

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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MAY, 1908

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MAY, 1908

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MOST people who are interested in Atlantis are little aware of the large literature on the subject belonging to the XVth—

The Inca Story
of the Atlantic
Flood

XVIIIth centuries, and what an important part the "myth" of Plato in the *Timæus* and *Critias* played in strengthening the determination of the first discoverers of the New

World. A glance at the bibliography in the French scholar Martin's *Notes sur le Timée* (? 1840) will assure us that a couple of centuries ago the whole Western world took Plato's "myth" for solid history and had no other opinion, and that reliance on that "myth" was perhaps the chief factor in the discovery of the New World. The last volume of the works issued by the Hakluyt Society is a *History of the Incas* by Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa in about 1571. It is translated and edited with notes and an introduction by Sir Clements Markham.

The beginning of the History opens, as we might expect, with a "Description of the Ancient Atlantic Island," taken from Plato. Thereon follows the Peruvian Story of Creation and of the Great Flood, which runs as follows (pp. 28 ff.) :

The natives of this land affirm that in the beginning, and before this world was created, there was a being called Viracocha. He created a dark world without sun, moon, or stars. Owing to this creation he was named Viracocha Pachayachachi, which means "Creator of all things." And when he had created the world he formed a race of giants of disproportioned greatness painted and sculptured,¹ to see whether it would be well to make real men of that size. He then created men in his likeness as they are now; and they lived in darkness.

Viracocha ordered these people that they should live without quarrelling, and that they should know and serve him. He gave them a certain precept which they were to observe on pain of being confounded if they should break it. They kept this precept for some time, but it is not mentioned what it was. But as there arose among them the vices of pride and covetousness, they transgressed the precept of Viracocha Pachayachachi, and falling, through this sin, under his indignation, he confounded and cursed them. Then some were turned into stones, others into other things, some were swallowed up by the earth, others by the sea, and over all there came a general flood which they call *uñu pachacuti*, which means "water that overturns the land." They say that it rained sixty days and nights, and it drowned all created things, and that there alone remained some vestiges of those who were turned into stones, as a memorial of the event, and as an example to posterity, in the edifices of Pucara, which are sixty leagues from Cuzco.

Some of the nations, besides the Cuzcos, also say that a few were saved from this flood to leave descendants for a future age. Each nation has its special fable which is told by its people, of how their first ancestors were saved from the waters of the deluge.

* * *

IN the January number of *The Jewish Quarterly Review* there appeared an exceedingly instructive article on the new *Fragment of an Uncanonical Gospel*, recently published by

The New-found
Gospel Fragment

Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, and dealt with in our February number. Learned opinion had been entirely on the side of its inauthentic nature on the ground that Jewish tradition does not confirm the exaggerated statements of the fragment. The article to which we refer, by A. Büchler, now comes forward with a host of learned testimony drawn from Talmudic and Rabbinical literature to prove the very contrary, and apparently with complete success, so much so that the author concludes with assurance:

It reproduces the exact conditions at a particular time in the Temple

¹ Query: has this any connection with the Easter Island giant statues?

more accurately than *Matth.* xxiii. 25, where reference is made to the same cleansing of the Temple vessels. The details of our text require further examination, but I am already convinced that we have here *more original materials than are to be found in the synoptics*, who transfer from Jerusalem to Galilee the dispute between Jesus and the Pharisees on the purity-laws of the Temple.

The italics are ours; but the fact deserves underlining, for it is startling.

* * *

OUR entertaining and instructive contemporary, the *Historic Magazine and Notes and Queries*, edited by Mr. S. C. Gould of Manchester, N.H., U.S.A., in its January

Strange Story of a MS. issue tells the story of an extraordinary MS., purporting to be "The Second Book of Acts."

The story, signed with the initials H. T., runs as follows:

An old lady residing in London, whose name, I believe, was Graham or Grayson, owned property in Canterbury. Her agent reported that repairs were necessary to one very old house there, and she ordered them to be carried out thoroughly. In tearing away partitions, an old bricked-up flue was discovered and ordered to be demolished, as it took up room and was useless. In wrecking it the pick of a workman struck metal, and it was hoped that a "treasure" had been found. A little old iron box was dug out resting on a heap of what had been papers and parchments, now crumbled to small fragments. The box was light, but the contractor thought it might hold title deeds, so he sent it to the old lady. She ordered a man servant to open it with a cold chisel, which he did—and behold!—this manuscript, written on vellum or very fine parchment. On reading it the old lady found it so interesting and curious that she sent it to her vicar, a very High Church Anglican priest. He brought it back in a few days telling her it was "extremely dangerous,—harmful to the prelacy," and entreated her to destroy it. She demurred and wrote to her nephew, who was then teaching languages in Chicago. His name was Thomas K. Akroyd, but what name he went by then I do not know. He was a learned but very dissipated man. He wrote to her to send the book to him. She was afraid to do this, and having the fear of the vicar before her eyes, was afraid to let anybody see it. She therefore in her own very poor and shaky handwriting copied it out herself. This miserable copy is what I am copying from, and it is no easy task.

A few months later a young man who appeared to be a ritualistic curate called upon her, bringing a letter from her vicar, requesting another loan of the MS. She did not care to refuse the request, and that was the last she saw of it. She later received a letter without signature stating that her MS. had been "accidentally destroyed by fire." She showed her vicar the letter

produced by the young priest, and he pronounced it a "forgery." So much for the original MS.

* * *

THE writer then goes on to relate how he obtained the copy from Akroyd. It is a strange story, but the contents of the MS. are still more extraordinary, for they purport "The Second Book of Acts" to be "The Second Book of Acts." They must, however, be a forgery, as may be seen from the opening verses, which we append for the benefit of the curious and learned, referring them to *Notes and Queries* for the sequel.

1. This is now the third time, O Theophilus, that I have been moved to write unto thee in order of the things concerning the coming and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.
2. Which things, after that the Son of God was taken up into the Heavens, were, at the first, proclaimed in the City of Jerusalem, by them which saw and talked with Him, after that He was risen from the dead.
3. Who, being filled with the Holy Ghost at the Day of Pentecost, went forth throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria.
4. Preaching the glad teachings of salvation chiefly unto them that were of the circumcision.
5. Until, in the fulness of time, it pleased the Lord, by the mouth of imon Peter, to declare unto the Gentiles also, in the house of Cornelius, all the riches of His grace, in the word of the truth of the Gospel.
6. About which season Saul of Tarsus (who is also called Paul) was chosen and set apart unto this ministry.
7. So that he, which was before a blasphemer and persecutor, having obtained mercy, went forth in the power of the Spirit.
8. To proclaim, among many peoples and nations of the uncircumcised, the doctrine of salvation by faith in the Son of God.
9. Against whom the rulers of the Jews being moved with envy, they sought to slay him; and, having delivered him into the hands of the Romans he was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar.
10. And being brought in bonds to Rome, he abode there for the space of two years in his own house with the soldier that kept him.
11. Being in no wise hindered from testifying unto all who resorted thither concerning the faith that was in him.

Whew! what a sentence, of relative and other clauses! Did ever one meet the like in Greek? But the stuff is not uncleverly manipulated, and forms a quaint addition to the romance of pseudo-biblical documents.

THE magnificent collection of early alchemical fragments by Berthelot, *Les Alchimistes grecs*, carries us back to writers of the earliest centuries of Christendom, and the Spiritual Alchemy *Chaldaean Oracles*, presumably, provide us with a still earlier link; the latter give the discerning reader an insight into the true nature of spiritual transmutation, as indeed does the Mithriac Ritual unearthed by Dieterich. The tradition of the higher alchemy was never lost, even in the degeneracy that befell the art in the middle ages, for there are admirable tractates of the spiritual side of the science still preserved. The following quotation from the *Alchemical Writings* of Thomas Kelly applies not only to students of alchemy but also to students of every other branch of the Sacred Science:

Men who have a mere practical knowledge of Alchemy know how to make gold, but the same are not Sages. They cling desperately to the particular method which they have been taught, and decry everything else as false and unscientific, since they do not know the universality of the substance, nor the different ways of manipulating it. They think their one little branch is the whole Tree of Philosophy, and thus have obscured the entire Garden of the Hesperides with the fumes of their ignorance.

* * *

MR. F. P. DUNNE, the creator of "Mr. Dooley," has been having some sly hits at Prof. James and philosophers in general in a recent number of *The Westminster Gazette*. As Mr. Dooley on Pragmatism Mr. Dooley is himself a laughing philosopher, we will reproduce the beginning of what is a witty criticism of his more serious colleagues:

"I say I've been readin' Pro-fissor James' book. Hogan has been tellin' me about it. That's th' way I get all me good lithrachoer. It seems th' profissor thinks no wan wurruks enough. He says near ivry wan cud do a good deal more if he'd on'y extind himself, an' that he ought to be made to do it. I wudden't whisper this to th' boss if I were you."

"I hope thy'll fire him fr'm the Union," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They can't," said Mr. Dooley. "The Mettyphysical Union that he's a mimer iv is divided into manny camps, an' ivry mimer iv it is a walkin' dillygate. They're always thryin' to get each other's jobs, an' nobody cares. But they're a close corporation, an' no indipindint philosopher can break into their ranks. If anny wan iv that kind did they'd whack him over th' head with a Greek pome an' roll him out into th' sthreet. They talk a diffrent language fr'm th' likes iv ye an' me. There ain't anny chanst iv

Pro-fissor James bein' expelled. In philosophy th' minority has th' decidin' vote. In rale life th' minority is niver so much in th' minority as whin it thries to assert its rights.

"What is a philosopher, says ye? A philosopher, Hinnissy, is a man that is thryin' to make a livin' be thinkin' about things that no man can think about without th' top iv his head blowin' off. It's a good thing they have an exhaust valve. If they cudden't talk they'd surely explode, with gr-reat damage to surroundin' thought. But, thank th' Lord, whin they get to a point whin they can think no longer without crackin', they blow out in pothry. Pothry is a kind iv headache cure fr a philosopher."

* * *

THE recently published Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture on "Decadence," by Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his philosophical mood, contains many passages which are of

Whence comes
Genius?

interest to Theosophists. This is not the place for a review of the lecture, but a refer-

ence to one or two points can be brought within the scope of a few notes. Mr. Balfour is too wise to do more than suggest tentative answers to problems of great difficulty, and when he fails to discover a satisfactory solution he is honest enough to say so. It is thus not surprising that when endeavouring to account for the existence of men of genius on the lines of heredity or as the result of environment, he confesses that neither theory fully meets the case. He has apparently not heard of reincarnation or, if he has, does not mention it. The general line of his enquiry is, however, interesting. He asks:

(1) Is a due succession of men above the average in original capacity necessary to maintain social progress?

(2) If so, can we discover any law according to which such men are produced?

* * *

THE first question he answers unhesitatingly in the affirmative. He wisely remarks that "movement may be controlled or checked by the many; it is initiated and made effective by the few."

Some Suggestions

If (he continues) we imagine two societies possessing the same average capacity—but an average made up in the one case of equal units, in the other of a majority slightly below the average and a minority much above it, few could doubt that the second, not the first, would show the greatest aptitude for movement. It might go wrong, but it would go.

The answer to the second question is not so easily found; indeed a satisfactory solution is not forthcoming. Mr. Balfour dismisses at once the idea that education has anything to do with the effective production of that originality which in its higher manifestation is called genius. He then mentions the suggestion that :

Original capacity may be no more than one of the ordinary variations incidental to heredity. A community may breed a minority thus exceptionally gifted, as it breeds a minority of men over six feet six. There may be an average decennial output of congenital geniuses as there is an average decennial output of congenital idiots—though the number is likely to be smaller.

The suggestion is, however, no sooner made than an obvious objection is seen and he enquires :

But if this be the sole cause of the phenomenon, why does the same race *apparently* produce many men of genius in one generation and few in another ? Why are years of abundance so often followed by long periods of sterility ?

The lecturer then discusses the suggestion that it may be the opportunity for the display of genius that is lacking. The geniuses, he suggests, may constantly be produced but only occasionally recognised. This explanation is not really satisfactory, for he tells us that :

It leaves unaccounted for the *variety* of genius, which has in some countries marked epochs of vigorous national development. Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries, Florence in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, Holland in the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are typical examples. In such periods the opportunities of statesmen, soldiers, orators and diplomatists may have been specially frequent. But whence came the poets, the sculptors, the painters, the philosophers and the men of letters ? What peculiar opportunities had *they* ?

* * *

His final attempt at explanation is ingenious, but not convincing, even to himself, for he concludes :

The only explanation, if we reject the idea of mere coincidence, seems to be that quite apart from opportunity the exceptional stir and fervour of national life evokes or may evoke qualities which in ordinary times lie dormant, unknown even to their possessors. . . . If this theory be true (and it is not without its difficulties) one would like to know whether these undoubted outbursts of originality in the higher and rarer forms of genius, are symptomatic of a

general rise in the number of persons exhibiting original capacity of a more ordinary type. If so, then, the conclusion would seem to be that some kind of widespread exhilaration or excitement is required in order to enable any community to extract the best results from the raw material transmitted to it by national inheritance.

This final tentative solution, when examined, proves to be little more than the statement that the times make the man. It will be generally admitted that stirring times do tend to bring out the best that is in man, but it is the *origin* of that best for which we search. Mr. Balfour does not help us; at best his theory is that of chance. Reincarnation does give us a much better explanation of the origin of geniuses, and some day, we trust, the leaders of thought will take it into serious consideration.

[T.]

* * *

THE following cutting is from *The Manchester Courier* of about March 10th last. We reproduce it, as many of our readers

must have had very similar experiences in dream :

"We were sitting round a small table at dinner," writes a correspondent ; "there were four of us ; two elderly women sat on either side of me, and Goethe opposite. I remarked on the absurdity of some people who required a precise definition of the beauty of a lyric, and how utterly impossible it was to give it, seeing that the volatile essence of the poem invariably escaped in the crucible of explanation. Goethe said nothing, but smiled. In vain I endeavoured to open up a conversation on poetry ;—the two ladies were so busily eating, they had no time to lift their eyes from their plates, nor utter more than a monosyllable. Undeterred by this discouragement, however, I frequently returned to the charge, when suddenly Goethe bent forward and whispered to me : ' Quand le papillon ne s'ouvre pas de soi-même il ne faut pas s'efforcer de l'ouvrir.' And immediately I awoke ! The dream was as clear in detail as an event in broad day. I could see every feature of Goethe's countenance, but, strangely enough, though his words rushed in on me, the voice itself was inaudible. Equally strange, too, the French words build the first two lines of a verse which I have never seen, and point to an excellent moral."

MUSIC AND THEOSOPHY¹

As a musician I should like to make a few comments upon the able article in the March number of this REVIEW. There is so much in it that is admirable and worthy of deep consideration, that I feel diffidence in taking exception to some of the musical statements; but my sole object in doing so is to help to clear the ground, in order that, if there be any real basis in musical theory for theosophical speculations, we may have that basis clear and undeniable.

In the first place, it is scarcely correct to speak of the septenary division of sound as "dear to the modern musician." Modern music is based on a system of twelve different sounds in each octave; and we must not allow the fact that we use only seven letter-names to blind us to the truth that each of the twelve sounds is distinct and separate. There is as much real difference of sound and musical effect between F and F sharp as between F and E; and any of the chromatic notes may be used without inducing a change of key. Thus, for example, a melody in the key of C may introduce any of the black notes on the piano, and still remain in the key of C throughout. It is only when we get back to very early times that we find the chromatic element absent.

I think we can scarcely consider the technical names for the degrees of the diatonic scale as affording any special significance *in themselves*. They are, in fact, somewhat clumsy and unsystematic; e.g., the supertonic is the note above the tonic; but the sub-median is not, as one might expect from analogy, the note below the mediant, but the third note below the tonic—and is so called because the mediant is the third above it. Some theorists call this degree of the scale the super-dominant. In

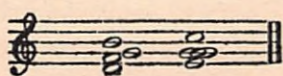
¹ The above article was received before the publication of our April number containing the letter from C. E. M.—Ed.

any case we have to do with sounds, not with names, which are of little or no importance.

After dealing with the tonic chord the article goes on to say that "the next most important and fundamental chord is the chord of the dominant; the degrees of the scale used in this chord are the second, the fourth, the fifth and the seventh." That, however, is not the dominant chord as generally understood, which consists of the fifth, seventh and second, in that order, as at *b* in the following example; *a* being the tonic chord:



The chord that the author of the article speaks of is shown at *d*; but its usual or root-position is given at *c*; it is the chord of the dominant seventh, and is formed by adding a seventh to *b*. The position given at *d* is its second inversion, and the selection of this seems a little arbitrary. Further, it is only one of several dominant discords; the ninth (*e*) is quite common, and if this had been taken, the note A, the sixth of the scale, would be present; the absence of which from both chords, though carrying with it a beautiful significance in the article (p. 32), is scarcely a matter of fact. Indeed, the complete dominant discord, according to most theorists, contains every note of the scale, as shown at *f*,—the dominant thirteenth.

In resolving the dominant seventh (p. 31) the supertonic does not necessarily fall to the tonic; it is quite free in its progression. In the particular example given it may rise to the mediant, the sub-dominant at the same time rising to the dominant, *e.g.*,  which is every whit as correct, and practically as common, as the other, where the two lower notes fall.

Building on this progression the author of the article appears to state that the supertonic has a downward tendency to the tonic in music. This is not the case, and we can prove it by opening a volume of music at random and comparing the different progressions of this note. It will be found, more often than not,

that it proceeds to some note other than the tonic. The dominant, too, does not necessarily remain stationary; it is quite free to proceed to the tonic.

The section on the inversion of intervals (pp. 34, 35) is rather obscure; the word *inversion* being used in two senses. The inversion of a fifth is a fourth; of a third a sixth; of a second a seventh. But the sub-median (third below the tonic) is not (musically speaking) the inversion of the median (third above). It is an inversion in the sense of a *reflection*, the tonic being the reflecting surface. I draw attention to this twofold use of the word *inversion* mainly to avoid confusion to the student.

Musically speaking, we do *not* hear the sub-median "echoing within the median, as a sort of undertone." We can hear the median echoing in the sub-median as a harmonic, but the converse does not apply. There is, in fact, no special relation between these two notes; and the sub-median, as already stated, is sometimes called the super-dominant.

The section about modulation is correct in its main outline, though there are several other chords beside that of F that can satisfactorily follow the B-flat on p. 38; and it is quite possible to avoid a modulation from the key of C at all, for the B-flat forms part of the tonic seventh in the key of C.

It has been said, and very truly, that there are no laws of harmony. Such rules as exist are for the sake of training the musical student. There is not a single rule in the text-books that is not repeatedly broken by such masters as Wagner and Elgar, in obedience to higher laws incapable of formulation. These laws have an emotional and spiritual basis; and I think that is the direction in which music can help us; not in any way that can be reduced to a system, but as elucidating to our inner consciousness that which we try to approach by meditation.

"A. Natural" has given us a remarkable article, worthy of close study. I do not think he really means to *build* on the musical examples he gives, but rather to use them as vivid illustrations of what he wishes to say. In this aspect his musical instances are apt and helpful. But Theosophy in the past has suffered so much from the craze of attempting to reduce everything to system and diagram, as though the infinite æons could

be mapped out in two dimensions, that we must be careful not to magnify illustration and similarity into exact parallel. Especially, too, in dealing with such a subject as this, we must unflinchingly face all the facts, and be exceedingly careful not to mistake musical possibilities, even if they are musical common-places, for laws upon which we can found any stable superstructure. I do not think that the author of the article is in any danger of doing this, but some who read it, not so well acquainted with music as he, might easily fall into such an error.

The ideas of the article, as *illustrated* by music, are presented with much insight. For example, the "perfect poise" spoken of on page 33 gathers depth and richness from the musical parallel, to which might be added the fact that the three chords, tonic, dominant and sub-dominant, completely define the key, containing amongst them every note of the scale.

The parallel between change of key and transmutations of consciousness is striking and helpful. Is not such a modulation constantly occurring to the man whose mind is capable of receiving it? In his article in the February REVIEW on "The Self-Taught," Mr. Mead says :

"It is very hard, as Thrice-greatest Hermes teaches, to leave the things we have grown used to; we are all stuck fast in the habitual. But if we would approach the Master-Mind, if we should dare to hope to snatch any greatnesses from it, we must give up all fixed ideas, and endeavour always to keep ourselves in such an attitude of mind (this has to do with the magic of gravity, and balance, and tension, and attention) that shall be ready to conceive on the spot, at once, anew, afresh, for every hour and moment of the day."

I think a musician, acquainted with modulation and all that it implies, will understand and appreciate more fully than others the significance of such ideas as this. Music can help us in theosophical studies more by furnishing us with analogies of emotional and spiritual feeling than by giving us correspondences of planes from a notational point of view. And hence the finest and most helpful part of "A. Natural"'s article is the concluding portion, from page 40 to the end,—the illuminating comparison of unity and diversity to the keynote and the modulations and

discords of a symphony; a comparison and analogy which enriches both music and theosophy to us.

Personally I am by no means convinced that the higher planes spoken of in the article are in any real sense differentiated from one another. There are other ways than the septenary of conceiving the universe; much can be said in favour of a fourfold scheme, as exemplified in *The Perfect Way*. In any case it must be confessed that few of us know anything whatever of planes beyond the astral or mental. Possibly, in the lives of most of us, there have been times when some great joy, some intimate communion with nature, some thrill of beauty from art, poetry or music, has brought us a faint reflection of the ineffable glory of the third heaven; but the message that was then whispered to us from the divine heights of our being was given in unspeakable words, which it is not only unlawful but impossible to utter.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac.

THEOSOPHY AND MUSIC

BEFORE answering any of Mr. Nichol's criticisms, I should like to thank him for his very kind and appreciative review of my article and to say that he has struck the key-note of my mental position when he writes that my musical examples are intended to be taken rather as illustrations of what I had to say than as foundations upon which to build any stable superstructure. I should indeed be sorry if anyone read into my article any desire "to reduce everything to a system or a diagram." The reader should beware of mistaking the artist for the scientist, for their methods of arriving at knowledge are diametrically opposed. I was simply "playing with ideas," as I stated at the beginning of my article, as a musician plays with music, and though this method of research may be wholly unscientific, it is not wholly unproductive of ideas to those of an artistic temperament.

Whether the septenary division of sound is "dear to the

modern musician " or not is of course entirely a matter of opinion. It is dear to me, so I wrote an article based upon it. It appears that the duodenary division of sound is more dear to Mr. Nichol; then I can only hope that my daring to exalt the septenary division, as I have done, may stir him to write an article to the REVIEW based upon the duodenary division of sound. And if the analogies which he draws from this division should contradict and uproot all the ideas born of the septenary division, no one will read the article with greater enjoyment than myself; for I am firmly convinced that the great ideas which are, to the musician, ever echoing within sound, will never be reduced to any one system. We shall need an infinite number of systems before the mind is capable of grasping infinitude. I shall only thank Mr. Nichol for temporarily releasing me from my septenary idol and shall be quite ready to bow with him before his idol, the dodecad. They are all at best momentary forms of expression, attempts to utter the unutterable, but how else than by such attempts shall we ever gain ideas about the mystery within sound?

I cannot agree with Mr. Nichol that the names of the degrees of the scale are of little or no importance, for I am one of those who believe in the power of all names, whether proper names or common ones. I do not believe that language is a haphazard, irregular and unscientific jargon, the toy and sport of man. I believe language to be born of the Gods, and to me philology is so intimately related to music, being only another form of sound, that I cannot look on calmly while Mr. Nichol sweeps aside these names as of little or no importance, as something *other than* sound. I have made so bold as to play with these names and tried to derive ideas from them, for to me they *have* "a special significance in themselves." No matter who christened the degrees of the scale, the Gods were present at the christening, and for those who are on that line, there is meaning to be sought in every name.

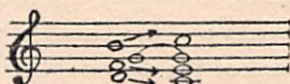
My reason for taking the chord of the dominant seventh in its second inversion and not in its root position was that I had in mind the reader who knew practically nothing about music. I tried at the beginning of my article to build up before his eyes

a scale of eight notes, and throughout the whole article I tried to confine myself within those eight notes. If I had taken the chord of the dominant in its root position, the reader would have had to hold in mind a scale of two octaves at least. It is of no importance to the ideas which I deduced from the chord which position is taken. I confess I troubled little about academic details; to be absolutely simple and easy of understanding to the man untrained in music was my goal.

If Mr. Nichol is going to support the theory that the chord of the dominant nine seventh and the chord of the thirteenth are *as fundamental* as the chord of the dominant seventh, I can only say that he is a very modern and up-to-date musician, and that I am a very old-fashioned one. He is probably a generation younger. We shall never agree; the only wonder is that we have agreed at all. These chords are spoken of in harmony books generally, as *derived from* the chord of the dominant seventh, hence plainly showing that they are not such fundamental chords. They only exist in part-writing containing more than four parts (either imaginary or actual) for these chords contain in themselves more than four essential notes. So even if Mr. Nichol insists on arousing my "sleeper who sleeps on the sixth plane," by his chord of the dominant nine seventh, he must admit that he does so by means of a chord of great complexity. The harmonics of a vibrating string uphold my statement, that life on this plane does not stir till the ratios become more complex, and that is what I had in mind at the moment. I think, too, I am right in saying that the use of such chords as the thirteenth is only made possible by the tempering of the modern scale. My article deals with laws of sound, not necessarily the laws of a tempered scale.

With regard to Mr. Nichol's example of a resolution for his chord of the dominant seventh, I can only say what I said to C. E. M., that I think he has been unable to reduce himself to that state of innocence and simplicity which was necessary for the understanding of my point of view. His mind teems with *possibilities*, till he almost forgets that I am only dealing with root-tendencies, the simplest and most *natural* resolutions. The chord which he gives as a suggested resolution for the dominant

chord is not a *natural* chord at all, he has doubled the fifth, not the key-note or octave. If he would cut out that extra fifth and put in the octave instead, he would, I think, be obliged to admit that the natural tendencies within each note were in the directions suggested in my article. I think I might quote as my authority almost any book on harmony, where the chords can be found printed with little arrow-heads pointing in the directions I have indicated.



In Mr. Nichol's resolution, moreover, the original discord (F) is allowed to rise, which is not a natural progression for a discord;—not the sort of progression one would expect to find in the musical Garden of Eden, but one which we do meet with everywhere, after the musician has tasted of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, independence and free-will. The doctor of music very properly refuses to be bound by these laws, refuses to live in the Garden of Eden all his life, but he must not so refuse when discussing my article, for I was writing about those laws and no others; perhaps I did not make this sufficiently clear. I was writing about natural tendencies only.


To sum up then: F must fall to E, because it is a discord. D cannot rise to E, because E, the mediant, must not be doubled. B must rise to the higher C because it is the leading note. And the notes G unite. If G appears once in each chord and only once, it is a *fact* that the sound of the dominant remains stationary, the ear naturally relates the two sounds till they become one.

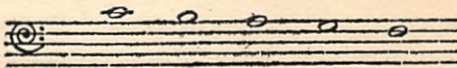
I am astonished beyond words that Mr. Nichol disputes the natural downward tendency of the supertonic. I have been brought up on this idea from my earliest childhood, and I have studied harmony under some of the best authorities.

Mr. Nichol has indeed been kind to me over my use and abuse of the word 'inversion, I can only thank him for his leniency. I have already explained myself in answering C. E. M. I am sorry if it is really true that "musically speaking we do not hear the sub-mediante echoing within the mediant," and that

"there is no special relation between these two notes." Of course I know that a few very modern theorists do call the sub-median the super-dominant, but I have always looked upon these men as terrible materialists, and have felt that alteration of name to strike at the root of some of the subtlest relationships in sound, those which were most near and dear to me. I shall ever cling tenaciously to the name sub-median.

Weary of harmony books, all of them as dry as dust, I have, for years now, gone straight to nature to teach me further concerning the laws of sound. My article was based entirely upon what I have learned from nature. I snatched out of harmony-books any chords, names or notes which were capable of expressing those tendencies in sound which have long since become a living reality to me. Sitting by the sea-shore one can distinctly hear the great waves roll up upon these fundamental

tones: 

and ebb back upon these tones: 

and little wavelets to my ears play: 

until I have wellnigh forgotten the fact that this mode of inversion is little recognised in harmony-books. Each wave leaves you poised first on the dominant, then on the sub-dominant, each wavelet ripples up, first to the median, then trickles back, down a microscopic chromatic scale, to the sub-median. As for doubting the special relationship between these notes, whether the names of the degrees of the musical scale supplied me with a clue or not, to doubt, for me, is an impossibility.

"Music can help us in our theosophical studies more by furnishing us with analogies of emotional and spiritual feeling than by giving us correspondencies of planes." If by music Mr. Nichol means modern music, I am wholly with him. Modern music is beautiful, it is marvellous, it is soul-stirring and inspiring, but I doubt very much if it will ever furnish us with any

exact analogies to the planes of consciousness. I was not talking about such music, I was dealing with seven root-sounds and their two most fundamental combinations; these seven root-sounds I do believe to be intimately connected with different modes of consciousness.

With regard to modulation and the possibility of remaining in the key of C after a B-flat has been struck, I may as well confess at once to having a mind, or an ear, moulded after the type of the ancients. Any chromatic alteration immediately drives me shivering to the brink of some new key, and I feel no satisfaction until I have taken the mighty plunge. In modern music one shivers the whole time and therein lies its charm, but there also lies its lack of magical power, power such as one finds in mantras. Mr. Nichol may be able to "*avoid*" the modulation but that is not the question, the question is to which keynote one most *naturally* tumbles. I was trying to talk about the law of gravity in sound, not how to avoid it. We all of us avoid tumbling every day quite easily, but still the law of gravity exists. The modern musician is so trained in the art of playing with sound that he has become almost unconscious of its fundamental laws of gravity.

But to confess all that I feel with regard to modern chromatic alterations and modulations would, if my name ever became known, mean my being dethroned from my present humble but respectable position in the musical world and being marked down at once as a crank, or worse still, as—

A. NATURAL.

It is no use only *receiving*, you must *give* too; that is the law of all life and progress. Remember that this is so in all branches of life.

Give *before* you take, and see in that the creator created by his own creation.—ALTERUTER.

GOD AND SIN

MOST of us have been made familiar in our childhood with the notion that we are miserable sinners, and that our salvation is ultimately a matter of Divine Grace. Those who unhesitatingly abide by "sound common-sense," and never dream of revolt against what is generally established, have not got even so far as to question this belief. To others the belief was from the very first mere words, which were willingly repeated, but just as willingly dismissed from the mind. Some, however, conscientiously tried to abide by their early belief, but ultimately had to give it up, to their great sorrow and anguish; these are those whose keen intellect forbids them to believe more than they understand—the orthodox call them "atheists," they for the most part claim to be "free-thinkers"; but some of them have outgrown even the so-called free-thinking stage, claiming to be in possession of a superior faculty, if not directly in touch with some superhuman entity or entities, whereby they think themselves enabled to speak with authority on all that is occult. These pass for mere dreamers, from the practical as well as from the rational standpoint. Finally, however, there are those few who have never troubled seriously about any orthodoxy, or about free-thought or occult mysteries, but who from the very first were bent on seeking confirmation for their innate conviction that the governing principle of all that is, is of the nature of Thought; these are the Thinkers who alone reach perfect Knowledge by the way of the mind.

Suppose now that we appeal to the standpoint of Thought for the solution of the perplexity which is involved in the orthodox attitude towards God and sin. This perplexity finds its concise utterance in the would-be free-thinking stage: *How can a man sin against God if he is God-made?*

To the untrained thinking capacity, which is as a rule that

of a *would-be* free-thinker, nothing certainly seems plainer than that the responsibility for sin rests with God alone. In any case, in advancing his question the would-be free-thinker fondly imagines he has shaken the very foundation of the Christian and of every other religion.

The immaturity of thought, however, which gives birth to the "poser" above quoted, shows itself already in the very manner in which its advocates present it; as a rule, their argument is a mere analogy. The relation between God and man is assumed as being of the same nature as man's relation to things. Would it not be absurd, one exclaims, to repudiate responsibility for some deed of mine by alleging that it was only my *hand*, that did it? Would it not be absurd to punish my coat for hurting me? Well, then, how can sins be imputed to us if we are God-made? Or, if it were foolish for me to cut off my hand, or to tear my coat in punishment of a deed *I* have done (yet verily, common-sense readily sanctions such a punishment!), it must be even more foolish for God to punish *us* for what is truly done by *Him*. It is obviously the notion of *self*-punishment that seems so absurd to a would-be free-thinker.

Those who find self-gratification in such banalities of youthful rationalism not only do not question whether their analogies have any value at all, but as a rule do not even realise that, so far from solving anything, their posers are most fatal to their own aims. They are full of indignation at anything that does not seem to them "straight and above-board," and their hearts abound with earnest desires for the amelioration of extant evils and the promotion of human welfare. Yet they do not realise that in their shortsightedness they are first reducing man to a mere puppet of environment and heredity, or worse still, to a straw floating helplessly down a stream, while they declaim with pathos on platforms dedicated to Freedom and the Dignity of man. If God is an empty word; if Consciousness is only a kind of mysterious evaporation from matter; if Freedom is a fiction to be supplanted by mechanical necessity,—what is there left to base human dignity upon?

How does the would-be free-thinker justify his protest against certain ways of his fellow-men? When driven hard he can only

say that he is putting before himself certain ideals because he *must*. And if everything is brought back to this "*must*" of his, then a criminal, too, *must* murder, a capitalist *must* exploit, a prostitute *must* sell herself. All is then only as it *must* be, and the higher impulses have no claim to superiority over animal instincts. From such a standpoint the world is a lunatic asylum where the only wise folk are those "of the earth, earthy," who frankly refuse to trouble their heads with the pursuit of a Self-knowledge for which they have no use.

And even if it so happens that an ever-growing portion of mankind is becoming sensitive to higher impulses, so long as such a growth is viewed as a soulless *must*, its significance is only that of a very curious fact, which may also invite a protest. Why, indeed, should the growth of altruism, brotherhood, sympathy, etc., be viewed as a boon if man is truly *one*—a distinct, unique creature? What reply is there to him who pooh-poohs the growth of tenderness and fellow-feeling as a sign of Degeneracy? The man who only stands by facts is standing on very shaky ground; for every fact is bound by particular conditions which it is difficult, if at all possible, to reproduce; and, anyhow, to state a fact means to state a problem, which can be solved only by transcending the region of facts. Once eliminate a rational standard of Good and Evil—of God and Devil,—and mankind presents itself as a chaotic medley of all sorts of impulses, which it were absurd to connect with any notion of order or definite tendency,—a mere play of the phantasmagoric emanation of matter called Consciousness.

At the bottom of the difficulty in question there is a lack of realisation of the true meaning of "rational." With the would-be free-thinker, the final court of appeal is the evidence of the senses. Vehemently protest though he may against blind beliefs, he is delightfully unaware that in seeking the criterion of truth in external evidence, in what is *tangible*, he is still victimised by an obviously ridiculous preconception. Is it not clear that all that we know of anything at all is due to our being alive and having faculty of perception, and more especially of thought, *to begin with*? Yet instead of starting with his own Being as the most fundamental, or as, at least, as fundamental a fact as Nature,

the would-be free-thinker first of all transfers what is fundamental *entirely* into the externality of his impressions, and then proceeds to estimate himself as a mere appendage of Nature, a developed worm, an animal run to brain—a kind of freak who should live in a state of dazed suspense at the abnormality of his very humanity lest it be swept away by Nature at any moment, as all abnormalities sooner or later are! A drunkard who excuses his uncertain walk by affirming that everything turns round and inside out, displays the same kind of acuteness of discrimination as to “fundamentals” as many a celebrated man of science.

The occultist, too, often fails to realise the meaning of “rational,” because, although he no longer seeks the criterion of truth in the sphere of ordinary consciousness, his standpoint is still negative. When the presupposition of the would-be free-thinker is grasped in its proper import, *i.e.*, as a conversion of what is fundamental into a mere appendage of what is truly transient, the occult standpoint is found to be really only a fuller display of the same irrationality. It is fuller because it bases itself on a fuller range of what is observable. It no longer restricts facts to merely sensuous evidence, but seeks its premisses even in what is utterly beyond the reach of the ordinary senses. But facts remain facts, whether realised sensuously or clairvoyantly. The realisation of their import is always reserved for the thinking faculty, and the fact is that occultism often pays even less heed to the nature of thought than the would-be free-thinker; the possession of some superior faculty presumably altogether disposes of the need of “cumbrous and clumsy ratiocination”! Of course, the real name of the wondrous super-logical faculty is *Fancy*—usually referred to as *Intuition*—and the consequence is that the greater wealth of *intuitive* facts opens only the door to a greater wealth of theorising.

Everything comes to be surrounded by a halo of mysteriousness. Instead of nearing the final solution, the “seer” is only led to exalt the transient into an endless chain of sublimities and excellencies. The ordinary world seems to shrink into a tiny atom in a body which outreaches even the highest flight of *Fancy*. Whereas the intellectualist speaks only of solar systems upon solar systems, the occultist fancies himself connected with

the supreme One by an endless galaxy of wondrous Beings. The Spirit of the Earth is already a mighty Being, but what is It to the Spirit of the Sun, and This to the Spirit of the next higher system? Imagination reels and breath fails when one tries to grasp the nature of God from such a standpoint. Indeed, what can man be in this illimitable panorama of glories upon glories, stretching forth in a dumb vista of infinite dimensions beyond Hinton's fourth? Is it also granted that man is at one with God, that God is also Here and Now? Ah, only in a faint whisper: Fancy loves to try its wings, but God is to it most interesting when most distant; so that, in the light of infinite time and space, life may be taken easily after all.

So long as the nature of Thought is not realised, excellence is sought normally in Quantity or Number, which is the nearest approach to the element of Pure Thought from the negative side. This revelling in Divine vastness is only a negative manner of expressing that we are not measurable at all, that our true Being is of an altogether different kind from that of the external or internal world,—that it is the *Being as Thought*. The rejoicing in one's littleness as compared with God's grandeur is possible only through an anticipation of one's true nature. But before this anticipation passes into clear self-realisation, one finds a morbid pleasure in despising oneself *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*; one imitates mentally the mediæval saint. Once the childishness of such an attitude is fully grasped, a sober cultivation of one's thinking capacity supplants the eloquent—and correspondingly enervating—tirades addressed to an infinite Beyond. The Thinker dwells on neither the greatness nor the smallness of the I: his object is to realise what is eternal—Truth or God.

Well, then, the truly rational standpoint is reached only when one no longer cares merely to flap the wings of fancy or blindly to abide by the verdict of ordinary consciousness; but rather when one rises to a recognition of what it is that has always actuated one even in the lowest depths of ignorance;—when one no longer cares merely to label and to classify one's impressions of what presents itself in a thoughtless way from within or without, but begins one's pursuit of Knowledge at the very beginning—which is Thought. So long as the beginning is

made with something concrete, something already felt, no entrance can be effected into the realm of true Knowledge; dialectic describes in such a case only a vicious circle, leading one back to the unpenetrated darkness of blind assumptions.

The threshold of perfect Knowledge can be crossed only by him who is willing to strip himself absolutely naked of every intellectual or fanciful rag; for only thus can he penetrate to what is truly fundamental. And only thus can one hope to realise what a Thinker means when he speaks of Pure Thought. True Knowledge has not the significance of inference from given facts, though these may belong to the highest plane of consciousness. On the contrary, true Knowledge is itself the basis of what the ordinary or fanciful consciousness views only externally, and which therefore eludes its grasp. Thought is the very heart and life of all that is; it is God; and he alone can claim to be "rational" who grasps this.

And now we may perhaps see why the common habit of relating God to the dualistic standpoint of ordinary consciousness is irrational. God is thus reduced to a mere conception, to something that is brought into relation with a finite opposite. It may safely be said that the ordinary consciousness really knows *nothing at all* about God, yet it never hesitates to impute to God, *i.e.*, to what is rational, its own shortsightedness. We are accustomed to hear the confident statement that this or that surely could not have happened if there were a God. The fact of suffering, or the contrast of some chimera with the actual state of things, is enough for many a would-be free-thinker even to curse what he foolishly fancies to be God. And those who believe in God reveal their ignorance about Him just as strikingly. "The almighty Creator of all things is always represented to us as a Being essentially Human—human in all His attributes, human in all His sympathies, human in His wisdom, human in His love, human as our Father, and fully and absolutely revealed to us in the Humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ." So do I read in a Swedenborgian sermon. What wonder if even a believer feels tempted to conceive of God also as a sinner?

Sins cannot be rationally attributed to God for the same reason which forbids us to apply any finite category to Him.

When man makes a blunder in argument, he does not blame Logic ; nor does he accuse Nature of malice in cases of accident. But seeing that God not only is at least as universal as the laws of Thought or the laws of Nature—the two are the same—but in fact is their supreme element, it is strange that He should be anthropomorphised, made subject to our puny habits of mind. This does not mean that God is beyond our reach, but that we can know Him only by becoming Thinkers, and that a Thinker, so far from claiming to be an embodiment of God in his humanity as a particular individual (a pantheistic blunder constantly made with respect to Jesus Christ and others), on the contrary vividly realises the nullity of all that pertains to the sphere of his unenlightened ordinary consciousness.

What is to be realised is the fact that, so long as one has not outgrown the preconceptions of the ordinary consciousness, all quarrelling with philosophical verities is useless ; for so long there is no appeal but to some banal platitude. Not that, in such a case, we should swallow what we are assured is the truth ; we should rather try to realise what is true in a rational manner, *i.e.*, by cultivating the capacity for Pure Thinking, not merely to take some preconception current in ordinary consciousness and reject all that does not harmonise with it. If the would-be free-thinker first of all tried to *think*, to define at least the notions which he uses, say, of Being, he would soon cease to assert dogmatically that "man cannot sin against God because he is God-made." He would find that God (or Thought) is not an inert Oneness, but a Becoming, a self-activity and consequently also opposed to itself as a Negation.

For instance, pure Being is immediately the same as Nothing ; and Something in general is the same as any Other Thing. But along with this immediate identity, Being and Something are also the negative of Nothing and Other. In truth, then, Being at once *is* and *is not* Nothing ; and equally Something at once *is* and *is not* Something else. Similarly, Cause and Effect imply each other ; Cause is unthinkable apart from an Effect, and *vice versâ*. But they are also different ; as we know, it is not the same whether horses are in front or behind a cart.

Now, God and Man have philosophically the same kind of relationship. God *is* man, but also *is not* man. And it is this moment of difference which is so often ignored by the would-be free-thinker, and by all who interpret the unity of Thought in the sense of an abstract monism. Of course, so far as man is purely identical with God, he could not sin against Him; but then, he is not purely identical with God and consequently may sin against Him. God can be connected with sin only in a negative sense, *i.e.*, that which sins is the opposite of God—not God as Thought, but God as Nature, Consciousness. But this God is called the Devil.

The fundamental nature of sin is thus easily realised to consist in the very endeavour to cling to one's immediacy as a particular individual. It is true that one cannot get rid of the moment of one's identity with God, but one may ignorantly try to do so. In a sense, then, sin is immediately negated, but nevertheless in living as if there were no God, or (to express what such ignoring really means) in living in an animal fashion, heedless of what is rational, man sins against God. It is seen that sin derives its rational meaning, not from the standpoint of our pure identity with God, but from the standpoint of God as our capacity for perfect Self-knowledge, which may be accepted willingly and ardently, or may be neglected and even denied.

In clinging to his separateness the sinner is committing the same blunder as if one asserted that Being is radically different from Nothing, instead of the two being the notion of Becoming; or that Something is radically different from an Other, instead of the two being implied in the notion of Relativity. It is impossible to think of Being or Something apart from its Negation—for Negation there must be in the very definition of anything at all; and yet the sinner is clinging to his *own* Self as if it had nothing to do with the rest of Selves. In maintaining such an attitude he sins against God and correspondingly suffers. That is, being at the same time identical with God, he experiences his own ignoring of this identity as something abnormal, which, then, makes him unhappy.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

MOSTLY FOOLS

I.

IN ancient days there were but two known colours, and these were black and white ; and but two separated races of mankind, and these were Sages and Fools. Even the learned were unable to see that black and white are no true colours at all, that in the one is negation of all colour, and that in the other all colour lives invisibly, waiting to show itself in its own time and medium. So, too, they never saw that the Sage-race, which clothed itself in secret black, was after all often but the negation of foolishness and not original wisdom ; or that in the heart of the Fool-race, which wore white and dirtied it, lived the undeveloped wisdom of the Sage. For no one had imagined that Race which lives beyond the Sage-race and below the Fool-race, and which holds the balance of them both in their unmoving hands.

The thinkers among the Sage-race drew a thick black line between themselves and the Fool-race. The Fool-race tip-toed fearfully to the edge of the line, and knew they could not cross it ; for it seemed that a deep gulf lay between them and the fair and open country of the Sage-race, which lay at the foot of the everlasting hills.

Meanwhile the Sage-race wrote tracts about the Fool-race, which no Fool alive could read, or if perchance he read them, could ever understand. Nor could he retaliate, for the tracts seemed true. They told the Fool that he was a laggard in evolution, and of infinitesimal importance in the scheme of things, save in that he supplied resistance, or a stout determination on the part of each member of the Sage-race not to become as one of the Fools.

So the Fools never saw themselves from their own standpoint, for it was only in relation to wisdom that they considered

themselves worthy of consideration at all. They saw the great gulf fixed between themselves and the great race, instead of the little blot of mud on which their feet were set. They gaped at those stars which are the Sages' football, and the winds of that great sphere played with their straw-crowned hair, instead of quickening their understanding. They had no foothold, for they had been told to pulverise the seeming solid earth on which they stood; they could not cling with their eyelids because the starlight blinded them. They were left in the mid-way of shapeless unborn things.

The poor Fools were used to feeling in the wrong, for the Sages wrote wise sentences on black-boards and set them up on their own side of the gulf, so that those who ran near enough to the edge of the gulf could read them. And they were one and all addressed to the Fools. For some of the Sages liked better to tell the Fools of their folly than to listen to each other's wisdom. This they called education, and the spreading of light and truth.

"For of course," said the Sages in chorus, "no Fool could find his foolishness unless we showed it to him." And they set up more black-boards, till the thither side of the gulf looked like the side of a railway-line, full of curative advertisements. And the Fools borrowed field-glasses and read them, and sighed.

The Sages' missionary efforts did not help the Fool to find his own position, and by such finding try to make his standpoint true. They told what the Sage thought of the Fool, and not what the Fool thought about himself. Each big board said something different, which confused the Fools who spelt out their lettering. And each board told him he was wrong, and showed diagrams of some impossible path along the outer rim of Jupiter or Venus as the only way to salvation. So that no wonder if two-thirds of the Fool-race elected to live as far from the borders of Gotham as possible.

But one poor Fool, who had sat for six weeks trying to find out how many donkeys' tails would reach to the moon—for he was inventing a safe way to the stars,—turned his attention to himself instead. A thorn pricked his foot, and he stooped to pull it out of his sole, and the pain suddenly directed his attention to

himself instead of to the problem of the donkeys' tails, and the very distant stars. He himself became the problem, and he tried to solve himself.

"Because," he said, "granting that I am a Fool, and truly I feel like one, I am set in this odd little country as a Fool to fulfil some foolish purpose. It is hopeless for me to try to understand the Wise, for I cannot step beyond my own circumference. Apparently, too, it is hopeless to ask the Wise to limit their circumference to mine. Either they would burst it, if they succeeded in so contracting their expansion, and the Fool would fly in pieces, learning nothing. Or they would be so cabined and confined as to be useless. It must therefore be the part of the Fool to watch himself, and by such close research to see, perchance, wherein it is that he differs from the Wise." But the Fool did not know that though the radius varies, the centre of everyone must be the same. For he was not quite sure that he had a centre, being of shapeless thought, and never thinking of himself at all.

This Fool, like the larger number of his brethren, was very humble and distrustful of himself, so he felt that he must ask advice and learn from someone wiser than himself how to measure his own folly. And he looked across the gulf, beyond the black-boards. In the distance stood a high mountain, whose base stood deep-rooted in the plain, and whose top was lost above the clouds. "Yonder lives the King of Sages," thought the Fool. And he drew a deep breath, for he seemed to understand that no one but the Wisest of the wise could understand the folly of the Fool. Therefore he disregarded the Sages waving chalk-sticks before their black-boards, and shut his eyes on the confusing words they wrote. He saw only that the gulf between him and the mountain was very wide and very deep. So that he considered again the problem of the donkeys' tails, only this time not with reference to the stars. He wondered how he might measure that distance, and went back to his hut to fetch his instruments. Then, lying on his stomach, he stretched his arms across the gulf.

And as he stretched them out, it seemed to him that his hands grasped something like a rope of hair. He pulled, and it

came in hand over hand, in ells and yards and feet. There seemed to be no end to it, and by its help he swung himself over the chasm, and so crossed the gulf.

On the further side sat an immense brown donkey, reefing in his extra yards of tail. The Fool then saw the attachment of his rope, and thanked him gratefully and politely for his help. He felt in his pockets, to see if his instruments of measurement were safe, and the donkey misunderstood him.

"Friend and brother, pass the asses' bridge free of toll," he said, graciously, "thy payment was made on the thither side of the gulf"; and he tied his superfluous tail into a neat bow.

The Fool took off his cap, dodged the armies of instructors with their black-boards, and made his way to the Sage who lived upon the mountain-top. And, being very humble and distrustful of himself, he brought a little foot-rule and a thimble to the Sage, and asked him to check his measurements.

And the Sage said: "Wherefore, my son, hast thou brought me these things?"

And the Fool said, speaking humbly: "Father, I thought that thy measure differed from mine, and that the chalice into which Wisdom pours itself for thy drinking would be too great for me. Therefore alone I brought my foot-rule and my thimble." And he laid them respectfully on a star which happened to be in use as the Sage's foot-stool.

The Sage laughed, quite pleasantly, as one who suffers Fools gladly, yet withal would fain correct their folly. And he said: "What hast thou measured with thy little foot-rule, or with thy thimble, my son?"

And the Fool scratched his head, for all he had was the intention of such measurement. He knew not how to begin.

So the Sage laughed again, still pleasantly, but as one who but for courtesy would say: "Why trouble ye my meditations?" For he beheld the beginnings of the world, and how its roots first took hold on space, and the deep everything that lies in nothingness. And he considered the facets of the spider's eye, and wherefore a man is unable to see from the back of his head, or to climb heaven as a fly on a ceiling, and other important

matters. "Come back and tell me when thou hast measured anything, my son," he said at last, and so dismissed him.

Now the Fool, being foolish and undiscerning, and moreover having great reverence for the learning of the Sage, durst ask him no other question. For a story is abroad among all Fools that he who wantonly disturbs the meditations of the Wise risks burning fire. And he judged that had the Sage but turned upon him the smallest fraction of his true attention—which is the soul's eye, and its look is flame—he had been made a cinder. Likewise he remembered an instructive little story concerning Zeus and Semele, the moral whereof was also full of fire. So he praised the Sage in silence for his clemency, and went down the hill again with his finger in his mouth. But he left the thimble and the foot-rule on the foot-stool of the Sage.

When he reached his own place he sat down upon an ant-hill and considered with his head between his palms, looking down on his feet. And vaguely he perceived some difference between himself and the Sage; for having set his eyes upon the Sage it became possible to realise that he had a face, and a body, and hair upon his head and cheeks and between his eyelids. And the Fool looked at his own body, mirrored in a sorry puddle. And he counted up his limbs one by one, naming them on the fingers of his hands. For he saw that the Sage had no more limbs than he—and less hair—therefore he said to himself:

"If hair were a measurement of wisdom, then am I wiser than the Sage. Equal of limb are we both, and of equal height and width. Therefore surely as in all things seen are we equal, the inequality must lie in those things we do not see."

Then he thought as deeply and carefully as he knew how of those invisible things: of man's blood, which is known by the colour that runs in his cheeks—and the Sage was white like bone, and the Fool brown as earth—of the something within his limbs which bids them stir, setting his feet firmly on the ground, and letting the hands swing at the sides, instead of using hands and feet, elbows and knees for walking. The Fool rubbed his head again, seeing indeed clearly wherein both he and the Sage differed from four-footed things, but seeing not wherein he differed from the Sage.

"Both men are we," he said to himself, "yet the quality of one differs from the other as doth a louse differ from a butterfly, even as if we were of different natures."

Then he thought again, and looked into the muddy pool. "Surely as my reflection differs from myself as I am, seeing that the reflection shows me but a part of my whole, only my front and my face, and not my back, so differs the Sage from me. Does he then approach a greater wholeness than I, through his holiness and wisdom? What then is that wholeness? And why am I in part and he in whole? Will my foot-rule or my thimble mete and measure the distance between us two?

And he touched the pool with his finger-tip, and considered the mud that rested on his finger, and tasted it with his tongue. Now the mud that lay in the pool was magical, though of this the Fool knew nothing. But the taste of mud entered into him, and as he considered its flavour he felt as if he were a part of earth. "Am I then earth-born," he said to himself, "nourished of earth and fed by her? And is the Sage, by virtue of his dwelling in the clouds, air-born, or cloud-born? That were to make us different indeed."

But the pellet of mud within him spoke through his lips in answer: "That were to make the visible again the measure of the invisible. Fool, think again." And the Fool thought again.

And he said once more to himself: "Wherein do we differ, and in that difference of what manner of make am I? Lo, I will to walk, and my limbs answer me by walking. I desire food and I eat. Does not the Sage eat also? And in what way does the working of his will differ from the working of mine own? Does he fly, or swim like a fish, or does he walk like a man? Surely these are questions to be answered, for in the answer may lie the difference between us twain."

So he crossed the gulf again and climbed the mountain, and the Sage put his head out of the window of his cell, for the mist was cold on the mountain-top, and he kept the stars inside his cell to make his fire.

"What is it, son?" he asked, wrapping a great mantle round him.

And the Fool answered, breathless: "Father, canst thou

fly?" The Sage frowned at the question, for Sages love not to be asked of their powers,—sometimes because they have too many, sometimes because they have too few.

"Oh Fool," he said, "what made such a fool think of flying?"

Now the Fool had never thought what made him think of anything, so he opened his mouth wide as if to swallow the new idea. He felt as if it set itself in him like an arrow, hitting him in vital parts. It struck warm into his heart, because most Fools do their thinking with that organ, therein differing from Sages. He wondered if the new idea would make him bleed to death, or if it would burn him. For indeed, it glowed within him like live coal. "Father," he said, and put his finger in his mouth, "I had not thought that I thought at all, before."

Then the Sage frowned again, and said: "Go away till thou hast spanned the gulf between thy thought and Thought. Trouble me not, for such things are foolishness."

"Yet, Father," the Fool pleaded humbly, "I did fill my thimble as thou badest me with the measurement between thee and me. And the thimble could not contain it. Therefore I ate and drank the mudpool, that the measure should be minished."

"Mud-eater, thou," returned the Sage; but he spoke kindly as if he could be sorry for the Fool. "Didst thou think my food was mud and my drink water as thine own?"

"Nay, Father, I knew not what thou didst eat, nor if thou didst eat at all, being kin to the angels. For so have I been told that by the manner of thy greatness thou canst live without food, whereas if I eat not my mud, I perish."

"Go back to thy mud-eating, mud-eater," said the Sage, "And come again to me when thou hast found how to make star-dust of mud-pellets. Thou hast measured nothing, not even thine own folly."

M. U. GREEN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

How knowest thou that there is a God? As I know by the tracks in the sand whether a man or beast has passed there, so the heaven with its stars, the earth with its fruits, show me that God has passed.—A MUSLIM SAYING.

CONCERNING ASTROLOGY

IN every statement of the aims and objects of the Theosophical Society "the investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature" is included as a subject worthy of the study of all Theosophists. All the laws of Nature at present investigated, understood, and to some extent explained, by physical science, are laws of form, or of matter in some degree of density. Theosophists know that the form is the most phenomenal and the grossest of the veils of any noumenon or abstract truth; hence it follows that there must be an esoteric or "occult" science lying behind each of our exoteric, physical sciences; there must be the laws relating to the evolution of the soul as well as to the forms which it uses as its vehicle.

Learned men in ancient civilisations knew well this truth; and many occult sciences were practised and studied: such as the secret science of numbers; the symbolic significance of geometry; alchemy, which is the soul of chemistry; and astrology, which is the soul of astronomy. But, alas, the Dark Ages have intervened since then, and in them people lost their hold of the living truths of the spirit in these sciences; and apprehending only the "letter" and seeking only material knowledge and gain from it, allowed superstition to creep in, and take the place of knowledge and understanding, finally making it rightly incumbent on those who stood for common-sense and reason, to stamp out those degenerate practices.

But Truth never dies, and the symbols are still in existence to be read again by those who already have known them, and whom the Time-Spirit is bringing to earth once more. For the last thirty years those who are helping humanity from the unseen worlds have again been bringing to light and remembrance, through their chosen vehicles, the great and ennobling knowledges contained in the ancient traditional lore of former

astrologers; they have been re-unveiling, or revealing, the spiritual truths underlying the more superstitious astrology so much used and relied on in Europe in the Middle Ages, and into these dry bones the spirit is now being breathed; it is giving them new life, and they are rising up, "an exceeding great army" of facts and spiritual truths, to do battle with the materialistic and agnostic views of this age. On the same field will the battle be waged, for astrology also is an empirical science, capable of being proved individually by anyone of average intelligence and perseverance who has a certain amount of interest in the subject.

Astrology is an occult, not a psychic science; its study requires no special faculty, no prolonged training, though practice makes perfect in this, as in every experimental science. In investigating it, one is not dealing with unknown forces, and no risk is being run of over-developing one's astral vision or body, nor is there any danger of obsession by astrals or elementals. It must be pursued with a rational mind, a cool judgment, and all the normal brain and sense faculties. As a science it is founded on a mathematical and intellectual basis, and is ratified by an intuitional and spiritual understanding. The philosophy of modern astrology—this new science, but old wisdom—is dependent on belief in, and understanding of, the doctrine of reincarnation, the law of correspondences, the unity and solidarity of the whole universe and its constituent parts, and the fact that man represents the small end, while the Divine Man in the heavens—our own zodiac and solar system—represents the larger end of the same telescope through which the activities of the One Spirit may be viewed.

It would appear then that since these beliefs are fundamental to Theosophy also, all modern astrologers must necessarily be Theosophists. Unfortunately, however, it does not follow that all Theosophists are believers in astrology, nor are they. Surely this can only be ascribed to ignorance concerning the subject; but as modern astrology is so closely allied with the thought and aims of the Theosophical Society it ought more and more to appeal to its members as the science which is offering itself as the path of least resistance, at the present time, in which to take the first step in occult studies, in the "investigation

of those hidden laws of Nature," which are open in their manifestations,⁶ but unnoticed by the masses in this age, though not in all.

In astrology, Theosophists may find an opportunity for demonstrating to the world the truth of occult science, and to avoid the future reproach of having allowed the purely scientific Psychical Research Society to win the laurels for the investigation of astrology, as it has done for the study of psychic phenomena.

For the benefit of those to whom the subject is unknown, it may be well to define shortly what astrology is. Most people are familiar with the following lines of a hymn :

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me :
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.

This "portioning out," this map of the future, is the horoscope of the moment of birth, upon which astrology enlightens us ; it is a map of the position of the zodiac, and the respective places of the planets therein, at the exact time at which the "native" was born. In it the Sun represents the individuality ; the Moon the personality ; Mars, the forceful, aggressive side of the character ; Venus, the love and artistic nature ; Jupiter, the religious and humane ; Saturn, the forces of limitation ; Mercury, the mental equipment ; and Uranus and Neptune, the more advanced psychic, occult, and spiritual powers. This is only a rough generalisation, but it may serve as an outline for the uninitiated, and arouse an interest which will lead to a further enquiry into astrology. From this birth-map may be told very exactly the character, environment, future, failings and virtues of the "native." In reality it represents the sum-total of karma under which we are entering this incarnation, and thus shows the "tendencies" which one is likely to follow ; but as a horoscope is "progressive," there is the power in the individual mind and will to transmute every experience that karma, fate, the gods, or the stars, decree we must pass through ; thus stagnation is avoided and advance is made possible.

Nothing proves more conclusively the general credence in

astrology in former times than the number of words which have incorporated themselves, with their true astrological meanings, into our common vocabulary. A mercurial temperament, a saturnine countenance, a jovial disposition, a lunatic, etc., are expressions constantly used. But apart from the inferential philological proof, history is full of information concerning astrology. The ancient Chaldæans were the greatest astrologers of all times; the Chinese have a deep-rooted belief in its truth; the Hindus, because of their immemorial practice of it, are the greatest authorities on historical cycles, and their civic birth-certificate at the present day is their birth-minute horoscope; it has been asserted also that the computations of the governmental astrologers of Japan exercised a determining influence on the recent operations of the Japanese in their war against Russia. Many evidences are found in the Bible of the belief of the Jews in this science, as when one reads, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," "they saw his star in the East"; and the figure of Daniel stands forth clearly as the greatest of the astrologers of his time. In passing, one almost feels amused to notice what a modern product this giant-soul was, for he was a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a "fresh-air fiend," a "simple life-er," an astrologer; a truly all-round reformer; and it is good to find that so many of the present-day astrologers are following in his path.

But why did all these people believe in astrology? Primarily, because the religious instinct is inherent in man, because religions of some form have always existed, and been believed in by man, and because all religions are solar myths, more or less formulated, and all solar myths are founded on astrological symbols representing known esoteric truths. To quote from a recent article by a well-known astrologer: "Deep study of all the great world-religions assures us that they have an astronomical foundation of a mystical character, or in other words, they have their foundations in astrology." But while this has more the character of intuitional proof, the truth of the *dicta* of this occult science regarding the fundamental temperament and characteristics, and past and future events in the life of each person, has been proved experimentally in such innumer-

able instances in age after age (where those who study and practise it are men of scientific minds, unprejudiced, and free from self-seeking and charlatanism) as to leave it one of the most thoroughly attested sciences in the East. In the West, however, it has not yet become sufficiently fashionable to be taken up by the ruling cliques of wealth and intellect; it is not sufficiently "spooky" and mysterious (being too "cut-and-dried" in its *data* and experiments) to demand the attention of the Psychical Research Societies; not sufficiently Christian for the orthodox; and not sufficiently free from metaphysics for the average scientist; with the result that conclusions regarding it in these countries are generally either non-existent, prejudiced, or unproved.

There is no doubt, however, that signs of interest being taken by scientists are now being shown, and when the purely scientific proofs which they are elucidating and pressing home concerning astrology become more generally known and accepted, as they must be in the future, this science will be capable of producing for itself traditional, esoteric, experimental, and scientific proofs, even in this present materialistic age, as it has done in the less sophisticated, earlier ages.

For those who believe in astrology a knowledge of their horoscopes brings much help and many advantages. In them they can perceive their debts and assets in experience, environment, character, and future events in this incarnation. Through a study of their "directions" they have a guide to times and seasons, with regard to material, mental, and spiritual affairs. They have first-hand knowledge, previous to the event, of the "tide in the affairs of men which leads on to Fortune." They perceive when new undertakings can be started most favourably; they are prepared for the time of reverses, for "to be forewarned is to be forearmed"; they so order their material affairs that their minds and hands may not be hampered by them when the stars show signs of a spiritual outpouring on them. In all that is working towards the evolution of the Divine within them, they work along the line of least resistance, for they know it; and because of similar consciousness of the evil tendencies, they can all the more easily conserve and concentrate their energies

towards bearing gladly, and transmuting, the trials that must result from an active opposition to this other line of least resistance in a degenerating direction.

All who engage in the study of astrology find that it enlarges and uplifts the individual consciousness, by establishing wonderful links between the relatively insignificant human unit and the motions of these unknown worlds and all the heavenly constellations. It produces in the student feelings alike of the greatest humility and divine pride; it makes one aware of one's ignorance through the problems it raises; it at the same time confirms the truth that each microcosmic man or woman is an exact replica of the macrocosm; and it is a great intellectual aid towards the attainment of "cosmic" consciousness.

But it avails little to describe the beauties of the scenery in the course of a journey, if the feet of the traveller be not set in the direct road; and as much of the way may be traversed by the new student of astrology without ever coming into personal contact with one of its masters, it will not be amiss to mention some of the preliminary methods of study. The initial step will be the procuring of some good, but fairly simple, Manual of Astrology. From this may be easily learnt the methods of erecting and reading horoscopes. This being accomplished, in a very rule-of-thumb manner, as one learns the rules of grammar, the exceptions must then be mastered, and for this nothing is a greater help in discovering the true art of the astrologer than the comparing of many horoscopes. In this, as in so many other sciences, it is the art of balancing point against point, the art of arriving at a true average, that marks the astrologer who is "born, not made," who reads the chart of life from his inner knowledge, not from what he has learnt from any book, for the true astrologer will have the qualities of a seer as well as of a scientist. But all have first to learn the rules in the ordinary way, and practice will best teach the exceptions. By this time, however, those to whom such studies appeal will have found experimentally so many proofs of its truth, that the deeper difficulties will not deter them, and they will either be able to solve them by internal illumination obtained through meditation, or they will join in the ever-increasing band of students who cry

"come over and help us" by starting correspondence classes conducted by an experienced teacher. This is a growing need not yet fully recognised and provided for, but one which will shortly have to be supplied. In addition much help may be obtained from the astrological monthly magazines, which are always both interesting and instructive; and for the more advanced students there are all the writings of the ancients to be assimilated.

It must not be thought that astrology has probed the secrets of all the hidden laws of nature. Its North and South Poles are still undiscovered; there are vast fields still awaiting experimental exploration. The effects of stellar influence on herbs, on animals, on communities, on nations; the precise characteristics of the more lately discovered planets Neptune and Uranus; an understanding of pre-natal periods; an elucidation of the laws of correspondences between the stars, music, colour, etc., are amongst other subjects in which astrology is making for herself her progressive horoscope. She has great and wondrous assets of knowledge and experience, but she has also her debts of ignorance of which we, her instruments, shall relieve her, and so set her, at the same time as this dear old world, free from the Wheel of Fate which only turns to dispel ignorance, not to bind truth.

And who should be keener in the race to serve her than those who are already students of Theosophy? It has been very largely owing to the teachings concerning the Mysteries of Life by Madame Blavatsky, Dr. Anna Kingsford, Andrew Jackson Davis, and others of the same time, that the way has been made ready for reinstating this occult science in these western lands, and it is amongst their followers that one expects to find groups of astrological students. Let Theosophists be warned not to pass it by, but rather accept it eagerly; let them not be ashamed to confess publicly their study of it, and their belief in it; and let them prominently demonstrate proofs of it, strong in the consciousness that, however their adherence to it may be viewed by the ignorant, the materialistic, or the orthodox, they are finding in astrology only the truths of natural and spiritual Law which they have experienced in themselves, and of which no outer power can deprive them.

Wigelius, an English astrologer, wrote in 1649: "Within in Man, is that Heaven, that Planet, those Stars, by which he is inclined, predestinated, and signed to this or that; and not from without, by the constitution of the external Heaven"; but, he continues, "this we premise from the beginning to be noted,—that the external Heaven with its continual revolution, hath a most convenient correspondency with the inward Heaven in the Microcosm, and this with that."

And in 1907, an Irish poet and believer in astrology, expresses the same all-inclusive truths of this occult science when he writes:

"Wisdom is wisdom only to the wise;
Thou art thyself the Royal thou hast crowned:
In Beauty thine own beauty thou hast found,
And thou hast looked on God with God's own eyes."

MARGARET E. COUSINS, Mus. Bac.

SOME FRAGMENTS FROM THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD"

ILLUSTRATING THE PURITY OF ITS PRIMITIVE INTENTION AND THE
LOSS OF THAT INTENTION THROUGH THE MAGICAL
OVERLAY OF LATER TIMES

II.¹

THE next example is taken from Chapter LXV.:

"A Chapter of Coming-forth into Day, Victorious over the Opposer."

"Râ is seated in the midst of his Æons; he hath numbered² the Circle of the gods in the mysteries of personality, which are in the Temple of the Creator.

"[Hail] ye that consume the abundance, that drink the

¹ See the last No. for I. ² Or collected.

drink-offerings, who bring the zenith to the blinding [light] and the blinding [light] to the zenith. Grant, that I may be bound with the bands of Osiris, [and that] I may never be as the demons of Suti.

"Hail [to him] that sits upon his rampart, Ruler within the power of the soul. Grant that I may sit upon the throne of the Sun, that I may lay hold upon my body in the presence of the Earth-god. Grant thou that Osiris may come forth true of voice against Suti, and the night-watchers of Suti, and the night-watchers of the Crocodile.

"[Hail] mysteries of personality dwelling within the Temple of the King of the North, [ye] divine garments of the sixth day of the festival, for him whose nets are Æonian, and [whose cords are] cords of Eternity. I have seen Passion given to the cord, and the child that was held in the bondage of Passion's net set free, and I am born, yea, behold, I have come forth, in the form of [that] Living Soul [whom] the initiates worship upon Earth.

"Hail to the Sorrow that did this for me, [for] it is wiped away in the strong sanctuary of Rā."

Here again I believe we have arrived at the end of the original Chapter, though, contrary to the previous example, there is here no note, no clue, excepting in the subject-matter of the Chapter itself, and in its grammatical disposition.

Those who have plunged deeply into translations of the *Book of the Dead*, or have striven to unravel its mysteries in its original language, will no doubt have appreciated the frequent difficulty which exists therein of distinguishing for certain an appeal from an assertion; as, for instance, why should we say: "O ye mysteries! I have seen Passion bound," and not: "O ye mysteries! may I see Passion bound"?

This difficulty commonly arises from two possible sources: first, from the lack of indicated inflexion, owing to the purely consonantal method of writing; second, from the possibility that a tense is being used that may be called "aorist," a tense that some have held to be the true prophetic tense, conveying the idea of the eternal present, and which therefore may come to mean either present, past or future, and in magical formulæ

either "I am," or "may I be," or both, according to circumstances.

In the Chapter under consideration, however, this difficulty does not arise. The petition is evident in the earlier part of the Chapter by reason of the words "grant" and "give thou," in Egyptian IMI and DI-K; the first being the irregular or "petition" imperative, and the second the regular imperative of the verb RDI=to give or grant. And not even in the last part of the translation I have just given can there be any possible argument on the subject. We have only to refer again to Erman's *Grammar* (§ 220) to find an exact analogy.

The Egyptian words for "I have seen Passion given to the cord" are "IW MAA-N-I IBTKA DII M INTT"; and on reference to the above mentioned paragraph we find the equivalent of "IW MAA-N-I" in the form "IW SDM-N-F," "he (had) heard" in the past tense; and upon reading further (§ 221) we find that this form "is therefore used, when a fact is to be expressed in a single independent remark." It is therefore evident that the initiate is not praying to the "garments of the God" for a favour, but stating to them an accomplished fact, resultant upon the granting of his petition uttered in the previous part of this Chapter. The words "I am born" also are an assertion in the same form but in the present tense, as being again the result of having in the past tense "seen Passion bound."

Now, my reason for believing that what follows after "Hail to the Sorrow that did this for me, [for] it is wiped away in the strong sanctuary of Rā," is not a part of the original Chapter is the immediate resumption of the petition-form; two curious circumstances being attached thereto:

First—the petition is to the singular: "grant thou"; but no deity whatever is mentioned.

Second—the last object addressed, to which in this case one looks as the person or thing appealed to, is in the plural—namely, the "divine garments," or "mysteries of personality."

And in the third place, the language used in this final petition is of that somewhat blasphemous nature which we associate with the lower forms of magic.

That part of Chapter LXV. already given is so direct in its appeal to human nature and aspiration, both as to petition and assertion, so plain in its language that "he who runs may read"; my only comment will be to point out that "the sixth day of the festival" is the day of the manifestation of personality or ego, and the "garments of the gods" are the passions of Nature, arising from the sense of the possession of personality or ego, or, in one word "self-ishness."

I will now give the magical degradation of Chapter LXV. :

"Grant thou that I may see Rā ;

"Grant thou that I may come forth against my enemies.

"Grant thou in this matter that I may be true of voice before the judges of the Great God in the presence of the Great God.

"But if, on the contrary, thou wilt not let me come forth against this enemy¹ of mine, [that] I [may] be true of voice against him before the judges, [then] Hāpi shall not go forth to heaven that he may live upon truth, [and] Rā shall not descend to the water that he may live upon fish ;

"Yea, verily, Rā shall go forth to heaven that he may live upon truth ;

"Yea, verily, Hāpi shall descend to the waters that he may live upon fish.

"Will it not then be a great day in the history of the world,² when I shall come against this mine enemy, when he shall be given unto me [by]³ my verdict before the judges."

The only comment that it seems necessary to make at this point is, that the pious scribe, not caring to write down blasphemy, has transposed the names of Rā and Hāpi, that being his own particular method of avoiding any possible vengeance from those gods for the sin of daring to set down such a sentence.

We have now, I think, had enough by way of specimen in the magical deterioration of this ancient book, so I will give as my third example of the mystical conceptions of Egypt a Hymn to Osiris from the Chapter called the XVth, which is merely

¹ Plural or collective noun.

² Lit., "in the earth his period."

³ Lit., "it is."

the modern numbering for a short series of Hymns each complete in itself; and in order that the Hymn chosen may be the more easily followed in reading, I will place my commentary first.

The words "Beautiful Being" are simply the literal translation of the name "Onnophris" or "Un-nofre." It does not convey the idea of some person having the attribute of physical beauty, for "Being" is a verb, not a noun, it represents not "existent" but "subsistent perfection."

"Opener and Closer" is a free translation of the name Ptah-Sokaris.

"The Leaders of the Pentagram" are such initiates as, having been enabled to enter the empty shrine, have returned as teachers or leaders of those who are still striving thereto. Incidentally, for the benefit of such as, knowing the *Book of the Duat*, have been puzzled by my persistence in perpetually rendering the Egyptian word *duat* as pentagram or pentangle, I may remark that when in initiation a mortal comes to the culminating point and stands before the great gateway of final initiation, whatever the path that has led him to that point, he will find:

First—that the gate and the pentangle are one and the same.

Second—that to pass through it twelve symbolic hours are necessary; they are also "hours of the night."

And, third—that the *Book of the Duat* is by no means a far-off parallel to that passage from mortal life into the perfect day.

The god showing his face to the west and lighting up the two earths with his silver-golden light, refers to the symbol of the sun halved, as it were, by the dividing line of the horizon; this is the type of perfect balance. The horizon is a mystical line, on one side of which is the world of "Noise," and on the other the world of "Silence."

The task of the initiate is to place himself as an accurately balanced entity upon this horizon; this is why the Desert Shrine is also closely connected with the Hidden Horizon. For he who can penetrate at will the Desert Shrine and return at will finds both worlds are open to his sight.

Symbolically these two worlds are the worlds of the living and the dead, and the line is not only what divides them, but

also that which reconciles them ; it is, therefore, the place of the resurrection, whence, in this Hymn, it is at this point that the dead rise up.

The " Silent Mountain " is another name for the Desert Shrine, this mountain is mystically Horeb, the Mountain of God, which in Hebrew means a " deserted " or desolate place, and in whose cavern mouth is heard the " still small voice," or " voice of the silence."

The Demons of evil Destiny are Karma.

" Causing the eye to rest at her place " is the same thing as causing the sun to remain stationary on the Hidden Horizon.

The Barque borne by the Heavenly Nile from his cavern symbolises the return of the adept to teach,—the manifestation of Christ to the world.

This Hymn has been called also a Litany, because it is divided into special clauses, and there is a curious line at the end of the last clause which is believed to have been intended for repetition after each clause. This may or may not be. I am open to more than two solutions ; but I have not made the repetition in my translation owing to the presence of a few words which look as if they may be part of some ancient rubric, following the line in question, and therefore appearing as the last words in the Hymn. This rubric may refer to the entire Hymn. I have, however, followed its precept as if it regarded only the words that precede it actually.

Translated, this rubric reads: " Not to be repeated." I have, therefore, not repeated.

HYMN TO OSIRIS

" Worship OSIRIS, Lord of Eternity,
 Beautiful Being,
 Horus of the East and of the West,
 [Whose] shapes are countless¹ [in variety],
 [Whose] forms are infinite,
 Opener and Closer,
 Master in the City of the Sun,

¹ ĀShAW KhPRW.

Lord of the Hall of Mystery,
Designer of the Archetype of Deity.¹

"The Leaders of the Pentagram give glory unto Thee,
[When] Thou retest in the firmament,
[When] ISIS folds Thee in her arms in peace,
[When] she turns back the storm from the gate of Thy
paths,
[When] Thou showest Thy face to the West,
Lighting up the Two Lands with Thy silver gold,
[And] the dead rise up to look towards Thee,
[For] they taste of the winds when they see Thy face,
Like the disk rising cloudless in his horizon.
Their heart knows peace because of Thine act,
Thou who art the Eternal Æon.

"The Lamps of ÒN give homage unto Thee
[With] the unborn souls in the City of Strife,
O Being more glorious than the gods of the mystery
Which dwells in the City of the Sun.

"The Pillars of the Altar give Thee homage,
Vast [One], Horus of the Twin Horizons;
The span of whose stride crosses the Heavens,
Who art Heru Ikhuti.

"Homage unto Thee, Soul of the Æon,
Dual Soul dwelling between the Pillars,
Beautiful Being, Child of the Heavenly Abyss,
Who art Lord of the Silent Mountain.²

"Homage unto Thee when Thou rulest the Pillars;
The double crown is firm upon Thy brow,
Thou art UNITY making his own protection,
Thy peace is between the Pillars.

"Homage unto Thee as Lord of the Tree,³
Placing the Barge of Finality upon her⁴ launching-slip,
Repelling the Demons of Destiny,
Giving rest to the Eye at her place.

¹ KNM-F HT KA PTH NTRW. ² IGR.T.

³ NĀRT. ⁴ F=his, "the barge" being masc. in Egyptian

"Homage unto Thee, Strong One in His moment,
Great chief, ruling within the Desert Shrine,
Lord of the Æon, Maker of Eternity,
Thou art Lord of the Royal Child.

"Homage unto Thee, resting upon Truth,
Thou art Lord of the Shrine of the Unmanifest,
The Holy Land hath formed Thy Limbs.
Thou art He whose abomination is deceit.

"Homage unto Thee in the midst of His Barque,
[Whom] the Heavenly Nile beareth from his cavern,
[When] the Light riseth cloudless upon his body.
He is the dweller in the Child.

"Homage unto Thee, Maker of Gods,
King of the Upper and the Lower, OSIRIS! true of
Voice;
Grasping the Two Lands in His times of perfection,
He is Lord both of the Outer and the Inner.

"Give Thou unto me a path that I may pass into Peace,
[For] 'I am' is [the] Balanced¹ [One];
[Yea], I utter no lie, because I know.²

M. W. BLACKDEN.

¹ Lit., "is Equilibrium.

² Lit., "in my knowing."

INDEED you are yourself the only riddle. What you call riddles are truths, and seem riddles because you are not true. . . . And you *must* answer the riddles. They will go on asking themselves until you understand yourself. The universe is a riddle trying to get out, and you are holding your door hard against it.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lilith*.

THE LADY WITH THE FAN

A PARABLE

IT was the ambition of a certain Juggler to keep three balls in constant motion without letting one fall to the ground. He practised this feat by beginning with two balls, first tossing one into the air and then, just before catching it, whirling the other up to the same height, so that he had always one ball in the air when one was in his hand. In a comparatively short time he mastered this fully, so that when one of the two balls (which were called PAST and FUTURE) just reached his hand, the other was at the extreme of its upward flight and just about to fall again. Now it was his object to start the third ball (called PRESENT) at the moment when PAST and FUTURE were passing each other in the middle of their respective courses. It was just this that he found so very difficult to do. But at last he managed it, and soon became quite proficient in his private practice at home, until he could keep the three balls going quite easily and think of something else at the same time.

However, when he came to the First Night of Performance, he found it quite another matter. He started gaily enough, and went on well for a little time, but he noticed that nearly in front of his gaze as he faced the audience there sat a Lady with a Fan, which she kept fluttering to and fro. And he found that he could not keep his attention from wandering to the fan. The worst of it was that the fluttering of the fan, which was more or less irregular, seemed to draw his eyes by some magnetic attraction, until after a while he found his movements quickened or retarded according as the fan moved faster or slower—and presently, as fate would have it, he dropped one of the balls and had to retire in disgrace.

This thing happened night after night, until he began to

despair of ever achieving his self-imposed task,—which was, I may tell you, to continue his feat throughout the whole length of the programme, whatever other performances might be taking place. At last he came to look for the Lady (whose name was TIME) and to watch her Fan (called CIRCUMSTANCE) with a dull despairing resignation and wonder just how long it would be before she “put him out,” as he expressed it. He wished, oh! how he wished, that she would stay away, or forget her fan; but alas! she never did.

So things went on, and the poor Juggler was near to being dismissed as an incompetent person, when one night an idea occurred to him. He made up his mind to deliberately *shut his eyes*, turn his head in some other direction, open his eyes again, and look at the first thing his eyes rested on. Perhaps there might be someone else with a fan which could keep time and so would not put him out, he thought. At any rate it was worth trying. For nothing would be worse than to go on as he had been doing.

So he made the experiment, and the first thing he saw after opening his eyes again was the conductor's baton, moving up and down and to and fro with a beautiful bird-like motion that was very restful and pleasing. He was quite delighted, and wondered he had never thought of it before.

Of course he had known all the time there was an orchestra, and that of course there must be a conductor too, if only he had chosen to look for him. But the fact of the matter was, the Lady with the Fan had so fascinated him and had so drawn his gaze to fix itself upon her, that he had quite forgotten about the Orchestra, let alone the Conductor, and had never before even known what tune was being played. Now he became aware of the music, and began to realise how beautiful it was. As for his juggling, why, the balls seemed to go of themselves!—he almost fancied indeed that they changed colours, the red of the PRESENT seeming to change itself into the gold of the PAST, which in turn appeared to melt into the purple of the FUTURE. In fact, the juggling was now so little of a strain upon him that he felt he needed a new outlet for his activity, and, almost unconsciously to himself, he began to dance, still tossing the balls

and catching them, never dropping one, and yet never even knowing the colour of the ball in the air.

One day he learnt that the Conductor's name was ETERNITY and that his Baton was called DUTY, while the Orchestra itself was called BEAUTY and the Music LIFE.

And at that night's performance he made a startling discovery. Never, since he had first glanced at the conductor's wand and followed it, had he allowed his gaze to stray to the Lady with the Fan. But that night he felt so confident and sure, his nerves were so steady and his eye so certain, the music in his ears was so thrillingly beautiful, and the conductor and himself seemed so much at one, that he let his eyes roam over the hall until he found her, though not in the same place now, oddly enough, but just a little below the conductor's seat.

And then he became aware of a strange thing; not only did he find the Lady more beautiful and commanding than ever, but there seemed a new serenity on her brow,—at least, he had not noticed it before. More marvellous still, he found that so far from the Fan seeming to “put him out,” as it had hitherto done, its motion really was not irregular after all. The only reason he had failed to notice this before, was that whereas he had to go with the rhythm of the bass the Fan was keeping time to the *melody* of the music, rising and falling as it rose and fell, now a succession of quick flutters, now some slow steady sweeps, and anon a little passage of cross-rhythms.

That was the secret! The fan kept time to the melody, whereas his own performance needed to keep to the unvarying triple beat of the baton of Eternity.

And now he found that his own spontaneous dancing and the movements of the fan were the same. The Lady with the Fan noticed it too, for she smiled at him. And when she smiled the Juggler saw at once that the Lady was the sister of the Conductor!

And then only did it suddenly flash upon him as by an inspiration that he, and the Lady, and the Conductor, were all descendants of the Composer, the GREAT MUSICIAN whose LIFE they were celebrating.

For the Juggler was MAN.

ZAFFRE.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, COSMIC LOVE, AND COSMIC LIFE

SEEK out the way by retreating within.

Seek out the way by advancing boldly without.

Seek out the way.

And now thou art the doer and the witness. Thou art thyself the object
of thy search.

THE originator of the term "cosmic consciousness" was, I believe, the late Dr. Buck, in his book so named. He used it to describe a wonderful flash of perception which came to him, together with a psychic impression of light and colour, while he was driving home from a gathering at which talk of a high sort had been held. In this opening of the gates of consciousness he realised, if my memory serves, the fact of his own immortality, and the truth that the manifold evolution of the world is working out for good, in spite of all appearance to the contrary. The memory of this knowledge he never lost, although no further experience of harmonisation with his higher self is recorded in the book. Tennyson, also, described a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by repeating his own name a few times, like a *mantram*; he spoke of it as a condition of extraordinary clearness and lucidity; an impersonal state apparently, which he seems to have rather feared, and certainly did not hold or cultivate. I have always thought that his case was possibly that of one who failed "to achieve the great task of gazing upon the blazing light without dropping the eyes, and not falling back in terror, as though before some ghastly phantom, so that when the victory is all but won it is lost." Had the poet known and dared to cultivate that higher vision, how far indeed might he have gone in comprehension of the truth! Certainly he might have qualified for admission to Dr. Buck's class of men having that cosmic consciousness of which he himself had had so

illuminating a glimpse. Ignatius Loyola, again, said that he once had a kind of trance in which he understood the Mystery of the Holy Trinity; probably an analogous experience.

Dr. Buck's list includes the great religious Teachers of the race and some of the creative geniuses, from Buddha to Balzac; and also several lesser lights whom one would hardly have expected to find in such a company; but his criterion is the consciousness of immortality, and consequent fearlessness of death as shown in a man's works. (I speak under correction, as I have not got the book to refer to.) So far as the Teachers and the geniuses are concerned no doubt he is right; the first knew the truth, the second divined it; both have a practically impersonal standpoint so far as their work is concerned. The Teacher looks forwards along the way humanity is going in evolution, and holds up an ideal of the superman; the genius looks back along the way the race has come, and describes its position in the present, holding up the ideal of the best that man has yet achieved; thus the Teachers point the way to the more advanced, the geniuses encourage by examples those who are not so far ahead. The Teachers to whom I refer were undoubtedly "more than men," great souls on the Path, and members of the Great Lodge; all will recognise them to be such who have any conception of what real occultism is and involves. All geniuses I fully believe to be initiated disciples, however little they may know about it down here; but few will be so advanced as the great Founders of religions.

Theosophy gives us the clue to the meaning of this cosmic consciousness, in its doctrine of the permanent Ego, the immortal Self within every man in a more or less developed stage. To attain the point of view of the Ego is to attain the cosmic consciousness of the realities of the evolution of the world. To identify oneself with one's own Ego is to become the Watcher of the Universe, the Doer of the Will which that great Creation manifests, and the Perfect Man himself on the plane of eternity. All modes of perception,—sensation, feeling, higher feeling, and acute perception, culminate in this Watcher aspect of the real Self; the subjective point of consciousness which stands over against the totality of the vibrations of each plane in

turn, centred in the "permanent atoms," which focus the Ray of the Eternal as it forms a new centre of the Self. All modes of activity, of love the preserving energy,—needs, wants, tastes, desires, emotions, appreciations—culminate in the Doer aspect of the real Self. All modes of being—vital, instinctual, and mental life—culminate in the existence of the Perfect Man; it is this last aspect of the human Trinity which is so often ignored, or rather perhaps taken for granted in many triads, notably in that of Will, Wisdom, and Activity; but it is plain that the Self must be *there* before it can either know or act. I am inclined to think that Will must be the Unity which is antecedent to the Trinity, in which it manifests as Will to know, Will to act, and Will to live on the eternal plane; and further manifests on the temporal planes as consciousness in the mental, instinct in the astral, and vitality in the physical bodies. The triple Ego therefore is the organ of cosmic consciousness, love, and life.

To attain this cosmic position is the end for which all white occultism strives; it is the Great Work of the Alchemist, the Kingdom of Heaven of the Christian Mystic, the Nirvāṇa of the Buddhist, the Liberation of the Hindu. All ways lead there, all religions prepare for the treading of that Path. In truth each man finds within himself the way which he must tread, hence in a sense no two ways are the same; but as there are infinitely graded shades in the spectrum, although three primary colours are distinguished, so we learn that the infinity of individual paths blend into three great Ways, the paths of Knowledge, of Love, and of Perfection. These three lead respectively to the three aspects of the Trinity of the Ego,—the Watcher, the Doer, and the Perfect Man; and they are trodden, I think, by means of the mental, astral, and physical bodies severally. Individuals make a major use of one of the three vehicles during their evolution, according to their type; thus cosmic consciousness is attained through the mind, cosmic love through the heart, and cosmic perfection through the body in its physical capacity. But the way is not to be sought by any one road, although to each temperament there is one which seems most desirable; and a clear knowledge of the nature of the three Ways, and of the end whither all tend, cannot fail to be helpful to every aspirant.

Each has to be trodden in turn, for each makes up one step of the Ladder of Life ; one is to be sought out by retreating within, the second by advancing boldly without, and the third by seeking alone.

THE WAY OF THE WATCHER, OR THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE

This path is trodden by means of the mental body, the mind as it exists for us down here ; and it is by means of detachment of mind that the end of becoming the Watcher of the great Creation of the World, in waking consciousness, is attained. In this work, the saying of Spinoza must never be forgotten, "It is not our duty either to praise or to blame, but only to observe." The point of consciousness remains absolutely steady, while all the details of the not-self are analysed and comprehended, and thus recognised as not the self who looks upon them. The physical body and its sensations, needs and tastes, the astral body with its feelings, desires and emotions, the mental body with its sentiments, prejudices and illusions, are all realised by degrees as foreign to the Ego who reviews them, and orders and restrains their activities. Presently the Self on this Path grasps the fact that "all actions are wrought by the energies of nature only" ; that is to say that all actions and activities are really reflex, and the result of external stimuli either immediate or remote—immediate when the stimulus can be recognised as a sensation, emotion, or perception ; remote when the stimulus is the memory of a past experience, or even instinctive and brought over from old lives. The Self, having recognised these truths, will no longer be deluded by egoism and say, "I am the doer." So far as I can see, the Self on this Path really takes no action whatever ; it is steadily bent on contemplation, and only inhibits some of the reflex actions which proceed in its vehicles, and allows others to take place, according to its knowledge of their harmoniousness with the universe. It gains this knowledge first by analysis, thus clearly defining and realising the images of the three worlds which the lower vehicles present ; then, further, by a process of synthesis, it arrives at the creative ideas or principles, which lie within groups and classes of concrete details. Thus it collects a number of facts, and by induction reaches the reason

of their existence; or by intuition it grasps a reason, and then proceeds by deduction to the facts of nature which correspond; if such facts are not known, they are sought for and discovered, for not till then is the Self sure of the truth of its intuition. So by incessant work, and continual passing from details to principles, and from principles to details, a true knowledge of the worlds is arrived at; and in the process of the struggle the Watcher comes to know himself as the eternal Pilgrim, who evermore stands apart from all the panorama of the universe, the one fixed point in the endless flux of the evolving cosmos.

Of course no single Self does all this work; the united energy of innumerable Selves has collected the facts, and built up the theories which are now established as the mass of scientific knowledge both external and occult; but each Ego must grasp these principles and details for himself, in order to reach the inner fortress of the Watcher, who can view the personal man with impartiality. On this Path of Knowledge the Self will sooner or later arrive at occult truth, and will then recognise himself as the reincarnating Ego, and see that his personality is nothing but an instrument to be used "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience"; then he will enter the silence, and "the mysterious event will occur which will prove that the way has been found." Thus it is by a continual process of retreating within that the detached standpoint is attained, and then for evermore, all that happens, or can happen, to the personality is faced and endured as simply an experience which has to be assimilated, and its lesson learned. For the man who has "attained knowledge" there is no more fear of physical ills, no more suffering from balked desire, no more agony of grief, no more sickness of hope deferred, no more love-hate, no more personal illusion. Thus, I believe, is the Way found by retreating within.

THE WAY OF THE DOER, OR THE PATH OF LOVE

This is the Path of Action, the manifestation of the Doer side of the Self, for Love is the supporting energy, and the root of all activity; it energises in the astral body as desire and emotion, neither of which is complete till the physical body has

been made to move and perform the corresponding action. All desires and emotions, so long as the personality persists, have a selfish side; there must be some motive if the personality is to be made to work, and on analysis it will be found to be either worldly or other-worldly; the motive for so-called unselfishness may be a desire to win a starry crown, or to develop occult powers, or to become an invisible helper, or a disciple of the Masters; but all these excellent things are only steps upon the way of Love. The Cosmic Love rises beyond the personal standpoint; in it the Self Divine has slain the very knowledge of desire; the man has first renounced, then let go, and finally forgotten all personal loves in the unity of the great Brotherhood, and in the wide sweep of the Cosmic Will to help the world. He has brought his personal will into perfect harmony with the Creative Will, which carries on the great evolution, and he lives for evermore to work along the line for which he is best fitted by his essential nature. "Stern and exacting is the virtue of Vairāgya," says the Teacher, and truly to attain the cosmic power to help the world, complete indifference to all personal interests has to be reached, since it is impossible to be perfectly disinterested without it. But no one is expected to reach this state of selflessness all at once; ages of sacrifice, lives and lives of devotion and renunciation go to its attainment. "The great and difficult victory, the conquering of the desires of the individual soul, is a work of ages." A man arrives when he has passed through all places, foul and clean alike. "First he wears out pleasure, then he wears out pain, till at last his eyes become incapable of tears." Thus it is only through the sacrifice of the Doer that clear vision comes to the Watcher, and the two paths are trodden together.

As I understand it, this Path of Activity begins with self-love as the motive power, this widens out as love for wife, children and family, and causes all efforts for their benefit; then it extends to friends, fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen, the nation, the race, and at last to humanity and all that lives and breathes. When occult knowledge comes to the lover of men, he sees the truth that all men are brothers, some younger, some older than himself; then he learns to order and restrain the blind love-

instinct, and to direct the power into the most useful channels for the helping of men. As he wants less and less for himself, as ambition and desire of comfort wear out, so more and more can he give himself to the Great Service ; while the experiences which come to him open his eyes more clearly as to what can, and what cannot, be done really to help others without doing more harm than good.

When at last the personality is eliminated, the Love power flows out from the Doer aspect of the Self, and is the power of the Masters to-day. It is to be noted that their work is entirely occult, so far as their individualities are concerned ; they teach their disciples, who work in the outer world. If the Masters ever come among us they are never known for what they really are ; if they were they would only be mobbed by the reporters, and frankly disbelieved in by the world.

The man who treads this path to the end becomes a philanthropist, probably taking a steady line of work, and devoting his life entirely to it ; such men run orphanages, hospitals, societies, refuges, and do much good in a very practical way ; the wide experience of human nature which they gain, all goes to the clearing of the eyes of the Watcher ; then all the increase of knowledge so noted is turned to the account of the Doer's work, so he goes from strength to strength. His widening love weans him from personal ties, his growing knowledge makes him more and more impersonal in action ; thus love and knowledge prove to be the wings on which he rises to the cosmic level, and brings himself to birth as the Perfect Man. The lovers of men are always energetic workers, and leave no stone unturned in the conduct of their endeavours ; so they fulfil the injunction : " Seek out the way by advancing boldly without."

THE WAY OF THE PERFECT MAN, OR THE PATH OF PERFECTION

But there is the third aspect of the Self to be considered, that of Existence manifested as the Perfect Man, the evolved Ego formed through hundreds of personalities and earth-lives. This Path consists, I think, in the persistent effort to live harmoniously with one's environment whatever it may be, to be in sympathy with all men, and to render the body as perfect as

training can make it, as the organ of acute sensation and of skill in action. "Yoga is skill in action." The rulers and the artists are upon this way: the rulers ever aspiring after perfect justice and balance in their work; the artists soaring on the wings of imagination into the ideal places, and bringing thence the beautiful thoughts which they manifest on earth by their artistic skill. As they grow older on the way, both classes strive more and more to become perfect according to their own ideal so far as they can see it; and this ideal ever retreats, till the man is drawn after it into the inner fortress. So, as they progress, they tread the other paths, for human perfection involves both perfect love and perfect knowledge. The rulers and artists both work in and with the physical body, on and for the physical plane of life; hence their characteristic attitude towards religion, science, philanthropy, and affairs, which form the paramount interests of other types of men.

Theosophical teaching is of great help to these Perfectionists, since it reveals an endless series of lives for the attainment of their heart's desire,—to become perfect. One hears it continually said that on this side of the grave the attainment is impossible, and that no perfect man has ever been seen, and so on. This is quite true since the perfect men—the Masters—do not appear in public; and if they did could not be recognised as perfect for this reason: that no two men's ideal of perfection is the same, and therefore no one who is perfect according to his own ideal can ever appear perfect to another, whose ideal is inevitably different. It would be too disgusting, when one had attained perfection after æons of effort, to find all the other perfect men exactly like oneself, and I decline to admit the possibility; for I hold that each Ego is unique, and manifests a different facet of the Supreme Perfection; and that only when all the Egos have attained their several perfections will the Manifestation of the ONE be complete.

Each man's ideal is different from everyone else's, because his total experience of life is different, for another reason; for we can only form our ideal by induction from the facts of experience of all our lives, when we look at the matter from the outer side. All imperfect men are different, and so will they be when perfected; and if there were only one sort of perfection,

all the Masters would be exactly alike, and the Great Lodge would be the abode of sameness, instead of being the vital centre of the infinite variety of the world. Many people seem to imagine that *their* ideal combination of the True, the Beautiful and Good is the only possible one, and so it is *for them*; and if they want it manifested, they must do it themselves in their own persons, no one else can do it for them. It is plain that this way of striving to become our own ideal man, will end inevitably in our identifying ourself with him; and I believe that we can help ourselves greatly in the process by the persistent use of the imagination. Say to yourself continually in the light of theosophic knowledge: "I am 'an eternal Pilgrim, heir of my past, father of my future; and I am here now to see the truth and speak it, to love the good and do it, to imagine the perfect and become it."

Accustom yourself to take this standpoint, review your life from thence, order your actions accordingly, devote yourself to the carrying out of this triple motive of existence in the flesh, form the habit of living identified in imagination with your Ego, and sooner or later you must become him in waking consciousness. Of course this attainment of the Cosmic Consciousness, Love, and Life, involves a total readjustment of all our mental attachments and values, and this takes much time and labour; countless illusions have to be thrown overboard, countless prejudices corrected, countless appreciations reversed, and many, many loves renounced; but it can be done with "constant practice, and by indifference." In speaking of his way, Rāmakṛiṣṇa said: "It all consists in realisation." This use of the imagination to reach the Cosmic Life, is actually the same thing; imagine that you are the Pilgrim, and you become him if your power is sufficiently developed, and it is a force which grows by use. The cultivation of a perpetual aspiration and effort to realise this truth must at last be crowned with success; so may a man fulfil "without moving," the injunction of the Master: "Seek out the Way."

A. H. WARD.

THE Oracles of the Gods are slippery fish to catch.—ALTERUTER.

WHY I DID NOT JOIN THE ROMAN CHURCH

AN INTERESTING LETTER

You have asked me to tell you, my friend, as not a few have asked, what attracted me in the past to the Catholic Church. I run no risk of being misunderstood by you or others who "know," when I reply that I believe the "attraction" was the response of the Truth in my own soul to the Truth in the Church. Looking back with the fuller vision of the present I am immeasurably grateful for the spiritual growth which came to me through my contact with the thought of the Church, although it meant at the time much storm and stress, and a sense of crushing collision in the midst of which I was prevented from retrogressive error by actual physical disability.

To explain. Let me go back some years. When I came to Rome first in 1904, I brought with me the Protestant prejudice against the Church of Rome engrained in the Scotch character and all the independence of religious thought which a Presbyterian upbringing can develop; and added to that a jealous personal dislike of a Community which had drawn to it a near relative of my own shortly before.

I was consciously antagonistic to the Church in inner sentiment, but owing to my affection for the member of my family who had then attached himself to the Church, and a natural strong desire to show sympathy with him, my intercourse was largely with Catholics. I went much to the ceremonies of the Church, had an audience of the Pope, and many opportunities of observation of the sentiments of the "Blacks," the point of view of the Vatican being often ventilated in my hearing.

Looking, as I did at that time, with the darkened eyes of prejudice, for evil, it was inevitable that I should then see only the evil. The sense of antagonism in my heart hardened my

understanding, and I comprehended only the roughest surface of the Roman Catholic Church, and consequently I "ran amuck," wounding myself and others in my blind self-assertiveness, and hitting vigorously with the ineffective fists of personal dislike against the Rock of Peter. Since then indeed for me there have flowed from that Rock living waters; from the darkness of that time there has risen mystic light. But the forces which then I sought were evil, and only by the road of Retribution have I won that Light and found the healing streams.

I think it inexpedient to go into the details of the moulding circumstances of these months, although the significance of all has become visible as secret writing coming to sight through fire. Let me repeat that I was deliberately seeking the evil, and not realising what I was about. I let loose forces which wrought disaster and even death. That these were but the factors of progression in other lives than mine, how can I now doubt; or that mine was an appointed part in an essential movement? But to the merciful opportunity for purification which came to me two years later when, as I shall explain, I passed through an experience of great storm or stress, I owe the elimination of the dross of personal malice, of personal sentiment, and am able to remove from a grave the withered flowers of remorse, and plant on it the immortels of purpose.

So far I have not told you of the "attraction" of the Catholic Church for me, but of the repulsion; the two are linked. I left Rome after a sojourn there of three months and returned to Scotland, where I remained a year, during the whole of which time I had practically no intercourse with Catholics at all, and was conscious of no change in my sentiments of antagonism; although, looking back, I believe that there was a softening influence at work, for I had made several Catholic friends, who were much attached to me, and I knew that their strong desire was for my conversion to their faith.

In the autumn of 1906 I returned to Rome; but before I left Scotland I had one of the strongest premonitions of my life that I was going towards disturbance of some sort. The burden of approaching trouble lay heavy on my soul, and yet I was determined to go back to Rome. If anyone had told me that in

two months I should have decided to become a member of the Church of Rome I should have been absolutely contemptuous of the idea. To me Roman Catholicism meant intolerable bigotry, illegal domination of the sacred freedom of the soul, a subject if not for bitter resentment, at least for mockery.

In such a mood I came once more to Rome, and at once fell under the direct influence of ardent members of the Church, and within the immediate circle of earnest spiritual coercion—a spell to which I yielded almost immediately. I am extremely susceptible to spiritual influences, and I could not resist the mysticism of the Church. During the weeks I was under “instruction,” hardly anything of which I really accepted, I, unconsciously dishonest, wrapt all intellectual and intelligent disagreements in the mantle of mysticism. This, when I could not get it from the Church, I made for myself! Had membership of the Church meant nothing more for me than participation in the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, than a wringing of its mystic significance from external things, I can imagine I might have been happy as a Roman Catholic; but even in reaching for its mystical Food, I felt the—to me—crushing grasp of dogma; and the glory of the “grace” into which I believed myself entering, could not disperse the horrible cramping darkness of the Church’s definitions, and the claims of infallibility in matters of faith, which by my acceptance of its privileges I should admit the Church to have for me. Still I made up my mind to join the Church, and a date was fixed for my admission. A few days before then I caught a severe chill, and was too ill to be received on the date fixed. Before I had recovered sufficiently to go out, I received a visit from a friend who was much opposed to the step I had decided on. Yielding to the persuasions of my friend, I left Rome for a time and took no further steps towards being received into the Church, without, however, abandoning the intention. I went to Naples and Capri and remained away a month, during which time I lost every vestige of inclination towards Catholicism. The power of it all passed from me as suddenly and as completely as it had come. I returned to Rome at the end of a month, and with intervals have lived there since; but the power which held me for that short time has never

re-asserted itself, and while retaining an affection for the Roman Catholic Church, and a gratitude for the spiritual growth it gave me when on the threshold of its borders, I am reasonably sure that it holds for me not the Truth, but only a part of the Truth.

You will ask me now perhaps: What part of the Truth did I find in the Church which attracted what I believe to be Truth in me?

What appealed to me was the veiled mystery of the Blessed Sacrament.

I had been "brought up" in the Free Church of Scotland. There as in all the Presbyterian Churches the "Communion" is a Memorial Feast. Ordinary bread is broken, ordinary wine poured out, as symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ. "This do in remembrance of Me."

Later I had joined the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which is to all intents and purposes the Anglican Church. That step I took always seeking a more spiritual communion with Christ. In the Communion of the Church of England I found for a time much inspiration, and a sense of spirituality, although had I been asked for my definitions of certain terms, I am afraid I should have been considered very unorthodox and even blasphemous. But there is no real authority in the Anglican Church, and a member is virtually free to make his own interpretations.

Again the Communion became less spiritual to me. When I began to frequent the Roman Church, and tried to understand its teaching, I found at once a deeper mystical meaning in its Communion than in any other Church, and, what appealed to me most, the accentuation of the "Presence" of Christ as *always* in the Church. The curtained tabernacle, the unquenched altar-lights, brought a great sense of comfort and strength to me. I had so often felt the other Churches to be empty. There I saw the Veiled Mystery ever present.

There is no Church which can compare with the Roman Catholic Church in its exoteric presentation of Christianity. The Presbyterian Churches and the Nonconformist Churches are training the people to be the future temples themselves. The members of these Churches are being taught to think for themselves; individualism is being steadily developed. Only the

Church of Rome claims itself to be the Visible Body of Christ; only the Church of Rome logically claims to be itself *the* Truth, and demands that its members be members of *its* Body with no development of their own outside its borders. The "borders" of the Church are very wide, to my mind sufficiently wide to include in the future all who require the *exoteric*. Those who reach beyond the boundaries of the Church will not require a "Church" at all. I believe that the root of the Church's power is in her literal interpretation of the words of Christ: "This is My Body broken for you—take eat"; in her bold claim of power to constant re-creation of the sacrifice of Christ, and in her masterly management of the curtain with which she veils her limitations. Human nature loves a mystery which it can touch. And so the Church with fitting ceremony draws back the veil and bids her children come and touch!—touch! for me, the limitation!

Mrs. Besant thinks that "by giving intelligible objects for the worship of the unevolved she (the Church) guards from degradation the sublime concepts of the Deity that the advancing soul requires." That the Church has "sublime concepts of the Deity" I agree; but that she has been successful in guarding these "concepts" from "degradation" I do not think.

That the Church recognises this is patent by her having such an order as the "Reparatrice," a sisterhood whose office is to "*repair*" insult to the Blessed Sacrament, insult "intentional" as well as "unintentional."

Could it be otherwise? *Can* the concrete contain such a conception? So long as the Church insists on the constriction of the Truth to the circumference of the consecrated wafer, so long will she make it possible for the Power of Evil to assume the Face of the Divine; but this very fact is a "Triumph's Evidence for the fulness of the days."

I believe that exoteric Christianity has reached its apex in the Church of Rome, that already the separate particles of its coalescence are spreading, that the present result is chaotic in proportion to the intensity of highly charged atoms; but that the evolution of the whole must be an infinitely wider spiritual perception, ergo *conception*, and a corresponding absorption of

the weakness of the Concrete into the progressive power of the Abstract which emphasises the recurrent presence of Divinity in Mankind.

M. H. J. H.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

LAST November a well-known London Rector delivered an instructive lecture, entitled "Theosophy and Culture," to the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society. In the course of it the lecturer courteously, and in a friendly and sympathetic spirit, put forward some criticisms, and expressed his anxiety to have certain questions answered,—not so much for himself as on behalf of a number of people outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society, whom he knew to be asking such questions.

As time did not serve to reply to these queries after the lecture, it was suggested that another evening should be given to them, and that the writer should undertake the answers. This programme was carried out before an overflowing audience on March 19th.

As so many of those present, and also the lecturer himself, expressed a desire that the verbal answers should be put in writing, I now, after some hesitation, attempt to do so.

Before, however, I proceed to deal with these questions, a copy of which our kindly critic sent me before the meeting, I would have it very clearly understood that the answers I attempt to give are put forward solely on my own responsibility; they prejudice no other member's views. They are simply answers, man to man, according to my present understanding of theosophy and experience in the Theosophical Society. They represent my own point of view; just as any other member who should attempt to answer the questions would set forth his or her individual standpoint. I have consulted no one, and write with no authority but what the answers themselves may perchance convey if they are found to be reasonable.

Two men are then discussing certain questions: a sympathetic enquirer, and a member of the Theosophical Society—perhaps I may be allowed to add, an old member. My questioner says: Well, what do you really think about this or that?—and I reply: I think so and so; but I cannot guarantee that other people in the Society think the same.

In a Society in which there are no tests save only a declaration of sympathy with its three objects, in a Society that practises the policy of the "open door," there must naturally be every variety of belief and every grade of ability in expressing that belief. Consideration for others, however, requires that we should abstain from saddling the Society with our own special beliefs and way of expressing such beliefs.

It is with this feeling, though at the same time with full conviction that the Spirit of Theosophy does not encourage a lifeless scepticism, but rather a bold declaration of belief, and utter honesty of statement, provided it be set forth in decency and with right reason, that I attempt to set down on paper some of the reflections which the following ten questions call forth.

QUESTION I.

In what sense is Theosophy a synthesis of philosophy, science, and religion?

We must here first of all decide in what sense we are using the word "Theosophy." For me Theosophy is one of the many echoes of a Great Name, life-giving and wise-making. There are many other echo-names of that Great Name, which is in itself a Master-Idea, ever-living, everlasting, infinite, Divine. It is no empty abstraction, but the inspiring fulness that leads to the complete satisfaction of Self-realisation, the mode of At-onement with Truth.

Its manifestations are to be seen in all ages, especially in the lives and teachings of the greatest of men, the fine flower of human kind, no matter of what race or of what creed, men and women inspired with the Divine Wisdom and that Love of Truth which manifests itself when thought, speech and act are in harmony, and life is thus lived out complete in all these modes of human activity.

I dare not, then, presume to limit theosophy to any one of its manifestations, or to decide which is the noblest of its expressions; for I know that the more deeply one studies and makes vital in oneself any one of its many traditions the greater beauties reveal themselves, and the more ignorant do one's previous prejudices appear.

Nor do I believe that with theosophy it is simply a question of evolution, as that much-abused word is generally understood, and that a later phase of manifestation is (from the point of view of balance) necessarily more true than an earlier one, or that all previous manifestations are necessarily to be explained in the light of the latest.

I do not think that the modern Theosophical Movement, which is at present in embryo, can be judged by its earliest stages. Nevertheless, it is, I feel sure, even in its embryonic state, a great advance for most of us on the conditions in which we found ourselves before entering it; and for no few of us, I know, it has proved an unspeakable blessing by opening up ways of access to the inestimable treasures of the world-theosophies of the past and present.

Those expressions of theosophy are frequently so beautiful that we have naturally at present little in the modern literature of our movement that compares with them—that is, if we should think of making such a comparison, instead of insisting with all our strength, and making it apparent by our devoted study, that all of them are our scriptures without distinction. We should make them ours by striving to live in their spirit, and so recall the life and power and wisdom of those great theosophies of the world to all who have ears for such matters. And I think I may say without prejudicing any, that most of the members of the Society are of this general persuasion, whatever their individual preferences may be, for of course we all have naturally our individual preferences.

Now if this is some feeble adumbration of what I conceive living theosophy to be, then no matter how crudely I have expressed the idea,—for indeed it would take many volumes even for so feeble a musician as myself to sing the praise of this Great Name—it needs must be that it should embrace all that is of true

worth in human endeavour and experience, and thus must embrace whatever of value there is in philosophy and science and religion.

The latter phrase, however, reminds us of the sub-title of a certain book, *The Secret Doctrine*, written by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky; and by it the foundress of the Theosophical Society claims that theosophy is such a synthesis. Of course it is difficult to know precisely what was in her mind when she used the phrase, but her whole effort was to show that for a man to keep his philosophy, and science, and religion, in water-tight compartments, was to be on the side of formalism and artificiality, rather than on that of life and nature. It was probably in the sense of a natural whole, or organic unity, that she used the term synthesis; for she was continually doing battle with materialism in philosophy, science, and religion, and preaching the gospel of a theosophy that could unite these necessary and mutual complements which materialism ever strives to put asunder.

Theosophy, for her, was a synthesis, a constructive life, a union and natural blending; but before reconstruction, or regeneration, there has to be destruction, and she strove hard to destroy many forms of thought and moulds of mind that she believed were shutting out the light and life of Self-realisation.

Theosophy to be theosophy must satisfy the philosopher, the scientist, and the religionist in man; it must not satisfy one portion only of his nature, and force him to shut off the rest of himself. It is a saving reality to which he must give himself wholly; and in so far as it does not appeal to the wholeness in him, it falls short of just expression.

By synthesis is not meant, I hold, a collection of unblendable materials; it must be something that is vital and natural, if it is to be of true worth. The many experiments in syncretism and eclecticism are not to be derided because, to outward appearance, they have not infrequently failed to result in an organic whole. These blendings of forms and traditions have been not seldom garments of motley clothing a living body of wisdom within; or, if you will, to use a stronger simile, they have been manure suitable for enriching the ground in which the vital seed of theosophy was germinating.

But, indeed, without synthesis there can be no means of vital gnosis, no sense of the nature of wholeness. It is the Spirit of Theosophy, the organising Breath of the Divine Wisdom, that rounds out the life of a man, waking him from the death of imperfection to the life of completion.

This view of the matter makes it impossible for any book, ancient or modern, to be taken as an inerrant scripture—no matter how valuable that book may be as an exposition of the nature of theosophy. For it requires a vital organism to express such a natural synthesis.

By the very fact of its sub-title, therefore, the book which H. P. B. called *The Secret Doctrine* was not intended in any way to encourage its admirers to perpetuate the sad mistake of the bibliolatry of the past, which has in so many cases dwarfed the life of theosophy, and confined its message to the solitary ground of religion and faith as apart from science and philosophy; for if the present theosophical movement is to be simply a repetition of the mistakes of the past it will be of no true vital and permanent value to the present age, which demands a correction of such mistakes.

But if I understand rightly, this was far from the writer's intention, no matter how highly she valued some of the contents of the book, and far also from the wisdom of her inspirers. Indeed, had it, by any stretch of imagination, been ever intended that the book should be taken as a kind of *Urevangelium*, or root-gospel, for the members of the Theosophical Society, she herself has defeated that purpose by filling the major part of it with controversial matter which must necessarily be of an ephemeral nature. The book, in its best contents, however, is a great book, declaring in tones of deepest conviction, and with a prophetic utterance that reveals its source as inspired, that there is a living gnosis.

But to this we may return in a subsequent answer; here simply premising that, in our belief, theosophy, to be of true worth, must be such a living gnosis possessed by the individual, or rather a gnosis lived out by the whole man; and that books on theosophy, no matter how valuable their contents may be, are at best sign-posts pointing the way. They declare that there

is Theosophy, Divine Wisdom, the Secret Doctrine of all ages, for it has to be heard first in the silence alone, in the hidden chamber of the heart, before it is seen everywhere in the world, and sensed in the life of all creatures. But a sign-post is not the way; it points out the way, and it always points to the regeneration of the man himself as that way.

QUESTION II.

What is the ground on which its philosophy rests ?

The ground on which the philosophy of theosophy—in the sense in which I am using the term—rests, is the reasonable interpretation of experience. In so far as it sets forth a philosophy of life, it must base itself on experience. This experience must include all known experience, and therefore includes vision and apocalypse. But vision and revelation must necessarily be of all grades, seeing that the human factor, the medium of transmission, is of all grades.

There must therefore be a reasonable interpretation of such experience. Experience and the interpretation of experience, however, are two different things, and do not necessarily go together. Theosophical philosophy should be the interpretation of experience, and the criterion of its truth must be whether or no it explains experience as a whole.

By reasonable interpretation, I do not mean a pseudo-synthetic exposition that sets forth a rationalistic system of selected experience only, but a true synthetic "theory" that endeavours to leave out nothing that is known, least of all the most brilliant illuminations of the mind and deepest ecstasies of the senses. A truly synthetic "theory" is a ray of reality that has the power of awakening living ideas—ideas that should be "felt" as well as "thought," which should possess Life as well as Light.

But, you will say, have you such a theory; is it to be found in any books?

Books, as we have already said, are sign-posts and not living ideas. All that we have a right to expect of a sign-post is that it should point in the right direction. Nevertheless, this

we would say boldly, that the great masterpieces of theosophy, the revealed scriptures of the ages, are magical sign-posts, for those with eyes to see and ears to hear; they not only point but speak, they not only speak but light the way.

I am myself so constituted that an ancient scripture appeals to me far beyond all other books. If its tradition is still alive, its antiquity is a guarantee of its having been tried in the fire of experience and not found wanting; if its tradition has ceased but in its time has enjoyed many centuries of life, the same may be said of it. Nevertheless antiquity in itself is no guarantee of wisdom, for wisdom is ever young. A book may also have had no tradition, and yet contain greater wisdom than many of long life. Moreover scripture may be written to-day as well as written yesterday. Most people, however, think otherwise; they think scripture must be old to be scripture, and do not see that according to this theory there never could have been any scripture at all. The Baha'is, for instance, think otherwise.

Do I by this intend that the modern Theosophical Movement is producing scripture? Yes, I think it is producing some scripture, and that, too, though all my instincts in such matters are very conservative; and I hope it will in the future produce much high scripture.

But as I believe that I am encouraged by wisdom to study all scriptures with utmost discrimination, in the assurance that they have been written through fallible human beings, I perhaps have a different view of scripture from many. Indeed I have a large library of scriptures, and not only one bible; and in that library I place some writings written down in our own day. Such gems as *Light on the Path*, *The Voice of the Silence*, and *The Stanzas of Dzyan*, not to mention others, are in my library of scriptures.

As to *The Stanzas of Dzyan*, which constitute the scriptural content of *The Secret Doctrine*, I have no hesitation in saying that not only do they compare favourably with any of the old systems of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis with which I am acquainted (and I have made a special study of no few systems), but that I am not aware of any that help to bring into view so vast a vista or set forth so large a process.

That these colossal stanzas are not plagiarisms from already known material, I am well assured. A distinguished Orientalist now deceased rashly declared they were, but when challenged to produce the sources, he could not do so. If any other can, let him do so, and we will thank him most heartily; for as I wrote years ago to the distinguished scholar to whom reference has been made, that is just what we want, the sources of such stanzas, and as many of them as possible. If they are plagiarisms, give us the originals, and receive our thanks. This, however, does not mean to say that I regard these stanzas as unique of their kind; they are of the same order of apocalypse as others enshrining ancient cosmogonies and allied mysteries, and their great lesson is to show that apocalyptic in the great mode is still alive and not dead. It may, however, be added that they are far fuller than any others with which I am acquainted.

On the complex of H. P. B.'s extraordinary subjective self I am here setting forth no special view. That is a problem too complicated for treatment in a general answer such as this, even were I competent to attempt it, which I am not.

What I know is that the H. P. B. I knew, and knew intimately, and loved, could not have invented these stanzas; nor do I think she was the poet who sang the words. Her subjectivity, I am convinced, blended temporarily with other and far greater minds, and touched states of sublimity. Some of it got through; the surprising thing is that so much got through, when we remember what a very mixed being she was.

Do I then take these stanzas as fully revealing the "synthetic theory," to which I have referred? No, I do not. They have, however, helped me immensely to feel after the nature of that theory. The system is marvellous in its own way, but it is not, and I do not see how any system can be, a mechanical key of interpretation to all other systems. You must yourself possess the living idea that it enshrines before you have the key. The stanzas are still for all of us full of puzzles that the commentaries do not attempt to solve; there are in them inevitably mistakes of transmission, and there are in every probability other sources of unavoidable error, in the descent of the ladder of being, seeing and singing.

Every such apocalypse must be understood on its own ground; the utterance of experience is not its interpretation. Interpretation is of another order.

I love these stanzas and am desperately interested in them, but this is mainly because of what lies behind them, in the hope one day of "seeing" for myself and "singing" in my own way; but that is, I know, dependent on "becoming,"—that is the first step.

I therefore believe that a man may be an infinitely better theosophist than myself or any of us without ever reading either these stanzas, or any others; but if he is, it is because he himself is becoming that of which the stanzas sing and which other great world-poems utter.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN A TEMPLE OF OLD EGYPT

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

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I SUDDENLY became the observer of a multitude who were within the outer court of the temple; with them I passed within to the inner court, and found that a great ceremony was going forward; a young neophyte was about to pass into the Holy of Holies; this the multitude knew as they waited in stillness and silence.

I, too, entered the Holy of Holies—merged as it were in the very being of the boy, and yet retaining an outside consciousness that stood apart and was learner and spectator. Well-nigh in the middle of the holy place was a Cube of pure white marble; on its west side stood the boy in his pure linen raiment, his head bowed, his hands clasped upon his breast, in attitude of deepest adoration.

There hovered over this cubical altar a wondrous Column of iridescent Light, ever-moving, reaching up far out of sight. The

vital brilliance of this Light-wave mingled with the being of the boy, flooding him, bathing him, baptising him, and thus mingling with every part of his *whole* being. The boy moved not, looked not upward; the mingling of substance took place as he was wrapped in adoration. It breathed Itself into him; there was no outer sign of recognition or consciousness of it. The pulsing was through all, and changed all his substance.

My own soul knew as I gazed at this ever-moving Light that it shaped Itself into various forms all at once: There were the Buddha, the Christ and Zoroaster, and other Great Masters; They all shone in It, yet It was not any one of Them,—It was They and beyond Them.

The boy had *felt* the Divine Life mingling with his being. He now returned again into the world of men and *saw* the Divine Form behind everything that is—no form too low, no life too mean. Behind all It ever is. And there grew up within his heart a wondrous compassion, a tenderness, a gentleness; and this compassion brought him back again to the temple, for nothing bars the Holy of Holies but man's own unworthiness.

Again he enters and stands at the west of the marble Cube, the attitude the same, head bowed, hands together. The same Column of Light is there, but within, this time, is a mighty Heart of Flame. From this Heart living threads as of Fire shine forth and attach themselves to the heart of the boy, making his heart also a-flame with wisdom and knowledge. Forth and back fly the sparks of living force between the Heart of Light and the boy's heart.

Again I follow the boy's life in the world and see how that now his heart has been lit with the Fire of heaven, he not only *sees* the Divine Form behind all things and all men, but he *feels* with them. He *feels* the energy of the gambler; he *feels* the passion of the harlot; he *feels* also the Life-wave that runs in the trees and the flowers; the force also of the lion, the horse, and all that lives he feels and is of that Life. And out of this feeling grows a deeper compassion that mingles with wisdom, and from it is born a pity and a love—a love that enwraps and uplifts, is creative, and is one and the same as Life itself. This again carries him back to the temple.

Now at the west of the Cube he stands, and is indrawn into the Column of Light; and there, enveloped in the Glory and Beauty, his eyes see with the Eyes of Heaven. The scheme of Life unrolls before him, mighty, gigantic, glorious: he becomes *one* with the Great Law. This time his going forth is as Light, a Star in the world of men.

R. P.

TO MARS IN SCORPIO

THE golden and gleaming topaz,
Fire running in water!
This is the stone of Scorpio;
In this sign Mars I worship.

This potent and piercing ray
Awakens the snake in the water.
She bringeth forth powerfully;
She bringeth forth angels and devils.

Angels of living fire,
Angels of living water!
In devils the force is corruption;
The ray of the god becomes darkness.

O Mars, thou strength of the gods!
Thy strength is creation in Scorpio;
Thou art the strength of all worlds;
Thou art the force of destruction.

Thou killest what cannot live;
Thy spirit is in the thunder,
In the crooked lightning of heaven,
In the terrible crags of the mountains,
In the raging waves of the ocean.

Thou art the fierce soul of the tiger,
The courage and pride of the charger.
Thou shakest the bowels of earth,
The swift-flying wind is thy chariot.

Thou art the unsheathed sword,
Thou art the shield of the soldier.
Cruelty, violence is thine,
In hearts that are not tuned to meekness.

Thy ray is blood-red in their eyes;
Thy note is the terrible war-shout.
Thy force is obscured in their lusts;
It moves in ways strange and devious.

Mars, give us thy power in its pureness!
Be iron deep down in our spirits;
Be steel in our vigorous bodies;
Be unswerving sight in our eyes.
Through thee may our enemies fall,
And our feet ever walk on firmly.

O Mars, thou high god in heaven,
With thee we unite our being!
May our lives rise up from Scorpio
As clear as the gleaming topaz,
As the fire within the water!

FLORENCE TUCKER.

L'Annonciata, March 1st, 1908.

No one can say he is himself, until first he knows that he *is*, and then what *himself* is. In fact, nobody is himself, and himself nobody. . . . There are places you can go into, and places you can go out of; but the one place, if you do but find it, where you may go out and in both, is home.—GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lilith*.

THE VICAR'S MOOD

THE bachelor vicar of Willow Lea sat in his garden ; it was a brick-walled kitchen garden built in terraces ; in it, besides vegetables and fruit trees, there grew roses and lilies, and big bushes of lavender and southernwood. The vicar loved it ; and the advantages of having tea there were great, because you could at any time rise and pick an apricot or a peach as you wanted it, hot from the southern wall.

A friend had ridden over to see the vicar ; he was a grey-headed man of middle age. The vicar was nearly sixty ; he had been vicar of Willow Lea for twenty-five years ; he was a man with a grave kindly face, eyes that could twinkle, and a very quiet pleasant voice.

"I had a letter this morning that might interest you," said the visitor ; "though of course I can't give names. You know I hear of strange psychological cases ; I have written two books on subjects I don't understand ; but then, as other people don't understand them either, I have built up a reputation on the strength of them."

"Quite so," said the vicar, and his eyes twinkled. "That is often done."

"This is the case of a man who tried to explore unknown regions by following certain queer instructions. He is a person who is not capable of dealing very wisely with any difficult affairs of this world, so perhaps it is not strange that he isn't capable of dealing with the affairs of the next, especially as he is a stranger in the land. He has been to doctors in Paris and London, to people supposed to be religious experts, to hypnotists and 'healers.' It's all no good ; he seems to have opened a door into a region which he doesn't understand ; he can't shut the door, and no one hitherto has shut it for him. The denizens of this region, of a very peculiar nature apparently, walk in and out

and to and fro as they please. He does not seem to have 'found himself,' as a stable centre anywhere. It seems likely to end in a lunatic asylum for him."

The vicar did not speak.

"These things do not interest you?"

"Yes. They do. When I was a younger man I 'investigated' spiritualism; and later, when I was first vicar here, I experimented with certain religious symbols, as to their effect on myself. I can't say I was always able to 'open the door'; but it opened sometimes, and I saw things which seemed to mean a good deal. Unlike your correspondent, I could always shut that door at pleasure; I mean I could stop the process the symbol seemed to start. I think that is unusual; and is probably a matter of temperament. I did not do this long. Things took what I think I might call a subtle phase with me."

"In what way?"

"Well! this parish is very small; and though, thank God, I never did neglect my duties, yet I had much leisure. I gave much time to prayer, and to methods of meditation and contemplation. I also read much modern speculation and controversy. I became unable to decide what *was* 'the true way'; and reading and meditation did not help me. Of course I knew the claims—historical and otherwise—of the Church to which I belong, and of other great religious bodies. It was difficult to decide between them. I fell back on authority; but then authority has to justify itself; and it is only the individual who can decide, intellectually, whether a given authority is an authority for *him*. Authorities conflict, and are equally insistent as to their claims. Understand I am not speaking of those who accept authority on faith. About that there's no arguing. Half people's most vital beliefs they cannot prove. If a man believes, he believes—and there's an end! I think myself that 'supernatural faith' is knowledge unshared by the brain. But I also think that the brain, and perhaps the soul too, are capable of seriously distorting that knowledge of the spirit. Still I think real faith has a solid ground in *some* fact of the spiritual world."

The vicar paused; and placed a ripe pear on his guest's plate.

"I determined to cease my speculations. I knew enough to live my daily life and do my duty. I had the faculty of utterly shutting off a thing I had decided I could never solve. I could turn outwards, as it were; and the inner problems became non-existent. I did this. My last conscious thought on the matter was as follows: Since I had this faculty and could live my life fairly efficiently, knowing I didn't know all I wanted to know; and since others had *not* this faculty, and would torture themselves into a madhouse by their restless minds, I wished any illumination that might conceivably be granted to me might rather be given to those who were, from temperament, less able to endure life without it. Then I troubled no further, and went into the fields. They were full of flowers—common flowers—but you know how you get new views of quite common things by just thinking of and looking at them. I stooped down to look at the seed pods of a flower at my feet; and as I stood up, suddenly, simply, naturally, and without effort my problem was solved—solved for *me*; perhaps it would not have satisfied you; and yet I think it would."

"What happened?"

"So little happened that it's hard to say. It was only a sudden and quite simple and spontaneous shifting of a point of view. But it had, for me, the effect of a Mount of Transfiguration. No description I give of it is the least like it, you understand. How shall I put it? First, it seemed to me that to talk of externals is misleading. There are no externals; they are the thing itself; it is only that we have an entirely wrong idea of them; we misinterpret their meaning. I saw that you cannot talk of inner life and outer form; you cannot say there is reality and illusion; the illusion is with you. You cannot say there is matter and spirit. There is One Thing. Does this sound mad to you?"

"Go on, please."

"It was like standing at the source of some fount of living Fire and seeing it become — no! It did not become; it was itself—the thing—that appeared. And it was real; not mere 'appearance'; it revealed a fact; nay! it was alike the fact and the revelation. This One Thing was at once all objects of the

world of the body, and the world of the soul; but it was something more besides, which I could feel but not describe."

"Pantheism, my dear friend?"

"No. Not pantheism. Because this One Thing was also a Being. Because it stretched throughout the knowable, and *was* the knowable, and still transcended it. The knowable and unknowable, the transcendent and the transcended were alike the One Thing. There was in It no illusion whatsoever; it was as simple and as clear as truth. There was no within or without; and there was no 'individuality' at all. There was only this omnipresent and eternal Living Substance. The 'thing in itself' was here present with us, if we could but realise it. That was all we needed—to see what was really there. I had believed in the Incarnation before, you know; but now I saw that mystery as I had never seen it—a most profound Simplicity. If such an Incarnation as *this* were possible, it was not hard to believe the doctrine as I believed it. It was only this Universal Word of Joy uttered in a tone that human ears could hear."

"Did this last?"

"The spiritual ground, if I might so phrase it, lasted. It is a permanent possession. But the—mood shall I call it? did not last. It returns; not whensoever I wish it, it is true. Though I can put myself into a condition of mind and body very likely to induce it. But when it comes it is at my disposal; I mean, while it endures, to whatsoever person or thing I direct my attention I seem to understand that person or thing perfectly for the time being; and I keep a certain understanding of them permanently."

"That is very interesting."

"Y-yes," said the vicar. "I suppose it is somewhat interesting psychologically. It is such an easy thing I wonder it is not quite common. Well! everything is interesting, Don't you think so?"

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE last birth: The number of perfection whereby he shall create himself.—NEŌ-KOROS.

“SHINING FIRE”

I HAVE drunk of the River of Lethe
 Till my soul lieth drugged by its dream ;
 I have drunk of the River of Lethe,
 Drawn down by the swirl of its stream.
 Nay, Lethe ! I swear to forswear thee
 For the sake of a glorious strife ;
 Renouncéd be River of Lethe
 For Ocean of Life.

No clay is my Soul, but a star-world
 Sent forth from the Bosom of God,
 Emanation of cosmical Æon
 Enwrapt in a garment of sod ;
 Yet mine is a Garment all shining,
 It gleams through the mire of earth,
 O starry resplendent great Garment,
 Thou pledge of re-birth !

Three-barb'd is my strength, God-ordainéd,
 Triune is the power I wield,
 All-might of the spirit, soul, body,
 The Field, and the Lord of the Field.
 Triumphant from valley to mountain,
 Proud Seër of ultimate height,
 Hail, hail to thee, Spirit within me,
 Source, Fountain of Light !

I spurn not the soiled gay garment
 Befouled with the mud of desire,
 I shrink not from earth-born contagion,
 The portals of yearning and fire.
 Nay, then ! but I mingle not, burning,
 It touches me not, though I bow
 To the might of Love's marvellous magic,
 Nor turn from the vow.

But I climb by the path of my Passion ;
 What matter how weary the way ?
 When feet falter, soul-pinions shall waft me
 To the Country of Ultimate Day.
 Each Planet a steed in my chariot,
 Each Conquest a wing that shall bear,
 Where Victory rings through the boundless
 And musical Air.

In the Robe of my Glory I enter
 His Presence who bids me to come,
 While fast falling from my free shoulders
 Drop Garments and Nakedness,—Home,
 Yea, home to the House of Creation,
 Back, back to the Infinite, free,
 All soundless, all boundless, embracing
 Zone of Eternity.

LILY NIGHTINGALE.

RONDEAU

SAY, SHALL I LOVE ?

SAY, shall I love ? Great Lords of Destiny,
 Sovran Disposers of the earth and sea,
 To whose dread sight the future is unrolled,
 Your awful mysteries to me unfold.

Ye Oracles, I listen silently,
 Dry as a desert, salter than the sea ;
 O heart, my heart, what shall be done for thee,
 Frozen by winds of doubt so fierce and cold ?
 Say, shall I love ?

Lords of the Future, shall I e'er be free
 From these chill mists of dull despondency,
 Or is it written I may yet behold
 The warm red roses and the clouds of gold ?
 Say, shall I love ?

M. M. CULPEPER-POLLARD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF THE ZOHAR

Sepher Ha-Zohar (Le Livre de la Splendeur). Doctrine Ésotérique des Israélites. Traduit pour la première Fois sur le Texte chaldaïque et accompagné de Notes. Par Jean de Pauly. Œuvre posthume entièrement revue, corrigée et complétée. Publiée par les Soins d'Émile Lafuma-Giraud. (Paris: Leroux; 1906, in progress.)

I most heartily recommend to all students of the Kabalah who can read French this monumental work of the late distinguished Hebraist Jean de Pauly. Those of us who, owing to our ignorance or insufficient knowledge of Aramaic and Hebrew, have been students of the Kabalah only in the scrappy translations hitherto accessible, know how we have longed for a readable and complete translation of the Zoharic documents; but such a version did not exist.

There now lie before us two handsome volumes, large 8vo, excellently printed, of 560 and 740 pages respectively,—the first two of the six which will for the first time embrace a really complete translation of the Zoharic documents into any language, ancient or modern.

Though we are not competent to pronounce a technical judgment on the translation, we can give it this high praise: that it reads perfectly clearly for anyone who is acquainted with the style of Kabalistic tractates and Talmudic writings. The French is excellent, and the way de Pauly has succeeded in making the sense clear, by inserting in italics the omissions from the abbreviated and laconic (sometimes almost *sūtra*) style of the original, is marvellous. One can read on with interest unchecked page after page, provided of course one has a love for and some knowledge of the wealth of subjects contained in these composite tractates of a long tradition of esoteric lore.

The notes are of great value also in their references to the books

of the Law, the Prophets, the Hagiographa, and the Talmuds, and also to other Kabalistic writings.

The amount of labour involved in this posthumous work is enormous, and is highly esteemed by the scholars who have examined it. De Pauly lived only just long enough to finish his task; for he died at the early age of 40, after a sad life of distress, deception and suffering, with the hope on his lips, "that the Shekhina would take his immense effort into account, and bring him to the Ancient of Days!"

We have therefore before us the posthumous life-work of a great scholar and lover of the Kabalah, a work to which he could not put the finishing touches; this has been left to the loving hands of others. But the main thing needed was a friend who would take the great risk of publishing so voluminous and uncommon a "bible." This work of love and devotion has been undertaken by Mons. Émile Lafuma, to whom all honour is due. But the burden is heavy for a single man's shoulders to bear, and we would appeal most earnestly to all lovers of the Kabalah, to all competent students of comparative mysticism, and all patrons of such unremunerative work, to do their best to make this great undertaking known, and obtain subscriptions for the completion of this courageous and excellent publication.

The work is to be completed in six volumes (of which two have appeared). Subscribers undertake to subscribe for the whole work, that is all six volumes, at the price of 120 frs., payable in sums of 20 frs. on the receipt of each volume, the price of carriage to be also paid by the subscriber. When the work is complete the price will be raised to 150 frs. We will gladly furnish any of our readers with subscription forms, or they may be obtained direct from M. Émile Lafuma, à Voiron (Isère), France.

The two volumes before us contain a mine of information, and we wish we had space to pick out some fragments of special interest.

G. R. S. M.

JAPANESE PSYCHOLOGY

Essai de Psychologie Japonaise: La Race des Dieux. Par La Vieuville. (Paris: Augustin Challamel; 1908.)

A PLEASANT book and pleasantly written, dealing with the Japanese, his habits, customs, art, literature, religion, and philosophy. In the limits of 182 pages it is not of course possible to treat the subject deeply, but the general impression conveyed is very good and the

information contained very considerable. Possibly the first chapter on Impressions is rather influenced by the author's acquaintance with the country being of recent date with its accompaniment of Western leaven, but the later ones are excellent.

L. W.

THE TEACHINGS OF ABBAS EFENDI

Some Answered Questions. Collected and translated from the Persian of 'Abdu'l-Baha. By Laura Clifford Barney. (London: Kegan Paul, etc.; 1908. Price 4s. net.)

IN January and February, 1907, we published two interesting papers on "Bahaism or a Universal Religion," by Mr. Sydney Sprague. Our readers should, therefore, know something of the Bab, and his successor Baha'u'lla, and the present chief representative of the tradition, Abbas Efendi, the son of Baha'u'lla. To those who desire to know more of this important spiritual movement, which we devoutly hope may leaven the whole Mohammedan world, Miss Barney's book can be most cordially recommended. It consists of a translation of answers given to questions in a quite informal way at meal-times, and not intended originally for publication.

They are, however, very well rendered and edited, and make an excellent summary of the views of the Bahais on a number of important points. We have read the book with keen interest and sympathy and wish we had space to quote at length from it. Though there must be necessarily a number of points which we should like to discuss with the distinguished mystic in exile at Acca, it would hardly be fair to assume that it is all set forth precisely as he would set it if he were writing a book. On one point especially he is in disaccord with most of our readers—the doctrine of reincarnation. His position, however, is so curious that we hope to set it forth for our readers in the following number.

But even supposing we cannot agree on this point, there are so many others of high spirituality on which we can agree that it is not necessary to labour too much the points where we part company; as, for instance, that Bahaism is the consummative manifestation of God to man. That claim is its most severe handicap.

The book is handsomely bound and well printed on good paper. Four shillings for a work of this kind, 344 pages, demy 8vo, is not a "business proposition," but a Quixotic adventure. We have tried

adventures of a similar nature ourselves, but have come to the conclusion that it is fairer for all that the price should at least cover production. The publishers of course could not sell the book at such a price under trade conditions.

G. R. S. M.

FOR THE SUPERFICIAL

- (1) *The Magic Seven*. (2) *The Magnet*. By Lida A. Churchill.
(London: N. L. Fowler & Co.; 1908. Price 1s. net each.)

THE title of the first-mentioned book is misleading, implying as it does mystic numbers, correspondences and various other jugglings with words which delight so many in these days. In this instance, however, the magic seven resolves itself into seven very dull crude chapters with "catch" titles, such as "How to Command Opulence," "How to go into the Silence," etc. It is difficult to imagine the type of persons to which this superficial writing appeals now that it is so easy to get the priceless utterances of the great world-thinkers and writers, and yet we notice that this is the sixth edition of this book!

The Magnet is even more juvenile than *The Magic Seven*. The writer appears to be quite ignorant of the subject she treats. Magnetism, in the sense here used, as the power of love and attraction, is not and never will be, at the command of *anyone* who sits alone for an hour a day "*absolutely still*, not even winking"! No reason is given for "winking" being so disastrous to the mighty power of magnetism, and as winking, or should it be blinking, is a necessary relaxation of the eyes we are inclined to think the sitter would be more likely to injure them than develop magnetic power.

M. M.

VERSUS CANCER

- Health at its Best v. Cancer*. By Robert Bell. (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 1908. Price 5s. net.)

THIS is a book in praise of fresh air, water, and vegetables (in salad). Two things are to be avoided at all costs: constipation and an operation for cancer. The right treatment for this disease has, apparently, been given in a previous volume, and, one gathers, is connected with Nuclein. There is a good deal of physiological and other information which may interest those intrepid explorers of the present age who start off with a guide-book and sketch-map to conquer their own insides or those of their friends. It would have been less wearisome to read if of half the length.

L. W.

PLATO'S THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

Six Essays on the Platonic Theory of Knowledge as expounded in the later Dialogues and reviewed by Aristotle. By Marie V. Williams, late Marion Kennedy, Student of Newnham College. (Cambridge: The University Press; 1908. Price 3s. net.)

WE have read these six essays with interest. Miss Kennedy belongs to the school that sees in the later Dialogues a great advance on the views put forward in the earlier, the chronology apparently being established on the lines of Lutoslawski's monumental work *The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*. These essays, unfortunately for most of our readers, are unreadable without a good knowledge of Greek, and this is to be regretted, for many of them are interested in just such subjects as are indicated by Miss Kennedy's titles, namely: i. The Search for Knowledge; ii. The Analogy of the Arts and its Application in the *Politicus* and *Philebus*; iii. The World-process of the *Timæus*; iv. The Ideas as Numbers; v. The Pythagorean Numbers and their Relation to the Platonic Ideas; vi. The Aristotelian Critique of the Ideas and Numbers of Plato. It is all excellent work from one point of view, while from another it does not "get there" in any vital sense. Miss Kennedy is fascinated by the polished surfaces of the schools and has no native mysticism; and without that, we hold, there can be no true explanation.

G. R. S. M.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT

Father and Son. A Story of Two Temperaments. (London: Heinemann; 1907.)

THE book before us is one of unusual interest, and of permanent value as a "human document." It is the story of a boy's life in one of the narrowest Protestant households (Plymouth Brethren) of fifty years ago. The father was an eminent naturalist, and perhaps less narrow than the mother; but both were extreme literalists in religion, to which they gave every thought, after their own fashion. Almost every pleasure in life they considered it their duty to deny themselves, even to the extent of considering it wicked to read or relate tales of any kind. Their chief recreation consisted in reading the Bible and books on the Prophecies, and they looked forward eagerly to the expected approaching fall of Rome.

Most households of the period were very narrow, and the children were brought up with little understanding or sympathy, but this was an extreme case.

How "the Son" was affected by the want of companions, or of poetry and fiction, he relates in this book; and some of the anecdotes are very curious. Having once found some tools lying in the garden, he bored a hole in the pipe of a fountain; and when his parents were discussing it, he found that he was not suspected. Thus he learned for the first time, to his great surprise and consternation, that his father was not, like God, omniscient. Another time, hearing so much about the heathen who worshipped wood and stone, he dared to try if idolatry would really bring down the wrath of God on his head; so he prayed to a chair, without visible result—unlike Ingersoll's Jew, who found, when he came out after eating pork, that a violent thunderstorm had sprung up, and remarked, "Lord, what a fuss to make about a little bit of pork!" Another time, when Paul's denunciation of the Law was being read, he suddenly exclaimed, "O how I do hate that Law!"—thinking the Law was an actual person.

However, in the scientific world, there was a shaking of the dry bones already. *Essays and Reviews* and Colenso had shaken the worship of the letter, and the *Vestiges of Creation* had at least familiarised more advanced thinkers among the reading public with the idea that species might not be unchangeable. The facts of geology, too, had shaken Protestantism, as those of Astronomy had shaken Catholicism three centuries before. At that period, however, many men (scientific or otherwise) thought it necessary to find some theory which would enable them to reconcile the Bible (or, rather, what was assumed to be Bible teaching) with geology. Some of these theories were extremely absurd, as that fossils never had any real existence, but were mineral concretions resembling organic remains, or that fossils were brought from the moon or from one of the planets either by God to tempt the geologists, or by the devil to destroy them. It is curious how old ideas revive under different circumstances; and some Theosophists assert that wheat and the bee were brought from the planet Venus for use in this world. The better class of scientific men, however, did not indulge in such vagaries, and Hugh Miller, in his *Testimony of the Rocks*, put forward the suggestion that the "Six Days of Creation" were geological periods, shown to Moses in a series of six separate visions. (There

is, of course, nothing very incredible about this; indeed, if the outlines of the legendary history of Moses are historical, it is quite conceivable that such visions may have been shown him in the Mysteries of Egypt.)¹ It is a pity that "the Father" of the book we are now discussing did not consider this, or some similar explanation, sufficiently literal, so he invented a theory which he called the law of Prochronism in Creation, according to which the world was created six thousand years ago, ready made, with animals and plants in every stage of development, and bearing every appearance of having existed for untold ages. The book in which this strange theory was explained, appeared two years before Darwin's *Origin of Species*; but few beside the author were disposed, even then, to take it seriously.

When "the Son" grew older, he went out into the world, and made a name for himself on other lines than his Father; and he concludes his book by saying, "as respectfully as he could, without parade or remonstrance, he took a human being's privilege to fashion his inner life for himself."

W. F. K.

FOR THE SUFFERING

To Those who Suffer. By Aimée Blech. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1908. Price 1s. net.)

THOSE who are already acquainted with the little book entitled *À Ceux qui Souffrent*, by our colleague Mlle. Aimée Blech, of Paris, will probably welcome the excellent English version which has now been prepared by Mr. Fred Rothwell. This is essentially a book to put into the hands of enquirers, and since there are none too many books of this type in our literature, the present work is sure to serve a useful purpose. Mlle. Blech writes with much sympathy and charm, taking great pains to present as clearly as may be in an elementary treatise some outlines of theosophic teaching, and anticipating many of the commonest difficulties of the neophyte in these studies. May we suggest that in future editions the expression "fellow brothers and sisters" may be altered. It occurs on the first page—and fortunately not again.

B. G. T.

¹ The Creation story, however, is plainly Babylonian, or at least Semitic, in origin, and not Egyptian.—Ed.

WAS JESUS AN ESSENE?

Was Jesus an Essene? By Dudley Wright. (Power Book Co., Wimbledon; 1908. Price 1s. net.)

MR. DUDLEY WRIGHT strives to answer this question in the affirmative in a little book of fifty-six pages belonging to a series calling itself "The New Life Booklets." The question has often been asked and answered in many different ways by the learned. We ourselves are fairly well persuaded that Jesus was a member of what we may call an Essene-like community; but the subject must be treated with a surer knowledge of values than is shown by Mr. Wright, who especially surprises us by giving credence to Notovich's literary fraud, *Vie inconnue de Jésus*, in which he makes the Master a pupil of the Indian sages and in early life resident in India. Mr. Wright is also unfortunate in the writer of his "Preface," who stridently asserts of his modest volume: "This book contains more truth per square inch than any book I have read, for a long time, on a similar subject." The question may be a novel one to the writer of the Preface, as indeed Mr. Wright confesses it was to himself till very recently, but it is one of the best known questions of Christian origins, and the literature on the subject is enormous. The most recent, and most objective and accessible, description of the Essenes is F. C. Conybeare's article in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*.

G. R. S. M.

THE QUALITIES NEEDED FOR SUCCESS

Self-Reliance: Practical Studies in Personal Magnetism, Will-Power, and Success through Self-Help or Auto-Suggestion. By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S. (London & New York: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1907. Price 5s. net.)

THIS world is a nice place to live in, provided you can get on; and the author shows here, in a convincing and pleasant way, and with crowds of illustrations from famous workers' lives, what is necessary for the purpose. All that he says is quite true; the book is a good tonic so far as it goes, not "preachy," but a handy pick-me-up for sickly resolutions and shaky wills, and weak mental vitality or ambition—at those times when lads, and men and women too for that matter, are asking foolishly "Is life worth living?" Having come so far in his thinking, Dr. Coates will probably go farther, and discover the True Self, on whom we are to rely.

C. G. C.

THOUGHT AND THINGS

A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought or Genetic Logic. By James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D., D.Sc. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Glasgow); Author of *Mental Development, Social and Ethical Interpretations*, etc.; Editor of *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology*, and the *Psychological Review*, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. Vol. II. Experimental Logic, or Genetic Theory of Thought. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1908. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

IN reviewing the first volume of the present work in the September number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for 1906, I drew attention to Prof. Baldwin's ridiculous claim to be the initiator of a truly *Real* or *Knower's* Logic; rather, I said, is it only a *Rambler's* Logic, since, in spite of all his accomplishments, Prof. Baldwin simply ignores the meaning of *pure* thought. It may seem curious that the author of *Mental Development, Genetic Logic*, etc., etc., should be charged with insufficiency of mental capacity, and no doubt it looks as if I were deficient in the most elementary literary courtesy; but I find that Prof. Baldwin is a life-long conspirator against the most obvious logical verities. *Can Thought be realised as caused?* This is what Prof. Baldwin and his applauders—also men of the highest accomplishments—disdain to settle, or rather fondly fancy they have settled by “pooh-poohing” pure thought. “A thought,” says Prof. Baldwin (p. 330), “that is simply formal *about nothing* and by nobody is not thought. The abstract self-identical and impersonal ‘thought’ of metaphysics is a myth—or, at best, a postulate.” What is this but a reduction of thought to mere conception *à la* Kant, whose fateful *Critique of Pure Reason*, with its absurd conclusion that we can think only of things, lies at bottom of modern thoughtlessness? Of course, *conceiving purely from within* cannot be worth much, as everybody knows; this would mean simply fancying. Naturally, then, Kant came to declare that *conceiving*—only unfortunately he equated *conceiving* with *thinking*—is bound up with perception, and elevated those propositions which are based on *experience* above those which are purely *fancied*, calling the former synthetic, the latter analytic judgments. But he never went so far as to make *Thought rise* out of experience, as do the modern sheep who bleat in imitation of him and all the time pride themselves on their originality. That which is true does not become any the less so though all professors and doctors of science declare the contrary,

and it is true that *Thought alone is not caused by but antedates every human experience*. In leaving this out of sight, Prof. Baldwin has stamped his Genetic Logic on a tissue of external reflexion, which may meet with the applause of learned ignoramuses, but which profits no one who is anxious to cultivate his *thinking* capacity. The vaunted improvement on Logic since Hegel's days, "the tendency to minimise the logical, in the sense of dialectical, character of the method by finding empirical data of experience to give some content to the thought principle," is due to mental stultification, not to progress, and can be compared only with the equally modern endeavour to depose God "whom no eye hath seen" and put something tangible in His place.

F. S.

WHEN OCCULTISM WAS TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS

The Zodiacus Vitae of Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus: An old School-Book. Described by Fisher Watson, M.A. (London: Wellby; 1908. Price 2s. net.)

MR. WATSON is to be thanked by all lovers of the curious for his interesting description of Palingenius' *Zodiacus Vitae*. It was one of the books that were *required* to be read by students in most of our English Grammar Schools in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This old school-book is in Latin hexameters in twelve books; the writer was a distinguished scholar of Ferrara and dedicated his volume to the renowned Duke Ercole I. The main interest for us is that Palingenius sets forth his lore from the astrological, alchemistical and occult standpoint, showing that this was the general standpoint of the learned of the day.

"Palingenius, however, was no vulgar alchemist or astrologer. He is characterised by a keen desire to arrive at a right spiritual application of all physical theories. He occupies a position which bears some analogy to that occupied, in our generation, by the late Professor Henry Drummond in connecting physical and spiritual thought in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. In other words, he emphasises the unity of knowledge, physical and spiritual."

Mr. Watson summarises and selects passages from the twelve *zodia*, and turns out a readable little volume. A short Appendix by Mr. W. Gorn Old treats the matter astrologically.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

The Theosophist, March, reprints the never-too-often recalled "Words on Daily Life, by a Master of Wisdom," as the inspiration of the new "Order of Service." If its members live up to this standard all will indeed be well. M. C.'s "Disciple" is not developing well; her conception of the Masters and Their dealing with Their disciples differs widely—not to say fatally—from what we have learned of Them. She believes in Their Wisdom and Power, but she does not realise Their Love. And yet, if a man has not learned the primary, foundation principle that his past, his present and his future are guided by Powers who *love* him, it matters little whether he calls himself Theosophist or Calvinist; the root of the matter is not in him. "Seeker's" valuable paper "India's Hope," is continued; Mr. Edward E. Long writes on "Food and the Man." The second division comprises more "Letters from a Sūfi Teacher"; "Studies in Comparative Science," by Louise C. Appel; "The Date of the *Bhagavad Gītā*," an unfinished paper by Rama Prasad; another instalment of "Occult Chemistry," of which we can hardly say anything till the volume is completed; and more of Dr. Steiner's "Superphysical World and its Gnosis." We must commend to our readers' careful study the report of the meeting at Madras in honour of our new Vice-President, Sir S. Subramania Iyer. A career which receives—and deserves—such hearty commendation alike from Englishmen and Hindus is something to look back upon and gives good reason—we had almost said, for pride; let us rather say—for thankfulness.

Theosophy in India, February and March. The literary contents of these two numbers are: lectures by Mrs. Besant, "The Work of the Theosophical Society," and "Working for Fruit"; "The Holy City of Kāshī"; "Our Civilisation, shall we build it on Senses mortal or Spirit immortal?" by "Seeker"; and U. Venkata Rao's "Karma," a paper doubtless valuable, but intelligible to Sanskrit readers only.

Central Hindu College Magazine, March. An interesting number, in which Mrs. Besant's plain speaking in her "Plea for a Return to a simple Eastern Life" has much for Western readers also.

The Vāhan, April. Here Activities and Correspondence fill up most of the limited space, and the "Enquirer" has but a single answer.

An important paper by Mr. A. H. Ward, upon "The Seven Rays of Development" is begun only.

Lotus Journal, April, Miss Mallet's series of Great Musicians is this time occupied with J. S. Bach; Mrs. McDouall's personal recollections of H. P. B. are welcome, every little trait given us adds to the picture.

Also received with thanks: *Bulletin Théosophique*, with the account of the General Meeting, March 15th. The Secretary's Report is encouraging, though the number of members has not greatly increased. Perhaps the best sign is the activity of the provincial branches; we are told that "Next to Geneva and Marseilles, Nice with its neighbour Monaco has become the most important centre of our Section." We join heartily in the regret that Dr. Pascal's continuing ill-health has forced him to give up the General Secretaryship he has held so long and carried on with so much devotion. *Revue Théosophique*, March, translates Mrs. Besant's "H. P. B. and the Masters of Wisdom," and Dr. Pascal's "Consciousness" is continued; *Annales Théosophiques* is a new venture, edited by M. Gaston Revel, in which are to be published a selection from the lectures given in Paris and elsewhere. It is an excellent idea, and we wish it every success. We cannot resist quoting the following, from M. Dace: "Magic, in itself, is neither good nor evil; there is neither Black Magic, nor White Magic, nor Red Magic—only Magic, pure and simple; and (to use an expression of one of my own Masters) Black Magic is what other people practise; for ourselves—whatever we do is always White Magic! We cannot define Magic by its object." We need look no farther than the history of the Society to see how much "Black Magic" has been done for the highest and holiest of causes. *De Theosophische Beweging*; *Theosophia*, April, whose original articles are "Free-will," by G. Heuvelman, "Of Love and Hate," by W. J. D. van Andel, a translation of Miss Edger's "Devotion in Zoroastrianism," and some smaller notes; *Théosophie*; *Bollettino della S. Italiana*, March and April; *Sophia*, March, with translations from Mrs. Besant and Lafcadio Hearn, "Theosophy and Theosophists," by A. F. Gerling, "How to study Theosophy," by Arimi, and the conclusion of J. R. Moreira's "Christian Doctrine"; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Tietäjä*, whose contents are given us as: "Annie Besant, an Appreciation" (with photo); "Dhammapada, II. to IV."; "Why I became a Theosophist," by Aate; Leadbeater's "Invisible World," "A Seer" (W. Blake), by V. H. V., and a letter on Theosophy in Holland, by J. H.

Van Ginkel. The Russian *Messenger of Theosophy*, March, reports its contents (in addition to translations) as "The Seven Principles of Man," by D. Stranden, "Foundations of Theosophical Synthesis," by Batuchnoff, "Ecclesiastical Art," by E. Kouzmine, "Theosophy in England," by Alba, with the usual departments of literature, science, bibliography, etc.; *Theosophic Messenger*; *Theosophy in Australasia*, March, of which the ten columns contributed by Mr. John upon Adyar, Benares, and the Convention form very pleasant reading; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, February and March, with notes of the Convention, from which we learn that the Section now includes fifteen Branches, with 404 members, a net increase of fifty-five during the year; *Virya*, March, which publishes a valuable lecture by Dr. Alejandro Sorondo on the relation of the Theosophical Society to Modern Society; *La Verdad*.

Modern Astrology, April. Here we have an interesting and important article by Mrs. Leo upon "Kārmic Disabilities," and the Editor's "Esoteric Astrology" is continued—this time treating of Nativities. *Occult Review*, April, is mainly remarkable for Mrs. Alexander's "Goethe and Mysticism," with interesting illustrations; but has also a paper on Karma, by W. J. Colville, and Miss Florence Farr opens a series upon the Kabalah. *The Dawn*; *Siddhanta Deepika*; *Indian Review*; *O Mundo Occulto*; *The Extract*, the second number of a new monthly which comes to us from Tinnevely, South India; *Notes and Queries*; *Rosicrucian Brotherhood*; *Herald of the Cross*; *Swastika*; *Health Record*.

W.

THOU would'st not find it so hard to bear with others, if thou would'st only keep in mind how hard they oftentimes find it to bear with thee.

SEEK earnestly for a good Director, and obey him; but do not forget that thy eternal salvation is of more importance to thee than it ever can be to him!—*From the Spanish*.

THOSE whose faith is like a rock can afford to dance a hornpipe and be merry. Those whose faith is built of sand must be serious, reverent, and respectful, or they will fall with a crash.—ALTERUTER.

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