we liked; and we should also have to deny that other people can act independently from us. Such a view is simply absurd. On the other hand, if we yet feel at the same time that we are the supreme lords of creation, we do so in so far as we realise our identity with the eternal "I." If we keep in our mind that intuitively we view ourselves as an eternal flux or reaction between feeling and thinking, but that while observing our surroundings we assume ourselves only as finite, then it begins to dawn on us that the foreignness of the external world with its ever-changing scenery really is but the complement of the temporary assumption of our finitude. It is the eternity and spacial infinitude of Nature that are being forced on our attention through observation; but, of course, as the Boundless does not admit of numerical characterisation, we are thus being reminded only of our own eternity. This consideration makes us declare that the world is in truth eternal glamour, and yet, so far as our finitude is concerned, quite what it seems to be, *i.e.*, objective. As it cannot be conceived as having its source in our imagining, it must represent the flux of the eternal Being of which our subjectivity itself is only a moment—a flux, be it remembered, which cannot be either proved or disproved because it is our very nature.

It is not as only subjective that we create, destroy and preserve the universe, but as at once subjective, eternal and neither. In the declaration of the ordinary consciousness: Here are we *and* there is the world—we realise the true meaning to be: Experience is the process of eternal Self-realisation which is subjectively realised as the reaction between the world of

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feeling and the world of thought. Both of these taken *per se* are subjective illusions, whilst experience itself is eternal Mâyâ, *i.e.*, the flux which does not add a cubit to our true stature, but leaves us eternally unchanged.

If we look over our past career, we must own that through greater knowledge we do not realise ourselves as becoming something which we have not been before. It seems to us as if that which we know now had always been ours. Just as we cannot date our consciousness from our babyhood, so also we cannot date our knowledge from the time when we seemed to have acquired it for the first time.

Thus, for instance, I cannot say that my present views are due only to my study of Hegel's writings. It is true that before making their acquaintance my mind was befogged, and then suddenly the fog lifted; and I feel now that even in following successively Rousseau, Darwin, Nordau, Marx, Stirner, Tolstoy, Dowd, Mrs. Eddy, Mme. Blavatsky and Kant, I have always been at heart a Hegelian. Indeed, if I assimilated Hegel's *Logik*, so to speak, at first glance, it was because he was just expressing what I myself have always felt pressing for expression. When some eight years ago I recovered in a flash of insight my slaughtered belief in God, I burst out crying with untold anguish. But the new God was not the one I had denied in my youth; in making my confession of faith I had already then surnamed Him *Logic*. And for a good reason, as will appear presently.

In reminding ourselves of the perplexity which we experienced in endeavouring to realise the full import of our initial intuition, it has now become clear to us that we must fall back upon Experience. But it is at once also plain to us that this does not mean that we have to drop to the irrational level of the experimental man of science. We do not propose to put our fundamental premiss out of sight. Our conclusion so far simply means that in order to discover *how* we become the world, we must *experience* the how.

Surely this is bare commonsense! But, curiously enough, it is platitudes like this that remain unnoticed by men of intellect when they deal with what seems a complicated problem. How much ink has been wasted on the discussion of the proper method

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of cognition! If the question were to realise how some strange article of diet tastes, we should at once jump to the conclusion that the only way to find the answer is by actually tasting it. Yet when we wish to understand how we become the world, we fancy ourselves before an impenetrable mystery. Truly, once the mind has slain the Real, we are as blind as moles.

Seeing that we know of the external world through feeling and thinking, whilst the acquired understanding of its *howness* embodies itself in terms of thought alone, an anxiety lest the solution of our problem should be merely a body of empty abstractions seems quite justified. Indeed, the ordinary consciousness looks on Truth as only an accurate account of what remains foreign to us—a mere reflection of the external world in our mind. This is so because the gap between feeling and thinking appears to it to be bridgeless. It is this difficulty that we have already removed in realising that the two are dialectically identical, *i.e.*, that they are reflected into each other and even as such are only an apparent duality of the Neither of our eternity.

Feeling may be thus defined as our preservation of forgotten thinking; by being forgotten thought becomes feeling. It follows that thought, in turn, may be defined as the remembered meaning of feeling. This invites thought because it is itself thinking become unconscious. By concentrating on a feeling we remember what we forgot in it.

The significance of this realisation is this, that in concerning ourselves only about the thinking of the world, as we must if we wish to understand its How, we are not abstracting from the content of feeling or from the substance of the objects which we contact. But then, the thinking of the world must not be identified with mere naming of its objects. Unfortunately such an identification is customary, and so it happens that even Hegel's *Logik*, the only example of a *systematic* thinking out the world that I know of so far, is classified side by side with the nonsensical juggling with empty abstractions which makes the study of Formal Logic hateful to a thinker.

In order to realise how we become the world we must think it out; and Hegel's *Logik* embodies the thinking out of our fundamental intuition, not by means of an external reflection accord-

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ing to its preconceived *formal* laws of thought, but in obedience to the dialectic movement which is the very nature of pure thinking, or rather *our* very nature which we are thus truly experiencing to the fullest. This is why it is the knowledge of God as He is in His eternal nature.

And this is also why I declared at the beginning of my paper that if it is by learning the nature of Dhâraṇâ that full insight is acquired, then Dhâraṇâ must stand for pure thinking, *i.e.*, that thinking which makes us *experience* how we become the world.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

SOME PLANKS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL PLATFORM

(CONTINUED FROM p. 158)

II.

So far we have been dealing with the more or less orthodox enquirer, who accepts familiar teaching easily, and has no objection to an appeal to "Holy Writ" as authority; but there are many who give no weight to such quotation, and not a few, brought up in narrow and bigoted circles, who have had misunderstood and misapplied texts flung at their heads all their days, till the very sound of a scriptural phrase proves irritating. Authority they may listen to, but it must be the authority of the philosopher, the scientist, or the poet; and there are some who reject any name, however great, and restlessly demand "proof" at every point. It is well to remind such, that even Euclid is forced to begin with the demand, "Let it be granted," and the most useful postulates for us are the three foregoing "planks" in our platform; *viz.*, (*a*) the evolution of soul through the discipline of physical experience; (*b*) karma; (*c*) reincarnation. We cannot discuss any one of these adequately by itself, but

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once group them together and the chord they strike becomes insistent.

The scientific type of enquirer is generally impressed by the fact that this theory of the evolution of the soul is in harmony with the theory of the evolution of the body; the student of philosophy recollects that Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates and many other great luminaries in the West, as well as the Sages of the East, have held, in one form or another, this doctrine of reincarnation; and even the dabbler in modern literature can be awakened to the fact that some of the greatest writers of recent times have treated the subject in serious vein, as at least an interesting possibility, with careful consideration. Wordsworth frankly upholds pre-existence; Emerson, Tennyson and Browning return to the subject again and again; Huxley discusses reincarnation as the most reasonable theory of immortality yet put forward. Shakespeare himself devotes his LIXth Sonnet to thoughts connected with the idea of pre-existence, and Browning enthusiasts, though generally, like himself, reluctant to "come back *here*," are quite prepared to face the idea of progress and development through a chain of lives during the soul's wandering from world to world. In fact, they are ready for the Theosophical teaching concerning the onward sweep of the life-wave from planet to planet, and the systems of the planetary chains,—just the kind of thing that the inexperienced teacher is inclined to leave to the last. If the foundation has been already laid by poems such as "Evelyn Hope" or "Old Pictures in Florence," it is not difficult to bring their theories into harmony with ours; and when the enquirer realises the vastness of our conception of the soul's pilgrimage, he will be less restive under the idea of lingering long enough on this planet to learn all its lessons.

It is interesting to note how many people are willing to cherish the notion that those who die in infancy return to this earth again, even when they reject it for those who are older. Thackeray refers to this belief in his *Philip* (chap. x.) and it is not uncommon, in such cases of bereaved motherhood, to find the mourner cherishing the idea that she has recognised the lost darling in the person of some other child. But if such a notion be admitted at all, where are we to draw the line? Hamlet

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calls old Polonius a "great baby not yet out of his swaddling clouts," and a good many of us would cheerfully accept a similar description of ourselves. We are only "little children" as yet—a truth the Master Jesus was never tired of impressing upon his disciples; and when we set to work to become "as little children," learning with their docility and eagerness, then is there the liveliest hope of our progress. Our life here is but a day, or rather a *term*, at school; and after the term is over comes the "vacation," when we go home to the "nearer Presence"—or rather to what seems nearer, because the limitations of the physical vehicle have been removed.

In dealing with this point it is important to emphasise our acceptance of the orthodox teaching of purgatorial discipline and heaven rest, for many objectors to the idea of reincarnation base their objections on their dislike to "scurrying out of one body into another"; and frequently seem to fancy that the said body may "happen" to be of any kind, from a caterpillar upwards. The close correspondence between physical and moral evolution should be thoroughly emphasised.

With the next three planks in our platform it is more difficult to deal, but as they are concerned with the occult side, the side which the average public associates most closely with Theosophy, one must be prepared to stand cross-examination about them. The great point, as usual, is to learn to build with materials that lie to our hand; *e.g.*, if our enquirer is keen on Psychical Research, and bewildered by the mass of material now collected, one may suggest certain hypotheses, as aids to classification, by referring to familiar Church teaching. We talk—very lightly sometimes—of the "Recording Angel," and the "Book of Judgment"; but comparative religion shows us that this is one of the important religious truths, repeated in different forms in many lands; *viz.*, that there is an accurate record kept in "the great picture gallery of eternity," in the memory, so to speak, of the universe. If we really believed that, many of us would live different lives; and unless we believe it, certain of the phenomena connected with clairvoyance, psychometry and hypnotism are utterly inexplicable.

The second plank in this "occult" part of our programme

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is also quite orthodox, though entirely ignored by many theologians. That is the teaching given by several of the great religions on the complex nature of man. We are accustomed to speak of body and soul. St. Paul speaks of body, soul, and spirit, and further analyses that threefold division in a way that occasionally suggests the sevenfold division of some Eastern teachers. In the American edition of the New Testament (Revised Version) a valuable correction of a familiar text should be noted. St. Paul says: "There is a *psychic* body and a spiritual body," and the acceptance of that teaching, which is in harmony with the Theosophical theories concerning "Man Visible and Invisible," will be of enormous help in the study and classification of instances recorded by the S.P.R. under the titles of "Phantasms of the Dead" and "Phantasms of the Living." Students of hypnotism and clairvoyance will also do more profitable work if they acquire a sound knowledge of this branch of our studies, though there is of course no need for them to accept the Theosophical explanations before they have been thoroughly tested by comparison with such facts as are available. One of our members, after twelve years' patient study of hypnotism and clairvoyance, has declared that he has never once found our theories contradicted by fact; and added that, without them, he would often have been completely at a loss to understand the phenomena he met with in the course of his investigations.

And yet there is no part of Theosophical teaching which has come in for more ridicule than this particular division of it. The very words "astral body" are the signal for a broad smile of derision in most companies; and the comic papers, for a time, fairly revelled in the idea. It seems almost a pity that so prominent a place is given to the subject in elementary books, for, important and interesting as it is, a premature presentment of it is apt to repel many who come to us, and great tact and judgment are required to discern the right time to suggest such explanations, and the most useful way in which to present them to each individual student. Generally speaking, it is wiser to delay "psychic" subjects till the practical side aforesaid is thoroughly grasped, but to some extent the teacher is bound to

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give his pupil what he wants to know, and if his questions on these more difficult matters show both intelligence and persistence, the chances are that some little personal experience of a psychic kind has awakened his interest, in which case he will be ready to listen and to understand.

Possibly the best way to suggest the next "plank" to anyone of orthodox tendencies is to quote another text from St. Paul: "I knew a man in Christ, fourteen years ago (whether in the body I know not, or whether out of the body I know not; God knoweth), such a one caught up even to *the third heaven*."

There is, then, in the Christian religion, as well as among the Orientals, definite reference to the different divisions of the heaven-world. "In my Father's House are many mansions," in fact; and if we leave the scriptures, strictly so called, and go to the great visionaries and mystics of the Christian Church, we shall have ample confirmation of this teaching without asking the Orientals for it at all. Impressions vary, each great seer in turn colouring his account as he utters it by the choice of expression most congenial to himself and most closely in touch with his physical environment and early training; but underneath the perplexing mass of material heaped up through the ages, the earnest student will discover a most interesting substratum of teaching that coincides, and there is work for several lifetimes in classifying and tabulating on the lines suggested by our modern psychologists. The first stage of this study is one of groping and uncertainty, and there is a certain amount of Theosophical teaching which may be presented as helpful hypotheses.

For instance, we are taught that when we are wide awake and fully conscious our consciousness is centred, or focussed, so to speak, in the physical body, which works on the physical plane, and the astral and spiritual senses remain in the background, especially in primitive man. In sleep, in trance, and occasionally in moments of strong emotion, or at times when, from fatigue, hunger, or illness, the physical perceptions are in abeyance, the centre of consciousness passes into the astral or psychic body, and we become astrally conscious, on the astral plane.

As a rule we are unable to transfer experiences on that plane

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accurately to the physical brain, but there are interesting exceptions. Mathematicians have solved difficult problems during sleep, and R. L. Stevenson has told us that practically all his stories came to him "in dreams." To this branch of our study belong the dreams that come true, or partially true, and also the very common experience of dream interviews with the beloved dead.

It is also helpful to explain early something of the subdivisions of the astral plane; for in expounding instances of clairvoyant visions, telepathic messages, etc., it is often essential for the inquirer to realise that in the astral world is to be found an exact counterpart of our physical surroundings, though physical limitations of time and space do not affect our astral consciousness at all. Hence in some of our most vivid and consecutive dreams we may pass through many strange and bewildering experiences, though as a rule we recognise familiar faces and well-known scenes.

As the vehicle of expression on the physical plane is the physical body, so the vehicle of expression on the astral plane is the astral body, and the vehicle of expression on the heavenly plane is the "causal," or spiritual body. As the astral vehicle transcends the physical, so the spiritual transcends the astral; and when the centre of consciousness is transferred to this heavenly body, the impressions received are of a nature impossible to describe in ordinary human speech. "The spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God," but "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him" (1 *Cor.*, ii. 10, 9).

Hence the difficulties which beset the seer and prophet when attempting to describe some of the wonders revealed to him; hence the necessity for symbol and parable and the incomprehensibility of such visions as come to an Ezekiel or a St. John. To the mystic such experiences are more real than any on the physical plane; to the materialist they are sheer lunacy, and every shade of opinion lies between. Perhaps the most usual attitude of mind at present is expressed by a cautious "There may be something in it"; and early religious training will pave

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the way for acceptance of Theosophical teaching concerning the reality of these higher and more spiritual faculties, among those who are more than doubtful about the possibility of "astral" experiences. Wherefore it is sometimes wiser to speak of these "advanced" stages of inner illumination first, and descend to the "astral" vision later, by way of, say, the prophet Samuel's prosaic and practical knowledge of the whereabouts of the asses of Kish!

In conclusion, it is perhaps well to impress on the student that everyone who has quick intuitions—*i.e.*, who reads more of the mind and feelings of his fellow man than is indicated by word or look or gesture—is, to some extent, "psychically developed," whether he has glimpses of clairvoyance or not.

Some striking examples of what may be gleaned by the aid of these psychic and spiritual faculties with but little help from the physical senses, may be seen in the case of advanced souls imprisoned in defective bodies; and occasionally we are startled by a brilliant instance of what may be achieved by one who is both deaf and blind, like Miss Helen Keller, whose biography has recently interested the world. In such a case the theory of reincarnation explains much, latent memory showing as intuition and imagination; and only highly developed astral and spiritual faculties could give that quick response to mental and moral stimulus which was such a help to every teacher who came in contact with her.

Pondering the lessons of such a life, from the Theosophical standpoint, and realising the growth of faculty, the development of character hastened by the very limitations set, one reads the Master's interpretation of a similar affliction with a new interest, for surely this also was done "that the works of God should be made manifest in her."

ISABELLE M. PAGAN.

IF you bar out vast horizons to man he will resort to subtle arguments in revenge; if you impose a text upon him he will escape from it by using it in the wrong sense.—RENAN.

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WHAT IS MAN?

So far from the Theosophical doctrines having simplified the problem of the nature of man they have increased its complexity. It was easy enough in the olden days to dismiss man cynically as one of the higher animals; or on the other hand to acclaim him ecstatically as only a little, a very little, lower than the angels. It is easy enough even now for the members of the Society who mistake names for things and theories for facts to classify man according to his bodies, sheaths, principles, koshas, or what not. But the severer student, or let us say the older student, realises with something, be it confessed, of a sigh of relief, that the problem of man is not nearer solution, and that the bright, foolish promises held out to us in the flush of our Theosophical enthusiasm have wrought in us the old sane disillusionment.

Not for a moment, however, would I say on this account that the Theosophical ideas have been of no value. On the contrary, they have been of the greatest value. For if, as is true, they have so far failed entirely to give us a key to the mysteries of man, they have at least made it impossible for us to regard the old keys as keys at all. In other words, Theosophy has deepened our concept of man; it has made him vastly more interesting, vastly more mysterious, and vastly more hopelessly enigmatic. And that result is for the mind of the doubter of the mind an excellent result. Anything that leads the mind to its own destruction is good. Remember the phœnix.

If I should indicate the ways in which the problem of man has been intensified for me by Theosophical studies, I should find it necessary to make comparisons. The ordinary view of man is, like all ordinary views, scarcely worth discussing; but the scientific view of man as the highest animal yet evolved is rational and for many minds satisfactory. The religious view, which in spite of Sir Oliver Lodge and the rest of the broad-

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minded Laodiceans, is in sharp contrast with the scientific view, assumes far too much of the angelic, and far too little of the animal aspects. Both the scientific and the religious views of man are, in my opinion, comparatively superficial and premature. There is, however, what I may call the Schopenhauerian conception of man which is current in some of the most intellectual circles of the day. The conception is not really Schopenhauerian but he metaphysic of the conception is. There is assumed (it would be absurd to say, demonstrated) a vast, almost universal Life-force, inchoate and blind, driven ceaselessly by its desires to create a succession of forms, each form intent on the will of its creator. Of the innumerable forms yet created from the birth of time, man is the latest, the finest, the cunningest. In him the Life-force takes delight, because in him it realises its own desires for the first time. Man is the Life-force articulate.

But these revised Schopenhauerians do not suppose that man, the latest, is also the last of the creations of the Life-force. Many splendid forms have been cast upon the rubbish heaps of Nature, having outworn their need, outstayed their welcome, or failed in their trust. And it may very well be that in the dark forward and abysm of time the memory of mankind may in the creatures of those days to come be that of an interesting fossil race, chiefly remarkable for the extent of its habitat. To preserve man by surpassing him, to keep him well abreast of the Life-force's intentions, and to save him from the ignominy of extinction as unfit, that is the doctrine of the Superman as held by the school here spoken of.

And in making comparisons I would frankly admit that, view for view, this conception of man appears to me superior to either the scientific or the religious view. Probably it has no more sanction than either of them. Possibly it has not as much. But in my autobiography I would rather declare in favour of it than of them. But in comparison with a Theosophical view I find even this view superficial. Imaginative, mythopœic, stirring as it is, this modern view is not imaginative enough. Still the problem is stated too simply. It may be that I have a passion for making simple things complex, as I certainly have for making complex things simple ; yet a consideration of one or two of the

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Theosophical currents of thought should convince us that in reality it is impossible to make man too complex. All conceptions of man have so far failed by reason of their inadequacy.

The Theosophical view, it is obvious, does not err in that direction. So complex, in fact, is the Theesophical view of man that I doubt if anybody understands and comprehends it. The wild, whirling elemental worlds in which our principles are said to play have little definition. Add to these the romantic stories of the various pedigrees of man. See his various principles climbing one by one each on its own planetary genealogical tree. Add again the philosophic view of man as expounded in the Hindu philosophies, and the mystical view as illustrated in the mythologies. Remembering that Hindu koshas, *Secret Doctrine* pedigrees, Oriental philosophies and universal mythologies are all part and parcel of the Theosophical conception of man, there is little wonder that nobody has yet grasped its complete meaning.

It often seems to me, in fact, in respect of man, that the Theosophical view is that there is no view. Just as the Truth is just that there is no truth; and the truth about the Ego is that there is no ego; so perhaps the Theosophical view of man is just that no view is possible. At least it is apparent that the Theosophical view is more destructive than constructive. With it I can easily criticise to absurdity any formulated view of man; but I have never succeeded yet in formulating a view which resists criticism. So I am always secretly amused when one of my fellow-members talks re-assuringly of the comfort and light of Theosophical views, and of their balsam for intellectual wounds. Personally I have got no other comfort from them than the realisation that there is no comfort; nor any other definite and rational view than that there is no definite and rational view.

Even regarding man the Society has no creed. Out of the star-dust and luminiferous ether of its doctrines anybody may create for himself any opinion; only with one certainty, namely, that his opinion is inadequate. One Theosophical view of man there is not. It is at peril to his intellectual honesty that anybody has a view at all.

Consider, first, the ideas which brood darkly over our literature concerning the nature of man as a species. In the mineral

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vegetable and animal worlds we are accustomed to see variety in form. The complexity of these worlds is obvious because of the infinite variety of their appearances. No one runs any risk of mistaking a pebble for a plant, or a plant for an animal. The differences are marked in form. But this is just what is not the case with man. Mankind is the ark in which two of every species have been placed ; only the exterior form is more or less the same for all. Thus while in form one man is very like another, in content one man may be an entirely different species from another. Within the kingdom of man, and successfully disguised from the vision of most, one man may be relatively a mineral, another a plant, another an animal, and another a god, an archangel, a Master. . . .

This view tends to some disconcerting but delightfully interesting speculations, on which perhaps it is not here the place to linger. The doctrine of equality, for instance, becomes absurd ; but so also does the doctrine of a categorical and universal morality. Granted even the possibility of some such view of man, and our generalisations about him become as useful and as useless as generalisations about the whole of plant and animal life would be. The problem of the classification of man is thus made even more remote. It must wait indeed for the examination and discovery of man.

Consider, too, that entrancing and Celtic romance of man's pedigree. Nobody surely takes the anthropogenesis of the *Secret Doctrine* as a plain statement of fact. What is fact in such a vision ? What have facts, as our formal minds conceive facts, to do with those spacious imaginings and titanic pictures ? I for one will never demand that the amazing and inspiring world of the *Secret Doctrine* shall be cribbed within the narrow cell of my formal mind. On the other hand, I will not pretend that my formal mind holds the *Secret Doctrine* as fact. It refuses to do so, and therefore I honour and despise it. But outside the formal mind and its demand for facts what a field for imagination to play in is afforded by those divine fairy-tales of man's spiritual and intellectual beginnings. The wonder of man grows with his wonder. The more mysterious he finds himself now the more mysterious he must believe his origin and future to be. The dull

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owls who think man simple, conceive for him simple origins, simple endings; but the Theosophical view laughs at such simplicities, and cries ever "more wondrous still!"

Out of what infinite planetary processions man came dancing on to this our planet who knows? Does it matter that nobody knows? It is enough for me that the possibility is there, that if we choose we may believe our minds came from Sirius or Aldebaran, our emotions from Cassiopeia, our limbs from the Moon. I do not care whether Neptune swaddled me, Uranus fed me with the milk of dreams, or Venus awaits me with her wheat and honey-bees. Enough that no mean view of man is forced on us; enough that we are assured, imaginatively assured, that the morning stars may have sung together over the cradles of our birth. The pedigree of man may be something quite different from anything we have been or can be told; but, at least, it is not less wonderful than we can imagine it.

But there is man's future too. Man never is but always to be. Here at once we come upon divergences between the current and the Theosophical views. At best, there are only two conceptions of man's future, the other-worldly and the earthly. But Theosophy adds a third, and not only a third but dazzling prospects even in regard to the other two. We need not quarrel over proofs. Neither the other-worldly future nor the earthly future is really any more assured to us than that Theosophical future which promises endless pastimes on endless planets. I have never seen the proofs of survival which I could not refute or at least make doubtful. And a wandering comet or a solar catastrophe might so easily put an end to the other future. Therefore, I say, we may as well hold the Theosophical future as at any rate not impossible. Personally I prefer it, though that has absolutely nothing to do with its truth.

On the other hand, I must protest against that sad Puritanic gin-horse conception, common enough unfortunately in the Society, which sees on the great green of the planetary spaces nothing but rings beyond rings round which they suppose our miserable race must inevitably run. Such a conception, besides being quite unnecessary, is really foolish. Who on earth wants to spend his leisure æons in winding those giddy useless mazes?

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And if we don't want to why should we? How often have we been told that the universe responds to our desires, *is*, in fact, our desires made manifest? But if so, how can there be a future fixed which we do not like? But also, since we are by no means sure as yet what we do want, surely the whole future creation groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the manifestation of the wishes of the sons of gods.

No, on reviewing my ten years of Theosophical reading concerning Man, I do not regret it. Certainly I have lost the hope of finding certain answers, but I have also lost the wish to find them. If, on the one hand, much of the old dignity of man has gone, and I am bound to look on him as a creature scarce risen from the slime; on the other hand, a great new dignity has come upon him, by virtue both of his illimitable past and illimitable future. His increasing complexity pleases me. I like to live in a world of miracles and to be a miracle myself. I like to think that every pat little complacent scientific definition of man, every tin-tabernacle description of him, is superficial and ridiculous. I even like to think that the Theosophical views, the defined ones that is, are ridiculous too. Man is not yet definable, for he is still defining himself.

A. R. ORAGE.

OF MYSTICS

IF they were too often a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet they were always a pillar of fire throughout the night.—COLERIDGE.

THE highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualisation of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect.—COLERIDGE.

STILL I believe that at the beginning God made a world for each separate man, and in that world, which is within us, one should seek to live.—*De Profundis.*

WHATEVER happens to oneself happens to another; whatever happens to another happens to oneself.—*De Profundis.*

WHAT may appear like madness in the young is what will in the end prove victorious.—IBSEN'S *Letters.*

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THE HICKSITE QUAKERS

A FEW months ago a request was made in this REVIEW for information as to the history and ideals of the Hicksite Quakers, it being supposed that they stood for similar views, in some respects, to those of the Theosophical Society. This article will be, then, an effort to comply with this request, and it is the writer's hope that its very inefficiency will provoke some one more competent to deal with the subject as its merits deserve.

A brief sketch of their history will be necessary to a clear comprehension of their position to-day. And, first, we must remember that the Quakers, or Friends, were in America until 1827, as they are still in England, one body, but allowed the component units almost complete autonomy. There arose, however, some doctrinal differences, combined doubtless with other causes of dissension, which resulted in an organic division. Chief among these differences was, and is, the opinion held as to the nature of the Christ. The Orthodox, as they are called, stood for the doctrine of the atonement in its popular acceptation, while the Hicksites, so-called because Elias Hicks was the chief exponent of the rival view, held that it was the Christ within that alone could save men. The Orthodox body, moreover, has developed a "Progressive" wing, the distinguishing characteristics of which are a more pronounced evangelicalism involving missionary efforts—an unnecessary thing from the Hicksite standpoint—a paid ministry, church service, hymnology, etc.—which things are utterly repugnant to primitive Quakerism. All sections, however, stoutly refuse to adopt a creed or confession of faith, even such a simple formula as the inherent divinity or the brotherhood of man.

Confining ourselves now to the Hicksites alone, let us consider one or two of their leading principles, and that I may do them as little injustice as possible, I shall quote from

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their own writers. Of course in the absence of a creed of any kind, it must be understood that no Hicksite Friend may be challenged to support any statement that may be made, he being freer even than the Theosophist in this matter. For you cannot put forward even so simple a statement as the "brotherhood of man" without at once raising all kinds of questions as to just what you mean by the phrase. No writer, however capable therefore, can be rightly considered as an authority, but only a more or less competent exponent of the general view. And that view must of necessity be constantly changing both collectively and individually; hence you may no more safely affirm what is believed by them of Elias Hicks or George Fox than by "them of Valentinus" or of Basilides. This may be practically illustrated by the statement that there is now developing within the Orthodox body an element which strongly favours the Hicksite position, and some even dare to hope that it may some day be strong enough to serve as a link to unite once more the severed portions.

To begin then, Henry W. Wilbur, in his lecture *Fellowship in Religion*, asserts: "The cardinal principle of this Society is the oneness of the Infinite, and the complete correspondence existing between the individual soul and that Infinite." Now I am free to confess that thus far I have failed to get a satisfactory explanation of the "complete correspondence" part of the proposition. It appears to be one of those general statements that are easier to accept than explain.

Edward B. Rawson, in *Christianity as Friends see it*, says: "Even the fundamental doctrine of Quakerism, that of the Inner Light, is variously understood by Friends who differ intellectually and emotionally. . . . And so far as each man differs from every other man in his relation to God, each man must work out his own salvation. . . . A belief in individual responsibility to a higher power and the presence in each one of us of something that enables him to meet his responsibility—this, perhaps, is the *sine quâ non* of Quakerism."

In *The Friend and his Message*, John Wm. Graham tells us: "This all points—more I dare not assert—in the direction of thinking of God as an infinite Personality of which we are a part,

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as the drop is a part of the ocean, or, better, the leaf of the tree. We are leaves on the tree which is God."

In quoting Graham I am aware that he is an English Friend and therefore not distinctively Hicksite, yet he is, perhaps, the most logical exponent of the Hicksite views. Few see as clearly or express as boldly as he the nature of the problem confronting Quakerism. He does not hesitate to indicate the answer to the question raised by Wilbur already noted, and that answer is of profound significance to the Quaker body if it is followed up practically, because it means that psychology, the science of the soul, cannot safely be ignored if the workings of the Inner Light in the varied phases of man's complex nature are to become intelligible, instead of, as now, nebulous however true.

He says in the essay already quoted: "And now I find the soul, too, analysable into elements though I cannot now even begin to prove it. On these lines of analogy we may find the suggestion of unity in manifoldness to be not an unreasonable guide in our thought of the infinite Father. Many difficulties become solved in the light of this thought, though it be itself not easy."

And now let us skate—rapidly for safety's sake—over some very thin ice. Reference has been made to Hicksite Christology. A few more words must be added for the satisfaction of the inevitable query: What think ye of Christ? There seems to be the utmost range of opinion concerning the status and mission of the Master; from practical ignorance of Him, except as a fellow human being who is reported to have said and done many strange things, to the most pronounced advocacy of His unique Sonship, the only, not the one-ly, begotten of the Father, different from men in kind, not in degree, etc. But the majority dwell in neither extreme, rather regarding the historical Jesus as one in whom the Light shone with utmost freedom, and that Light is Christos, the Word, a universal principle.

To quote again from Edward Rawson: "But he (the Friend) must admit that all his Saviour can do toward saving him is to lead him into the Light and help him to walk uprightly." Again: "His purpose (George Fox's) was to call Christians back to the simplicity of the religion that Jesus taught, from which

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they had wandered very far." Also: "But we do teach that the Christ spirit that was in Jesus is in every one; and we call ourselves Christians because the rules of life that Jesus gave, and himself followed, agree, *in general*, with those that seem to us to be good." So again Wilson S. Doan tells us: "Before Confucius, before Buddha, before Mahomet, before Jesus walked upon the shores of Galilee, there was the Christ. That was 'the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'"

The importance to the world of such a Society cannot easily be over-estimated because of its steady leavening of Christian thought with the doctrine of the inherent divinity of the human soul. Their work in this matter is of particular value owing to the greatness of the need and because, being distinctively Christian, they are more readily listened to than others—such as Theosophists or Unitarians, who teach the same thing—by those seekers after Truth who are not yet free from the limitations imposed by a specific creed.

Gauged by the canon "By their fruits ye shall know them," the Friends in general, including the Hicksites, must be admitted to be on safe ground, for who does not know of their simplicity of life, their truthfulness, gentleness, practical benevolence, their ceaseless struggle against tyranny in high places, their uncompromising stand against that curse of the West—alcohol, and their efforts for the pacific settlement of disputes, international and other.

One feature worth special notice is their adoption in their "Meetings for Discipline" of minority rule, they believing that disharmony and the aggrievement of the few, who as often as not are right, is too great a price to pay for the supremacy of one view over another. Truth knows how to wait. Besides, as Edward Rawson points out: "Freedom from wire-pulling and from parliamentary wrangling and trickery is worth something," as even Theosophical societies might learn. Thus there is no moving and seconding, no counting of votes, but a frank, full discussion of pros and cons until, all having spoken who wish, the clerk of the meeting expresses his opinion of the sense of the meeting, and if there be no dissent his decision is recorded on the minutes, but if there is still opposition on the part of the minority,

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however small, then the matter is dropped. But a great mistake would be made if it were believed from this that they are an aggregation of jelly-fish. Perhaps some of the most noticeable features of a Quaker meeting are the self-reliance, resoluteness and conviction that mark the speakers.

All have heard of their method of conducting their "Meetings for Worship"—the solemn silence, sometimes unbroken from assembling to dispersing, usually, however, broken at intervals by some Friend who feels moved to express himself. This results, as John William Graham has said, in "a revelation of Divine Life mingled with human dross; at its best, veritable inspiration, and even at its weakest, disciplined by the general sense of solemnity in the congregation." Discussion of a set theme is, of course, precluded, and by some is felt as a loss. This is partly provided for by subordinate societies. Thus, in Toronto, Canada, there is a "Friends' Association" at whose meetings there is an effort to combine the intellectual with the devotional which has thus far proved very successful. The method adopted is to devote the first half-hour to silent worship—broken as in the regular meeting by anyone who wishes. This quiets the minds of those present and paves the way for a calm consideration of the topic which, arranged for at the previous meeting, is then discussed. One who has been appointed leads, and then the debate becomes general.

To those who believe that the Master is ever watching for channels through which humanity may be aided in its weary pilgrimage, it will be clear that the Hicksite Friends are providing one such channel and are, therefore, deserving of all the encouragement that may be given by those who hold that "There is no religion higher than Truth."

FELIX A. BELCHER.

(The account of the Hicksite Quakers contained in this number will interest many. The secret of George Fox's inspiration was something above and beyond the Christianity about him; the divines of his time had no place in their hearts or creeds for his supreme reverence for the Inner Light. But, on the other hand, a follower of the Inner Light cannot, without

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fatal injury, contract his freedom within the narrow limits of the popular doctrine of the Atonement; and this Elias Hicks seems to have rightly felt. To make of George Fox's Society an "Evangelical" mission, with services, preachers,—sooner or later, we suppose, Revivals,—is obviously utterly to destroy it, and to put in its place a quite needless addition to the countless sub-sects of Methodism. We rejoice to hear from Mr. Belcher that there still exists an influential body of Friends who hold to the true spirit, and still more to hear that these have hopes of recalling the "Progressives" from the error of their ways. For a Society which recognises that "we are leaves on the tree which is God," and believes "in *individual* responsibility to a higher power, and the presence in each one of us of *something that enables him to meet his responsibility*," has, to our mind, more of the true spirit of Theosophy than many nominal members of the Theosophical Society.—A. A. W.)

THE MASTER

No word perhaps in the whole range of Theosophical literature is used in such a variety of meanings as the sacred name "The Master." And if I venture to set down a few thoughts on this transcendent subject, it is not with any insane desire of confining the heavenly ocean of its true meaning within the small earthly water-pot of my present opinion, but rather with the hope of encouraging those of like mind to cast away their water-pots and boldly plunge themselves in the depths of what the seers of ancient Egypt called the Great Green.

THE MASTER—single and plural united in one perpetual blend of sameness and variety, one and many simultaneously, one in many and many in one! For surely at the end of the Path of Self-conquest there can be no Masters in any sense of separation, since all who tread that Path to the end, we needs must believe, become one in the One and Only One.

Masterhood may thus be thought of as at-one-ment with

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our God within and with our God without,—one and the same God; for the mind of such a God works ever with the body of the God, and the body of the God ever with the mind of the God. And this God is the Obedient One, in heaven and on earth, one with the Supreme Will, which wills to be one and the same by way of the Gods and twain and other by way of men. So at least I would believe.

Man is subject to Fate; his God is one with Fate, and so is free. Man is subject to Fate because he is one of two—separate, apart, divorced, halved, for ever seeking his complement. He is for ever crucified upon the cross of the eternal opposites; and the passion of passions for man is the mystery of the creative energy which ever seeks to realise itself in the union of complementary natures.

As long as he seeks union without himself, as long as he goes forth into otherness, into duality, so long does he depart from himself, and make for himself limit upon limit to imprison his freedom in self-created bonds. But if he turn back upon himself, or unto himself, and "repent," and so consciously seek union with himself, he becomes self-creative gnosticly,—no longer producing forms without and other than himself, for otherness to dwell in, and so perpetuate the chain of birth and death, but begetting living ideas within, children that are himself, perpetually self-productive modes for truth to consummate with the immensities of ever self-same meaning.

By these and such like phrases I fain would cast upon the paper some dim word-shadows of one great idea out of the many that can be grouped within the grand conception of regeneration, or "re"-birth, birth from "above," or rather birth "back" into the self, or conscious involution, or better still self-generation,—as opposed to unconscious evolution, birth from another, birth into that state of otherness which characterises man as mind in separation.

This, I believe, is one way of indicating the beginning of the Path, the end of which loses itself in the immensities of Masterhood. He who is consciously upon this Path, configured ever in this mode, is a self-learner, a candidate for Masterhood. He is beginning consciously to raise himself above the cross of life and

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death, accustoming himself to regard his "sufferings"—his joys and sorrows—on that cross as a passion-play of marvellous meaning and continual instruction, an unceasing self-initiation.

But initiation is process; it is not consummation. Before the Great Day of the "Consummatum est" can dawn, he has first with the fire of knowledge and full realisation to burn into the divine substance of his spiritual being the experiences stamped upon the inner plasms of his nature, by all the purposed words and thoughts and deeds of all the lives he may have lived, or all the deaths he may have died; he must consume, "digest," the "passions" of the past. These are the living offerings that feed the fire at the self-immolation of the Golden Hawk, the immemorial Phœnix, the man that rises from the ashes of his dead selves to become a conscious winged intelligence of the Great Mind.

And even then who shall say what mysteries remain to be consummated before final Perfection is attained? Who knows? Or who, knowing, can tell those who have not ears as yet to hear—ears of sense and mind in every atom of their natures?

But shall we err too greatly if we phrase it thus? A Master is a living key that can unlock the mysteries of the Great Man for little men. These mysteries can be unlocked in countless ways; they are not locked away by the Great Mind but by the little minds of men. Each man locks out himself from the great Presence Chamber of the universe wherein the heavenly mysteries are shown unveiled. The locks are self-made, of a certain type, locks that may in some faint way be figured by what we know as letter-locks—discs on an axis, lettered on their rims. Our letters now are all confused, for we, forgetful of ourselves, have lost the memory of the Word that is our key. The letters of the Holy Name are not as yet set in their proper order. It is the Master Hand that makes these spheres revolve in such a harmony that all the letters always spell the Name; and so the man is free, unbound, unlocked, and in the Presence of the Lord of all.

Or again, a Master, thought of as apart, may be compared unto a key in which the harmonies of the Creative Work of the Great Music-maker can be set. Each Master is, however, in

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reality the whole instrument in every part; it is our limitations that prefer this key or that.

Again, the Master may be thought of as the Holder of the keys, the Guardian of the mysteries of the Great Mind; not that he keeps the mysteries from the profane in arbitrary fashion, for such mysteries as these can never be profaned, seeing that the Great Mind is the Great Body of all things as well; the mysteries are ever shown without in correspondence with the mysteries within, the manifest conceal themselves, and the concealed for ever show themselves in everything. The Master is thus the means whereby the greatnesses of the without and the within are mediated for the self-profane—for those as yet without the Presence consciously though all unknowingly they ever are within that Presence. The Master is the means whereby the too great power of the immensities is tempered for the healing of the spiritually blind, and deaf, and dead. The Master is, therefore, the Straight Way, the immediate direct Path from the Divine in God to the Divine in man; in him no longer does deep call unto deep, but depth is united to depth.

And if this be true, and we are not soaring on the wings of vain imagination into the land of things that cannot be, then we must think of a Master no longer as a mind apart and a body apart—though the mind and body that in any single case have served as the final means of the great consummation may still be retained within the world of men—but rather as the mystery kept hidden from the foundation of the world—the final miracle of man made God, the divinising of the mortal, and the apotheosis of him who for so many ages has been content to wear the garb of the slave, that so he may be clothed in the powers of the King.

And the powers of the true King, of the triumphant Christ, are not to be confined to the separate body of one single man apart; the King has power over all men, for his Royal Body is not the single body of one slave as are our dead bodies, but the whole body of humanity and of all that has gone to make that body what it is. Every body is an atom in the Royal Body of the Master, for He is the World made flesh as well as the Word made flesh.

But some will say that this places the ideal of Masterhood

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entirely beyond all possibility of comprehension by ordinary minds. This is quite true; for the "comprehension" of the Christ-mystery is beyond the grasp of the ordinary mind,—the mind in bondage within the body of opinion. The comprehension of this mystery is reserved for the true man alone, the mind set free and no longer "a procession of Fate."

But faith precedes knowledge, and faith can be gradually purified from the dross of false opinions and finally turned into the pure gold of knowledge. Or again, to use another figure, there is a gradual ascent towards the light of comprehension for every man; and this is why we find the term Master used in very various meaning by "those who are in faith" and not yet "in gnosis," by those who know the Master as He appears and not as He really is.

One view of the mystery that has helped me somewhat to purify my faith, and to understand the naturalness of the many different opinions concerning the nature of Masterhood, I will endeavour now to set forth as best I can, though I fear I have as yet realised but little of its true meaning.

It is the doctrine, handed on by the Buddhist sage, Ashvaghosha, concerning the three "Kâyas" in which the Master, the Buddha, energises. The Sanskrit term Trikâyam is generally rendered the "three bodies," or "triple body," of the Buddha; but in Pâli, "Kâyo" frequently means "deeds," "action," and also "faculty." Trikâyam, then, should be more correctly rendered as the triple Work, Activity, or Energy of the Buddha.

These Activities, or Modes of Activity, of the Master are familiar to many of my readers as Nirmâna-kâya, Sambhoga-kâya, and Dharma-kâya, which are frequently rendered as the Body of Transformation (Nirmâna), the Body of Bliss (Sambhoga), and the Body of the Law (Dharma).

In reality there is but One Body—the Great or Cosmic Body—through which the Master Mind perpetually energises, but this Body appears differently to disciples, according to the various stages of their enlightenment.

At the beginning the disciple is still, and most naturally, wedded to love of form and person, and being so wedded and so

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bound, he must inevitably seek union with and give worship to that form of all the forms he knows which represents for him his greatest love, his source of highest inspiration and profoundest knowledge.

It is the commonest phenomenon of religion in its mode of faith and devotion that the lover worships the Mystery in one form; and even when the gnostic sun begins to shine for him, the habit of love of form, which has ruled the man in all that has hitherto been the best in him, is still so strong that he cannot do otherwise than continue to seek union by the adoration of some one person who is all the world to him.

And this is very natural, for it is by love that man has been evolved; the animal passions are sacrificed on the altar of family affection, and so the mystery of the trinity is perpetually revealed in marriage of every variety of mode, from the crude imperfection of little more than animal congress to what men call a perfect union of love. But beyond this there are other modes of the mystery hidden from common knowledge; the perfect union of love of man and woman, is not the perfect union that man shall know when he passes from the fulfilment of all that separated sex can afford, into the inner court of the mystery, where he is made ready to enter into that ineffable union with his divine counterpart which is known to mystics as the "sacred marriage."

It is because a truly gnostic teacher has realised this higher nature in himself and is self-fulfilled, that a disciple loves his teacher with a love sweeter far than that of man for woman, with a new love that is like the best in the old but transcends it infinitely. The first knowing contact with such a nature stirs in the man depths that have never been moved before; he cannot but love and worship and adore, for deep calls unto deep across the knowing nature that has been the means of bridging for him for the first time the gulf of his age-long duality.

There may be many appearances of this thing being wrought in a man at second hand, by means of one who has sensed the mystery but who himself is still seeking consummation or true self-realisation; but the real inworking of the gnostic change in another is only possible when the teacher is a true knower of the mystery himself; only such an one can in any appropriate sense

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be called a Master. Even then it is only when the teacher is continually a conscious self-realised channel of THE MASTER that the name "Master" can be used of him in its full sense; short of that he may sometimes speak as Master, but more frequently as man.

In the case of non-physical contacts with such a teacher, however, the case is very different; for there is full surety of right reception of the fructifying stream only if the channel is complete on every plane. The soul is very hard to define, as say the ancient initiates of the Chaldæan wisdom. Dreams and visions and psychic sensings are of the soul and of the world of images, and contacts in the swirling "watery" spheres are of waves that may take any form.

Many and great dangers await the adventurer on this sea of troubled waters, especially the curious seeker after knowledge; here he will find many teachers if he look for knowledge and not wisdom. Of these dangers and of the magical self-created illusions of the Way of the Midst it is not the place here to speak; the question before us now is: What of the Master here?

The power of the Master alone can still the waves of this sea. But and if he still them at the disciple's prayer, in what form will the disciple see the Master walking on the sea? Will he see him in his true form, or will he see him in some form he loves? Surely the Beloved will appear to the lover in the form he loves. But whence comes that form? It comes from the disciple's own mind. The imperfect form and the conception of the disciple's mind is made full by the Presence of the Master.

Whatever form of Masterhood the disciple may worship, however insufficient it may be, crude and imperfect, it is fulfilled in marvellous clarity; light streams through the beloved form, and an atmosphere of ineffable love bathes the worshipper's adoring spirit. It is the greatest reality of which he is as yet capable; the Master fills him full to the limit of *his* capacity of love and understanding and imagination. But is that the limit of the *Master's* love and wisdom and power of transformation? By no means; the limit is the disciple's, not the Master's. The Master can so appear simultaneously to many, taking the form of each one's greatest love.

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Marvellous and all-sufficient as this may appear to the disciple, all-joyful as he may be that such a vision has been his, it is often by no means so desirable an experience as is generally supposed; for the very fact of the intense illumination of that special form weds the man the more unto that form, and blinds him to the greater power of the Beloved. He sees but one imaging-forth of the majesty, and knows not of the mystery of transformation that can translate its meaning into any form; for to know a thing one must transcend it.

But through that form the glory has shone forth, the bliss has been felt, the sense of the greatness has been realised; so that the disciple may now begin gradually to learn to recognise the Presence when he sees no form. It is often a long probation before the candidate can be content to feel and not to see, for sight is the most potent fascinator of all the senses, and for most without seeing there is no believing. And so, too, in lesser degree with the other divided senses. But when the divided senses are cheerfully renounced, as they must temporarily be, before the real sense of the Presence can come to birth, then begins the truly conscious realisation of contact with the "Body of Bliss" of the Master.

When this stage is reached and the Divine "formlessness" can be not only endured, but keenly delighted in as all-sufficient n itself, and there is no longer any longing for the form of the Beloved, a marvel comes to birth; for as the man grows in wisdom and in power, nourished by the substance of this joy, he learns that this most blessed life streams into him through forms other than the one he loves the best, and that the Master can use many forms whereby to manifest his love—not only all the forms within men's minds of Masters of the past and Masters of the present, but many other forms of men and even of animals and plants and minerals. All forms of beauty and of good repute become the means of pouring into him the fullness of his Master's Bliss.

But even this is still a limitation imposed upon himself by the disciple's still unknowing nature. The true Body of the Master, the Dharma-kâya, the Body of the Law or of the Truth, requires all forms of every kind for its full revelation.

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This is the final mystery that veils the Perfect Gnosis of all Masterhood.

But no Master can raise up this veil for any but himself. For he who enters in behind that veil *becomes* the Veil, by putting off of his own will all that he has preferred beyond the rest, and putting on the Body of all things.

It is through the Great Body alone that the Great Mind can reveal its greatest mysteries to men; all revelations through lesser bodies and through lesser minds must necessarily be incomplete and fall short of the Perfection.

And thus we dare to believe that THE MASTER perpetually reveals Himself in everything, in lowest and in foulest things as well as in the highest and the fairest, as these may seem to us when judged of by our little minds alone.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION

(CONTINUED FROM THE AUGUST NUMBER)

II.

INBORN CHARACTERISTICS

IT has been pointed out that every child has already before birth certain definite characteristics, the "inborn" characteristics of science. The future human being is limited from the first in certain directions, firstly, by the nature of the parents and other ancestors, and secondly, by that mysterious element which comes in with what is called "variation." Now that scientists are generally agreed that acquired characteristics are not transmitted, it seems necessary to regard these two sources of limitation as quite separate and distinct. The latest theories of science maintain that variations are not caused by any quality in the parent; they offer no suggestion as to their cause, merely stating that they are proved not to be the result of characteristics acquired by the father or mother. We know that species *do* vary, but this fact

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cannot be traced to any physical cause. The variations, however, form a second limiting condition to the embryo, heredity in the true sense being the first. Embryos differ, firstly, owing to parentage, and secondly, owing to variation. The characteristics due to these two causes are the "inborn" characteristics, which are prior to the influences of the prenatal period, and it seems clear that the theory that all men are born free and equal has become an exploded superstition. Each has a capacity to evolve within certain limits, and no further; there is no equality from the first, and no absolute freedom.

The characteristics which are the result of heredity in the true sense may be anticipated to some extent in the case of any particular child, not so those which are due to variation.[1] Every infant is therefore an unknown quantity, presenting a problem which can only be solved by degrees, and in the most tentative fashion. Children from the same family often show very varied characteristics, moral, mental and physical, and in an ideal plan of education would receive widely different treatment. The fact that under present conditions they receive, broadly speaking, the same training is perhaps for the time being inevitable. The "ugly ducklings" must continue to suffer until parents have learned to put aside their theories or unconscious assumptions as to what a child should be, and have begun to try to discover what he is. The young swan among the ducks has a bad time of it, but fortunately for the race he still remains a swan. His early environment may impede his growth more or less, but cannot altogether prevent it. On the other hand, parents who entertain the hopeful theory that all their geese are swans, though themselves destined to disappointment, are giving the said geese a fair chance. It would be better, of course, if we could do so, to gauge accurately the powers and capacities of a child, but since this is almost impossible, the least harmful error is to incline towards a favourable view, since the fact of suggestion is a powerful aid and stimulus on the one hand, or a very serious impediment on the other, especially in the case of sensitive children.

[1] Students may be interested in noticing that heredity is represented by the germ-plasm, variation by the permanent atom.

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The main object of the present article, however, is not to suggest methods of dealing with inborn characteristics in any of the different cases which may arise, but to consider their importance and their source. So long as the cause of "variation" remains unknown and almost unsuspected, it seems impossible to influence it in any way whatever; and when the scientist tells us that it is not variation but natural selection which is the basis of the improvement of species, weeding out the unfit, and leaving the fit to survive, destroying the unsatisfactory variations, and leaving the more satisfactory to propagate their kind—we see that this, whether true or untrue, does not affect the question we have in hand—namely, whether variation can be influenced artificially—except to a very small extent.

For whatever may be the methods of nature, it is certainly not the business of a state to kill off its least satisfactory members. The most that could be done in this direction would be, that those who fall below a certain level, mental or moral, or possibly physical, should be prevented from being parents; that the imbecile and the criminal types, perhaps also those suffering from certain diseases, should not be allowed to propagate their kind. This would probably be a wise measure, but it could only be applied in the very worst cases. Public opinion, if willing to sanction it at all, would only do so if its operation were restricted to a small minority. The result of such a measure would be to rid society of its very worst members, but little effect would be produced on the general level of inborn characteristics.

The negative method of artificially dealing with variations seems therefore to be unavailable for general purposes. Yet it seems difficult to suggest any positive method in the absence of any scientific theory as to their cause. There is at present a wide gap in the scientific theory of evolution. We have, on the one hand, characteristics acquired by individuals which apparently produce no permanent effect on the race; and, on the other, variations in the germ which apparently have no cause.

This condition of scientific theory is too unstable to last; causes without effects, and effects without causes, are not welcome guests at the scientific board, and one awaits with confidence

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some theory which may, in the near future, complete the chain of cause and effect.

It has been shown clearly by Weismann and his followers that the acquired characteristics of the parents are not transmitted to the children; these acquirements seem to disappear in the mysterious alchemy of nature, and their future effects cannot at present be traced, although it seems certain that they must in some way at present unknown, affect the race, seeing that the progress of the race seems on the whole to lie along the same lines as the acquirements of individuals.

The proposition that these acquirements are lost to the race is not one to be entertained, whatever the temporary condition of scientific theory may be; and although science is unable to state in what manner, and by what mechanism, they persist, common sense obstinately asserts that they *do* persist, if not through the children, then in some other way. This is not the place to indulge in speculation as to this question, but it may be suggested that perhaps we do not yet know the whole truth about what is called death, even in its physical aspect.

It is a tolerably safe conclusion that the acquirements of individuals, taken as a whole, do, in some way as yet undiscovered by science, affect the inborn characteristics of future generations taken as a whole, although the acquired characteristics of any particular parent are not transmitted to his own offspring.

The suggestion may be hazarded that nature has a method which is better and more economical than this. If acquired characteristics were transmitted only through offspring, all characteristics acquired by parents after the birth of their youngest children, and all characteristics acquired by the large number of human beings who never become parents, would be lost to the race. These acquirements, however, contributed to the storehouse of the race by all its individuals, reappear as variations or inborn characteristics at some future time. The experiences of the race through its many individuals reappear as mental tendencies, predispositions, or potentialities, capacities for making use of experience in certain directions.

The human embryo has no experience and no knowledge, no "forms of the mind." Nevertheless it is not a blank sheet of

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paper upon which experience may write what it will. It has inherited, first from its parents, by true heredity, secondly from the race by variation, certain limitations, certain powers, certain needs. Before it begins to come into relation with the world of things its attitude towards these things, the result of ancestral and racial experience, is in some degree decided. The hidden life in the embryo is of many and various kinds; one is predestined to be an idiot, another a ruler of men; one to be a criminal of brutal type, another a saint or philosopher; the seeds of character precede environment, and although they can only develop by means of that environment, their attitude towards that environment is a foregone conclusion. Some embryos, the most backward, are little evolved beyond the animal stage; in others we have some of the most highly developed human types, and there are all the stages between these.

The inborn characteristics, then, of children are almost infinitely varied, but for practical purposes we are obliged to take the immediate physical heredity as a kind of rough guide to what may be expected, always remembering that we may at any moment meet with some unexpected and surprising variation, which requires very different treatment from that which would be necessary for a normal child born from the same parents.

Taken as a whole, the children of agricultural labourers do not require the same treatment as the children of statesmen and philosophers. It is not a question of favouring one class and neglecting another, but of providing for all full opportunity for the development of their faculties. Highly evolved children have different needs from those at an earlier stage of development. They need, for instance, more individual treatment, and wider opportunity for choice. They are more fitted to choose their own material, and go their own way. Turn one loose into a library, and he will rapidly appropriate what he needs; let another dream, as Wordsworth did in childhood, amidst the solitudes of nature; let another have every facility for exercising mechanical skill. Children at a backward stage of evolution would not be able to make use of these opportunities. They have less initiative, and require more of the general, less of the special treatment.

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In an ideal system of education, every child would be provided with means for the full and harmonious development of all his faculties, the environment being regulated according to the inborn characteristics; so far from the training being the same for every child, the aim would be to make it different for each child, accommodating itself to his special needs; the basic idea would be, not that all men are born free and equal, but that they are born each with his own limitations, and that there are no two human beings exactly alike at birth. No child would be favoured by the educator more than any other; he would not strive to develop some and neglect others; but the result would still be that some would progress with lightning speed, some in steady jog-trot fashion, and many would lag behind, not because of any defect in their training, but because of their inherent nature.

Justice consists, not in giving all children the same training, but in giving to each that which is suited to his own needs, and not to the needs of some other; in a well-regulated educational system, means would be found to discover all highly endowed children, and to provide them with facilities for rapid development, not only on their own account, but also in the interests of those less endowed, whom they are destined to instruct and aid; originality of mind would be carefully tendered and fostered, so as to produce its full effect on the development of the race; and to make all this possible, the number of teachers employed would be such that it would be possible to give some individual attention to each child.

Each child has his one, his five, or his ten talents, and the business of the educator is to see that in no case are the talents hid in the earth; he cannot alter the inborn characteristics; but he will, by clearly realising that they exist, be saved from the folly of trying to reduce the individual attainments of any set of children to one dead level, and from the corresponding blunder of supposing that if A and B can easily and successfully perform a piece of intellectual work in a given time, C and D are necessarily to blame if they do not do likewise. No true education is possible without some study of inborn characteristics. It is the basis on which all satisfactory methods rest.

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Anyone who wishes to educate a child must first discover something of the nature of the child with whom he has to deal.

No child must be considered a failure because he is less endowed by nature than another, nor is his training of less importance. Each has his own work and his own place in the economy of human society. The kind of teacher most needed is one who thinks no child uninteresting or dull, who is not striving for outward results, but inward harmonious growth. Such teachers, however, are not likely to be found in schools where a dead level of attainment is expected for each class, and uniform results are held to constitute successful teaching. In a natural method of teaching, many grades of attainment in various directions would be found at the end of a term, not one uniform level. Where an apparently uniform level is found, it is sure evidence that some of the children have been neglected, and others overstrained.

No one can foretell, except in a very general way, how the inborn characteristics of each child will react upon experience; the hidden life contains seeds of virtues, seeds of vices, seeds of various intellectual faculties ready to spring up and blossom at the first opportunity, no one being more surprised at such blossoming than the child himself; the tendencies are roused from latency by the touch of some element in the environment, which awakens and vivifies them; they respond to that which attracts them almost without any conscious volition on the part of the child, thus showing forth his hidden nature. Some children are readily taught to speak the truth; others only with the greatest difficulty or not at all. The same is true of cleanliness and purity of mind and body, and in a greater or less degree of all moral and mental characteristics. In short, each child is an unsolved problem, both to himself and to others; what he is we know not, and more especially is this so with the highly evolved child, for we have in his case greater variety, greater complexity, greater force; the unknown inheritance from the past is more vigorous and more definite than in the case of one less endowed; the possibilities are greater, the unknown nature itself of fuller development.

SARAH CORBETT.

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THE MYSTIC SHIP

I.

To the mystic there must be a certain symbolic or sacramental value in all things that exist, whether they be the processes of nature or works of man; yet, on account of the weakness of human nature, the wise men of old times have made selection of certain things which by consecration are invested with a more particular value, and these things especially are called sacraments, while other things, being held less sacred, become known as symbols in an ever-descending scale of comparative value, until to the majority of mankind the common round becomes meaningless and of no account as an object lesson in the mystic life.

The Ship in modern times seems to be counted among those things to which but little symbolism is attached, though the poet in all ages has felt its value and popular idiom has derived much from the seaman's craft; but in ancient times the Ship and all things connected with it formed one great far-reaching symbol, a symbol so great and so far-reaching that it may almost be said to swallow up and enfold all other symbols. Much, indeed, might be written upon the subject from the point of view of the modern science of naval architecture; in this paper, however, I propose to confine myself to the consideration of the Ship as found among the dramatic mysteries of ancient Egypt, and thence as a source of mystical origins.

The dramatic mysteries have ever tended to gather themselves round the occupations of man, the art and crafts that minister to his necessities and finally add to his luxuries. Such a craft is stone-masonry, perhaps the best known example of the symbolic use of a handicraft for the purposes of mystical tuition; so much indeed has stone-masonry been used for this purpose that many are under the impression that it is the only such craft, and to it alone we must look for mystical origins.

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It may be true that the processes of evolution are more readily symbolised by the processes of building than by any other method. Mystically it is certainly true that all nature's buildings are temples having a secret shrine within, prepared to be the dwelling-place of the manifestation of the Builder; and in this lies the force of the symbol of stone-masonry, for within the memory of commonly known historic times stone has been the principal element used in the erection of temples to the gods; but there are other materials that may be used in the constructive arts, and there is ample evidence in the sacred books of Egypt that there was a mystic craft far older than stone-masonry, and not only far older but far more complete in the perfection of its symbolism.

One of the most ancient crafts on earth is the craft of the boat-builder, the shipwright's craft; for one of primitive man's earliest discoveries would seem to have been that his safest dwelling-place was one surrounded by water. The earliest boat was a log of wood, such as may be seen in the cataracts of the Nile to this day, whereon one person may balance; it is practically only an aid to swimming. Next to the log comes the dug-out canoe, after that the art of true construction comes into play.

Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt, and on the banks of that river boat-building of every description has flourished from the very earliest times.

To-day in the ship-yards of Alexandria or of Cairo the traveller may watch the construction of steel vessels, and, were it not for the colour and costume of the workmen, he might imagine himself in any European shipyard; side by side, however, with these modern vessels he will see the small Arab shipwright building his "gyassa" with frames of acacia wood and planks of oak from Turkey, while his decks come from Norway and Russia.

If we travel south up the river for three or four hundred miles, we shall still find Turkish oak and Norway pine being used for ship-construction; but we shall also find a shipwright of a darker skin than the Arab, one who builds with acacia wood only, who uses a method of construction which differs both from European and Arab, but which is in all probability very similar to that which was in use on that same spot five thousand years ago.

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Still further south we shall see the Berberi lashing together his bundles of reeds very much as the ancient Egyptian is seen to be making rafts in the tomb-decorations of the Middle Empire.

The ancient Egyptian did not confine the art and science of ship-construction to small craft, or even to the Nile, for we find in the reign of Queen Hashepsut not only that sailing vessels plying on the Nile had a greater carrying capacity than the largest river-steamer to be found there to-day, but that the construction of sea-going ships of considerable size was a flourishing industry; in fine, the history of modern ship-building begins in ancient Egypt, where it can be traced to about 3000 B.C., and even at that early date the art had left its infancy and grown to a sturdy manhood.

If the wonders of mediæval stone-masonry are to be taken as the reaction resultant from that craft becoming a great symbol, we can only expect that the shipwright's craft in Egypt would be brought to a great perfection.

So much indeed was this the case that Egypt holds a record which has never been surpassed. Remembering that those old naval architects had only wood wherewith to construct their masterpieces, we may compare them with some of the work done in England in the later days of the wooden battleships, when wooden ship-construction reached its greatest perfection in Europe. Most people who have visited Portsmouth within recent years will remember the old "Camperdown," used there as a coal-hulk until recently. Though she was not actually the largest wooden ship built for the English navy, yet the difference is not so great but that she will serve as a comparison for those who have seen her, for even the largest wooden battleship ever built for the British navy cannot compare with Egypt's record. With Egypt is the credit of having launched the largest wooden ship of which history has preserved any reliable account.

Ptolemy Philopator owned as his Royal Yacht a wooden ship measuring over 11,000 tons. She was 420 feet between perpendiculars, 76 feet in beam, and drew 20 feet of water; her crew numbered 7,500 men.

This vessel to-day would be large even for an ocean-going

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passenger Liner, and was never surpassed in size until that unwieldy mass of iron, the "Great Eastern," was launched.

Before the regular excavation of the Temple of Hathor at Dêr el Bahari engineers were puzzled to know how the Egyptians transported the immense masses of granite which they used both for colossal statuary and for the great obelisks that stood before the temple gateways; this question was settled by the discovery of a fragment of a mural picture in low relief representing the actual transport by water of one of the obelisks of Queen Hashepsut, the queen who is famous for the number of obelisks she set up, and for their great size. These stones weigh anything from 200 to 300 tons. The points to be noted in this fragment are, that the vehicle of transportation is not a raft, neither is it what we would now call a barge; it is a true sailing vessel. It has not been built round the stone, as was the iron cylinder in which the London Needle was brought from Alexandria. The vessel would not even appear to have been specially built for the purpose. The obelisk is simply laid on deck in chocks, and lashed down to prevent movement, just as sailors nowadays would deal with a spare spar or heavy boat. Imagine, then, lying on the deck of a modern river-craft a spare spar eighty feet long and weighing 300 tons, and you will get some idea of the strains the Egyptian shipwright had to allow for in his methods of construction! Were this fragment all that was left to us of the record of Egyptian shipwright work we should have to acknowledge them to be masters of their craft.

I have said that there is evidence in the *Book of the Dead* of the symbolic application of a handicraft long prior to the mystic use of stone-masonry, namely, shipcraft; and the more I study that most ancient Book the more does it appear that the Ship was to Egypt the great symbol—the arts both of construction and navigation being so interwoven with the Mystic Rites that, even when the Ship is not specially mentioned, it is still to be understood, as for instance in that very common sentence: "I have made a path,"—which may be paraphrased: "I have steered a course"—the path being in fact the Ship's wake.

This may be plainly recognised in Chapter cxliv., where it is said: "OSIRIS causes the progress of the Ship to make a path

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that he may pass thereby." Again there are Chapters concerning the passage of certain Pylons. Chapter cxlv., for example, where we find:

"I, even I, am purified in those waters wherein OSIRIS is purified, when he presents the barque of the evening along with the barque of the morning, when he manifests at the 'Great Within' at his passage of the Pylons."

The exoteric symbol here is the passing through the gates in a ship as into a harbour or dock. One may carry the symbol even further and say that the purification spoken of is referable to the cleaning of the ship's hull by friction in its passage through the water; for though in an age prior to the use of copper sheathing or the invention of anti-fouling compositions, this would not be so observable, yet in a river such as the Nile, where the water is thick and brown with washed-up sandy mud, the difference between a vessel constantly under way and one laid at anchor in a still backwater would soon be noticeable. In the case of a copper-sheathed vessel of to-day the effect of a single passage through such water is very remarkable; indeed I have seen copper-sheathing gleam like burnished gold under similar conditions.

Taken in its general sense, the Ship in the Egyptian mysteries becomes the great symbol of manifestation on all planes. The surface of the water upon which the Ship floats and moves is the plane of manifestation of whatsoever the symbol placed within the Ship may refer to. The Ship, therefore, is the vehicle of the activities of that which is in process of manifestation; thus, for example, the NeSh̆MeT Boat represents the vehicle for the manifestation of the higher aspirations of the soul. "Get thee back, O impurity of OSIRIS! Let not the 'Barque of Aspiration' (NeSh̆MeT) be hindered when it saileth inwards with fair winds" (Chap. xl.).

To sail "inwards" is ever the symbol of the return of the soul to find its completion in union with its central source. Again (Chap. cxlv.):

"I am borne on the waters of the 'Barque of Aspiration' to make OSIRIS true of voice. I have submerged the Serpent of Darkness."

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So also the great battle of life, that holy war for which in modern times a purely military symbol is more in common use, was to the Egyptian a naval war; its battles were of ship against ship, or of the ship against the storms of the sea and the great monsters of the deep.

"Thy radiance is master of heaven at that supreme moment when the steering gear of thine adversary is broken" (Chap. cxxx.).

This earthly life in its totality was imaged forth in the building and launching of the Ship, in her navigation across the stormy sea, and finally her entry to her port of destination; which port to the ordinary traveller was the harbour of physical death, but to the priest initiate it shadowed forth his entry into the peace which cannot be imagined, where his soul was made one with infinite "Being," where "the mooring post was set up for him in the inmost harbour of the City of Peace."

The *Book of the Dead* is mostly concerned, however, with the Ship as used to symbolise this earthly life under conditions of initiation; that is to say, the Ship as found therein is no common merchant tramp used merely for traffic in the merchandise of a worldly life. The symbolic Ship is a king's ship, a fighting ship, a ship also of exploration, a ship wherein and wherewith the initiate strives to win his passage through dangers and difficulties into that harbour where he shall see OSIRIS, where he shall find the "Stillness of the Centre" (URe̊D ÀB) and union with the seed of the universe.

Let me quote some passages taken almost at random, showing how every stage in the life of the Ship becomes symbolic.

"Behold now ye lamps in the City of the Sun, ye unborn souls in the place of battle! The god is born perfect, he has finished the carpenter's work, his rudder is hung, OSIRIS is there to superintend the divine launching slip, OSIRIS launches the Ship" (Chap. cxxxvi. A).

"OSIRIS . . . has built his ship" (Chap. cxxx.).

"I am the Ship's carpenter on the divine Ship. I am the never-resting pilot on board the Barque of RĀ" (Chap. cix.).

"O ye gods who work in the Ship of the Lord of infinite years! your hands are busy with your ropes" (Chap. lxxxix.).

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"Hail! navigators of the 'Homeward-bound' [Ship] (MĀKheNT) over this wave of trouble, navigate for me the Homeward-bound, set up for me the rigging in peace, in peace! Come! Come! Smartly! Smartly! For I go that I may see my Father OSIRIS the Lord of bandagings [when I have] overcome in joy.

"[Cry] Hail! to the lord of the wild storm (ȦGeP ZAY), [O ye] sailors! and hail to the ship that rides[1] upon the storm-wave![2]

"Hail quartermasters! steady[3] the oars in returning from the stroke.

"Hail captain of the mystic Homeward-bound, warden of the storm! navigate for me the Homeward-bound, set up for me the rigging that I may go forth therein; for this land is evil, [the very] stars are cast down here, and thrown upon their faces; they cannot find their rising place, for the path is blocked by the [flaming] tongue of RĀ, and 'Chance'[4] is the guide of the double land; the tide fails their rudders, their hulls (KheRPU) are opened by the sun, the chief of the red ones.

"I have been cast here by my shipwreck."

Then is the aspirant answered by the captain:

"Come [then], [as a] shining form, my brother, and embark for the place whereof thou knowest" (Chap. xcix.).

So far the passages quoted afford evidence of the general symbolism of the Ship as it is even to some extent used to-day in popular language. We still talk of launching a man upon the sea of life, we still speak of life as a voyage across a stormy and treacherous sea. The rudder, compass, chart, pilot, harbour, the shipwreck, the lighthouse (and Egypt also has the lighthouse)—all these are embodied in the popular symbolism of our time; these things belong to no one age or people, and need no comment from me to make them comprehensible.

W. M. BLACKDEN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

[1] SeQeDeD. Lit. "the rider," referring to the ship's motion, used poetically for a ship; *e.g.*, "the ship that rides."

[2] TheS PUY eN ĀPeP. Lit. "this wave of the storm."

[3] *I.e.*, give proper time to the rowers.

[4] ȦNDeBU is a proper name; the meaning is very doubtful.

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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.

THE CONVENTION IN AMERICA

OUR Annual Convention, held in Chicago on September 16th and 17th, was happy in the presence of our much-esteemed President-Founder, who naturally presided. His Presidential address was interesting and timely. It dealt with the problems that are now confronting our Society, not only in America but throughout the world. The Colonel emphasised the need for the use of common-sense and judgment by each member in estimating the reasonableness and probable truth of any statement made by our own writers and speakers and by those not in the Society. From what he said in his address, as well as from his attitude during the Convention, we felt more certain than ever that the Society must stand for the highest morals if it is to fulfil its mission in the world.

On Sunday evening, September 16th, Col. Olcott gave a public lecture in Kimball Hall on "The Dangers of Psychism; A Plea for Common Sense." The hall was crowded to the doors and there were so many more who could not get in that it was necessary to hold an overflow meeting, the people cheerfully walking more than a block to the headquarters of the Chicago Branch, where one of the regular lecturers of the Section gave an address on the same subject.

On Monday evening, in Kimball Hall, the Colonel spoke on "The Use and Abuse of Asceticism," and this was also much appreciated. Later in the week we had lectures by our own members, Mrs. Steinem speaking on "Theosophy and Public Life," Mr. Hotchner on "Fallacies and Verities," Mrs. Richardson on "Some

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Aspects of Evolution," and Dr. Moore on "The Conquest of Illusion."

The attendance at the Convention was large. It was delightful to have our President-Founder with us, and we naturally hope that he will soon come to this country again.

H. H.

Canadian Notes

In Victoria and Vancouver the Branches have received much help from the Pacific Coast Federation, and the Secretary of the latter Branch reports that the local newspapers are "getting more liberal, all seeming not so much opposed to publishing Theosophical items as heretofore." The Vancouver Branch is also extending its sphere of influence by correspondence, and by visits to the neighbouring towns.

In Montreal the membership has increased, and each member undertook to make a special effort during the summer holidays in preparation for the coming season's work.

The Public Library in Winnipeg has received a dozen of the most useful theosophic books, and the Librarian writes that they are in constant use. A member in that city also writes that she is keeping her own books in circulation amongst an increasing number of enquirers, from whom a study class may be formed.

During the past season the Toronto Branch, which has grown steadily, has been observing the Second Object by obtaining addresses from representatives of the Jewish, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, Quaker, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, some of which were marked by a record attendance.

A friendly letter is sent out at intervals for circulation amongst the Canadian Branches, which has already served to make us something more than geographical names to each other, a necessary and useful provision in this country of magnificent distances. Lately its route has been extended to include some lone members of the French Section, resident on St. Pierre, near Newfoundland.

Last December the Toronto Branch instituted a Propaganda Committee, whose task is to search out the land in preparation for Mrs. Besant's much anticipated lecture tour. Much literature has been distributed and, as a result, numerous persons have been found in several Ontario towns who have theosophic interests, together with some in the other provinces, where also there are now no Branches.

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The Committee will be glad to get addresses of persons, resident in Canada, who may be interested in Theosophy; its Secretary's address is 498, Ontario Street, Toronto.

H.

A Letter from Italy

Our esteemed and beloved President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, was to have undertaken a tour through the Italian Section between the dates of October 10th and November 6th. This tour was being looked forward to with pleasure by all, but the unforeseen decrees of Karma in the nature of an unfortunate accident have now rendered it impossible.

On the 3rd of October, while still at sea on board the White Star Liner S.S. "Cretic," from New York, the Colonel caught the heel of his shoe in the rubber matting on a flight of fourteen steps, and fell forward down these, turning completely over twice and stopping eventually on the landing below.

He himself, and also the various doctors and medical men on board, consider his escape from fatal injury as next to miraculous. As it is, he escaped without breakages, but with a severe injury to his right knee, fortunately just above the kneecap.

This necessitated his being at once kept very quiet in his berth until he reached Genoa, where he was met on the arrival of the ship by some of the Genoa members.

His popularity on board ensured for him the most considerate treatment on the part of the officers, and especially of the chief medical officer of the "Cretic," and the business of moving him from the ship was accomplished without a hitch.

He was first carefully placed in one of the boats hauled up level with the deck, and was then lowered alongside. On the quay was an ambulance of the "Croce Verde," ready to convey him smoothly to the "International Protestant Hospital," where a private room had been engaged, and where now he is installed under the best surgical treatment and comfortable care.

On examination it was found that with rest and by means of a plaster of Paris bandage there is every reason to expect that the Colonel will be sufficiently strong to be able to embark for India on November 7th by the "Prinz Eitel Friedrich," of the N.D.L. Co., as previously arranged, though it will be some two or three months yet before he can be reasonably expected to complete his recovery and regain the normal use of his leg.

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Of course the Italian tour had to be abandoned, much to the Colonel's as well as to everyone else's regret, and circulars have been sent out to this effect.

Such members in Italy, however, as wish to confer with the President-Founder have been offered the opportunity of doing so by means of the general invitation he has issued, intimating that appointments can be made to see him in Genoa, and no doubt many will be glad to avail themselves and profit thereby.

All who have seen our venerable President find him, *malgré* his painful accident, most patient and cheery and hearty as ever; and this in itself is an object lesson if one reflects that the Colonel has never been incapacitated before. If anything could try the patience of a man of action, as the Colonel essentially is, it should be being literally "laid by the leg" and hindered from undertaking any of his many activities.

All, however, is going on quite satisfactorily with him and we only echo the voice of all Sections throughout the Theosophical Society in expressing our sympathy with him, and in wishing him a speedy and complete recovery to health and strength again.

G. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Path of Action

To the Editor, The Theosophical Review

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was very sorry to see that Miss Theobald has been so (metaphorically) "jumped on" for having given expression to what many of your readers have probably thought, myself, who am a very old member, most certainly, for one.

That Mrs. Besant meant to imply that actions do not matter, or even are of very little consequence, no one knowing her and her writings can for a moment believe; but that her words, quoted by Miss Theobald, *might* be read that way and *are* liable to misconstruction by outsiders, I noticed at once and therefore was very glad indeed that attention had been called to them.

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Others besides members of the Theosophical Society read the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, and some, knowing little of Mrs. Besant and less of Theosophy, on reading the paragraph in question, might very well say: "Well! if this is the teaching of Theosophy, I don't think much of it. We have been taught 'by their fruits ye shall know them; men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.'" They would be wrong in their judgment, led astray by the words. Mrs. Besant is the last person to mind criticism, and the first to desire anything capable of misconstruction to be set right.

I think Miss Theobald has displayed both commonsense and uncommon sense in writing as she has done, and deserves hearty thanks, instead of blame and reproach, for her boldness and sincerity.

J. E. B. JAMES.

To the Editor, THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

In reply to the correspondence on this subject I should like to thank Mrs. Bright and Miss Green for their courteous letters, though I confess they have neither of them touched upon the points I was most anxious to have discussed. I should have been glad to know what is meant by the fire of action, and in what way it affects the buddhic envelope and assists in the conceiving of truthful ideas. We are told that he who lives the life shall surely know the doctrine, and I believe this to be a scientific fact which can be watched by those who have spiritual sight, hence my astonishment at Mrs. Besant's remark. I cannot agree with Miss Green that teaching is in no way affected by action on any plane, for I believe that it is by the united activities of our mental, astral and physical bodies that we veil the Mystery, and are thus able to reveal some portion of it as teaching to our own limited consciousness. And even if we take the word teaching as mere mental instruction this certainly can be very much distorted by mental incapacity on the part of the teacher.

Mrs. Bright in her quotation from Mrs. Besant of twelve years ago most admirably illustrates *my* contention, namely the subtle difference in Mrs. Besant's point of view then and now. Though using practically the same phrase—that action is the least important part of man's life—it is there introduced simply to emphasise the statement that right thought *must* be followed by right action; while in the July REVIEW Mrs. Besant followed the remark by excuses for a disciple's actions, suggesting that he might be expediting past heavy

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karma but thinking and desiring nobly all the time. Are we mere tools of fate condemned to work out every tendency, or are we training for discipleship, taking our life and progress into our own hands and only acting out and substantiating that which is lawful?

Mrs. Bright says that it is impossible to have definite laws as to what is right and wrong in action, though we may have definite ideas as to what is right and wrong in principle. But is it not precisely this relationship between Wisdom and the manifestation of wisdom that we are sent on to the physical plane to learn? If so, then I cannot believe that it is unknowable. I believe there to be a definite language of action which can be read and understood by those who have true spiritual sight. Even as the language of the lips reveals the working of the mind so does the language of action reveal the working of Âtman, the working of the Warrior within, and the question is how much we can, by eliminating more and more the personal element from consciousness, arrive at fundamental laws concerning right speech and right action, concerning truth and virtue, and *not* always look at these from the relative point of view of the lower personality, which both Mrs. Bright and Miss Green emphasise so strongly. I was hoping for discussion as to the connection between action and Âtman.

As for Mrs. Duddington's one argument—thank heaven we are *not* all in an eternal hell of shame and remorse. Perhaps we should be if our actions were habitually far below the standard of our thoughts as she believes.

Yours very truly,

MINNIE B. THEOBALD.

(THIS CORRESPONDENCE MUST NOW CLOSE)

So to conduct one's life as to realise one's self—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it.—IBSEN's *Letters.*

EVERY opinion freely conceived is good and moral for him who has conceived it.—RENAN.

YE have not as it were forsaken me, but your own selves, saith the Lord.—*Esdras* ii.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Transactions of the First European Congress

Transactions of the First Annual Congress of the Federation of European Sections of the Theosophical Society. Held in Amsterdam, June 19th to 21st, 1904. Edited by Johan van Manen. (Amsterdam; 1906. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 10*s.* net.)

At last we have these long-talked-of *Transactions* before us and can only regret that the long and inexplicable delay in their completion should in any way detract from the warm congratulations that are due to the editor and his assistants, especially Miss Spink. The Society may well be proud of this volume, which for the first time attempts the publication within a single cover of a partial representation of the polyglot nature and catholic interests of Theosophical studies.

English, French, German, Italian, Dutch and Spanish are the languages of the writers of papers, and even then the writers are not always using their mother-tongues.

The Departmental Papers are classified under seven headings: (1) Brotherhood; (2) Comparative Religion, Mysticism, Folk-lore, etc.; (3) Philosophy; (4) Science, including "Borderland Sciences"; (5) Art; (6) Administration, Propaganda, Methods of Work, etc.; (7) Occultism.

Many of the papers are of a technical nature and some contain quotations in Oriental script such as Arabic and Devanâgari. Several systems are followed by various writers when Sanskrit and Pâli are transliterated into Roman characters, but they are severally consistent.

The volume is supplied with very full indexes and reference indications; it is admirably arranged and everything bespeaks most careful editorial supervision, and gives evidence of no common ability and equipment. The printing, paper and binding are good, though a careful eye will "spot" a mixed font of *c*'s that has been over-looked.

It is, of course, impossible to notice all the papers, and it would be invidious to pick out any for detailed special comment. We

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would, however, draw the attention of our mathematically inclined colleagues to some excellent papers of special interest to themselves, such as "Mathematik und Occultismus," by Dr. Rudolph Steiner, three studies on the "fourth-dimensional" idea, by Sigg. E. Scalfaro and A. Reghini (in Italian), and by Mrs. Corbett (in English), and a study by M. G. Polak on "Symétrie et Rhythme." "Multiplex Personality" is treated of by Herr L. Deinhard and Mr. A. R. Orage. Indian Religion and Philosophy are represented by Bâbus Bhagavân Dâs and P. N. Sinha, and Mr. C. Jinârâjadâsa (who deals with the historic criticism of the *Gîtâ*). Sig. Calvari and Mrs. Cooper Oakley write of Theosophy in Italy in the middle ages, and M. Revel traces Theosophic and Oriental ideas in French and Swiss philosophy. Prof. Desaint writes on "Consciousness and Matter," and Dr. Pascal on "Consciousness in Man." There are several papers on Art, and among them one by M. Delville, writing enthusiastically on its "Mission." "Brotherhood in the Laws of Primitive Races" is a paper by E. Weise, and "Criminality and Karma," by S. van West. Mrs. Hooper contributes two papers on "Belief" and the "Truth to Come." Commandant Courmes deals with "Le Droit de Souffrage," and M. J. Gand discourses on "L'Alimentation de l'Homme." The department "Occultism" is represented solely by a report of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Occultism and Occult Training."

With such a list of papers before us it can hardly be said that there is a monotony in the fare provided. Certainly these *Transactions* are not intended for the "man in the street," or even for that indeterminate the "general reader." But they are of great value as providing the cosmopolitan mind and the knower of European languages with the assurance that he can find in the Theosophical Society many men and women of like nature with himself, who may, perchance, be able to point him to a higher ideal of the purpose of life and the inexhaustible interest in it than he can obtain from the Transactions of any other Society.

G. R. S. M.

Professor Hyslop on Personal Survival

Science and a Future Life. By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 1906. Price 6*s*.)

It was to be expected that each of the prominent Psychical Researchers would sooner or later feel driven to record his judgments on the evidence collected. Wallace, Crookes, Myers, James and Podmore

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have had their turn, and now it is the turn of Professor Hyslop. From several points of view Professor Hyslop's statement of results is the most useful that has been issued. He has not the glowing style of Myers or the pungency of James; but he has a complete grasp of the recorded facts, a keen and impartial sense of their evidential value; and, above all, his conclusions are typical of the best average mind of impartial enquirers. In no single instance is he extreme either in scepticism or in credulity. Less optimistic and imaginative than Myers, he is also far less pessimistic and pedestrian than Podmore. His book is therefore admirable not only as an excellent summary of the evidence for survival, but, still more, for its faithful reflection of the attitude of the studious mind towards the main problem of Psychical Research.

For whatever other problems are involved in the facts of psychical investigation, there is no doubt that to the majority of students the main problem is that of personal survival. The hope of demonstrating scientifically the fact of survival is, if not the only motive, at least the dominant motive of the investigators.

Professor Hyslop examines carefully the evidence at his command and discusses the value of the various hypotheses. His account of the Piper phenomena is, on the whole, the best that has yet appeared; and in the discussion of the only two theories which have yet presented themselves, he shows himself to be acute and unprejudiced. Of neither of the alternative theories of Telepathy and Spiritism is Professor Hyslop completely convinced. The objections to Telepathy as an explanation of the phenomena he regards as at present overwhelming; and the chapters in which he discusses the subject should be read by every student. On the other hand, though he is inclined to believe that "spirits are the more natural and the less miraculous agency in the case," he cannot close his eyes to serious objections to Spiritism. On the problem of survival he has therefore no definite conclusion to offer. And in this respect, as we have said, he appears to us to represent the best minds engaged in Psychical Research at this moment.

A. R. O.

Mystic Sacramentalism

Strange Houses of Sleep. By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: Philip Sinclair Wellby; 1906. Price 12*s*. net.)

In this sumptuously produced volume of 323pp. we have before us a

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companion work to Mr. Waite's *Book of Mystery and Vision*, but of a more ambitious nature. In it Mr. Waite developes in a far more elaborate form than he has previously attempted his view of the sacramental nature of the mystic life—the persistent reference of traditional sacramental rites, and especially of the mystery of the Mass, to the self-development of the soul and the self-realisation of the spirit. The formal setting is the Christian tradition in its mediæval modes completed by Rosicrucian rituals, leading up to direct initiation.

As in his previous volume, Mr. Waite has chosen verse as his medium of expression, and has divided his subject into four parts. In the first he gathers together some eighty-five pieces of very varied character, designed apparently to create a general impression of the mystic atmosphere in which the beginnings of the larger sacramental life are apparent, calling them "Shadows of Sacraments."

The second part is a sort of mystery-play, or rather a prelude to the mystic quest, called "The Hidden Sacrament of the Holy Graal." Mr. Waite refers to it as an "Interlude of the Lesser Mysteries," and it shows forth in the dramatic form of a morality play the abandonment of the lower master passions. The diction is quaintly mediæval and the atmosphere well caught; indeed in our opinion it is the most successful part of the work judged by a literary and artistic standard.

Part III. is entitled "The Poor Brother's Mass Book," and purports to contain "a method of assisting at the holy sacrifice for children who are not of this world." In it are contained suggestions in verse whereby the office of the Mass can be used as a meditation, and its liturgical forms and rubrics translated into modes of spiritual contemplation.

And finally we have the setting forth of the rite of "A Greater Initiation," which is called strangely "The Book of the King's Dole and Chantry for Plain Song." Here, while the sacrifice of the Mass is proceeding in the outer court, a higher rite is being operated within in the great temple, in the form of an adapted Rosicrucian Masonic ritual of initiation. The idea is excellent and the conception most ambitious; but here Mr. Waite breaks down somewhat, his verse and the utterances he places in the mouths of the celebrants do not rise to the level of the high expectations aroused.

Indeed, Mr. Waite's mode of expression throughout is too cold, too intellectual. There are light and beauty not infrequently but no fire; the pulses are not stirred. The subjects are sublime, and again

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and again the opportunity presents itself of carrying the reader away out of himself, but this Mr. Waite just fails to do; he seems afraid to paint in colours, and prefers to sculpt in white stone.

Nevertheless, the book is remarkable in many ways; the author has well caught the mystic idea, he possesses it in his mind, and is quick to perceive the nature of the true spiritual transmutation. But as he does not express himself in fiery words and living phrases, he is frequently difficult to follow, and does not help the reader to feel after him when he cannot think with him.

G. R. S. M.

Christ as Communist

Christ, State and Commune. By Morrison Davidson. (London: C. W. Daniel; 1906. Price 3*d*.)

Who fears any longer the word "anarchist"? We begin to understand that the trinity in unity which makes up a man—the trinity of the reactionary, the anarchist and the socialist—also goes to make up a world. It is the action upon each other, the interplay, of these three forces—of inertia, of turbulence and of adjustment—which brings a cosmos out of a chaos. Conservatism, the ofttimes useful drag on the wheel of progress; anarchism (which is individualism in extremes), the indispensable whip; socialism, utterly the opposite of both, yet the reconciliation of the two; these three are one.

The anarchist holds the ideal of a perfect community in which each man is wise enough to be his own law-giver, but sees not that it is through greater complexity and turmoil that we must reach the higher simplicity. The reactionary, perceiving that this kingdom of heaven cannot now be accomplished, and shrinking from the changes necessary to its establishment, tries to make the present eternal for fear of worse. The socialist, clinging to that fair vision of the future community whose laws shall coincide with the basic laws of the universe, struggles to realise it here and now by *adapting* the present conditions to it.

All praise to those who strive, however unconsciously, towards the coming of the ideal kingdom, in which each man is a king.

Mr. Morrison Davidson's strenuous little book is an effort in this direction. He brings a heavy indictment against superficial and conventional Christianity for having departed from the teachings of its Founder, whom he calls the Great Anarchist. Admitted. From some points of view every great spiritual teacher is an Anarch, and

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certainly must appear so to most of his contemporaries. Into how many departments of human thought he seems to bring not peace, but a sword! But to those distant enough in time and near enough in sympathy a Christ is also the synthesis, the reconciliation of opposite aspects, which coalesce into unity under the white heat of his enlightened soul.

Mr. Morrison Davidson is in error, we think, in supposing, as he seems to do, that mankind can return to the outward conditions of the simple, primitive organisation. Beautiful as these sometimes were, theirs was the beauty of childhood. We need now the beauty of maturity, with its strength. We want the early excellence on a higher turn of the spiral. "*Back* to the simple life"? No: there is no going back. Forward, rather! Forward, through struggle, through suffering, through ugliness, through complication, to the supreme simplicity; to the simplicity of perfection—to the perfect beauty of the Ideal Divine Commonwealth, the Day of the Gods.

A. L.

The Mystery of the Man-God

Adonis Attis Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion. By J. G. Fraser, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. (London: Macmillan & Co.; 1906. Price 10s. net.)

When we take up a new volume from the pen of the author of *The Golden Bough* we know what to expect. We shall have the fruits of amazing industry and a collection of encyclopædic information gleaned from the obscure and intractable sources of mythology and folklore and primitive culture the known world over. We shall also have to come down from the rarer air of whatever heights to which we may have allowed ourselves to be carried in our studies of the world-myths, and be content to move in the low atmosphere of primitive-culture notions and vegetation-god theories and the rest of the marsh-mists among which alone the modern school of anthropologists bid us seek for the origin of the religious instinct in man. Above all we must, if we desire to be held in good repute by the worshippers in the modern anthropological tabernacle, invoke the customs and beliefs of the Arunta black men of Australia or their congeners on all and every occasion in seeking to discover the secrets of the mystery-institutions of antiquity.

We have nothing but respect for the industry and care with which such men as Dr. Fraser collect the material upon which they

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work, but we cannot be persuaded that infant humanity was left without instruction and guidance, and that it blindly groped itself gradually into civilisation through stress of circumstances alone by its own unaided exertions.

With regard to the learned treatise before us, it is surprising to find how little is really known about Adonis and Attis; two or three pages almost would exhaust our direct sources of information. Dr. Fraser, however, devotes 159 pages to Adonis and 46 to Attis, focussing a host of sidelights on the main features of these enormously widespread cults, and even indulging in dissertations which he admits himself have nothing to do with the subject. On the contrary, the 115 pages devoted to Osiris by no means exhaust the data of the subject, and Dr. Fraser neglects many of the main features of the great myth of Egypt in his one-pointedness in insisting that Osiris was originally a vegetation-god, like Adonis and Attis. He, however, at the end half-heartedly allows that Osiris may have also been a "tree-sprite," and as an afterthought generalises him into a god of fertility.

We frankly confess we have no patience with this "Covent Garden theory," and prefer the opinions of men who had themselves been initiated into these mysteries while they still flourished, and so knew their inner purport.

Thus we find that that learned Pagan mystic whose commentary on a mystery-hymn forms the main source of the famous Naassene Document quoted by Hippolytus, distinctly declares that the great mystery was Man. This Man, he says, the Assyrians (meaning the Syrians) call Adonis, the Phrygians Attis, and he proceeds to give the interpretation of these great myths. Needless to say that though Dr. Fraser is acquainted with Hippolytus, he neglects this most important of all the statements that have been made on the subject. It is the *locus classicus* for every really fruitful enquiry into the mysteries of Adonis and Attis and should be the point of departure for any satisfactory exposition of the subject.

Again, with regard to Osiris, surely Dr. Fraser might have told his readers, if they did not know it already, that Plutarch had not only discussed the vegetation-god theory, but also many other theories, including the most absurd of all, that Osiris was the moon (which, by the by, Dr. Fraser seriously adopts), and has rejected all of them. Indeed, in ch. lxv. Plutarch writes with fine contempt:

"And we shall get our hands on the dull crowd who take pleasure

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in associating the mystic recitals about these Gods either with changes of the atmosphere according to the seasons, or with the generation of the corn and sowings and ploughings, and in saying that Osiris is buried when the corn is hidden by the earth, and comes to life and shows himself again when it begins to sprout."

Plutarch indeed discusses many of the lay theories put forward in his day, by just such minds as those of our present anthropologists, but being an initiate himself as well as a scholar he moderately decides that "it seems not unreasonable to conclude that no single explanation by itself gives the right meaning, but that they all collectively do so." And this because the "true reason," as he tells us, was the activity of that Logos or Reason not only in nature but also in man, which will some day transform him into the Great Man or Divine Mind, union with whose nature was shadowed forth in the mystery-rites of Adonis and Attis and Osiris.

G. R. S. M.

Mostly Psychometry

Seeing the Invisible: Practical Studies in Psychometry, Thought Transference, Telepathy and Allied Phenomena. By James Coates, Ph.D. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1906.)

This is a useful popular exposition of some modern developments of psychic science; but as the preface confesses it to have been written "in scraps and odd times, nearly five years ago," it cannot be taken as an up-to-date record, nor does it attempt any serious study of the phenomena discussed. Among the most interesting of these are the psychometric readings of Mrs. Coates, which the author is able to describe at first-hand. One of the test-objects submitted to her was a bullet which had lain for a year in the desk of the person who sent it. Mrs. Coates "sensed" it and said it had come out of the body of a lion, which had been shot by it in the breast. Her husband, believing it to be a memento of the late war, tried to set her upon a different track, and with such "success" that she then gave quite a different reading, and sent it in as the correct one, relating the bullet to an officer in the British troops. She was then informed that the bullet was one which Mr. Selous had extracted from the breast of the largest lion he ever shot! Moral, don't suggest new tracks to a promising psychometer! The chief purport of the book, however, seems to be to demonstrate that psychic faculties of many kinds are much more common than is supposed, and may be cultivated just as

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one may cultivate a taste for music or painting. Whether they *should* be so cheerfully cultivated is quite another matter, and we should hesitate to say with the author that the assembling of groups for psychometric practice would be "much more healthy and interesting than insipid afternoon teas and other sickly, gossipy time-killers." For "sickly gossip," commend us to a group of Ordinary Persons who have just begun to sharpen these edged tools. In the more thoughtful pages Dr. Coates leads us up to the question of whether there *is* any hard and fast line to be drawn between highly-trained reasoning faculties and what he here defines as "intuitive," *i.e.*, elementary or untrained psychic powers; whether the psychometer does not often mix a rapid and subtle process of reasoning with another which undoubtedly transcends it; in short, whether, after all, the painstaking and scrupulously honest "reasoner" in the one life does not stand the best chance of being a true psychic in the next!

E.

Two Recent Theosophical Publications in Spanish

Guía Espiritual que desembaraza el Alma, y la conduce por el Interior Camino, para Alcanzar la Perfecta Contemplación, y el Rico Tesoro de la Interior Paz. Por Miguel de Molinos.

Pitágoras: Su Vida, sus Simbolos y los Versos Dorados con los Comentarios de Hierocles. Por A. Dacier. (Barcelona: Biblioteca Orientalista, R. Maynadé, Tapinería, 24; 1906.)

We most heartily congratulate our hardworking colleague Sñr. Rafael Urbano on his edition of Molinos' famous work *The Spiritual Guide*, which first appeared in the original Spanish in 1675. He has prefaced it with a useful introduction and so makes accessible to his fellow-countrymen one of the most famous works of Spanish mysticism, too long neglected in that unfortunate priest-ridden land. Sñr. Urbano is also to be congratulated on his version of Dacier's famous work on Pythagoras, which he has rendered from the French and prefaced with a thoughtful prologue. The members of the Theosophical Society in other lands scarcely realise the amount of good work that has been steadily turned out year after year in Spain by the little band of workers gathered together by the devotion and loyalty of H. P. B.'s old friend José Xifré.

G. R. S. M.

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A Half-Trance Shocker

The Strange Story of Ahrinziman. By A. F. S. (London: Office of *Light*, St. Martin's Lane; 1906. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

In the introduction to this new-style shocker Mr. F. W. Thurston, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, informs his readers that the main interest of the book is in the mode of its production. "The author, sitting in an indrawn state of half trance, would hear words, as it were, being dictated, and wrote them down as fast as possible without conscious effort of production." Doubtless some excellent things have been done in this way, but the method, like every other, must be judged by its results. In the present instance, it is probable that the author would have done quite as well with conscious effort; perhaps even better. For the story is no more than a *Ben Hur* semi-historical romance with vigorous tendencies to melodrama on the one hand and to psychical rhapsodising on the other. The villain really seems as old as Adam. In this story, which deals with a period as remote as that of the Persian Artaxerxes (who died, Mr. Thurston kindly tells us, B.C. 425), there are lots of villains, quite a glut in the fiction-market. And their diabolical chucklings are heard throughout the pages of the book, and give the reader the cold—well, rather cold—shudders. On the whole, the book would have been better if the trance had been complete.

A. R. O.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, September. After the instalment of "Old Diary Leaves" we have the conclusion of V. G. Pradhân's valuable paper on "The Philosophy of Karma"; Jehangir Sorabji's "The Sacred War," an exceedingly well thought out and expressed study of the "Eternal Conflict" between man's higher and lower selves. "Saintliness," he says, "springs from sinfulness, never from sinlessness; it is the mud in the tank which enables the lotus to open its pearly petals to the shining sun. For the would-be conqueror of Mâra there can be no hope of progress unless he cleaves to his own Dharma, the Dharma of fighting against his lower self; waging, so to speak, war to the knife with that which is perishable and obstructive to the divinity within himself." From "Selected Muhammadan Traditions" we take this: "Reported by Hazrath Abu Horaira that the

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Prophet said: 'If God wishes to do good and send happiness to a person, He brings misfortunes on him and subjects him to suffering.' (Note) A man should not regard misfortunes as the effect of the Divine wrath, but should consider them to be God's bounty and graciousness. For when a man is overtaken by calamities, his sins will be partly forgiven, he rises in dignity, and God's name is ever fresh in his mind. Heaven preserve us from that calamity by which a man forgets God and complains of his misfortunes." Dr. English gives a thoughtful paper on "The Higher Aspects of Morality"; and P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar's "The Two Disciplines in the *Gîtâ*" must also not pass without special mention. The other articles are "Self-Culture"; "H. P. B. and the Lotus"; "Bâlabodhinî"; and "Mahâbodhi," by Dr. O. Schrader.

Theosophy in India, September. Miss Edger is responsible for two papers in this number; a lecture on "The Law of Harmony," and "Studies in the Pedigree of Man." Fio Hara speaks of "Poetic Ideals," and a revised edition is given of S. N. Bannerji's useful table of "Correspondence between Theosophical and Sanskrit Terms."

Central Hindu College Magazine, September. From the "Hindu Catechism" we take the following seasonable bit of plain speaking: "Qu. 6. Is every Hindu then bound to get married? Yes. No one who has not begotten a child has fulfilled the purpose of creation, and discharged his debt to the Pitṛis. The bachelor orders of Sannyâsis, etc., recruiting their powerful and wealthy orders by inveigling immature boys—whom not unfrequently they misuse—into their ranks, are not only a nuisance from the modern standpoint, but are also distinctly prohibited in this age by the Smṛitis. Qu. 7. But is not a life of celibacy necessary for spiritual growth? Not at all—the question is an absurd one."

Theosophic Gleaner, September, has a well-selected series of contents which, with the Editorial Notes, do credit to its new Editor.

The Vâhan, October. Here Mr. W. H. Thomas suggests that "most members have absorbed as much Theosophical teaching as they are able to take in for the present," and that we should apply our principles in action on "Social, Municipal, Political, Scientific and Religious Institutions," at present existing. Good;—but how will our Brotherhood stand the strain? The one question in the "Enquirer" is an interesting one as to the precise nature of the Christ of the Gospels.

Lotus Journal, October. Here the usual articles are well up to

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their mark, but the most important seems to us Mrs. Alexander's "Fairy Tale for Grown-ups" which all our "grown-ups" should read and take to heart. We hope this will not be the sole appearance of so well-known a writer on the Theosophical stage.

Revue Théosophique, July, is, of course, almost entirely devoted to the Congress, and only finds space for the continuation of Mrs. Besant's *Avatârs*.

Theosophia, September. In this number, after Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves," we have: "Dead Faith and Living Faith"; a portion of Mrs. Besant's "Discipleship"; Dr. J. W. Boissevain's "Discourses on Theosophy"; and two criticisms on a previous paper by Mr. B. de Roock, from Dr. M. Schoenmaekers and H. A. M. van Ginkel. The "Book-reviews" are beginning to form an important part of this valuable magazine.

Also received with thanks: *De Theosofische Beweging*, October; *Théosophie*, October, containing an extract from Mrs. Besant and an unsigned article on "The Advantages of Theosophy"; *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophic Messenger*, September; *Fragments* (Seattle); *Revista Teosófica*, the organ of the Cuban Section of the Theosophical Society, announcing the formation of two new branches; *La Verdad*, September, chiefly occupied with the Paris Congress and the Colonel's discourse, but continuing the translation of Ragon's "The Mass and its Mysteries"; *Theosophy in Australasia*, August, whose more important contents are the continuations of E. B. Wood's "Ideals," and W. A. Hart's "Man and the External World," "Duty and Responsibility," by J. B. McConkey, and Mrs. Besant's "Discipleship." *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, August, and *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Of magazines not our own we have to acknowledge: *Modern Astrology; Broad Views*, October, to which Mr. Sinnett's own contribution is a very interesting discussion of "The Difficulty of Governing the World," the difficulty being that as more and more human beings attain to some extent of freedom of will "the kârmic law is subject to continual interference, and its continual readjustment is a task which cannot but be regarded as one of difficulty even for the Divine Power regulating the whole undertaking." In addition to the running story, a pleasant little paper "A Burmese Pagoda," by Mr. Edward E. Long, deserves notice. *Occult Review*, October, has, in addition to various tales of haunting and so forth, "The X behind Phenomena," by Edwd. Carpenter, and an interesting sketch of the development of

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the study of the influence of mind upon the body, by Mrs. Alexander. In the *Indian Review* for August, a paper on "Mysticism" and the relations of the Vedânta to Western thought on this subject, by Vasudeva J. Kirtikar, has much interest for us. *The Dawn*, September, has two interesting papers on "The Shaiva Shrines and Festivals" and "Educational Institutions in Ancient India." From the former, we take a useful note: "The Shrine at Chidambaram is the one held in highest repute. If the pilgrim asks the priest to show him the God he is pointed to an empty space in the most holy of holies, which has been termed the Âkâsha-Lingha. The apprehension of God as Âkâsha is reckoned the highest form of worship, for it leads to the attainment of a knowledge of the All-Pervading without physical accessories in the shape of any *lingha*, which is, after all, only an emblem. When any devotee has reached the stage of worshipping God in this manner he is, according to the Shaiva doctrine, exempt from all future births, and secures absorption in the supreme essence of God." *Siddhanta Deepika; Visishtâdvaitin; Il Veltro*, a nicely got up Spiritualistic magazine from Genoa; *La Cadena de Union*, published at Montevideo, and describing itself as a Masonic Review; *O Mundo Occulto; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Leaflet; Herald of the Cross;* and *Humanitarian.*

A small pamphlet by C. Gopala Rao, entitled "Astrology—a forgotten Phase," does much credit to its Tanjore printers. The little work is well worth reading. Its point of view is indicated thus: "The first thing to remember in Astrology is that no man is a slave to the planets, in the sense that the planets alone are responsible for all his deeds. The disposition of the planets at the time of birth shows (1) the progress made by that person in his evolution, (2) the fruits of his previous karma (so much as he has come to enjoy), (3) and his path for emancipation; or rather the means he has for correcting his errors." Something like this I fancy all who have had any experience will be prepared to admit.

W.

No one has the right to say, "I understand men." All that one can truly say is, "I am in a fair way to understand them."—ST. BEUVE.

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