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SATYAN NASTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XLI NOVEMBER, 1907 No. 243

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THOUGH it was generally anticipated that the anxiously awaited Encyclical of Pius X. would be on strictly conservative lines, few were prepared for such a knock-down blow straight from the shoulder as has been delivered by the one who declares his mission to be that "of feeding the flock of the Lord." This "*quasi*-infallible" pronouncement is entirely disdainful of the usual careful phraseology of Vatican diplomacy, crudely asserts the narrowest orthodoxy of Ultramontane scholasticism, and bluntly directs that the weapons of external repression and coercion shall be rigorously applied, and all liberal-minded professors and reformers removed from their posts. The crisis is one of extreme gravity, and of the greatest interest. It is a declaration of war to the knife, and a challenge flung in the face of every liberalising tendency in the Roman Church. It is directed against what the Vatican calls "modernism" (*De Modernistarum Doctrinis*), but what all sensible people regard as "liberalism"; it is the reaction of "scholasticism" in its most *intransigeant* form against "humanism," or rather against all that is best in the spirit of

The Encyclical Pascendi

progress. A colleague has kindly sent us a copy of the Latin text, as published in the Vatican organ *L'Osservatore Romano*, of September 17th, and also the French translation, *Les Doctrines Modernistes* (Rome, Typographie Vaticane). With these before us we are able to appreciate fully the remarkably able synopsis and criticism, and amazingly out-spoken declarations, of Father George Tyrrell, which appeared in *The Times* of September 30th and October 1st. It is against such courageous spirits who love truth and their fellow-men more than a system, who love life and light more than forms and fossils, that the Encyclical is chiefly directed.

* * *

A Criticism of the Document

FATHER TYRRELL was once himself an adept in scholasticism, knew all its turns and twists, and abandoned it only because he found in it "principles that carried it beyond itself to something wider and better." He, therefore, does not criticise from outside but from inside. He has tried it and found it wanting as a solution of life and religion. The major part of the Encyclical, as any who read it may discover for themselves, consists of a controversial exposition of Modernism "from the pen of some subtle scholastic theologian," who we must admit with Father Tyrrell to be unusually well versed in the literature of his subject, but constitutionally unable to see anything except in the light of his own scholastic categories. That the Pope himself is responsible for this part of the lengthy document is hardly to be believed.

> How far this subtle disquisition on science-theory and the principle of criticism emanates from the mind of Pius X., or is even within his comprehension, is open to question. Its avowed purpose is to silence the recent allegations that the Holy Father condemns because he does not understand.

The Pope's own voice, however, is to be recognised unmistakably in those drastic repressive measures which form the most important part of the Encyclical. Father Tyrrell is a brilliant writer, and sums up in graphic fashion some of the main points in dispute.

The Encyclical flatly denies all truth and value to what is generally considered the mental and moral progress of recent centuries, and boldly contends in the face of evolution that the only

development the Church can tolerate is what Father Tyrrell calls "simply a mechanical unpacking of what was given in a tight parcel 2,000 years ago"; it is entirely opposed to a belief "in time, in growth, in vital and creative evolution."

* * *

MODERNISM and all its ways are, therefore, regarded by the Vatican as a "compendium of all heresies," and the root-principle of this compendium it calls "agnosticism." But here we must be on our guard, for we are in a rarer atmosphere than that of ordinary popular controversy. What is called "agnosticism" by the Vatican is so only from the scholastic standpoint, for:

Modernist "Agnosticism"

It by no means denies that the divine and real are knowable; but merely that they can be known by the scientific faculty, the *Verstand* of Kant, the *ratio* and *intellectus* of the Schoolmen, as distinct from the reason and higher spiritual powers. Modernists deny that mere science can get beyond the phenomenal or attain to the essence and substance of reality; that it can, by the argument for motion, demonstrate [as scholasticism claims] the existence of God and of the supernatural as simply as it might demonstrate that of Neptune or Uranus or of any other external substance. They [the Modernists] pretend to reach God by other modes of cognition.

It is seen at once that we are here face to face with the pretensions of the Seminary, not only as opposed to the University, but as set over against the Heart of the Faith.

* * *

THE question at issue is no other than the nature and origin of religion. The whole argument is of immense interest and highly instructive. It is a question of theology *versus* experience. Thus the Encyclical

The Origin of Religion

Condemns the doctrine that religion originates in man's soul, or otherwise than from outside—*i.e.*, through the deductions of the intellect from natural or "supernatural" phenomena; that it derives from "a certain movement of the heart" or from a sense of God, immanent in the soul, such as mystics and mystical philosophers speak of; that beyond the bounds of outward and inward experience accessible to science and history there is a Reality "unknowable" for science, but given to the higher consciousness "prior to any judgment of the mind," and appealing to a certain sense.

It is precisely this inward sense of God, this life of religion, which the Modernists in the Roman Catholic Church claim to be

a faculty "which it is the purpose of religion and revelation to cultivate." It is thus the Mystic and not the Rationalist who is fighting for life in the Roman Catholic Church; and if this is the case there are few in the Theosophical Society who will not wish the Modernist God-speed. The Encyclical forbids the Mystic to hold that:

> Faith, comprehending certain phenomenal facts and personalities along with and under their Divine significance (which is its proper object), idealises and rearranges the said phenomena so as to bring out their significance still more; and that, thus transformed, they are outside the competence of science, which needs to discriminate between their idealised and their original form. Thus it is not that faith first sees the divinity of Christ and then unconsciously rearranges the Gospel history to bring out this truth; but that reason starts from the miracles of the Gospel history and so argues to the divinity of Christ. The notion that Christ's religion or revelation was the expression of His own inward experience, of "a process of immanent life," and was not derived from some almost locally external source, is curiously anathematised as "stupendous and sacrilegious audacity."

* * *

Biblical Criticism Condemned

As to Biblical criticism and all its works, they are condemned root and branch. The hands of the clock are violently forced back and the extremest Augustinian form of Biblical inspiration is reaffirmed.

> God is the author, nay the dictator, of the sacred Scriptures, in which there can therefore be no scientific or historical errors; and to say that He accommodated His scientific utterances to the ideas and ignorance of His hearers is "to attribute convenient and serviceable lying to God Himself."

We have all heard the apologies that the Old Testament was a partial revelation of God, preluding the full revelation of the New, and that Jesus (like the prophets before him) on matters of science spoke as a Jew from the standpoint of the "science" of the day. These are apologies urged by those who do not believe in plenary inspiration or anything like it; and they make man responsible for the errors and not God. The wording of the "accommodation" hypothesis is an excellent example of how the writer of this portion of the Encyclical subtly twists the theory to impute the most odious and blasphemous opinion to the men who are fighting for a worthier conception of Divinity. We are therefore not surprised to learn that in the opinion of the Vatican wiseacres:

The sacred books were all written by the traditional authors. The Pentateuch and the Synoptics did not gradually grow to their present form. The arguments of later Biblical writers drawn from the prophets and earlier writers are always objectively valid and do not rest on false readings and mistranslations. The ancient doctors of the Church excelled the modern Biblical critics in genius, learning and sanctity.

In brief, the whole of modern Biblical science is not only valueless but utterly pernicious.

* * *

IT is almost incredible that any body of reasonable mortals should assert these untenable propositions in the twentieth century. Yet so it is, and it is hoped by the Vatican that this relentless reassertion of *credo quia absurdum* will lead to an *instauratio omnium!* The grand programme of ecclesiastical and scholastic obscuration is summed up as follows by Father Tyrrell:

The General Position of the Vatican

Religion is derived by deductive reasoning from natural and miraculous phenomena. God is not reached through inward religious experience, but by argument. The divinity of Christ and Christianity can be thus argued so as to coerce the understanding. The Roman Catholic Church, with the Papacy, the sacraments, and all its institutions and dogmas, was, in its entirety, the immediate creation of Christ when upon earth. There has been no vital development, but only mechanical unpacking of what was given from the first. The Scriptures were dictated by God, and are final in questions of science and history. All doctrinal guidance and ecclesiastical authority is mediated through the infallible Pope from God to the Church. The Church is the purely passive recipient of the guidance so received. The Bishops are mere delegates of the Pope; the priests of the Bishops. The laity have no active share of any kind in ecclesiastical concerns; still less in the so-called growth of the Church's mind. Obedience and pecuniary succour are their sole duties. Science is subject to the control of scholastic theology; secular government is subject to the control of ecclesiastical government in mixed matters. . . . There has been no true enlightenment and progress in modern times outside the Church. There is no element of truth in any other religious system.

That is to say, everything that the more liberal and progressive spirits in the Church have hoped for and petitioned is angrily refused, and the petitioners threatened with pains and penalties.

THE reply of the Modernist—as represented by such courageous and determined "Knights of the Holy Spirit" as Father Tyrrell—is unequivocal. He welcomes this plain-spoken Encyclical with almost a sigh of relief.

The Position of the Modernists

> After all, it is only what he has been working and hoping for—a clear and final demonstration of the futility of pouring new wine into old bottles; of the attempt to gather the experience of the twentieth century under the categories of the thirteenth; of "coming to terms" with an age that is dead and buried—in a word, of coquetting with the impossible. . . . Neither the engineered enthusiasm of *la bonne presse*, nor the extorted acquiescence and unanimity of a helplessly subjugated episcopate, nor the passive submission of uncomprehending sheeplike lay multitudes, will deceive him into thinking that this Encyclical comes from, or speaks to, the living heart of the Church—the intelligent, religious-minded, truth-loving minority. . . .
>
> No so-called modernist who understands the logic of his own position, who is proud of his spiritual ancestry, who realises that union with the Church depends on inward reality more than on outward form, will be moved from his Catholicism by any act of juridical violence of which he may be the object. His faith is not something that can be annihilated in a moment by the word of an angry Bishop. Much as he may prize the sacramental bread of life, he prizes still more the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. To secede would be to allow that his calumniators were in the right; that Catholicism was bound hand and foot to its scholastic interpretation and to its mediæval Church polity; that the Pope had no duties, and the people no rights. It would be to abandon what he believes to be the truth at the moment of its greatest betrayal.

This is a historic document and one of the bravest things ever written. At present the sluggish mass of tradition and custom is pouring itself upon the fiery impulse, striving to quench it, that it may no more be disturbed. But this very striving is a proof that it is being moved. The Spiritual Power that is pressing down upon the world is a Power of Wisdom, that acts through the opposites, and effects most through the ignorance and unconsciousness of those who cannot rise above them. No mortal repression can with-stay the Power; the deepest passions are experienced and there is proportionate opportunity of understanding. It is a magnificent spectacle for the Gods, for they know it is a forerunner of greater things, but exceedingly painful for the unknowing sufferers on both sides.

WE take the following remarkable case of what, on the face of it, must be called reincarnation (if the facts are as stated) from *The Malay Mail* of August 28th, copying from *The Rangoon Times*. It is well known that the popular Buddhist theory of rebirth is that of immediate birth at the moment of death, "karma" immediately producing a new body. Those who have read Fielding Hall's delightful book, *The Soul of a People*, will remember that this is the general belief of the Burmese, and several instances are given. That *The Rangoon Times* should record the case and *The Malay Mail* repeat it shows that there is a widespread interest in such matters and that the days of ridicule or flat denial are passing rapidly away. The report runs:

A Curious Case of Reincarnation

> There is a little, blue-eyed, light-haired boy at Meiktila, between three and four years old, the son of hard-working and matter-of-fact Burmese parents belonging to the labouring classes, who until quite recently prattled like any other child of that age. The other day, however, he astonished his mother by gravely claiming that he was the late Major D. J. Welsh, Border Regiment, come to life again, and went on to describe the house where he had previously lived, the number of ponies he had, and other personal matters. The mother was frightened, and called in the neighbours, to whom the queer Albino repeated his story, describing how he and two others—a lady and a gentleman—were drowned in the Meiktila lake in a boating accident during a storm at night in March, 1904, when the three, and only, occupants of the boat perished. That is the year in which Mrs. Reade, Lieutenant A. W. Quinlan, and Major Welsh, both of the Border Regiment, did lose their lives in this identical manner. Large crowds assemble daily to hear the little child-man speak. Of course, sceptics will say that it is a "put up job." The answer to this is that Burmese coolies are not given to romancing to such an extent. Several methods have been applied to test the genuineness of the child's utterances, and people are satisfied that he has not been tutored. The parents would have to be wide-awake sharpers, indeed, to succeed in foisting such a story on to the public, through the instrumentality of a mere infant, and there is no suggestion that they are not what they appear to be, *viz.*, simple-minded folk. It is a far cry from Meiktila to Pegu for people who do not use the post, and it is unlikely that this strange story is based on the extraordinary account narrated there a few years ago regarding the reincarnation of the late Mr. A. H. Tucker, District Superintendent of Police, in the person of a little Burmese boy.

The mysteries of the soul are great and no wise man will

venture to dogmatise on the subject. Immediate reincarnation has generally been considered by most of our writers to be rare in the West, except in the case of very little developed or very advanced souls. In Burmah, however, it is believed to be the only mode, and of course very many primitive folk held and hold that the new-born babe in a tribe is the immediate reincarnation of the last member who died. It would be interesting to know whether the "Major Welsh" personality continues. If these are full spiritual reincarnations, the puzzle remains: What have Major Welsh and Mr. A. H. Tucker to do in the body of the children of Burmese coolies? Whatever answer we may attempt to give will require the greatest circumspection, and no real solution of the difficulty can possibly dawn upon us until we have made our minds absolutely free of every prejudice.

SONNET TO JOAN OF ARC

MAID of Orleans, great was your soul to dare
The grand but awful task upon you laid
By those insistent voices, in the shade
Of that loved forest, where you knelt in prayer.
Oh great it was, methinks, in you to bear
Toil, pain and hardship, and, O tender maid,
To lead your armies, as before you prayed
In faith triumphant and with radiant air.

But greater yet the wise humility,
Saviour of France, that made you always yearn
For the still woods of far-off Domrémy,
The forest-chapel paved with moss and fern,
And, in the moment of glad victory,
Leader of Armies, homeward to return.

M. M. CULPEPER-POLLARD.

HOW I FACED THE PROBLEM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

If the elucidation of the nature of consciousness is generally admitted to be one of the most difficult tasks, the reason is to be sought in the sway which blind assumptions exercise over our reasoning. There are those who have solved the problem to the fullest satisfaction which a true solution is expected to yield, and they are invariably astonished that the nature of consciousness should seem mysterious at all. It is, however, shrouded in profound mystery for thousands upon thousands, and while it would profit little to state simply the solution from the standpoint of those who have reached it, an account of the road which has to be covered before the solution can be realised, may perhaps be found helpful.

Seeing that up to my twenty-first year I was blissfully unconscious of all metaphysical worries, it is not surprising that the problem of consciousness began to puzzle me in earnest only when I reached my twenty-eighth year. This means that it took me quite seven years of philosophical babyhood before I realised what it was that I had been trying to solve.

The psycho-physiological standpoint of Max Nordau was accepted by me at the first sight chiefly because of its novelty and also because it did away with "God." When I remember what noble emotions it aroused in my soul, I am unwilling to treat it with contempt. Materialism is always a creed of hope to its adherents, thanks to their logical short-sightedness; it is a necessary stage of development, and therefore all that is said against it in bitterness, amounts only to a condemnation of the first efforts to lead a noble life.

Nor did I progress on the authority of abstract reasoning; this I have found, all through my experience, only panders to personal conceit, having the nature of either a short-sighted

comment on the past or a still more short-sighted making-wise as to the future. We outgrow a standpoint more or less unconsciously. It is a common experience that one still professes a belief long after one has really dropped it. To do so does not mean that one is a hypocrite, but that we do not guide our growth.

Unhappy circumstances in which I found myself in my twenty-fourth year forced me to seek consolation in my inner Self. Utter beggary stared me in the face; but as somehow or other I was accustomed to think of myself as born to achieve something, I could not get myself to commit suicide.

I was then in Geneva and had selected for my grave a spot near the island of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, of whose writings I was particularly fond at that time. I wished to throw myself into the river Rhone on my birthday; but when the appointed day arrived, I passed the selected spot and started to tramp home to Austria, a prey to bitter self-accusations. It seemed that I was a coward after all!

On my return home I found myself unable to earn my living —chiefly because of my having revolted against military subordination during my compulsory service shortly before. In my distress I even petitioned the Emperor to admit me into the civil service, but after a few months' painful waiting found myself rejected.

Once more there seemed nothing left for me to do but to commit suicide. But just in the nick of time a friend lent me Max Stirner's *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum*, a book which some fifty years ago had roused much indignation on account of the seemingly most blatant egotism which it expounded. To me the book proved a veritable friend in need. After all it was only meant to remind man that he is not an appendage of things, but that he ought to value freedom from prejudices above everything else—and God appeared then to me as a mere prejudice, because I had known so far only His orthodox caricature.

In a single day I felt myself utterly superior to my circumstances. Stirner's ridicule of sentimental self-pitying struck home. An inextinguishable fire seemed to be set aflame in me. Human attachments fell from me like so many beggarly rags.

My previous life appeared to me suddenly as if spent in a cellar.

Without any preparation whatever I left my home and its bitter bread of charity. In venturing out into the wide world like a tramp, I was only actuated by a romantic curiosity as to where chance would lead me. Starvation, or imprisonment for vagabondage, had no longer any horror for me, because henceforth I proposed to live on the understanding that I was a living "dead," *i.e.*, that I had committed suicide and somehow or other remained alive. Thus nothing seemed to matter henceforth.

Ah, it seems now quite pathetic to remember myself shifting from place to place, sleeping mostly in the open and vying with the wild beasts in the search for food. Yet I pretended to be contented; indeed, when it did not rain and I did not feel very hungry, I really felt happy. And somehow or other strangers proved kinder than my own people; many treated me with generosity, some even made me realise my unworthiness of the extreme benevolence which they lavished on me.

But it is not the details that matter now. I am only supplying a background to an investigation of my own growth. To what was due the amazing change in my attitude to life? What was it that made me feel more or less contented with the worst circumstances that may fall to the lot of a wild beast?

Remembering myself on a pitch-dark, rainy night in a wood with soaked clothes, an empty stomach and trying to warm my feet in my hands, I find that my lasting consolation lay in recalling to mind that I had forfeited all right to grumble under the penalty of being a humbug. Did I not make up my mind to live by chance? It is all very well to feel all right when the sun shines; chance, however, implies all manner of weathers. In pondering further that I had to atone for my supposed cowardice in the matter of suicide, wild energy begins to course through my veins, warming up my chilled body. There was no sense in continuing to live as a sentimentalist, to allow myself to be vulnerable by misery. Suddenly I welcome my situation as a test of my sincerity of purpose. After all there were many whose fate had been far more deplorable than mine—as for instance the

French on their retreat from Moscow. Besides it was only Nature that persecuted me, not the hatred of some fiend.

Whilst entertaining such thoughts I regain a marvellous detachment from my body. The pattering of the rain on the leaves and then on the ground, exercise a weird charm on me. Instead of impenetrable darkness a bluish mist surrounds me, stars flash out, and a soft lullaby invites me to rest after my fatigue. "Perhaps I shall fall asleep never to wake again," I tell myself. And the thought makes me feel elated! Merciful Nature would thus do for me what I could not bring about myself.

In picturing to myself how people would find my dead body and lament my fate, I seem to be witnessing the scene from some immeasurable height. "Good people," I murmur, with tender gratefulness for this imagined manifestation of their concern on my account. In a strange fit of elation I seem to be reviewing the sordidness of daily life without feeling an outcast, but as if responsible for all that ever happens.

Now I remember a young woman who gave me a drink of water, and my heart swells with tenderness: "Poor child, did you not realise that I could read in your eyes?" She ought to have poured out her heart to me, I would have soothed away her tears, I would have whispered words of hope, I would have pointed to the shining sun, to the flowers, to the birds. . . .

Now again I remember how moved I was in watching an old rustic limp painfully along the road. Alas, I could not offer him money, I had nothing to give him; but I quivered with deep melancholy. Yes, such is the end of human vanities; old age comes and we anticipate death with a heart that either still feels hungry for its share of happiness or has given up all hope and is already dead. How I could fancy myself in the position of an old man who is looking back on his youth with a desperate regret for lost opportunities! Suddenly it seemed to me cruel to try to undermine the belief in God, which is the only comfort left to many a man in his deepest distress. If truth is only a chimera, why should one exchange a comforting belief for theories which are only adding insult to injury?

Yet it occurred to me that I myself not only had no belief

in God, but did not even seem to have any need of its comforting influence. Once I passed a crucifix by the side of the road. I stopped and for a little time gazed at the doleful face of the crucified Jesus, when there came over me a wild emotion of contempt at such a parody of virile manhood. I stooped, made a ball of mud and flung it full at the image.

Yes, I felt greater than the conventional God. At times I felt as if I were wading through the universe inspired by an intoxicating consciousness of its being my absolute property. I was not an appendage of things, they were only the dirt under my feet. "Out of my way before I crush you to dust," I would apostrophise great hives of human industry. I had no regrets, no expectations, no current beliefs. Stripped naked, I estimated myself the equal of the highest. My *credo* was: I am that I am!

At first I was simply satisfied with my ability to rise superior to bodily discomfort without any desire to account for it. When, however, this desire awoke, I was at once struck with the spontaneity which characterised such ability. Therefore I at once inferred that I am not the body; and henceforth the scientific method of tracing the source of consciousness struck me as idiotic. And when a little later still I came across the *Temple of the Rosy Cross* and Christian Science teaching, I was converted in the twinkling of an eye.

The vista which thus opened before me, utterly dazzled me at first. My *credo* survived and received an untold emphasis. It was only in keeping with my enthusiastic nature that I at once tried to test my supposed superiority over Nature. In the midst of an unusually severe winter seven years ago I ventured on a long tramp with no more clothing than on a hot summer day. Soon my bare feet were rubbed raw by the friction of the snow, and moreover both my legs were strained through wading through deep snow-drifts. On my return journey the next day every step left a bloody mark behind, and at last I had to move my legs forward by the help of my hands, or be overtaken by a regular blizzard which was on the point of breaking. Yet, wonderful to say, when I met a policeman on the road my legs seemed to recover their normal condition. I was already close to my home, and the policeman knew me for a crank. Whether

it was pride or faith that enabled me to rise beyond pain, I did not care to decide. My quivering lips kept on repeating the formulas employed in mental healing; but I have never felt a greater fool than in asserting that I was "perfectly healthy and full of joy," when every step caused me excruciating pain. My faith in Christian Science was put to a cruel test; and when I recovered from the fit of utter prostration which followed my adventure, I was willing to take a saner view of the ability to wipe out one's limitations by means of mere lip-service.

What helped me most at that time was the fact that shortly before I had fallen in love. A mellowing process ensued. I ceased to resemble a Hindu fakir; my hair was cut short, and the epithet of "wild man" ceased to be applied to me. I settled down to earn my living by cultivating my garden, and occasionally working on the neighbouring farms.

But in recognising Nature as something which I could not interfere with, I found myself at sea as to the exact nature of my relationship to her. Of course there was the cosmogony of the *Secret Doctrine*, which indeed satisfied me for a while. At the same time, however, I am gifted with an insatiable craving to know of everything at first hand; and the vision of the creative hierarchies seemed on second thoughts rather fanciful. When my enthusiasm over the *Secret Doctrine* cooled down I had to own to myself that the creation of the world was to me still a profound mystery. And I felt like an idol that had fallen from its pedestal and now lies in the dust, broken into a thousand fragments. The thought occurred to me that Truth is unknowable, and the spring of my energy seemed to have run dry. There seemed now nothing worth living for, and for the first time I experienced a real loathing for life. *Pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris*—such seemed to be the alpha and omega of all wisdom.

It so happened that a German friend presented me just then with Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. Whenever I approached a crisis help was forthcoming. Suddenly it flashed on me that so far I had quite neglected to examine the working of the mind. What right had I to assert that Truth is beyond reach before having a thorough acquaintance with the nature of thinking?

At the very beginning of his *Kritik* Kant asserts that we

know of things only through categories which have their source in the pure I—the assertion struck me like a tremendous electrical shock; on the spur of the moment the inference leaped on me that natural changes must be identical with mental changes. The problem of the creation of the world lost its mysteriousness, although the full realisation of its solution was still a matter of the future. I felt firm ground under my feet, and that was more than enough for the time being. Then and there I was formulating the task which a little later I learned—also thanks to the mediation of a friend in the nick of time—had been not only conceived but actually accomplished a hundred years ago by the great Hegel.

The task consists in a detailed realisation of the correspondence between the mental and natural changes. When it dawns on one that all that we know of the world is due to mental activity, so that apart from thinking no existence is conceivable, one realises also at the same time that the problem of creation finds its solution only in a realisation of the origin of thought. Finally, then, one comes to ask: How is it that I think at all? And this amounts obviously to the question: How is it that I am at all? For *to think* and *to be* are realised as being one and the same thing.

Now, what is it that I am trying to solve in asking after my own origin? Can I conceive myself as having a beginning? Moreover, can time be conceived apart from consciousness? If, then, I am perplexed by my inability to conceive my origin in time, the perplexity ought only to warn me that I am putting before myself a purely imaginary problem. I cannot have an origin in time, because my very origin is that of time. In short, I am eternal.

Further, as *to be* means *to think*, thinking cannot have an origin in time either. The problem of creation, which, then, includes also the question as to the origin of all faculties of consciousness, is thus reduced to the realisation of "How we think," and of the subsequent vindication of the intuitively anticipated correspondence between mental and natural changes.

Now, it is obvious that in order to realise how we think, we must think. The problem concerns only the sequence of purely

logical thinking. Lest it seem that in this way we still fail to fathom the ultimate *raison d'être* of all that is, it must be remembered that Being and Thought constitute no separate contents, and that it is consequently irrational to view thinking as a merely phenomenal aspect of a transcendent Being which eludes thought. Such a transcendent Being could only refer to the thrill of fullest comprehension which accompanies, and is the evidence of, pure thinking. For the latter is realised as the essence of all that is, and the thrill of comprehension is thus its own nature: the nature of God, which is bliss.

Alas, so few endeavour to grasp what it is that perplexes them. It is plain to me that the Unknowable *always* indicates an incapacity to realise the nature of a problem. How can one find a solution so long as the corresponding problem remains inarticulate? Ask and you shall be given! Grasp your problem, and behold! it is solved. Where is the mathematician who tackles a problem previously to a minute examination of its nature? That it should be necessary to point out such platitudes!

Apart from sheer indolence it is always the sway of fancy that blinds people to a minute analysis of their problems. There is the absurd prejudice that thinking is only a kind of futile phantasmagoria, because that which commonly passes for thinking amounts only to a juggling with empty thought-forms. He who obstinately refuses to realise the nature of *pure* thinking, and only persists in fancying solutions of equally only fancied problems, condemns himself to a sisyphean task. For such an one Truth remains unknowable and his despair is well deserved. But for suffering, fancy would remain the only guide of man. Those who are unwilling to trouble about pure thinking now will have to suffer for their indifference. Such is the law of growth.

I have indicated the way which leads to the solution of every problem.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

You don't shout when you're sure.—THE NEW DIOGENES.

DEATH AND A FUTURE STATE

As there exists a belief, which is almost universal, in a future state of some sort, for the purpose of this article the validity of the belief is assumed without examination; and were it not for the fact that a large percentage of people still cling to and believe in a physical resurrection, it would be hardly worth while to discuss the first branch of this subject.

Apart from the article in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," which so many Christians recite, and which they conceive to relate to the resurrection of the physical body, there is a widespread and tenacious belief that at some distant date there will be an actual reconstitution of the body which has been consigned to the grave, or reduced to ashes by cremation.

Now, though in a very real sense we never die, or cease to live, there is a somatic death, a dissolution of the physical organism. It is true that, notwithstanding this event in life, we continue that life, and that death is but the gateway of life —*Mors janua vitæ*, as the old Romans used to say—but the physical body, in which we formerly dwelt, has perished. The shell, in which we were encased, is gone, we have cast it off and left it. What becomes of this shell? If buried it putrefies and rots away, till there is hardly a remnant of it left save a few bare bones; if cremated, a small amount of ash. In the case of those whose bodies are blown into atoms by an explosion of dynamite, a fragment here or there, impossible of identification where there are several or many victims, may be recovered. If a body be swallowed by a shark, it probably in its entirety passes through the process of digestion in the shark's interior. If then the somatic form, the physical body, is to be resurrected, all will no doubt concede that nothing short of a special and apparently unique series of miracles could effect the work of reconstitution.

But there are further difficulties. Supposing a man lives to eighty-four years of age; as he has had in that time at least twelve different bodies, which of these physical bodies is to be reconstructed and resurrected? In the case of severe accident, causing deformity or mutilation, is the resurrected body the physical body before, or after, accident? If the body be deformed at and from birth, or an infant be born deaf and dumb, does the body resurrected retain its lifelong physical infirmities? If not, why not? If the physical body be hugely fat, or emaciated, does it present this distinguishing feature on resurrection? In the case of ordinary burial, what becomes of the soul during the time that the process of decomposition is going on, and for countless years thereafter? Is it shut up in the coffin, or does it wander about in space, formless, waiting till the remnants of the body are in some mysterious way, and at some indefinite and distant date, resurrected as the former physical body, or as one of the many former physical bodies? Finally, what is the soul going to do with a physical body on the spiritual plane? Would not such a body be worse than useless there? A physical body on the spiritual plane is, as a proposition, absolutely unthinkable.

Apart from the article in the Apostles' Creed, what authority is there for a belief in a resurrection of the physical body? It is true that there is the verse in *Job*, "And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God"; but this is now generally held to be a distinct mistranslation, and that rightly translated the words read, "yet out of (or without) my flesh shall I see God." Therefore this verse, much quoted as an authority for the resurrection of the physical body, is an authority against the doctrine.

The foundation for our Burial Service is the xvth chapter of St. Paul's *First Epistle to the Corinthians*. St. Paul apparently distinctly repudiates the doctrine. In answer to the queries: "How are the dead raised up?" and "With what body do they come?" he says: "Thou fool, thou sowest not the body that shall be." "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." "There is sown a natural body, there is raised a spiritual body." "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

The Archdeacon of Westminster, Canon Wilberforce, is very clear upon this point. In a comparatively recently published sermon of his he says: "It is, I think, profitable to emphasise that the Bible speaks nowhere of the resurrection of the body, or the resurrection of the flesh. The actual resurrection of the Christ was *not* from Joseph of Arimathea's sepulchre, but from the body which He left hanging upon the cross. The promise of the scripture is not reconstitution of the body, but permanence of the individuality. 'To-day,' said the Christ to the penitent malefactor, 'shalt thou,' the conscious being, the real man, the individual, 'be with me in Paradise.'"

If, then, the proposition of a physical resurrection be opposed to authority, irrational and incredible, what is the probable nature of the transmutation that takes place when the event called death supervenes? We cannot possess any degree of certainty in dealing with this problem, but we can attack it rationally, and discuss it from the aspect of probability; and if we find that reason and probability combine to support the theory we offer we may rest content with it till some better and more satisfactory solution be forthcoming.

St. Paul undoubtedly believed that when the natural body ceases to function the spiritual body survives as the garment of the being, and that clad in this spiritual body the life is continued somewhere else than on the physical plane.

Some hundreds of years before the birth of Christ Socrates held much the same opinion. When his friends were in his presence discussing the arrangements for his burial, he said: "Yes, if you catch *me*, you can bury me." It is obvious that he regarded his body as merely a temporary dwelling-place, which he would, in the event of somatic death, immediately vacate. In effect he said to his friends: "My cast-off body you may bury; but that cast-off body will not be I, I shall be elsewhere."

The real self is not the body, the body is merely the physical manifestation of the true self. The possession of a physical body is necessary for the purpose of manifesting on, and for communication with, the physical plane. It is therefore incorrect to say: "I have a soul, or spirit"; it is correct to say: "I am soul, I am spirit, I have a body." When one follows the body of a

friend to the grave he is not following his friend, he is following the envelope or shell in which his friend was encased. We never die, we are immortal. As Longfellow truly said: "There is no death; what seems so is transition." When the physical body perishes we go on living, the same "I" continues its existence, we have a change of habitation and a different environment, and we have discarded the shell, suitable to, and necessary in, the one habitation, unsuitable to, and a useless encumbrance in, the other.

Then what is the probable process of transition? What probably happens when somatic death takes place? Apparently the real self, the true Ego, leaves the physical body clothed in a body or form of some sort. This body or form is probably a shell within the shell of flesh and blood, it cannot be physical, or material in the popular sense of the term, It may be spiritual as St. Paul says, or it may be ethereal, possibly the latter. It is probably an organism, a unitary entity conserving individuality and consciousness.

What is contained in this ethereal shape or form? The true Ego and probably that mind, or part of the mind, which psychologists term the sub-conscious, subjective, or subliminal mind. The evidential results of experiments, made under hypnotic, trance, and somnambulistic conditions, appear to show that this mind, or part of the mind, possesses a perfect memory, telepathic powers, and the intuitive faculty.

Some psychologists, and some medical men, are of opinion that the seat of this mind, or part of the mind, is not in the organ of the brain; and the analogy drawn from the existence of intelligence, though of a low grade, in brainless life, that is in life before a brain came into existence, as it did first with the fish, would seem to give support to this opinion, and according to the law of heredity this intellectual power must have descended to us.

It is further generally held, and indeed has been proved, that this mind, or part of the mind, is most active during deep sleep, and under similar conditions, when the action of the brain is inhibited, or when its power to function has temporarily ceased; and it has been found that the deeper the sleep, the

hypnotic state, or the trance, the greater is the activity displayed by the sub-conscious mind.

It is therefore probable that this mind, or part of the mind, survives the cessation of the functions of the brain when somatic death supervenes, and as a constituent part of the true Ego leaves the physical tenement, enveloped in the shape or form which has been suggested.

If this be so it follows that this mind takes with it the memory of all its experiences on the physical plane. This view of the nature of the transition that takes place is more generally accepted than is commonly supposed; Buddhists and Brāhmins, Spiritualists and Theosophists, and large numbers of the "New Thought" school substantially hold it.

Then what is the effect of the transition? Except that we shake off our physical encasement, are in a new environment, and are under different conditions, is there any, and if so what, change in the individual? By advanced and unprejudiced thinkers the opinion is strongly entertained that, except as stated, there is none; that when we pass from the physical to the next plane, be it the astral plane or a plane of purgation, we are as individuals no better and no worse than we were when we inhabited the physical body; we are precisely the same individuals, possessing the same desires, weaknesses, defects, dispositions and characters, having the same virtues, the same vices, the same attributes. This is but just and reasonable, for "as we have sown, so shall we reap." And why should this event, which makes no break in the continuity of one's life, effect any other change beyond the change incidental to our transition to a plane which is not physical? We have been told that "in my Father's house are many mansions," and it is quite possible that, in addition to an astral plane, or plane of probation and purgation, there may be other stages or planes of progress.

In the East it is part of the faith of hundreds of millions that, after we have passed through certain of these stages or planes, and have assimilated into faculties and character the experiences of our past physical life, we are reincarnated on the physical plane, and start a new life there, equipped with those improved faculties and that improved character; and this great

and ancient Eastern doctrine, the necessary outcome of a belief in pre-existence, is one that may not be irrationally entertained.

What may be our experiences on the astral plane or plane of purgation is amongst us in the West a matter purely of conjecture. Probably the experiences of the vicious and profligate, the cruel, the avaricious, and the selfish, will not be pleasant, and may constitute their hell. Probably they will reap as they have sown, and so fulfil the kārmic law. Those, on the other hand, who have, while on the physical plane, led good, virtuous, loving and unselfish lives, will probably pass with great rapidity through the astral, or probationary plane, to a higher and brighter one.

At any rate, we may be sure that we shall experience only what is just, exactly what we deserve, no more and no less, that we shall reap what we have sown, and that Divine Love will take care that, no matter how depraved the discarnate being may have been, sincere and earnest desire for spiritual progress will receive encouragement, assistance and guidance.

As has been said, what will be the nature of our experiences after transition has been effected is more or less a matter of conjecture, but reason leads us to the conclusion that, when we leave the physical body, we are, with the exception stated, continuing the same life, clothed with the same character and attributes, as we possessed in the flesh. Our individuality is not lost or destroyed, but maintained.

Some of the views expressed in this article apparently lend support to two doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, the doctrine of purgatory, or plane of purgation, and that of prayers for those whom we call dead. If we examine the question reasonably, and with minds free from prejudice, it is not easy to deny that a place or plane of purgation is an almost necessary adjunct to the scheme of Divine Justice and Love. And if we never die, but merely continue the life that was ours on the physical plane, why is it not right and proper for our loved ones, from whom we are temporarily parted, to send us out thoughts of love and affection, and to pray for our spiritual peace, happiness, and progress, instead of lamenting, and mourning for our departure, and regarding us as either asleep in a grave, or as *uno ictu* transformed

into an angel or saint, free from all sorrow, suffering, and other human weaknesses and failings.

Loving friends! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What you left upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is nothing, leave it there:
The Pearl—the Soul—was all, is here.

HARTLEY WILLIAMS.

LITTLE MARY IN HEAVEN

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl and her name was Mary. She was quite an ordinary child, not clever, not very good, not pretty; in fact she was considered rather dull and uninteresting. She was brought up by her grandmother, and was taught sewing and cooking and all else little girls ought to know. She had been to school and had learned to read and write; but she was not quick at learning and at the old dame's school where she went they had no idea of teaching.

At the age of fifteen Mary caught cold and died quite suddenly, and it is at this point that my story opens. I see no reason why stories should invariably end with the death of the heroine, so I propose to begin my story with the death of my heroine.

Mary had been dead about five days, and was already well-nigh forgotten in the world of men; for she had been an orphan without brothers or sisters, and the old grandmother with whom she lived was too aged to notice who was around her, or to think much about the sudden disappearance of little Mary.

Mary had never been loved on earth; so she did not love. The only ties between Mary and earth-life were a few pots and pans, her work-basket, the favourite hassock on which she sat,

and a piece of needlework. What could the angels do with Mary? They could not waft her off to some imaginary city paved with gold and studded with diamonds where most good little children are taken; for there were no such images in little Mary's mind. She had hardly ever been to Church or to Sunday School, for she and her grandmother lived far away in the country; and when she did go to Church she had not taken much notice of what was said. It made no lasting impression on her mind; for Mary had been a dull child, and she had never thought of death. So Mary found herself in the heaven-world, her sole equipment a few mental images of pots and pans, dusters, needlework, and a favourite hassock.

The first thing Mary noticed when she got to heaven was what a very comfortable chair she was sitting in; it seemed to fit her all round and leave no place for backache. She recalled the hassock on which she sat when on earth; and though she had a slight longing to be back with her old friend, she dimly realised that she was much more comfortable in this chair.

But she felt guilty; she had no business to be idle—she felt sure of that; so she looked about her for some needlework to do. And the angels saw their opportunity. Before Mary's mind had been able to frame for itself any definite piece of needlework to be done, the angels took the idea of needlework and the creation and mending of clothes. They played with the idea; and Mary had a strange vision. She forgot to seek for needlework, for the sense of idleness left her; she was fully occupied watching the following drama.

She felt something being taken away from her as if she were being stripped of her clothes; for the angels *were* taking away her clothes. She had come to heaven clad in so few ideas that to lose one left a feeling of scantiness of apparel. She watched material, endless material, being drawn away from her; she watched it being woven and worked; and there before her stood a new idea. And the angels whispered into the idea and said: "In heaven men make their clothes out of themselves."

And Mary began to wonder if heaven was really such a strange place as that. She looked at herself; she looked quite

natural, but the idea of endlessness seemed to fit her body rather well. So she pulled at her body, and it began to unwind like a ball of string; only the ball did not become any less for the unwinding. And now, instead of being only just herself, sitting in a very comfortable chair in heaven, there was beside herself a great deal more of herself unwound; this led to much thought, and to the creation of many new ideas.

No wonder, thought Mary, that people are all good in heaven; there is no need to steal if you are endless yourself, and if you can make out of yourself anything you want. And she began to make out of her unwound self various things which she thought she wanted, till she had surrounded herself with quite a wall of desired objects. And then an angel came by and knocked down her wall of desired objects; for they don't like walls in heaven.

Mary at first was rather annoyed, for she was quite proud of her creations; but the angel told her that if she really wanted them she could easily build them up again. It does not hurt things at all to be knocked down in heaven; they spring up again directly you want them.

So Mary built them all up again; and then another angel came by and knocked them down; for they are not used to walls in heaven. Angels are accustomed to go straight in any direction they wish, and they don't expect to find walls in the way.

Mary got tired of having her objects knocked down by every angel that went by; for though it is true that these objects spring up again quite easily in heaven, to a new arrival like Mary it took some time and some pains to make them appear quite solid and real. So she left off creating objects out of herself; and once more relapsed into a dreamy condition of wonder, only just conscious of herself and her armchair, or something which supported her all round, and which she for want of a better word called an armchair.

Now her ideas with regard to clothing had been rather shattered, and it was some time before she thought again of getting needlework to do. When the sense of idleness did return, and with it the thought of needlework, she realised that in

heaven it was evidently quite unnecessary to mend clothes, because you could always create new ones for yourself at a very few minutes' notice.

So her mind turned from her work-basket to her pots and pans, and she started up quite eagerly: "Why, I am quite hungry; I must be; it is a very long time since I had any food. I wonder what people cook for dinner in heaven." And beyond the row of mental images of pots and pans which she had ranged around herself, her mind went forth in search of food.

What do angels eat, wondered Mary. Beautiful big strawberries and peaches, such as grow in the greenhouses of grand people, thought Mary. But as Mary had only seen these delicious fruits a few times in her earth-life, it took her a long time to make a proper red strawberry, and she got very hungry before the strawberry and peach arrived. And when they did arrive, and place themselves before her mind, what was she to do with them?—for Mary could not find her mouth.

She did not seem to have a mouth; she was all over alike. When she thought mouth her whole self seemed to be one great mouth, ready to swallow anything; when she thought eyes, she seemed to be one great eye which looked in every direction at once; and when she thought ears she seemed to be capable of nothing but hearing. Mary was puzzled, and said to herself: "I am sure I must eat or I shall die." And then it flashed on her that she was already dead, and the question was whether she could die any more.

She looked at her strawberry; but while she looked she had no mouth. So it was a case of "Shut your eyes and open your mouth," just like they say to children before giving them some special dainty. Mary shut her eyes and opened her mouth, and there happened to her the following strange experience.

She felt strawberries enter into her, as it were, at every pore of her skin; for though she had become one great mouth she had at the same time become countless myriads of little mouths. She felt her whole self revolving round and round strawberries. She felt the strawberries become her, and—stranger still—she felt herself becoming strawberries. For that is the fundamental difference between eating in heaven and eating on earth. On

earth what you eat becomes you; in heaven, in addition to this, you become what you eat.

On earth people are so very particular about retaining their individuality, that the bare idea of becoming a strawberry after having eaten one would be distasteful, or even alarming, to most people. But in heaven these limits of the individuality are far less pronounced and far more elastic, and you think nothing of becoming anybody or anything; it is quite an everyday experience.

Mary soon learned that the easiest way to talk to people in heaven is to eat them; then you get the whole of their ideas at once, and you can ruminate over them at leisure. The customary way to greet an angel in heaven is to eat him, just like we kiss people. Kissing, no doubt, is a survival of this custom. We all long to eat those we love, but down here we dare not, so we kiss them instead.

Mary had now gone with her strawberry, travelled with her mental image, within herself, and she was trying to retain consciousness during this strange transfiguration or process of change. For the strawberry to become her was not so surprising; we are all quite used to that on earth, so we never really turn our minds upon it, nor wonder at the strangeness of the process which changes the not-self into the self. But to become a strawberry was an entirely new experience to Mary, and she tried her hardest to follow in the sequence of events, and to understand the miracle.

She felt herself as strawberry going within and still more within; she felt herself as strawberry returning once more to essence; at the same time she felt herself as Mary the eater going forth, becoming stronger; she experienced an intensification of life and vitality. She wondered whether to follow herself as food or eater, she wondered with which great current of life to associate herself; and while she stood there wondering not what to do, for she was not on any plane of activity, but wondering what to *be*, she found herself momentarily poised as neither Mary nor strawberry, or perhaps it were better to say as both—both become a third; and for the moment there was unveiled before her inner sight a new world where the processes of life are no more, where

there is no self and no not-self, but where each one embraces all at all times.

For one brief moment Mary was not only herself but the whole world; for one brief moment Mary became the "One and Only One." But Mary had not yet attained to that Power which would enable her thus to establish herself; she was not yet strong enough to stand alone. So after one brief moment of such strangeness that it amounted to semi-unconsciousness, Mary returned to her normal selves—Mary the mouth, Mary the strawberry, Mary the eater, Mary the food, Mary the self, Mary the not-self or life-renewer.

There sat Mary as one great mouth experiencing great enjoyment and satisfaction feasting on strawberries. There sat the strawberry one great round red berry gradually having bequeathed unto it human consciousness. Mary became thoroughly muddled between the great hollow mouth and the great round berry; both of them red, both of them alive, and mutually acting upon one another; each of them eating the other, or each insinuating itself into the other.

It is a very dangerous thing to do at any time to eat; down on earth there are hundreds and hundreds of things which are poisonous, and if you ate them they would kill you. But up in heaven it is even more dangerous, for you are quite sure to become the thing you eat; and until you have been taught how to chew things properly, you are not sure of being able to become yourself again.

Mary did not know this, or probably she would not have been in such a hurry to take food. Mary did not know that in heaven before you can with safety take food, you must know not only how to chew up everything you eat to its ultimate essence, but you must know also how to reduce yourself to essence that the process may be a mutual interaction.

There is no fear of getting poisoned in heaven, for everything there is edible; but you *must* be willing to be eaten every time you eat, for in heaven all verbs are both active and passive at the same time, all forces and functions are mutually co-operative and on an equality. In heaven the law of life is not a law of grab. You do not live by what you can compel to become yourself, you

live by mutual law of courtesy; in heaven you die daily in order to live.

Normally in heaven, however much you eat or drink, there is still the same amount of food before you—hence all the tales recorded in Holy Scripture of miraculous numbers of loaves of bread, and miraculous pitchers full of oil. These are true stories of the heaven-worlds, true for those who know how to sacrifice their own life to the life without; but not true until you have learnt this law of sacrifice, or the true art of eating and being eaten.

Little Mary knew nothing of this law; so after a prolonged struggle between Mary and the strawberry, Mary became the strawberry, but the strawberry was unable to become Mary; with the result that instead of one little Mary in heaven, there were two big strawberries just outside heaven.

Mary was annoyed at having been turned out of her arm-chair, and having been shut up in a sort of round red room; for this is how the happening appeared to her consciousness. She did not know that it was her own fault that she had become a strawberry; in fact she did not realise that this was what had occurred. She thought some angel must have been interfering with her pursuits again and imprisoned her. So she called out to the angels, and asked them to release her; and this they did, and they again instructed her, and taught her much concerning the art of eating in the heaven-worlds, very much more than I can tell.

They showed her how to reduce herself to essence so that she might be released from the form to which she had attached herself; and they taught her concerning the law of being eaten, or the law of the sacrifice of the self to the not-self. And Mary listened very attentively, for with every fresh experience in the heaven-worlds comes the possibility of further understanding; for in heaven it is by action that you know, in heaven it is by becoming that you understand.

And as Mary sat, once more re-established on her throne in heaven, the angels acted out before her eyes another great drama; for Mary was gaining power in heaven, she could see further, see more; the limitations of her formal mind were losing hold of her and she looked forth expectantly for new ideas.

And the drama which the angels acted out for Mary was a great drama of those Powers beyond the mind-spheres which in Indian Scriptures are called Food and Eater—a drama of that mystical union between the not-self and the self. Mary watched the inter-action of those two great currents of the one Great Life-Force, the Life-Force as Supporter, the Life-Force as Sustainer. Mary watched the great transfiguration of the crossing over of the surface-forms as life met life in perfect mystic union. As the currents crossed the forms changed, but without loss of life or consciousness. The Powers crossed and recrossed; and with each appearance of that sacred symbol there was further expansion and intensification of the Life-Force. At each piercing or insinuation of the one into the other, that which had been two became one, yet there still remained the two. Mary watched the Great Mystery of that Cross on which the Heavenly Man dies in order to live again.

In heaven you do not demolish forms in order to sustain life, you daily insinuate yourself into all the forms you meet; and thus by supplying them with food, the food of your own greater life, you become each separate object, and gain in power and expansiveness. Thus in heaven by sacrifice do you grow and live, and slowly become the world. Thus in heaven do you give life to others in order to live yourself; thus do the Many re-become the One. The Great Mystery of the Bread of Life which must be partaken of by all before the Day of Triumph was acted out before Mary's eyes.

Thus did Mary receive her first lesson concerning the law of life in the heaven-worlds.

E. R. INNES.

SUPERSTITION is outside reason; so is revelation. The first is below, the second is above. The first is a reflection of the second.

ALTERUTER.

MAN AND WOMAN AS TYPES

SCATTERED here and there throughout the literature of occultism and mysticism are to be found methods of symbolising and characterising the fundamental distinction of male and female, which is found not in humanity only but in the animal and vegetable kingdoms as well. Positive and negative, spirit and matter, intellect and feeling, intellect and intuition, these and other methods of summing up and condensing the types into two words have been employed by various writers; and each method apparently contains an aspect of the truth. But there is probably room for yet another attempt to gather up this far-reaching manifestation of dualism in some symbol that shall include all the others, or at any rate imply them.

The problem, therefore, is to discover some form of symbolism inherent in nature, or some process actually taking place in the universe around us, which shall afford a basis for a generalisation sufficiently wide and inclusive.

In one sense this exists ready for use in the symbolism of numbers, probably the highest, most abstract and all-inclusive of any kind of symbolism. For inasmuch as male and female are a pair of opposites, they may be grouped, with all other such pairs whatsoever, as a mode of manifestation of the divine Duad in matter or in consciousness on one or another of the seven planes of the cosmos.

But there is another sense in which an archetypal duality may be said to antedate the appearance of cosmos itself and to survive its dissolution; and that is in the hidden impulse which causes the outbreathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath. Further back than this it is useless to attempt to go; and my suggestion is that here we have a sufficiently abstract and widely embracing idea to serve as the type of all pairs of opposites, including that pair expressed in the words man and woman.

Man embodies the spirit of the outbreathing; creative and separative, whether expressed in terms of matter or of consciousness. The contrary tendency of the inbreathing, which is towards unity and dissolution, is embodied in woman.

If, forsaking this very lofty altitude, we contemplate in imagination a fully manifested solar system, a precisely analogous distinction is to be discovered in the processes of involution and evolution, or the downward and upward arcs of the one great circle.

On the downward arc, increasing separateness and unlikeness are everywhere seen. The relatively uniform primeval root-matter is scattered abroad in the forms of the various types of atoms; and then these, which are relatively simple in themselves, are combined and recombined into the increasingly unlike molecules and compounds that form the material basis of the different planes.

The atom of the highest plane is the simplest possible, and it becomes more and more complex in type with each step downwards on to a lower plane, until the physical is reached, the most complex of all. The modes of combination of these atoms probably follow the same rule, and are more heterogeneous on the lower planes than on the higher. And in the same way the downward flowing current of life differentiates at every stage of its descent. It is one in its source in the Logos, but it becomes many by the time it reaches the physical plane.

The number of cycles and sub-cycles is enormous—chains, globes, rounds, races, and sub-races; but the same tendency characterises the downward arc of each. The lowest point is reached at the fourth race on our globe in the fourth round and chain. Matter has then reached the "point of greatest complexity" (so described in *The Pedigree of Man*), the farthest remove from primitive uniformity; for the fourth round "evolves mineral to perfection." Consciousness too has reached the stage of greatest separateness; and full individuality is established in all those monads that occupy the human kingdom.

The upward arc begins at this point, and the whole process is reversed. At each step upward on the return journey, whether in race, globe, round, or chain, the tendency is towards greater

simplicity and a closer approach to unity; until, in the seventh race, there is "full recognition of unity," and, in the seventh chain, "forms become very simple, any part doing anything perfectly."

The same principle is seen in operation in the unfoldment of consciousness at successive stages of initiation on higher planes. When the individuality, which is a separate unit on the higher mental plane can function consciously on the buddhic plane, it realises that its separation was illusory and that there is an underlying unity amidst the apparent separateness of individualities. This is more and more realised in consciousness as higher planes still are attained; until union with the planetary Logos, and afterwards with the solar Logos, is known.

While comparing the downward and upward arcs of the circle with man and woman, it will be as well to recall those assistants in the work of cosmic evolution, the Suras and Asuras, the angels and devils of various religions.

The Asuras or devils are they who urge towards separation. Egoism, the impulse towards the separate self, the isolated individuality, is within them. The downward or creative arc of any cycle or sub-cycle is necessarily separative, centrifugal, and differentiating; and these tendencies must be manifested by the beings whose activities are then carried on. Brahmā is said to begin the first of his four creations by creating demons, and these are the great Asuras, whose evolution was carried on during that first cycle of the downward arc which constituted the first chain. To individualise and separate is a duty at this time, because it furthers the work and purpose of the planetary Logos; while the contrary tendency, inertia, disinclination to differentiate, is wrong and devilish, because it opposes the purpose of creation.

On the upward arc, the conditions are reversed. The angels or helpers are then they who strive towards greater simplicity and unity; while the adversaries or devils are those who hinder this by intensifying and emphasising separateness.

The words angel and devil are thus purely relative. On any arc in any cycle, the angel is he who furthers the purpose of the Creator, whatever that may be at the time; and the devil is he who hinders it.

Here we have another line of study which throws further light upon the mystery of duality; and the matter may now be briefly condensed as follows.

Man and woman embody the principles of the downward and upward arcs respectively, and may be contrasted under such opposites as centrifugal and centripetal; differentiation and integration; creation and dissolution; repulsion and attraction; Asura and Sura; analysis and synthesis; egoism and altruism; independence and submission.[1]

All these contrasted pairs are only the one original pair working on different levels or looked at from different points of view. The permanent soul in man, which passes through all incarnations, is embodied many times as man and many times as woman. It gathers up the fruitage of all its lives, and therefore contains all its past experiences in each sex. As permanent soul it is neither man nor woman; it only manifests as the one or the other vicariously through its personalities; and it has to master perfectly the two opposite tendencies expressed in man and woman before it can achieve perfection.

If this general principle is correct, the two tendencies mentioned must be discoverable in each of the three departments of human nature, in action, in feeling, and in intellect.

In the sphere of action, the two seem to be contrasted as relative activity and relative passivity. Man, embodying the outgoing impulse, goes out into the world of action and comes in contact with other persons, sometimes harmoniously, often inharmoniously. To work, to strive, to perform, to achieve in the outer world of action is the characteristic tendency of man, no matter whether it is actually found in a man or in a woman. The typical female tendency is expressed in relative abstention or retirement from the outer world, and devotion to home, family, friends, study, meditation, contemplation, etc. The warrior, the statesman, the business man, the labourer, may be said to illustrate the male type; while the female type is seen in the lover of home, the study, the studio, the religious cell, etc., whether seen in a man or in a woman.

In the world of feeling, the male and female types may be

[1] These are, of course, only intended as correspondences, not as identities.

seen in hate and love respectively. These have been so fully considered by Bhagavān Dās in the *Science of the Emotions* that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. Hate stands for repulsion, separation, and is centrifugal, the spirit of the downward arc. Love implies attraction, unification, and is centripetal, the spirit of the upward arc.

In the sphere of the lower mind, man and woman seem to be related as perception and conception; the one going out towards objects in the outer world, and the other making the first step upwards towards the more abstract.

In a more general application, man corresponds to the concrete mind and woman to the abstract mind. The former functions in perception and observation, dealing with the sense-impressions received from surrounding objects; while the latter, beginning with the simplest concepts gained through the lower mind, soars to the highest altitudes of reflection, imagination, generalisation, and abstraction, which are limited only by the stage of evolution reached by the soul.

But while the lower mind, *when contrasted with the higher*, is as the male type to the female, yet both types are clearly to be seen in each. The male type, differentiation, analysis, the recognition of unlikeness; and the female type, integration, synthesis, the recognition of likeness; both clearly operate within the sphere of the lower mind. The simplest act of recognition and of classification involves both, and no intellectual operation, however elementary, can be carried on without the use of both. For instance, if a botanist affirms that a newly discovered plant belongs to a given natural order, he is separating it from all other orders, but uniting it with other plants of the order to which it belongs.

When a dog recognises its master on meeting him, the same two processes are gone through; unification of the sense-impressions received from him on the present occasion with other similar ones received on previous occasions and now revived in memory and recognised as similar; and separation of them from various unlike impressions received from other people.

When looking at an orange, if I examine it with a view to

ascertaining to how many of the senses it appeals, and which of them it is that chiefly enables me to decide that it is an orange, whether the sense of sight, as with the average person on most occasions, or smell and touch, as with a blind man, my mind is working analytically, in the main. But when these otherwise unrelated sense-impressions of sight, touch, smell, and taste are brought together in my mind, and that not at random or in a chaotic manner but in a definite and orderly fashion, so as to form that whole which constitutes my mental idea of an orange, the process is synthetic and represents mind working in the female mode, albeit in a very elementary degree.

It seems unnecessary to pause here to demonstrate that analysis and synthesis, the recognition of the relations of unlikeness and likeness, are both present in the higher operations of the mind.

In reasoning man seems to be expressed as deduction and woman as induction. Deduction starts with some central truth and travels outwards towards its detailed applications or consequences, and thus exhibits the one in the process of passing into the many. Induction starts with apparently isolated facts and discovers some central underlying principle, synthesising and unifying them ; and in doing this it passes from the many to the one.

We know so little of modes of consciousness higher than the mental that it does not seem wise or profitable to discuss them at all ; but if we compare what little we have been told of consciousness on the buddhic plane with that on the mental, it is easy to see that the former is to the latter as woman to man. For intellect separates self from not-self, and places an apparently impassable gulf between them ; whereas buddhi abolishes the gulf and enables the two to permeate each other without intermediation and yet without the loss of self-identity. If we could go further than this and examine consciousness itself on the buddhic plane, there cannot be a doubt that both types of mind would be found here just as manifestly as they are on the lower planes ; for inasmuch as self-consciousness, although modified, is not destroyed, separation of a kind still persists. But to pursue the subject further in our present ignorance of details seems useless.

In real life we do not find men and women showing clear cut distinctions of type. No man ever shows all the qualities that have just been set forth as being classed under the male type to the complete exclusion of those of the female type. The obvious reason for this is that the permanent soul has passed through many incarnations in both sexes, and therefore contains some of the qualities of each, limited only by the type of body in which it is incarnated for the time being. Not infrequently, however, cases occur in which this explanation seems insufficient. A man will often show in a very marked degree mental qualities generally regarded as characteristic of a woman; and on the other hand, a woman will show those of a man. I am not aware that any definite explanation has been given of this by those qualified to express an opinion; but two possible reasons present themselves.

It may perhaps be that persons showing these peculiarities are at the beginning of a new cycle of incarnations in one of the sexes, and are therefore showing vividly some of the qualities recently acquired in the other sex.

A much more likely reason than this, however, lies in a consideration of the seven different lines or rays along which all monads, whether in the human or any other stage, are evolving. When a monad on the anupādaka plane reaches out to contact the lower planes in order to gain experience and evolve, it finds seven different and possible paths before it from which to choose, each one belonging to a different type of evolution. When it has made its choice it attaches itself to permanent atoms of the special type it has chosen, one atom on each plane from the ātmic down to the physical. It seems highly probable that some of these seven lines of evolution tend more strongly in the male than in the female direction, and that others reverse this tendency.

That is to say, an ego belonging to one of these rays might find it much easier to evolve man's type of character than woman's; and when incarnated as a woman might exhibit masculine traits of character very strongly. Another ego, belonging to one of the other rays, might show quite the opposite bias, and find it easier to evolve the character of a woman than that of a man.

For instance, if we imagine that one of the lines culminates in the evolution of the man of will (*e.g.*, Napoleon, Bismarck), this means that throughout the whole of its career the monad has been in touch with permanent atoms belonging to this special line of evolution. It has found it easier all along to gain the experiences associated with this particular line than those characteristic of the others. But in the average person of to-day it is certainly a fact that this type of character, that of will, manifests more freely and with less restraint in man than in woman. And although each soul has ultimately to be perfected in the characteristics of both sexes, yet the conclusion is almost irresistible that those who are evolving along such a line as this must find it easier to gain the type of character associated with man than that of woman, and will, generally speaking, be a greater success when incarnated as a man than as a woman.

Illustrations of the reverse tendency may perhaps be seen in the types of character associated with the poet, the musician, and the religious devotee. For although these may vary greatly, and in spite of the fact that the greatest poetical and musical geniuses, at least during the historical period, have been men, yet there is certainly much in these types that seems to belong more closely to woman than to man.

Because the seven lines of evolution correspond to the various other septenaries in nature, they must correspond to the seven globes in a chain. Some of them will then be more readily associated with those globes that constitute the downward arc and that belong to the male type; and others with those of the upward arc and the female type.

Those who are familiar with astrological symbolism will readily see that souls who belong to such hierarchies as, say, Jupiter and Venus (that is, who are in constant touch with permanent atoms of these types) will find it easier to evolve love, friendship, sympathy and devotion, which are qualities characteristic of woman and the upward arc; while other souls who are progressing under Mars, Saturn or Uranus will more easily gain independence, self-reliance, and other egoistic qualities associated rather with man and the downward arc.

A similar distinction is seen among animals, and is doubtless

due to difference in the kind of evolution that is being pursued by the monad. Some animals, such as eagles, hawks, owls, and the larger carnivorous mammals, are solitary in their habits; fight and seek their prey alone. Others, such as horses, sheep, wolves, rooks, and pigeons, are gregarious, and live in flocks or colonies. It is obvious that animals solitary in their habits are gaining experiences that ensure the evolution of egoistic qualities; while those that are gregarious are evolving altruistic characteristics more rapidly than egoistic. In each case the experience gained is stored up in the group-soul as permanent faculty.

To recapitulate and sum up, it may be said that the downward and upward arcs of evolution afford types in accordance with which may be classified the qualities being evolved by man and woman respectively. As differentiation, or the passage from the one to the many, characterises the downward arc, so man stands for egoistic faculties, or those that strengthen and intensify the separate self, such as independence, self-reliance, courage, firmness, etc. As integration, or the passage from the many to the one, characterises the upward arc, so woman stands for altruistic faculties, or those that draw together the separate selves and merge them in larger wholes, such as love, sympathy, benevolence, devotion, etc.

The acquisition of these two contrasted groups of faculties is going on in the animal as well as in the human kingdom; and the separation of the sexes affords a means of hastening and intensifying their evolution.

The soul incarnates many times in both sexes; and the qualities gained during lives spent in one sex are stored up and carried on to modify and be themselves modified by other qualities gained during lives in the other sex. So that although these two types of egoistic and altruistic are contrasted they can never be actually separated; and the higher the evolution is carried the more strongly will both be present within the soul.

Some of the seven lines of evolution probably incline more readily to one of these types, and others to the other; but the perfected soul is destined to evolve them both fully; the egoistic qualities being necessary to enable the individual to stand firm and unshaken amidst the turmoil of life, and the altruistic to give

that spirit of brotherhood and union with others which is characteristic of the higher stages of evolution.

Egoism insufficiently modified by altruism gives the "black magician." Altruism insufficiently modified by egoism gives a well-meaning but invertebrate character, too weak to succeed in the struggle for existence. Both are necessary to make the perfect man.

In conclusion, the question may be asked: If we compare man and woman with qualities characteristic of the downward and upward arcs, what bearing has this upon what are perhaps the more familiar correspondences of the two sexes with intellect and intuition, intellect and feeling, self and not-self, or spirit and matter?

That man, as a type, corresponds to the separative intellect, and that woman, as a type, corresponds to what are relatively the less separative intuition above and feeling below, will be evident from what has gone before, and will require no further elaboration here. But when we turn to such pairs of opposites as self, or spirit, and not-self, or matter, we seem to be on different ground, and it is not perhaps evident at first glance that these also correspond to the downward and upward arcs.

Self thinking of self and repudiating not-self is the cause of separation.

Forgetfulness of self, consciousness occupied with and attracted towards not-self, is the cause of unification.

This links self with egoism and the downward arc, and not-self with altruism and the upward arc, and therefore is in agreement with the general proposition I have sought to establish.

H. S. GREEN.

THERE is no more reason why you should remember your previous life than that your toe should remember its previous corns. The folly is to expect memory.—ALTERUTER.

TOO HORRIBLE TO BE TRUE

II.[1]

"I SETTLED down to my practice in a mechanical fashion, but my inside nerve, I found, was almost gone.

"I was always asking myself the question: *Cui bono*, when . . . ? And then all the swirl of the mysterious event would begin over and over again in my brain.

"I was, so to say, fascinated with the tragic end that had overtaken my unfortunate patients. I kept brooding over it till at last my whole world-problem seemed to centre round it.

"It got on my nerves. I began to develop an unhealthy sympathy with Ida De Brys—imagining all sorts of excuses. Somehow or other I felt she was to be greatly pitied. What she had done she had done for the best, because . . . But it was always just at that 'because' that the whole thing began to run into itself again, and I could find no outlet.

"Some two months had thus passed since Mrs. Weight had left us. I was feeling thoroughly demoralised and shattered. Tom Pentreath strenuously urged a complete rest and change of air; he would look after the work.

"I was at last persuaded to run up to town for a fortnight, which I intended to spend in a round of theatres and any other amusements I could find to take me out of myself, and keep my thoughts from grinding away in the same old grooves.

"I had not, however, been in town forty-eight hours when I received, among some other letters, forwarded by Tom, a long blue envelope, registered and marked 'private' in one corner. It contained *this*, from Mrs. Weight, from Lahore.

"You'd better read it yourself, Dick. I've now told you my part of the story, though poorly, I fear, for my memory is dim, and I am no teller of tales."

[1] Concluded from the last number.

The old doctor sighed, and held out the faded blue pages to me. I took them in silence and began to read.

* * * *

"LAHORE, *January 3rd*, 1869.

"Dear Doctor Thompson,—I have hesitated for some days, but have at last made up my mind that the best way in which I can repay your great kindness to my dear ones and to myself is to tell you the truth as I know it.

"I therefore send you herewith a copy of Ida's letter which I received, on my return, from the hands of a common friend.

"I fear I cannot put you in possession of all the facts even now, as you will see for yourself, but I hope my information may enable you in some small measure to realise the ghastly horror of the fate which drove my unhappy sister to do this thing.

"Ida shall speak for herself, but you must first be told of whom she speaks.

"Charles had a younger brother, Ralph. But no one would have taken them for brothers; Ralph was not only dark, he was darker than most natives, quite swarthy; whereas, as you know, Charles was a very fair man.

"I can tell you very little in detail about this man, for Charles was always most reticent; but Ida and I gleaned enough of the bare facts to know that Ralph from his childhood—they were both born out here, though brought up at home—had hated his brother with a fierce and bitter hatred that nothing could appease. Charles had behaved in a most exemplary manner. Again and again had he paid his brother's debts; again and again had he stood between him and disgrace—even worse. Charles had once been very wealthy; his father was a merchant and extensive planter out here, and at his death left all his money to his elder son, for he had years before ceased to have anything to do with Ralph.

"Charles must have behaved to Ralph more than nobly, and have forgiven until seventy times seven and beyond, for, not even when what I am going to tell you had occurred, did Ida or I ever hear him say an unkind thing of this incarnate fiend—his brother!

"Though I had known Charles intimately for several years

—for we were both deeply interested in certain common studies and endeavours—I had never seen his brother, never heard of him even ; nor had Charles seen Ida, till we all four met at Simla about two years ago.

"Ida had just come out to spend the winter with me, and Charles had accepted my invitation to stop with us a few days on his way north.

"Ralph—I learned afterwards—had followed his brother begging, praying and threatening for a large sum of money. I could never learn the precise details, but it was a case of forgery, and his villainous native accomplices had turned on Ralph and were blackmailing him.

"Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time, and when he came to see Charles I naturally insisted that he should have his things sent up from the hotel to us.

"He must have been a consummate actor, for I had not the faintest suspicion of any breach between them for weeks ; and Charles said nothing.

"Oh, had I only known then! From that moment the battle of good and evil for possession of Ida began. We stayed at Simla for four months ; and they stayed on too—took a bungalow near ours.

"I cannot tell you the details of the struggle ; it was long and infinitely subtle to watch, as I gradually learned for myself by observation and feeling—even though I really did not know. How much more subtle, then, must it have been in the grim full conscious reality between the men themselves!

"With Charles, the infinite subtlety of the struggle of the inner life—the struggle between what he believed to be his duty of sacrifice of all things dear to him for the highest of all aims, and his overpowering and undying love for what was best in womanhood for him ; with Ralph, the infinitely subtle use of the most brilliant deception to make what was most foul appear most fair.

"Charles had as yet spoken no word of love to Ida. But I knew ; I could read it in their eyes when I spoke to each of the other. I knew these two were made for one another.

"One day I rallied him on his timidity. For long he looked

earnestly at me; so that gradually I began to follow his thoughts. 'Do you not know why I hesitate, my sister?' was all he said.

"Then in a flash I understood; I did not see, but I felt that he was at some great crisis of fate where sacrifice—and sacrifice almost unendurable—was demanded of him.

"One day, shortly after this, on returning from a ride, I found Ida in her room in terrible distress—exhausted, hysterical. She had quite lost control of herself. She clung to me like a frightened child, as I knelt beside her, and between her sobs told me the cause of her distress.

"Ralph De Brys had been about an hour ago. He had proposed to her, at first with the humblest manner and most delicately worded professions of his undying attachment.

"She, however, gently repulsed him, and told him it could not be. He then pressed her most earnestly to take time and not then definitely to refuse him.

"He pleaded so eloquently, so persuadingly and adroitly, that he drew from her a hesitating and scarcely audible admission that she loved Charles.

"This sweet confession forced from her trembling lips suddenly transformed him from a pleading lover into a tense dark statue of hate, cold with suppressed fury.

"He stood silent for half a minute, a naked will of evil. Then remorselessly and weirdly he calmly cursed his brother. Ida sank on to the sofa, half stupefied with horror.

"Then turning to her, the rage of baffled passion in his eyes, he swore he would possess her even against her will, and that soon.

"Her senses seemed to be leaving her. She felt as though she was being driven out of her body by one overmastering feeling of loathing and personal horror.

"In utter despair, not knowing what she did, she heard herself, as though far off, shriek out 'Charles! Charles!!' and fainted. When she recovered consciousness Ralph was gone.

"Ida spent a sleepless night, unable to shake off the fear that clutched at her heart.

"Early next morning Charles called and insisted on seeing

her. I dressed my darling hastily, brought her to the drawing-room and left her in his arms,

"Ralph had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, and I have only just learned from the friend who gave me Ida's letter that he died at Calcutta in the native quarter some four months ago. He had always been a hard drinker, and practically drank himself to death.

"Charles and Ida were married, and from that moment Charles began gradually to fall into weak health. They spent a year travelling about on the Continent and in England, before they went to Penzance on a Cornish tour. Charles was tired of travelling, and liked the place so much that he proposed they should winter at Newlyn.

"I myself had long known that Charles was fighting heroically an inner battle against strong forces of evil; that he had unreservedly volunteered his life and earthly happiness in a great spiritual struggle. But in a long private conversation we had together the day he took Ida to his arms, he sternly forbade me to breathe a word of this to my sister. These things were not yet for her to know consciously, he said.

"It was then that I first realised that the bringing into physical consciousness of his love for Ida—a love that had its roots in the depths of his being—would perhaps add severely to the strain, and bring into play many new forces.

"My confidence in Charles, however, was unlimited, and I had then no fear of the outcome.

"It was only as I gleaned from Ida's letters that things were going from bad to worse, and how, finally, he was subject to those mysterious fainting fits, and was now the wreck of his former vigorous self, that I determined to lay aside work that I knew to be most urgent, for a duty which had become imperative, and so I took my passage on the *Cochin* from Bombay to come to them.

"The rest you know, my dear Doctor, all but my darling's last words to me. She wanted you to know, but feared to tell herself, and thought I should not dare. But I dare tell, and Ida shall not lose if daring can aid.

"And now, dear Dr. Thompson, good-bye and God bless

you for all your kindness to my loved ones. It is no good writing to me at Lahore, for I shall leave no address behind me. It is better thus; indeed I am going beyond the reach of the post for many a long day, I hope.

"Yours most gratefully,
"MURIEL E. WEIGHT."

* * * *

When I came to the end of this strange letter I sat up in my chair feeling somewhat dazed. I looked across at old Uncle Jim, but he was lying back in his great arm-chair with his eyes closed and to all appearance asleep.

So lighting a fresh cigarette, and sinking back again, I turned to the remaining sheets of blue paper—the copy of Ida De Brys' letter to her sister.

* * * *

"NEWLYN, *September 1st*, 1868.

"My own dearest Muriel,—It is too much! I can bear no more!! I shall go mad!!!

"Oh, why did I meet my darling this time again, if it was to end thus? I feel that I have been the drag upon him, when all I longed for was to help.

"But, oh, God, are such things possible? Is there no mercy? Must there be literally no hope but in the Formless and Eternal?

"Is love, love most pure and holy, impotent against this devil?

"I now know, Muriel dearest, how Charles has been done to death. They used his love for me against him—his love for me, his fear for me, that I should be harmed because I loved him.

"The utter fiendishness of their cunning is indescribable, and yet they simply intensify already existing forces!

"It was Ralph—that monster Ralph—that they have been using all the time—his blind hate for Charles, his foul passion for me—they have used it as a two-edged sword with which to smite down my true knight, my darling husband.

"Yes, Sissy, they've killed him, the fiends! Charles is dead. But—too horrible, too awful to think of—his body is

alive. And worse, a thousand times more ghastly than this, that foul beast is in it!

"Oh, Muriel, Muriel, what am I to do?

"It was after the last fainting fit—a very long one—two days ago; it was different from the others. I feared it was a paralytic stroke, but he rallied marvellously, and Dr. Thompson was quite jubilant that he'd turned the corner—that the crisis of his mysterious illness was over.

"At first I had no suspicion—it was the drinking that alarmed me. O God! that awful moment! I had raised him, my own weak, gentle darling as I thought, my arm round his dear shoulders, to give him a powder Dr. Thompson had sent up, mixed in a spoonful of whisky and water.

"Suddenly he angrily dashed the glass from my hand, and shouted out—'Damn you, woman! give me the . . . bottle!'

"In a flash I understood. I saw Ralph looking through my darling's eyes; I felt him; I knew he was there.

"I saw his anger change to a look—Muriel, I cannot write it; you will know. But whisky was his first craving.

"Catching sight of the bottle on the table by the bedside, he savagely pulled out the cork with his teeth, holding the bottle in his shaking hands, and then drank and drank, till the bottle fell from his grasp and I caught it.

"He fell back and gradually sank into a state of coma. That was yesterday at about eleven in the morning—centuries ago!

"Oh, I have not told you that Dr. Thompson was suddenly called away yesterday to town to see a dying relative. I am utterly alone and dare not speak. I dare not tell anyone. Who would believe me? I dare not tell even the doctor if he were here.

"I have let no one into the room, saying that Mr. De Brys is sleeping very soundly. I have all my meals in my room, next to his.

"I thought, of course, at first that this horror would be a passing thing, some special weakness of my darling's, that he had only momentarily been overcome and taken possession of.

"But, oh, Sissy, even so it was horrible! Whenever I went

to the bed to look at him, strive as I would to conquer it, in spite of my heart's yearning to breaking for my love, I was driven back by a feeling of utter loathing for the body of my husband that had now been defiled!

"He slept all day and woke about nine. As he stirred I rose from the chair—my heart thumping till I thought it would burst—and so we eyed each other. But no—it was not that—for he would not look at me straight.

"He spoke just like Charles—yet not like him—gently, but giving me the strange inner feeling of someone playing a cunning part.

"He said he was feeling better and would like something to eat.

"He said many things like Charles—but there was no feeling of Charles about him.

"I moved about as in a dream—fascinated by some terrible nightmare—in horrible doubt. Perhaps it was I who was run down too much—light-headed? I was feeling most awfully shattered, broken to pieces; yet I dared not sleep.

"He ate heartily; Charles had never eaten like this!

"I could not sleep—I dared not. I spent the night in torment, clinging desperately to the forlorn hope that the obsession was gradually fading off, and that when he woke Charles would be there—my love be in my arms again.

"But it never could be quite the same again, I felt. Something had come between us—there could no longer be the same absolute sanctity—our union had been profaned!

"When he woke this morning, Charles seemed nearer, and the other farther away, and I was beginning to regain some confidence.

"He had his breakfast and was almost my darling again.

"But gradually, from speaking like Charles, so gently and lovingly, he became more and more strange. From loving, his words became . . . oh, loathsome, loathsome!

"And then he swore, and raved, and cursed, and taunted and threatened. When he was strong—oh, my God!

"He sprang out of bed, and I rushed into my own room and locked the door.

"I heard him fall; then a movement as though he were crawling on his hands and knees for some time; then the creaking of the bed; and then—silence!

"I dared not open the door; but I stooped down and looked through the keyhole.

"He had found the rest of the whisky, which I had foolishly left on the mantelpiece, crawled back to bed, and was draining it to the dregs.

"As before, he fell back in a sort of coma.

"Then it was for the first time that the way out flashed into my head.

"Yes, Muriel, I have now made up my mind.

"Here all is hopeless, helpless. There is no way out down here. I can tell no one, consult no one. No one can help me.

"I might go and leave Charles' body to this fiend to brutalise it, and Charles' money to him to squander on vice—to him, his brother's murderer, and worse.

"I might meet you at Marseilles, and we could go straight back to India together.

"But I will not do this, Muriel—I will not play the coward. I have some right to do as well as to suffer. A wife's place is by her husband's side—a wife's duty is to defend her husband if she can—protect his body from pollution!

"I now feel strong, my mind is clear. I have no longer any real fear inside.

"You and others who know more about these things, may perhaps disapprove. But I can only go on my own knowledge, my own feeling of right.

"I feel I am really harming no one, and that in this way I may perhaps be able to help Charles.

"When I am out of this body I may be able to act with my eyes open. Here I am not only blind, but bound hand and foot.

"We mortals, Muriel, have only the choice between two evils—I choose the lesser, as I see it.

"If one may shoot a tiger, surely one may shoot a fiend! And would not Charles freely give me everything he possesses? Will he not then give me his now useless and polluted body?

"But, God help me! I can't do it now!

"I know where Charles keeps it; it's in his dressing case next door.

"But I can't, no, I can't, Muriel, do this in cold blood!

"It must be only when I am forced to do it—in self-defence.

"But I know I shall be compelled; it is only a question now of a few hours at most. When he wakes . . .

* * * *

"I am writing this to you, dearest, scarcely knowing what I write, or whether you will be able to read it.

"You will know long before you ever get this—know of yourself why—but you must not know physically.

"You will then be able to say truthfully that you had heard nothing from me to explain what I shall do.

"They'll all say I am mad.

"Let them! I don't care—except for dear, kind Doctor Thompson.

"If only you dare tell him. But then, that is impossible—for you won't know physically; you won't know I have written even; and you won't be quite sure you know rightly inside until you see N——— when you get back, for I am sending this to him to await your return.

"Oh, darling Muriel, if only you were here to help me! But, no, if you were here, you would only think it your duty to stop me or get me away.

"The choice is mine, not yours, nor any one's else. I will not be a coward, for that is what it would be for me.

"I now ask only for justice, for there is no mercy.

"Good-bye, good-bye.

"Your heart-broken and most wretched

"IDA."

* * * *

As I read this awful letter, the fascination of the poor lady's terror, her too terrible hallucination, almost entirely overpowered me.

It was all I could do to keep a sure grip on all the facts of life which proved the purely hallucinatory nature of the beliefs of this otherwise gifted and high-minded trio.

I sprang up in need of strong physical action to shake off

the terrible feeling of depression that Ida De Brys' letter had made upon me.

As I did so, the old doctor opened his eyes, and looked at me questioningly. He held out his hand for the faded blue sheets.

"Well?" he queried, gently.

"It is too horrible to be true!" I cried, with decision.

And now, twelve months afterwards, I am as absolutely convinced as I was then that this is the only sane view of the matter.

Uncle Jim said nothing, but turned slowly, and, putting the blue sheets into their envelope, locked them up once more in his desk. He never mentioned the subject to me again.

A month ago my dear old uncle went to his long rest, leaving me everything.

On looking over his papers I immediately recognised the blue envelope when I came across it, but was surprised to find a piece of white notepaper pinned to it, with the following words in the old doctor's straggling writing:

"Dick, I should like you to publish this. It is a human document, if ever there was one. Fact is fact, hallucination is hallucination. We grow wise by experience alone. Only change their names; you'd better change all of them."

This I have done and publish the story, not only because it is my duty to respect his wishes, but because I so thoroughly agree that fact is fact and hallucination hallucination; in this case it was hallucination, for it was really too horrible to be true.

D. E. T. WATTS.

A MYSTIC PRAYER

O MOST miraculous one, Lord of the Splendours, vouchsafe for us this day a mind of nobility wherewith to sing the praise of Thy beauty, and so adorn ourselves in garments fit for the Great Feast.

NEŌKOROS.

THE HOUSE OF ERROR

THE material world for Mrs. Eddy is like the fairy-house inhabited only by the gorgeous frog-footman. One day he stepped outside his house and unfortunately banged the door on himself. After that no one was ever able to enter, because the footman himself was on the wrong side of the door.

The material world is the exclusive property of this showman or footman—mortal mind. Like the fairy-house it is pure error and delusion; so is the footman, only he doesn't know it!

Of course he thinks his house is real; because if it wasn't, it couldn't have a front-door; and so he couldn't be a footman. But he *is;* therefore . . . Q.E.D.

Mortal mind, indomitable in its foolish pomposity, stands eternally on its own front-door step, describing to us the inside of the house, which doesn't exist; and from the beginning of time all mankind, for no conceivable reason except pure love of error and insanity for its own sake, has listened to and believed him.

"There is," Mrs. Eddy says (*Science and Health*, p. 408), "a universal insanity which mistakes fable for fact throughout the entire round of the material senses."

All mortal life is thus to Mrs. Eddy one prolonged nightmare, the dream of an hysteriac. The horror of her system is that the objective world is made a chaos of unreason, wherein pain and darkness, sickness and death, appear as phantoms—"phantoms more terrible than reality itself," with power to wreck our lives, to cause us continual suffering, *for no purpose.* God did not ordain their existence. They ought not to exist. Therefore they do not—is Mrs. Eddy's invariable conclusion. It is her idea of logic.

"Inverted images do not reflect the spiritual" (p. 201).

This is a specimen of Mrs. Eddy's English and her dealings with metaphors.

As I wish to remain serious if possible for a few minutes, I do not propose to criticise her use of the English tongue. Those who wish to see a fair review of it and to have a good laugh should read Mark Twain's book. It is a piece of perfectly legitimate comedy. When a woman talks about the "tearful lips of a babe," and says that a certain truth should be "engraven on your heart with the point of a diamond and the hand of an angel,"—well, if you leave a man like Mark Twain alone in a room with sentences of this kind, can you blame him if he reels off pages of humour at their expense?

Seriously, therefore, an inverted image *is* a reflection—in a lake presumably, as we do not generally stand on our looking-glasses—but a true reflection capable of revealing much of the truth of the scenery beyond us.

Mrs. Eddy has stumbled up against the most ancient and most beautiful and instructive of metaphors, and instead of grasping the profoundly useful teaching conveyed by its symbolism, she gives to those who can follow through her illiterate ramblings merely the incoherent descriptions of a child's nightmare.

She has found the great truth that her mind is the mirror of all things; and into that mirror she has looked—to her own undoing.

She has seen in that mirror . . . chaos and unreason—because of that which looked into it. It is a dusty, slovenly mirror, and the volumes of her denunciations are, if we may speak the plain truth, the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

She wishes to break the mirror. She denies that it is a God-given one. She forgets that "mirrors tell the truth."

Here is one of her best jumbles of English words: "The unreal claim of mortal mind to be the true image of man's Maker is illustrated by the optical line of incidence, which takes always the opposite direction from the line of reflection."

There is just enough resemblance in this phrase to a sentence from a primer on optics to impress the uneducated, but

as I wish to remain serious I will not dwell on it. I dare not; it is what Mark Twain calls "one of her corkers."

Under the name of mortal mind, the delicately constructed and infinitely complex brain of man, the God-ordained instrument for man to use in the daily school of our physical life, is cast into outer darkness, and made by Mrs. Eddy the sole author of old age, error, lies, wrinkles, death, broken legs and German measles, and a few other illusions.

She forgets that the fact of an illusion is not an illusory fact. She sees no purpose in the illusion. She sees no value in the significant fact that there is an orderly similarity between your illusions or delusions and mine. She never remembers that the whole objective world is a law-abiding illusion; a marvellously though dimly-discerned image of a great procession of cosmic events.

She never tells us to polish patiently and so increase the reflecting power of those God-given lenses—our five senses—and reverently to use them, diligently to learn from them. Nothing of the kind! "Man, left to the hypotheses of material sense, is," she says, "as the wandering comet (*sic*) or desolate star—a weary searcher for a viewless home."

"Mortal existence is a state of self-deception."

"This state of error is the mortal dream of life."

"The vapid fury of mortal mind is expressed in the wind, wave, fire and earthquake."

"Electricity is some of the nonsense of error."

"Hypnotism and electricity are not God's agents."

"We cannot interpret spirit through matter." I should have said that is exactly what we are here to do.

The fundamental propositions of Christian Science are summarised in the four following, to her self-evident, propositions:

1. God is All in all.
2. God is good. Good is Mind.
3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter.
4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease.

"Even if reversed," she continues, "these propositions will be found to agree in statement and proof, showing mathematically their exact relation to Truth."

Hence we have: "Disease, sin, evil, death, deny Good, omnipotent God, Life. Prop. 4."

"Which of the denials in proposition 4 is true? Both are not, cannot be true. The divine metaphysics of Christian Science, like the method in mathematics, proves the rule by inversion." What method in Heaven's name and what rule does she mean?

"No pain in truth," she continues, "no truth in pain; no matter in good, no good in matter." Is this not marvellous, the way her rule works out! No ink in my pen, no pen in my ink; no tea in my sugar, no sugar in my tea. We might go on in this helpful and illuminating way for several hours.

With the best of intentions it is impossible to criticise her book as a whole, it is not sufficiently coherent. It reminds me of the jewel-box of a lunatic, in which you might see an appalling medley of broken glass, bits of torn ribbon and brass chains, a few real jewels, or an old-world locket of much beauty, or a few links of solid gold. Among the jewels is a pearl of great price. But, ye gods, how is it treated!

This pearl is the great world-old truth of all the mystics: the power of Divine Love; the power of a Love that enables you to see through the shadows of his mortal mind the Spark of the Divine Light which is the real immortal mind of your brother-man; the power of a tremendous Faith in that real Self in him or behind him and in its inexhaustible storehouse of life, strength, harmony and spiritual joy.

Given this faith, added to a whole-hearted wish to help a fellow-creature when he is sick or sad, the normal will may be strengthened and intensified to almost any extent.

The "Scientist" healer, while meditating on behalf of the patient (they deny that they pray for him), floods the nervous system of the patient with his own buoyant nerve-aura, charged as it is with this never-failing radiant hope which one is bound to say they get from the One and Only Source of all hope, love or life.

In this way it is perfectly correct to say that they do not hypnotise, if by hypnotism is meant throwing the stronger animal magnetism on to the weakly system of the patient, with

the deliberate intention of invading the most hidden of his nerve-centres, producing a more or less profound narcosis, driving the conscious Ego out of one stronghold after another, and finally ousting him.

This most revolting practice, which is becoming so common to-day among doctors who are perfectly ignorant of the results of what they do, seems to me simply "*lèse-majesté*," except in the case of the insane or of congenital idiots, where there is no majesty—no king on the throne so to speak, and therefore no Ego to oust.

The distinction, however, between hypnotism and "Science" healing is not to be disposed of in a few phrases. We all know so little, perhaps hardly the first word of this vast department of psychology. Mrs. Eddy, as usual, denounces what she has never studied. But of course people who have the Divine afflatus do not require to study such trifles as the natural sciences.

This much we can say on behalf of the "Scientist" healer: before he begins the work of healing, he prepares himself more particularly as to his soul for his work in a way which in individual cases is often highly creditable.

He prays indeed to be made a channel of the Most High, a means of conveying the Supreme Life to a brother in need. Having done that, and I believe many of them do it, honestly, earnestly and continually, they go on by using their will-power and their utmost concentration, and of course bringing into play all the magnetism which is a part of every human being's psychic make-up.

If we are to believe what some more advanced students of these psychic forces tell us, the "Scientist" hurls a perfect storm of thought-forms, charged with a great emotional power, and with one single purpose—the physical health of the recipient. It would in fact be surprising if they did not do some good. These thought-forms impinge first on the higher faculties of the patient because of their own elevated character; that seems to be the natural law.

The "Scientist" thus rouses the Ego; he makes or tries to make the patient heal himself. He addresses the Higher Self in

a way no ordinary hypnotist even seeks to do; indeed the materialist doctor tries to control or even supplant the Ego.

And the "Scientist" exhorts in the only way that will be acceptable, and by the only means that is pure and justifiable between one soul and another. For he speaks the language of the higher spiritual love, and by his own previous meditation he has awakened the higher spiritual chords of his own higher nature, and then "Height calls unto height, deep answers to deep."

But the fact surely remains that the means by which the Ego—whether it is the Ego of the patient or the Ego of the healer or the two bound together for the moment in the mystic union of a common hope—carries out any healing process on the *physical* plane, is the magnetism of the *physical* nerve-aura. Physical agents are necessary to produce physical effects.

Of course at this point Mrs. Eddy rushes in the frog-footman and makes him bang the front door in your face, and deny the entire physical paraphernalia. It is no use trying to ask her *how* the mind helps the body and removes pain. Words cease to be of the slightest rational use.

She feels vaguely (and she is so far right) that science should distinguish between the moral and the immoral use of hypnotic will-power.

The hypnotist may help you, body and soul, lift you and strengthen you for all time; or he may help your body and ruin your soul. It is all one in science; we have only one word for the two processes.

The Christian Scientist who would study without letting go of his faith in Divine Love, and who would thus put the pearl of his teaching in a fitting setting of "gold tried in the fire," may yet arise and put the much misused words "Christian Science" on the cover of a rational, coherent and instructive work on true spiritual healing.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

ONLY those faults we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.—MME. SWETCHINE.

ON THE TRACK OF SPIRITUALITY

IT is a curious fact that though the terms "spirit," "spiritual" and "spirituality" occur perhaps more frequently than any others in theosophical literature, there is no consensus of opinion as to their definite meaning. Various traditions use these terms, or rather terms which are most conveniently thus rendered into English, in various ways. If, then, an attempt is made to bring out some points of interest in considering the scope of the meaning of the term "spirituality," it is not with any intention of formulating a precise definition, least of all with entering into controversy, but rather with the view of encouraging enquiry into the deeper nature of words we employ so frequently.

It is evident in the first place that spirituality connotes something fundamentally other than materiality or even substantiality; and it should also be evident that spirituality must differ essentially from intellectuality. There are of course spiritual intelligences, but in considering the root-meaning of words, we should clearly differentiate spirit and intelligence.

Moreover, as spirit must be at least as universal as matter, we should expect to find manifestations of it everywhere. But spirituality is hardly the same thing; spirituality for our present purpose may be taken to connote the manifestation of spirit in man. Now in certain systems of theosophy the term "spiritual" has been confined to those who have established themselves on the path of sanctity or sainthood, and are progressed in ethical perfection; but in considering spirituality in general, we should, I think, be wiser to give it a more extended meaning, or allow it a wider area of manifestation, for in itself it would seem to be a natural thing.

The first idea that may perhaps be associated with spirituality is childlikeness,—not childishness, but childlikeness; and therewith a supreme delight in everything, freshness; seeking

for new ideas and experiences in everything around, with faith and trustfulness; feeling quite sure that they are all going to prove delightful, and have been specially placed there by one's "Father in Heaven."

In spirituality, then, it would seem, there should be an entire absence of fear of every kind and of everything. There is nothing to dread, for everything around should feel only like a part of oneself, and you cannot very well feel afraid of your own hands and feet.

There should be no fear even of earthquake or tornado, or of any of the great passions of Nature; the true child of the Spirit should feel, on the contrary, even special delight in Great Nature's emotions. There should be no fear of death; for in spirit man is conscious apart from bodies. In the truly spiritual there should even be no fear of torture or any prolonged physical illness or horror; for such an one has such absolute faith in *bliss*, that even if these things were allowed to happen to his body, he would know that his mind must be made to match the circumstances so that he will not feel the wretchedness and misery of those in separation.

Spirituality would thus seem to connote a will that wills with the Will of all things, quite content to run along the lines of Fate, whatever they may be, though not to drift with the tide; it is manifested rather as an ever readiness to embrace everything that comes, and that too not as a duty but as a pleasure,—to embrace all merrily, because there is unshakable faith that the world is really, as it were, bliss-side up; and the blacker things look, the more painful their appearance, the more joy there will be in riding over the waves. Spirituality is god-like.

For the spiritual, then, there should be, one would think, no taking life too seriously; it would seem to be rather a sign of youth in spirituality to be so dreadfully serious over everything, as so many are, though one may generously recognise in them the high promise of their future greatness.

But though it is unwise to be too serious, this does not mean that we should be indifferent. The man of spirit should be in earnest and eager, but should not attach such cosmic importance to results. He should, so to say, be more "breezy."

When the storm rages he draws vigour from the elements; he may feel out at sea in a great storm, but he knows with surety that, however the winds may rage and blow, however high the waves may rise, he is in a safe Boat, with a Captain whom he trusts utterly.

Or, putting it in another figure, just as the saints of old called themselves athletes, so is spirituality, as it were, the running of races, when it does not matter, as far as things down here go, whether you win or lose; you only take pleasure in the fun of running them. You must sit loose, and be detached.

From another point of view, of course, it is of the utmost importance to the man that duty should be done and truth be taught. That concerns the evolution of the man; but it is, so to speak, another side of things to natural spirituality, for evolution is self-made. This is the concern of the man and not the concern of the god, whose nature is fundamentally that of spirit.

Spirit for man is, as it were, a tuning of the mind to the strings of Fate, the great Harmony. It is the attitude of the inmost man, the Divine Spark, towards the daily surroundings of the life of the outer man; and the result of assuming this attitude, of identifying oneself with the One who ever stands rightly, who naturally adapts Himself to every great change, who can instinctively shift his centre of gravity and keep in perpetual equilibrium, is not only calm, but joy and merriness.

A result of the realisation of this, of this instinctual co-feeling with the source of all adaptability, and therefore of perpetual bliss, is, as it were, a bubbling over with life. When this enlivening takes place and continues there is great joy in the whole nature; the happy individual feels at his best, feels in a sense as though his surroundings showed him off to the best advantage, feels as though he were in his true and proper place. It is instinctual; as though it were working like a spirited horse, not knowing or caring where he goes or what the result, only enjoying the outing.

Worldly-wise people may think it very stupid not to try to understand, but natural spirituality is not connected with mental understanding as that is generally understood; it is connected with a still more fundamental understanding.

This spirituality brings about an inner relation between the man and his God which is beyond the understanding of man as man; it connotes rather such absolute confidence in his Charioteer that he does not want to be troubled with knowledge; he only wants to experience and enjoy, and so with every such true act an inner understanding comes about between him and the universe or cosmos which is beyond all understanding of men of little acts, the slaves of karma.

From another point of view we may perhaps regard spirituality as what has been of late repeatedly referred to as cosmic consciousness, in the sense of that which truly transcends the separated individualitic mode of consciousness; or we may equate it with ātmic consciousness, though of course we are here speculating on its simplest manifestations, or adumbrations, only, that is to say, endeavouring to discover some ways in which we may be led to feel after it.

If this great mystery dawns upon the greater horizon of man's mind or most fundamental nature, a new understanding of a like fundamental nature comes to birth. In such a state, it is said, that if he gaze upon or contemplate with right attention any person or any object, there is a transformation of the man's whole substance, or buddhic nature.

With his lower consciousness he as it were hears a sudden sound, and sees a momentary flash, and then his whole being understands what it wanted. Only there is no idea really of sound and light; these are only figures to help the true imagination. There should be no materialising of the operations of the spirit, no vulgarising of such mysteries; no thinking that it is as it were the sudden flashing of a microscopic electric spark, or the striking of a match in the dark, a splutter and a spark!

It is rather a feeling of being spiritually intoxicated as it were by the object; and thus a sudden change which may be physically adumbrated by saying that the feeling is that of the object being inside oneself or oneself in it; there is momentary unconsciousness and then an awakening to consciousness and understanding.

The mystery of Fate or Karma has always been the greatest riddle that man has had to face; it is the "that" from which he

has to free himself. Many have sought to escape by regarding it as the world from which one has to flee, as a thing evil in itself. "The world is very evil," says a Christian hymn, echoing the constant tradition of the saints. "Brahman is true; the world is false"—runs one of the great sayings of the Vedānta. But the deepest philosophy of the spirit can hardly rest satisfied with this naïve dualism. There must be some other solution, some wiser way of regarding things, some true reconciliation of the "antitheses of knowledge falsely so-called," some true Gnosis.

Whatever that essential Theosophy may be, it surely would help somewhat if we were to regard Fate as in some way a complement or spouse of spirituality or Ātman. Or rather let us say that one whose aim is realisation should unite himself with his Fate around, should join himself unto his Destiny, go forth boldly and joyously to meet it; he should not flee, not be overtaken, not be emmeshed as a craven in the Great Net. He must marry his Fate in mystic marriage, before his spiritual nature can develop consciously in him, before the God can be born.

This thing is natural, not artificial; it has nothing *in itself* to do with virtue,—*that* is on the side of evolution. And so it is, as has been remarked so often by the observing, that many a drunkard, or even callous sinners, have enjoyed momentary touches of spirituality; but these are momentary only, and the reaction brings regret and remorse. Spirituality with the properly prepared brings with it delight in everything, full satisfaction, without any regret or remorse at any moment and without any doubt.

But this freedom from doubt, this utter sureness, is very different from conceited self-confidence; where that exists it is not due to really spiritual experience.

The spiritual consciousness affects the whole nature, and it has therefore a mental side or mental effects as well. These effects may be best seen in the broadening of the sympathies; in seeing one's neighbour's point of view as clearly as one's own. As spirituality becomes more constant, not only must there be no feeling of being apart from any one, but no one must be allowed to feel apart from us; while the presence of the true adept in spirituality has such power of union and co-feeling as to over

ride all other people's eccentricities, and bring about sympathy in spite of them.

In spirituality there is no question of human superiority, and among the spiritual the bond is that of friends. So also in human friendship. Friends are of necessity your equals; if you once think yourself superior to other people, the immediate result is the loss of friends. You may have many followers; but they will never supply the place of friends.

There has always been great difficulty in teaching of the nature of spirit, for there is danger of much misunderstanding attaching to it. For instance, if it be urged upon those who are neophytes of the spiritual path, to be in earnest but not too serious over results, most of those who read this paper will understand the wisdom of the injunction, while at the same time they will see the unwisdom of urging this upon the unprepared, lest it should take from them their earnestness and eagerness. The many will try hard if they believe heaven and hell depend upon it; and of course in a sense heaven and hell *do* depend upon it; and people who never rise out of their personality, much less their individuality, spend now (for there is no need to put heaven and hell always in the future) their lives alternate days as it were in heaven and hell; and so it *is* of the greatest importance for them.

But all this is not spirituality, at any rate in the sense in which we have been using the term. People who think "heaven and hell" can be named at once as the unspiritual, if by spiritual we mean free. Those who very seriously (and generally with tremendous show and a most earnest and laudable desire to teach other people to follow them) set to work to do right in order to reach heaven, are sure to be still confined within personality.

With the birth of true spirituality the whole point of view alters. People who try to set the world right, and not themselves right with the world, are still confined to the personal and individual point of view.

Spirituality, which is of the nature of freedom in its highest mystic meaning, should bring with it a sense of the fitness and beauty of everything, and everything should appear to be in its proper place.

To take what may seem to some a very unheroic example, and so seek for a manifestation of spirit in most ordinary things, for the spirit is no respecter of persons or things; a spiritual person could enjoy a game of cards without needing the excitement of money; could enjoy races or contests or activity without troubling whether they be followed by a prize or not.

If, then, there be any who say that such a doctrine, such a cultivation of what we may call a "breezy" attitude of mind, takes all the zeal and motive out of them, and they do not see why they should trouble to be good and work, then it may be known at once that in these respects they are without spirituality.

For a spiritual person is one who has motive within himself, apart from the attraction of the prize—or heaven—and apart from the fear of loss—or hell—or any sense of shame. He is self-motive. He acts rightly because he understands with inner natural understanding; he works because activity is the right thing; for the Divine Spark of his inmost nature brings with its dawning a great desire for activity. As Kṛishṇa says in the *Bhagavad Gītā* (iii. 24):

"These worlds would be destroyed if I did not perform action."

This is the Great Game of Deity, of which the worlds are the counters or the cards; and so with the true Man and his worlds. Therefore also should the little man here in this world "play the game." Being unattached in daily life means just this playing at life-cards without money or reward. Enjoying a good game and not minding if you lose, is a sign of spirituality; something very different from being indifferent or hating cards.

Self-motive (and with it self-motivity) would therefore seem to be a fundamental characteristic of the spiritual nature, and we should learn to respect it, and be on the look out for its manifestations even in its crudest forms. For instance in young people, the youth who delights in life and being up to anything, of course in an innocent way, is showing forth an aspect of this characteristic; indeed, in ordinary parlance we speak of his being "spirited." On the other hand, the youth who never moves till he has carefully calculated and is quite sure that it is going to be

worth while, is showing forth quite another characteristic; he is without buoyancy. We can note these characteristics more readily in youthful people, and see them more plainly marked. In older folk it is more difficult, for they are more complex, and more set.

If again we seek characteristics of spirituality in the mind along these lines, we shall, I think, find that wit is a sign of spirit. This is why wit is such an enormous power, and why the opportune use of it will save many a difficult situation. It is, as it were, the direct power of the spiritual mind playing in the lower mind; indeed in French it is rightly called *esprit*.

It might be suggested in the face of so much solemnity, that it would be well for those who wish to teach and lead and live by the use of their mentality in a spirited fashion, that they should cultivate wit. It is a *siddhi*, a power; though it has been omitted from the lists. It sharpens the mind; it is a new motive in language, self-motive.

A spirited person is then in a certain measure a spiritual person, using the term spiritual in its widest sense, apart from theological preconceptions.

Wit is vicarious atonement in language; and vicarious atonement is the harmonising of the disharmony of others by the power of a spiritual presence, which brings about the great transmutation; evil is absorbed and transmuted into good or equilibrised.

Wit is a manifestation, so to say, of something that happens apart from argument, and is so full of life that it is capable of upsetting everything. It is a power outside reason. In itself of course it is an indifferent power, and if you have a witty opponent he can carry the whole house with him without any consideration of logic. This is, then, how one aspect of spirit works; but it is partial spirit manifesting under limitation.

The above are a few notes on the margin of a great subject which may be of interest to the unprejudiced. The endeavour has been to seek for some indication of spirit for the most part in ordinary life and ordinary people, apart from pietistic and spiritistic presuppositions. I have not attempted to soar into the sublimer heights of the spiritual life, and evoke the shades

of the great souls to lead us with them, in imagination at any rate, through their great experiences, but have endeavoured to keep on earth as it is called; for spirit is common to all planes, it is in itself as near earth as heaven. The spiritual man has nowhere to lay his head, for he has all places; he has no mansions, for he has all mansions; he has no temple, for he has all temples, as the Ritual of the Jesus Mystery has it.

Spirit is common to all men; but the consciousness of it, and much more the self-consciousness of it, is another matter. The consciousness of it makes a man super-human; and the self-consciousness of it constitutes the Master.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE LADDER OF THE LUMINOUS CROSS

AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN GNOSTICISM

II.[1]

THE TWO ENFORMINGS

IN the before-quoted Acts of John occurs the passage: "And when He was hung upon the *bush* of the Cross."[2] This is the obvious meaning of the Greek[3] if the feminine article be read before *βάτῳ*. There is, however, considerable difference of opinion among critics with regard to this passage, owing to the obvious difficulty of taking *βάτος* (bush) in this sense. Dr. M. R. James says: "This is an extremely puzzling expression, and I am not sure that we have the right text in *βάτῳ* (bush), although as to *σταυροῦ* (cross) I feel fairly confident. But the word *βάτῳ* presents a curious coincidence with the Docetic system as described by Hippolytus."[4]

[1] No. I. appeared in the September number.

[2] *Texts and Studies*, v., No. 1, pp. 16, 17.

[3] *καὶ ὅτε τῇ σταυροῦ βάτῳ ἐκρεμάσθη.*

[4] *Op. cit.*, p. xxiii.

A comparison of the text of these Acts with the said passage from Hippolytus[1] suggests to me that the sole emendation necessary to bring this expression (*τῇ σταυροῦ βάτῳ*) into strict accordance with the general position assigned to the Cross in these Acts and in other Gnostic writings, is the substitution of the masculine for the feminine article—*τῷ σταυροῦ βάτῳ*. The passage would thus read: "And when He was hung upon the *medium of transmission* of the Cross." This expression now becomes coherent in view of what has already been said concerning the Cross. For in its second aspect it is the bridge connecting Mind with Matter, the "medium of transmission" by which the Ideas in the Divine Mind descend to realisation in Sense-experience. The passage from Hippolytus above referred to is exceedingly instructive in this respect, though so terribly confused as to be all but unintelligible. It is as follows:

"And respecting this (Archōn)[2] Moses observes: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'[3] Moses mentions[4] this fiery God as having spoken from the bush (*batos*)[5], that is, from the darkish air. For the whole of the atmosphere that underlies the darkness is (*batos, i.e.,*) a medium for the transmission of light. Now Moses has employed, (the Docetic) says, the expression *batos*, because all the species of light[6] pass down from above by means of their having the atmosphere as a medium (*batos*) of transmission." The gist of this passage seems to be that the creative God employed the "atmosphere" as a means whereby the "Ideas of the Light" might descend into the darkness. In other words the Limbs of the Ineffable, the Divine Real-Existences within the Cosmic Mind, descend into Matter by means of the vertical arm of the Cross, which is called "batos," and is described as the "atmosphere."

Of this "atmosphere" we find frequent mention in Gnostic works. For instance, from the scheme of the Sethians, we read: "From the water, therefore, has been produced a first-begotten originating principle, *viz.*, wind (which is) violent and boisterous,

[1] *Ref.*, viii. 2. [2] The Demiurge, the Creative Energy of the world.
[3] *Gen.*, i. 1. [4] *Ex.*, iii. 2.
[5] *ἀπὸ τοῦ βάτου λαλήσαι τα.* (N.B.—masc. art.)
[6] *τοῦ φωτὸς αἱ ἰδέαι* = the ideas of the light.

and a cause of all generation. For producing a sort of ferment in the waters (the wind) uplifts waves out of the waters. . . . When, however, this wave that has been raised out of the water by the wind, and rendered pregnant in its nature, has within itself obtained the power, possessed by the female, of generation, it holds together the light scattered from above along with the fragrance of the spirit—that is, mind, moulded in the different species."[1]

The "Water" here referred to is the Ocean of Cosmic Substance, the "Sophia without" of the Valentinian Gnosis, which is moulded by the "Wind" into waves (*sci.* bodies ?) which contain the "light scattered from above." We find again in this passage the descent of the "Ideas of the Light" into the "underlying darkness" connected with the action of "Wind" or "Atmosphere."

The vertical beam of the Luminous Cross is thus seen to possess two distinct functions: the "uplifting and foundation of those things that are fixed and were unsettled"; and the transmission from above to the darkness below of the Ideas of the Light, the Limbs of the Ineffable. These two functions were termed respectively the "Enforming according to Substance" and the "Enforming according to Gnosis." Each of these "Enformings" now calls for our closer attention.

Sophia has "fallen" and the Cross extends its horizontal arms immovably between the Plērōma and the Abortion of unfashioned chaotic substance. The "mud,"[2] from which the cosmic bricks are to be made, has been produced, but the "Great Geometrician"[3] has not yet moulded this indigested substance. The material basis for the manifestation of the Divine Ideas in the Universal Mind has been formed, but it is still

> The hoary deep, a dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound,
> Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
> And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
> Of endless wars.[4]

[1] Hippol., *Ref.*, v. 14. [2] *Op. cit.*, v. 11. [3] *Op. cit.*, vi. 23.
[4] *Paradise Lost*, Bk. ii., 891, 897.

The "Light" has not yet shined down "like a ray of the sun"[1] upon this "dark illimitable ocean"; Matter awaits the enforming Breath of God. Let us return, therefore, to the continuation of Hippolytus's account[2] of the "Enforming according to Substance."

"Ignorance, therefore, having arisen within the Plērōma in consequence of Sophia, and shapelessness in consequence of the offspring of Sophia, confusion arose in the Plērōma.[3] (For all) the Æons that were begotten (became overwhelmed with apprehension, imagining) that in like manner formless and incomplete progenies of the Æons should be generated; and that some destruction, at no distant period, should at length seize upon the Æons. All the Æons, then, betook themselves to supplication of the Father, that He would tranquillise the sorrowing Sophia; for she continued weeping and bewailing on account of the Abortion produced by her—for so they term it. The Father, then, compassionating the tears of Sophia, and accepting the supplication of the Æons, orders a further projection. For he did not (Valentinus says) himself project, but Nous and Alētheia (projected) Christ and the Holy Spirit for the restoration of Form, and the destruction of the Abortion, and (for) the consolation and cessation of the groans of Sophia."

That is,[4] the "Sophia which is outside the Plērōma, which (Sophia) Christ, who was additionally projected by Nous and Alētheia, formed and made a perfect Æon, so that in no respect she should be inferior in power to any of the Æons within the Plērōma."

Subsequently the Christ ascends again into the Plērōma. It is significant to notice in the above quotation that it is not the Father, but Nous and Alētheia that project Christ and the Holy Ghost; for it is the *Mind* of the Universe that orders all things and wills all things, not that unknowable, impersonal Essence,

[1] *Ref.*, v. 14.

[2] *Op. cit.*, vi. 26.

[3] This is described by Hippolytus as taking place *before* the emanation of Stauros, and consequently before the Abortion had separated from the Æons. But these processes must be thought of as *simultaneous*, not *successive*; intelligibility, however, demanding that they should be spoken of as sequences in time.

[4] *Ref.*, vi. 26.

the Ground of all being, whether the being of an ephemeron or of an archangel, nay, the very Ground of God's own being.

This is the "Enforming according to Substance"; but it is extremely difficult to discover what was exactly meant by this Enforming. It is not the creation of the different Spheres or "Planes" of Nature, for that is part of the "Enforming according to Gnosis." It may be, however, that same mysterious process which is referred to as the work of the Third Logos by modern Theosophists, who are also in some fashion modern Gnostics—the first great Outpouring, the making of the cosmic bricks, the evolution of the atoms of each Plane, the preparation of the material which is to become the habitation and expression of the "Sons of God."

But, let me again insist, these "Outpourings," or "Enformings," are not *successive* stages, but proceed *pari passu;* the operations of the three "Outpourings," or "Life-Waves" of Theosophical writings, or of the two "Enformings" of Gnostic speculation, are simultaneous. This becomes apparent when we remember that the generation of the Phenomenal Order, as of the Noumenal, is an *eternal* generation, not a time-process; when we remember that without the Sensible World the Intelligible World could have no meaning, no validity; that without the verification of Thought in Sense the Wisdom of God would be a dream more vain than the foolishness of men. Moreover, these "Outpourings" and "Enformings" are the work of *one* Energy flowing from *one* Source, the "Light of the Logos,"[1] the Life-giver or Holy Ghost, and it is curious in this connection to notice that, in the *Acts of Andrew*, the Cross is called the "life-giver," and the "life-giving tree, roots planted on earth, fruit treasured in heaven."[2]

With regard to this descent of the Christ it is interesting to observe that, in Irenæus's account of the Valentinian Scheme, the Christ is said to extend himself through and beyond Stauros[3]; that crucifixion of the Logos in Time and Space which is referred to in the above-quoted *Acts of John*, where it is written[4]: "Per-

[1] See Subba Rao, *Lectures on the Bhagavad Gītā*.

[2] *Frag. Faith Forg.*, pp. 445, 446. [3] *Hær.*, i.

[4] *Texts and Studies*, v., No. 1., pp. 22, 23.

ceive thou therefore in Me the praising (perh. slaying)[1] of a Word,[2] the piercing of a Word, the blood of a Word, the wounding of a Word, the hanging of a Word, the passion of a Word, the nailing of a Word, the death of a Word."

Hippolytus continues:

"Sophia, however, who was outside the Plērōma in search of Christ, who had given her form, and of the Holy Spirit, became involved in great terror that she would perish, if he should separate from her, who had given her form and consistency. And she was seized with grief, and fell into a state of considerable perplexity. . . . While involved in sufferings such as these, she turns herself to prayer and supplication of him who had deserted her."[3]

These are the four "passions" of Sophia: Fear, Grief, Perplexity and Supplication. The Christ pities her, and sends to her a Spouse who shall rectify her passions. This Spouse is the "Joint Fruit of the Plērōma," an Æon projected by all the thirty Æons of the Plērōma,[4] and thus the entire "Power" of the Divine Mind. He is sent out of the Plērōma to relieve Sophia of her afflictions; but these "passions" cannot be destroyed, for they are eternal, being of the nature of Sophia herself; the "Fruit," therefore, causes them to separate from Sophia and makes of them "substantially-existent essences." Fear is altered into Animal Desire; Grief becomes Material; Perplexity becomes the nature of Demons[5]; and Supplication is converted into a path upward, and a power over the Animal Essence. Irenæus thus describes this process:

"All that he (the Paraclete or 'Fruit') could do was to separate them (the 'passions') and set them apart, and then commingle and condense them, so as to transmute them from

[1] αἴνεσιν, Bonnet conjectures ἀναίρεσιν (burial), which seems more in harmony with the context.

[2] λόγου.

[3] *Ref.*, vi. 27.

[4] According to Hippolytus the Plērōma consisted of: (i.) the Six Great Æons; (ii.) the Decad; (iii.) the Dodecad; and finally (iv.) of Christ and Holy Spirit—together forming the Tricontad, the entire number of Æons existing within the Plērōma. More probably however the Valentinian Plērōma consisted of: (i.) An Ogdoad; (ii.) a Decad; and (iii.) a Dodecad. See my essay on the Plērōma, THEOS. REV., xxxviii.

[5] *Sci.*, Elemental Essence?

incorporeal passions into unorganised matter. He then by this process conferred upon them a fitness and a nature to become concretions and corporeal structures, in order that two substances should be formed,—the one evil, resulting from the passions, and the other subject indeed to suffering but originating from her conversion."[1]

This is the separation of the primæval World-Substance into the three "Planes" of the manifested Universe. The highest of these is the Sophia without, called also the Ogdoad, an image of the Ogdoad within the Plērōma, the first mode of the Divine Mind.[2] This is "the good (and) the heavenly Jerusalem into which God has promised to conduct the children of Israel, saying, 'I will bring you into a land flowing with milk and honey.'"[3] This also is the World-Mother, the Virgin of Light of the Codex Brucianus.

When, in the *Acts* of the Apostle Thomas,[4] King Gundaphorus and Gad ask to receive the seal of baptism, the Apostle, taking oil and anointing them, prays: "Come, holy Name of Christ, which is above every name; come, Power of the Most High, and perfect Compassion; come Grace most high; come, compassionate Mother; come, thou that hast charge of the male child; come, thou who revealest secret mysteries; come, Mother of the seven houses,[5] that there may be rest for Thee in the eighth house."[6]

Below this Plane is the Animal Essence, the region of the Fiery God, or Demiurge; it is named the Hebdomad, and "Ancient of Days," and the "supercelestial Topos." And below this again is "this world," the material Plane consisting of "fusible and fluidic matter" and of "dry earth." Moreover, the matter of these Planes has become fitted to be "corporeal structures"; to be the bodies, spiritual, psychic and earthly, of the Limbs of the Ineffable, who have descended along with the

[1] *Hær.*, i. 4.

[2] THEOS. REV., xxxviii. 537.

[3] *Ref.*, vi. 25.

[4] *Ante-Nic. Lib.*, xvi. 404.

[5] The Hebdomad.

[6] The Ogdoad. Compare with the above the three "Baptisms" given in the "Book of the Great Logos according to the Mystery"—*Frag. Faith Forg.*, p. 525 ff.

Paraclete, and to whom we must now turn our attention.[1] But before doing so it will be necessary to say a few words with regard to the Demiurge, the Maker of this world.

Each of these lower worlds has its particular Ruler; the creator of its own particular order. The Ogdoad is ruled over by the Paraclete, the Hebdomad by the Demiurge, and this world by its own Ruler, who is called the Devil. In the Basilidian Gnosis we find a somewhat different order, but the same fundamental idea. The Ogdoad is governed, and its denizens created by the "Great Archōn," the first Demiurge; the Hebdomad is the province of the "Second Archōn"; while this world is left without a Ruler, the immanent will of the "God beyond being" being held a sufficient cause for all its phenomena. Now the Demiurge is the child of Sophia in the scheme of Valentinus; he is the personified energy of the Animal Essence, "of a fiery nature,[2] . . . whom they assert to be creator of the world. Now he is of the appearance of fire. Moses also, he says, expresses himself thus: 'The Lord thy God is a burning and consuming fire.'"[3]

The Demiurge, however, "knows nothing at all, but is, according to them, devoid of understanding, and silly, and is not conscious of what he is doing or working at. But in him, while thus in a state of ignorance that even he is producing, Sophia wrought all sorts of energy, and infused vigour (into him). And (although Sophia) was really the operating cause, he himself imagines that he evolves the creation of the world out of him-

[1] The Scheme underlying this form of the Gnosis seems to have been the following:

THE INEFFABLE

THE PLĒRŌMA.
- i. (Bythos and Ennœa.)
- ii. Nous and Alētheia; who project Christ and the Holy Spirit.
- iii. Logos and Zoē; who project the Decad.
- iv. Anthrōpos and Ecclēsia; who project the Dodecad—Horos (Stauros, or Metocheus).

THE KENŌMA.
- i. The Paraclete and the Sophia Without. The Ogdoad. (The Angels of the Saviour.)
- ii. The Demiurge and Animal Essence. The Hebdomad. (Souls; projected by the Demiurge.)
- iii. The Devil and Material Essence. "This World." (Bodies; fashioned by the Demiurge.)

[2] *Ref.*, vi. 27.

[3] *Deut.*, ix. 3; *Ps.*, i. 3; *Heb.*, xii. 29.

self: whence he commenced, saying, 'I am God, and beside me there is no other.'"[1]

Moreover, just as there is a Ruler of the Ogdoad, of the Hebdomad, and of "this world," so there is a Ruler of the Demons, who is called Beelzebub. "The quaternion[2] then, advocated by Valentinus, is 'a source of everflowing nature having roots[3]'; and Sophia (is the power) from whom the animal and material creation has derived its present condition. But Sophia is called 'Spirit,' and the Demiurge 'Soul,' and the Devil, 'the ruler of this world,' and Beelzebub, 'the (ruler) of demons.'"

Here, as so often elsewhere in Gnosticism, we find a comparatively simple idea veiled in a complex mythology; a mythology, however, that contains for "those who Gnostic are" a profound truth. In fact, the Demiurge, the Devil and Beelzebub are lower manifestations of the Paraclete! In the Sensible World, as in the Intelligible World, the law of Syzygy is observed; there is a Substance-side which is feminine and an Energy-side which is masculine; and, again, just as Nous, Logos, and Anthrōpos are but further unfoldments or manifestations of Bythos,[4] so the Demiurge, the Devil and Beelzebub are further manifestations of the Joint-Fruit of the Plērōma. There is but *one* universal and omnipresent Energy in the manifested Cosmos, as there is but *one* Focus and Centre in the Universal Mind; and as before hinted, this Energy *is* that Divine Thinker, viewed under the limitations of Time and Space. The multiplicity, whether in Thought or Sense, is due to, and inherent in, the Mother-side of things; which in the Plērōma is an aggregate of Divine, Living Ideas, and in the Kenōma the manifold denizens of manifold worlds and spheres.

But that one Energy which is the vertical arm of the Luminous Cross, the fashioner of the world and the vehicle of transmission between the Divine Thought and its Appearance in Matter, assumes different forms and different names as it operates in different capacities and on different "Planes" of the created

[1] *Deut.*, iv. 35; *Isa.*, xlv. 5, 14, 18, 21, 22; *Ref.*, vi. 28.

[2] *Ref.*, vi. 29.

[3] *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, 48.

[4] See THEOS. REV., xxxviii. 520.

Universe. It is the "Paraclete" as it moulds and directs the Spiritual creation; it is the "Demiurge" as it fashions all the varied forms of the Psychic worlds; it is the "Devil" or "Kosmocratōr," the "Power of this world," as it appears as the force or energy of physical nature; and it is "Beelzebub," as it guides and controls the evolution of the "essence of demons," whose goal is Matter, whose law is Evil, so far as we men are concerned. But it is one Power of many names; and here the Gnostics indicated their solution of another great mystery, the mystery of Evil. For them Evil, as much as Good, is a power of God; the Devil, as much as the Holy Ghost, is a form of the one universal Light that shineth in Darkness; the Cross has its shame as it has its glory.[1]

It will be readily conceded that this is in no sense a Dualistic conception. The Demiurge, the Devil and Beelzebub are, equally with the Paraclete, manifestations of God. Evil and Good, though in strife and opposition from man's point of view, must be regarded as harmonised and reconciled from the Divine standpoint; nay, for God there can be neither Good nor Evil, only His own omnipresent Energy in divers forms. It is no place here to enter into any consideration of the stupendous problem of Good and Evil, but it was unavoidable to touch upon it in dealing with the Ladder of the Luminous Cross; for Evil is a form of that down-flowing Energy which is Horos and Batos, which is itself at once the Limitary Spirit and the Paraclete, the transverse and vertical beams of the Cross of Light.

No doubt in later developments of Gnostic thought, such as the Manichean, the Paulician, and others, this idea of a "senseless and blind Demiurge" in contradistinction to the "good and all-wise Deity," became a real Dualism, a belief in two eternal, coexistent Principles of Good and Evil, who were regarded in very

[1] With this compare *Isa.*, xlv. 6, 7: "I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things." And Longfellow, in the Epilogue to the "Golden Legend":

> "It is Lucifer,
> The son of mystery;
> And since God suffers him to be,
> He, too, is God's minister,
> And labours for some good
> By us not understood!"

Also Walt Whitman's "Chanting the Square Deific"; where Jehovah, Christ, Satan and the Holy Spirit make up the perfect Square.

much the same light as popular theology regards God and Satan. But in the earlier and more philosophical schemes which we have been considering, this is clearly not the case; Good and Evil are joint-manifestations of one Power, the Universal Energy or Will of the Supreme, and both work for the same end, harmoniously in the counsels of the Most High. This does not mean that Good and Evil are the same as far as *man* is concerned. Man must adhere to Good and abhor Evil; for only thus, as he is resisted and overcome, does the Devil become his friend and helper; only thus does Satan accomplish the good he is sent into the world to do!

J. REDWOOD-ANDERSON.

A VISION OF LONG AGO

I STAND within the temple, one of an immense and waiting multitude.

The walls are richly coloured with vivid marble and gilded decoration, all glowing in brilliant sunlight; the building is as near as possible half-sphere-like, arranged in a huge circle with domed roof, open in the centre, so that over our heads is infinite space.

Under this opening, in the heart of the temple, on a block of marble, lies a large disc; and on its burnished surface, with arms outspread and head thrown back as if to welcome the Beloved, kneels a fair and most beautiful youth.

Unclothed and pure he kneels, waiting, as we wait, the presence of the God.

Ever nearer draws the presence; and breathless and expectant stand the multitude as the Ray creeps slowly over the open space left under the dome, sacred to that Most High and Wondrous One.

Nearer and nearer He comes, the light flashing on to the disc. Then the Ray strikes the boy full on his heart; he is enveloped in living light.

Now does the whole being of the youth become transfigured;

his body glows, as though transparent, the rays streaming out from him in radiant colours; and through him, the instrument, flows forth the healing power to those who wait.

'Tis a living glory, that most fair presence, flowing in rich waves through the body of the youth, and bringing life, joy, vitality, intense and buoyant, to the multitude.

The vision faded; and then I understood that to the pure in heart only was it given thus to receive the invisible power, worshipped in those days of long ago, through the symbol of the Sun in the heavens. To a pure and faithful spirit was it possible to become a channel, through which poured, not only the eternal wisdom to the nations, but also the life and vital forces whose currents flow ever through the physical universe; such an one was a healer in deed and in truth. ANIL ROWAN.

THE MESSAGE OF THE COSMOS

AN ADUMBRATION

FOR we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.—*Romans*, viii. 22.

THE birth-hour tarries long, the travail-throes
Of all creation linger until now;
And yet the veils are breaking and allow
Some glimpse of future glory to disclose.
For every thrill, emotion's ecstasy,
Transmitted from the larger, fuller life
In which we darkling dwell, is richly rife
With mystic prophecy of what shall be.
The thunder clap, the rain, the rustling tree,
Warm scent of flowers, and song of merry birds,
Are messages in other speech than words,
Links of the finite with infinity.

Thus does the outer world become our own,
Made conscious through the brain's activity,
Which gives new meaning to the marvels known
So long. As one who hears a soothing air,
And notes a subtle difference everywhere;
Yet it remains the same old melody,
And all the change is but a change of key.

MARGARET E. CLARKE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Glastonbury Dish

To the Editor, The Theosophical Review

September 26th, 1907.

Dear Sir,

I should like to make a few corrections in the *Daily Express* story of the Glastonbury relic, as quoted by the Review for September.

In the first place the *Express* account was in no way official and was published against my wishes. When the reporter came to me with the story that had reached him and which he intended publishing, I thought it advisable to make a few primary corrections and this accounted for the story being published as actually inspired by myself. My letter to the *Express* acknowledging the correctness of what appeared was written *before* the actual publication of the story, under the belief that the story would be printed exactly as amended by Dr. Goodchild and myself.

Our subsequent corrections were not published by the paper in question, and as we were preparing an accurate account for publication when final researches were completed, I allowed the matter to drop for the time being. I may say here that a diary of the whole series of events connected with the relic has and is being carefully kept, and that it will appear in due course.

Now for the corrections in the *Express* account:

(i.) The spot at which the relic was unearthed had been visited by me on several occasions before the autumn of 1906 and was well known to a number of pilgrims.

(ii.) It was not until the year 1904 that I received the impression that a treasure lay buried at or near Glastonbury. In this and the following year several wells were searched by me in and out of the town but without result.

(iii.) The vision referred to by the *Express* took place in August,

1906 (not September), and it was then that I received the "instructions" to have this particular well searched in order that the relic might be brought to light.

(iv.) Dr. Goodchild and myself had known each other for several years and the *Express* statement to the effect that we had only met once, was absolutely without foundation. We had never discussed, however, the possibility of a Cup being buried at Glastonbury and there was absolutely no collusion between us.

(v.) The account of the vision seen by the "Celtic Seer" in London is very inaccurate and mere journalese. The actual incident was much more significant and striking, as will be seen when the official account is published.

For the rest the *Express* story is correct so far as my connection with the relic is concerned. Dr. Goodchild has already sent you a few corrections himself and so I will avoid useless repetition.

The events that have quite recently taken place in connection with this Glastonbury relic are of a more remarkable kind than even the actual discovery of the vessel.

Let those who take an interest in the matter suspend judgment as to the actual identity of this relic until the present researches have been completed.

This will probably be about the spring of next year. In the meantime we do not authorise the use of the term Holy Grail in connection with the Glastonbury "find" but rather the "Cup of Jesus."

WELLESLEY TUDOR-POLE.

M. BALLANCHE says: "People must be of the same mind in order to dispute"; just as to strike we must be near enough to touch.

INTOLERANCE from the philosophical and indifferent—that most illogical of combinations—reminds one of the jealousy of women who do not love their husbands.

To love our friends does not satisfy them, unless we also hate those whom they do not love.

DEMONSTRATIONS of affection are usually payment in counterfeit coin. Yet—some counters are better gilded than others.—MME. SWETCHINE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Old Men of the Desert

The Paradise or Garden of the Holy Fathers; Being Histories of the Anchorites, Recluses, Monks, Cœnobites and Ascetic Fathers of the Deserts of Egypt between A.D. CCL. and A.D. CCCC. *circiter;* Compiled by Athanasius Archbishop of Alexandria, Palladius Bishop of Helenopolis, Saint Jerome and others. Now Translated out of the Syriac with Notes and Introduction by Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. (London: Chatto & Windus; 1907. Price 15*s.* net.)

Yet another couple of volumes from the indefatigable pen of Dr. Budge. They are a reprint of the translations in a larger work containing the Syriac texts printed for private circulation only in 1904, with a new introduction. The translations are made from a copy of a valuable Syriac MS., in the possession of the Chaldæan Patriarch at Môsul (Nineveh), which contains the *Life of St. Anthony*, by Athanasius, *The Paradise* (or *History of the Monks of the Desert*) by Palladius, generally known as the *Lausiac History*, because of its dedication to a certain noble Lausus, *The Askētikon* (or *History of the Monks of Tabenna*), the *Histories of the Solitaries of the Desert of Egypt*, attributed to Jerome, the *Sayings of the Fathers* and the *Questions and Answers of the Holy Men;* in fact a complete *Vade mecum* for the aspiring Solitary, and as far as the *Paradise* of Palladius is concerned, a more lengthy text than we possess in Greek; indeed in it we have no other than the famous redaction of the monk Ānān-Īshō, made in the seventh century.

Dr. Budge in his Introduction contents himself simply with writing discursively on the contents of the MS., summarising and picking out points of interest. There is no critical treatment of the subject, and we are referred to Dom Cuthbert Butler's excellent Prolegomena to the Greek text of Palladius (1898) for a critical estimate

of the MS. from which Dr. Budge has translated. We are allowed to suppose that Christian Monkdom began about 250 A.D.; but not the slightest attempt is made to discuss its origin, or to face a single one of the many thorny problems involved in the untenable position that it began with Anthony, when the very documents themselves before us contradict this, and asceticism can be traced back to the earliest years.

Dr. Budge's translation, however, reads pleasantly and we are delighted to renew our acquaintance with the "great old men" of the Desert through his labours; not, however, that we are admirers of the way of the torturers of the body, and of those who ran away from the world to save their own souls; but because we love the "spiritual excellencies" that could not fail to manifest themselves in those who gave up all else for one thing; no matter how erroneously they conceived the purpose of life, or how fiercely they hated the half of mankind—woman, the complement of man, whom fanatical monkdom regarded as the "gateway of hell"—and how woefully they misunderstood the great scheme of things.

As, however, the labours of the Fathers of the Desert are exceedingly instructive for those who are endeavouring to live the Theosophic life in the world, that is to say, who are endeavouring a saner solution of the great problem, we will devote some space to a series of quotations which may prove of interest to our readers.

One of the great virtues of the Fathers was humility, and above all things they were enjoined to "keep silence on their virtue," as Thrice-greatest Hermes phrases it; especially were they forbidden to speak of their visions, least of all to make capital out of them. Thus it is related of Abbā Isidore that:

"He possessed the gift of the spirit and the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and the comprehension of divine learning, and he kept the commandments so strictly that at noon, the time when the brethren were wont to take their food, the mind of this holy man was carried away as it were in a slumber, and the greater number of the brethren were marvelling at his example and knowledge, and many, many times they tried to persuade him to relate unto them the things which he saw, and entreated him to tell them concerning the marvellous state which had come upon him, but he could not be persuaded to do so. Finally he was constrained by the power of their love, and said unto them: 'My mind departed and was carried away by contemplation, and I was snatched away by the similitude of a

thought, and I was fed with the food of glory which, however, it is impossible for me to describe.' "

Many stories are also told of the evil results of pride, and the claiming of pre-eminence on the strength of visions. Thus we hear of a certain Valens who would hearken to no admonitions from his director, believing himself to be his spiritual superior. Finally Valens had a false vision of the Redeemer Himself, a masquerade of the "Devil."

"He came unto him by night, together with phantoms of angels in great numbers who marched along bearing lamps and wax candles, and they advanced along with chariots and carriages of fire. . . . Then one of the angels came forward unto him, and said unto him: 'Christ loveth greatly thy life and deeds, and thy boldness of speech, and He hath come to see thee. When thou seest Him afar off fall down and worship Him, and go back to thy cell.' "

Valens does so, and "was so much injured in his mind that at the turn of the day he was sufficiently mad to come into the church and to say before all the brotherhood who were assembled therein: I have no need to become a partaker of the offering, for this day I have seen Christ Himself.' "

How Valens was cured must be read from the context; it was as drastic a cure as the rest of the austerities.

A somewhat similar story is told of Eucarpus, who has a false vision of the Christ, and is told he is to be "governor over all the monks who dwell in Scete," with the injunction: "Go this day, for all the brethren are gathered together, and teach them everything that I commanded in the night season." Eucarpus accordingly goes to the church and finds Abbā John sitting outside, whom he apostrophises as follows: "Why dost thou adorn thyself and dost sit down, like a whore, who wisheth to multiply her friends? Or, who commanded thee to be a corrector of others, seeing that it is I who am governor of the monastery?"

The brethren are naturally amazed and ask Eucarpus who has made him their chief. And Eucarpus said unto them: "Yesterday in the night I was made governor by Christ, therefore turn ye to me, and I will teach you the way whereby ye shall easily ascend to the high grade of the vision of glory; and, moreover, go not ye astray after the writings of Evagrius, neither hearken ye to the words of John, for ye have wandered far enough into error already."

He then proceeds to call Macarius a "painted idol," and

Evagrius a "hewer of words," and bears on gradually. We are, however, relieved to learn that after the holy fathers had offered up prayer on his behalf for eleven months he "recognised his disease."

Spiritual gifts, therefore, were by no means regarded as unmixed blessings. Thus we hear of a certain father, who for seven years asked God to give him a certain gift, and at length it was given him. And he went to a "great old man" and told him the news. But the wiser one shook his head, and said: "What great labour!" And then he added: "Go and spend seven years more in entreating God that the gift may be taken from thee, for it will do thee no good."

And so we find Abbā Poemen saying: "If thou seest visions and hearest rumours, repeat them not to thy neighbour, for this is victory of the war."

As to the science of visions the brethren do not seem to have had any, as the following story shows:

"Certain brethren came to Abbā Anthony that he might tell them about the visions which they used to see, whether they indeed came from devils or not. Now they had with them an ass, and he died on the road as they were coming, and when they had gone into the presence of the old man he said unto them straightway, 'How was it that your ass died on the road?' And they said unto him, 'Whence doth the Abbā know that our ass is dead?' And Abbā Anthony said unto them: 'The devils showed me the matter.' Then they said unto him: 'We have come to ask thee questions because we have seen phantoms, and also because on several occasions they have actually become real things [that is, materialised], and we want to learn whether we have erred or not.' And the old man showed them that such phantoms which arise through certain devils cannot be enquired into."

We, however, should say that it was precisely such phantoms and the nature of the elementals which cause them that should be enquired into.

The basis of their morality in the cultivation of spiritual gifts was that all things were effected by God, and to God was the glory. Therefore we read the otherwise somewhat strange advice: "If thou seest a young man going up to heaven of his own will, lay hold upon his leg, and drag him away therefrom; for thus will a man help him."

Those of the fathers who had the power of leaving the body were called Meshannyānē, that is, "those who transferred themselves

from place to place." They were so called, although they never left their cells, "because after much silent contemplation, and unceasing prayer, and watching of the mind, they were worthy to depart from the earth in their minds, and to ascend even to heaven to Christ the King. And they did not do this on occasions only, but continually, for whensoever they wished, or whensoever they sang the Psalms, or prayed, or meditated upon God, straightway their mind was exalted to heaven, and stood before our Lord."

The greatest trial of the fathers was, as we might naturally expect, what they called the "war of (or against) fornication"; though some thought that the temptation to leave their cells was worse. Of their self-tortures and struggles in this war there is much to be learned, though it is sad reading. Their wild hate of woman was of course a disease, and often brought with it madness. How they were strung to breaking point may be seen from the story of Abbā Isaac, "who went out and found the footprint of a woman on the road, and he thought about it in his mind and destroyed it, saying: 'If a brother seeth it he may fall.'"

Occasionally, but very occasionally, we have a hint that the fathers understood the *rationale* of certain phenomena, the power of collective māyā, or hallucination. Thus, in a strange story of a woman turned into a mare by sorcery, the holy man Macarius said to his disciples, who were under the power of the spell: "Ye are mares which have the eyes of horses; but that mare is a woman. She hath not changed from her nature of a woman except in the sight to [? of] those who have made a mistake; and that she appeareth as a mare is only an error of the sight of those who see her."

The fathers had many gifts, such as those of healing and casting out devils. Piamon the Virgin had the "gift of knowing what was going to happen before it happened." Abbā Paule, Paule the Simple, the disciple of Mār Anthony, had the "gift of looking into the soul of every man, and of knowing what his soul was like, even as we have the power of looking at the faces of each other." Rabbā Pachomius, though he knew neither Greek nor Latin, on one occasion, in answer to prayer, spoke both languages fluently. Of Didymus, an old man of eighty who had been totally blind since he was four, Palladius relates that he had it from his own lips that "after forty years I perceived the faces of things." Dr. Budge thinks that "faces" means "the external aspects" of things, but it would rather seem to indicate that his inner eyes were opened.

Many of the monks possessed the gift of spiritual healing. Of a certain Benjamin we read that after eighty years of toil he "was held to be worthy of the gift of the craft of the physician." As for himself, however, all his limbs were swollen out of all shape with dropsy; nevertheless he continually gave thanks to God for his affliction, and continued to heal marvellously, saying to his disciples: "My sons, pray that the inner man may not collect water. Even when this my body was in health it by no means helped me, and now that it is sick it in no wise hindereth me."

Of the "blessed man" Stephen it is related that he suffered from gangrene and his legs had to be amputated; such, however, was his gift of patient endurance that "it seemed as if the body of someone else was being cut instead of his own. . . . . And whilst the physician was binding him up he sat still and plaited baskets with his hands, and he conversed with us, rejoicing and giving thanks to God."

The general illiterateness of the fathers is appalling; they are strictly orthodox, or at any rate their biographers would have us so believe, and take the scriptures literally. They detest Origen, loathe Arius, who is for them the personification of all evil, and rejoice at the death of Julian. Nevertheless we find one old man saying with wisdom: "The Prophets compiled the Scriptures, and the Fathers have copied them, and the men who came after them learned to repeat them by heart; then hath come this generation and its children have placed them in cupboards as useless things."

Equally wise are the answers of a great old man of Scete to two fathers who came to him. "One of them spake to him saying, 'I repeat the Old and New Testaments by heart'; and the old man answered and said unto him: 'Thou hast filled the air with words'; and the other father spoke to him, saying: 'I have copied the Old and New Testaments'; and the old man said unto him, 'Thou hast filled the cupboards with quires of paper.'"

Of their marvellous endurance of heat and cold, their long fasting and abstaining from sleep, many instances are given; perhaps the idea at the back of their minds may be seen in the answer of Dorotheos, who had lived in a cave for sixty years, and worked continually, never lying down to sleep. To Palladius, who urged him to rest a little, he replied: "If thou art able to persuade the angels to sleep, then thou wilt be able to persuade me."

One of the greatest aberrations in the way of mortifying the

body was the mania of not-washing. One of the greatest of the Virgins, Melania, declared: "Believe me, O my son, for I am this day a woman sixty years old, from the time when I first took upon myself this garb water hath never touched more of my body than the tips of the fingers of my hands, and I have never washed my feet, or my face, or any one of my members. And although I have fallen into many sicknesses, and have been urged by the physicians, I have never consented nor submitted myself to the habit of applying water to any part of my body."

Many stories of immense self-sacrifice and loving sympathy are told, for the doctrine was: "It is right for a man to put his own soul in the place of that of his neighbour, and to become, if it were possible, a double man; and he must suffer, and weep, and mourn with him, and finally the matter must be accounted by him as if he himself had put on the actual body of his neighbour." It is the mystery of vicarious atonement in one of its modes. Thus Abbā Poemen tells a tale of two of the brethren living in one place, "and both of them had dead, and one of them left weeping for his own dead and went and wept over that of his neighbour."

The Way of the Desert was essentially, and one might almost say exclusively, the Path of Woe; there was to be no laughter, nothing but mourning. Nevertheless some of the stories are by no means without a shrewd wit. Thus there was a certain nun at Rome who boasted herself entirely dead to the world and had not left her house for twenty-five years. Serapion argued with her on her self-conceit, and tried to induce her to leave her house, but could make no impression; finally he said: 'If thou art indeed dead unto the world, and the world is dead unto thee, it is the same thing unto thee whether thou goest forth or dost not go forth; come, get thee out.' And she went out."

Abbā John the less, who was a young man, had an "elder brother." Telling him: "I want to be without any care whatsoever, and to be like the angels of God, who do nothing except sing and pray to Him,"—he went forth to the desert. After a week of it he came back. "Now when he knocked at the door his brother did not answer it but asked him, 'Who art thou?' And John said unto him, 'I am John'; and his brother answered and said unto him, 'John hath become an angel and is no longer among men'; and John entreated him, saying, 'I indeed am John.' But his brother left him outside in affliction, and did not open the door till the morning. And

when he came to open the door he said unto John, 'If thou art indeed a man, thou must work to live.'"

This, too, is a good story:

"They used to say that the face of Abbā Panbo never smiled or laughed. Now one day when the devils wished to make him laugh, they hung a feather on a piece of wood, and they carried it along and danced about therewith in great haste, and they cried out, 'Hāilāw, Hāilāw!' Now when Abbā Panbō saw them, he laughed, and the devils began to run and jump about saying: 'Wāwā, Abbā Panbō hath laughed.' Then Abbā Panbō answered and said unto them, 'I did not laugh for myself, but I laughed at your weakness, and because it needeth so many of you to carry a feather.'"

Good for the elementals; they came out on top.

But our pen has already run away with us and we must conclude with thanks to Dr. Budge for a very readable translation, though surely the "four points of the compass" (ii. 82) is an anachronism?

G. R. S. M.

"Somnia Medici"

The penalty of living in a city of six millions is that you must be in the first rank of genius, or among the first-class payers for advertisement, to get and keep your name before the public. The writer who has merely done some good and careful work, and who would have been a quickening centre of literary life in a provincial town or a small state, has but his half hour in London—and then goes under. A very serious waste of artistic (as well as of human) life is brought about by our over-centralisation. Of course the converse—the isolation of a man of talent in a petty centre—has also its special evil. He is apt to become narrow, didactic, perhaps even hopelessly self-sufficient. But a little conceit is a great aid to work; and the feeling that you are only an atom among the millions, besides tending to humility, often tends to apathy, and at last to cessation of effort.

A man who has dropped out of every-day notice as a writer in our city of millions has come before the public quite recently in another guise, namely, in the incident of the Glastonbury dish. It may interest your readers, therefore, to be reminded of him from the original point of view; for some overlook the fact that he was a man of letters before he was a seer of visions.

Dr. Goodchild's chief work was done in verse. Of his prose books only the quaint little tale of the "Fairy Godfather" would be

of direct interest to readers of the REVIEW. This was written down, we are told, " with a thistle-spine on a cabbage leaf," and must have given the printer some trouble to decipher. The fairy had no wish to stand godfather to a human child. He thinks poorly of the human race. Their span of life seems to him but a fussily-spent half-hour ; and he deprecates their spread and increase, and their gradual intrusion into all the peaceful places of the world ; looking back with a sigh to the times when men lived chiefly in hiding (up trees or in caves) and the quiet, shaggy, slowly-moving animals were the king-creatures of the earth. It is the Fairy Queen who insists that the offered responsibility should be accepted. " You are just what you were when you began," she says severely to the little old bachelor fairy. " You have never used your chances of growth, and you have lost so many that you are beginning to avoid the opportunity ; and if you go out of your way to avoid chances you will get smaller and smaller. Now let me beg of you to accept this one, *it will make you grow*." To get " smaller and smaller " is a fairy's way of getting old, and the little bachelor fairy is so perturbed that he promises to turn godfather at once ; and is thus brought into vital contact with the joys and sorrows of human life through the mediumship of his pretty ward. We will not spoil the story by giving it in outline,[1] but the Queen's prophecy is amply fulfilled. The little immortal " grows " greatly ; and in one human being's lifetime learns more of existence through love (which is life) than he had done previously in all those millenniums during which he was an interested but dispassionate spectator of the earth-drama.

I have taken Dr. Goodchild's nonsense-book first of all because it is in nonsense that wisdom, charm, and character generally, come out most strongly. It has been well said that sorrow is the same for us all, but there lie the differences of worlds in what moves us to laughter. The public—that *vox dei*—has often shown discernment in this respect ; singling out the nonsense-books of great men for immortality, and forgetting what these were pleased to consider their serious and important work. We read Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, but not his *History of the Plague* ; know Cowper best by his *John Gilpin*, and Swift by *Gulliver's Travels ;* have a big place in our heart for *Don Quixote*, and do not care a jot for the political opinions of his creator. An amusing story is told of the late Queen in this connection. She had

[1] All the books mentioned are in the Lending Library at 161, New Bond Street, W.

rejoiced (as we all did) in the adventures of "Alice," and gave orders that Mr. Carroll's future books were to be sent to her as soon as they appeared. Great was her outspoken disappointment when she next received a deep treatise on mathematics!

Dr. Goodchild's poems are chiefly contained in the three volumes of *Somnia Medici*. In vol. i., "The Tale of Rabbi Joseph," in which a human beast of prey, for punishment and for teaching, is thrown into sub-human forms which better represent his inner state, is a piece that claims an unpleasantly strained attention. There seems to be so much that is terrible on the shadow-side, that legends such as these catch the breath with a fear lest they should be partly true.

"The Praise of Folly" (in the same volume) has some strong warnings. "And ye who cry that wider laws Will make men happy and at rest, Know ye not that the final cause Of peace lies hid in every breast," is the echo of one of the Buddha's sayings. Another verse goes: "Ye too who seek inglorious peace, Believing all Creation still, Can ye not mark each year's increase, In knowledge of a higher Will?" Of course we believe in such Gnosis as this. Few writers, however, are more quickly roused to anger when humanity claims to see all, or even much, of the Great Vision.

In another poem—"The First Lesson,"—he pictures the children of men as "Sitting in halls of space and time. They hear through walls a chant sublime, That mighty chime, That pulses through infinity Its echoes of divinity. And catching one stray chord of the vast harmony, They mirror faults in it. . . . They idly fling, A plummet on a string, Of finite thought and sense, Down through the deep immense; And boast it as the full recording measure Of the Unknown in the eternal treasure." Bitter?—but a lesson so necessary that it can hardly be too sharply administered.

Space forbids much more quotation. In vol. iii., "A Man's Loss" (especially the first sections) will interest. In vol. ii "Myrrha. A dialogue on Creeds," will certainly find warm admirers among Theosophists. "The Gods are kin to us," and the Greek girl casts the idea in a form familiar to her as a member of a small tribe. "Kinsmen save their lowlier kindred." The Gods are "Those with souls complete," who yet, "have felt the thorns of earth beneath their feet," . . . and they have striven, "warring with an earthlier brood, kinsmen again, who 'gainst the nobler stood." Theosophy tells of such strivings as these from the days of the white War-lords of Lemuria down to the epoch of H. P. B. Poor Myrrha! She

follows her Scythian husband to his stern northern home, and there they meet the usual fate of those who teach that life is many-sided, and that the hidden side of Law is Love.

Dr. Goodchild is, I believe, not writing at present. We all pay (and often heavily) for our power to work and help; and his payment has been the partial break-up of his health. However, unlike the old-time bard, the modern poet leaves traces—*Littera scripta manet*—and it is no longer necessary for the voice to continue speaking, in order that the man may continue to help and teach.

M. M. S.

Transactions of the European Federation Congress, 1906

Transactions of the Third Annual Congress of the Federation of European Sections of the Theosophical Society, held in Paris, July 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 1906. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 10*s*. net.)

Again we have to congratulate the editor, Mr. Wallace, who modestly keeps his name off the title-page, on turning out an excellent piece of work, and making up the leeway occasioned by the long delay of his predecessor in bringing out the first volume. As we learn that the next volume, containing the transactions of the Munich Congress of this year, is well in hand, all may now be said to be marching in order.

The present volume differs from its predecessors in containing a lengthy report of two interesting "Séances de Débats," mostly in French. These Discussions are instructive for those who hear them; but we question the advisability of stereotyping the utterances of speakers who would probably put the matter in a far more careful form if they were writing.

There are thirty-one papers and addresses, of which a dozen are in French, one in Italian, and the rest in English. Papers in German, Spanish and other languages have been translated into English, so that the major part of the volume is in that language.

The subjects are, as in the preceding volumes, of a very varied choice, and for the most part well treated, and of an instructive and interesting nature. Especially to be singled out is an exceedingly learned and lengthy paper, "The Agreement of Eastern and Western Astronomy," by Sñr. Roso de Luna, from the Spanish. In it our

learned colleague substantiates, from the most recent discoveries of astronomical science, many of the statements of *The Secret Doctrine* concerning the constitution of the solar system.

Another paper of distinction is Mr. F. Bligh Bond's "Rhythmic Energies and Form-Building," with pictures of his apparatus for studying the movements of compound pendulums, and diagrams of some of the marvellously beautiful forms drawn by the harmonograph.

In the department of art we specially remark M. Ed. Bailly's "Note on the Reconstitution of an Invocation to the Planetary Gods, chanted on the Seven Vowels in the Temples of Ancient Egypt," with Accompaniment of Harps and Double Flutes," to which we drew our readers' attention after hearing the performance in Paris. Of interest also is an essay on *The Magic Flute* of Mozart, which the authoress, Mme. André-Gedalge, calls, and rightly, "an initiatory and symbolic drama of the eighteenth century."

Prof. Desaint has two contributions, one on "Subtle States of Matter," and the other an instructive study of Bergson's philosophy and its *rapports* with the "ancient philosophy of India," in other words the Vedānta.

Attention should also be drawn to a very suggestive paper by A. W. on "Diagrams and Symbols," which is on vital lines, and also to Mlle. Ré Levie's "Systematic Study of the Cabbala."

There is a lengthy study by Mr. Ed. E. Long, entitled "An Aspect of Islām," and Miss Severs gives a sketch of Behaism.

Brāhmanism is represented by a psycho-physiological treatment of "Mukti," from the pen of P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, and Buddhism in a study of that most excellent treatise, Ashvaghosha's *Awakening of Faith in the Mahāyāna*, by Mr. G. H. Whyte.

Not to be omitted is a painstaking and instructive essay chiefly on the religion of the Slav races, entitled "The Religion of our Forefathers," by Baroness A. von Ulrich, and a very competent lecture by Dr. Rudolph Steiner, "Theosophy in Germany a Hundred Years ago."

Other papers of merit could be cited, but we have sufficiently indicated the catholic nature of the studies submitted to the Third Congress of the Federation of European Sections of our Society to show that in the volume before us we have an excellent contribution to Theosophical literature.

G. R. S. M.

Symbolic Dreams

Dream Stories; or My Wanderings in the Unseen. By Aletheia. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1*s.* net.)

Dreams are generally interesting, whether they come through the Horn or the Ivory Gate, and those related in the booklet before us are no exception. We should not be inclined to take literally the alternative title. All but one of the dreams seem to have been symbolic pictures presented to the astral or the etheric brain; brought through, at any rate, in terms of physical dimensions. Their symbolism is quite obvious; and two or three of them (*e.g.*, "The Flower of Magic" and "The Hidden Treasure") make charming fairy stories. The one dream which stands out from the others is recorded but not related; it bears the hall-mark of the *true* dream—the dreamer is unable to describe it. Such dreams as these gleam along the dry and dusty path of everyday life like pools that hold the sky.

It is time that some serious and systematic attempt was made to build a science of dreams. Meanwhile, we are indebted to all those who will record and will study their "counsels of the night."

A. L.

An Introduction to Hagiography

The Legends of the Saints: an Introduction to Hagiography. From the French of Père H. Delehaye, S.J., Bollandist. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.; 1907. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the third volume of "The Westminster Library: A Series of Manuals for Catholic Priests and Students." Its passport among the faithful is duly *viséd* by the "*Nihil obstat*" of a "*Censor Deputatus*," and the "*Imprimi potest*" of a "*Vicarius Generalis*."

With the thunder of the recent Vatican denunciations against "Modernism" in all its forms still ringing in our ears, we have read with the deepest interest this scholarly and enlightened manual, which treats the whole question of hagiography without fear or favour. The spirit of the whole enquiry is that of the impartial historian and opposed in all its nature to the pretensions of Vatican scholasticism.

Père Delehaye is admirably equipped for his task. He is one of

the editors of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and of the *Analecta Bollandiana*, to both of which he has made important contributions; his knowledge of the MSS. and of the modern literature of the subject is peculiarly good, and he gives us in the book before us the results of his ripe experience.

"Hagiographic literature," he writes, "has come to be written under the influence of two very distinct factors, factors to be met with, indeed, in whatever stream of literary productiveness we seek to trace to its source. There is, first, the anonymous creator called the people or, if we prefer to take the effect for the cause, the legend. Here the work is that of a mysterious and many-headed agent, uncontrolled in his methods, swift and unfettered as the imagination always is, perpetually in labour with fresh products of his fancy, but incapable of chronicling them in writing. Beside him there is the man of letters, the editor, who stands before us as one condemned to a thankless task, compelled to follow a beaten track, but giving to all he produces a deliberate and durable character. Both together have collaborated in that vast undertaking known as 'The Lives of the Saints.'"

Again he says: "Above all we must be on our guard against the belief that from the æsthetic point of view the level of the miraculous creations of popular hagiography is, as a rule, a high one. Putting aside an occasional happy thought, or a few interesting ideas worked out with some ingenuity, the material of these biographies is, as a rule, deplorably commonplace, even were it not beyond measure whimsical and extravagant. The imagination, over-excited by the craving for the marvellous and possessed by a burning desire to outstrip one extraordinary narrative by another more extraordinary still, has only too frequently overstepped all bounds in a region in which an unlimited field appears to open out before the creative faculties."

So much for the first factor; as for the second, the editor, or hagiographer proper, Father Delehaye tells us that: "He has never learned how to weigh evidence, and all his sources appear to him to be of equal value. Hence he mingles the historic element indiscriminately with legendary lore, and it is not this last which goes to the wall when space forbids a lengthy narrative."

The consequence is that it is exceedingly difficult to sort out the true historic element in even the small number of hagiographical documents which have historical value, and that, too, when there is no prejudice against the "miraculous."

The second part of the manual is devoted to what the writer calls "Pagan Survivals and Reminiscences." Here he is not so good; for though he admits such survivals, he chiefly labours to minimise their importance. No doubt certain archæologists and folk-lorists have gone to extremes, and require to be pulled up on some points; but their main contentions are well established.

The book is excellently translated, and should prove exceedingly instructive to all serious Theosophical students.

G. R. S. M.

Our colleague, Mr. Johan van Manen, has kindly pointed out an error in our review of Fabre d'Olivet's *Vers Dorés de Pythagore*. "Kong-tsée" is a correct form for Confucius. Khong-fu-tse is the full official name; *fu* is an honorary appellation, *tse* means "master." In the classical books, such as the *Lī-kī*, etc., is found repeatedly "Khong-tse says" or "spoke"; also simply "the Master spoke." Khong-fu-tse might be compared with "the Lord Jesus Christ," and Khong-tse with "the Lord Jesus."

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, September, opens with an Editorial which, amongst other things, details the alterations to be made in beginning the new volume. Col. Olcott's lecture on "Human Spirits and Elementaries" is concluded, and leaves upon the mind a very favourable impression as to his share in starting the Movement. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar concludes his treatise of the "Science of the Emotions." W. A. Mayers takes from Mr. Mead's "Thrice-greatest Hermes" material for an article "From Chaos to Cosmos, No. II." He says: "Invaluable as the flow of spiritual teaching from the Far East is, except in a comparatively few instances it has not as yet met the needs of those whose evolution has placed them under Christian conditions;—the gulf is as yet too wide and deep which separates them from the Eastern modes of thought. There is a *via media* required to connect the East with the West; and it is along the lines of Mr. Mead's great work that this will be found." Two papers on the thorny subject of the ethical code of the Theosophical Society follow; both somewhat out of date in view of the more recent development of Mrs. Besant's position; and the number is concluded with more "Echoes from the Past," and "Theosophical Activities."

Theosophy in India, September, has for its main contents, "On Leading the Spiritual Life," notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant; the conclusion of Miss Edger's "Studies in the *Pedigree of Man*," which we shall be sorry to miss from its pages; and the continuation of Miss Preston's "First Steps to the Higher Life."

Central Hindu College Magazine, September, is a good number, containing a story, "The Wood of the Dead," by Algernon Blackwood, whose good work is well known to our own readers. The "Hindu Catechism" of Govinda Dāsa seems to be attaining its author's probable intention—to stir up thought and opposition. He is evidently (in American phrase) making the commonplace orthodox "sit up." It is only by the play of the opposites that progress can be made.

Theosophy and New Thought, October. This comes out as a "Besant number," of nearly a hundred pages, containing a plentiful supply of that luxuriant panegyric which comes so naturally to Hindu lips, and is often so embarrassing to its European recipient. To discuss it seriously would be absurd; we will only hope that this enthusiasm will not evaporate in mere words but result in useful action for the benefit of their country.

The Vâhan, October, is once again swollen to double size to accommodate Mrs. Besant's American Address and a considerable amount of correspondence. We hope that the General Secretary's appeal for increased funds to meet the expense of all this will not be in vain. For ourselves, we would only suggest to the Editor that the Office possesses, or should possess, a pair of scissors—also a waste-paper basket.

Lotus Journal, October, concludes its report of Mrs. Besant's lecture "Exertion or Destiny," and also Miss Whittaker's interesting series on "Plant Morality and Sagacity." There is a defence of the goddess Kālī, signed "Helos"; and a story "The Rose of Joy" by Miss Yates. Like Miss Spink in the *Vâhan*, the Editors complain of a falling off of subscriptions and donations. This should not be.

Bulletin Théosophique, October. This number is mainly occupied with the Presidential Address and other official notices. We are very pleased to learn that Dr. Pascal's health is steadily improving under the physician's prescription of complete repose. He has all our good wishes for his speedy and complete restoration to health.

Revue Théosophique, September, concludes Mrs. Besant's "Brotherhood of Religions," and continues Dr. Pascal's "Consciousness."

Srinivasa Iyengar's "Of Spirituality" is the only other article of importance.

Also received: *Theosofische Beweging; Theosophia*, October, whose chief contents are the continuations of *Old Diary Leaves*, H. J. van Ginkel's studies of the Zodiac, and the translation of the *Hitopadesa;* our always interesting contemporary, *Sophia*, for September, with "Observations on Psychic Astronomy," by Sñr. Roso de Luna, Mrs. Besant's "Sacrifice," a translation of Plutarch's treatise "Of Superstition," and "Seven Letters," by A. F. Gerling; *Théosophie; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Bolletino della S. Italiana*, September and October; *Omatunto*, September; *Theosophic Messenger*, September; *Theosophy in Australasia*, September, in which the "Outlook" is interesting and well chosen, as usual; Mrs. Besant's Presidential Address is reprinted, and W. A. Mayers treats of "The Immanence of God in Relation to Human Experience"—a solid and valuable paper; *La Verdad*, September, is a more interesting number than usual—we must hope that its prognostications of speedy destruction of the great cities of America will pass safely into the wide "Hades" of unfulfilled prophecy in general; *Theosofisch Maandblad.*

We have also to acknowledge with thanks: *Modern Astrology*, October; which will be of special interest to our readers as containing an article by the Editor, "The Future of the Theosophical Society," based upon his studies of its horoscope and that of its new President, a subject which is continued in Mr. Green's "Notes on Events." We will not "give away" their conclusions—they must be read as they stand. *Occult Review*, October, has this time "discovered" Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland. The article is a good one, but the portraits given are (though life-like) neither of them so pleasant as those in the *Life*. Mrs. Alexander writes of "The Faith of the Future"—well worth reading, as is all her work. *Indian Review*, August, with a notice of the election of our new President, and an abstract of her Address; *Siddhanta Deepika; Notes and Queries; Herald of the Cross; Health Record.*

W.

Sancta Simplicitas.—Every virtue has its privileges; amongst others, to bring its own bundle of fuel for the burning of a heretic.

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