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SEPTEMBER, 1907

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THE
THEOSOPHICAL
REVIEW

VOL. XLI

SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 241

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WITH our last issue was to have appeared the strange story of what may be called "The Holy Dish of Glastonbury." This

The Holy Dish of
Glastonbury story was set up and paged, and only withdrawn at the last moment at the instance of Mr. Wellesley Tudor Pole, whose present narrative corrected a number of inaccuracies in the account we had received. It was then too late to substitute the story as we heard it from Mr. Tudor Pole's own lips, expanded as it was with a number of interesting details, some of which do not appear in the account which was shortly afterwards published in the press.

It was in last October that this strange "find" was made at Glastonbury—consisting of a cup-like, or rather saucer-like, vessel, of blue-green colour, in which blue is the prevailing hue. It is apparently of glass, in which silver-leaf is beautifully and cunningly inlaid so as to form figures resembling a Maltese cross with a leaf ornament between each arm. Whatever else it may be, it is acknowledged on all hands to be a unique piece of workmanship.

Since its discovery Mr. Tudor Pole has sought far and wide the opinion of experts; but so far he has met with no authoritative solution of the archæological problem which this rare piece presents. The experts are puzzled. It is very old; there are no other specimens. Or, it is a forgery. But forgery of what?

Two days before we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the fortunate possessor of this treasure, he had told the main substance of his story to a distinguished company gathered together at Archdeacon Wilberforce's.

The strangest feature about the whole strange matter is the enormous interest that has been displayed not only in the relic itself, but also in the story of its discovery. There has not been the slightest appearance of scepticism. Mr. Tudor Pole's straightforward account has not only been unchallenged, but has been most eagerly listened to. It is also of interest to note that Mr. Pole's whole time is absorbed in the anxieties of a large business at Bristol, and that he himself is more surprised than anyone else at the mystic experiences which so to say have been thrust upon him.

* * *

THE following is taken from *The Express* of July 26th, and is an accurate account, as far as it goes, of the romantic story we heard for ourselves from Mr. Tudor Pole, and The Discovery in which some of the parts were played by mutual friends or acquaintances. Of the truthfulness of the narrator's story we have no doubt; and long before hearing the narrative itself we were acquainted through a mutual friend with Dr. Goodchild's expectations concerning the mysterious cup at Glastonbury.

At the beginning of the year 1902 Mr. Tudor Pole "received an impression" that near Glastonbury Abbey a relic of a holy nature lay buried. As time passed this mental impression grew stronger. It recurred again and again, by day and by night. In September last the sensation reached a climax.

He said that while he was sitting in his office, in the midst of the most prosaic surroundings, he experienced what can only be described as a "waking dream." He saw, either in a "dream" or so clearly with his mind's eye that it seemed a "vision," a spot which he remembered well—a small rivulet and a pond on some farm land known as Bride's Hill, about

half a mile from Glastonbury Abbey. In the shallow well, or spring, which is the source of the rivulet, he saw buried a small vessel.

Being unable to spare time from his business to go to Glastonbury, Mr. Tudor Pole sent his sister, and two other ladies, one of whom is a "clairvoyante," to the spot. Turning over the mud in the well the ladies found, among other things, the mysterious glass vessel.

It was covered with a broken slab of stone, which had apparently protected it from injury. It was then, as now, in a state of perfect preservation.

Mr. Pole's sister and the other ladies were so deeply impressed with the discovery of the glass vessel that they forbore to take it away. Having carefully washed it they replaced it in the well, and returned to Bristol with the other objects which they had unearthed, which included a small cross and gold chain and a carbuncle jewel.

At this time Mr. Tudor Pole was slightly acquainted with Dr. Goodchild, although both state that they had met only once at a friend's house, and had never had private conversation or spoken at all about Glastonbury.

Knowing Dr. Goodchild's reputation as an antiquary, Mr. Tudor Pole's sister and the other two ladies went to Bath to show him the cross and jewel. He came to the conclusion that they were articles which a few years before had been placed in the well, which is apparently a mystical shrine known to a small body of religious persons.

The ladies then described to Dr. Goodchild the glass "cup" which they had also found, and Dr. Goodchild at once recognised it as one which he himself had placed in the well in the year 1898, or eight years before.

Dr. Goodchild then invited Mr. Tudor Pole over to Bath to see him, and told him the circumstances in which he placed the vessel in the well at Glastonbury.

These circumstances were of a kind which many persons will probably regard as incredible.

* * *

FOR many years Dr. Goodchild has spent part of the year at Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera. In 1885, twenty-two years ago, while he was at Bordighera, a friend of his told him of a curious glass vessel which was in the little shop of a local tailor. Dr. Goodchild went and saw it, was surprised to find that it was apparently a rarity, and bought it for £6. He believed at the time that it was a forgery, although he does not claim to be a specialist in glass.

When he returned to England he showed it to his father, who took possession of it. Some time later Dr. Goodchild had an astonishing experience of a psychical nature.

While he was staying at the Hôtel St. Pétersbourg, in Paris, in 1896, he states that he fell into a trance; that a figure appeared before him and told

him that he was in great danger ; that the cup which he found at Bordighera was the "Cup of Our Lord" used at the Last Supper ; that when his father died he must take it to the "women's quarter" at Glastonbury ; that subsequently a woman would arise and prophesy ; and that the cup would be brought forth within ten years, and "would be a means of moulding Christian thought."

In the following year, 1897, his father, when dying, sent the cup by messenger to Dr. Goodchild, who was abroad. Dr. Goodchild returned with it to England, went to Glastonbury, discovered the ancient "women's quarter," and, on the instruction of "clairaudient voices," deposited the cup in the shallow well or spring.

In 1900, Dr. Goodchild went to the well again, but found that it had apparently been cleared. He could not find the cup, and concluded that it had been taken away.

He visited the well again, generally once a year, but neither saw nor heard any more of the cup until it was discovered by Mr. Tudor Pole's sister.

* * *

MR. TUDOR POLE told an equally astonishing story concerning his experiences with the cup in London, where he brought it in December last to submit to

the authorities of the British and South Kensington
A Vision of the Last Supper Museums. After visiting the museums he went to a reception, where there was a "Celtic seer," an Irish "clairvoyante." This lady, on seeing Mr. Tudor Pole,

said: "You are connected with a very holy relic." At that moment Mr. Tudor Pole was holding the vessel, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, in his hand. The room was not well lighted. The woman lightly touched the relic, and, he says, immediately the room was filled with a strange radiance. Then, according to Mr. Pole, an amazing thing happened. The woman went into a trance, and described minutely the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. At a later stage in the trance she described a very large church, in the centre of the altar of which, she said, was at one time placed this sacred relic. Then she described the scene at Bride's Hill.

Mr. Tudor Pole declares that on several occasions he and his friends have seen a vision of a woman holding the cup in her outstretched hands, which Dr. Goodchild was told about in his Paris trance.

So far, none of the experts who have seen the strange cup have been able to say when or where it was made. There is nothing to compare it with. The earliest date assigned to it is the time of the Phœnicians—2,500 years ago. The latest date is thirty years ago, when some cunning Venetian forgers of antiquities were at work. But it is said to be acknowledged that it belongs to a class of ware of which there is no other known example, and that if it were a forgery it must have been copied from something in existence.

This is indeed a strange story, and reads like a romance.

It, however, happens to be true. It would, of course, be going too far to accept the visions as replicas of actual history and so identify this relic with the "cup" of Grail tradition; it is, however, highly probable that it may have been used in some early Christian mystery-rites and so still retains its power.

* * *

THE Presidential Address delivered at the recent meeting of the British Association at Leicester by Sir David Gill, the Astronomer Royal at the Cape, was devoted to his own special subject, and especially to singing the praises of exact measurement. The science of measurement has reached so marvellous a development that no one but a specialist can rightly appreciate its beauties. But even so, the infinitudes of celestial space are still essentially as great a mystery to us as they were to the ancients, even to those of them who declared that the true end of man was to contemplate the celestial sphere. It is true that our physical knowledge of space and its contents is incomparably greater than theirs, but are we any nearer to real understanding of its marvels? Shall we ever by physical means accomplish so infinite a task? Measurement, it is true, has done much to reveal motion where antiquity saw nothing but fixity; and the science of astro-chemistry has taught us marvellous things concerning the evolution of suns. But is there to-day an astronomer who believes it possible that the whole celestial sphere is but a mirror of the divinity within himself? Is there one who ventures to believe that the history of man is written in the heavens, and the mysteries of heaven hidden in man? And yet that was what many of the ancients believed; for them the contemplation of these greatnesses was not only awe-inspiring, but initiatory into the most sacred of all sciences.

Were they deceived? Was it all a fond imagination void of all reality? Or was there that way a way out, more efficacious than millions of years of measurement and spectrum-analysis?

* * *

HOWEVER this may be, the great modern specialists of measurement and the rest, in spite of their triumphs, do not seem so very

hopeful of the success of their science. Their investigations—all honour to them for their ceaseless industry and admirable labours—seem to end almost in despair. It would seem almost as though they were being forced to cry with the Seekers of Brahman: “Not this, not this.” For Sir David brings his admirable Address to a conclusion with the following words:

The Crucibles of
the Creator

The stars are the crucibles of the Creator. There we see matter under conditions of temperature and pressure and environment, the variety of which we cannot hope to emulate in our laboratories, and on a scale of magnitude beside which the proportion of our greatest experiment is less than that of the drop to the ocean. The spectroscopic astronomer has to thank the physicist and the chemist for the foundation of his science, but the time is coming—we almost see it now—when the astronomer will repay the debt by wide-reaching contributions to the very fundamenta of chemical science.

By patient, long-continued labour in the minute sifting of numerical results, the grand discovery has been made that a great part of space, so far as we have visible knowledge of it, is occupied by two majestic streams of stars travelling in opposite directions. Accurate and minute measurement has given us some certain knowledge as to the distances of the stars within a certain limited portion of space, and in the cryptograms of their spectra has been deciphered the amazing truth that the stars of both streams are alike in design, alike in chemical constitution, and alike in process of development. But whence have come the two vast streams of matter out of which have been evolved these stars that now move through space in such majestic procession?

The hundreds of millions of stars that comprise these streams, are they the sole ponderable occupants of space? However vast may be the system to which they belong, that system itself is but a speck in illimitable space; may it not be but one of millions of such systems that pervade the infinite? We do not know. “Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?”

But the mystic as he strives to realise these immensities is filled with new and strange hopes, for he remembers the old wisdom-saying: “That is thy Self—no other.”

* * *

THE greatest interest of the recent meeting, however, was centred in a historic debate. For three hours a mighty battle raged round the atom. Lord Kelvin, who finished the debate, though he spoke with wonderful fire and imagination of the infinite possibilities to

The Battle of the
Atom

which radium had opened our eyes, declined absolutely to believe that matter is a form of motion, and the atom merely whorls of electrons that may escape and break down particles of matter which he believes to have remained unchanged since the earth was nebulous. The veteran scientist valiantly defended the old order of things atomic against the onslaught of the discoverers of a new cosmos within the atom. This great discussion on the constitution of the atom and the density of the ether will certainly be recorded in history, and definitely marks a most important moment in the evolution of our concept of matter. The theory that the ultimate unit of matter is not the atom but the electron, and that electrons are "particles" of electric power, has now definitely received the sanction of the younger school of scientists. When Lord Kelvin had finished Sir William Ramsay announced the startling results of his recent experiments with radium emanations, which strikingly confirm the theories of the new school.

* * *

THESE had been already summarised in the "Research Notes" of *The Academy* for July 27th, and are of such a startling nature that the writer has to admit that if the facts bear the only interpretation which it is at first sight possible to put upon them, "the transmutation of the elements is now assured and the alchemists' dream has become a reality."

The Alchemists'
Dream a Reality

Sir William's startling experiments in radio-activity are of such profound importance not only in the region of chemistry, but also in their bearing on physical philosophy in general, that we append the summary to which we have referred.

In company with Prof. Soddy, Sir William showed four years ago that the radium emanation, when left for a short time in a glass tube, gives the spectrum of helium; and the same phenomenon has been observed by other investigators to occur with actinium, and, as Sir William now tells us, with thorium. If, however, the radium emanation is dissolved in water the resulting spectrum—as we now learn—shows that not helium, but neon, has been formed; and if, for water, a saturated solution of sulphate of copper be substituted, the spectrum of argon manifests itself. It seems, therefore, that out of the five rare gases of the atmosphere discovered by Sir William Ramsay—*viz.*, helium, neon, argon, krypton and xenon—the three first named, which are the lightest of the group, can be produced almost at will

from the spontaneous dissociation of radium. But radium is itself an element and the descendant, in an imperfectly ascertained way, of uranium, the heaviest element known; while the five gases named, from their refusal to combine with other substances and their other characteristics, should be the most elementary of all the elements. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that chemists like Sir William Ramsay are now able, in one or two instances at least, to convert the heavier elements into the lighter.

This, however, by no means exhausts Sir William's stock of marvels. He tells us that the sulphate of copper solution, having been left for some time in contact with the radium emanation, shows, after the removal of the copper, the spectrum of calcium together with the red line of lithium. Control experiments have proved that the same effect is produced when nitrate is substituted for the other copper salt, but not when lead is used instead of copper, or water in the place of the saturated solution. It seems fairly certain, then, that it is the copper which brings about the appearance of the lithium line. But lithium is the next element to helium in the second series when the elements are arranged in accordance with Mendeléeff's Periodic Law, its atomic weight being seven against the four of helium. It is thus probable that the lithium is in this case formed from the helium, which is, by the hypothesis, the first dissociation product of the radium emanation. But unless we are to believe in the existence of some hitherto undiscovered protyle or *prima materia*, we must think that this conversion of helium into lithium has taken something from the copper. This is Sir William Ramsay's suggestion, and is borne out by the fact that if we adopt Mendeléeff's arrangement in groups instead of in series, we find Group I. reading from top to bottom [hydrogen], lithium, sodium, potassium, and copper. Now Sir William found very distinct traces of sodium in the spectrum, and thinks that this and also potassium may turn out to be "degradation" products of copper, although the fact that they are both present in the glass of the vessel employed makes the proof difficult. Calcium, too, comes next in series to potassium; while if we continue Group I. downwards, we meet first with silver, and then, after a long interval, with gold. . . . At present everything goes to indicate that gold and silver may some day be produced by a chemical process in the laboratory.

Immensely important as all this is in the domain of physics, it is to be doubted that the dream of the early alchemist was the transmutation of the elements in the sense in which it is generally understood. At any rate Zosimus, one of the early Greek alchemists, writing at the end of the fourth century, tells us that "the Stone that is no stone" is the secret of the "Mithriac mystery"—and that secret was the new birth, a transmutation indeed, but the crucible was the human body.

OF SOME WAYS OUT

IN the dim borderland between the worlds of sleep and wakefulness a man has many opportunities of seeing strange things. But sight is not observation, and understanding does not companion it; so more often than not he is indifferent to such happenings, disbelieving what he sees with his inner eyes, while he holds his ear attentive to the "death-watch" ticking in the wainscot, or to the hundred night noises which he magnifies into a burglars' raid. It is a fairies' raid, did he but know it, the theft of his everyday senses from his everyday brain, to empty it for holiday proceedings. But he knows it not, though he knew it in his childhood; he is concerned definitely with the "things of this world," not of the happy other world which used to lie on his nightly horizon.

In some such way it seems that normal healthy people prepare themselves for the Little Liberation. Their pillows are stuffed with such imaginings; one knows them so well when one stays in their houses.

"Fire!" whispers one pillow, just as the head is burrowing into its comfortable nest; and the imps who make night-holiday at once supply smell of smoke, crack of timber beams, and sense of suffocation on a grand scale. "Death!" whispers another—an eminently pious pillow this—accustomed to nightly expectancies of the great change. When the dreamer lifts his head from such a pillow in the light of day it is always with a sense of surprise that all is well with his body; sometimes, too, with a feeling of disappointment that nothing has happened after all. But has nothing happened, or is it only that he remembers nothing of his way out into the wider world?

Some of these pillows have such personalities that one feels it wisdom to carry one's own about, and to use it, too, despite conventions.

But each pillow holds the secret of the way out. It hears far more than we hear, for it listens to the throbbing of weary pulses, hears the scrape of the tired lashes on its linen, reads and sees by contact just what the sleep-folk see on their difficult or delectable way into the other world.

Perhaps if a census were taken of the various ways out—and in these days of statistics we may look for it at any moment—the majority of men would say they knew nothing, except that their heads went down upon their pillows, and they slept. Nothing is present to such men, always excepting the fire, death, and burglar night-imps who keep holiday with the lengthened shadows.

But is it not possible that these very ordinary night-terrors are just another way of opening the door? Folk talk learnedly about elementals, and the population of the astral plane, but over and over again one fails to recognise some unit of the populace when one meets him on the borderland of sleep. He seems to be something built of years of terror, insubstantial, vague, with strange grey out-spread hands; he gets folk by the throat, and his touch is like the dusty velvet touch of a bat flying low in the twilight. One has to be rude to these people, to refuse to take them seriously, "bloody-bones" or phosphorescent skeletons, and all. They will argue with their repulsive and fleshless jaws over the ultimate end of humanity; they will snatch at one's faith and hope with misty fingers; they will deny themselves, these phantoms, and then break up, bone by bone, and go off laughing. They love to frighten folk.

Sometimes one thinks that the priestesses of the temple—nurses—are widely responsible for these dwellers on the threshold. They direct the bony phalanges of the spectres to the always open door; they have poured into the ears of little children all the sordid personalities of death. "And sleep is but a little death," they say, and quote charnel hymns by way of proof. And the child in the nursery quakes, just as the man in the larger nursery loses sense of himself, the man within, in the expectation of something awful past imagining drawing nearer every day.

This is one way out. For one knows that as in a nightmare one wakes at the climax of dread, so in the open-eyed agony one

crosses the border, and sleeps when the torment is beyond endurance. Perhaps this is the way out to the lowest depths of the Hela-pool, where all cowards go, so say the sagas. There is consciousness of struggling, lifting the soul out of depth below depth of pestilential slime, the primæval slime in which wallow all the horrors of the night world. There is, too, the consciousness that such struggling is without avail, that the awful sucking action must conquer in the end, and the man flings up his arms above his head, and "goes out" in despair.

One small and sleepless child was recommended by a kindly nurse to count the sheep which jumped over an imaginary hedge, promising her that by the time she reached twelve—her counting limit—she would be fast asleep. The child was obedient, and counted nightly her dozen sheep, leaping with grotesque uplift of their quarters over the bramble-hung hedge. She saw them leave tufts of wool on the bramble-trails; she heard them bleat and pant with their efforts; she knew that a black sheep led the flock with a tinkly golden bell hung round his neck; but she never slept till long after the twelfth sheep jumped its hedge.

One night she noticed a difference in her sheep; the golden collar round the neck of the leader seemed in some mysterious way to shine like a great wheel of gold; the sheep was larger than usual, and its green eyes looked intelligently in her direction. "I wish I might ride that sheep," she thought, and with the wish came instant gratification; she found herself seated in a golden saddle on its back. It lifted itself easily above the hedge, and the child saw curious freckled wings stretch from its moving sides. It seemed to fly through endless space, where there lay fields of moon-flowers, coloured like pearl, and filled with sleeping dreams. As it passed its black coat changed to golden, its fleece shone red as fire, it grew within itself another body, the very marvel of the golden lamb. The child knew it at once, it was the same sheep which carried Helle and Phryxus across the sea, but her hold was more secure than Helle's, and she put out her hand and touched the golden fleece. The ram stopped, and set her gently down, and she found herself in wonderful pastures, where she made chains of daisies sitting at Mary Mother's feet.

And when she looked on Mary Mother she saw that Her face was like the face of the great Aphrodite in her pictured dictionary at home, with all its beauty, all its tenderness bent down to her, and Her voice telling wonderful fairy-tales that seemed without beginning as without end.

It was a beautiful way out across the thorny hedge, and every night, for year on year, the patient sheep stood waiting for her, ready to lift her over the brambles which bounded her bed and tumbled bed-clothes.

Sometimes it seems that all the stories of the world lie hidden just beyond the limits of that hedge. Sometimes people seem to catch just a glimpse of the little flowers that trim its banks, and each flower opens its scented mouth and whispers secrets, in a voice which is like a song. Sometimes, beyond the hedge, one sees a glint of gold, and understands that the sheep is waiting there for the next child who has leave to travel to the faery-world that lies outside.

Once a man tried to find out his ways of sleep; and wasted many good hours of dreaming in his search. But after a while he found that he knew some ways of his going; that he could see a step or two ahead into the other world. He could not always make himself go out the same way, but he knew always that under certain circumstances he would so go out. He used to feel himself sinking depth under depth in cool green water, where the long weeds waved, and the little fish swam in and out among the coral boughs. He could force himself to open his eyes, just as after practice a man can open his ordinary eyes when he puts his head in a basin of water; before long it seemed simple and easy to do it; not difficult to keep his balance on the shelving sea-floor with his bare feet; to stand upright even when the caves in which he stood seemed much smaller than himself; to accommodate the body which he was beginning to understand to the circumstances and the limitations of the water-world, just as he had been taught to fit his ordinary body to the upper world and its surroundings.

Each one who passes out into the wider ways seems to tell us that the width of those ways is yet set round with laws. They may be different, but they are strong. And it is well, they tell us,

not to break them. In the water-world man seems to move more freely than in the world we know of here. He seems less hampered by the size of his body, the poverty of his muscles, or he is better able to adapt them to his needs. But he sees, as well, that when he looks upward he really sees below, and when he would go forward he must 'set his face the other way, or he will never reach his goal. And if he stops to argue with his watery self on the matter of his going, he rises out of the sea, and finds himself, by ways he cannot tell, back in his bed, with the sheets twisted round his throat like a rope of sea-weed.

When that man finds himself sinking in these pleasant seas he knows he is finding his way out; and that, as soon as his bare feet touch the ribbed and sandy floor, he will wander through dim grottoes, blue with the speech of the sea, and hollow through its whispering, past doorways hung with ribbon-weed, and caverns set with tinted shells, till he comes to the place of silence where he finds his rest.

Once he found another way across the bar. He conceived within himself the wish, and with it the will, to change the fashion of his body. He built up before him the semblance of a glass jar, narrowing at the neck, widening below. He felt his body change into a vapour, insubstantial as grey mist, and he felt himself pass easily within the confines of the jar. Twice and thrice he passed within it, finding entrance and exit easily enough. He passed into a smaller jar, and again into a third. But with the entrance into the third came a terrible feeling of oppression, the glass of the jar seemed to close in upon him, pressing his vaporous body into thin and spiral forms. He knew that he could just manage to escape the closing walls, and he endured the effort and the torture of his passing, as if expelled by force beyond his own. Sometimes he wonders what would happen did he let the walls close in upon him; sometimes speculates on a possible infringement of an unknown law. But he knows it was once a way out, for he has tried it.

Extreme sensation seems to force out a way for man; perhaps it may be only another way of saying that the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence; for the energy of feeling seems to unbar doors which otherwise are shut. They open to extremes,

so that one sweeps through, or sails through, according to one's state. And one has a curious belief that according to one's state so shall the country be on the other side of the door. If one sets out furiously fury meets one. Sometimes she is extremely horrible to look upon, snake-haired, with jagged weapons in her hand, and she threatens the invaders of her kingdom. But she also compels them to come in. Whereas, if one sets out in apathy, how dull and flat is the country past the doorway; wraith-like people meet one, speaking foolish things in whispers with a ghostly smile. They are bored to shadows, and the visitor grows bored likewise. If he knows how, he escapes from the country and tries another doorway; but the majority of travellers have to stay till the Other-world policeman moves them on with no uncertain voice.

There seem to be many doors, chiefly invisible ones, into the other country, and these doors open for us at unexpected moments. Over and over again one is reminded of Alice in Wonderland, and the little golden key which unlocked her mysterious door. She could open it, but she could not fit herself to the size of its entrance. With us it seems otherwise; once show us the door, under-seas, or over-air, and we can enter in. To see the door, seems to give the seer right of way, at any rate for once. Alice's door opened into a beautiful garden, full of cool fountains and bright flower-beds set in golden sunshine. So the vision beautiful opens a door for us, even as fear has opened it, and hate, and love.

There is a long white road winding over the open moorland, up and up among the heather and amber bracken till the top is lost in the sky. The sky lies beyond the moors in opalescent silence, and it is always immediately after sunset in that land. The shadows lie still and long, stretching over the white road; the grey stones which lift their heads above the heather are dim in the gloaming. Half way on the road stands a belt of trees, mysteriously blue, and powdered with a wonderful bloom like the bloom which bees kiss from fruit. It is all shadow, all still; and as one climbs the hill—it is quite easy, the stones never touch the feet, and one never heeds the gradient—one draws near the wood with a feeling of awe and bliss. It is a

way out. As soon as the first tree is passed, as soon as its long boughs sweep downward with a sigh of happiness, one finds the doorway and the key. One does not explore the wood, one is content to hold the key in one's hand; but the wood is probably worth exploration all the same. For it seems to be yet another doorway into another and still wider world.

There seem to be many doorways through many woods. In one such wood, where the great trees seem like beech-trees, there are always little pools of sunlight lying even in the densest shadow. It is like walking under a wonderful sea to pass beneath the depth of green. When one is in that wood one imagines, or realises—which is it?—that all the elements are one to him who gets beyond the gateway. One bathes in the sun-pools just as one may dry oneself in the depths of the sea. Sometimes the sea runs in, like wind among the tree-tops; it is the forest-memory, perhaps, which makes the sigh of the sea sound in our waking ears. It knows its kinship with the wood beyond the water-way. Sometimes great water-weeds lift up their purple heads and blossom in the waves of the upper air. Sometimes, too, but not often, the vast trunk of some gigantic tree swings open, and one finds a doorway within a door. Sometimes there stands a guardian in that doorway. He is not always the same, and yet he seems one with all the rest. Sometimes he is part of the tree, with his limbs its branches, and his hair its leaves; sometimes he seems pent within the tree, as one crucified, and all the tree throbs with his pain; sometimes he is wreathed with leaves of the wild vine, and his head is thrown back joyously, and his singing holds in it the sound of all the winds that wander through the forest, and his eyes have all the light of sunshine through green leaves. Then one hails him as the Ever Young, whose sun-bower waits our coming, even as it waited the coming of Etain. Beyond the tree-trunk lies the sun-bower, just a little journey through the heart of the wood, through the wonderful Body of the Young Son.

Sometimes through the wood-ways comes another figure. It is another wood, a forest made of apple-boughs, where the grass lies grey with dew under the grey trees, and the coloured petals fall, soft as butterfly-wings, on the turf. She who comes is clad

in green robes and gilt buskins, and she takes the man by the hand, and leads him through the alley of blossoming trees. She gives him to eat of the apples; and eating, something comes to him which is neither sleep nor death. He has found a way out, and the butterfly-wings are his to wear while he stays under the blossoms.

Sometimes it is strange fruit which gives a man his liberation; sometimes the Sign of the Doorway is made for him, not drawn with hands; sometimes a veiled figure yields him a chalice, which he takes kneeling, for he knows it to be a sacrament. Sometimes fire runs down the burnished edges of an ever-turning sword, and takes him from himself.

Sometimes he finds himself in a low grey church, kneeling before the crimson flame which burns for ever at the altar. In his hands is an unsheathed sword, wrought with strange runes and carved with spells. Through the lancet window, which is ever on his right hand, comes a wavering moon-ray. He knows well, though he understands not how he knows it, that when the moon-ray reaches a certain image on the wall the sword will pulse between his hands, will grow alive with waving curves and flames of fire, will bend round on itself like a fiery serpent, and in the likeness of a Flaming Wheel will carry him whither he will.

Sometimes sound will bear him away, and the sound to him is sight and touch, and every sense that is known of the waking mind, and other senses too. Sometimes it is a perfume which unlocks the door; the scent of an unearthly rose, a winged rose, set about with a crown of gold. Sometimes a password is granted to a man, granted not by whispered word, but by a symbol of which the man himself is but a part. For the one moment he himself is the doorway and the key; for only of himself can he pass through himself, and find himself wood of the tree, scent of the rose, wave of the sea, and flame of his own fire.

M. U. GREEN.

In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus autem caritas.

THE LADDER OF THE LUMINOUS CROSS

AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN GNOSTICISM

I.

THE FALL OF SOPHIA

AND the Saviour having turned, stretched up His hand, and marked a cross in the air coming down from above even to the abyss, and it was full of light, and had its form after the likeness of a ladder. And all the multitude that had gone down from the city into the abyss came up on the ladder of the luminous cross.

ACTS OF PHILIP (*Ante-Nic. Lib. XVI. 311*).

To those who know somewhat of the wide, almost irreconcilable divergence between Gnostic and Catholic Christianity, who are aware of the innate antagonism which characterises their respective view-points, it may be surprising to hear that the Gnostics, no less than their Orthodox opponents, placed all their hope of salvation in the Cross. But here they part company; for the Cross in which the Gnostic trusted was not the Cross of Calvary.

Pathetically symbolical of all that is best and noblest in man enduring for the sake of all that is worst and most ignoble as the Cross of Calvary is, it was to something far transcending this—something supreme in its immense significance, the glory and wonder of which might well give the sturdiest thinker pause—that the Theosophists of those days turned the eyes of their souls, on which they hung all burdens and all hopes, at whose pedestal they knelt in profoundest adoration. This Cross was the Light-Cross extended throughout the Universe—that Mystery which at once separates Heaven and Earth and yet links the highest with the lowest; which stretches forth its transverse arms as a perpetual barrier between the Ideal and the Sensible Worlds, yet

whose vertical arms touch God with one hand and the lowest depth of Tartarus with the other; vertical arms that form a ladder whereby all that is heavenly may come down upon Earth, and all that is earthly be lifted up into Heaven. This, for the saints and sages of those days, was the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

A consideration of this Light-Cross naturally falls into three divisions.

We must first consider the genesis of that World-substance from which the whole material fabric of creation is forever being derived, which the Gnostics termed *Sophia* (Wisdom); for it is between this and the Ideal World, or *Plērōma*, that the Cross stands as boundary and limit. And here we must glance at the metaphysical aspect of the Fall of *Sophia* and the place occupied by the Luminous Cross as a solution to the problem of Mind and Matter.

Secondly, we must turn our attention to the nature and activity of that World-enforming Power, the Creative Energy of the Divine Mind; for it is this Power that streams down the vertical arms of the Cross and brings to Matter the "Enforming according to Substance," and later the "Enforming according to Gnosis." Indeed the Cross itself is no other than this very Power; for it is the creation of the sensible universe that brings into being the barrier which exists between it and the world of Divine Ideation.

Thirdly, we must consider the living Ideas of the Universal Mind which are thus expressed in Time and Space; those "Limbs of the Ineffable" which descend on the Ladder of the Luminous Cross and are clothed in bodies woven from the texture of Matter.

It is a fact of universal experience that ideas tend to become realities; that thoughts tend to express themselves in word or action; and that until such suitable expression be found the idea remains void and the thought without significance to all outside the mind to which they owe their origin. This tendency is at the root of all active life, of all art and literature, of all philosophy and religion. Ideas burn the brain until they have been clothed in substance and become manifest; moreover, though an idea loses inevitably in its expression, is ever greater than its mani-

festation, yet, in itself it gains thereby; attaining, by means of contact with Matter, in definiteness of form and clarity of outline.

It is common experience that when we have "put our ideas on paper" they are much more real to ourselves, while also becoming visible to others. Now Creation is nothing more than a "putting on paper" of the Eternal Ideas in the Mind of God; it is an ever-varying expression of Divine Thought; a cunningly-devised Drama, written on Papyrus spun from the warp of Time and woof of Space, which we name Matter; written with a living Stylus, the Life-Stream of Necessity, the Bridge spanning the gulf between God and created things which we call Energy; written that it may give expression to those Divine Essences, those innumerable Units of Consciousness, which form the vast Brotherhood of all living creatures—the true Church Militant.

But the idea is not bound by its expression, it far transcends any mode of expression, and the "Limbs of the Ineffable" are immeasurably greater than their temporal investiture, which is all that we can know of them and which we name the Universe. They are not bound by their expression; but, by it, do they themselves gain in self-knowledge, becoming forever more radiant Beams in the Bosom of Supernal Light.

In this Self-expression of the Divine we lay hands on the very foundation of Life; the iron Necessity binding the Universe is but the eternal Desire at the Heart of things for the revelation of what lies within it. As the Poet may not rest, but by inward and irresistible frenzy is compelled forward, until with pain and time he find, or mould, a casket for the jewel of his thought; so even the Heaven-Nature, with groan and travail, seeketh a manifestation for the "Sons of God," nor may rest until a living casket be fashioned for the "Pearl of great price," for the Idea burning within Him for utterance, until Eternity be robbed in Time.

But for Mind to express itself two things are indispensable: Matter and Energy. The human mind finds the former of these in the world around it and needs but to select what material it will for its work; and Energy is already within it. But in the case of the Divine Mind it is somewhat otherwise: Energy truly is within it, but Matter is not to be found in any surrounding

condition. The Plērōma is beyond Space and Time, and therefore beyond Matter, the joint-product of these two king-illusions. Indeed neither Space, nor Time, nor Matter has as yet any existence; the Mind of the Universe broods solitary in Eternity. Therefore the Substance with which the Ideas in this Mind are to be clothed has to be *produced from the Mind itself*; the Heavenly Poet has to weave His own papyrus, from strands of His own making.

This "Creation of Matter" is what was mystically named, by the Gnostics, the "Fall of Sophia."

How it was accomplished is nowhere discernable, and only enigmatic hints and allegorical adumbrations are to be met with; nevertheless the hints are not without significance for those whose eyes begin to have vision; the truth is at once concealed and revealed in a Legend. This Legend is the Sophia-Mythus, or rather the first chapter of that Mythus, of which Hippolytus gives the following account:¹

"But of the twelve, the twelfth and youngest of all the twenty-eight Æons, being a female, and called Sophia, observed the multitude and power of the begetting Æons, and hurried back into the Depth of the Father. And she perceived that all the rest of the Æons, as being begotten, generate by conjugal intercourse. The Father, on the other hand, alone, without intercourse, has produced (an offspring). She wished to emulate the Father, and to produce (offspring) of herself without a marital partner, that she might achieve a work in no wise inferior to (that of) the Father. (Sophia, however,) was ignorant that the Unbegotten One, being an originating principle of the universe, as well as root and depth and abyss, alone possesses the power of self-generation. But Sophia, being begotten, and born after many more (Æons), is not able to acquire possession of the power inherent in the Unbegotten One. For in the Unbegotten One (he says) all things exist simultaneously, but in the begotten (Æons) the female is projective of substance, and the male is formative of the substance which is projected by the female. Sophia, therefore, prepared to project that only which she was capable (of projecting), *viz.*, a formless and undigested substance."

¹ *Ref.*, vi. 25.

In the foregoing extract several points deserve notice: First among these is the respective function assigned to the Male and Female Æons, or in other words, the positive and negative poles of the Divine Mind. The Female is *projective of substance*, while the Male is *formative of that substance*. This became very apparent in our considerations of the Plērōma,¹ where Ideation (female) contained the Aggregate of Ideas, which Being (male) fashioned into new forms and modes of thought;² and this notion plays a no less important part in the subsequent expression of that Mind.

Further, both these functions, that alike of furnishing and of informing substance, co-exist in the Unbegotten One, the Ineffable Father; and therefore He alone is capable of producing without consort, or syzygy, while all further developments of thought are the result of interactions between the Focus and the Field of Divine Consciousness.

Thus the production, or projection, of Sophia (Wisdom, a female Æon), without the aid of her consort (Theletus), is an Abortion; she is indeed able to produce substance, but that substance is devoid of shape and unfashioned, as being the child of a female principle only. That is to say that the Divine Mind, in its negative aspect (substance-producing) and in the lowest form of that aspect (for Sophia is the last of the Æons forming the Dodecad, the "lowest," or most exterior, phase of the Plērōma³), conceives within itself, and projects into the plane of Time and Space, the material Basis of the Cosmos.

This also is a female, or negative, principle, *i.e.*, productive of substance; it is "without form and void," awaiting the formative power of the "male" phase of the Divine Mind for its enforming and completion. But this "Abortion" is not Matter as we know it, but the Mother-substance of Cosmos, the primæval Ocean of Space; and it was called "Wisdom" by the Gnostics, though Wisdom fallen from her high estate and exiled from the

¹ THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, xxxviii. 453, 518.

² Surely this is a somewhat puzzling use of terms? "Being" can hardly be said to "fashion" any thing; while "Ideation" can hardly be said to be female, unless equated with "Conception."—ED.

³ *Ref.*, vi. 24, 25.

Plērōma—the “Wisdom Without” in contradistinction to the “Wisdom Within,” the feminine aspect of the Cosmic Mind.

She is further likened to the girl in the legend of Herodotus,¹ “two-minded, two-bodied, . . . as far as the groin a virgin, and (in) the parts below (resembling) a snake.” For she is both the Mother of the Æons by her “right-hand” birth, and the World-mother, by her “left-hand” birth; both eternal and temporal; yet ever the substance-producing principle, ever the material ground whether of Intelligible or of Sensible existences. Concerning this “Great Mother” Hippolytus has the following statement:²

“This was in the beginning with God, all things were made by him, and without him was not one thing that was made. And what was formed in him is life.”³ And in him (he says) has been formed Eve; (now) Eve is life. This, however (he says) is Eve, mother of all living,—a common nature, that is, of gods, angels, immortals, mortals, irrational creatures (and) rational ones.”

Thus the Divine Mind, in order to find expression for Itself, cast forth into the plane of Time and Space its own shadow as it were, which is an amorphous mass, without motion and without life—Matter, the reflection below of the feminine aspect of the Cosmic Mind. So, likewise, Energy is the reflection of the masculine aspect of that Mind, and fashions formless substance into the myriad forms of the universe; from Chaos brings forth Cosmos. Thus the interplay between the positive and negative poles in the Plērōma is repeated in the Kenōma, the Sensible World, which is in every respect its image and expression.

But between the Sophia thus fallen and the Plērōma, there now stretches an impassable barrier; for the Cross extends its arms eternally between the Intelligible and the Sensible Universes. This is the “Great Firmament” of Basilides, the “Ring pass not.” It is the uttermost Limit of Space and Time, beyond which Space and Time are not. Beneath it lies the shapeless, motionless “Abortion” of primæval substance—

This wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,

¹ *Ref.*, v. 21; Herod., iv. 8—10.

² *Ref.*, v. 11.

³ *Jn.*, i. 2—4.

But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds.¹

Above this abyss shines the Living Æon, whose brilliancy exceeds that of the brightest of our luminaries; that

Holy Light! offspring of Heaven firstborn.²

And the Cross stands immovable, unshakeable, as a perpetual barrier between God and His Creation. And here we see emphasised the *transcendent* aspect of the Logos in contradistinction to His *immanent* aspect. Concerning this Cross Hippolytus remarks:³

“This Abortion of Sophia, (which was) shapeless, (and) born of herself only, and generated without conjugal intercourse, separates from the entire of the Æons, lest the perfect Æons, beholding this (Abortion), should be disturbed by reason of its shapelessness. In order, then, that the shapelessness of the Abortion might not at all manifest itself to the perfect Æons, the Father also again projects additionally one Æon, *viz.*, Staurus.

“And he being begotten great, as from a mighty and perfect father, and being projected for the guardianship and defence of the Æons, becomes a limit of the Plērōma, having within itself all the thirty Æons together, for these are they that had been projected. Now this (Æon) is styled Horos, because he separates from the Plērōma the Hysterēma that is outside. And (he is called) Metocheus, because he shares also in the Hysterēma. And (he is denominated) Staurus, because he is fixed inflexibly and inexorably, so that nothing of the Hysterēma can come near the Æons who are within the Plērōma. Outside, then, Horos, (or) Metocheus, (or) Staurus, is the Ogdoad, as it is called, according to them, and is that Sophia which is outside the Plērōma.”

This is that aspect of the Cross which separates Heaven and Earth; but there is another aspect of the same Mystery that connects eternally the one with the other, and to which I must recur later. Thus the Plērōma is bounded off from the fallen Sophia by an impassable gulf, and is imagined to occupy

¹ *Paradise Lost*, ii. 910, 916.

² *Ibid.*, iii. 1.

³ *Ref.*, vi. 26.

an intermediary position. For above it stretches the unknown, unknowable Darkness of the Ineffable Father, and below it extends the wide expanse of unfashioned Cosmic Substance; while it itself is, at one and the same time, both the Image of the Ineffable and the Pattern whereon Matter is to be moulded.

In Hippolytus's summary of the Peratic Gnosis this is very clearly expressed as follows:¹

"According to them, the universe is Father, Son, (and) Matter; (but) each of these three has endless capacities in itself. Intermediate, then, between the Matter and the Father sits the Son, the Word, the Serpent, always being in motion towards the unmoved Father, and (towards) Matter itself in motion. And at one time he is turned towards the Father, and receives the powers into his own person; but at another time takes up these powers, and is turned towards Matter. And Matter, (though) devoid of attribute, and being unfashioned, moulds (into itself) forms from the Son which the Son moulded from the Father. But the Son derives shape from the Father after a mode ineffable, and unspeakable, and unchangeable. . . . And in like manner, again, (he says) that capacities flowed also from the Son into Matter. . . . As, however, one who paints from nature, though he takes nothing away from animals, transfers by his pencil all forms to the canvas, so the Son, by a power which belongs to himself, transfers paternal marks from the Father into Matter."

The immeasurable capacities lying hidden within the Ineffable, are self-revealed, as Eternal Real-Existences, in the Cosmic Mind, or Plērōma; thence they are transferred, by the Energy of the Logos, to Matter, which thus becomes the outermost revelation and embodiment of the Unbegotten One.

These are the three "Worlds" or "Realms" into which Gnostic cosmography divided the Universe. The "Ingenerable," which is the God beyond Being; the "Self-generable," which is the revelation, as Mind, of the "Ingenerable"; and finally, the "Generable," which as yet is but unformed Substance. Potencies in the first become Ideas in the second and are thence transferred to the third, which on their reception, takes form as

¹ *Ref.*, v. 12.

the multitudinous Universe. And here arises the perennial problem of the mutual relationships of Mind and Matter.

It is not the business of the present essay to enter into any lengthy metaphysical considerations. The metaphysical value of Gnosticism, as a system of Idealism, is indeed a fascinating subject, on which a great deal has yet to be said; but the consideration of this question lies outside the present attempt. Nevertheless, it will be necessary, for a just appreciation of the position occupied by the Luminous Cross in Gnostic philosophy, to attempt a brief outline of the central problem of metaphysics; for the "Cross in the air coming down from above" was an answer—in symbolical and mystical language—to that very problem.

That problem, roughly stated, may be said to be the reconciliation of the apparent duality with the apparent unity in experience. The following considerations may make this a little clearer. It is impossible to speak of sensory experience in terms of Mind, or to speak of conceptual experience in terms of Matter. That is to say, the difference between Mind and Matter is one of the most elementary factors in our very experience itself.

Mind is intensive and abstract; Matter is extensive and concrete; and therefore our sense-experience is not to be confounded with our thought-experience, and indeed cannot be so confounded. Between Ideation and Sense, between Mind and Matter, lies a gulf that human thought cannot span. And herein lies the fundamental duality of experience.

Had experience, however, been limited to this obvious duality the problem of metaphysics had never been raised, for pure dualism would then have been the inevitable conclusion of thought.

But obvious as is this antithesis between Mind and Matter, it is not more obvious than the close unity and interdependence of these two aspects of consciousness; and by *unity* I mean that either is inconceivable apart from the other. Our sense-experience becomes intelligible only as it is presented to Mind; and our thought-experience becomes valid, becomes other than empty idea, only as it is verified in terms of Matter. Otherwise put: Our knowledge of any external object is twofold; in the

first place there must be a *presentation to sense* by which we become aware of a certain relationship existing between ourselves and such an external object; and secondly, to give meaning to this there must be a *presentation to thought*, by which we recognise that relationship. Sense-perception would remain meaningless unless it bore some relation to the then content of Mind; unless it took its natural place in a certain pre-existing system of ideas by means of which it became recognised for what it was.

This recognition by Mind of any object of Sense for what it is implies of necessity the memory of previous sense-perceptions of the same or similar nature, which, in their turn, furnished the system of ideas without which recognition, and therefore meaning, would be impossible. Thus Mind is needed to give intelligibility to Matter, and Memory is seen to be a fundamental property of Mind.¹

But the converse is equally true. Any system of Ideas, as such, can have no meaning or validity apart from verification in terms of Sense; theoretical knowledge becomes scientific only as it is verified by experiment. The vast web, for instance, of hypothesis and theory that forms the advance-guard of scientific progress remains unintelligible until verified by repeated and careful experiment, converting this or that hypothesis into demonstrable law, rejecting this or that other hypothesis as its unverifiability becomes demonstrated.

Scientific progress is the slow conversion of theory—constructed on observed data—into proved and repeatedly provable generalisations; the successive correlating of idea with sensible fact. The discovery of Neptune was the verification of an idea in terms of Matter; the decipherment of hieroglyphics was the conversion of theory into demonstrable law.

Thus Matter is needed to give intelligibility to Mind, as Mind is needed to give intelligibility to Matter; and these two aspects of experience—Thought and Sense—are seen to be mutually interdependent, either incapable of meaning or validity without the other; the two necessary halves of one whole. Hence, therefore, the problem of metaphysics; the reconciliation of the apparent duality with the equally apparent unity in

¹ THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, xxxviii. 518.

experience. With the various answers to this problem we are not here concerned. As we have elsewhere shewn¹, the philosophy of Gnosticism was Idealistic.

The answer to the above problem was allegorically and mystically shown forth in the Luminous Cross extended in Space. But let us first see what light is thrown by the above metaphysical considerations on the "Fall of Sophia." That "Fall" from Real Being to phantasmal existence, from Eternity into time, is thus seen to be in no sense a transgression or an accident, but a necessary mode of Divine Being.

For the consciousness of Deity to be in any sense complete, to be omniscient, must contain the two inevitable aspects of experience: the conceptual, which is the Intelligible World, and the perceptual, which is the Sensible World. One without the other is unintelligible. Our Universe needs the Divine Mind for its interpretation and completion; and that Mind needs the Universe for its validity, its meaning, for the continual verification in sense-experience of its Eternal Thought.

Thus, in this sense also, we are as essential to God as God is to us. His Omniscience implies both Idea and Sense, both Mind and Matter, both Plērōma and Kenōma, both the Eternal and the Temporal Orders. There is a Universal Body as there is a Universal Mind.

Nor is the Fall of Sophia to be thought of as an incident in time, however remote, but as a continual happening. As the generation of the Son, or Noumenal Order, from the Father is not a process in time but an Eternal Begetting; so also the generation of this Phenomenal Order is not a temporal epiphany but an Eternal Revelation in the flesh. Sophia "falls" every time a Divine Idea is realised in Matter, every time the Ineffable seeks to verify in sense-experience the concepts of Its universal Mind, for, as Professor Royce has ably demonstrated, this verification of all Ideas in experience is of the very nature of the Omniscient.²

Thus the phenomenal universe is the expressed Mind of God and is not to be regarded as in any sense in opposition to

¹ THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, xxxviii. 455.

² *The Conception of God*, p. 8, ff.

that Mind. The Logos, as we have elsewhere seen,¹ is the Revealer; and this in two senses. He is the Self-revelation of the Ineffable, and again the means whereby the Ineffable reveals itself in Matter.

That these notions formed part of a very early tradition of Christian Gnosticism may be gathered from what Hippolytus has to say concerning the heresy of the Simonians.²

“Now the indefinite power which is fire, constitutes according to Simon, not any uncompounded (essence, in conformity with the opinion of those who) assert that the four elements are simple, and who have (therefore) likewise imagined that fire, (which is one of the four) is simple. But (this is far from being the case): for there is (he maintains) a certain twofold nature of fire; and of this twofold (nature) he denominates one part a something secret, and another a something manifest, and that the secret are hidden in the manifest portions of the fire, and that the manifest portions of the fire derive their being from its secret (portions). And the manifest portion of the fire comprises all things in itself, whatsoever any one might discern, or even whatever objects of the visible (invisible?) creation he may happen to overlook. But the entire secret (portion of the fire) which one may discern is cognised by intellect, and evades the power of the senses; or one fails to observe it, from want of a capacity for that particular sort of perception.”

This passage brings to our notice a point of very particular interest. “Simon” is represented as maintaining that “there is a certain twofold nature of fire,” that is to say that the secret and the manifest portions are yet *one fire*. In other words the Intelligible and Sensible Universes are, according to this scheme, two aspects of one and the same thing; an exceedingly suggestive idea. The World of Matter is thus not any less a manifestation of the “God beyond Being” than the World of Mind; one is the outside, and the other the inside of the same Mystery. The Plērōma and the Kenōma are *one*, looked at from two different points of view. In other words, the Sensible World *is* the Intelligible World regarded from the view-point of time and

¹ THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, Vol. xxxviii., 451.

² *Ref.*, vi. 4.

space; and *vice versâ*, the Divine Mind is this universe regarded *sub specie æternitatis*.

Thus it becomes apparent that the two transverse arms of the Cross which separate the World of Real Ideas from that of Unreal Existence, which stand immovable, unalterable, forever, between the Plērōma and the Sophia without, are none other than the two king-illusions of our experience, time and space. They condition all things below them and shut off from our view the timeless and spaceless Reality beyond.

Together they form the "Last Limit"; the last necessary modes of our finite thinking. They are "Horos," since they are the boundary of our sense-experience, of our universe of Matter "visible and invisible"; they are "Staurus," since man cannot remove or transcend their limitations; and they are "Metocheus," since they themselves partake of finitude and imperfection.

Above this barrier lies the whole world of Divine Thought and Reality, below it, the whole world of phenomenal existence; above it the Plērōma, below it the Kenōma.

But it is no fictitious or arbitrary boundary; as we have seen, it is a boundary inherent in the very nature of things; the eternal gulf between Mind and Matter. It is also significant that it is called "Metocheus"; for this indicates to us that the basic illusions of our existence, like all other illusions, exist only for us, not for God. From the standpoint of man there is limitation, imperfection, and pain; from the standpoint of God there is fullness, perfection and peace. But this barrier is only one aspect of the Universal Cross, an aspect emphasising only the duality of Mind and Matter; there is, however, another aspect which emphasises their unity. This is the vertical beam of the Cross; stretching from highest Heaven to deepest Hell.

Concerning this Cross, we read in the Acts of John :¹

"This Cross of Light is sometimes called the Word by Me for your sakes, sometimes Mind, sometimes Jesus, sometimes Christ, sometimes a Door, sometimes a Way, sometimes Bread, sometimes Seed, sometimes Resurrection, sometimes Son, sometimes Father, (sometimes Spirit), sometimes Life, sometimes Truth, sometimes Faith, sometimes Grace. Now these things

¹ *Texts and Studies*, Vol. v., No. 1, pp. 18, 19.

it is called as toward men ; but as to what it is in truth, as conceived of in itself and as spoken of to you—it is the marking off¹ of all things, and the uplifting and foundation of those things that are fixed and were unsettled, and the joining together of wisdom.”²

We have as yet considered it in only one of these aspects, that of the “marking off of all things” ; we have now to consider it in its second aspect, that of the “foundation” of those things that “were unsettled, and the joining together of wisdom” ; which last phrase is significant, since it is this Ladder of the Luminous Cross that connects the “Sophia without” with her Mother, the “Sophia within” ; this world of “Darkness” with the “Light” ; and, in yet another sense, human wisdom with Divine Wisdom—man’s Agnoia with God’s Gnosis.

J. REDWOOD-ANDERSON.

A PEEP INTO MY INNER LIFE

ONCE more I feel as if something very wonderful has happened to me, although there is no external justification for such a feeling. Everything is just the same as yesterday, yet somehow or other the very atmosphere seems impregnated with some inspiring perfume. I am sitting in the familiar armchair, and before my eyes is the familiar scenery of a few meadows enclosed by the evergreen hedges. I have seen it all a thousand times, yet seem to see it for the first time. At least everything has acquired a fresh aspect for me. Every tree seems to rivet my attention as if it were the most important of all the objects which catch the eye. “Look what a wonderful thing I am !” it seems to whisper reproachfully, as if resentful of my habitual indifference to all that is external. And I do look, and a tender feeling of appreciation is rising from the depth of my heart.

It seems as if everything wore that touchingly timid expres-

¹ διορισμὸς.

ἁρμονία σοφίας.

sion with which animals gaze into human eyes. Yes, I understand what it means. It is the look of an orphan yearning for parental tenderness, without being able to claim it by right; the hungry look of those who have lost what they loved most.

At last I have deigned to satisfy its mute craving to be taken notice of; and, behold, what an outburst of joy is rising from the tomb of my own self! The wind no longer suggests the moaning of the damned; the sunshine has lost the expression of grinning imbecility which it had before imparted to the face of the earth. Nature has become the rejoicing bride enfolded in her lover's arms.

Ah, what a sense of delightful repose is stealing over me! The rustling of the wind reminds me now of, as it were, a contented purring, that little by little becomes lost in the singing of the silence. But hark, what melodious sounds are these? Do I dream or am I awake? It seems as if nature had resolved itself into one of those *dolce pianissimi*, which are a fitting accompaniment to the sweetest memories. There is no distinct tune, but only a ripple of musical breaths, as if of wind through the chords of an æolian harp, so that now all tremble in unison, now in succession, now in a laughing peal as if they were playing blind man's buff—on and on tirelessly and full of joyous rascality. And I cannot help echoing their busy *far niente*. What should be their object, if not to infect me with their own intoxicating buoyancy?

The laws of gravity have apparently lost their sway. A sense of aerial lightness expands me, and now I feel as though swinging in ever-widening sweeps. I am getting giddy, and flashes of dazzling light surround me on every side. I try to steady myself, but my effort has only altered the form of the cyclonic commotion which has taken hold of me. At first it seemed external, but now I seem to have confined it within my own self. I feel as if my materiality were being rapidly transformed into steam, which is as though it were escaping through my ears. Their buzzing, when experienced for the first time, filled me with panic; but I know now that it will suddenly end in the profoundest silence.

And so it is. I seem to have arrived at the goal of the aerial

journey. And now I am reduced to a state of utter passivity. Before me is a luminosity which is constantly shaping itself into variously coloured patterns. But all at once, as if I had touched a magic button somewhere, I find myself gazing on a piece of beautiful scenery bathed in brilliant sunshine. I am beginning to take in its details; but alas, I seem to have lost my passivity and all is speedily fading away. I hasten to suppress myself, and before long there is another vision: this time a farm-yard with a hen walking gravely across it. I dismiss it with a frown—farm-yards are not fascinating for me—and as I have no great taste for the passivity which I should have to continue to maintain in order to conjure up another vision perhaps just as idiotic, if not more so, I turn on my thinking tap.

I am bringing to my consciousness how free from all limitations I feel. If asked who I am, I could not get beyond the I—I—I—. As I have ceased to oppose myself to anything, I feel at a loss to find a predicate with which to complete the answer. “I am I” is a mere tautology, whilst the bare “I am” would imply that I distinguish myself from Being, when the peculiarity of my present state is precisely the absence of such a distinction. Indeed, it is a vain endeavour to define myself in the form of a proposition, because the standpoint of conception is now obliterated with me. I am only conscious of inchoate fullness, but so that I at the same time feel perfectly simple. Ay, that state of blankness has overtaken me, which betokens the advent of sleep. I can quite understand that a second, a century, a million years are in this state the same. Space is no more. Time is no more. Naught is.

* * * *

Did the heat overpower me? To judge by the direction in which the shadows are cast by trees, I lost my consciousness for some hours. This interruption of my meditations by externally verifiable periods of mental blankness when subjectively they would pass unnoticed, is to me a familiar experience. Just now the striking of the clock has thrilled me with a painful shock. I have scarcely succeeded in resuming my quietude, when—listen to the clock, it is striking again—seven o'clock! Another hour gone, and yet the last hour's striking is still chiming in my ears.

Did I fall asleep anew? I cannot say; at least I was not sleepy, nor do I feel now as if I had just awakened from sleep. On the contrary, I feel wonderfully fresh. Ah, let me hug myself with happiness. Why? I do not know. There seems to be no definable reason for my elation. Besides, I do not care to rack my brains for one. Indeed, I am hardly identifying myself with the present. Now it seems to me as if I were still at home; it occurs to me that I ought to go to a place where I used to go. But no, I seem to remember myself as being actually in Prague and as having prepared a particular study for to-morrow's lecture.

"Aha, my memory is playing tricks with me!" I say to myself suddenly, but only with the intention to re-live lazily scraps of my past. People and places that I seem to have forgotten long ago, begin now to arise before my mental sight with an astonishing distinctness. "Halloa," I feel like shouting; for I am listening now to a tune which I have been trying to recollect this past fortnight—a Tyrolese song of exquisite sweetness which a friend of mine recently played a few times on the piano for me. In vain did I try to retain it in my memory, and now I hear it once more with all the *verve* of my friend's execution. How it sets me thrilling! It is my dreamy youth that breathes through it. "*O gioventù,*" I sigh, "*primavera dell' età, o primavera gioventù dell' anno.*" The song makes me feel as if I were an old man looking back at my own youth—the time of my first love. Since then I have learned to think of life as a maze of delusions; yet how sweet does it seem in spite of its disappointments! But it occurs to me that I am indulging in sentimentality. Enough of dreaming.

All this time my body has been only a dead weight. In order to break off the play of imaginative memory I pick it up and give it a shaking to recover myself completely. It feels a bit rigid; indeed, the left arm seems to be dead. I cannot help smiling satirically at those who think that we are only the body. I find the task of shunting it about somewhat tedious at times. But as it has to be put up with, let me do so with good grace. I ought to have something to eat, but I prefer to walk up and down in my garden. The sun has nearly completed his daily round, and the evening breeze is most welcome. I stop now and

then in order to inspect some object more closely, or to chat a little with our cat, who is in a social mood, or to watch the red ball of the sun. But simultaneously I seem to be becoming dual once more.

True it is I who am walking here up and down, yet at the same time I seem to be watching in myself somebody who is not I. At moments this duality strikes me with such a strange vividness that I feel quite amazed. It is occurring again and again, yet it is as if I realised it always for the first time. "Here am I," I seem to be telling myself; "yet how strange that I should be here. Is it indeed possible that I have been living here for several years?" I feel myself so free from all limitations, that my living on one spot seems to be an anomaly. At moments I am not at all sure whether I am not merely indulging in one of my memories of what happened many years ago.

The sense of my duality is occurring to me constantly also with respect to my age. Although I am already thirty-three years old, I have a difficulty in realising that I am so old on the one hand, or so young on the other. It all depends on whom I am dealing with and on what footing. In respect of ordinary relations with people, I feel as if I were still an insignificant school-boy. Therefore whenever I am addressed gravely as "Mr." and moreover given the lead, I always experience an inner shock as if I were pressed into the *rôle* of an actor. I do not feel myself as a grown-up "Mr.," and least of all do I feel fit to take the lead among grown-ups. When I worked on a farm I never could get myself to ask a fellow-worker to give me a hand with a difficult job. I could never even get myself to order a waiter in a *café* to bring me a paper. I may laugh at it myself, but it is a fact that I often stand before a looking-glass full of incredulity that it is really my own reflection which I see in it. It seems so curiously strange that I should have the appearance of a mature man. Or I am staring into my own eyes, wondering at their expression, and somehow unable to identify myself. Yet if I had to indicate the shape which would represent myself more adequately, I should feel most embarrassed. All the wonder is arising really from the fact that the "I" is only thinkable and therefore cannot be seen at all. In so far as I am identified with

my body, I experience therefore always the same inclination to protest; but as the protest is only an instinctive movement of my rational consciousness, it does not go beyond the stage of an indefinite wonder that my body should be bowed to when I am more or less unconscious of its reality.

But this strange sense of duality disappears directly I deal with people on a rational footing. Those who come to me with the deliberate purpose to discuss their problems, make me feel as if I were very, very old. Let them have grey heads, to me they seem schoolboys who are vainly trying to master the lesson which I am putting before them. To listen to the various theories which purport to regenerate the world, to banish want, war, disease and the rest of evils, taxes my patience, because the attitude of the social reformer towards the world is mostly impious. Only the evil looms for him everywhere; indeed, he actually denies the presence of Divine Wisdom all through the universe. And yet in spite of his crass ignorance behold him pretending to know the source of every disorder; "if" only his theory were put in practice all would be well again. It jars on my nerves, this short-sighted making wise; and when I find that my criticism of the absurd negations on which his reasoning is based is brushed aside as an idle speculation—"what is wanted is doing, not thinking"—I have had enough and the discussion comes to an abrupt end, leaving my opponent convinced that he has been dealing with the most arrogant of all popes. But then, when I feel very old, I do not care in the least for such opinions.

Those who get angry with me, towards them I feel suddenly able to act without the slightest consideration for their feelings. But those who endeavour to understand me or be friendly with me, can do with me almost everything. I never could complain to my landlady when she left my room unswept or was guilty of worse omissions, so long as she did not frown at me; but let her show me bad temper and I would at once become able to remind her of her breach of duty. Once a fellow-tramp was telling me how he travelled in a Danube river-boat to Trieste; yet as he seemed to have taken a great fancy to me, I could not get myself to remind him that the Danube discharges itself into the Black

Sea, lest I should hurt his feelings. For the same reason I have never been able to make any propaganda, but, on the contrary, had always difficulty in asserting my independence in respect of ordinary relations with people. My disposition to oblige made me often nod and even laugh at doings which were otherwise repulsive to me. It is only with those who profess to think that I feel quite positive ; the rest I expect to count me for nothing.

I am thinking of all these peculiarities of my character as I am walking up and down, and cannot help smiling at the impression which they produce on critical onlookers. Some have called me a humbug. Well, why not ? Is it not only another name for being a contradiction ? And who is not one ? The whole universe is only a gigantic humbug, if you like. At least, there are those who have found it so wanting in every respect that they have taken God for the greatest blunderer alive. The nature of consciousness is triune, *i.e.*, implies a contradiction, and, therefore, nothing in heaven or on earth is free from it. Everything at once is and is not ; it is this and is not that. The chief thing is to realise the *is* and *not* as aspects of that which is neither and both, *i.e.*, of God. It is only so long as they are each credited with independence of the other, that the *is* is put on the pedestal—that God is conceived as exclusive of all negations—whilst the *not* plays the part of the orthodox devil.

Everybody conceives his own standard of virtue and expects the rest of mankind to live up to it under the penalty of incurring his displeasure. He who knows the truth ought not to drink beer, nor eat meat, nor smoke, nor get excited, nor resemble in any respect ordinary folk. I do not mind being guilty of behaving like an ordinary man, and therefore must be a humbug, for at the same time I also profess to know the truth. Such is the verdict of orthodoxy. It strikes me as so funny that I feel like shouting with laughter.

But the sun has set and darkness is enveloping the garden. I sit down on the step before my bungalow and abandon myself to one of those ecstatic moods which defy description. My imagination seems to roam through all the spheres of human experience, but only in order to form a background to the sense of intense piety which suddenly sweeps down on me. All

seems pure, elevating, divine, because I am recognising its true nature. Again I am realising clearly that the world need not wait for some reformer to devise a universal panacea for all ills. The rule of Divine Wisdom is not so sadly impotent that Justice or Brotherhood only ought to be. God not only ought to be, but is *now*. And in so far as the world is His thought-form, it certainly reveals Divine Wisdom already now—but, of course, only to the seeing eye! The sins and evils—what are they but only the shadows of ignorance? In the light of truth they are the nightmare of self-forgetfulness. The only true panacea is awakening.

That which produces illusions is the intellectual consciousness. In so far as I realise myself as *per se*, I am at one with God. But when I assume the standpoint of ordinary consciousness, crediting the world with independence from me, my present insight becomes obscured, and so far from realising myself [as God, I on the contrary seek my own *raison d'être* in that of the world. Still, does it follow that if I temporarily cease to think purely, *i.e.*, to be at one with God, that God has ceased to be? That which has been once thought, cannot vanish as if it had never been, even when it is apparently absolutely forgotten by me. For Thought is a universal something and therefore not conditioned by my intellectual consciousness; indeed, it is God's Being. Therefore God continues to be all through my forgetfulness or fall into ignorance; only as I cease to realise His essence directly, I find it as the world surrounding me—in disguise.

This makes it clear that the conception of a creation of the world from some primordial stuff is utterly irrational. The Demiurgos must not be fancied in the image of a potter, but sought for in our fall into ignorance. The creation is not a matter of active repulsion or of giving birth to something freshly created, but only of preservation of the moments of pure thinking all through our rational torpitude. The creation of the world is only a figure of speech referring to a philosophical vindication of its character as the preserved pure Logic or Logos. Ah, would I could whisper into every ear words of comfort and consolation! How is it that you are crying, my child? Am I not with you?

Can you utter a single word or make a single step without me? I am the conceiver and doer alike. Here I am the cynical joker to whom nothing is sacred; there I spend years in pious meditation. Know me in the midst of vices and virtues alike. Nothing can happen but that I am in it. Only beware of confounding me with my *incognito*. I am not what I seem to be.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

THE MISSING GODDESS

II.

DARKNESS had fallen e'er Babul uncovered his face and arose from his knees. Radiantly happy, the Glory and Power of the Great Spirit not yet wholly departed from him, the boy came forth into the outer court of the temple, and began to relate to one and all, how he had spent the afternoon with his Mother the Goddess, and how she had taught him many new and strange things concerning the Great Spirit of the temple, concerning the Great Work of the Master. Eagerly they listened to his wondrous visions, to his wondrous knowledge, so eagerly that they did not notice the approach of the High Priest, who in a sinister attitude stood livid with jealous rage, as he watched the loving attention of the crowd.

At last, unable to contain himself longer, he burst into the midst of them and demanded in tones of wrath, what was the cause of all the confusion.

At first there was dead silence, no one dared to speak; then one of the priests stepped boldly forward and told of the marvellous portent of the Veil, which had been rent asunder in the presence of the Child, of the visions and the wisdom which had been bestowed upon the youthful seer. The boy himself came forward, and told the Holy Father how at the touch of his fingers, the curtain had been torn in two, and how he had been the whole day, from noon to sunset, conversing with his Mother

the Goddess. At first the Priest turned ashy pale at the thought of the hidden secret, then a gleam of something akin to triumph flashed into his eye, and he spoke in tones of mingled hatred and rage: "You lie; your visions cannot be—for the Goddess is not there."

"The Goddess is not there!" cried Babul in utter amazement. "Then he knows that there is no Goddess in the shrine," echoed the priests and priestesses, the servants of the temple. And again fear and dismay seized upon them, and with it this time distrust of the Holy Father, the Head of the temple. Have we been deceived? was upon the lips of everyone. Has there been no Goddess and has he known this?

The aged Priest, with raised hand, trembling as he uttered the terrible doom, thus addressed the child: "Prepare for death; this penalty have you doubly earned—for disobedience to my commands, for uttering words of falsehood and professing visions which you never had." Then dismissing all, he hastily retreated to his own apartment.

The Holy Father spent the night in an agony of remorse and fear. No sooner had he uttered the fearful penalty, than his hatred towards the boy vanished. He felt within himself leap up a desire to save him from his doom; but he was afraid. Pacing up and down within his bed-chamber he spent the night in fearful combat with himself. He heard the Voice within speak forth clearly, in notes which rang through his whole being: "You have wronged the Child, you have sinned."

And then in a hoarse false voice he struggled to answer back. Again and again during that terrible night he cried out in vindication of himself: "It must be done; my duty is to the temple, not the boy. The boy is a danger to the community, wherever he walks evil omens follow. The temple must be my first care; it must be saved."

And then flashed through his mind the thought, the awful truth, that he could never save the temple, for his secret was revealed. How could he face the community again? His own hypocrisy had been disclosed. The power of the innocent boy, now victim of his wrath, had rent in twain the veil with which he had hoped to screen his own emptiness. And in the agony of

despair there descended upon him knowledge, knowledge that his Dignity had departed from him, knowledge that he no more had the Power he had of old, for the Goddess through whom he read the Will and Wish of the Great Spirit was shattered, and soon would all the world know this.

The temple would be saved, the power and blessings of the temple would still be bestowed upon the faithful, the searchers after truth would still be led by the Great Spirit of Wisdom; but he and his Goddess could never again be the channel, for they lay together exposed and dead.

If only he had never pretended that the Goddess still lived, if only he had not daily consulted an oracle which was no more, he might yet have been Head of the Church. He might still have lived as spiritual guide and teacher of the community, and found some new authority for his words. But it was too late.

The terrible punishment uttered by the High Priest, which had fallen as a death-knell upon the community, echoed in the ears of each and all, time after time during that long and dreary night. Not one retired to rest, all spent the night in prayer, earnestly beseeching the Great Spirit of the temple to spare the life of their darling boy. Some feared that their prayers must be in vain, for the Goddess, own Mother of the boy, had vanished from her pedestal. With such an evil omen, what hope for life or safety, what hope any more for answers to any prayer?

But Babul, what of him? Radiantly happy, full of the Spirit of Everlasting Life, the words had lightly fallen on his ears, the terms life and death seemed no longer to mean the same to him.

He retired to his little bedchamber, conscious only of the happy hours he had spent with the Goddess, his own true God-Mother, thinking only of the many new ideas implanted in his little mind by the Great Spirit of the temple, as it had played upon his soul.

To-morrow he must die; what joy! die to live for ever as a spirit within that shrine! He recalled once or twice the words of the Priest, that the Goddess was no longer there. What could this mean, he wondered; for the boy had never raised his eyes from off the ground, but wrapped in true devotion, had

mingled soul with soul in sacred communion with the Spirit of the shrine. Of the image he knew naught.

Next morning the High Priest sent for Babul and told him to prepare for the punishment that awaited him. But the boy replied that he was quite prepared, and only besought the Holy Father that he might be allowed to relate to him all the wonderful visions which he had had, and that he might tell him of a message which the Great God had given him to deliver unto the Head of His holy temple.

The High Priest in great anger cursed the boy, and told him never again to speak of messages from the Great God; for how, since the Goddess was no more, could the Deity descend and commune with men?

“On that evil day, when I initiated you into that most sacred office of Mystical Son of the Church, Own Child of the Goddess, even at the beginning of the ceremony was our sacred image rent in twain, and thrown from off her pedestal. What greater sign could we have of your unfitness for the office? How better could the Spirit of the temple have shown His wrath at your initiation? How now can you pretend to have communion with the Deity?”

Babul was silent; but as he stood there calm and undismayed, the Spirit of the Deity descended upon him and spoke through him:

“Think not because the Goddess is shattered, that the Power of the Spirit can no more play into the holy temple; think not because your hypocrisy has been laid bare, and the emptiness of your shrine during all these years has been revealed, that the Spirit of Truth has never been itself within the temple. Think not that the Deity reveals Himself only in signs and omens, through mutterings or lifeless forms.

“Think not that the shattering of the image and the rending of the veil were signs of the wrath of the God; but see in these the signs of greater life. For the Spirit of the Deity now lives and moves within the temple itself. Born first within its Chosen Child, it now no more dwells in seclusion within the hidden shrine, but lives within the outer court, within the world of men, and stirs and breathes, and passes to and fro where men wist not.

The oracle who gave forth the utterances of the God in foolish signs, omens, and strange mutterings, is no more, for the Power of the God is born again among men.

“Trust no more your idols, who utter forth the dictates of the God in proud and solemn words, bestowing favours here, penalties there; for the Deity resides no more in them. Search for the Spirit of Wisdom, and think not to find it in these crude forms. The age of idols is now passed, for the Spirit lives once more and speaks direct with men.”

The Presence of the Deity was withdrawn and once again the Priest and the boy were alone. The aged Priest trembled as he sat there before the boy; but this time it was not with wrath, but with fear. He was sore dismayed. He dare not touch the boy, he dare not speak. Why had the Great God not rebuked him for his hypocrisy, why had He not pronounced some great punishment for his deceit? Why had he not there and then dethroned him from his office; for, to the Priest, this would have been the greatest and most cruel blow? Why had the Great God left him unrebuked when He knew of his treachery towards the boy?

These and other thoughts were passing through his mind. And dimly there dawned on the mind of the Priest new ideas with regard to the Great Spirit, Master of the sanctuary. The ways of the Masters are other than the ways of men, they neither punish, nor do they bestow favours. These adjustments of the Great Law are left to those who live within the Law, and are in duty bound to carry out its decrees of right and wrong. The Masters do not reward, they know naught of the debts of men, for we are not debtors to the Masters, but debtors to ourselves, imprisoned by the law, till we have paid the price of our own initial sacrifice. They live within the world free; and it is in our moments of freedom from the world, freedom from the illusion sin, that we rise to other spheres of life, where justice *is*, and is not sought nor given.

“Holy Father,” began the boy, “if my Mother resides no more within the statue in the shrine, where can she be? If when my spirit entered her again to receive within her womb fresh favour from her Lord, the Great Spirit, Master of our House,

the Powers were too great for her frail form of clay, and rent it in twain, where would she go, what form would she seek next?"

"I know not, boy."

"Could not her spirit, freed from its aged tabernacle, have returned with mine and now reside with me? For ever since the day of my re-birth, I have felt around me a great protective power, as if some Great Soul quite other than my own dwelt within me and around me. It appears to me like a bright sphere of love which feeds and nourishes me, and when I speak to it, and call it 'Mother,' it seems to answer to my cry. And sometimes in my voice, as I repeat the sacred words, there comes a deep full tone like the Voice of the Sacred Shrine, and it sounds to me to come forth from this Great Sphere which I call 'Mother.' She must be somewhere within our holy temple, else what use were all our prayers. She must be somewhere nigh to clothe in symbol the messages from the Great Spirit, else how could we receive and understand them."

"My son," replied the Holy Father, "at your initiation the sacred stature within our shrine was shattered; yesterday at your touch the Holy Veil was rent asunder; such evil omens cannot be o'erlooked, we cannot have within our sacred building one in whom there dwells a spirit so contrary, so defiant of all the rules of our sanctuary. But if by the powers bequeathed on you from your long line of priestly ancestry, you can find for us the spirit of our Protective Goddess, and call her back again to dwell within the sacred shrine, then shall the penalty, which it was my duty to pronounce on you, be withdrawn, and some other lesser punishment found for the expelling of your evil demon."

"Most Holy Father, the Goddess shall be found, and if by my prayers and supplications she can be restored to the sacred shrine, then in it she will again reside."

"Go, and return to me no more, till the evils of which you have been the cause are once more set to rights."

The boy departed, and it was soon known throughout all the temple, that the terrible penalty to which he had been doomed was to be held in abeyance, and that his life was to be spared if through prayers and supplications the Goddess could be brought back into the sacred shrine.

Where was the Goddess? The shattered fragments of the image were hidden away; but the boy sought not for these. And as the priests and servants of the temple watched him in his search, and listened to his prayers and supplications, they learned, that for Babul, the Goddess was no silent figure of wood or stone or precious metal, who echoed forth strange words, but a Great Power which pervaded everything, and clothed the inner spirit daily with fresh forms. The Goddess for him was a Voice which sang in everything, and spoke to him of freedom, of life beyond this world of discipline.

And slowly the minds of the people were drawn from out their rigid forms, and they waited expectantly for new ideas. In prayer their thoughts turned no more to the sacred image, but the creative power of each mind was loosed and free.

And the seer saw. He saw the Goddess rise from out each one, the Goddess alive, weaving new shrines in which to dwell. The Goddess was no more a great sphere, which wrapped around him, but a Great Soul which rose high above the temple, above the sacred edifice, a Soul of ever-changing hue, of ever-changing form, a Power so great it could but shatter every rigid image.

And the boy in great delight cried out: "I see the Goddess everywhere; she lives and speaks in everything; but I know not how to catch her. Let us at the evening chant all kneel around the shrine, and with one voice entreat her to return, then surely she will come back."

At evensong they assembled one and all; and after the daily prayers and hymns, they circled round the sacred shrine, and knelt in special supplication; and the seer saw the Goddess rising from out each one, and hovering over the sanctuary. And as their hearts and voices rose in one accord, unbound by any image, the Power moved and stirred, and by its own activity caught the spirit of the Great Deity.

The Master once more descended, and speaking through the Beloved Child thus taught them: "Why call your Goddess back into the shrine? Why ever seek some image to utter the utterances of the Spirit? When will ye, earth bound children, learn that while the Spirit plays thus through gross or subtle

forms it is not the Voice of the MASTER, but some faint echo, which mocks the Great Reality?

“Is it the Spirit of Wisdom which stirs the oracle to pronounce, in loud stern tones, the penalties for disobedience to the Law? Is it the Spirit of Wisdom that is gratified by service and devotion, and in sweet soft tones murmurs forth great promises of reward, or showers blessings on the favoured few, who fawn upon her in adoration, ever ready to lap up blessings and favours, which flow from out her shrine? Is this the voice of the Spirit which calls to FREEDOM? Will ye ever think that the MASTER is the maker and director of all your little plans and schemes for salvation, that ye pray to Him concerning these alone? What knows the Spirit of these man-made guides to peace of mind? Seek your Goddess elsewhere; the image has been broken that the Voice of the MASTER may be sought in new and different channels. No more to command and direct the services of your temple, but flitting hither and thither will the Goddess be heard to whisper strange news of other happenings to those who can release themselves from the bondage of their devotions.

“Beware that ye lose not sight of your Goddess, for while searching for the familiar form, it may so happen that ye pass and re-pass the true Spirit of the shrine, who now freed from her aged symbol, clothes herself anew each morn, and so tempts on the true lover to subtler chase; far and near she sports with him.”

The Presence withdrew, the High Priest arose, and thus spoke: “It has been the Will of the Deity for time past, that there should be no Goddess in our shrine. If now it is the Will of the Deity that the Holy Veil be rent asunder, and that the Goddess return not to the sanctuary, we cannot but obey. For many many years have her dictates been given forth. For many many years have I, her humble servant, been privileged to interpret these signs and omens, and learn direct from her concerning the rules and disciplines of the temple. For many many years have I, through power bequeathed on me, bestowed free pardon on the sinners, and enriched with many a blessing the lives of our faithful servants. May we not in this wondrous omen rightly read a fresh initiation for our temple, that her Magic Power has been bequeathed on the Head of the Church,

most unworthy though he be, in order that the Goddess may be free. Even as the Great God spoke, her Power will still be with us, but playing through a new and different channel. Still may the faithful look for blessings, still may the sinners look for pardon. Come forward Child of Deity that this Great Day may see the first working of the Power bestowed on me, and the punishment, which for disobedience you should suffer, shall be removed and the sinner let go free."

And so the work of the temple went on even without a sacred shrine. The High Priest continued forgiving sinners who had never sinned, bestowing blessings on those who fawned. But the Child what of him?—He grew. And the Goddess?—She was free. So the WORK of the TEMPLE still went on in ETERNITY.

E. R. INNES.

THE Gnostic's WORSHIP

(FROM A PASSAGE IN THE WRITINGS OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA)

IN no selected temple, in no place
 Ordained for worship, nor at certain feasts,
 Nor on appointed days, but his whole life
 The mystic, in all places, honours God;
 Alone, or in the company of those
 Who a like faith have exercised, gives thanks
 For the sure knowledge of the way to live.
 And if a good man's presence raises all
 Whom, thro' respect and reverence, he inspires,
 How much more does not he who always holds
 Perpetual converse with Almighty God
 By knowledge, life, thanksgiving, rise above
 Himself at every step, in conduct, words
 And disposition? Such an one is sure
 God is beside him and does not suppose
 The Infinite in finite space confined;
 So that, persuaded that at any time
 He is without Him, with impunity
 He may indulge his passions night and day.
 Thus holding festival in our whole life,
 Persuaded that on every side our God
 Is altogether present, praising Him
 We cultivate our fields; we sail the sea
 Hymning, and in all our conversation
 Conduct ourselves according unto rule.

M. M. CULPEPER-POLLARD.

ADUMBRATIONS

SUPPOSING a man could see nothing but shadows, what conception could he have of the beautiful natural world of form and colour in which we live? How strange would be his misconceptions of the objects which delight our eyes; what queer abortions would he not bring to birth compared with the full-formed children of our developed senses!

And yet, for those who see the soul of things, we men, in spite of all the marvel of the sights of our fair world, live in a shadow-land. The things we see are shadows—things aslant, askew, dim outlines, out of all proportion, compared with the realities that live in the true sun-world—the perfect world of spheres whose heart is in the centre of all things.

Or to put it another way. Ordinary human consciousness is as it were a kind of prenatal existence compared with the state of perfected manhood—the flower of humanity.

This flowering of humanity is, to use another figure, the bringing to birth of a new consciousness; it is a new dawn of life and light. Of this other consciousness there are at first adumbrations, foreshadowings, only. And as the characteristic of this new con-science is recognised self-consciousness, the birth makes itself known by the ability to common-sense the objects of the five-sense world as adumbrations of the modes of a great soul, and by the faculty of contemplating thoughts as premonitions of the energies of a great mind.

But this great soul and this great mind are not essentially other than man's true self. They are the fullness of which the new creation is the germ. These adumbrations of the glories that ever are, are foreshadowings of what the man himself will be when he has reached perfection.

Not only are the natural objects of our five-sense world adumbrations of the glories of the one-sense world—the mysteries

of the soul of things—but all the great mystery-rites, all the great ceremonies, are foreshadowings of these greater things; and all the great myths and stories of the world are premonitions of the powers that perfect man shall wield, and of the glories that shall adorn him in the greatness.

We, then, who are still confined within the consciousness of normal man, are, in the light of this great consciousness, babes yet unborn.

It is difficult to find true words to name the various grades of the greater mysteries—the stages of the new birth, new childhood, and new manhood; for we in shadow-land can deal with the adumbrations only of great things—shades of the mysteries and the perfections. We must then be content to evoke the realities with the names of their shadows.

As in the lesser mysteries of generation, of human birth, and growth and death, and rebecoming, men were taught to recognise the shadows of greater things, so in the greater mysteries of regeneration, there is birth and there is prenatal existence. But how much more glorious is the greatness and freedom of the latter than the smallness and servitude of the former! If there be birth, it is the birth of perfected manhood; if there be growth, it is the expansion into infinitude; if there be death, it is the death of death, and the birth of immortality; if there be rebecoming, it is the power to become all things at will.

For those who are being made ready, for the aspiring candidate, the one who has put on the white robe, and whose heart longs for release, who is clothing himself in purity and whose face is set above, his normal human consciousness may be taken in some fashion as a faint adumbration of the prenatal existence of a human god; the darkness of the night of the soul is beginning to be faintly illumined by the first rosy beams of the rising sun.

It is the dawn of the christ-state in its most human phase. But if we here use the term "christ" we should remember that this word conjures up a single great adumbration only, one of many; and we should therefore be very careful not to limit our intuition of this sublime state by thinking in the terms of the Christian adumbration of the mystery too exclusively.

Perhaps some of my readers may object to the frequent use of the term "mystery"; but I know no more efficient name, not only for the sacred operations designed to bring man into contact with superhuman things, but also for beings and states of being beyond the normal world of man and its inhabitants.

Ordinary human consciousness, then, may be said to provide the conditions of prenatal existence for one preparing to attain perfection.

It is in such conditions of formal consciousness that there is operated in man what the Christian Gnostics called the "enformation according to substance." This is achieved by a further outpouring of the Divine Life which floods his being. But what is called the "enformation according to gnosis" is a later stage; the birth of mind requires breath, and only when the Great Breath is active in him, is he born in Mind, in the Great Air. Then and then only may he be said to rise out of his tomb, or be born from the cave or womb, and breathe the true Air of Cosmos. He transcends his personal limits and frees himself from the loving bonds of the Earth-Mother.

But even while the mystery of the "enformation according to substance" is being accomplished, whereby the substance of man's body is transmuted into the order of the cosmic elements, there is, it is said, a gradual sweeping away of all to which the consciousness of man has previously been accustomed. There is a purification, and the habitual ceases; the things we have grown used to are transformed.

This does not, however, mean a change so great that speech with mortals becomes impossible; but it means that speech must be in the language of adumbrations—of figures, symbols, allegories, similitudes, parables and myths—the shadows of the things that are, but which cannot be expressed or explained in the too unplastic medium of normal human speech.

And this language of adumbration is a fitting mode of speech to veil the mysteries, and at the same time to reveal the meaning of the mystery to those who sense its operations in their inmost life.

For in this new prenatal existence, it is not so very otherwise than with a human babe; though one is small and the

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For in this new prenatal existence, it is not so very otherwise than with a human babe; though one is small and the

other great, one is surrounded by the mother's womb, the other is encompassed by the vault of heaven.

An unborn babe, it is said, becomes conscious of many things that it afterwards sees. Before birth it is surrounded by fluids and forces that to the perceptions of which its *body* (body, not mind; it has no mind till breath comes) is then capable, are said, by knowers of such things, to have very distinct correspondences with what it *sees* when it is born.

Being born, therefore, is not quite so much of a surprise to a baby, at any rate not so much as one is inclined to think, according to this view of the matter; for it is said that the air and trees around, the currents of electricity and magnetism which set up thrills in its body, have already all had their exact correspondences on what we may call another side of things, and it has thus experienced *similar* (not the same) feelings before, while in the prenatal state—not to mention the great sweeps of emotion its body has experienced through contact with its mother's emotions.

How powerful these latter may be, can be seen in cases of great fright, when the body of the little one is born either stamped with the mark of the cause of terror, or disfigured, or even entirely maimed.

These exceedingly important phenomena should enable us to deduce many adumbrations of greater passions and emotions when applied to man considered as a babe unborn within great Mother Nature.

The great sweeps of Nature's emotion—the thunder and lightning, and air, and sea, and sun, the emotions and the ecstasies caused by these—are the thrills of real emotions transmitted to us through the emotions of our Mother, within whom we dwell. And it is along this line that one who is beginning to be "enformed according to substance" should expect premonitions of greater feelings, for such emotions are the links between the prenatal and postnatal consciousness of greater manhood.

The great Mother is stirred to emotion, and the thrills of her passion reach man through nature, through the four elements. As man begins to rise in the scale of being, as he nears the time of birth from his great Mother's womb, it is first along this side

of things, and not by way of the planes, that he should expect to contact the great world.

This way of birth does not mean a flying away from earth and soaring to new stars, but rather connotes consciousness of a new condition of matter, or, from another point of view, a new aspect of the same objects. It is by linking himself on to Nature and, so to speak, trying to breathe with her, that man can best draw the experiences of this consciousness down into his finite body.

These mysteries seem to have been better understood in antiquity than they are to-day, perhaps because form had not so greatly dominated life, mind had not so greatly divided substance. Thus in a theurgic ritual which hands on the tradition of the innermost secret of the Mithriac Mysteries—the mystery of the new birth, or birth in immortality, the true apotheosis—prior to his birth into the great Air, the candidate for the Eagle-grade, who will then be able to soar into the pure Æther and gaze unwinking at the Sun as he is, first of all invokes his “perfect body,” which lies hid in the substance of his imperfect mortal frame. This is a quintessential body of pure elements, and not a compost of the impure mixtures of earth that we call elements.

But in these mystic adumbrations of greater things the terms are always changing; for within the grown man, so to say, there is a christ child, and again within the christ child a grown man.

Again, what is taboo among men in their bans and ordinances, is not taboo among the gods in their freedom. The so-called immorality of the gods is immorality only so long as we persist in regarding them as men. That a man should wed his mother is regarded as a crime against nature, and rightly so in the realms of diversity; but the myths of old, the adumbrations of greater things, tell us that in god-land the son eventually becomes the husband of his mother.

So, too, is it with the human-god stage; the child-god born of Mother Nature, when grown to his full stature, weds his Mother, and Nature becomes his spouse or complement or fulfilment.

Even in lesser things, in the adumbrations of the greater or cosmic mysteries, there is mystic intercourse with the elements of

Mother Earth and their ensouling life. The mediæval legends of the marriage of the philosopher with the sylphs and undines will here occur to some of my readers, for thus alone it was said could these nature creatures become possessed of an immortal soul. The alchemical philosopher gives them of his soul, and they in their turn give him a new body, or rather they transmute the substance of his body. All of which may be read in the strange story of the Comte de Gabalis—or Master of the Kabalah; for Cabbale and Gabble are twins.

And so from another point of view, when a candidate in these greater mysteries is preparing to become a master, he has, it is said, to marry each of the four elements. Such an one is supposed to have finished with the normal side of things (that is to say, to have done with using them in the normal way); he has done with the planes as they are generally understood by climbers of the ladder. He no longer desires to look at the universe from the plane point of view, where matter and form are divided up according to certain fixed laws. He has now, it is said, to contact a quite new condition of the same thing.

For, as the old logos has it: By earth we earth perceive, by water water, by air air, and fire by flaming fire. And if this be true of the mixed elements, as the ancients declared, we should have here an adumbration of the nature of the pure simplicities.

Therefore in the new birth it is necessary to begin with the true elements; for the consciousness is no longer to be dominated by the spheres of fate, the planes of form, but is to begin to obtain a life-view of the universe, where everything is divided up quite differently into what we may adumbrate as earth things and air things, fire things and water things.

To begin to sense these four it is necessary to turn the mind away from the normal point of view of the world, away from all one sees on the formal planes; for the four deal with the unmanifest and not with the manifest, with the hitherto unnoticed and not with the habitual forms.

Again, as to substance, to humans earth is more manifest than air; but to some beings water is more manifest than earth, to others fire is more manifest, and so on. And by manifest seems to be meant what is apparently more actual.

Before a neophyte of these mysteries can be trained to see another whole species of manifestation, he has to marry the four elements, and so bring to birth within himself new "centres" on to which this new aspect of manifestation can link itself. But these new "centres" are not distributed in certain parts of his body, they are rather, so to say, within the atoms of his substance.

This substantial linking on to the feminine side of Nature is, compared with the true new birth, still a prenatal stage; but it is the beginning of a new creation. Nevertheless the old remains, for it has well been said that a christ is as it were a new keynote who makes everything mean something different while still remaining the same.

This is, however, again but an adumbration of a truth that beggars all description. This is not the potential god-man in the prenatal stage bathed in the golden spiritual life of Mother Nature; but the operative creative christ, whose great work is to turn the golden negative life (buddhi) into positive life, when it becomes red, the colour of the heart of things (ātman). In a certain way, then, there may be said to be buddhic christs and ātmic christs.

The way of the christ is the way of return, of regression. Therefore it may be said that at the top of the animal kingdom—that is to say at man—everything as it were turns round and goes back again.

Thus there is a stage of super-manhood which may be said to be in direct communication with the vegetable kingdom, and another following it which may be said, in the language of adumbration, to talk through the mineral world. Hence such sayings as: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

If a christ surrenders his soul to the world, the world will surrender its body to him. The animal world will do so by becoming his complement, his counterpart, his bride; but he will wed the sacred animals and not the beasts of earth, and the sacred animals are connected with the living ideas of Great Mind. The vegetable world will surrender itself directly, by becoming him—wheat, vine, tree; for the body of the christ is of the nature of the bread of life, of the true vine and of the master-tree of the whole Paradise. The minerals are the jewels on the

breast-plate of the high priest. They are the powers of the purified reason ; for the breastplate is the *logion*, as Philo tells us, the oracle, and the christ is a living oracle or speaker of words of wisdom.

So much then for these few adumbrations of greater things.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE GROUP-SOUL

THE Group-Soul is a portion of the Life of the Logos specialised for a particular function with regard to the pre-human entities on our globe. The Logos, as it were, mothers the forms of life in the lower kingdoms by providing a portion of His own consciousness as a matrix, in which their early development takes place. Beneath the shadow of the maternal wings, the younger elements of creation live and move and have their being. Through their physical and subtle bodies are ceaselessly pulsing the currents of His Life ; His Will recalls them on the breaking up of the outward vehicle ; His Bosom is their waiting-place between the death and the re-creation of forms. The mineral, the plant, and the animal receive, it is stated, the greater protection which their lowliness demands. They are not as yet trained, as we are, to the independent life of the human plane ; that element, the Causal Body, which constitutes our human individuality, is not yet formed in them. For them the Group-Soul is the Causal Body, and in the Group-Soul is stored all the material that will eventually be built into human bodies after the long discipline of the rudimentary kingdoms is at an end.

This is the rough conception of a really beautiful and suggestive truth. It is obvious that it deals largely with the development of forms, a fact which we must keep constantly before us in this study. At the same time, our main care will be to avoid the materialistic point of view. One may, of course, indulge in a popular conception of the Group-Soul as a sort of

balloon-like object, more or less indefinite as to shape, which floats on each of the seven streams of matter, and is composed of a triple envelope, the function of which is to contain permanent atoms, and to supply them with appropriate sheaths; but what I propose to consider in this study is the metaphysic, rather than the mechanism of the Group-Soul.

To get an intelligent grip of the nature and function of the Group-Soul we must carry our thoughts back to the outbirth of the monad. He is a unit of will, thought, and activity, and is, on the plane of his birth, a free unit, sharing, or rather reflecting, the Divine Life whence he came forth. Manifestation and experience on all the planes downward are the monad expressing himself, *i.e.*, willing, thinking, and acting; and the whole purpose of that which the Buddhists term Saṃsāra—that which to them is so void of purpose—is that the monad shall be himself; that he shall will, know, and act—in other words, manifest. The question arises: Does he evolve by this experience? I think not. The monad enters the plane of Becoming, not for what evolution can bring to him, but because his essence is that he shall be self-reproductive. It is comparable to self-utterance. In manifestation the monad is speaking forth his nature, but the process adds nothing to him intrinsically, any more than a thought is added to, or multiplied by taking flesh in words. It is translated into another order of things, that is all.

In evolution, I conceive, we behold the monad translating his essential, pure, spiritual self-consciousness into another order, and doing it because it is as much his nature to do it as it is the nature of a spring to well outward, upward, and downward from the hidden source of its being. The spring adds nothing to itself by the uprush through the varied levels of the soil, though it certainly takes on, for a time at least, an individuality it had not during its quiet filtration through the silence and darkness.

So with the monad. Bearing this thought in mind, we may watch him associating himself with the rudimentary kingdoms of nature without questioning the motive that prompted so seemingly worthless a form of experience. He is entering the plane of Becoming, because Becoming is the obverse side of Being, and the monad in completeness must have two sides to the medal.

But he neither gains nor loses by the process, which arises, I might almost say automatically, from his being a unit of consciousness and will. For the very act of willing, thinking, and knowing implies a sort of stepping out from that high birth-plane which we call the second of the seven, and an assumption of limitation for the sake of definite self-utterance.

Let us dimly figure this primal limitation of the powers of the monad by our own methods towards a similar end. To be self-conscious implies, if we think it out carefully, the focussing of awareness, or attention to a point. To be our own self means that we are not some other; selfhood is a complex of many "this's" and "that's," which are sharply set over against, and divided from, other "this's" and "that's," so that in order eventually to know the All, we have first to know the Each. We are selves only as we are contrasted with a not-self; and our whole method of experience consists in the specialisation of consciousness on definite "this's" and "that's." In other words, we inhibit, or shut off, all such elements of the universal as do not tend to a definite line of experience.

Exactly so does the monad act on his birth into the manifested worlds. His progress through the different kingdoms of nature consists simply in a definite and rhythmic shutting off of his universal awareness, and the focussing of his consciousness to a definite point. By this means he learns perfection of self-utterance. It must never be forgotten, though, that this method of focus refers only to his consciousness in the manifested worlds. On his own plane he is untouched by the limitations of the world-process, free from the stains of that *Avidyā* (Non-knowledge) which in manifestation he has consciously assumed. Manifestation, indeed, is but another name for the Self in action, and the Self in action is the Self in limitation.

Now willing, acting and knowing, as I have just said, imply an object-world that is willed, known, and acted upon, and a body, or outer aspect, through which subject and object are related. The laws of thought demand this, as they demand that every back shall have a front, and every inner an outer. The planes of the universe, with their matter of specific grades of density, are but convenient ways of describing the monad during

his long process of knowing, acting, and willing. Out of the almost infinite possibilities of experience to which his essential nature admits him, he is limited during a special cycle to those only which lie within the range of a particular kingdom. He focusses his powers to the limitations of that kingdom, as we focus ours in every act of definite attention, and with similar results—that he knows by experience, and so realises his selfhood by seemingly contracting it.

Behold, then, our monad taking to himself vehicles by and through which he may relate himself to his object-world. His process of self-limitation is orderly. He does not, because he cannot, think and act first on his own high level, and then at a level at the furthest limit of his possibilities. He proceeds, or seems to proceed, by stages or planes, on each of which he provides himself with an appropriate organ or vehicle. The process of knowing and acting involving time, he will express himself within a definite or specific limit—that which we term a cycle. And that cycle will have different segments, in which the process of putting forth powers is first begun, then developed, and finally completed.

Let us start at the stage at which the monad in association with his mental and astral permanent atoms is gaining experience in the three elemental kingdoms. His condition at this rudimentary stage of his life in manifestation is at the very opposite pole of what we mean by selfhood. We have seen that he learns to express selfhood by a process of voluntary limitations or inhibitions, his method being to seek acquaintance with a form of matter to whose vibrations he cannot immediately respond. In other words, he learns to express himself by first employing a language which he does not understand. So, when through the medium of his permanent mental and astral atoms he contacts the elemental kingdoms, it is to derive very little vibrational experiences of a direct and vivid nature. His consciousness is that of the All, rather than of the Each. He has not, in short, become truly differentiated on the manifested planes.

I have dwelt at some length on this process of individualisation because it is important to our metaphysic of the Group-

Soul. For what the monad cannot do for himself, the Group-Soul does for him. It becomes a sort of artificial limiting-wall, in which his as yet indefinite consciousness is kept within a specific range of experience. There is no other way in which he can learn selfhood, and the mystery of the Each.

We can gather a fairly accurate idea of the nature of his consciousness in the three elemental kingdoms from the fact that the forms with which he is provided by the devas of those kingdoms are in a state of perpetual flux, scattering and re-gathering over and over again around the permanent atom as centre. This state implies great indefiniteness of consciousness, for there can be no clear selfhood without stability of form. Nevertheless, a step is taken towards individualisation in kingdoms so inchoate as the elemental, as is shown by an interesting fact: *viz.*, that on these levels first appear the separating walls of the future Group-Soul.

Now what does this mean? Simply this; that the separative element, characteristic of individuality, is beginning to show itself. It is metaphysically suggestive that wherever there is vividness of experience, there arises segregation within the material envelope of the Group-Soul. The problem of matter is indissolubly bound up with the problem of differentiation.

I showed in a previous article the different stages in the World-process; first the dawning of Thought in the Universal Mind; secondly, the separation of Thought into *thinks*—things—a separation which involves not only a drawing apart, but also a keeping apart. And I termed the keeping-apart element in the universe—that which proceeds naturally from differentiation—Matter.

A study of the Group-Soul abundantly confirms this view. In the Group-Soul we see the monad shutting off universality, and acquiring individuality. A threefold limit is marked out for him which is to inhibit all experiences save those which come along the lines of thought, desire and sensation. And the outer symbol of this happening is the threefold envelope of atomic matter—technically termed the Group-Soul—in which the Logos nourishes and confines the growing energies of the permanent atoms. The real cause of segregation in the matter

of the Group-Soul is the shutting-off process going on in the consciousness of the monad, without which he cannot be a self on the manifested planes. Having as yet no body of his own, he is confined within a specific range of sensations by an artificial limiting-wall constructed within the consciousness of the Logos. Herein he develops throughout his whole progress through the pre-human kingdoms.

Let us bear clearly in mind the fact that the Group-Soul is not matter, but consciousness expressed or symbolised by changes in matter. The Group-Soul is the Logos evolving individuality in the monad by means of the slow development of form. He is the "I"-making vehicle for the as yet unindividuated permanent atoms.

Now let us watch the progress of individualisation a little further. The permanent atoms, still dwelling in their Group-Soul, enter the mineral and vegetable kingdoms wherein they taste progressively varied experiences. Every impact from without is stored in the permanent atoms as a vibratory power, capable of re-expression on the repetition of the original stimuli. In these kingdoms forms have begun to be stable, and individualisation has, therefore, taken a great step forward. At the breaking up of a specific form the permanent atom returns to its Group-Soul (or, I should rather say, continues his life therein, for he never leaves it), and during this post-mortem condition an interesting thing happens, showing how intimately connected is matter with individualisation, and individualisation with strength of external impact.

The more vivid experiences of the mineral and vegetable worlds, such as earthquake, eruption, storm, tempest, change of season, and so forth, tend to produce in the permanent atoms responsiveness, which is but another name for memory. In the mental sheath of the Group-Soul—his artificial mind—the permanent atom repeats these vibrations, thereby sending out thrills of affinity with other atoms in the Group-Soul which have had a like experience. These all tend to be drawn together, and presently they find themselves separated off from the rest of their comrades by a wall of subtle matter, which divides and multiplies the Group-Soul, while lessening its contents.

Now observe the enormous impulse given to individualisation by the segregation or drawing together of like atoms. The force that attracted like to like, thus increasing distinction in consciousness, and the definite "I"-sensation is the repetition of vivid, external experience. The monad becomes a self by the things which it suffers and enjoys. No sooner does the "I"-element extend to the hitherto undifferentiated contents of the Group-Soul than there arises also the element of keeping apart, which, translated into terms of matter, becomes the dividing walls which break up the Group-Soul from one into many.

Now this individualising process, whereby the monad expresses himself on the manifested planes is other and greater than mere differentiation. Differentiation is merely the earliest stage of a process, begun in the pre-human kingdoms by means of the Group-Soul. Its highest development is the Spiritual Man. If we figure to ourselves the progress of the Race through its successive metamorphoses as having for its end the building of a great spiritual organism, then the monads in the pre-human stages will represent the egg-cells of the future spiritual body. Let the cell-wall represent the Group-Soul, and the nucleus the monads developing therein. Looking for a moment at the well-known process of karyokinesis, or the successive stages in the movement of the chromatin fibres of a nucleus during division, the stages appear to be four in number :

1. The *protophase*, or state of the resting nucleus before movement of any kind has taken place, in which the threads of the nucleus are massed and indistinguishable. When movement arises this chromatin fibre becomes greatly convoluted, and tends to segment into separate chromosomes, or broken fibres. This stage we may compare to the efforts of the monad at differentiation in the elemental kingdoms.

2. The second stage in cell-division is termed the *metaphase*, and here the chromosomes, or broken fibres, definitely appear, and assume first the wreath form, and afterwards what is known as the aster figure, or single star. This is a peculiarly interesting figure, consisting of the arrangement of six loops in such a way as to suggest a uniform disposition around an invisible axis, towards which the faces of the loops incline. There is a decided

correspondence here to crystalline structure, and we may liken this phase to the second stage in the macrocosm, the mineral kingdom.

3. In stage three—the *anaphase*—the chromosomes separate into two distinct groups of U-shaped fibres upon, and at each end of, what is called the nucleus-spindle, a figure which is the expression of forces set up in the cell during the process of division. Following this is the formation of the loops into a disaster, or double star, and the partial splitting across of the cell-wall. The division is nearly complete. This stage corresponds to the vegetable and lower animal kingdom, wherein individualisation is advanced by the dim beginnings of an astral and mental body.

4. Finally, in the fourth, or *telophase*, the cell divides into its two daughter nuclei, each of which will shortly repeat the process undergone by the parent nucleus. Its analogue in the macrocosm is the higher development of the animal kingdom.

Now we have already seen the permanent atoms becoming more and more individualised by the acquisition of more and more vivid experience, individuality becoming marked and strengthened by the aggregation of like atoms; and we have noted the effect of this upon the splitting or division of the Group-Soul. And in this our analogy is very close. But we have to observe another feature of resemblance. There is in a cell an irregularly-shaped body termed the nucleolus, which is commonly considered to be a store of reserve material for the use of the nucleus during division. In process of cell-division the nucleolus breaks up and disappears, to be absorbed as nourishment by the chromosomes. But the chromosomes—the “ids” of Weissmann—are probably the nearest correspondence we can get to the permanent atom, and when we read of the manner in which the permanent atoms absorb the subtle envelopes of the Group-Soul for the formation of their astral and etheric bodies, we shall be struck by the closeness of the analogy in this respect also. The nucleolus of the great macrocosmic cell is the triple envelope of the Group-Soul.

Fascinating and wonderful however as are the various workings of Nature on her form-side, the mere watching of changes

in structure is futile without the recognition that all such changes are but the symbol, or accompaniment, of changes in consciousness. The Group-Soul is the consciousness of the Logos urging to individuality in the as yet nascent monads in the prehuman kingdoms. It is the specialising of the One Consciousness in which the whole universe lives and moves to the needs of that universe at a particular phase of its development. The permanent atoms are themselves but another name for the monad at the initial stages of his progress, and the Group-Soul is the expression of the Will of the Logos driving towards individualisation of the monad, a Will whose every movement has its appropriate correspondence in changes of matter. When the Logos thinks individuality, there must arise a shutting-off of all vibrations of the Universal Life save those which tend to a specific line of development; and this process essentially of consciousness seems to us who watch from without to consist in the slow building up of separating matter-sheaths. But all material processes, whether we term them segregation, division, growth of cell-walls, absorption of enveloping layers, and what not, are, as a matter of fact, but the outcome of changes in a consciousness, whether that of a cell, or of a Group-Soul. The one is but the microcosm, the reflection, of the other.

But the idea of the Group-Soul does not stop here; it is to be found repeated, in great or small, wherever there is development from lower to higher. So far we have been regarding the monads in the prehuman kingdoms as representing the germ-cell stage of the future Spiritual Body of humanity. That Body has evolved into another stage—that of the embryo. We, the human embryos of the organism that is to be, though no longer needing the artificial covering of the Mother-Soul, are yet dwelling in a greater consciousness, specialised for our needs as is the Group-Soul for those of our lowlier brethren. We have our Group-Soul for the fostering and protection of the nascent spiritual consciousness which it is the purport of Nature to develop in and through the consciousness that now is. On the spiritual planes we are as embryos—nay, less,—as germ-cells, incapable of functioning independently, and in the full stature of spiritual manhood. The monad has to develop the individuality which had its small

beginnings in the germ-cells of the Group-Soul into a point at which it shall embrace the All, without losing its hard-won possession of the Each. A body is needed of equipoise so delicate, and yet of texture so enduring, that it may respond to the Titan forces of the spiritual planes, and yet lose none of the vibrations garnered from below. For in that body, woven of the World-stuff, warped and woofed by the sharp contrasts of existence, the Bride will make herself ready for the great consummation of self-utterance which can only befall when the monad shall possess his perfect vehicle.

Now that Body which is not yet ours individually, for we are not yet individual in the highest sense of the word, is ours essentially; it is our one, original, spiritual, permanent atom, our monad on his object, or form-side, the sister side of our inmost Self. Saṁsāra cannot develop it, because it is not of the Saṁsāra level, and no amount of progress in the manifested worlds will add to its structure, for it *is*, and cannot become. It is the fundamental, permanent Body of the Cycle, of which all the lower vehicles, the products of manifestation on the lower planes, are the symbol and the reflection. This Body we *have* always, though we do not as yet *possess* it. It is the theme of many mystic writings. In the *Pistis Sophia* it is the "Body of Gold" which Jesus assumed in the course of His spiritual development. In the "Hymn of the Robe of Glory" the perfected soul "runs to meet it, and to receive it"; it is the "Best Robe" that is conferred upon the returned Prodigal, at the end of his wanderings in the far country; the Seer of Patmos saw it descending from God out of Heaven, prepared as a Bride adorned for her husband; St. Paul calls it the "Tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." All these point to one great truth that the Monadic Body is from above, and is out of the procession of time; it is a heritage to be possessed rather than an end to be striven for,—the one great spiritual Fact which lends reality to all derivative things.

This Body, so strong, and yet so subtle, so far-extending, built into the lives of others, yet sensitive in the highest degree, and twining its nerve-threads through all creation, this is the Group-Soul of the human permanent atoms. This Glorious

Vesture embraces the universe. Through it are poured the energies that purify and quicken our mortal bodies. Could we see it with the spiritual vision we should behold a wondrous network of spiritual fibres, currents of the highest life, directed to those embryo beings—ourselves—who literally dwell in it, and it in them. The old, old service of the Mass, fragments of which have been preserved in the Anglican Communion Service, was doubtless an attempt to bring this Mystery down to the lower mental planes, and in the prayer “that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His Body,” the physical sense of these words is to be totally disregarded; the monad in his lower sheaths is seeking to merge with the life-giving energies that pulse through that “Body of Gold” which is his whether he be in manifestation or in unmanifestation, and which “makes clean” by attuning the lower vibrations to its own high note.

Looking at our Group-Soul from its matter-side it is the Spiritual Body, preparing to receive a perfected Humanity. Looking at it from the life-side, it is He or They Whom we call the Master. As the Logos is specialised in the lower Group-Soul for the nurturing of the elementary forms of life, so He specialises in the higher Group-Soul for the nurture of the spiritual embryos. Who is the Master of our innermost but the One—not perhaps under His aspect of World-Originator and Life-Giver, but as Guide and Protector of the upcoming expressions of the Monadic Life,—He or They Whom we call the “Lodge,” Who are our normal, spiritual Guardians because in Them the Divine Manhood has reached its highest flower? Theirs is the consciousness animating the Spiritual Body, one with the consciousness of our innermost spiritual self. Their plane being beyond differentiation, it is immaterial, esoterically, whether we regard Them as one or as many, so united is Their consciousness in the One, so harmonious the relation of parts in Their spiritual organism. So He or They Whom I think of as Master, the higher Group-Soul of you and of me, is not an inhabitant of Shamballah in Gobi; He is neither the Christ, nor the Buddha, nor Hermes, nor Kṛiṣṇa, nor any individual regarded as apart from the whole; rather is He that underlying Greatness of which these are the outwelling, the inner Thought of which these are

the outspoken word. All these are aspects of *the* Master, His outward foci, his links with the world of men, but in no one alone can He find a full expression.

Speaking for a moment more particularly of the function of the Master as Group-Soul and Protector of the budding spiritual life, He awakens responsiveness in the higher atoms of the causal body, vivifying their spirillæ, and so attuning them to the vibrations of that spiritual organ which is ours as well as His; though to our outer consciousness it is non-existent. As the Group-Soul plays upon the higher permanent atoms in the pre-human kingdoms, stimulating their activities into readiness for the next stage in growth, so, I conceive, are we prepared for a gradual response to the vibrations playing ever upon us from above. But more than this. The Master is the Bridge, the Link, the Mediator, to use a well-known expression, between plane and plane; for what a medium is to an entity seeking touch with the plane below, so the Mediator is to one seeking touch with a plane above.

The organic unity of the Race and the universal law of service make the attainments of the higher the stepping-stones of the lower, until all shall alike stand on the summits, and become Group-Souls, Guardians, and Mothers of Monads as yet unborn.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

PRAYER FOR BEAUTY OF THE NAVAHOE TRIBE OF NORTH
AMERICAN INDIANS

“O LORD on high, whose youth is immortal, Ruler above, I have made thee the offering. Preserve my body and members, preserve it in beauty; make all things beautiful, let all be completed in beauty.”

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

THE Bible begins and ends with the Edenic state. It shows Adam in a Garden in a state of innocence. He has perfect freedom except on one point ; he has not to touch the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. There has been much useless speculation as to what this fruit was, but without any practical solution of the problem. Indeed, the story appears to many to be but an ancient childish fable, quite unworthy of the consideration of the twentieth century.

I, however, believe that this attitude is only another illustration of that true saying : " The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." If we take it literally it cannot but be a stumbling-block ; far from being a help it can only be a hindrance to the spiritual life. When, however, the esoteric meaning of the story of the Garden of Eden is grasped, it will, I think, be seen to contain an answer to the most momentous problem of the ages : namely, the cause of death, and how life may be indefinitely prolonged ; how, indeed, man may be brought back to the Edenic state, as depicted in the Johannine Apocalypse (xxii. 1-5).

First, then, let us enquire what is meant by the Garden and the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life. The spiritual meaning of the Garden is given in 1 *Cor.* iii. 9, where it is said that the saints are " God's tilled land " or " field." To those who touch no unclean thing, and cleanse themselves from all defilement of " flesh " and spirit, He promises that He will inhabit them and walk about in them,¹ just as He walked (representatively²) in the Garden, making His Voice heard in the cool of the day, the time of rest. The Garden signifies this, the human body, which is God's holy temple, the sanctuary of the Holy Spirit.

¹ ἐνοικήσω ἐν αὐτοῖς, καὶ ἐμπεριπατήσω.

² By the " Angel of His Presence," the Voice.

The Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life are in the midst of the Garden. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is carnal knowledge, which was the means of bringing death to the organism. We may discern this by reference to *Genesis* iv. 1, where the same word, as elsewhere, is used to denote carnal intercourse.

Now, if the Tree of Knowledge is thus to be found in the Garden of the body, the Tree of Life must be "in the midst" of the same Garden. And as the partaking of the Tree of Knowledge brings death, through the loss of the element which has been rightly designated the elixir or water of life, so the retaining of that element must be a partaking of the Tree of Life, in regard to the physical organism.

The latest science helps us here by affirming that "the sexual cells of the human body are immortal, like the protozoa." The ova and spermatozoa are immortal. Our bodies, therefore, contain immortal elements. "The theory of the immortality of unicellular organisms is now generally accepted."¹

There are animals of considerable complexity, composed of many organs and very many cells, to which natural death does not come. The existence of natural death in the animal world is very rare, and in man "it is probably a possibility rather than an actual occurrence."²

That the human organism of Adam was originally immortal is indicated in the sentence: "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return," though as we are taught by Jacob Böhme: "Adam was created to be the restoring angel of this world. His nature was twofold. *Within* he had an angelic soul and body derived from the powers of heaven. *Without* he had a life and body derived from the powers of earth. The former was given him that he might be separate from and superior to the world. He was endowed with the latter that he might be connected with and operative in the world. His external nature sheltered his inner from all acquaintance with the properties of our corrupted earth. His love and obedience surrounded him with a perpetual

¹ *The Nature of Man*, by Élie Metchnikoff, pp. 268-70. (English Translation by P. C. Mitchell, M.A., D.Sc.)

² *Ibid.*, p. 277.

paradise of his own. He could not feel the fierceness of fire, the rigour of cold; he was inaccessible to want or pain. He was designed to be the father of a like angelic human race who should occupy and reclaim the earth for God, keeping down the ever-emerging curse, and educing and multiplying the blessing which God had implanted."

So that expulsion from the Garden would mean separation from his angel or genius. The clothing with coats of skins symbolises a fall into fleshly and earthbound conditions, which is indicated in the literal Hebrew of *Gen.* vi. 3: "My Spirit shall not always strive in Adam, for in their going astray *he* is flesh."

So that the way to regain the immortality of the body seems to be abstinence from intercourse, or eating of the Tree of Knowledge, and the conservation of the sex-elements, which is eating of the Tree of Life. Those who are able to retain all the immortal cells in the body are said to require but one-eighth of the food necessary to those who are eating of the Tree of Knowledge, and wasting the elixir of life. This overcoming of the serpent of generation will rejuvenate the body by means of regeneration, and prolong human life to an indefinite extent, though immortality cannot be secured or Paradise fully regained, until we rejoin our angel or genius, from which we have been separated by the Fall, when "all that is mortal will be swallowed up of life."

This is the express purpose for which the Second Adam came: to restore that which the First Adam lost, to abolish death and to bring life and immortality to light; to restore to the Sons of God that angelic body and spirit from which he was separated in the day when, through eating of the forbidden fruit "death passed upon him."

It may be asked how Adam could have been "the father of a like angelic race," as Böhme teaches, if he had not partaken of the fruit of carnal knowledge. This may be answered by a reference to the fact that there are at least three other methods of increase in the natural world (which is "a working model of the spiritual"): namely, by division, by gemmation or budding, and by regeneration.

Now, the story indicates that Eve was produced from Adam

during a *tardemah*, or trance. And before "the fixing of the volatile" through the fall into matter, by the separation of man from "his angel," it is probable that man could have reproduced his species by a process analogous to regeneration.

For though the angels "neither marry nor are given in marriage," are we right in concluding that there is no method of increase in the spiritual world, similar to those which we know to exist in the rational world, especially when such a method is clearly indicated in the Bible?

HENRY PROCTOR.

THE BREATH UPON THE SLAIN

SHALL these bones live? God knows!
 The prophet saw such clothed with flesh and skin.
 A wind blew on them, and Life entered in;
 They shook, and rose.
 Shorten the time, O Lord! Blot out their sin!
 Let Life begin!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE wind was blowing through the heather, singing softly from the distant sea. The tiny tinkling sound of the purple bells was like faint music of faery.

They lay on an ancient barrow—three men on a summer holiday by the southern sea.

One was a thin, nervous-looking man, who knew much of the purlieu of the "primrose path," wherein he strayed to gather up its wreckage and mend it, if he might, by the power of a God in whom he said he did not believe.

The second was an ascetic, devout and hardworking priest of the Anglican Church.

The third was a man still young, but looking even younger than his years. Dennis Barra was his name; a man with a smooth, boyish face, strange yellow-grey eyes, and thick hair streaked a little with grey; it gave the effect of dark hair lightly powdered, and added to the lack of modernity about the face.

It was not a modern face ; it had delicate, irregular features, and a wide thin-lipped mouth ; the face looked curiously luminous in the strong sunlight.

The first man—Ralph Ingram—was speaking.

“No, Cardrew,” he said to the priest, “I tell you if I did not hold to that belief I should go mad. If it be not *thus*, the world is based on injustice. If we climb the ladder rung by rung, if we work out the result of our deeds—*that's* just. But no other theory is. What ! a man murders, and wipes out all his past by ‘grace at the last,’ ‘forgiveness of sins’ and ‘faith’—which his victim never had.”

“You speak of these things as though they were outer contracts or a mental attitude,” said the priest, “whereas they are real spiritual forces, definite powers of the unseen. I do not see that you can parcel out guilt thus, according to your system. If life be as you say it is, the fine threads of cause and effect, of will, speech, thought, impulse, action, are endless. It appears to me that by pushing ‘causes’ so far back, you have complicated everything so hopelessly that you need some universal solvent to melt the bonds. If you accept Adam as ‘collective man’ rather than as an individual ancestor, then Man—collective ‘heavenly’ man—has chosen his lot ; he has chosen his ‘fall.’ His true life is elsewhere, in some mysterious Eden of the Spirit ; he views all our inequalities with a wider view. Our misfortunes may be his opportunity ; and our happiness his slough of despond. The view of man spiritual and man carnal may be diametrically opposed. His justice may be your injustice.”

“Well ! I should as soon believe in the sea-serpent as in the doctrine of regeneration, grace and faith.”

At this point Dennis Barra laughed.

“Are you laughing at Ingram or at me ?” said the priest.

“I was laughing partly because I believe I once saw a sea-serpent off the coast of Scotland, and I would say so if I were not afraid of Ingram. And I was also laughing because I thought you didn’t see that your views fit, and where they fit. Ingram believes in the law which governed the past, and governs the majority in the present ; you believe in a possibility of the present—the certain law of the future.”

“ Why do you say that ? ”

“ Well! Because it struck me it was true! And regeneration *is* a possibility, regeneration of body and of soul; and grace is a fact, and the swift transmutation of the sinner into the saint I believe to be possible.”

“ *Are* these things facts? I don't believe they are? ”

“ Will you believe *me* if I tell you a story? ”

“ If you vouch for it.”

“ I do vouch for it. I know it's true. There was a man once who had just come out of prison. He deserved his punishment. His friends cut him—quite justly; and he did not greatly care, save that he was angry. He had some means; he was not in want; he was independent both of work and friends. He drank a little when he came out of prison, not much. He would drink for a day or two, and then keep sober for weeks. In the place where he was, a mission was being held; and with no great result.”

“ They needed *you* there, Barra! ”

The young man smiled.

“ The people were indifferent. Something was lacking. The mission was to last a week. The clergy paraded the streets each night with a cross, and the choir and banners. On the third night the man of whom I speak joined the procession and entered the church. It was a gloomy church; the singing was bad; the preacher had little power. There was nothing to stir the emotions. It was dull; the man was just sitting there, bored. He was thinking he would go out, when something—Something, I say—Someone—stood beside him. He saw no one, but someone was there; and that someone laid a hand upon his head. What that touch did to him he did not know; he never knew. It revolutionised him mentally, morally, yes! and *bodily*. There came to that man a bodily change, as though he was fused and remade in a crucible of the spirit—a cup of the Holy Graal. The only words which were clear to him were: ‘The Fire of the Sacred Heart, the Fire of the Heart of the Ascended.’ They were not *spoken*, but he knew they were there. And he knew, too, that he, the criminal, the drunkard, the man fresh from gaol, must speak to the people. It was not a case of what spiritualists

call 'control.' No, but God had laid a measure of His Power in the trembling hands of that sinner, and said to him: 'Own thy sins in humbleness, and then—not thyself but Myself! give *Me* to My children!'

"He stood up and walked to the pulpit steps; the preacher was just coming down, and he laid his hand on his arm and said: 'Let me speak to them.'

"It seems little less than a miracle; for it was a church of the Established Order in England, and he an unknown layman. But the preacher let him stand on the altar steps and speak. He told them very quietly and briefly who he was, and what was his character, and that he was sorry; and then he spoke.

"He had not spoken for three minutes before the women were sobbing, and the men were white as ashes, and many of them shaking like reeds in a wind. There was a great 'revival,' and people laid themselves, body, soul and spirit, at the Feet of God."

"It must have been such a power as I have known you wield over people, Barra."

"It was the Fire of the Lord that had struck one man, and he passed it on. Of course, some went back; but others didn't, and their lives were changed. But what I want to make you see is that what happened to that man *could* happen to all men; and his sins and his past were made naught when God's Hand touched him. It did not matter so much that he didn't know how it was done. It *was* done. That is a living Power that could work in the world at any minute if the time was ripe; and if and when it does we shall have a new heaven and a new earth."

"It seems to me hard that this fellow's sins and past were blotted out, and not those of the other poor wretches. Why should he escape suffering he had earned, by the touch of a hand on his head? You say he deserved what he got. I daresay he deserved much more. Most likely he was a scoundrel who deserved the cat."

"Very likely he did. He never thought anything else. He always admitted his sins. But don't mistake. I never said he escaped suffering. The sins of the other poor wretches were

blotted out *in him*, for the time being only, of course. They swept into him like a tide of foulness and anguish, and the Fire burned them. They were its fuel; so that it swept out in a fuller flood and touched the people with its power and cleansed them. *Escaped* suffering! People who feel the burden of their own sins and sorrows to be too much to bear, little realise what it means to feel other people's as well. Do you know there are simple, unlearned, unknown women, secluded from the world, who *pray* the temptations of the strong (the 'vibrations' or 'magnetisms,' to use the popular shibboleth) into their own bodily frames, and then endure their anguish to ease others' burdens? They *endure* them, I say; they offer them to be transmuted in their own bodies and souls by the spiritual Force they call the Blood of Christ; and that Force flows out from them to the people for whom they pray. That is true—possible—a fact. Many a time, maybe, have those very people laughed at their inactive lives, simple faith, superstitious creeds, and all the rest of it. They'd be wallowing deep in the mud, many of those strong ones, if it were not for that very superstitious creed that prompts the women's prayers. That is the real meaning of the Cross to these women; that is the vital, poignant meaning, to them, of being crucified with Christ."

The wind muttered in the heather, and the corncrake called from a distant field. The speaker's voice deepened a little; but it was quite steady, there was in it neither emotion nor excitement.

The priest raised himself a little on his elbow and looked at him thoughtfully. He did not speak.

"Barra," said Ralph Ingram, "do you *know* this story of your inspired criminal to be true?"

"I know it to be true," said Dennis Barra, quietly, "I know it because I was the man."

MICHAEL WOOD.

I REPORT, as a man may of God's work—*all's Love, yet all's Law.*
BROWNING.

WANTED—PROOFS OF REINCARNATION

IN the *National Review* for July appeared an article signed "Jean Delaire," on the subject of Reincarnation. The writer is evidently well-read in Theosophical and mystical literature, and is familiar with the various pleas for the doctrine. Everything in the article points, in fact, to its Theosophical origin, even to the extent of reproducing on behalf of the theory several of the more doubtful arguments with which we are familiar. The appearance of the article in such a magazine as the *National Review* must be a cause of some satisfaction to members of the Society, since there has been a tendency lately in current journalism to avoid the whole area of Theosophical discussion.

While, however, admitting the significance of the article in question, I am inclined to attach more significance to a "Reply" to the same written by the Hon. Sir Hartley Williams in the August number of the same *Review*. Very temperately and very sympathetically Sir Hartley Williams states his reasons for doubting whether we have yet the rational right to regard Reincarnation and Karma as facts. The two doctrines, he is driven to admit, appear to be so just and reasonable, they offer so satisfying an explanation of the many puzzling, perplexing and apparently inscrutable problems of life . . . that we should be less than human had not those of us who understand the scope and meaning of these doctrines a longing to accept them as true. . . . Nevertheless, truth compels us to acknowledge that at present there is no evidence.

That, I believe, is the verdict of many students of the facts at our disposal concerning the great doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Desire as we may to believe them, satisfying as we may find them, truth compels us to admit that there is no evidence.

Probably a good many of my readers will think that the

evidence of our own desire, and of the satisfaction the doctrines would give us, is sufficient to establish them as true. Such minds find it hard to sympathise with those of us who cannot believe on such terms. To them we are abnormally intellectual people in whom criticism has become a disease. Our steady refusal to say we believe until we have grounds that satisfy not only ourselves but others of our own type is for them sheer wilfulness. We could if we would, they think; and it is only our absurd scepticism that stands in the way of belief.

The worst of it is the charge may be perfectly true; criticism may have become a disease with us. Speaking for myself I freely admit that at certain times I wish I could believe as easily as other people. Reincarnation and Karma, for example, I find with Sir Hartley Williams to be reasonable and satisfying; and I wish I could prove them. But where is the evidence that will satisfy the doubting Thomas within my mind? I have read the literature of the subject as diligently as most people; but nowhere have I found what Sir Hartley Williams asks for.

Even further. I am inclined to think that many of the writers are ill-acquainted with the nature and demands of evidence. Consider for a moment the main arguments upon which Miss Delaire relies in her article in the *National Review*. They are taken, as I have said, from our Theosophical literature, and are in all probability the best arguments Miss Delaire could find there.

The two concise questions, of course, concerning the evidence for Reincarnation are: (1) Why do we not remember our past lives? and (2) why is man made to suffer for unremembered sins? Miss Delaire's reply to both these questions is that "we do remember our past lives." In order to prove this far from obvious statement Miss Delaire then goes on to raise some very interesting but scarcely convincing questions concerning the nature of human mind, of consciousness and memory. From the speculative cloudland of such a discussion Miss Delaire finally emerges with an answer and an explanation that no critic like myself can accept. Briefly, it is the old, the obsolete reply that "in the needs of the human heart, in the imperious demand of the human soul for justice, lies the strength of the doctrine of

reincarnation." Now this, I submit, is not treating us fairly. If Miss Delaire believes that "we do remember our past lives," and that this fact is a complete answer to the two main objections to Reincarnation; then the doctrine of Reincarnation stands quite apart from the "needs of the human heart" and the "imperious demand of the human soul for justice." Such needs and such demands have, I venture to say, no evidential value whatever. Their existence has been, and still is, quite compatible with a radical dislike of the whole doctrine of Reincarnation and a complete denial of the doctrine of Karma. Moreover, it is plain that the articulate needs of the human heart and the very conception of justice vary enormously from age to age and from people to people. A doctrine that would satisfy the needs of the human heart of a Patagonian would certainly not satisfy the demands of a modern scientist; and a conception of justice which satisfied the Mosaic laws certainly failed to satisfy the "imperious demands" of the writers of the New Testament.

I hope I am not giving my readers the impression of bias against either the doctrine of Reincarnation or the doctrine of Karma. Presumably I have the same kind of needs and the same demands of the soul; but in addition mine are the demands and the needs of the mind; and unless they are satisfied it is little use my pretending to believe in the evidence of the rest of my needs. Miss Delaire sets out to satisfy the intellectual needs of her readers by promising to demonstrate that "we do remember our past lives"; but in the end she throws us back upon the evidence of our desires and needs.

May I say once more that our desires and our needs count for nothing in evidence. It is quite conceivable that a good many facts remain to be discovered which are absolutely repugnant to our desires and needs. Certainly this world is not so uniformly pleasant a place that we can say that nothing is true but what pleases us. There are indeed plenty of things whose reality I am compelled to admit, but whose unreality I should infinitely prefer. Only this very day, for example, I saw a young lad knocked down and killed by a motor-car. The whole thing appeared to be simple accident, a bit of irresponsible destiny; but it was an unpleasant fact. Now am I to believe, simply

because I would like to believe, that the boy felt no pain, or that the motor driver feels no remorse; or that divine justice determined the event and all for the best? Much as I should prefer to throw upon the shoulders of divinity the intelligent responsibility for such things, and to resign myself to the most flattering and soothing hypotheses, I simply cannot do it. Perhaps, as I have said, it is my disease that I cannot do it. But then, Sir Hartley Williams and many more are afflicted with the same disease.

No, I am convinced that we shall have to rely less upon the evidence of the needs of the human heart and the imperious demands of the human soul, and more upon the needs of the human intelligence. After all, it should not be impossible to satisfy such needs. Vastly more *à priori* unreasonable doctrines than Reincarnation and Karma have been accepted by the human mind: the movement of the earth, for instance, the heliocentric theory; or, if these are too concrete, the theory of evolution or the theory of Weissmann. Are we to suppose that the theory of Reincarnation is incapable of intellectual demonstration? There are many laws of psychology that one would have said twenty years ago were incapable of proof; but they are established theories to-day. What we need to make in the Theosophical Society is a systematic attack upon the problem, with a clear conception to start with of the nature of evidence. Mr. Cuthbertson, I think, once began to collect a group of students for this very purpose. Like me and many more, Mr. Cuthbertson was not satisfied with the traditional and customary evidence for Reincarnation. Or, at least, if we personally were satisfied we could not satisfy others. Perhaps in view of the demand, which these articles in the *National Review* have again made articulate, Mr. Cuthbertson will feel moved to resume the work he began, and with the help of students in the Society whose intellectual needs will not let them rest, to establish for the world at large the fact of Reincarnation and the fact of Karma.

A. R. ORAGE.

A SONG OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

O My children, My little children,
 I will sing you the song of your life,
 The notes that the ages whisper
 On the strings of the deathless laws.

O My children, My little children,
 Your lives are circlets of gold,
 Shining, to shine forever,
 In the light of My great eyes.

O children, little children,
 From afar, from afar is My voice,
 But I say not that I am coming
 For you are My pulses of life.

I ask you not for your love, little ones,
 For I am that love in you.
 I say not I call for the lost, little ones,
 For none ever strays from Me.

I say not I have a home, little ones,
 For I that am here am your home.
 I would not that you should seek, little ones,
 I look in your opening eyes.

I lay upon you no law, little ones,
 My life I give you for law.
 None is outcast from its rule, little ones,
 None is in bondage within.

O children, little children,
 I think of you with each breath.
 I have lived through the endless ages,
 For you and for love of you.

A. L. B. H.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A LATER PYTHAGOREAN TREATISE

Iamblichus' Exhortation to the Study of Philosophy. First translated from the Original Greek by Thos. M. Johnson. (Oceola, Missouri, U.S.A.; 1907.)

WE are glad to welcome this version of Iamblichus' famous *Protrepticus*. Mr. Thomas M. Johnson should be well known to many of our readers as the one-time editor of *The Platonist* and *Bibliotheca Platonica*, in which for many years he valiantly strove to restore the study of Platonic philosophy in its larger sense, following in the steps of Thomas Taylor, who a century ago devoted his whole life to the revival of Platonism and the works of the Later Platonic and Pythagorean philosophers.

Those of our readers who are lovers of the Pythagorean traditions can do no better than study this *Exhortation* of Iamblichus; for it is based on the doctrine of the Italic School, and includes the famous "symbols," accompanied by the exegesis of one held in highest estimation by the School of the Platonic Chain.

It must, however, be confessed that the interpretation by our philosopher of the obscure sayings known as the "symbols" is somewhat far-fetched, though it should be remembered that his object was to utilise them solely as a means of exhortation. The mystic, therefore, who is seeking for something more profound than edification will be somewhat disappointed; while the historical student who seeks to know how the "symbols" arose, and how they were used as teaching-figures—comparable, perhaps, somewhat with the Vedāntic "horns of a hare," "snake and rope," "son of a barren woman"—will gain no enlightenment.

As we are away from our bookshelves, we have not been able to test Mr. Johnson's translation by reference to the original text; but we can trust him to be faithful. We would, however, differ from him in what he says with regard to the use of technical terms, if by that he is defending Thomas Taylor's nomenclature. If Taylor

had had an ear for sound, if he had been a lover of the beautiful in words, he would have accomplished what he failed to achieve. His phrasing is often horrible. Mr. Johnson himself has at times followed his bad example; it will be enough to refer to the ungainly "multiplicious" to show what we mean. We might also suggest that the reading of the translation would have been rendered easier by breaking the text up into paragraphs; and that the Greek particle $\delta\epsilon$ should not be rendered by "but" *if it can be avoided*.

In addition to the treatise itself Mr. Johnson has included a few Letters of Iamblichus, a chapter from one of the *Enneads* of Plotinus, and the Pythagorean *Golden Verses*. But to our mind the most valuable piece in the whole book is a fragment from the lost Commentary of Proclus on the Chaldæan Oracles, and we owe a special word of thanks to our old friend for translating it.

G. R. S. M.

A VISION OF HADES

The Vision of Aridæus. Vol. III. of Echoes from the Gnosis. By G. R. S. Mead. (London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1s. net.)

OF the various Visions of Antiquity which purport to describe the after-death state of the soul, that related by Plutarch in his treatise *On the Delay of Divine Justice* is the most graphic and, in one sense, one of the most important; important inasmuch as—assuming it to be a true vision—it is told, not about an initiate, or one versed in the sacred mysteries, but as being the experience of a man of profligate habits, whose reformation was brought about after his apparent death, burial, and resuscitation, by means of this Vision of the Invisible vouchsafed to him during his three days in the tomb.

This "Vision of Aridæus" is the subject of the third volume of that admirable series of little books entitled *Echoes from the Gnosis*, which Mr. Mead is in process of writing. The series meets a want that has been seriously felt by those students who, desirous of studying the comparative theosophies, mystic writings and gnosés of the ancients, are debarred therefrom either by a lack of knowledge of classical literature or a lack of familiarity with ancient tongues. For these volumes are intended by Mr. Mead "to serve as introduction to the more difficult"—and it may be added, not easily accessible—"literature of the subject"; and if one may judge by the three

volumes already published, and by the various subjects suggested for future treatment, the series will serve its purpose well.

The first two volumes treat of the Trismegistic literature. *The Gnosis of the Mind* forms an excellent introduction to the recent translations of the writings of Thrice-Greatest Hermes, whose teachings—in their Greek form—have not only influenced certain mystic schools of thought in the early years of the Christian era, but have been a source of illumination to various secret societies and groups of serious students in modern times. Mr. Mead tells us that the Theosophists of this tradition “declare with one voice—a sweet voice that carries conviction within, to the true knower in our innermost soul—that there *is* Gnosis [Knowledge], Certitude, full and inexhaustible, no matter how the doubting opinion, the counterfeit mind, may weave its images of contrary appearance about us”; and it is this certitude that we Theosophists of to-day are seeking to find. In his comments to *The Hymns of Hermes*—hymns of extraordinary spiritual beauty, sung by singers who had passed through certain of the initiations on the “Path of Return”—he tells us that these utterances proceed from the “self-conscious realisation of true Gnostic Passion where feeling has been consciously transmuted into knowledge”; that it is possible “for a man to learn to know God by first learning to know himself, and so unfold the flower of his spiritual nature and unwrap the swathings from the immemorial heart of him that has been mummified and laid in the tomb so many ages of lives that have been living deaths”; and that when this is accomplished “all the elements will hasten to serve the man who is serving God with the lawful liturgy of his whole nature.”

The Vision of Avidæus deals with a different plane of expression. Its teaching is in the more popular form of objective symbolism, and is, moreover, almost entirely restricted to the lower circles of Hades or the Invisible; for we are told that it is impossible for an uninitiate either in visions on the astral plane, or in the lesser mysteries of their terrestrial counterpart, to penetrate beyond these lower circles. The story brings us into touch with “one of the most enlightened of the ancients, exceedingly well versed in the details of the religious philosophy and sciences of his day”; for Plutarch held high office in the service of Apollo at Delphi, and also “in connection with the Dionysian Rites, and had intimate knowledge of the inner grades of the Osiric mysteries, and doubtless of other mystic traditions”; and is therefore “one of the most valuable sources of information on

Hellenic and Hellenistic theology, theosophy and mystagogy of the first century. He was a very good specimen of what we ought to mean to-day by the term theosophist."

The last portion of this little volume contains an exceedingly interesting commentary on the Vision, with many suggestions as to the meaning of the symbolism of the tale, and its import. For the Vision touches on many profound questions of Theosophy—karma, self-punishment, reincarnation, colour-symbolism, etc.

The story, and the comments, seem to me of such value that I would fain urge on Mr. Mead to treat in a similar manner other of the important Visions of Antiquity; and also the beautiful Babylonian poem known as "The Tablet of the Descent of Istar into the Under-World."

E. A. S.

A HANDBOOK OF EGYPTIAN RELIGION

A Handbook of Egyptian Religion. By Adolph Erman. With 130 Illustrations. Translated by A. S. Griffith. (London: Constable & Co.; 1907. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an excellent translation of Prof. Erman's *Die ägyptische Religion*, which was published two years ago as one of the guide books to the Berlin Imperial Museums. It is of course written entirely from the standpoint of the Berlin School of Egyptology; that is to say, that the Egyptian language was taken over by the indigenous Libyan populace from a conquering race of Semitic origin coming from North Arabia, and that the language was written from the earliest times without vowels, like Hebrew and Arabic. This theory, originated by Professor Erman and developed for some thirty years with marvellous ingenuity by his followers, has been repeatedly combated by most of the leading Egyptologists of Europe, such as Karl Piehl, Maspero, Naville, Renouf, and Budge. We are not ourselves competent to enter the lists in which such distinguished champions are in conflict; but we are justified in concluding that where the very nature of the language is still in doubt, the deductions drawn from philological premises may be held as at the best purely tentative.

It is of course always a matter of interest to read the conclusions of one who has devoted thirty years of his life to the study of any subject, and it goes without saying that there is much to be learned from Professor Erman's *Handbook*. Nevertheless we cannot but feel

that puzzle after puzzle is left unsolved, and one rises from the perusal of the volume with the surprised interrogation: Is this all there was in the Egyptian religion? For Professor Erman makes of it a poor thing at best, a very poor thing. Not once does he seem to put himself in the right position to gain an insight into what is in many respects marvellous. He is always dealing with externals always missing every indication of something more profound in what was manifestly intended to be a disguise.

Curiously enough, though our author refers, directly or indirectly, to all the general sources of information, he omits all reference to the Trismegistic literature except a short quotation from the famous prophecy in *The Perfect Sermon* with which he ends his book. And yet the writers of these illuminating tractates knew far more of the inner nature of the Egyptian religion than the rest of the classical authorities he cites.

But indeed it is hopeless to expect that Egypt will reveal her carefully guarded secrets to those who persist in looking in the wrong direction. The modern mind faces in a totally different direction to the soul of Egypt. The two can never meet. The modern mind is excellent in its own way; but it has no right, we venture to submit, to glorify itself at the expense of those who could feel things to which the modern body is dead. The religion of Egypt was a religion of life, and not a philosophy of mind; we shall get in contact with it along the side of sense rather than by way of intellect, if we are ever to become initiate in it. The monuments are there, the symbols are there, the hieroglyphs are there; but as the interpretation has been so far sought by the mind only, they have so far refused to speak their natural tongue.

G. R. S. M.

NEW-HUMANISM

Lectures on Humanism. By J. S. Mackenzie, Professor of Philosophy in University College, Cardiff. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; 1907.)

It is not easy to review a book of this character in the necessarily limited space at one's disposal. The present volume forms one of the "Ethical Library" series, and, in the present reviewer's opinion, shares to the full the dullness which seems inseparable from writers on ethical subjects, and which, we know, even the gods contend against in vain. The author is evidently steeped full of philosophical

systems past and present, but so unmanageable is his learning, or so cramped are the limits in which he has to work, that it is almost impossible for the ordinary reader to arrive at any very definite conclusion as to what his special variety of Humanism may be. Nor does the author seem quite certain himself. Of the very numerous "explanations" of what Humanism consists in, there is not one which does not suffer from repeated qualifications and exceptions, and the divisions and sub-divisions of the meanings and shades of meaning of which the subject is susceptible bewilder the most patient and tractable reader. The "pragmatism" of Prof. W. James, and the "humanism" of Mr. Schiller are at least intelligible attempts to explain the universe in which we live from the standpoint of human nature and human life, and as such may be fairly enough contrasted with the "naturalism" of biological and mechanical explanations and "supernaturalism" of the religions of authority; but a humanism which shades off into both naturalism and supernaturalism, and is elsewhere identified with "positivism," is rather too complicated for the ordinary intelligence. One feels after reading these essays that on some subjects "of making books there is no end and much reading is a weariness to the flesh."

M. L.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN RITUAL

Echoes from the Gnosis. Vol. IV. The Hymn of Jesus. By G. R. S. Mead. (London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1s. net.)

THE general reader who is at the same time a lover of mystic thought—and there are many such—will be indebted beyond words to Mr. Mead for this little volume. Coming ourselves under the above category, we shall perhaps express the feelings of many when we say that among everything of Mr. Mead's that we have read, this little commentary on a portion of his large work, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, stands pre-eminent for the presentation of profound, mystic truths, in touches of deep suggestiveness. The purpose of the little books in the series entitled *Echoes from the Gnosis*, is to provide stepping-stones to the more difficult heights of Gnostic study; and also to place a *vade mecum* in the hands of those who are deprived by lack of means and ability from studying the larger literature of the subject. In the present volume Mr. Mead has interpreted with

daring and freedom one of the oldest Christian mystery-rituals that has come down to us, and has succeeded in conveying, in a way that is really magical, a sense of the greatest of all Greatnesses in phrases that are at once subtle and direct, apposite, and of most admirable and unadorned brevity.

To be *always* free from mistiness is impossible in dealing with thoughts which go into the Great Mist, but as far as may be Mr. Mead leaves the ordinary student in no uncertainty as to his meaning. Now and again, perhaps, the mind longs to be helped in its halting flights by a few words of further elucidation; as on p. 52, where the correspondence of the Candidate, the "Sophia below," with "Charis or Grace, or Sophia above," is a shade too obscure for the general reader.

But hyper-criticism of such a book as this is almost an impertinence. The truth is that every paragraph in the Commentary which follows the Hymn is in itself a volume, and may be fitly recommended as a text for daily meditation. In this way suggestions of a vital character will flash like points of light from the unadorned surface of the Commentary, thereby witnessing to the deep skill with which the Inexpressible has been clothed in simple yet adequate language.

The chief feature of the Hymn is its constant reference to the Mystic Dance which seemed to have accompanied and conditioned the reception of certain instructions of a mystical order—whether in the body or out of the body we know not. The Dance is symbolic of the rhythmic vibrations of the inner universe, and microcosmically of the inner vehicles of the soul which reflects the motions of the Great Cosmos. As the essence of Dancing is harmonious and ordered movement, so the vibrations of the inner nature both of gods and men may be said to "dance" when all are in rhythmic order in relation to the movements of part with part. Without such rhythm we have chaos, wherein movement exists which is *not* Dance but confusion, the swirl of the Magna Vorago, or Great Whirlpool. Pages 56 and 77, which deal with this thought, are worthy of long and profound meditation by those who would understand the elemental difference between "Dance" that is truly ordered—hence stable, and at peace, and the tempest of movement without end or meaning which is all that the majority know as life.

How perfect the phrase, taken in this connection: "I would be kept *in time* with Holy Souls"; I would take part in Their marvellous

processions without falling out of step, or marring the rhythm of Their perfect motions.

It is certain that none can join Their company, or approach Their presence in whom the psychic Vorago has not in some measure been exchanged for ordered Dancing.

We would have this profound symbol again restored to the ritual of Christendom, but *not* before its meaning has been apprehended, and worked into the details of the outer life. Dance is Joy, Order, Harmony, and Movement which is Life; it is the contrary of deadness and inertia; it is the vitalising and making rhythmical the inner vestures of the soul which are not as yet attuned each to each, and to the Presence to Whose Dancing they are to give the answering response. "Who danceth not, knows not what is being done."

Again we thank our colleague for perhaps the greatest thing in little that has yet been offered to the mystical public.

C. E. W.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

The Proofs of Life after Death. Compiled and Edited by Robert J. Thompson. (London: T. Werner Laurie; 1907.)

A VOLUME containing thoughtful and suggestive papers by such men as Profs. Richet, Hyslop, William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, the late Dr. Hodgson and F. W. H. Myers, C. C. Massey, and such well-known foreign scientists as Lombroso, Mendeléef, Flammarion, Flournoy, etc., on such a subject as "Life after Death" cannot fail to be interesting—though the compilation of authorities is, *more Americano*, of very unequal value. This is especially and even ludicrously obvious in the section devoted to "Philosophers," where of the thirty-four "leading" names given, eight are American "professors," five are clergymen or ministers of religion, eight are "doctors" (of what faculty is not apparent), six are "editors" and "authors," three are private individuals, and the remainder are Kant, Emerson, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox (who, we are rather surprised to hear, is "another and greater than George Eliot") and Mr. W. T. Bryan! A separate chapter is given to Professor Elmer Gates, who contributes the last forty pages of the book, and who, we are told, is "one of the great mental leaders upon whose periodic appearance on the earth the advancement of human thought depends" (p. 322). Without quite subscribing to that opinion we willingly testify that Prof. Gates has written a very able and interesting essay, which if

not so original as the Editor evidently believes, is of special interest to students of Theosophy. But have Plato, Plotinus, Boehme, Swedenborg, and a few other "philosophers" we could name, written nothing worthy of inclusion in such a volume?

The main interest in the book, for most people, will centre in the sections headed "Psychical Researchers" and "Spiritualists." It is significant to observe in this connection how often for the sceptical scientist entrance into the Spiritualistic Kingdom has been through the portals of the Society for Psychical Research. Let us hope, in some few instances, that the former may yet prove the ante-chamber to the loftier halls of Theosophy.

M. L.

SONGS OF A "SAMURAI"

Songs of Exile. By Maurice Browne. (The Samurai Press; Dunsfold, Gosalming, Surrey; 1907. Price 2s. net.)

MR. MAURICE BROWNE'S verse is unquestionably the work of a poet, as shown in its rhythmic musical expression and its sonorous language, rich and flowing or restrained and dignified as emotion dictates; moreover, he has a marked appreciation of the value of sound in words, as distinct from their fitness. These *Songs of Exile*—written apparently near the Tibetan frontier on remote high-lands—are characterised by many striking lines, some of great pathos and beauty; such as:

At dusk he sees the frozen moon
Pour silence from her crystal bowl
Over the world.

Or the following verse from the poem "At Dusk" written in memory of a Kāshmirī girl, the wife of an English officer:

Thou hast become a note in Nature's song,
Of that great universal organ-tone
A quivering chord, unheard save in the strong
Shout of the winds and elemental moan
Of restless infinite ocean: thou art grown
One with all primal being, one with light,
One with the night.

It is not obvious at first sight what has been the "open sesame" of this book of song to the privileges of the "Samurai." Presumably, however, the fine imagination, the sincerity and strength of Mr. Browne's verse, are in accord with the spirit of the motto of that

Association: "To imagine our best and strive for it"—a modern version apparently of "*Noblesse oblige*," or, as the ruling thought of one of the greatest of the Victorian painters finely phrases it: "The Utmost for the Highest."

E. A. S.

A DERANGEMENT OF EPITAPHS

Practical Health. By Leander Edmund Whipple. (New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.; 1907.)

THIS brochure is one of an increasing number of similar publications with which the many offshoots of what is known as "Christian Science" have flooded a long-suffering world. Like many, if not most of its congeners, it betrays a misunderstanding of the meanings and grammatical uses of simple English words, a complete unfamiliarity with science, and a profound ignorance of what constitutes "disease." It would be a mere waste of time to inform the author that such expressions as "dank moisture" are nonsense, that food does not, except in the parlance of the uneducated, "digest," that "transfers" is an active not a passive verb, and that such an expression as "the entire evidence becomes that of sickness" is slipshod in the extreme.

The "medical" part of the work it is impossible to criticise. One cannot criticise nonsense. It will be news to most doctors that "the liver is the *organic* seat of *responsibility* of the human body" (p. 15); that a "cold" may result from "worry" or a "fit of temper" (p. 165); that grief "ties up" the muscles (p. 255); just as it will be that every disease is caused by "fear" and has a mental origin (p. 163). Thus, when a man, in previous excellent health, drinks contaminated water, *without knowing it*, and three weeks afterwards is down with typhoid fever, the real cause of his illness was "fear," not "typhoid germs," though he was absolutely unconscious of it at the time. It is not stated why this fear "out-pictured" (to use the jargon of this school) in "typhoid fever" rather than in "Bright's disease" or "pneumonia"; we presume because there are as many specific kinds of "fear" as of "disease." But what a flood of light this theory throws upon the state of mind of our troops in the S. African war! They must have been simply paralysed with fear, not poisoned with bad water.

And this is "metaphysics"! Heaven save the mark! It never seems to occur to this "school" of writers that there may be a *true* science of "mental healing," and a *true* means of mental self-protection

against much ill-health, without the absurdity of supposing that *physical* causes of disease do not exist.

M. L.

COLOUR HEALING

Colour as a Curative Agent. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1907. Price 1s. net.)

AFTER pointing out various elementary scientific facts concerning some of the functions of colour, this little manual indicates briefly a few practical applications of the subject to the cure of disease. It then gives a table of the colours in the human aura, with the meanings usually assigned to them by clairvoyants, and concludes with some suggestions as to visualising colour during meditation in order to induce the corresponding mental or emotional state.

B. G. T.

POTPOURRI

The Secret Fancies of a Business Man. By James R. Beard. (London: Sherratt & Hughes; 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BEARD disarms criticism by the modesty of his Preface, wherein he claims neither "talent, nor power, nor aught of greater worth" for his "Fancies" than that they may call out a sympathetic response in the thoughts of a few friends, and reveal to them a little of the less known mind of this particular Business Man. These rhymed "Secret Fancies," written with a facile imitative pen, disclose much geniality, humour, a love of nature and an interest in the deeper aspects of life. They cannot, however, be seriously considered as poems; nor have they any special connection with the interests of the Theosophical Society. In the first "Fancy"—"A Cabalistic Greeting"—use is made of Dr. Goodchild's Numerical Craft Alphabet to indicate the affinity underlying certain leading words; and in the "Ode to the Divine," Beauty, Power, Love and Joy are sung of as attributes of the Divine. The Ode is prefaced with the fine quotation from Hegel: "The Beautiful is essentially the Spiritual—making itself known sensuously, presenting itself in sensuous concrete existence—but has its meaning solely and exclusively in the Spiritual, and through the Spiritual, and exhibits, not itself but the Spiritual."

E. A. S.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

Lessons in the Art of Living. By Mary Russell Mills. (Los Angeles, Calif.: The Fellowship Publishing Co.; 1907. Price 20 cents.)

THIS little book is intended, as the introductory note tells us, "to form a sort of outline study of the real history of every soul who would live an intelligently religious life"; and though there may be nothing strikingly original in it, yet the author writes with considerable insight upon some of the fundamental problems of life, such as the nature of Evil and of Love, the philosophy of Non-Resistance, and the immanence of God. Especial emphasis is laid upon what has been happily termed "the practice of the presence of God," and the book is written throughout with a spirit of devotion as well as a realisation of the great underlying unity of all things. Those who are treading the path of the Mystic may find some helpful thoughts in these pages.

B. G. T.

PSYCHISM AND THEOSOPHY

Psychism and Theosophy. By the Dreamer. Transaction No. I. of the Bengal Theosophical Federation. Calcutta.

WE have to congratulate the Bengal Federation on this excellent study, which is just what we have been waiting for. Many of us have felt a certain hesitation in accepting the details of the astral world given in some of our books, and what our author calls "the realistic but, alas, the materialistic pictures," as authoritative statements about a world which it seemed to us must necessarily be *beyond* expression in physical words or shapes. We have, too, watched with apprehension the obvious tendency of some of our writers to fall back into the ordinary spiritualistic conception of the "departed soul" and its relations with the new world in which it finds itself, which seemed to us quite irreconcilable with what we had been previously taught. What the "Dreamer" has done in this work is to explain and justify our hesitation with a wealth of Hindu philosophy and theology which none of us in England have at our command. His definition of the Psychism which he sets over against true Theosophy is that it is "a mode of knowledge of which the pivotal point is the conception of a separative central self"—the product of Ahaṁkāra, the "I am I" consciousness, which must be transcended to obtain the true knowledge. He tells us: "Knowledge becomes illusion if we accentuate

the desire for separate existence, which by creating an apparently independent subject prevents the true assimilation of the one-ness of everything. Thus the man who has developed astral sight sees the astral plane as coloured by his physical-plane preoccupations. Not only do we thus lose sight of the true unity of life, but we seek to interpret the life of the higher planes in terms of the lower capacities and powers of consciousness. This is Psychism." Again: "Psychism is essentially the result of the prolongation of a lower plane consciousness into a higher." Thus, in some recent descriptions of the astral and devachanic planes, "we see a very large admixture of the concrete, separative conceptions of the physical plane. Things are measured as if the ego there is but the continuation of the physical personality—separative in its workings and thereby projecting a separate non-I outside it. It is the immortalisation and exaltation of the separate self in astral and mental backgrounds. The value of an astral thing would lie in its place and position in the astral world alone, not with reference to the pleasures and pain, hopes and aspirations of the physical. Because a thing is hostile to the conceptions of the physical personality it is called an astral evil; because a force is apparently helpful to the separated physical man it is at once characterised as a good thing."

Our space does not permit us to go into the learned discussion which leads our author to this conclusion; we hope everyone who is interested in these things will read and study carefully for himself. On the burning subject of "phenomena" he has some weighty words, an extract from which must close our notice.

"It may be said that the third object of the Theosophical Society justifies psychic phenomena; but this view is scarcely a right one. Unless we have in us the sense of the Unity of the Self, no number of phenomena can ever lead us to the Truth which forms the Basis of the Society. The investigation into the psychic powers latent in man does not mean simply a search after the uncanny and the mysterious, nor the hunting after such phenomena as table-turning and the like. But, on the other hand, the object means and implies, what *Light on the Path* admirably expresses—a turn of mind to observe the play of the Life within and without us. Within us is the Light of the World—the only light that can be shed on the Path; if we cannot recognise it within, it will be useless to seek for it elsewhere. For then we shall merely see in the outer, an expression of the separated self in us."

A. A. W .

RÉCHAUFFÉ À LA AZRA

Truths from the Spirit World. Dictated by Azra, the Great White Spirit, to M. Hoey. (London: published by the Author; 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS collection of spirit-teachings reminds us of nothing so much as of that useful concoction known as Friday pie. Layers of most excellent advice, in scraps somewhat staled by serving; flavourings of various quaint theories probably peculiar to "Azra and Azrael"; plenty of sweet sentimental gravy; the whole domed in by an imposing crust of Divine commission: such is the dish offered for the nourishment (according to the preface) of the "Higher Ego."

The most eminent authorities are quoted in support of the author's claims—himself a "Spirit of the Sixth Plane." We have a special message from "Parabrahm," informing us that "when we do wrong for the sake of affection for someone, we do not really love that soul, but are possessed by passion"; and that "the mass of humanity wants rousing into definite action."

The "twin-soul" theory is trotted out again. Cleanliness of persons is recommended. We are encouraged to aspire to "the gifts of the Spirit," which, it is explained, are clairvoyance and clair-audience. We are bid, "Brace yourselves up, ye seers." We learn that "there are many kinds of suffering apart from those of the body."

There needs no Great White Spirit, come from the Sixth Plane, to tell us these things.

Is it not time that writings of such extravagant pretension, unsupported by anything that they contain, should cease to be put forward by respectable persons?

A. L.

THE DIARY OF A SOUL

We Three; The Convictions of an Unorthodox Believer. By E. S. (London: Open Road Publishing Co.; 1907.)

THIS is a curious and interesting book, which carries on every page the confirmation of its opening statement, that it was not originally written for publication, but is put forth in the hope "that some enquirer or doubter may find a help in its halting words." It is

obviously the work of a meditative soul who has kept a diary, and allowed himself the fullest freedom of speculation—speaking only to himself—without thought of what has been written on the subject, only working out his problems in the complete openness and honesty which a real thinker owes to his own self, even more than to others. Many of his conclusions are true, striking, and such as must have seemed new to the writer, as they will to many of his readers. The book is not one for criticism, in the ordinary sense of the word; no good purpose would be served by going through it to say where we agree and where we differ. It is, doubtless, liable to Aurora Leigh's objection:

You must not pump spring-water unawares
Upon a gracious public full of nerves.

Our duty, however, is to give the writer recognition as a fearless and independent thinker, one after our own heart; and to recommend his book to those to whom "the riddle of the painful earth" is at once a fascination and a terror, as the work of one who has thought much and seen far into the problems of life. They may not always be convinced by his arguments, but they cannot but be profited by his spirit.

A. A. W.

SUN BATHS

Air, Light and Sun Baths in the Treatment of Chronic Complaints.

By Dr. A. Monteuuis. Translated from the French by
Fred. Rothwell. (London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson,
Ld.; 1907.)

THE superlative value of such natural methods of treatment as hydro-pathy, massage, and simplicity and purity in diet is slowly but surely becoming recognised by a conservative public and an equally conservative medical profession in this country; and it is quite likely that the prophecy of an eminent Swiss doctor, that "light, air and sun baths will constitute the principal remedies of the twentieth century," may be fulfilled. Most people imagine that these benefits can only be obtained by lengthy visits to sanatoria where manifold appliances are provided for the purpose. But Dr. Monteuuis quickly dispels this idea, and by explaining concisely the *rationale* of the various atmospheric baths, and giving practical instructions for those who wish to try them, shows how they may be easily obtained in

almost every home. An air bath can be taken in one's bedroom every day of the year if desired. The book is a commendable effort at popularising one of the simplest and most powerful of all Nature's remedies.

B. G. T.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, July, opens with a lecture by our late President-Founder, dated 1875, upon "Human Spirits and Elementaries" (or, as we now call them, Elementals), chiefly in their relations to the spiritualistic séance-rooms, which is marked by all the blunt outspokenness which gave him so much influence on the lecture platform. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar continues his learned papers on "The Science of the Emotions," and J. McLean "The Golden Keys"; Rama Prasad ends his important series on "Self-Culture" with a paper which makes us regret we are to have no more. His statement that "the one great principle which the study of the ways of evolution teaches us is that evolution is never *unaided*;—it always receives help from the higher planes of the universe," expresses admirably the lesson Theosophy has to teach men of science. W. A. Mayers continues his "From Chaos to Cosmos." The collection of passages given us by N. E. David as "Universal Brotherhood and Love in Israelitism," furnishes a beautiful ideal. Would that Israelites—and Gentiles—carried it out into practice! Nasarvanji M. Desai's "Mazdean Symbolism in the light of the *Secret Doctrine*" is continued, and we have the remainder of Mrs. Besant's lecture, "The Brotherhood of Religions," a subject on which she is always at her best. The "Echoes from the Past" for this month are chiefly reprints from *Old Diary Leaves*, and lose for want of their context.

Theosophy in India, July. "What do we think of the Masters?" a lecture by Mrs. Besant, contains many interesting particulars; amongst others one which is new to us—that the formation of the Theosophical Society was undertaken by the Masters M. and K. H. "against the advice of their Superior." With her sentiment that "every Theosophist should endeavour to make possible Their manifestation, not by blind acceptance, hasty judgment, or prejudice, but by deliberate investigation of everything that claims to come from Them," all of us will heartily agree. Miss Edger's "Studies in the Pedigree of Man" are continued, and "The Yogī and his Tat" is concluded.

Central Hindu College Magazine, July. From this excellent Magazine we are glad to quote that "four out of five of our students who went up for the High School Examination have won Government scholarships. This is the highest percentage for any school that sent up successful students."

The Vâhan, August, is mainly occupied with matters of the Election and the Presidential Address. The one question and answer in the "Enquirer" is as to the meaning of the curious Jewish expression that the Sacred Books "defile the hands."

Lotus Journal, August, continues the curious series "Life as seen by the Dead." The other articles are "Folk Music of the N. American Indians," "The House of Unshed Tears," "The First Men," and the continuations of "Great Florentine Painters" (this time treating of Michael Angelo), "The Invisible Worlds," and Miss E. M. Mallet's "Outlines of Theosophy."

De Theosofische Beweging, August, contains a full report of the meeting of the British Section, and Mrs. Besant's Inaugural Address.

Theosophia, July. The original articles in this number are, "The Comprehension and Guidance of our Lives," by W. C. van Vlaardingen, "The Zodiac," by H. J. van Ginkel, and H. J. van der Waal's translation of the *Hitopadesha*. There are also translations of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, and Mrs. Besant's "Brotherhood of Religions."

Lucifer-Gnosis, No. 34, has an Editorial on "Life-Questions for the Theosophical Movement," by Dr. Steiner, "The Steps of the Higher Knowledge," "The Ākāsha Chronicle," and E. Schuré's "The Sanctuaries of the East."

Signor Calvari's *Ultra* (July) is a good number, in which A. Agabiti makes an eloquent plea for Islam. We note that in addition to the full account of Theosophical events, there is this time an equally full summary of what the writer designates as the "Spiritualistic Revival." *Sophia* (July) has a very appreciative article upon "Amiel's Diary" by Alberto Insúa, and M. Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses." Somehow or other this does not seem at its ease; the Spanish language is (like the English) too common-sense for its mystery, and it needs R. Urbano's "Mystic Commentary" to put us into the mood to appreciate it. *Omatunto* (July) gives its readers papers on "Faith and Doubt," "Freewill and Necessity," and "Evidences of Reincarnation." Our Editor furnishes us with the information that our undecipherable Russian magazine is published

in Bulgaria, and that its title reads *The Path is Within Thee*, by which name we shall henceforth refer to it. Also: *Fragments; Theosophy in Australasia* (June and July), one of our very best magazines, and these numbers fully up to their mark; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, in which Mr. D. W. M. Burn makes some very useful and practical suggestions as to the management of Section and Branches; *La Verdad*.

Of magazines not our own we have to acknowledge with thanks: *Broad Views* (August), from the Editorial of which we regret to learn that it has not succeeded in paying its way, and is in danger of ceasing its issue. We fear that some "regard for conventional habits of thought" is at present necessary for the success of a magazine—or a Society; but it will be much missed by those who read it. In addition to Mr. Sinnett's own contribution, "The Vicissitudes of Theosophy," a very judicious and thoughtful letter upon the late Dr. Anna Kingsford is well worth study. *Modern Astrology; The Dawn; Siddhanta Deepika; Indian Review* (June and July); *Occult Review*, in which the Editor, as "one of the many dissatisfied members of the S.P.R." expresses an opinion, which we share, that "there are certain conclusions at which the Society is determined at all hazards *not* to arrive"; *La Luz Astral; Open Road; Health Record; New Thought*.

The Law of Karma, and Its Solvent, is an address delivered to the Chicago Branch by Dr. E. H. Alling.

THE VOTING IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

The following figures are taken from *The Vahan* of August 1st:

	Yes.	No.
Indian Section - - -	3,571	47
American Section - - -	1,319	679
British Section - - -	1,189	261
Dutch Section - - -	781	1
French Section - - -	600	50
German Section - - -	582	20
Scandinavian Section - - -	548	0
Italian Section - - -	146	12
Australian Section - - -	539	5
New Zealand Section - - -	246	30
Cuban Section - - -	188	14
Unattached - - -	117	3
	9,826	1,122

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