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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE meeting of the British Association this year at Belfast, under the presidency of Professor Dewar, has not been productive of ideas of much general interest, and has contrasted strangely with the preceding one twenty-eight years before, in the capital of Orange-ism, when Professor Tyndall so electrified the ecclesiastical world. The only connecting link between then and now lay in the suggestiveness as to the properties of matter in the presidential address. More and more these properties are vanishing, as the supposed "absolute zero" is approached, and matter bids fair to be left with only the quality of extension, denuded of all else as heat is reduced. However, Professor Dewar reasserts "the inscrutable mystery of matter," while showing an impatience of metaphysics which his greater predecessor did not share. His devotion to detail seems to have paralysed his power to grasp the wider problems which science will yet face and help to solve.

Scientists in
Meeting

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A VERY interesting article appears in the *Academy* of September

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13th, by Mr. F. Legge, on a new hieroglyphic script. After alluding to the Babylonian and Egyptian scripts, and the fact that States as highly organised as the Roman Empire were flourishing on the Euphrates seven thousand years before the Christian Era, Mr. Legge goes on to speak of the "Hittites," Kheta or Khatti, who held their own for a long time even against Babylonia. These people, it seemed, possessed a script of their own, found to be of "conventional character and debased execution," so that the users thereof had received it "from remote antiquity." The cuneiform characters were in use beyond 5,000 B.C. This new script is "on the face of it older than the cuneiform," and the language has "no affinity with either Babylonian or Egyptian." Mr. Legge concludes :

We have, therefore, to look for a civilisation older than that of Babylonia, sufficiently developed to have acquired a system of writing at least as good as that of Egypt, and which sent no emigrants into the West until the fourteenth century B.C. Where can this civilisation have developed? For my part, I cannot even hazard a guess.

As one civilisation after another looms up out of the mists of antiquity, each ancient State proving itself by its broken fragments to be the possessor of a high and complex civilisation, the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* become ever more and more justified. Truly is H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy being constantly confirmed that the buried, but to be unburied, civilisations would prove the truth of her words.

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A NEW excitement was enjoyed by London during September, no less than the claim by the pastor of a Clapton place of worship to be the Messiah, Christ returned to earth.

Children of the
Resurrection

This gentleman, the Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, is the successor of the Rev. H. J. Prince, who founded a sect called "Children of the Resurrection." He was to have been translated to heaven with his followers, but he died in 1899, and in the disappointment caused by his death Mr. Pigott stepped forward and kept the sect together. The curious may read in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's volume on strange religious sects the story of "Brother Prince" and his Agapemone. They

formed, in 1849, a family, living in the luxurious "Abode of Love" in Somersetshire, and were apparently all wealthy people, chiefly drawn from the Established Church. They objected to asceticism, and led a merry, easy life. There still appears to be a predominance of wealthy members in the sect, and the "Abode of Love" remains a well-appointed and luxurious country house. Mr. Pigott on September 7th, speaking in his Clapton chapel, "The Ark of the Covenant," quietly announced :

I who speak to you to-night, I am that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again and ascended into heaven ; I am that Lord Jesus come again in my own body to save those who come to me from death and judgment. Yes, I am He that liveth, and behold I am alive for evermore—the Lord from heaven and life-giving Spirit to those who know me and come to me. I am come again for the second time as the Bridegroom of the Church and the Judge of all men, for the Father has committed all judgment unto me because I am the Son of Man. And you, each of you, must be judged by me.

He is accepted in this character by a number of believers, who profess unbounded delight. The public is sceptical, and so mobbed Mr. Pigott when he appeared a few days later that the police had some difficulty in saving him from personal violence, and similar scenes have since been repeated, over a hundred policemen being required to maintain order. The whole thing is ridiculous or pathetic, according to one's point of view, but why should Mr. Pigott be mobbed? The Jews have been hated for many centuries because they were reputed to have mobbed the Jesus of the Christian Church, but the followers of that Jesus are animated by just the same spirit to-day, when they mob a man who makes a divine claim. Every such claimant in the West is a fraud or a fool to his own generation, and this attitude of mind is likely to stand in the way of any high manifestation of divine Manhood in our time. The treatment accorded to this harmless, however deluded, person would be equally accorded to a divine "Son of Man" should such a One appear among us, and yet people ask: "Why do not the Masters reveal Themselves?" A Messiah police-surrounded and with a defensive pugilist on the coach-box is a sorry spectacle enough; but the popular feeling which makes such protection necessary to save from ill-usage one who cannot defend by inner power his exalted claims is a spectacle far more pitiable. Surely all claims may

be left to the sure arbitrament of time, which covers the small with its dust and leaves the great erect amid its ruins.

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CLAPTON does not stand alone in possessing a modern Messiah. Another has appeared in Russia, who also calls himself the new Messiah. He preaches in the streets, lives as
 Also in Russia
 and elsewhere does the poorest peasant, and seeks nothing from any man. His doctrine is purely one of love, and he entreats all to be gentle to each other. Let us hope that he may not be as obnoxious to the Russian Government as his co-claimant is to the English mob. Another Messiah appeared in Paris, and he was quietly put into a lunatic asylum—whether justly or unjustly does not appear. America also possesses a Messiah, more than one, I believe. And she had a man apparently of some power, whom she hunted to death—the Healer Slatter.

* * *

THE Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, in *The Christian Life*, writes an interesting article on Christianity and Theosophy. He puts very clearly the theosophical position with regard to the unity of all the world-faiths :

The Defence of
 Theosophy

For one of the results of the science of comparative religion, one of the results of patient and laborious research into the sacred books of the world, into the religious philosophies of the nations, into the underlying belief of races, is the discovery of the fact that, amid manifold diversities, there is a common teaching concerning the soul of man, the nature of God, and His Fatherhood of mankind. Only, whereas the comparative mythologist asserts that this common religion is due to the fact that religious ideas have sprung from savage superstition, from fear of the powers of Nature, from reverence for dead ancestors, the Theosophist, on the contrary, asserts that it is due to the fact that all religions have had a common origin in the divine world, that the various teachers of religion all belong to one band of love, one great Brotherhood, from whom the great founders of religion have come among men to guide and uplift them.

Mr. Davis then states the doctrine of Re-birth, and, alluding to its acceptance among the Jews, remarks that the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 538, anathematized it because it was destructive of the doctrines of total depravity, of original sin. After

touching on karma, and on the compassion that grows out of these ideas, Mr. Davis says:

I can find no other than a feeling of profound admiration for a band of truth-seekers joined in comradeship in a holy cause whose aim is to convince the world that all men are brothers, that the purpose of life is to develop the spiritual nature of man, and the only use of this development to serve humanity the better. They bid the Christian put aside his bigotry and exclusiveness, and to live the life of Christ. They bid the social Reformer to be the thing he wants others to become, and influence his fellows to the godlike ideal by embodying the godlike life. It not only calls upon men to be true to their ideals, but gives reasons why they should be so, not generally known.

May many other ministers follow the generous example of Mr. Davis. His outspokenness is the more remarkable that he writes from that centre of intolerance and religious bigotry, the town of Cardiff. We earnestly hope he may not suffer for his boldness.

* * *

SOME time since it was stated by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in one of the Transactions of the London Lodge—and the statement is re-

In the Far
Skies

peated in *Man's Place in the Universe*—that there are two planets beyond Neptune, the outer one moving in an orbit over ten thousand million miles from the Sun. *The Times*, of September 15th, reports a paper by Dr. W. E. Wilson, in which the author referred to

The search for a planet situated beyond the orbit of Neptune undertaken at the instance of Professor Forbes, who had pointed out that as Jupiter and Neptune each had a distinct group of comets whose aphelia lay close to their orbits, so in the same way there were two cometary groups, which indicated that there were two planets beyond Neptune, one of which was about 100 times the earth's distance from the sun.

The planets have not yet been found, and the immense distance makes the discovery a matter of great difficulty; still their existence is recognised, and confirms the statements of the theosophical writers.

* * *

A SURPRISING novelty, Nonconformist friars, is announced. They are going to assume a famous name, "Brothers of the

Common Life," a name rendered illustrious by Puritan Friars Thomas à Kempis and others. The rule of S. Francis of Assisi is to be taken as a model, and a black gown and cape are to form the habit. The vows are to be terminable, in this resembling the Buddhist Bhikshus. Canon Gore, now Bishop of Worcester, and Mr. Howard Frere founded a similar confraternity in connection with the Church of England some twelve years ago, but it breathed only to die. What will ordinary Nonconformists say to this revival of the much-abused friar? The reaction of Puritanism seems to be over, and the pendulum is swinging again towards Catholicism.

* * *

THE following passage from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, will repay study :

A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our

The Future intellect causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us.

From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere. If not, it would have to be said that, where Time is concerned, we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects. It would be as absurd to assert this for Time as it would be for Space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the two-fold infinite mystery in which our whole life floats.

Space is more familiar to us, because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and make it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveller would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only at the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist. . . . Realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history that overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow, which we embroider on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion.

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MORE journeyings by land and sea, for the sake of the blessed work which Theosophy gives to its servants. The 25th of August

For
Theosophy

saw me in the steamer on the way to Holland, bound for Amsterdam, the home of the devoted band of Dutch Theosophists, and on the morning of the 26th the hospitable house on Amsteldijk was reached. That night a lecture was delivered to the Amsterdam Lodge and its visitors, a goodly gathering. Next day brought the Lotus circle together, a promising set of boys and girls, who sang a very kind and pleasant welcome, the fresh young voices ringing sweetly out. This function was followed by a reception, and after some general chat we settled down to questions, a favourite pastime when eager Theosophists can encircle an older student. In the evening came another lecture, the opening ceremony in the new large room of the second Lodge in Amsterdam. Mr. van Manen translated admirably at all these meetings. The 28th saw us at the Hague, where there was a lecture to a meeting of members in the beautiful rooms opened by the President-Founder last year, and a second lecture to the general public in the evening. The next day had but one lecture, open to the public, and the 30th was given to interviews and a private meeting. Two more meetings on the 31st closed the Dutch work, and I took train in the afternoon to Brussels, leaving on the platform at Amsterdam many kind faces and loving hearts. Nowhere is there a band of workers more devoted and loyal than those who gather round Mme. Meulemann, Mrs. Windust and Mr. Fricke.

We began work in Brussels on the morning of September 1st, and managed three meetings, one a lecture, on that day; the morning of the next day went in interviews, and in a visit to the studio of one of our members, M. Delville, to see a fine picture he is painting for the Palais de Justice; Theosophy has given him some fine conceptions, and his colouring is very beautiful. Then came a brief interview with the Golden Chain children, and a question meeting for the elders, followed by a private meeting; and then a drive to the station to catch the night mail for London, where I arrived on September 3rd.

On the 5th, Mrs. Mead and I started on a northern tour, which began with a lecture to the Harrogate Lodge and many visitors, on the evening of that day. The Federation meeting

occupied the afternoon of the 6th ; it adjourned for tea, and came back, as eager as ever, for the evening meeting. It grows steadily, and has a good record of work. Two meetings in the morning and public lectures in the afternoon and evening filled the Sunday, and on Monday morning was yet another gathering. The evening saw us at Leeds, where a public lecture was given, and public lectures followed at Bradford on the 9th and 10th. On the 11th we took train to Middlesbrough, where a public lecture was given in the evening, and Lodge and question meetings were held on the 12th. On again next day, to stop at Whitley Bay for a meeting of the Tyneside Lodge in the afternoon, and a public lecture at Newcastle in the evening. Sunday, the 14th, had three meetings, the third a public lecture, and Monday saw us on our way to Glasgow. Here there was a public lecture in the evening, and on the following day a Lodge meeting and a question meeting. Southwards again to York, and a public lecture on the 17th, and on the 18th across to Hull in time for an evening lecture. The work at Hull was completed on the 19th with Lodge and question meetings, and on the 20th we went on to Sheffield, where a public lecture was delivered that evening. On the 21st there was a public lecture in the morning and a question meeting in the afternoon, followed by a Lodge gathering, and that same evening we returned to London.

On the 23rd I went to Southampton, a town very backward in religious matters, and lectured in the evening. There was a crowded audience, and many were turned away. A question meeting was held in the afternoon of the 24th, and was also well attended. After this I returned to town to preside at the Blavatsky Lodge annual meeting.

While this is in the press, the month's work will be finished by a lecture to the London Lodges on the 25th, and lectures and meetings at Sale, Manchester, Didsbury, and Liverpool, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Work in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh will occupy my time in October, till I leave for Berlin on October 18th. After taking part in the formal inauguration of the German Section, I visit the French, Swiss, and Italian Lodges, reaching Brindisi on November 23rd, and setting sail for India.

THE BOOK OF EPIPHANY

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 19)

THE contents of the *Book of Epiphany* may be roughly divided into seven classes, but these seven classes are not as a rule separated into any hard and fast divisions recognised by the Egyptian compilers. These divisions may be characterised in the following manner :

1. Hymns.
2. Chapters dealing with or referring to the initiatory ceremonial.
3. Simple meditations to be used probably while in a state of partial trance, or perhaps I should more correctly describe it with the aid of an induced condition of clairvoyance.
4. More complex meditations to be used while in a physically active condition aided by certain ceremonial practices.
5. Clairvoyant meditations upon some particular symbol.
6. Apocalyptic expressions of the Soul's triumph.
7. The chapters of the knowledge of the names of Osiris and other Gods.

The hymns, of which there are about a dozen, are found in two groups, one at the beginning of the book as a sort of introduction—one or more of these was in all probability recited or sung as a fitting beginning for all and every religious exercise; the other group of hymns is that now known as chapter xv.

These two sets of hymns and the clairvoyant meditations upon particular symbols are apparently the only parts of the book recognised by the compilers as being actual separate parts; the latter of these two exceptions to the general rule received the title of the *Book of Transformations* and is referred to by that title in another part of the book.

The hymns present a difficulty entirely their own; it is, how-

ever, simply the difficulty which the poetry of any language must always present to any other language; it arises from the fact that the ordinary rules of grammar are frequently stretched a little under the necessities of rhythm and the flow of syllables in metrical or semi-metrical cadence. These hymns are of great interest to us as giving us a more vivid conception of the thoughts of the Egyptians about God and the divine symbols than we can find elsewhere. We find in them some very beautiful expressions of the attributes of divinity.

For example, of Osiris Onnophris we are told: "He is crowned as Lord of the Pillars," *i.e.*, "as Lord of the Place of Revelation," and "as Ruler in the Shrine of the Unmanifest," or as we should put it nowadays: "He is able to reveal and to hold back from revelation." Again, we find: "He is the mover of the future and constrains the Upper and the Lower World by Truth." Of Ra, we read: "Thou beholdest the innumerable worlds; man cannot measure thy separation of them, but the measure is with thy heart."

Again, in another place, after the elements have given Him praise, we read: "The earth utters a voice, overflowed with silence (saying): O Unity, existing in Heaven before plains and mountains were formed. Protector! Lord of Unity! Maker of beings! whose speech hath moulded the substance of the Gods" —a sentence thoroughly akin to that mystic idea so widespread among the ancients of the calling into being of the substance of creation by the utterance of a word.

The chapters of simple meditation of the second group were probably used very much as in India to-day the various sects use the various names in meditation; that is, by assuming an attitude of repose, withdrawing the imagination from all thought of the body and of mundane affairs, and then hypnotising the mind by the continual repetition of the name of Râma or some other. In Egypt the special chapter chosen for meditation would be repeated over and over again until the ideas underlying the symbolism would appear to become as the very essence of the being of the meditator, when, losing all sense of time or place, he would be carried away in a vision in which the symbols would unfold themselves and explain their own mysteries.

Chapter iv. is a good example of these sentences to be repeated in trance. In the mystical language of Egypt it is called "Chapter of the Passage of the Upper Path of the Gate of Paths." Put in plain English this means, "passing from the Entrance Gate along the Higher Path." The Entrance Gate, or Gate of Paths, is this our present life which opens to our feet the paths of Good and Evil.

The words to be recited are these: "I am he that crosses the torrent, separating the contending forces. I have come, I have subdued the fields on account of Osiris."

The Initiate having realised that these words form a riddle of the "Way of the Midst" of the Gnostic writers, that is to say, the path between the pairs of opposites, he throws himself into a state of trance and mentally repeats these words until, by means of the suggestion produced by the repetition he subdues the fields, *i.e.*, the lower and animal nature, on account of Osiris. The word used for "fields" here is *AHeTU*; it refers to the feeding grounds of the domestic animals, mystically symbolising the subdued lower or animal nature. It has, in fact, somewhat the same signification as the stable and manger in Christian symbolism.

A good example of the more ceremonial chapters is that called "Chapter of the Four Torches," now numbered 137A. The rubric informs us that it was to be recited over four torches made of some material, the nature of which is not known, but is probably some woven stuff rolled into the shape of a torch, and dipped in some oil of an equally unknown nature, called "*Thehennu*." These torches were to be held in the hands of four men, upon whose shoulders were written the names of the four pillars of Horus; this ceremony seems also to have been performed in a room set apart and ceremonially prepared by recitations over images or tablets built into the walls, which stood foursquare to the cardinal points.

Without going into details, for the chapter is of considerable length, I will merely point out that this ceremony seems to have a modern parallel in a ceremony described by Éliphas Lévi in his *Dogma and Ritual of Magic*. He calls it, "the conjuration of the four," and the underlying idea seems to be to build up a sort of mental barrier against the attacks of evil influences among the

spirits of the four elements, the earth, air, fire and water, the names of which the old philosophers used as the symbols of those finer essences which have analogies in human temperament, when a person is said to be in character fiery, watery, airy or earthy.

The fifth division of the *Book of Epiphany* is perhaps the most interesting of any in many ways. It appears probable that it consists of twelve meditations on twelve symbolic transformations of Isis on her mystic progress in search of the hidden Osiris.

Here again, contemplating the symbol until he fell into a partial trance, the Initiate would recite the chapter until the adventures of Isis seemed to be his adventures and he himself the seeker for Osiris. In Christian symbol it is the Church's search after Christ.

I will give as an example one of these chapters which has been less comprehended than the others, I know not why, for it hangs together very well and presents very little real difficulty, if one keeps the symbol in one's mind while reading it.

It is now numbered lxxxvi., and its title is "Chapter of making Transformation as a Swallow." In reading this chapter it is necessary to keep before one's mental vision the idea that the words are intended to be read as the recitation of Isis in the form of a swallow, the principal characteristics of this bird being its migratory habits and its peculiar low flight as if searching for something. The words are:

"I am a Swallow, I am a Swallow. I am, O Scorpion, that daughter of Ra. Hail, Gods of Delight! Hail, Gods of Delight! perfume ye the Flame that manifests on the Horizon.

"Hail, Dweller in the City! I have brought the Warden of his Moat.

"Stretch out to me thy hand, for I have made my contemplation in the Pool of the two Flames.

"I went forth as a messenger and I have come with a message; open unto me that I may say what I have seen—even Horus as the master of the ship, having mounted the throne of his Father Osiris, and Suti, son of Nut, beneath the net which he had made for me.

"I have learned what is in the Place of Forgetfulness, I have stretched out my hands when Osiris desired me.

“ I went forth to learn, I have returned to speak. Let me pass, that I may tell my message, for I am she that entereth in to learn and cometh forth to declare at the door of *NeBRcZeR*.

“ I am purified upon that great Path, I have wiped away my impurities, I have done away my uncleanness ; I have destroyed the impurities that pertained unto my flesh on earth.

“ O ye great Doorkeepers, who make for me a Path, I am even as ye, I have come forth into the Day, I walk upright, I am the Ruler of my footsteps.

“ O God of Light, I, even I, know the mysterious Gates of the Paths of the Fields of Elysium. Lo, I come, I have overthrown my opposers upon earth, and my body rests in its trance.”

It will be noticed that the first half of this chapter is distinctly reminiscent of the migratory character of the swallow, the bird that comes and goes; but as the chapter unfolds itself, one finds a gradual elevation of the symbolism until the bird character is lost in the aspirations of a human soul, before which the gates of the Mysteries are flung open, that it may pass through in triumph, and ascend to the highest pinnacle of spiritual exaltation.

I have translated the word *QeReSTU* as “trance,” for I believe that in Egypt trance was looked upon as temporary death, and that many of these meditations were prepared for by the Initiate first surrounding himself with the symbols of death and of ceremonial burial, in order that he might render the trance condition deeper by means of suggestion, as well also as to remind him that the *real* tomb of Osiris is the human body ; for Osiris may be defined as some principle in man which is latent, or symbolically speaking, dead and embalmed while the man lives, but rises again from the dead at the man’s death ; a principle that is, which is slain at every man’s birth, and buried in that man’s body in order that that man may exist. This, I should say, is the case of the ordinary man, but there is another condition possible, an ideal condition attained to by but few, and in Egypt the symbol of this ideal condition is the God *TeMU*, the Sun in the West ; this is the symbol of the manifest appearance of the Christ upon Earth, visible to all men—the man in whom, though still alive as to the flesh, Osiris lives, and in whom Osiris

in union with the human Soul is recognised and realised as the Very and Only Self, the primal Source and Reason of all things.

To attain to that ideal, the Initiate must be willing to pass through the mystic death while yet his body lives. This mystic death is the great Gate through which the Initiate could pass into "the shrine of the unmanifest," represented in geographical symbol by the city of Abydos, the greatest of the symbolic earthly burying-places of Osiris.

The Egyptian Initiate's greatest longing was to enter this, the inmost shrine of Being, and the triumph song of his attainment is found in the xviith chapter, and portions of the lxivth chapter. In the opening of chapter xvii. he says: "I am *TeMU* in Being, I am made One.

"I have become in the primeval waters, I am Ra in his coronation."

In the lxivth chapter, he says: "I have come to see Ra in his coronation chamber, face to face, and eye to eye."

The Egyptian of old recognised no easy and royal road to this great consummation; the path of aspiration then, as now, was one long battle, though aided and encouraged by the mystic processes of Initiation which are indicated in the *Book of Epiphany*. In these days it is hard to realise the terrible earnestness that could produce such a prayer and such an answer as that in the lxivth chapter, where the Initiate cries out:

"Give unto me the Bolts of the twice mighty Doors, lest my weeping burst forth from me, for I cannot see, and I wander round about in the chamber of Separation from the Shrine of the Unmanifest."

And he is answered:

"Lo the Bolts which fasten the Four Gates, their Heads are as the possessions of thy Hand, yea! they are within thee! Let thy Face be as that of the Hound whose nostril sniffs the scent of his Home."

M. W. BLACKDEN.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 61)

PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

It is on the physical plane that Consciousness must first evolve into Self-Consciousness, must become aware of an external world that makes impacts upon it, and must learn to refer those impacts to an external world, and to realise as its own the changes which it undergoes in consequence of those impacts. By prolonged experiences it will learn to identify with itself the feeling of pleasure or pain that follows the impact, and to regard as not itself that which touches its external surface. It will thus make its first rough distinction of "I" and "Not-I." As experience increases, the "I" will retreat ever inwards, and one veil of matter after another will be relegated outwards as belonging to the "Not-I"; but while its connotations change, this fundamental distinction between subject and object will ever remain. "I" is the willing, thinking, acting Consciousness; while the "Not-I" is all as to which it wills, about which it thinks, and on which it acts. We shall have to consider later the way in which Consciousness becomes Self-Consciousness, but at present we are concerned only with its expression in forms, and the part played by the forms.

This Consciousness awakens on the physical plane, and its expression is the permanent atom. In this it lies sleeping: "It sleeps in the mineral," and therein some awakening into lighter slumber must take place, so that it may be roused out of this deep dreamless sleep, and become sufficiently active to pass on into the next stage: "It dreams in the vegetable."

Now the Logos, acting in the Group-Souls, energises the permanent physical atoms and by the mediation of the Shining Ones, as we have seen, plunges them into the various conditions offered

by the mineral kingdom, where each attaches to itself many mineral particles. At once here we see a large variety of possible impacts, leading to a variety of experiences, and so presently to lines of cleavage in a Group-Soul. Some will be whirled high in air, to fall in torrents of burning lava; some will be exposed to arctic cold, others to tropic heat; some will be crushed and sheathed in molten metal in the bowels of the earth; some will be in the sand tossed roughly by rushing billows. Infinite variety of external impacts will shake and strike and burn and freeze, and in vague answers of sympathetic vibrations will the deep-slumbering Consciousness respond. When any permanent atom has reached a certain responsiveness, or when a mineral form, *i.e.*, the particles to which a permanent atom has attached itself, is broken up, the Group-Soul draws that atom from its encasement. All the experiences acquired by that atom—and that means the vibrations it has been forced to execute—remain as powers of vibrating in particular ways, or as “vibratory powers.” That is the outcome of its life in a form. The permanent atom, losing its embodiment and remaining for awhile naked, as it were, in its Group-Soul, and continuing to repeat these vibrations, to go over within itself its life-experiences, sets up pulses which run through the envelope of the Group-Soul and are thus conveyed to other permanent atoms; thus each affects and helps all the others while remaining itself. The permanent atoms which have had experiences similar in character will be more strongly affected by each other than will be those whose experiences have been very different, and thus there will be a certain segregation going on within the Group-Soul, and presently a filmy separating wall will grow inwards from the envelope, and divide these segregated groups from each other; and so there will be an ever-increasing number of Group-Souls with contents showing an ever-increasing distinction of Consciousness, while sharing fundamental characteristics.

Now the responses of Consciousness to external stimuli in the mineral kingdom are far greater than many quite realise, and some of them are of a nature which shows that there is a dawning of Consciousness also in the astral permanent atom. For chemical elements exhibit distinct mutual attractions, and chemical marital

relationships are continually disorganised by the intrusion of couples, one or other of which has a stronger affinity for one of the partners in the earlier marriage than the original mate. Thus a hitherto mutually faithful couple, forming a silver salt, will suddenly prove faithless to each other if another couple, hydrochloric acid, enters their peaceful household ; and the silver will pounce upon the chlorine and take her to wife, preferring her to his former mate, and set up a new household as silver chloride, leaving the deserted hydrogen to mate with his own forsaken partner. Wherever these active interchanges go on there is a slight stir in the astral atom, in consequence of the violent physical vibrations set up by the violent wrenching apart, and formation, of intimate ties, and vague internal thrillings appear. The astral must be roused from the physical, and Consciousness on the physical plane will long take the lead in evolution. Still a little cloud of astral matter is drawn round the permanent astral atom by these slight thrillings, but it is very loosely held, and seems to be quite unorganised. There does not seem to be any vibration in the mental atom at this stage.

After ages of experience in the mineral kingdom, some of the permanent atoms will be ready to pass into the vegetable kingdom, and will be distributed by the agency of the Shining Ones over the vegetable world. It is not to be supposed that every blade of grass, every plant, has a permanent atom within it, evolving to humanity during the life of this system. Just as in the mineral kingdom, so here ; the vegetable kingdom forms the field of evolution for these permanent atoms, and the Shining Ones guide them to habitat after habitat, so that they may experience the vibrations that affect the vegetable world, and again store up these as vibratory powers in the same fashion as before. The principles of interchange and of consequent segregation work out as before, and the Group-Souls in each stream of evolution become more numerous, and more different in their leading characteristics.

There is more activity perceptible in the astral permanent atom during the course of the accumulation of vegetable experiences by the physical, and it attracts round it astral matter which is arranged by the Shining Ones in a rather more definite way.

In the long life of a forest tree, this growing aggregation of astral matter develops itself in all directions as the astral form of the tree, the Consciousness experiencing in that astral form the vibrations causing massive pleasure and discomfort, these vibrations being the result of those set up in the physical tree by sunshine and storm, wind and rain, cold and heat. With the perishing of such a tree, the permanent astral atom retreats to its Group-Soul, now established on the astral plane, with a rich store of experiences, shared in the manner before described.

Further, as the Consciousness becomes more responsive in the astral, it sends little thrills downwards to the physical plane, and these give rise to feelings felt as though in the physical, but really derived from the astral. Where there has been a long separate life, as in a tree, the permanent mental unit will also begin to attract round itself a little cloud of mental matter, and on this the recurrence of seasons will slowly impress itself as a faint memory, which becomes inevitably a faint anticipation.*

At last some of the permanent physical atoms are ready to pass on into the animal kingdom, and once more the agency of the Shining Ones guides them into animal forms. During the later stages of their evolution in the vegetable world, it appears to be the rule that each triad—physical and astral atoms and mental unit—shall have a prolonged experience in a single form, so that some thrills of mental life may be experienced, and the triad may thus be prepared to profit by the wandering life of the animal. But it also appears that in some cases the passage into the animal kingdom is made at an earlier stage, and that the first thrill in the mental unit occurs in some of the stationary forms of animal life, and in very lowly animal organisms.

In the animal kingdom, the permanent atoms receive far more varied vibrations, and differentiate more quickly, the number of triads in the Group-Souls diminishing rapidly as this differentiation proceeds, and the multiplication of Group-Souls consequently goes on with increasing rapidity. As the period of individuality approaches, each triad becomes possessed of its own

* See *Thought Power, its Control and Culture*, pp. 59-61.

envelope, obtained from the Group-Soul, and takes on successive embodiments as a separate entity, though still within the enveloping case of protecting and nourishing monadic essence.

UNITY OF PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Amid the immense varieties of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, the underlying unity of physical consciousness has been lost sight of, and broad lines of cleavage have been set up which do not, in reality, exist. Life has been wholly denied to the mineral, grudged to the vegetable, and H. P. Blavatsky was ridiculed when she declared that one Life, one Consciousness vivified and informed all.

“ With every day, the identity between the animal and the physical man, between the plant and man, and even between the reptile and, its nest the rock and man, is more and more clearly shown, the physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical. Chemical Science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox, and that which forms man. But the Occult doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal invisible Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is a Life.”*

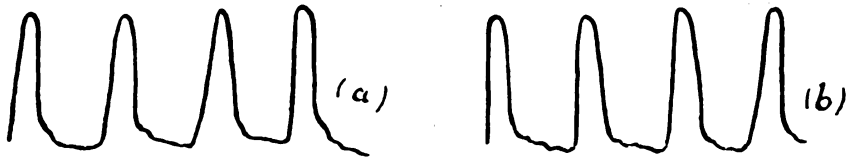
If this be true, it should be possible to obtain from such living minerals, vegetables, animals and men evidence of an identity of life, of sentiency, of response to stimuli; and while we may freely admit that we should expect to find gradations of sentiency, that as we ascend the ladder of life we should expect the manifestations to become fuller and more complex, yet some definite manifestations of sentiency should be found in all who share one life. The evidence for this was lacking when H. P. Blavatsky wrote; it is available now, and it is from an Eastern scientist, whose rare ability has ensured his welcome in the West, that the evidence comes.

Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, has definitely proved that so-called “ inorganic matter ” is responsive to stimulus, and that the response is identical from metals,

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 281.

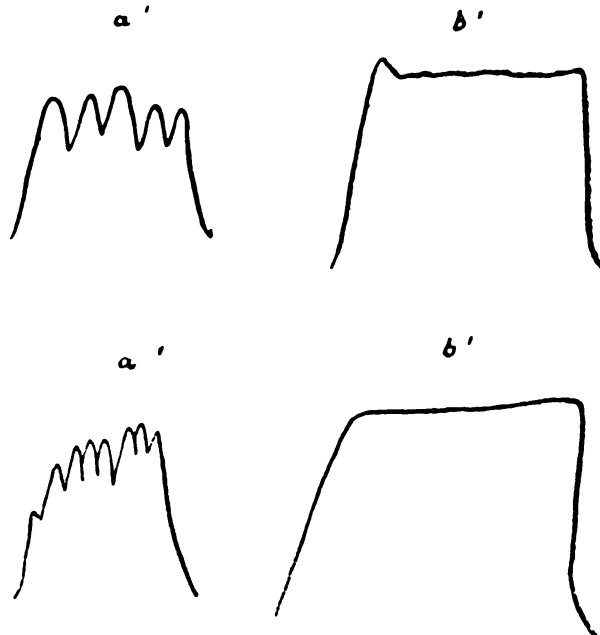
vegetables, animal, and—so far as experiment can be made—man.

He arranged apparatus to measure the stimulus applied, and to show in curves, traced on a revolving cylinder, the response from the body receiving the stimulus. He then compared the curves obtained from tin and other metals with those obtained from muscle, and found that the curves from tin were identical with those from muscle, and that other metals gave curves of like nature but varied in the period of recovery.



(a) SERIES OF ELECTRIC RESPONSES TO SUCCESSIVE MECHANICAL STIMULI AT INTERVALS OF HALF A MINUTE, IN TIN. (b) MECHANICAL RESPONSES IN MUSCLE.

Tetanus, both complete and incomplete, due to repeated shocks, was caused and similar results accrued in mineral as in muscle.



EFFECTS ANALOGOUS TO (a) INCOMPLETE AND (b) COMPLETE TETANUS, IN TIN. (a') INCOMPLETE AND (b') COMPLETE TETANUS IN MUSCLE

Fatigue was shown by metals, least of all by tin. Chemical re-agents, such as drugs, produced similar results with metals to those known to result with animals—exciting, depressing, and deadly. (By deadly is meant resulting in the destruction of the power of response.)

A poison will kill a metal, inducing a condition of immobility, so that no response is obtainable. If the poisoned metal be taken in time, an antidote may save its life.



(a) NORMAL RESPONSE; (b) EFFECT OF POISON; (c) REVIVAL BY ANTIDOTE.

A stimulant will increase response, and as large and small doses of a drug have been found to kill and stimulate respectively, so have they been found to act on metals. "Among such phenomena," asks Professor Bose, "how can we draw a line of demarcation and say, 'here the physical process ends, and there the physiological begins'?" No such barriers exist.*

Professor Bose has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body, can be stimulated and will show similar curves; it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves, when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line and—stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.†

These admirable series of experiments have established, on a definite basis of physical facts, the teaching of occult science on the universality of life.

* These details are taken from a paper given by Prof. Bose at the Royal Institution, May 10th, 1901, entitled "The Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus."

† So far as I know, the Professor has not yet published this lecture, but I had the good fortune to hear it, and later to see the experiments repeated at his own house, where one could watch them closely.

Mr. Marcus Reed has made microscopical observations which show the presence of Consciousness in the vegetable kingdom. He has observed symptoms as of fright when tissue is injured and further he has seen that male and female cells, floating in the sap, become aware of each other's presence without contact ; the circulation quickens, and they put out processes towards each other.*

We may thus allege that Consciousness, working in physical matter, responds to various kinds of stimulation, and that the response is the same, whether it be obtained from mineral, vegetable or animal. The Consciousness shews the same characteristic workings, is the same. The differences which, as already said, we observe as we ascend, lie in the improvement of the physical apparatus, an apparatus which enables astral and mental—not physical—activities of Consciousness to manifest themselves on the physical plane. Men and animals feel and think better than minerals and vegetables, because their more highly evolved Consciousness has shaped for itself on the physical plane this much improved apparatus ; but even so, our bodies answer as the lower bodies answer to the same stimuli, and this purely physical Consciousness is the same in all.

Physical Consciousness is Consciousness working in the cells and tissues of the body, receiving and responding to physical impacts, unaffected by any transmission of impulses onward to the higher planes, or by any impulses sent to the physical body from those planes. The response of this Consciousness in the tin and in the animal will be the same, the pulse indicated by the curves ; the animal will *feel* it while the tin will not—that is the additional working of the Consciousness through astral matter. This working of Consciousness on the physical plane has sunk below the "threshold of Consciousness" in the higher animals and man ; it is shewn in "the memory of the cell," in secretion, assimilation, and other vital functions. As Consciousness functions actively on the higher planes, its lower workings no longer attract its attention, and these slip below the threshold and become what we call automatic.

Now in the mineral, the astral matter connected with the

* "Consciousness in Vegetable Matter," *Pall Mall Magazine*, May, 1902.

permanent astral atom is so little active, and Consciousness is sleeping so deeply therein, that there is no perceptible working from the astral to the physical. In the higher plants there seems to be a sort of forthshadowing of a nervous system, but it is too little developed and organised to serve anything but the simplest purposes. The added activity on the astral plane improves the astral sheath in connection with the plant, and the vibrations of the astral sheath affect the etheric portion of the plant, and thus its denser matter. Hence the forthshadowing of a nervous system above alluded to.

When we come to the animal stage, the much greater activity of the Consciousness on the astral plane causes more powerful vibrations, which pass to the etheric double of the animal, and by the etheric vibrations thus caused, the nervous system is builded. The shaping of it is due to the Logos through the Group-Soul, and to the active assistance of the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom, directing the work of the ethereal Nature-Spirits. But the impulse comes from the Consciousness on the astral plane working in the permanent atom and the sheath of astral matter attracted by it, roused to activity by the Group-Soul. As the first very simple apparatus is formed, more delicate impacts from without can be perceived, and these impacts also help in the evolution. Action and reaction succeed each other, and the mechanism continually improves in receptive and transmitting ability.

Consciousness does not do much building on the astral plane at this stage, and works there in an unorganised sheath; the organising is done on the physical plane by the efforts of Consciousness to express itself—dim and vaguely groping as these efforts are—aided and directed by the Group-Soul and the Shining Ones. This work has to be completed to a great extent before the Third Life-Wave pours down, for animal man has evolved, with his brain and nervous systems, before that great outpouring comes which gives the Jivâtma a working body and makes possible the higher evolution of man.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PREACHER

Two men sat in a carpetless room, the windows of which looked on a quiet, unfashionable London square. There were only a few rush-bottomed chairs in the room, a writing-desk, a coverless deal table, a shelf of books, and a large wooden cross nailed to the whitewashed wall.

The elder of the two men sat at the desk; he had been writing, and his fingers played still with the pen. The younger sat opposite; his eyes were fixed eagerly on his companion's face, for the power of the elder man compelled his soul, and showed him a great light shining in the world's darkness; whereupon he vowed his life, his youth, his powers of body and mind, his great wealth and influence, for he was rich and of high rank, to the service whereunto his elder was pledged; the elder man was hailed by many as one of much spiritual power, a teacher of high and heavenly matters, and a great saint to boot. He was speaking slowly and impressively, as he played with the pen.

"To you, who sat in darkness, has come light," he said. "It is no wonder if your eyes are dazzled. But I would rather have eyes undazzled by light, unbewildered by darkness. Will you ask yourself this question: If you should cease to delight in the work which you undertake, what would you do?"

"Work on. I should work for the love of God, and for love of you; that would give me joy."

"But if it ceased to give you joy?"

"It must give me joy to work for any whom I love."

"You have a great capacity for love. It is a tremendous force. But if you ceased to feel you loved God—or me, what then?"

"I! Cease to love God! Cease to love you to whom I owe my love to Him!"

The other smiled.

“ I did not say that. I said: If you ceased to *feel* you loved God or me, what then ? ”

“ One cannot love, if one does not feel love.”

“ Are you quite sure of that ? ”

The younger man looked at the speaker aghast. The elder gazed smilingly upon him ; and the youth noted for the first time that the peaceful face had tired lines about the smiling eyes.

“ How do you account for one who has proved practically that he can love greatly suddenly losing that capacity so far as he knows it ? ”

“ Can such a thing be ? ”

“ It can. I know it. To love and to feel love are two different matters. It is not possible, perhaps, to feel love without loving ; but it is possible to love without feeling what has been called ‘ sensible love.’ When you can bear to feel as though your love were dead, your enthusiasm vanished, and feel it without lamenting, without crying for help with tongue, or mind, or heart, without wavering in your work, without suffering any to know that which has come to pass within your soul, then —. But wait till the hour comes. Perhaps it may never come. I do not think it comes to all.”

His listener went away in silence ; he supposed such an hour must have come to the teacher he loved and revered ; it must have come and passed, he thought ; for this man was as a torch, the flame of which touched soul after soul and set it ablaze with holy fire.

Some months later the younger man came to the elder in much distress ; he had been thinking of his past sins, and the remembrance of them was grievous to him ; moreover, it seemed to him that new sins, weaknesses which he half pitied, half blamed in others, were touching him with their power. The other listened :

“ If I tell you that you may one day find your errors a blessing in disguise,” he said, “ I suppose you will think me not only a sinner, but an impenitent one.”

The young man looked surprised.

“ A dead sin is a great weapon,” said his elder. “ A greater weapon yet is a surmounted virtue.”

“ A *surmounted* virtue ! ”

“ There is a time,” said the other, “ during which you live more or less contentedly in your sins ; there is yet another time wherein you slay your sins, and begin to live in your virtues ; but at last comes that final hour when you begin to live in neither, and to remember both. My dear friend, I watched you in your youth, and strength, and fierce zeal, treating with some indulgent contempt one grown grey in dull toil, whose temper was frayed and strained with the turmoil of life ; whose health and nerves were failing. But last week, when your health also had failed a little by reason of much work and certain pious austerities, and when sainthood seemed less near than in your earlier days, I think you could no longer feel that high and placid contempt for your more aged comrade who was unduly fretted by the little things of life, could you ? ”

The other coloured ; he did not speak.

“ Thereafter you regained the calm you lost for awhile, and I have noted you were more patient with your fretful comrade ; and more humble, and more heedful lest you should jar upon him, and so cause him to offend. I perceive that since your own temper failed somewhat—nay ! you showed it very little, perhaps none noticed it save you and I—but since it failed, you grew more heedful in your bearing towards others. Is not this a gain ? ”

The young man hesitated.

“ I do not say it is not a trial. It gives a sense of humiliation and failure ; but to know one has failed is to be on the road to victory.”

This was the last time the twain met for some years. The young man became known as a very brilliant speaker ; he travelled through many lands, filling the souls of his hearers with zeal for service. Throughout all his labours he was full of loving loyalty to that saintly man whose life and words had drawn him from the world. They met again after five years and worked side by side for twelve months. For the young preacher those were six months of loving, eager toil, inspired by the presence of the elder soul ; and six months of cold desolation, at the end of which he came forth from the city to sit alone upon the hills and

review his position. The hour had dawned of which his elder spoke ; he felt no love for his work, no love for his leader and fellow-labourer, no love to man, no love to God. It did not give him pain ; only a quiet, cold surprise, an icy mental recognition of the state of affairs. He could reason the matter out ; he was not deluded ; he knew he loved both the work and the man, only—he could not feel it. He had known no ray of love, of enthusiasm, of desire for knowledge or for service, during six months ; and—apparently—he had never worked more effectively.

Often in the past six years he had been tired of the work ; often his early zeal flagged, and the earth grew grey and the skies dull, but he had always, till now, felt love for this one man spurring him on. Now that sensation was gone, and it seemed as though it had gone for ever. This sudden failure of feeling towards a human object of gratitude and affection startled him as the failure of religious devotion had not succeeded in doing. He worked on without it, exteriorly zealous and even joyful and smiling ; no one knew what was in his soul.

That which forced him forth was an encounter with a youth who loved the man to whom the preacher owed so much ; this youth spoke of his gratitude ; spoke with passionate love and devotion, nothing doubting that his listener felt as he did. A year before the twain had met ; the fire of the preacher's love for the man who brought light to his soul then burned brightly ; it burned more fiercely than that of the youth, and his words were more powerful, because he had the power of speech. Hence the youth came naturally to him to express the sentiment he believed both of them to feel. The preacher listened, and assented, and sympathised, while his heart lay dead in his bosom. This experience it was that sent him forth upon the hills to think.

Musing he walked over the moors to the sea. He came to a very strange place, a little grassy space at the summit of a cliff ; on this space was a white-washed hut ; at the back of the hut, on the cliff verge, was a high platform, with a ladder leading to it, and on the platform, screened carefully from wind and rain, was a brazier containing wood ashes.

He knocked at the hut door ; he was tired and hungry after a twelve hours' fast ; an old woman with a brown withered face

and bright eyes answered the door. He asked her for food ; she led him within, and fetched him bread and goat's milk, it was all she had. The hut was very cold, on the hearth were burnt-out wood ashes.

" Why do you not light your fire ? " he asked her, smiling ; for he saw her shiver and rub her cold withered hands.

" Why ! " she answered cheerily, " It will be a month before the carrier brings me another load of wood, sir ; there's no wood hereabouts ; I cannot have a hearth fire and a fire yonder, too."

" Why not light your fire here, then ? " he asks.

" Because of the boats, sir," she answered. " My husband and my only son were drowned at sea. The coast is very dangerous. I light the brazier every night at sundown, and three times in the night I get up from my bed to feed it."

" So you sacrifice your hearth fire to the brazier ? "

" Yes, sir. It's cold, mornings and evenings. At night I lie and think of the fire-light, though I can't see it, shining over the water ; the thought of it warms me. Folk say, why do I live out here lonely like ; but I couldn't leave the brazier, and I'm not so lonely either, for it's as though a piece of my heart went out to the ships with the fire-light. My boy was a sailor you see, sir."

" Ah ! " he said slowly, " I see. You cannot light your hearth fire and the brazier too. I suppose you are right to bear the cold."

" When I've more fuel, sir," she said cheerily, " perhaps I shall have both again."

He nodded ; then he rose, stood at the door, and watched the driving clouds and the barren hills. Familiar words were in his ears : " The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal." He paraphrased them : " The things which are felt are temporal," and he wondered whether the things felt were but the shadows of those unfelt but eternal.

" A shadow is dependent on the light," he mused, " but that which casts it is equally there when the light goes. Is that true, I wonder, of love ? Is it love's shadow, not its substance ; that we feel ? "

He said good-bye to the old woman and walked towards the

town; he sat on a little hill, and watched the sun set. He was conscious of a sense of freedom and calm he never felt before; it was as though he had passed through some gateway of the soul, and stepped on to a plain, with wide distances, and far horizon lines; it was rather a chill dreary freedom, an arid calm, as of one who has lived by some miracle through a volcano's fury, and sits alone in the burnt-up desert that remains. But it brought a curious feeling of strength and clarity of mind.

He heard a footstep on the road, and turned to see who was coming. It was a man; the twain looked at each other; the preacher rose. Four years before they had met; the wayfarer visited the preacher and laid before him the chilly barrenness of his soul, for it was as an unwatered desert, swept by a wind from plains of ice. The man was alone: in a sense he was willing to be so; he knew all his difficulties lay in his own soul, but they were not therefore the easier to deal with, and he did not know how to remedy them. The preacher was then in the full flood and glory of his fervour of love to God and man; but he failed to help his visitor. They parted, both recognising the fact; the would-be helper a little chilled and discouraged, the other in a state of unastonished acquiescence.

They greeted each other now, and sat down on the hill to see the sun vanish. The hush of sunset was upon the land, the wind was lulled, the faint call of a curlew floated across the barren country. They talked a little of trifling matters, and they sat for some time silent. At last they parted.

"You live out here?" said the preacher.

"In the wilderness. With seven devils, you think? You're wrong. I'm alone."

"So am I," said the preacher, after a pause.

"I thought you lived in cities still. I see your name often. Don't you live among people?"

"Yes."

"When I saw you last," said the wayfarer, "you talked a great deal of love. Love to God—love to your brethren—love to Humanity with a big H—love to those who taught and guided your soul. You felt this great love; you glowed with it; you were on fire with it, were you not?"

"Yes," said the preacher, smiling.

"You feel all that still, I suppose; but you have said nothing about it."

"I can speak of it, if you like. What I said was true, I know that. But I did not help you before, did I?"

"No. But you have helped me now."

"Have I?" said the preacher, surprised, "How?"

"I do not know. Perhaps you know. I told you I did not understand what you meant when you talked of love, and worship, and devotion to God and man."

"Well?"

"Well! But I have known it since I sat on this hill with you. I have felt it as a living thing within me. You never made me feel it before; but you have done it now."

"I do not think," said the preacher, after a bewildered pause, "that it can be I who have made you feel it. Yet—perhaps you are right! Perhaps it is I who have made you feel—yourself. But if so, it is not an 'I' we know much about."

The other half laughed, half sighed.

"No," he answered. "We do not know much about it. Perhaps it is Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' or the 'large unconscious background' of consciousness of some of our more free-thinking psychologists; the 'subliminal self,' eh? But it is certainly something to feel it is there."

"It is something to feel it is there," assented the preacher. "But—the fact that it is there whether we feel it or not seems to me to be of more importance."

"Yes," answered his companion. "No doubt you are right. Good-bye. May I write to you in a day or two?"

"Do."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

They shook hands and parted. The preacher walked slowly over the dark hills; once he turned and looked back whence he came: there was a little spot of light on the horizon, flaring seawards, but it was not bright enough to show him the fireless cottage where the old widow sat, tending the beacon light that guided the homing boats.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE TALMUD IN HISTORY

“FROM Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella, down to Clement VIII., and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book.”

So writes Immanuel Deutsch, and truly, in his graphic and romantic panegyric, which for the first time gave the English-reading public a reasonable account of the Talmud and its history.*

Although it has been lately disputed† whether it is the Talmud expressly to which Justinian referred in his edict “Concerning the Jews,” of February 13, 553, it seems highly probable that Deutsch is correct. By this outrageous Novella the wretched Hebrews were only permitted to use a Greek or Latin translation of the Torah in their synagogues. They were strictly forbidden to read the Law in Hebrew, and, above all things, they were prohibited from using what is called the “second edition” (*secunda editio*), which was evidently also written in Hebrew or Aramaic. This “second edition” can hardly mean anything else than the Mishna and its completions, for the Greek equivalent of *mishna* was *δευτέρωσις*, generally taken by those imperfectly acquainted with Hebrew to signify some “second rank” or form of the Law, instead of “learning” in the secondary sense of “repetition.”

Such impolitic tyranny in those darkest days of narrowest ecclesiasticism, which had succeeded in closing every school of philosophy and learning in the Christian world, could not but

* Deutsch (I.), art. “What is the Talmud?”—in *The Quarterly Review* (London), Oct., 1867, pp. 417-464.

† Popper (W.), *The Censorship of Hebrew Books* (New York; 1899), p. 3. This is the best monograph which has so far appeared on the subject of Talmud persecutions and censorship. An excellent bibliography of the literature is given on pp. iv. and v.

make the Talmud all the more dear to the Jews. The more they were persecuted for their faith's sake, the more desperately they clung to the immediate cause of their martyrdom—that tradition in which no Christian had part or lot. The Talmud thus gradually became more precious to the Jew than even the Torah itself, which, by translation, had become the common property of the Gentiles, few of whom at this time in the West could read a word of the ancient Hebrew original.

Thus ignorance bred fear and fostered hate, and already, by the eleventh century, we find the passions of an ignorant fanaticism let loose against the luckless Hebrews, when the Crusaders, in their wild rush towards Constantinople, left behind them a path of desolation for the Dispersion of Israel in every land they traversed, marked out by blood and fire, by the bodies of murdered little ones and smouldering piles of Hebrew rolls. It is said that, after this avalanche of ruthless destruction, in many towns scarce a single prayer-book remained for the use of a whole synagogue. There is another side to the romance of the Crusades, of which our school-books breathe no word; not infrequently they degenerated into pure Jew-hunts, where hecatombs of Hebrews paid ever anew the ancient debt of one slain Christ, whose ever-living heart, we may well believe, felt keener torture at the savagery of His self-styled followers than did even the bodies of the victims of their hate.

But it was not till the thirteenth century, which witnessed the founding of the Mendicant Orders, and the establishment of that instrument of terror known as the Holy Inquisition, that we meet with what may be called the organised official destruction of Hebrew books, and the saddest part of the sad story is that in almost every instance it was a Jew who brought matters to a crisis, and procured the deliverance of the books of his race to the flames.

The first official burning of Hebrew books took place in 1233, at Montpellier, where a Jew, a fanatical Antimaimonist, persuaded the Dominicans and Franciscans of the Inquisition, who knew nothing of this purely internal struggle between conservatism and liberalism in Jewry, to commit to the flames all the works of the great Maimonides.

In the same year, at Paris, no less than 12,000 volumes of the Talmud were burned. Converts gave information to those who could not read a single line of the great literature which they so madly longed to extirpate, and eagerly pointed out the hiding places where the precious rolls of their former co-religionists were stored away.

In 1236, Donin, a convert baptised under the name of Nicolas, laid thirty-five formal charges against the Talmud before Pope Gregory IX.; the chief of which was that in many passages it used blasphemous language in speaking of Jesus and Mary. A few years later (May or June, 1239), Gregory issued a stringent decree to all rulers, temporal and spiritual, in France, England, Castile, Aragon and Portugal, commanding them to seize every copy of the Talmud upon which they could lay hands. Whereupon in France a formal trial was held before a commission consisting of two Bishops and a Dominican, not one of whom knew a single word of Hebrew, and the Talmud was incontinently condemned to the flames. The Jews, however, appealed against this cruel decree with such energy that the carrying out of the sentence was postponed, and a new trial ordered, at which Nicolas himself was the accuser, while four French Rabbis undertook the defence.

“After seeking to invalidate most of the charges, the Rabbis turned to the most important point, and acknowledged that the Talmud contained slighting references to a certain Jesus. But, by taking into account the dates mentioned in the Talmud, and other evidence furnished by the early Church Fathers themselves, they attempted to show that another Jesus, who had lived at some time earlier than Jesus of Nazareth, was the subject of these notices.”*

It is hardly necessary to add, however, that the unfortunate Rabbis failed to convince the commission. The Talmud was again formally condemned. No less than twenty waggon-loads of MSS. were collected in Paris, and on June 17, 1244, a huge *auto-da-fé* of some 17,000 or 18,000 volumes lit up a conflagration, the insatiable flames of which spread rapidly to every Jewish home throughout the Holy Roman Empire and devoured that

* Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

treasure of tradition which the Rabbis held dearer than their lives.

With the condemnation of the Talmud all the rest of Hebrew literature was practically involved. Thus in 1263 we find another convert, baptised under the name of Paul Christian, inducing the Pope to issue an order that all Hebrew MSS. of every kind in Aragon should be collected for examination, and if they were found to contain any passages obnoxious to Christians, they should be destroyed or strictly expurgated; while in 1266, also at Barcelona, we meet with a commission assembled for the same purpose.

In England, however, apparently the Talmud was not burnt, for a simpler means of suppressing it was found in the wholesale expulsion of the Jews, a method resorted to in other countries as well. Nevertheless, we find Honorius IV., in 1286, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, warning him against that "damnable book," and strictly admonishing him that he should allow no one to read it (meaning doubtless that no Jew should be permitted to read it, for the Christians, in consequence of their ignorance of Hebrew, could not)—for in the Pope's opinion "all evils flow from it," a phrase which suggests that the influence of the Talmud teachings and traditions was not confined to Jewry.

In the midst of all this hurly-burly of anathema one Pope alone, Clement V., showed some signs of common-sense. Before condemning the Talmud on sight, Clement desired to know something about it, and in 1307 proposed that chairs should be founded for the study of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic in the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna and Oxford. But this liberal proposal came to nothing, and though we are told that somewhat of a lull succeeded to this most acute stage of Talmud persecution from 1232 to 1322, it was owing probably to the great secrecy to which the Jews were compelled to resort in multiplying and transmitting the remnants of their literature from generation to generation, rather than to any greater toleration on the part of the authorities; for we find that even the simplest Hebrew prayers could not escape the subtle refinements of accusation brought against them by inquisitorial informers. Thus we learn that in Germany a certain Pessach, who on

conversion took the name of Peter, declared that the Jewish prayer-books* secretly contained attacks on Christianity. The following is a curious instance of this rage of accusation.

In one of the most famous and apparently the most innocent prayers of the nation, which extols the omnipotence of God on earth, there is a passage which runs: "He hath not made our portion like theirs nor our lot like that of all their multitudes. For they worship and bow down before idols *and vanities*." The words "and vanities" stand in unpointed Hebrew W R K; by one of the well-known methods of kabalistic computation the sum of these number-letters = 316, precisely the same as the sum of the letters J Sh U or Jeschu, the Talmudic form of Jesus!

Pessach would thus have it that even the most innocent-looking prayers of Jewry contained attacks on Christianity, and it is in truth marvellous that in the face of such bitter and relentless persecution a scrap of Jewish writing remained. Indeed had it not been for the inexhaustible sources of replenishment in the East, and the wonderful memory of the Rabbis, the triumph of the Destroyer would have been complete and the Talmud wiped from off the face of the earth by the Inquisition.

With the age of the Renaissance, however, and the enormous impetus given to liberal studies by the invention of printing,† respite was given in Italy at any rate to the long-suffering Talmud, but by no means as yet was liberty assured; for though the unfortunate Jews had no longer to fear the wholesale destruction of their books, they were still subjected to the galling tyranny of the official censor.

Indeed even in this age of comparative enlightenment the bitterest foes of the Talmud still lived in hopes of reviving the old campaign of extermination with all its terrors, and it is sad to record that the history of nearly all the troubles of the second stage of persecution is still almost entirely "a history of apostates."‡

Not to speak of the bitter enmity of Victor von Karhen, a

* Dalman gives the original text of sixteen subsequently expurgated prayers from the Liturgy of the Synagogue.

† The first Hebrew book printed was probably a commentary of Rashi on the *Torah* (February 17th, 1475).

‡ Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

German Jew who became a Dominican in the early part of the sixteenth century, the most notorious name is that of Joseph (baptised as Johann) Pfefferkorn of Moravia, a name despised above all others by the Jews even in the present day. Pfefferkorn also joined the Dominicans and in 1507 published his first attack in a fierce tract, *Der Judenspiegel*, an onslaught which was intended to culminate in one fatal blow to Judaism, namely the confiscation of all Talmudic writings. And indeed Pfefferkorn at first succeeded beyond all expectation, for the immediate result of his agitation was to induce the Emperor Maximilian to revive the time-honoured decree of confiscation, which was eagerly carried out under Pfefferkorn's supervision, who knew only too well where he could lay hands on the precious books of his former co-religionists. But this time, as Deutsch says, "a conflagration of a very different kind ensued."

Reuchlin, the distinguished Humanist, the most famous Hebraist and Hellenist of the time, was appointed to sit on the commission. His enlightened mind refused to condemn the Talmud without a most searching enquiry. He accordingly set himself to work in his painstaking fashion to make himself master of its voluminous contents. The Talmud had at last found an impartial mind among its judges; nay, it had found a courageous defender, for in October, 1510, Reuchlin issued his famous answer to Pfefferkorn's onslaught, and boldly declared himself in favour of the book.

Hereupon ensued a fierce battle, in which the massed hosts of official theology and obscurantism were marshalled against the courageous champion of enlightened toleration and elementary justice. Europe was flooded with pamphlets, and faculty vied with faculty in angry condemnation of Reuchlin. Without exception, every university was against him. Indeed the faculty of Mainz, among other egregious notions, put forward the ludicrous proposition, that as the Hebrew Bible did not agree with the Vulgate (Jerome's Latin translation), the Hebrew must manifestly have been falsified in many places by the malevolence of the Jews, and in particular, the wording of the "original references" to Jesus in the Old Testament had been deliberately altered.

Had Reuchlin stood absolutely alone he would have been overwhelmed by the first onrush of his countless foes ; but to their lasting credit there rallied to his banner a chosen band of enlightened and courageous friends, the Humanists, who, though they were dubbed "*Talmutphili*," declared themselves to be the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," and the "Hosts of Pallas Athene," fighting for the credit of Christianity and not for the Talmud as Talmud.

At first the Pope, Leo X., favoured Reuchlin, but the outcry was so fierce that he finally weakened, and in 1516 sought a way out of the hurly-burly by promulgating a bull that in future no book should issue from the press without previous submission to the official censor. The germ of the "Index Expurgatorius"—"Index Librorum Prohibitorum"—had been conceived.*

But before this instrument of emasculation and prohibition could be brought into play, the first complete edition of the Talmud had escaped the censor, and had already been printed at Venice in 1520, at the very time when the knell of much in the old order of things was being sounded in Germany, and Luther was burning the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

This much, at least, was won by the courage of Reuchlin and those who rallied round him—the Talmud had escaped the fire. Not only so, but many began to study the treasures of Jewish literature for themselves, and in Italy there ensued the greatest industry in printing Hebrew books ; indeed, some writers have called this the "Golden Age" of the Talmud. It was a time when the greatest minds among the Humanists were drinking deeply of "Jewish philosophy," the age of revived Kabalism and mystic culture.

But it was not to be expected that the fierce spirit of persecution would quietly yield to the gentler influences at work, and be content with censorship alone ; nay, these humanising tendencies exasperated it to such a pitch, that in 1550 Cardinal Caraffa, the Inquisitor-General, and—in this connection, one need hardly add—a Dominican, almost succeeded in lighting up the Talmud fires again throughout the land. He procured a bull from the Pope repealing all previous permission to study the Talmud, and

* From that day onwards the Talmud has always been on the Index, and is still on the Index of Leo XIII.

bursting forth with fury at the head of his minions seized every copy he could find in Rome and committed it to the flames.

But, fortunately, this was the expiring flicker of the life of the Destroyer in that form, and in the future we hear of no more burnings. The Talmud was hereafter committed to the tender mercies of an ignorant censorship, and therewith of a deliberate self-censorship, whereby every sentence which might by any means be thought to refer to Christianity was omitted by the Jews themselves, so that their books might escape the sad disfigurement of slap-dash obliteration. There was much expurgation by ignorant heads and careless hands, till gradually lists of passages were drawn up, doubtless by converts, to guide the unlearned officials, and finally, in 1578, the "licensed" Basle edition of the Talmud was issued—in conformity with the censorship and the decisions of the egregious Council of Trent—on which nearly every subsequent edition of the book has been based. Not only so, but we find the Rabbis themselves forming their own censorship committees* to prevent any book being printed by their co-religionists which might bring down the wrath of the authorities upon their long-suffering communities. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thus witnessed the circulation of an emasculated and defaced Hebrew literature, from which not only was the root of offence to Christian susceptibilities cut out, but much that was entirely innocent of any offence whatever.† The nature of this ridiculous and hysterical susceptibility to find offence in the simplest words and phrases may be seen from Deutsch's humorous word-picture.

"In the Basle edition of 1578—. . . which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the Censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the 'Faith' from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter 'of Rome,' his mind

* In 1631 the Jews held a synod at Petrikau, in Poland, and decided to leave out all such passages for fear of the Christians. Nevertheless, we find that the Amsterdam edition of the Talmud (1644-1648) was not bowdlerised.

† See Popper, *op. cit.*, chh. viii.-xii.

instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favourite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram and Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But wherever the word 'Gentile' occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A 'Gentile' could not possibly be aught but Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him, and christened him as fancy moved him, an 'Egyptian,' an 'Aramæan,' an 'Amalekite,' an 'Arab,' a 'Negro'; sometimes a whole 'people.' We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our best editions."

Deutsch himself was a Jew converted to Christianity when he wrote his famous article in 1867, yet how marvellously does he differ from his predecessors of the Middle Ages, who led the onslaught on the Talmud, and expressly singled out the subsequently expurgated passages for the main strength of their attack! Deutsch passes them by with scarcely a notice, and seems never to have realised that they were the main cause of all the trouble, and we have the new and pleasant spectacle of a converted Jew penning the most brilliant defence of the Talmud which has ever been written outside the circles of orthodox Jewry.

But to the student of history and the watcher of the fates of nations, the proceedings of the ignorant censor are of profound interest. It would almost seem as though, by a curious turning of the kârmic wheel, the very methods used deliberately by the Jews themselves in the far-off days of Talmud genesis, had come back to vex the Jewish soul against its will. How often in those days of bitter religio-political strife had they not substituted Babylon or Edom for Rome, and hidden their real thought and feeling under glyph and imagery! And now what they had done willingly, and so vexed the soul of history, was now being done to them unwilling by the hands of the dull censor. Who knows what a thorough study of the Talmud from this point of view may not

yet reveal of hidden history? For, as Deutsch says, and in its wider sense it remains true until the present day:

“ We have sought far and near for some special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book that should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century ‘ Introduction,’ interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through age—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists, that would rejoice even in *hieroglyphical* fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild bursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be *hidden under the fool’s cap and bells.*”

We have italicised the words which point to a most important element in the Talmud, especially in connection with our present enquiry, an element of concealment, the secrets of which even a text in which all the expurgated passages have been replaced, and the whole critically restored to its original purity, would in no wise reveal to the pure objectivist. This element will doubtless for many a day to come make the Talmud in many passages as puzzling a study as those strange books of alchemy to which Reuchlin so aptly compared it. But in spite of its great difficulty, it cannot but be that with a deeper study of this element, and the help of those methods of a scientific subjectivism to which we referred in our first article, some clear light may at no distant date be thrown, even on some of those passages which the hate and fear of centuries have singled out as referring to Jesus in the Talmud.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE Lodge-force working in a pure, devoted heart sets free the Self and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound for ever upon the spiritual planes, and when the mind is pure and will hearken, the Soul echoes them.

What of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times!—*From an unpublished MS.*

THE SEARCH FOR THE CHILD-GUIDE*

LED by the Dove, Arthur is brought back to the coast of Albion in a Norwegian bark. He saw the white cliffs with joy, yet he wondered, because the last of his labours was unaccomplished; he had still to reach the Gates where he would find the "Child-Guide." But the Dove, the Angel-Pilot, kept its way homewards and rested at length at the entrance to an inland stream, near to a thick forest. The King then slung the Shield round his neck, and girt on the enchanted Sword. He said farewell to the Northmen, who were anxious to go with him and fight for him, and leapt to land, going, as before, alone to seek his labour. With difficulty he followed the Dove through the dark trees for many hours, and as night came on, he found himself on a hillside amidst some old Druid ruins. He recognised them as of very ancient time, and, musing, laid him down by some fallen pillars. Darkness came on and all was silence and sadness.

Now, o'er his lids life's gentlest influence stole,
 Life's gentlest influence yet the likeliest death!
 Prove not our dreams how little needs the soul
 Light from the sense, or being from the breath?
 Let but the world an instant fade from view,
 And of itself the soul creates a new.

He closed his eyes, but quickly awoke with a start and in a strange terror, and as he looked he saw the Dove no more. He felt desolate indeed. He could not speak, his blood ran cold, and the terror that had seized him gained in power as he felt the loss of the Dove.

Senses and soul confused, and jarred, and blent,
 Lay crushed beneath the intolerable Power;
 Then over all, one flash, in lightning, rent
 The veil between the Immortal and the Hour;

* See July and September issues of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

Life heard the voice of unembodied breath,
And Sleep stood trembling face to face with Death."

We must leave the King here, and learn the fate of the third of his knights—Caradoc, the Bard. The Sage Merlin had chosen three knights to be the helpers of Arthur in his trials. They were Lancelot, Gawaine, and Caradoc. All were devoted to their King, and the first two had already done their work; now the time had come when Caradoc was to serve. The fierce tribes of the Saxons had invaded the Cymrian lands, and were besieging the city of Carduel. There was famine and great distress; discord and despondence prevailed among the people, who had lost heart. Then it was that Merlin came and spoke to Caradoc, and sent him forth to give his life for the saving of his country. With his soul of song he was to revive the drooping hearts of the warriors, and his lyre was to prove more glorious than the sword. He was to go into the fight unarmed, and with his ivory harp to sing the battle hymn, and with his parting breath, "teach to the hosts the Bard's disdain of death!" Caradoc heard, and his soul thrilled at that voice. He knew "his glory and his doom," and his answer was, "So be it, O voice from Heaven"; he asked whether his song would remain—whether a poet could live in vain?

Tenderly did the Sage lay his hands upon him and bless him, saying that his spirit would ever be able to find the rays it had shed on earth—the seeds that it had sown.

Never true Poet lived and sung in vain:
Lost if his name, and withered if his wealth,
The thoughts he woke must evermore remain
Fused in our light, and blended with our breath;
All life more noble, and all earth more fair
Because that soul refined man's common air!

Then the Bard kissed the hand that doomed him and willingly went forth to give his life for his country. He leapt from the wall where they stood, and soon reached a place where were herded the cowering populace and listless warriors. At once his Song began, and the sound of the Cymrian battle-hymn flashed like fire among the hosts, and revived hearts that had been well-nigh hopeless. Men felt for their swords, rallied round the

Dragon Standard, and went out to meet the Saxons; and with them, ever in the van, is seen the swordless Bard in his white robes with his harp of ivory, giving the choral Song.

The fight went hard with the Cymrian host, and the Dragon Crown would have been trampled upon had it not been for him who was, under heaven, its preserver—the Bard. At last “the hour was come to prove the end for which the lyre was given.” Caradoc paused, and advancing to the central Standard, spoke to the Dragon Chiefs and told them of an ancient prophecy which foretold freedom to the Cymri, if, seeing one Child of Peace fall they could on this night save a spot of ground not wider than a grave. Where that Child fell his body was to lie, covered with the Dragon Standard and watched by the living until a grave was there made for it. Then he cried: “Advance the Dragon, for the grave is mine,” and ceased speaking.

The battle was a terrible one and at last the Pale Horse* fled before the Dragon, but not before the Bard had fallen. And over the form of Caradoc the Dragon spread its wings. His smile is calm, his land is saved. Here we leave Time, and follow him as he rises heavenward.

Up from the clay and tow’rds the Seraphim,
The Immortal, men called Caradoc, arose.

And as he rose, there opened on his sight joy after joy, and he in that happiness shook off the memory of earth’s sorrow. Then knowledge broke in upon his soul; all that had kept him from the light of heaven passed away. All memories left him except that of Love, and looking back to earth he with pity saw the form he loved—the form of his King—lying amidst the ruins on the moonlit hill. He felt himself summoned and, obeying the call, descended. A Shadow came to the sleeping King; its glory left it as it neared the earth, and it wore the appearance of its body, ghastly and covered with wounds. Then it was that the slumbering King heard the voice of the unembodied, and Sleep trembled as it stood side by side with Death.

“Come,” said the Voice, “before the Iron Gate
Which hath no egress, waiting thee, behold—

* The Saxon Standard

Beside that Power which is to Matter, Fate,
But not to Soul—the Guide with locks of gold.”

Then the King arose and followed the Shadow, and in the place to which they went Time and Space had vanished. The sense of Time fled from the mind.

Space to eye and soul was presenceless.
“What,” asked the Dreamer, “is this Nothingness,
Empty as air—yet air without a breath?”
Answered the Ghost—“Tho’ it be measureless,
'Tis but that line 'twixt life and life called ‘Death,’
Which souls transported to a second birth
Pass in an instant when they soar from earth.

An interesting footnote is given on the above stanza. It says: “The sublime idea of the nonentity of death, of the instantaneous transit of the soul from one phase and cycle of being to another, is earnestly insisted upon by the early Cymrian bards, in terms which seem borrowed from some spiritual belief anterior to that which does in truth teach that the life of man, once begun, has not only no end, but no pause—and, in the triumphal cry of the Christian, ‘O grave where is thy victory,’ annihilates death.”

There follow some stanzas showing that Nature can never fill the yearnings of man, and that his inborn instinct to look upward attests his glorious future. He is “earth’s sole creature that conceives a heaven.”

Now by the Iron Gate was a giant cloud, concealing the “form of Nature throned as Fate,” and as the ghost spoke, suddenly there stood forth amidst the cloud an Image shining with heavenly radiance. In its right hand it bore a star-pointed glittering wand, and in the left a bright mirror.

It was the form of Arthur’s “second soul”—the Phantom who had called him from a life of pleasure to one of toil. The radiant Splendour spoke and said how it had led him to each noble goal. “Dost thou not know me? Me, thy second soul?” it said, and showed him how it had “mirrored” his heart, and “starward” led his choice.

Showed all the woes which wait inebriate Power,
And woke the Man from Youth’s voluptuous dream;
Glassed on the crystal—let each stainless hour

Obey the wand I lift into the beam ;
 And at the last when yonder gates expand,
 Pass with thy Guardian Angel hand in hand.

The Splendour passed away, and then Arthur turned his eyes to the pale Shade of him whom he had loved, and addressing it said that, whether he was dreaming or waking, all fear had gone, and that his soul, which had trembled at the Shade, was now yearning for the far light the Shade revealed,

And sees how human is the dismal error
 That hideth God, when veiling Death in terror.

He implored the Shade, Heaven's Messenger, to speak, but his mission ended, nothing more could be given, and the Ghost vanished.

We leave the story of the third Search, as related in the Poem, unfinished. But the *mystic* story is ended—the Dreamer awakes.

E. WILKINSON.

BRAHMAN

HE is the Unseen Spirit which informs
 All subtle essences! He flames in fire,
 He shines in Sun and Moon, Planets and Stars!
 He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the waves,
 He is Prajâpati, that fills the worlds!

He is the man and woman, youth and maid,
 The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped
 Upon his staff! He is whatever is—
 The black bee, and the tiger, and the fish,
 The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,
 The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,
 The seasons and the seas! By Him they are,
 In Him begin and end.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. *The Secret of Death*. P. 25.

LIFE IN CRYSTALS

THE following article is the translation of an article which appeared in January in the *Nuova Parola*, with parts added from another article by the same author on the same subject, in the *Teosofia*; the latter has been corrected and enlarged by Prof. von Schrön, who gave it to me to add to this translation. He has himself been through this translation and added points that seemed necessary; the original author, Signor Giovanni Colazza, is one of those who appreciate the great work which is being accomplished by the Professor. It has been my privilege to follow many of these experiments in the laboratory of Professor von Schrön at Naples; it seemed to me as if *The Secret Doctrine* were being expounded, so many and so startling were the illustrations of life in matter thrown upon the screen before me. Like all pioneers, he is still doubted by the many scientists who remain in the ruts of a well-worn road; they stand aloof and criticise, whilst he vainly asks them to come to Naples, to verify his experiments, to follow his methods, and then to judge his deductions. This invitation he gives to all who are interested, and I can best aid his work by here making known his wish to all who desire to see for themselves how far his work is true. And may we not say of him as H. P. Blavatsky wrote of Sir William Crookes in 1884: "For now the chasm between the Occult 'superstitious and unscientific' teachings and those of 'exact' Science is completely bridged, and one, at least, of the few eminent chemists of the day is in the realm of the infinite possibilities of Occultism. Every new step he will take will bring him nearer and nearer to that mysterious Centre, from which radiate the innumerable paths that lead down Spirit into Matter, and which transform the Gods and the living Monads into Man and sentient Nature."—*The Secret Doctrine*, i. 604.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

LIFE IN CRYSTALS

A VIVID conception of Nature, such as is here attempted, which tries to find in natural objects the expression of living action, and not merely the effects of dead forces, does not lead, as some think, to baseless air-castles, for it does not set itself to study the life of nature in any other way than in its revelation through phenomena; and just as little does it exclude rigid investigation of the laws governing all natural phenomena; for it is exactly by the investigation of the laws within which, and the forces through which, life acts, that it hopes to arrive at a perception of what is given to life, according to the difference of its stages. The justification of the effort to comprehend all the phenomena of nature, not only in their external reactions, but also in their inner connection, as the data for a universal history of living nature, lies in the very nature of the human soul, in its connection, not merely external but inward and essential, with living nature. As the study of nature originally arose from the feeling of the intimate relationship between external nature and human nature, it is also its aim to grasp and bring to perception the furthest depths of this connection.—*Rejuvenescence in Nature* (Preface), Prof. A. BRAUN.

FOR the last eighteen years Professor Otto von Schrön has been following out with the quiet patience of conviction his experimental researches on the "Life in Crystals," and he has arrived at such marvellous results that a new field of investigation appears to be opening for science.

It is necessary to state at once that he did not begin his studies on this subject *ex professo*, but was indirectly attracted to them by observing the habits of crystals, and their way of behaving in the products of bacterial secretions.

But before entering, in detail, into his deductions, let us follow the method by which he attained his results. By employing powerful micro-photographic instruments—which allowed him to throw upon a screen the image of a preparation 400,000 times enlarged—he began to determine some new mode of generation in bacteria.

For example, there is a case in which the spore, after it has issued from the bacillus which generated it, begins by an internal germinal process to refill itself with a quantity of isodiametric bacilli; it then becomes a capsule and—at a certain moment—the pressure arising from the endogenous accumulation makes this capsule burst like a shell, and throw off new individuals, launching them forth to a certain distance. (*Fig. 1.*)

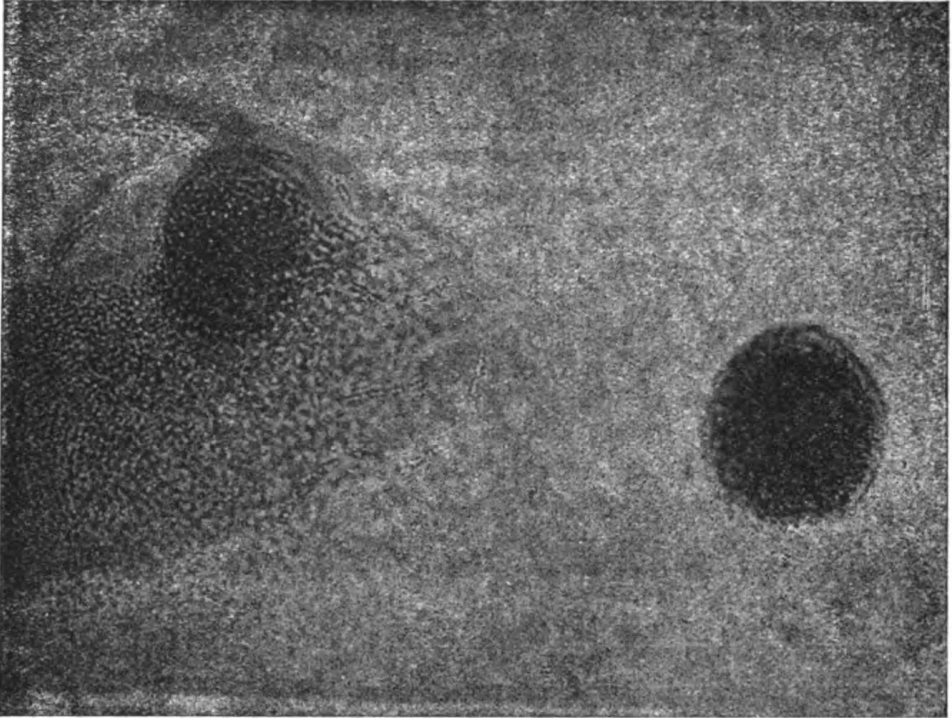


FIG. 1.

In another case it is a whole individual bacillus which detaches itself from a chain of bacteria, and assumes the form of a small bladder, a utricule—the cholera bacillus is a phase of the utricule, as Professor von Schrön has shown—and when it has reached a certain stage of development its evolution continues in the same way as the spore, *i.e.*, by becoming a capsule; but it differs from the one which was derived from the spore by the fact that in some cases it disseminates its bacilli *radially* instead of bursting like a shell as is the case with some kinds.

During the periods of active life special products of secretion are elaborated by them; and of these Professor von Schrön has distinguished four successive products:

- (1) A limpid serum product.
- (2) A gaseous product which issues in the form of bubbles.
- (3) A finely granulated albuminous substance which does not polarise nor crystallise.
- (4) A substance chiefly albuminous, which in an amor-

phous state first polarises, and then crystallises, assuming characteristic forms according to the bacteria from which it is derived. Now these crystals show vital phenomena, movement being one of the most elementary manifestations of life; but they show not only (1) individual motion, but also (2) a structural evolution in the matter of which they are constituted, and furthermore (3) an internal characteristic movement in the shape of vibrating waves. (*Fig. 2.*)

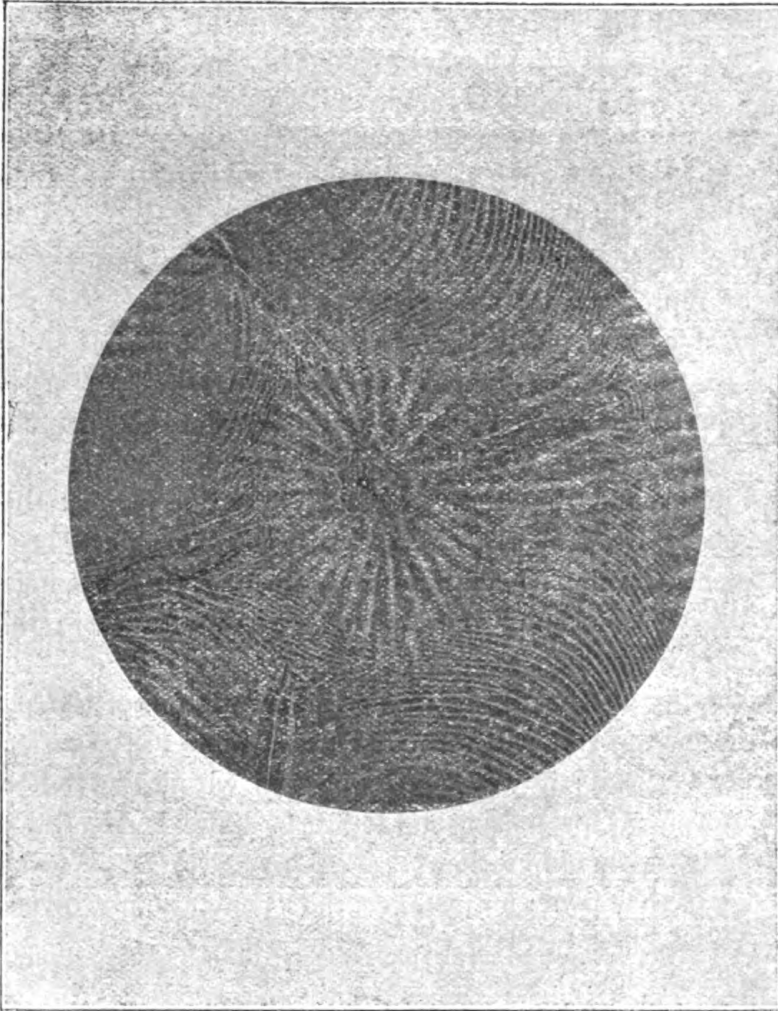


FIG. 2.

After this begins their first differentiation by the appearance of rounded elements (petroblasts), with two aspects, light and

4

dark, which are distinguished by the names protolitho-plasm, and deuterolitho-plasm.

In the crystals—as we have said—the internal movement is in the form of vibrating waves,* at first internal, then all round, and on the surface (waves that are endo-crystalline, epi-crystalline, and peri-crystalline), and they are so active that they produce a development of heat which softens the gelatine with which they come into contact, and in the depths of the surrounding gelatinous matter (*coltura*) these waves may be clearly seen round about the crystals.

After a series of internal changes, the crystal becomes “grown up” and blunts its angles; it loses every characteristic of internal structure, because its elements dissolve themselves into a uniform hyaline mass; it gives no further sign of life; and remains in a fossilised state.

These crystals possess not only movement, but also the power of reproduction; for example, one may see the petroblasts at a certain phase change their position, and from being parallel to the median line (*Linea Mediana*) take up a position rectangular (*Linea Normale*) to it; and it is upon this line that a crystal doubles itself, and the two new individuals separate, and revolve round the *Linea Mediana*, or axial plane; this is generation by division. In another case the petroblasts become independent, develop themselves and, turning to the outside—raising the waves around the crystal—separate from it†; this is generation by budding.

Again, in another case, in the differentiation of the petroblasts, a new crystal will form itself and come to the surface of the mother-crystal; it will come out and withdraw itself by a double movement, propulsive and rotatory. This is generation by endogenesis, with emigration.‡ (*Fig. '3.*) Crystals have also a pathology of their own; for instance, the “generation by division”

* The “waves” when seen on the screen, form a distinct graduated aura, very beautiful in form.—I. C.-O.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 123, 159, 167.

‡ The reproduction of the crystal by the method of endogenesis is identical with that of fungi, algæ, ferns, and other plants in which spores are formed within sporangia. The zoospores of algæ are well-known to possess the double motion, the propulsive and the rotary (which is, again, a representation, in the infinitely little, of the cosmic spiral motion in evolution): when this motion has ceased, they settle down and grow into a new individual alga.

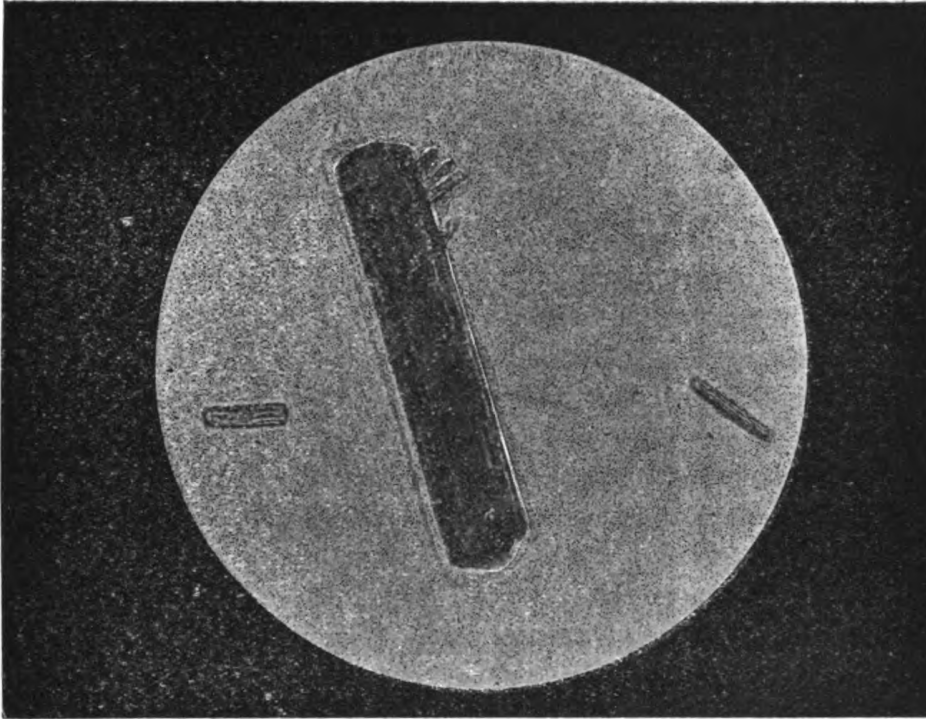


FIG. 3.

of a crystal may be suspended by a stoppage in development, and the crystal may become mature while remaining bifurcated; there are also to be found instances of torsion, erosion, softening, folding up; etc., and even cases of bleaching (albinism); the cholera bacteria (bacterium Coli) assume a dark coloration from a special endogenous pigment (chromatic autocthonous metamorphosis) if this is lacking the crystals remain white.

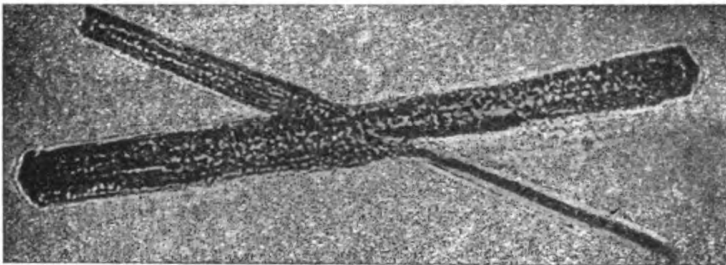


FIG. 4

But the vital phenomena do not end here; there are also phenomena which may be called social: for example, the struggle

for life may be seen ; two crystals during their growth will meet at the same point, and one of them will end by absorbing the other, which is slowly destroyed ; in this process the vibrating waves reappear in the one being absorbed for a certain time, but it ends by being dissolved. (*Fig. 4.*)

But the crystals of groups belonging to the same spore do not injure their respective individualities when they meet each other. There are people who, on hearing of these manifestations of life in crystals, take it as implying that these expressions denote that a real organic life is affirmed. But this would be an exaggeration of the supposition, for biologically the mineral life must be placed in an inferior grade to the lowest form of cell-life, and its activity might be called vital directly it is not explicable by simple physical and chemical facts ; therefore it only remained for Prof. von Schrön to extend his researches to other organic and inorganic crystals, which he has done, and has arrived by purely experimental methods at results which he could not have foreseen, nor have even hoped for.

The first substance he studied was uric acid, and in the rhomboid which is formed in the uric nebula (uric-cloud), is found a first differentiation of proto-lithoplasm and deutero-lithoplasm, and next follows the formation of the petroblasts, and then the closing round of the rhomboid by means of a petro-

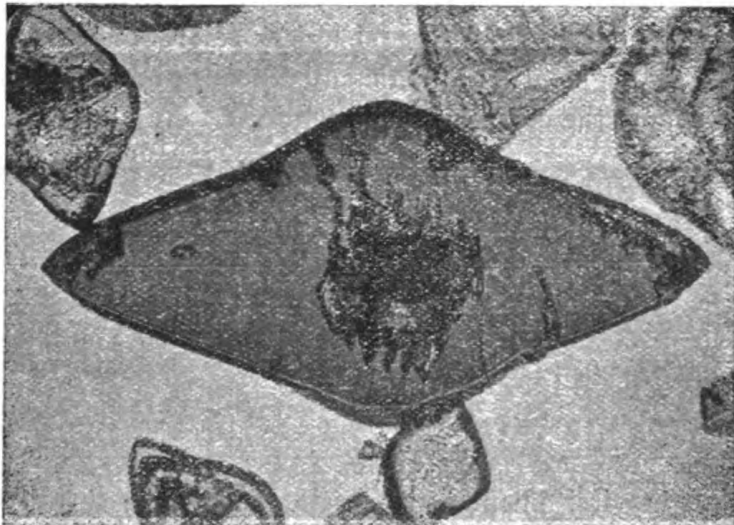


FIG. 5.

blastic membrane; at the next stage the limitation of the crystalline zone is constituted by petroblastic filaments, that are derived from the membrane, which transform each zone into a crystalline space (rhomboid): thus from the genuine primitive rhomboid and upon it spring up many small secondary rhomboids, not set in any definite position, which together form a relatively enormous crystalline mass. (*Fig. 5.*) This latter may undergo a superficial disaggregation, and even burst from the interior pressure due to the germinal crystalline hyper-tension, and the crystals that form this mass are launched forth to a distance. Not less fruitful in result has been the study of the genesis of the crystallisation of salts; for the first fact here ascertained is, that while many chemists maintained that there did not exist real solutions, but only suspensions of salts, Prof. von Schrön has demonstrated (by means of his great magnifications) that there is perfect homogeneity in a saturated solution of salts as seen in a closed hanging drop; but—at a certain moment—a differentiating force shows itself which gives rise to the plasm with the primitive granular appearance.

And at this point it is necessary to add a few general observations.

Spontaneous generation has been doubted by science, the experimental means by which it was thought possible to demonstrate it having been shown in part insufficient, and in part erroneous. But the ancient doctrine of Redi, "*Omne vivum ex ovo,*" and the recent dogma enunciated by Virchow, "*Omnis cellula e cellula,*" lose in value and scope before the fact that from the homogeneous solution of a salt there develops a thread-like plasm, and from this is produced—freely—the petro-cell; and by yet another fact, that the crystal has all the main qualities of an individuality before its birth from the mother (crystal) egg.

Hence we can suggest that, just as the barriers that separated the animal kingdom from the vegetable kingdom have long been swept away, so it may be that those barriers—which seemed impassable to experimental science—between the organic and the inorganic kingdoms may also be transcended. For there is no form in the universe which does not arise by an organic process, a living process; and it is this plasm that forms the

biological bases of the three kingdoms of Nature ; for wherever something is generated, a plasm is in activity, and after the first primitive granular appearance, which has been briefly mentioned in the crystalline solution, the first differentiation that appears is a plasmic network, followed by some petroblasts with the double aspects* of proto-lithoplasm, and deutero-lithoplasm. Here, according to Professor von Schrön, life is definitely manifested, since we have an "antagonism between two primitive substances

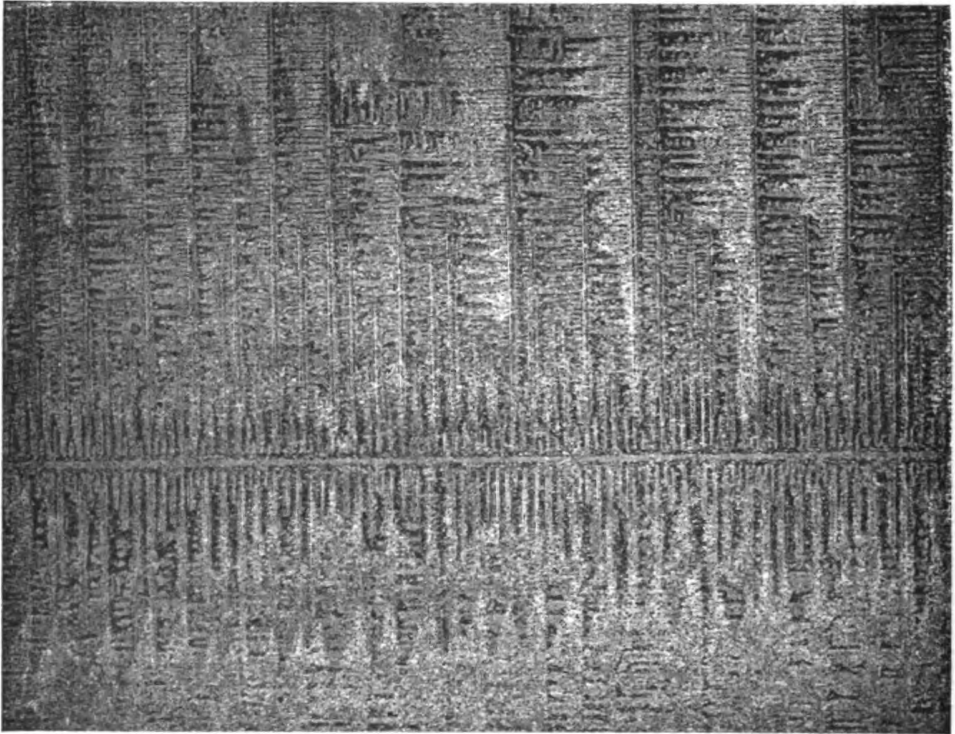


FIG. 6.

* These appear to be two conditions, or aspects, of one substance, which function differently; for the deutero-lithoplasm is the more passive of the two. The two aspects, "proto- and deutero-lithoplasm," into which the early plasmic structure of the crystal becomes differentiated, and which the author describes as consisting of an "antagonism between these two substances" in the elementary stages of crystal-life, this eventually giving rise to a harmony when the structure has reached perfection, remind us of the fundamental law of Duality, of the pairs of opposites existing on all planes of Nature; this antagonism, which is the essence of life, this perpetual vibration from between two opposite poles, combined with onward motion, affords us the spiral path of evolution laid down by the Logos as the means of perfection for our universe. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 124.)

With regard to the discovery that the crystal in its early stages increases in size by intussusception and later on by apposition, it is interesting to note that in plants the protoplasm of the cells possesses an interstitial growth, while the cell-wall surrounding and excreted by it as a secondary product is laid down and increases in area by the method of apposition.

with the object of forming an individual." In a later phase of development the embryo-crystals appear in a set order, and it is in this phase that "centres of force" become apparent which determine the regular aggregation of the crystals, and form—as we shall see—the starting-point in every crystalline formation. This force attracts the matter around an axis, which is not merely an ideal conception—as science has hitherto taught—but is a reality, and appears in a definite form in the photograph of the preparations, and—moreover—its development can be followed out in all its subsequent progressive evolution. (*Fig. 6.*)

This axis becomes the central line which, while determining the order according to which the crystals aggregate—is itself seen as a vacuum, or, at least, relatively so; this is a most important fact, demonstrating that the force which dominates matter is not itself inherent in matter, but is something outside of matter, and does not fall within the scope of our senses.

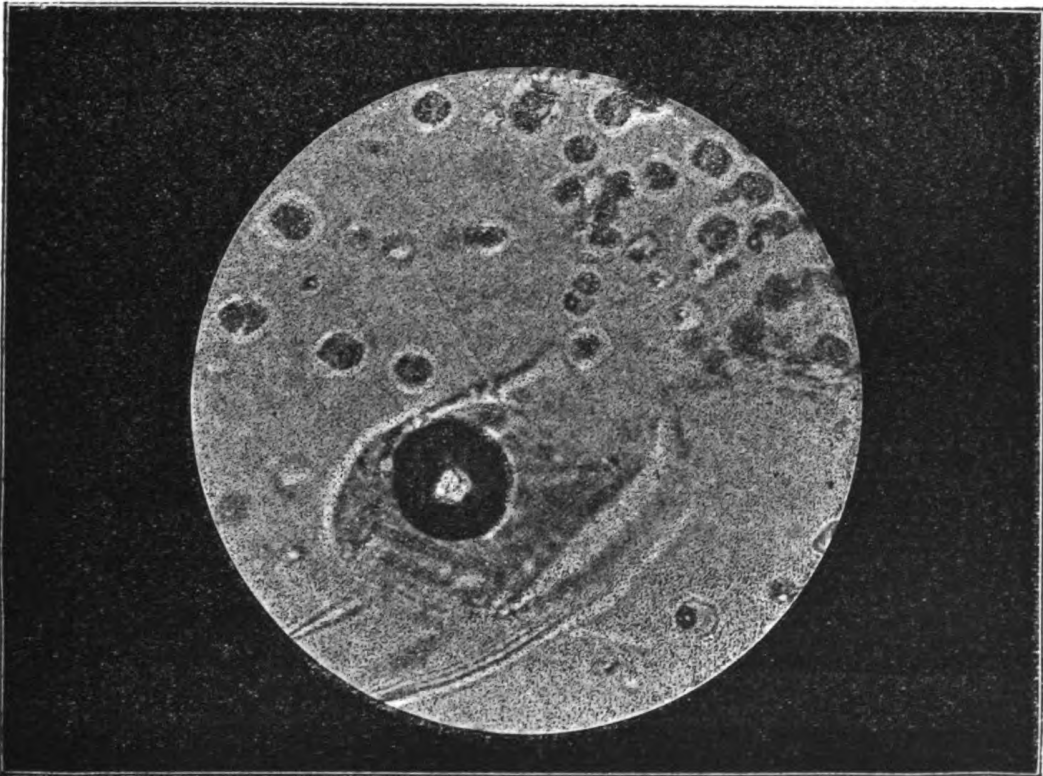


FIG. 7.

Later on the axis fills with an amorphous matter which—as seen by this great process of magnification—is finely granulated; it becomes more visible and falls into parallel waves; these waves in breaking up give rise to the petroblasts, which arrange themselves according to a vertical series and form, with respect to the crystal, a figure that might be compared to the spinal cord of the embryo. In the last phase rhomboids are developed from the petroblasts, which fall into a tile-like formation along the chief axis, presenting thus an analogy to the spinal column. These phases may be best observed in alum, and in the acid of tungstate of soda. The petroplasm in various salts assumes different forms and varied modes of generation; for example, the petroplasm may condense itself into globular shapes, in which by successive endogenous processes small secondary globules are differentiated, which leave the original globule, the latter becoming at last completely crystallised. (*Fig. 7.*) In other salts we have real cells that generate the petroblasts and which are—in their turn—originated by spontaneous generation from the homogeneous petroplasm; and it is most necessary to keep in mind that every manifestation of life is linked with plasm, and that we may have germinal processes without the intervention of the cell, which is only a form—the most developed organic form—assumed by the plasm.*

The structure of the petro-cell is most varied, and corresponds morphologically to the animal tissue. For example, those

* Spontaneous generation of cells: this is one of the most startling and important results of the work of von Schrön; in plants, which must be regarded as exceedingly highly organised beings as compared with minerals, nothing of the sort is known or even conceivable; there, new cells are formed by indirect division of the nucleus of an already existing cell (a long and very complicated process). An important point to notice is this: that true cells having been discovered in a mineral, and their origin there, from a homogeneous matrix, accounted for, the transition in evolution from a mineral (hitherto conceived as totally different in structure and constitution from any plant with cellular structure) to a vegetable becomes infinitely more comprehensible, for both are now shown, at least at certain stages of growth, to possess a cellular structure. All this applies equally well to the remarkable discovery of a plasmic network preceding cell-formation in the salt. In fact, what von Schrön has apparently done is to supply that which for ages has been missing, one of the most important and tangible links connecting the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Theosophy and the ancient Scriptures have told us, and are telling us, that there is no break between these two kingdoms; Science alone could demonstrate the truth of this in a manner suited to the mental capacities and tastes of the age; this now seems to have been in considerable measure accomplished by von Schrön, and forms another chapter in the enduring and far-reaching work in which Prof. J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, has recently so ably and admirably participated (see THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, July, 1901).

of salicylic acid in their outlines and dispositions resemble the epithelium (the cells of the marrow in young bones, and the nervous cells of the cortex of the brain). In the petro-cell we have division and budding, and a special method of endogenous generation which is afforded by the expulsion of the nucleus now transformed into a crystal; after which a new nucleus is generated from these contents. From all this it may be deduced that from a homogeneous saline solution deprived of definite and visible germs, or, in other words, from a morphologically undifferentiated liquid, proceeds a living plasm with permanent and hereditary qualities. Generalising on these researches, Professor von Schrön asked himself whether also in igneous rocks crystals had not a vital process which might imply that this living plasm has an inherent property of resistance to high temperature, and he has traced this petroplastic formation in lava, in bricks, and also in pottery, but not in glass, where every appearance of plasm is destroyed by complete fusion. Hence he concludes that this differentiated condition of plasm, *i.e.*, the petroplasm, is to be found in all processes of mineral formation, and is not affected by very high temperatures.

In fact, the entire cosmogenesis is (it seems) dependent on this plasm, or, to put it more precisely, on a primitive plasm, called by Prof. von Schrön, proto-bioplasm, which would still be found in the nebulae. The further differentiations are the petroplasm, of which we have spoken, the basis of mineral life; phytoplasm, or vegetable plasm; zooplasm, or animal plasm; and finally, anthropoplasm, of which we can see the importance. The higher the plasm the more differentiated it is, and the more it tends to present the karyokinetic formation of the cell. Every further development, on higher planes, is due to the consecutive differentiation of this plasm; this law of differentiation implies that of progressive perfection, since each development is usually more perfect of its kind. The evolution of this plasm in the various kingdoms of nature takes place on parallel lines and in its varied modes of organisation certain typical forms are always recurring. Everything, we repeat again, exists as an organism; or has so existed. Even the so-called purely chemical processes, *i.e.*, the combination of an acid with a base

to form a salt, develop at a certain phase vital phenomena in this sense : that at the moment the salt is produced there appears and disappears rapidly a *filiformplasm*,* and this moment is also characterised by an elevation of temperature. It is necessary to remember that as life varies much in intensity and extension from man to man, so also there is a most stupendously differentiated and extended scale from crystal to man.†

We have emphasised the all-important theory of which Prof. von Schrön is proving the truth, that there exists a force which dominates, organises and harmonises matter : which produces "centres of force" around which matter aggregates; alum affords a typical case, showing most clearly the formation of axes ; in other cases similar "centres of force" arrange their matter into the form of spirals, crosses and stars with five rays clearly delineated. The axes of the crystal demonstrate its individuality in an indisputable manner. For during the process of differentiation in the uric nebula we see first an isolated angle, named by Prof. von Schrön the primitive or dominant angle ; later, in front of this appears another, called a diagonal angle ; these are not, at first, united, but are at a distance from each other, yet there is, between them, an invisible link ; for if the primitive angle is displaced there is a corresponding simultaneous deviation in the diagonal angle. There is a disruption of continuity, but an absolute correspondence. And there exists, at this period, the axis which later appears as a vacuum in the crystalline mass. This is not all, for after the uric-rhomboid form has completely outlined itself, there arise upon it some filiform masses of petroplasm, which then begin to differentiate in themselves, successively, the dominant angle, and the diagonal

* Hitherto theosophical students have been content to see in the mere phenomena of chemical affinity evidence of life of an isolated kind in the lower world ; but now, the appearance of this plasmic network at once raises this conception of life in the mineral world to a far higher level ; no longer does there yawn such a gulf as previously between the vital phenomena of chemical combination and those of vegetable functions. In the acid and base we have the antagonistic elements, the pair of opposites, whose union produces the true mineral individual, *viz.*, the salt, which must be regarded as the only complete product in nature ; acids and bases, as representing incomplete substances, halves, rarely exist permanently in a state of isolation and separateness ; sooner or later they combine together to form the individual, the salt ; and it is precisely during this important process (comparable to the fusion of male and female nuclei in plants and animals in order to form a new individual) that the plasmic network appears.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, I. 124, " Nature correlates her geometrical forms," etc.

angle of a second rhomboid, which utilises—so to say—the same axis as the first rhomboid, developing itself upon it in the same position; and now comes a strange phenomenon: before the angles form themselves the axis presents a resistance to the advance of the petroplasmic threads, which, arising from the periphery of the genuine rhomboid, bend themselves towards the principal axis of that rhomboid, but on reaching it, as if repelled by an invisible obstacle, curve back again (as it were in a handle) toward the periphery from which they started, returning thus to the original periphery. As soon as the primitive angle of the second rhomboid is formed, at the junction of such a petroplasmic line, these petroplasmic threads may extend beyond the original axis, and they may surpass it.

This very important fact is, according to Prof. von Schrön, a confirmation of this individualising power on matter not yet organised: we must pass over other instances which illustrate this force which governs matter, but even one instance serves to show its peculiar character; the slight outline here given is but an infinitesimal part of what the Professor has explained in his conferences, and has demonstrated by means of many hundreds of micro-photographs of negatives, and dia-positives projected by electric light. But he is not only a workman of science but a genius, for he has derived from his researches a conception of a religious system in the universe. He sees no contradiction between religion and science, but asserts that his "religious feeling has developed itself in direct proportion to his penetration into the so-called secrets of Nature." Of this deeper aspect of his studies he does not speak to the public, but reserves these views and deductions for his friends and pupils.

"Matter," he says, "has nothing base, or low, in it, it is essentially noble, it is divine"; matter lives, and ever tends to differentiation, and in the process of this differentiation it becomes perfected. From perfection is born liberty—and thence comes vice; the more elevated a condition of matter the more easily does it corrupt itself.

Such are a few of the interesting hypotheses into which these studies have led the Professor.

With regard to this force which dominates matter, he says it

is "perhaps a kind of ether"; but in using the term "perhaps," the Professor makes the following reservation; he is himself convinced of it, but as he cannot yet experimentally prove it, he uses this word, and in saying a "kind of ether" he means that this ether is constitutionally very different from, and subtler than, the ether that gives us the electric and luminous undulations.

Another point of interest is that he assigns to man a special quality of plasm very different from that of the ordinary animal kingdom. We know that he does not admit the Darwinian theory, and he attributes to man—while submitting him to the law of heredity—an especial evolution in the scale of beings. He regards, moreover, the present condition of man as but a passing phase towards a stage of superior development infinitely greater with regard to his relation to other beings, and a step to a far greater perfection with regard to himself.

As to what Prof. von Schrön feels about his researches, this may be given in a very brief sentence: he only asks that those who doubt should go to him, follow his methods, and judge for themselves.

GIOVANNI COLAZZA.

THE more a man loves the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection. . . .

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy, by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon. And the transformation ought to become so easy and habitual that the lookers-on may think it spontaneous, and nobody give us credit for it.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, pp. 146, 147.

A DREAM

THE following is an account of a dream which a friend recently had, and conforming, as it does, so faithfully with the conditions which, in a general way, we have learned may be expected in a case such as the one appearing to the dreamer, I have thought the incident sufficiently interesting to have my friend write out the dream for the readers of *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, and I give it in her own words :

“ I was apparently a man about fifty years old, standing at the foot of a bier upon which I saw my own body stretched. I felt very sorry for the body, not as it lay resting now but for all it had had to endure from itself. The door opened and my little child, a girl about five, ran into the room. She had some flowers to lay upon the corpse, but in doing so she ran right through me. I did not feel a hurt or even an inconvenience from this act, but I felt the indignity and an impulse to correct the child for rudeness, when I realised with a pang that the child did not perceive me. The child went out and my wife entered : she was a very resolute-looking woman with bitter lines about the mouth. She arranged the hair of the corpse about the temples and I saw a hole and remembered that I had committed suicide. I then began to wonder why I had done it. I could remember some vague, harassing troubles, lack of success in business, lack of sympathy at home, a prolonged mood of sordid melancholy and depression, a loss of any sense of worthiness in life, and a complete sense of frustration, of powerlessness in making these circumstances plastic to the will. Yet none of these matters seemed sufficient to account for the deed. I remembered the room in which I had done it, the excitement, emotion and misery, a nervous twitch of the finger with the trigger, a time of confused consciousness, a pause, and I stood outside myself, very much relieved, watching people break in the door. As I stood at the foot of the bier I

realised that, in the flesh, I had somehow lost all sense of proportionate values, that everything had presented itself to my mind in a distorted shape. I could not discriminate real trouble from imaginary. My wife called in my son, a boy about fifteen; they talked together across the body; the boy seemed sullen; she told him he must not judge, and said something about 'whatever he suffered in life, in death let him find loyalty.' She made him give his hand to her over the body as a pledge. I found myself saying, 'but she never was a soft woman.' After this the dream was full of detail but my memory of it is blurred. I went to my funeral, felt an interest in all the people there, even looking to see if the friends I expected were there. I passed through all the carriages on the way to the grave, and noticed that while my wife and her brother spoke in a kind way, she especially insisting upon good points in me, and that no judgment must be passed, the pall-bearers were only surprised that my worldly affairs were right enough and that there was no assignable cause of suicide. In the further carriage people were pitying my wife and children and were blaming me. I felt rather resentful at this. When I saw the earth go down on to the coffin I felt rather relieved, and as if I were saying, 'I'm well rid of that.' Then I hastened to get into a carriage, fearing to be left behind.

"Then followed what must have been a week or ten days of extreme boredom. I wandered about my house and watched my wife and son. Their lives seemed to me appallingly futile and sordid, and I saw a thousand things I might have done to lighten the burden and each time there was a poignant sorrow that I was apparently no longer in a world of cause and effect. I much desired to give my wife advice about money matters, but found I could not make any suggestions to her. At night especially I was overwhelmed by the dullness of existence. I went out sometimes to watch the stars and I was afraid of them. I finally came upon the idea of going back to France to see an old friend. I realised that I could move, by impulse, over large spaces, but I disliked using any other mode of motion than the one I was accustomed to in the body, so I decided to go to New York by train, as usual, and take the ship to France. It almost annoyed me to remember that I need not buy a ticket for the train. In

getting upon the ship I actually stopped to reflect that I need no longer be afraid of shipwreck or seasickness. I was very lonely on board, because no one spoke to me. I saw people all the time and could sometimes grow quite interested in what they said and did, but it was irksome that they offered me not even a smile or a greeting. One day I lay on the canvas of a life-boat looking at the stars. I came upon the thought that in my life I had failed by refusing to be at the centre of being, using everything that came to hand and neglecting vital interests, and I realised that I was erring again along the same lines, that I ought to accept the new mode of being and move in a natural way. Then almost immediately I was in the room of the lady I had gone to see, in a chateau in Tours, France. The lady was holding a pistol ; I knew her thoughts to be just what mine had been when I killed myself. I knew that once it was done she would regret it as I did, and would feel her chances somehow diminished thereby in her next state. I felt I must somehow interfere with her ; I spoke, I put my hand on the pistol, I tried every means and nothing resulted. She never raised her eyes. Then I thought, if I could only be less vaporous, she would surely see me. I crouched low and squeezed myself. It was great agony, like the very throes of death. There was a scream : the lady threw away the pistol and called someone, saying there was a mud turtle crawling across the floor. I gave another wrench, the pain again was very great ; I was bigger than before, and I moved very lightly on a moon-beam out of the room and over the tops of the trees. It was a wonderful night and I thought I would go straight upward. But first I wanted to see what had happened to the lady. I floated past her window and found her kneeling by it, looking out and up. I think that was the end."

It may be stated that my friend is not sufficiently conversant with theosophical teachings to have evolved a pretty story therefrom. Indeed, I am not sure that, had she been perfectly familiar with the literature, she could at all have found therein suggestions for many incidents of the story. The fact is that what she saw seemed new and strange, and she has no theory upon which to base an explanation of an experience so vivid and unique.

A curious feature of the dream is the impression brought back by the dreamer that in some way she herself was the hero of the drama. This, I believe, is not an uncommon experience among those who are so fortunate as to be awake to the life of the plane above us; and in support of this I might cite an instance mentioned in one of a series of intensely interesting papers which, for some unfortunate reason, have disappeared from the pages of the REVIEW—greatly to the regret, as I feel, of the whole body of theosophical readers. The instance is as follows:

“‘It is curious what tricks one’s etheric brain often plays one in these matters,’ remarked the Scholar. ‘I often find myself in the morning recalling the events of the night as though I had myself been the hero of the tragedy in which I was simply a helper. For instance, the other night, up in the hills among the fighting, I was doing my best to avert a serious accident, and in the course of the work had to help one of our Tommies, who was bringing up a gun, driving at a headlong pace down a break-neck sort of path, and it seemed to my waking memory that I had been driving the horses myself. And I remember one night when I had tried to drag a fellow away who was working in a building where there was going to be a big explosion, and had failed to make him move, that when the explosion came I went up with him, and explained to him as he shot out of his body that it was all right, and that there was nothing to be alarmed about. The next morning the impression on my mind was that I had been exploded, and thought it was all right after all, and I could taste the choking gas and the mud and slush quite plainly.’

“‘Yes, you have an odd way of identifying yourself with the people you help,’ commented the Shepherd. ‘It seems a kind of sympathy, making you experience for the time just what they experience, and on waking the brain mixes up the identities, and appropriates the whole!’” (“In the Twilight,” THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxii., p. 277.)

A probable explanation is that the story discloses facts occurring in the life of some person whom my friend must have met on the astral plane, while absent from her sleeping body; and that listening sympathetically to his story, as I am sure would

be the case, she brought back the memory to her brain as a personal experience.

As to the story itself, it is noticeable how curious was the effect produced by the effort made at materialisation, and at first one is apt to see in the mud turtle a rather ludicrous and unnatural touch, robbing the whole incident of its probable reality; but on further thought our turtle would seem to provide a result not so illogical after all. It will be seen that in trying to make himself visible the man was plainly performing an act of the rationale of which he knew nothing. Had he known, he most probably would have drawn into his astral body the materials needed to cause it to reflect light on the plane below, and he could thus have made himself seen in his own proper form. But he appears to have proceeded in quite another, and as it would seem less natural way, by endeavouring to compress the astral body itself into something visible. It perhaps is not impossible that the result of this would have been to make some small shapeless mass; and as it is not likely that a woman under the stress of contemplated suicide would be in a mental state conducive to accuracy in observing any strange object she might see, the turtle idea might well have been a mistake of the observer.

A. P. WARRINGTON.

ONE mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form—in forms like my own. I live in society; with persons who answer to thoughts in my own mind, or express a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of a common nature; and these other souls, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else can. They stir in me the new emotions we call passion; of love, hatred, fear, admiration, pity; thence come conversation, competition, persuasion, cities and war. . . . Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonal. In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made, as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party, or common nature, is not social; it is impersonal; is God.

EMERSON, *Essays*. "The Oversoul."

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 92)

THE human brain is the topmost branch of a growth whose seedling was rooted far back, not in geological but in planetary time ; although far removed from its seedling stage, it has by no means reached its maturity ; it is still climbing up along the road from better to best. So far, we have managed to evolve five senses, though it is obvious these are not the limit ; for, as we are well aware, some few of our race have brought a sixth sense into active working order. Some of the lower animals possess sense-organs, fully equipped with nerves, that cannot be relegated to any of the five senses we cognise, and yet their structure shows them to be as much sense-organs as our own nerve structures for seeing or hearing. Even within the boundaries of the five senses there are endless possibilities of which we still remain in ignorance. Animals see what we cannot see, hear what we cannot hear, smell what we cannot smell, distinguish colours—such as the ultra-violet—that are quite invisible to us ; and it is certain that the familiar world with which our range of nervous vibrations surrounds us will present quite a different aspect to many, if not to all, the members of the animal kingdom.

As already stated, nerves are modified cells. When living cells cease to multiply by division, then begins their growth period and those variations in chemical constitution which fit them for the exercise of diverse functions. They are now functional cells, and the next stage will see the localisation or formation of organs by means of which the functioning can be expressed. “Always the organ comes after the function.”

Grouped into an organ they form a unit, in this case the central nervous system, composed of the brain and spinal cord, which we may describe as a mass of nerve elements embedded in

a matrix of supporting and nourishing tissue. Co-extensive with the central system is the sympathetic. Some little idea of the vast amount of work performed by the evolving life will be gathered from the fact that at the end of the third month of embryonic life, when cell division ceases, it is computed that the average number of nerve cells is some 3,000 millions.*

The number of nerve elements prior to birth is, we perceive, a fixed quantity ; but it does not follow that all the cells attain to their possible maximum of development at this, or any subsequent stage. While it is computed that a number become fully functional before birth, the great majority, as would be inferred, take on those chemical modifications, which are characteristic of structural nerve development, at later periods, and there appears to be no fixed time at which the functional activities of the already-formed cells cease. Accepting the histological evidence that the number of nerve-units packed into the foetal brain is the same as that of the adult, we are prepared for the further statement that differences in size of brain are accounted for by increase in the volume of the cells. The observations of His on this interesting point have led to the conclusion that the cells at maturity are, in volume, some 377 times larger than in the earlier period. The increase is not an all-round one. Some cells grow beyond, while others keep below the average, and, as regards the development by increase of a large proportion of this tissue in later life, much depends upon the character of the stimuli applied to them directly, by the will of the Thinker who stands behind the physical instrument.

Taking the brain as a whole, we may think of it as a re-acting organism which, in the long course of evolutionary cycles, has provided itself with certain appliances for the reception of vibratory stimulations and for the transformation of these either into muscular or mental activities ; each nerve in the vast number that makes up the whole being an easily excitable battery of vital energy, so unstable in constitution that the slightest disturbances necessitate readjustments in its molecular groupings, this instability being a requisite condition for swift changes of static into dynamic energy.

* Meynert, His, and others.

Not many years ago *nerve-cells* and *nerve-fibres* were regarded as distinct one from the other, in structure and in function; later research, however, has conclusively proved that the ganglion-cell and the fibres are one, the latter being outgrowths from the cell-substance which shoot into the matrix of the brain in every direction. In like manner the peripheral nerves, whose ganglia are ranged down each side of the spine, start in the cell and ramify therefrom through the muscular structures, finally reaching some special organ, or continuing their course until they end in the pacinian and other skin terminals.

And here, once more, the notable fact, "as above so below," comes fully into recognition, for no matter how remotely-related various parts of a body may appear, it is ever clearer, as we pursue our study, that the Point in the Centre is the governing and controlling factor of the life mechanism. As the intricate nervous system develops, in answer to the needs of the life, always struggling to express itself more and more completely, those mental pictures which are permanent records of every volition and feeling that connect the life within with the life without are photographed on the nuclei of the many grey cells, each cell retaining its own memories, for "no one cell can translate or perform the duties of another." While separate thought images are localised and cells are spatially removed one from the other, each process of memory can be coupled with other processes by means of the association outgrowths. For ingathering and for outgoing purposes the living nerve-cell establishes a web-like connection of fine white conducting fibres to which the term "nerve" is frequently applied, but these form the conducting media only, they are the telegraph wires along which motion travels and by means of which the constituent cells can connect one with the other to form a harmonious whole. Each fibre is a prolongation or growth out of the cytoplasm of its own cell. Some of the most important and interesting features in the constructive development of the nerve elements are to be found in connection with the medullation, or sheathing, of these fibrillar outgrowths; future possibilities of nerve and brain function being largely dependent on the proper sheathing of the fibres at the proper time. During the early stages of embryonic life, nerve

substance is represented by grey matter only; this, so-called, "grey" being in reality an indeterminate mixture of cells and fibres with no arborisation or outshoots. It is not until the fibres elongate and become sheathed with a non-conducting, isolating, densifying tissue that the particular senses or organs to which they are attached become able to function. At, or about, the fifth month the foetal nerves commence the process of surrounding the prolongations with their medullary sheaths. This is carried on rapidly up to birth, and then, more gradually, through early childhood, youth, and according to Donaldson, up to and beyond the forty-fifth year, "medullation being greater in brains of individuals between thirty-eight and forty-five years than in that of a youth of eighteen." Probably the final cessation of medullation will occur when senile changes in the cell itself set in, but, on this point there is, I believe, no evidence that could be taken as proof. The nerves to medullate first are those which will be called upon to function first, as the reflex tracts which regulate circulation, breathing, digestion; then the motor and sensory nerves which carry sensations to and from the central system. The nerves that first come into full functional activity are, we perceive, those upon which the life and well-being of the body itself depend, and, in the normal subject, these elements remain through life larger in size than any of the others.

It is to be noted that at birth the connections with the higher brain centres are wanting; intelligence, the power of thought, have no part to fulfil at this early period, when the Ego has not taken possession of his vehicles; therefore "the fibres in the encephalon become only slowly medullated, so that from birth to maturity there is an increase of the portion medullated."*

A detailed description of the various elements which make up the nerve would necessarily be so complicated, that I will adopt Schäfer's simple definition, and speak of it with its prolongations, connections and terminal brushes, as a "neuron," literally "nerve-cell." Each neuron of the myriads in the system is a separate anatomical and physiological unit, a brain in and by itself. Allchin describes the whole as "a concatenation of neurons." Jakob tells us that "the complex nerve-cell with its

* Donaldson's *Growth of the Brain*.

accompanying nervous prolongations in its entirety is a neuron, that is, a nerve unit." By reference to the diagram we see how every nervous path comprises a series of neurons communicating with, but in no case having actual structural connection with, other neurons. We note that the arborisations of one neuron dovetail with those of the contiguous one, somewhat as the cogs of a wheel may do; though it is extremely doubtful whether there is—as some assert—actual contact between nerve and nerve.

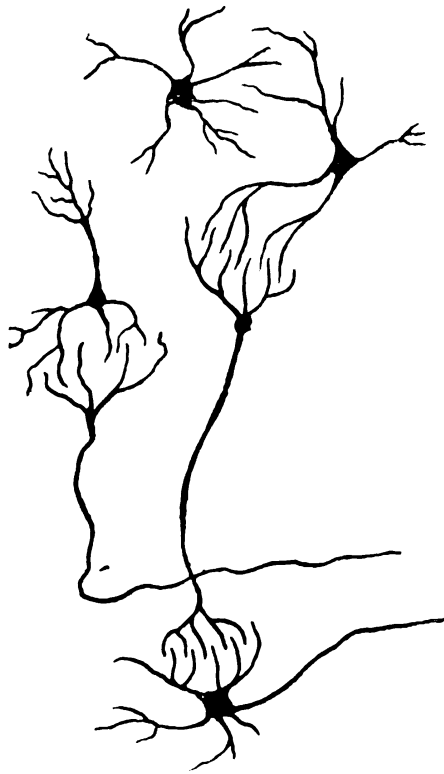


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CONSTRUCTION OF NERVE TRACTS.

If not, then we have to inquire how the waves of change, which constitute a nervous message, bridge the gaps, for, though to the lay mind nothing would seem more simple than for the translatory movement to leap across so microscopical a space, yet to the expert so many difficulties presented themselves that active search was made to discover what the scientific mind felt to be a real missing-link. Years before, had our neurologists but

known it, they might have read of this "missing-link" in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*, and have turned their hypotheses then into solid fact. Scattered here and there in the writings of H. P. B., we find allusions to "life currents which thrill through the organisms of every living thing on earth." "It is called nervous excitation, but no one, except the occultist, knows the reason of such nervous perturbation, or explains the primary causes of it."* "Prana pervades the whole living body of man . . . It is the action of Fohat upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life."† She also gives this quotation from Éliphas Lévi: "It is through this force (Prana) that all the nervous centres communicate with each other."‡ Again H. P. B. speaks of the Upâdhis or carriers of this universal life-force, and it is clear she spoke of a force which acted independently of the physical nerve-tissue, of that which, being the ultimate force, set the bodily forces in motion. To-day we have Prof. A. J. Thomson speaking of the necessity for some common medium which shall link up all the parts of the body, and pointing to "protoplasmic continuity as one of the various possible ways by which influences might pass." Jakob, after pointing out that modifications of nerve-impulse will occur at the intercellular gaps—these gaps affording a means of isolation of one conductor from the next—proceeds to say: "In all probability there exists a neuron anastomosis between protoplasmic prolongations. Transference of excitation takes place through the occurrence of motion in these terminations." Bearing in mind the fact that the life-force requires a vehicle for its propagation, the Theosophist will be prepared to find that, in some way, it courses through the system by means of channelled passages. Now Schäfer, when writing of these protoplasmic threads which have long been known to connect not only animal but also plant tissues—those fine threads which ray out from cell to cell—goes on to speak of still finer ones which pass from neuron to neuron in the forward direction of the impulses. These are "protoplasmic fibrils, distinct from the reticulum, running through the protoplasm from and into the several nerve processes. Apâthy has been able to show that these

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 588.

† *Ibid.*, i. 573.

‡ *Ibid.*, i. 279.

fibrillæ are not only continuous throughout the whole of any one nerve-cell and its processes, but exhibit continuity from cell to cell, and form a network in the intercellular substance, or grey matter, of the nerve centres. There is some reason to believe that the nerve fibrils are tubular . . . They are prone after death. . . . When photographed with a very high magnifying power (they) have a distinctly tubular appearance. . . . The existence of the fibrils being pre-supposed, then, these are the parts of the elements along which the conduction of nerve impulses actually takes place. If this is so we can conceive that nervous impulses might pass along such minute tubes in the form of a chemical change from molecule to molecule."

Truly Wisdom—the Ancient Wisdom—is justified of her child!

From the foregoing we shall have gathered that the physical brain is composed of small structural elements embedded in a considerably larger mass of nourishing tissue. These cells are unstable in shape and in size, being but a small fraction of a millimetre in diameter; and their ability to functionate as nerves depends on the development of certain offshoots. Simple branchings co-exist with elementary functions and states of feeling; while the character of the intelligent movements in the brain cortex is shown by the complexity of the lateral branches from the main prolongation—the *dendron* as it is called.

Experiment has fully proved that the outgrowths are, practically, infatigable; no change in chemical constitution takes place and no heat is given off by reason of excitation. Very different results are obtained from the centre of the neuron. All the grey cells throw down acid and give off an appreciable quantity of heat after exercise, either muscular or strictly mental; in fact, nerve cells are much more readily exhausted than are the muscles. When, for example, the body tires from prolonged muscular exertion, the "fatigue curves" demonstrate that the nerves, which supply the motive power for action, have lost more than the muscles. So great is the normal waste of nerve tissue that the larger mass of the brain may well be compared with an irrigation field, with machinery constantly employed to pump in (if it can get it) fresh nutritive fluids for the depleted cells.

We come into incarnation equipped with so many brain cells, and that their number is fixed shows us that each has a fixed sum of available capital; this capital being that amount of our past possessions which is handed over, by the Lords of Karma, for us to trade with as we please. The quantity varies with the individual; he who, as the result of past achievement, brings over a big capital, will be able to invest it to secure larger returns than will the man whose cell potentialities are less; for it is not possible to get beyond a fixed maximum interest for the capital in hand; though it is safe to say a few people so invest as to obtain their maximum, while, by reason of errors in early educational efforts, many draw too largely on the capital itself and are on their way to the Court of Nervous Bankruptcy at a time when they should be reaping their most bountiful harvest of interest on the original capital.

The large size of the frontal human brain, as compared with that of the lower animals, as also the difference in size, not of the whole brain but of the frontal lobes, in the man of high intellectual attainments in comparison with men of fewer capacities, is so marked that it is frequently spoken of, especially by phrenologists, as the seat of the intellectual faculties. Undoubtedly it is here, in the area of the anterior cortex, that the links are made between lower Manas and the physical cells, but: What is an intellectual faculty? Is it possible so to sort out intelligent acquisitions that we could place our finger on any one particular craniological spot, or bump, and say:—Here resides this or that independent intelligence? Hardly! Certain centres there are which are definitely located; for whenever a function separates itself from the mass as a something with a particular work to do, then, requiring a vehicle for the manifestation of its peculiar impulses, it differentiates out certain cells to respond to certain vibrations only, centralising these in a convenient locality. Thus there are localities where groups of neurons respond to vibrations of light only, or of sound: centres accurately mapped out of motor and sensory areas.

It does not seem to me possible—I may be wrong—to localise intelligence in “mind-stuff,” as Clifford called it, for here we trench on the domain of the Thinker himself, on the borderland

which separates mind from matter. The more carefully the brain is studied the plainer it becomes that the wide area of grey cells and neuron tracts, included in the anterior divisions, is a storehouse, or a collection of storehouses, for intelligent memories. Having once learnt to vibrate to the rate of some special thought impulse, the memory of that vibration is impressed on the cytoplasm of the cell, so that upon future repetition of similar stimuli, changes are set up in the unstable cytoplasm which, rhythmically, impel response to the accustomed vibration; for memory is but the repetition of past actions. There is no such thing as mental action apart from movement, and the Self, in its mânasic vehicle, is the factor who sends down the character of the movement to be expressed, thrown outwards, on the physical plane.

At this juncture, when a new phrenology is being reared on the ashes of the old, it may not be uninteresting to quote Professor Ferrier's conclusions on this matter. "We have," he writes, "many grounds for believing that the frontal lobes, the cortical centres for the head and ocular movements, with their associated sensory centres, form the substrata of those psychical processes which lie at the foundation of the higher intellectual operations. It would, however, be absurd to speak of a special seat of intelligence or intellect in the brain. Intelligence and Will have no local habitation distinct from the sensory and motor substrata of the cortex generally. There are centres for special forms of sensation and ideation, and centres for special motor activities and acquisitions in response to, and in association with, the activity of sensory centres, and these, in their respective cohesions, actions and interactions, form the substrata of mental actions."

Going back to the time of birth, we note again that though the number of nerve cells has reached its full complement, the large majority are not yet functionally or structurally perfect. Many are not medullated and, perhaps, the majority of the cortex cells are minus the branching processes. Remembering that insulation precedes the ability to functionate we now see the significance of this process. As already stated, the first cells to ray out fibres, which are then sheathed, are those which regulate the vital processes, and these are actively functioning prior to birth. A

cursory examination of the infant head shows, quite plainly, that development is pronounced at the back portions of the cranium and almost nil at the frontal areas. Nerve growth always means, not the numerical increase of cells, but the expansion of existing cells from within to without. Where the life needs the increase it makes it. Theosophically we hold that the Ego does not, normally, take full grip of his vehicles before the seventh year, and this is quite in accord with present-day scientific knowledge of this important subject. In the newly-born child no medullated fibres of the frontal lobes are to be found; and certain it is that, for some five to seven years, the child should grow, as plants and animals grow, without brain effort, thus building up strong centres for the vital needs of the body. To the lower brain and spinal cord are relegated the duties of carrying on the life processes, for all that is requisite, before the Ego lays hold of his new vehicle, is the functioning of organs to express animal needs. When the Ego comes into his house the anterior brain begins to move of its own accord, and slowly, very slowly, does the unforced frontal part develop. From infancy to maturity, and even beyond, neurons grow and the insulating process is carried on. This, if healthy, proceeds under two conditions:—1, that good use is made by the Thinker of this plastic material which ramifies into the matrix of the brain in response to his concentrated thought; 2, that no forcing measures are adopted.

Brain education should be, and indeed is, whether we will or not, a continuing process. We fix periods for formal educational acquirements; so many months, or years, when certain amounts of learning are to be impressed on the neurons. But this is only a part, a very small part. The most important educational work for each and all is in the daily life, when, almost without effort, we follow, minute by minute, our natural bent and build up character for future lives. It is along grooves of thought of constant repetition that abiding tracks are made. Much of the education of the schools, as alas! we all can testify, is easily wiped off the recording surfaces; but habits, daily habits, cling and are strenuous in their objection to be obliterated.

At birth the frontal lobes are blank pages, waiting to be engraved with the lines of life's experiences. The cells—the

potentialities—are all there, but the conditions for organising, for acquiring knowledge remain unfulfilled.

The plant grows into stem and leaves and perfect flower by reason of appropriate nourishment selected by, and conveyed to, every distant part, from the tender rootlet which, hidden in the earth, creeps hither and thither in search of the wherewithal to live and grow. So, too, Ramon y Cajal, greatest of living histologists, compares the lengthening of the neuron from its tip to the action of a growing rootlet. As the powers of the mind are condensed upon the brain cell, the long neuron process, modifying portions of the cytoplasm as food for its growth, begins to shoot from the cell as does the root from a germinating seed; out into the cortex it makes its way, ploughing to the right and to the left, making connections and cross connections, pathways here and pathways there, until the Thinker's brain is furrowed into multitudinous tracks. Every fibre of the neuron is a pathway for a thought, or sensation; every cell is a granary where the harvests are gathered. Not one thought has ever agitated the sensitive molecules of the neuron-pathways that has not left its impress on the granules of the cytoplasm.

To educate aright there is a balance to be preserved between the educational and the growth processes. We may force a brain as we force a plant, in each case the result is the same—precocity minus stability. It should not be a reproach to the child that it learns to-day and forgets to-morrow. A brain where the frontal co-ordinating centres are still undeveloped cannot hold impressions until they have been many times repeated, and in the young there are not, as in the adult brain, wide areas closely knit together by association fibres, thus rendering it incomparably more easy to fix a new image by coupling it with related ones already memorised.

Look at the savage, the hooligan, at any low-type man now existing amongst us. Do we not find them all marked by precocity of development? Their children early in life attain to the average physical and mental ability of the parents. It is an undeviating rule that the higher the grade of intelligence of the parents—animal or human—the longer is the period of infancy demanded by Nature. The reason a race is backward is because brain growth is rapid and quickly

comes to a standstill, so that it is impossible for the mind to expand; the impossibility is a physical one, resulting from early cessation of growth in the neuron fibrils. And the brain that is matured in early life, or the brain that is forced to do much consecutive thinking before the various areas are knit together, is bound to consolidate too soon; precisely as muscles which are overstrained in youth refuse to grow further, and we get the stunted frame of the over-worked child. Still the one law of brain development for child, or adult, is *use*. Nothing, no portion of the body, can properly grow apart from well-directed educational effort. Education in this sense means the carrying out of those processes that will expand and perfect the individual piece of machinery. This cannot be done under high pressure. True development follows the law of the forward direction, while education by pressure is a process of withdrawal. Certain facts, certain amounts of external knowledge, are forcibly tucked-in, impressed upon the brain and left there, and, provided we tuck them in with an adequate amount of repetition, we can generally bring them out again—exactly as we put them in. On the contrary real education is *expansive*, and time is needed for various processes of turning over the ingathered material. The energising faculty of the Thinker has to be brought to bear on the crude material, and this process leads to the development of power to modify and to express the modifications by self-directed effort.

At present most of us are reproductive. We can take in and give out a little of what we have gathered. But how few of us are productive! how few climb up to that stage where we could give out new thoughts to the world, in return for those thoughts of other minds which we imbibe as sponges suck up water! Doubtless, provided our selection is a good one, the imbibing process is also good for our evolution. When, though, we educate our brains to do what they are all capable of doing, when, instead of paralysing our sense-perceptions by the baneful processes of cramming, we learn to put our own thoughts into every process of memory, then, instead of being mere sponges, we shall be creators, and the world will be the richer for that which our balanced imaginations can give it.

MARY POPE.

RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND CONCEPTIONS OF THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN

ALTHOUGH the ancient Sagas concerning Oden and the Asar are not considered upon the whole as authentic history, yet it is pretty generally acknowledged that they are not altogether improbable, so that it seems only natural to believe that beneath the greater portion of them there must necessarily lie a substratum of truth, upon which the wondrously grand and curious fabric of Northern Mythology was founded. The parchments from which these Sagas-sayings have been translated were, for the most part, discovered in Iceland, and are written in Icelandic, and it is from these that we are chiefly enabled to gather some idea of the life, religion, and customs of the ancestors of our English-speaking nations of to-day.

Amongst these old records are the three poems called *Völuspá*, *Vafthrudnismal* and *Grimnismal*, which were supposed to be inspired, and it is from these that we have the earliest accounts of the Cosmogony and Mythology of the North; they deal with the creation of the present world, and of the time prior to it, but much of it is so obscure, and the mythical and the real are so mixed up, that it is almost a hopeless task to try to disentangle the one from the other. Most especially is this the case with regard to the first, or earliest mentioned, remarkable personage who appears in the annals of Northern Mythology, *viz.*, Oden. This name *Oden* actually signifies *The Divine*, and many great chiefs were so called, although in the beginning it was really only applied to the Highest Being; but I am told that it is generally supposed by the Northern folk that Oden, the God, and Odin, the chief and warrior, are one and the same. Many wonderful things are related of him: that he could change himself into any shape, that with a word he could still the sea and quench the

fire, and that his ship *Skidbladner* could sail both with and against the wind, and could be folded up like a cloth. The Sagas clearly express how highly Oden's powers, wisdom, and eloquence were prized and respected, and also that he and some others of the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the countries of the North.

In order to give some idea of the ancient religious teaching of the Goths of the North concerning the creation of the world, I cannot do better than relate the account, which I have partly translated from Strinholm's *History of Sweden*, and which I have amplified with further details taken from the Saga-story, which deals with the origin of the Hrim-Thursar, giants, and the birth of Ymir, and of Oden, Vili and Ve, quoted by M. du Chaillu in his *Viking Age*. "From the beginning of time all was chaos and darkness in the so-called Ginungagap—gaping void. At last the darkness was awakened by the conflict between the opposing worlds of cold and heat—Muspelheim and Nifleheim—which were on either side, and wild forces or giants were born. When the rime-frost and the breath of the heat met, so that the rime melted into drops, a human form came from these flowing drops, with the power of the one who had sent the heat; he was called Ymir, and the kin of the Hrim-Thursar have sprung from him. It is told that when asleep he sweated, and there grew a man and a woman from under his left arm; thence sprang the kin of the Hrim-Thursar—rime giants. It happened next when the hoar-frost fell in drops that the cow Audhumla grew out of it; four rivers of milk ran from her teats, and she fed Ymir. This cow is said to have licked the rime-stones covered with salt and rime; and the first day when she licked them a man's hair came out of them in the evening; the second day, a man's head; the third day a whole man was there—he was called Buri, and was the father of Bōr, whose three sons, Oden, Vili—will, energy—and Ve—sanctuary, holy place—were the rulers of heaven and earth." "These three sons of Bōr slew the Jōtun Ymir, and then proceeded to shape the world from the pieces of his body; in the deluge of his blood all the giants were drowned except one, who escaped with his household. Him the Jōtnar called Bergelmir; he and his wife went on board his ark and thus saved

themselves; from them is descended a new race of Hrim-Thursar."

In the poem *Grimnismal* we have the following description of the creation of the earth and heavens :

From Ymīr's flesh	But from his brows
The earth was shaped ;	The mild Gods made
And from his blood the sea ;	Midgārd for the sons of men,
The mountains from his bones ;	And from his brain
From his hair the trees ;	Were all the gloomy
And the heaven from his skull.	Clouds created.

Another account in *Gylfaginning* runs thus :

"They took Ymīr's skull and made thereof the sky, and raised it over the earth with four sides. Under each corner they set four Dvergar (gnomes, earth spirits), which were called Austri, East ; Vestri, West ; Nordri, North ; Sudri, South. Then they took glowing sparks that were loose and had been cast out from Muspelheim, and placed them in the midst of the boundless heaven, both above and below, to light up heaven and earth ; they gave resting-places to all fires, and set some in heaven, some were made free to go under heaven, but they gave them a place, and shaped their course. In old songs it is said, from that time days and years were reckoned."

The creation of the world was followed by that of man and woman : "Two creatures called Ask and Embla ; helpless and fateless, they had no breath, they had no mind, neither blood nor motion." Oden appears to have given them breath, and the other Gods endowed them with beauty and understanding.

"From them all mankind is descended, and their dwelling-place was called Mannheim (the home, or abode of men). The Asar, Gods, then built a wall around their country to protect themselves from their enemies, the Jōtnar and Thursar, and this enclosure they called Midgārd ; in the centre of this Oden placed Asgārd, Asa-heim, or abode of the Gods. Then a golden age of peace and happiness reigned for a time on the newly peopled earth—but gradually the Asar began to unite themselves with the daughters of the Thursar giants, in spite of a warning voice which told them that evil would ensue, and soon vengeance came from the Unseen, discord arose between the races of Gods and giants, and persisted as long as the Asa-power lasted."

It may be as well here to notice briefly the similarity of a few

of these conceptions with some of those mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, but they very naturally differ in mode of expression—the idea of the sweat-born, for instance, and the four Dvergar at the four corners of the earth. These last may well correspond to the four Mahârâjâs, or Deva-râjâs, who direct or superintend the working out of causes, and the decrees of the Lipika. Strangely enough the number seven does not occur in the Sagas, but nine is mentioned as the sacred or mystical number. The number three is at times conspicuous; thus, the three Sons of Bōr : Oden, the divine, Vili, will, and Ve, holy place, may be construed in various ways—possibly as the three aspects of the Logos working at the evolution of forms, in fact shaping His own physical body out of the spirit-matter already evolved. The story of Bergelmir and his household escaping in his ark during the deluge of Ymīr's blood—a poetical name for the sea—reminds us of the Bible story of Noah and his ark; the account of the peopling of the world through the two beings, Ask and Embla, is similar in thought to the story of Adam and Eve.

Among other conceptions in this bewildering maze or accumulation of fantastic ideas, that of the ash-tree Yggdrasil is notably one of the most curious and suggestive, and here again we have the three roots spreading in three different directions. "One root with the Asar-Gods, another with the Hrim-Thursar, where of yore the Ginungagap was, the third over Nifleheim. Under the second root is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and intellect are hidden. Oden came and asked for a drink of the well, and did not get it until he pawned his eye." I should remark here that the mythical Oden is always represented as a one-eyed man. But to return to Yggdrasil, which appears to be a singularly curious representation of the "Tree of Life," which in the garden of Eden is watered by the four rivers of Paradise; here, its roots, which are under all creation, and its branches, "which spread all over the world and reach up over heaven," are all nourished by the water of wisdom which flows from the fount of intelligence and experience.

The guardians of this remarkable tree and the holy well are represented as the three Nornir or genii; their names were : Urd, the past; Verdandi, the present; and Skuld, the future; they

are supposed to have kept the roots of the tree watered with the wisdom and experience of the past. In the *Völuspá* poem they are mentioned as "three maidens knowing many things," and the ancient Northmen believed that these Nornir ordered and influenced everything that happened from the hour of their birth, when they are said to have "spun the threads of fate"—a conception which corresponds intimately with that in the Greek mythology of the three Fates who held the threads of destiny in their hands.

These Nornir are thought to have disturbed the peace of the golden age, when the Asar were happy and lacked nothing, by establishing past, present and future—change, fluctuation, development and growth; in time their number seems to have increased, as evil and good Nornir are mentioned. "Gangleri said: 'If the Nornir rule the fates of men, they deal them out very unevenly, for some have a happy and rich life, while others have little property or praise—some a long life, some a short one.' Hār replied: 'Good Nornir and of good kindred forecast a happy life; but when men have evil fates, the evil Nornir cause it'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 15).

Here again we have the symbols of the forces or powers which act as the recorders and transmitters of kármic law—the Lords of Karma working out, whether for good or for evil, the causes which have been set going in the past. They are those who "hold the threads of destiny which each man has woven, and who guide the reincarnating man to the environment determined by his past, unconsciously self-chosen through his past life."*

Only in one instance can I find any idea approaching reincarnation, but from this solitary example it seems evident that such belief must have existed in earlier times. In one of the poems dealing with religious ideas and customs these words occur: "It was the belief in olden times that men and women were sometimes thought to be re-born, but now it is called an old woman's story." I find also that "friends often wished to be buried near each other, for they believed that their spirits could communicate with one another or look over their households when important events occurred."

* *Ancient Wisdom*, p. 268.

The nine worlds, *viz.*: 1. Muspel; 2. Asgård; 3. Vanaheim; 4. Midgård; 5. Alfheim; 6. Mannheim; 7. Jötunheim; 8. Hel; 9. Niflheim, may be regarded as different planes of being which were under the roots of the ash-tree Yggdrasil, and the dead were supposed to go to the world of Hel. M. du Chaillu, in his *Viking Age*, says: "The wicked seem to have died twice; first they die and get into Hel, then they die again and get into Nifhel=*Foggy Hel*," which seems suggestive of the denser subdivisions of the kâmalokic region.

I must now turn from these earlier conceptions, and briefly relate the story of Odin as warrior and chief, and give a slight account of the religion which he is said to have founded.

"Odin is reported to have come to the North from the borders of the Black Sea, about one hundred years before the birth of Christ, bringing with him a new race of Goths who were called Asar. A powerful chief of the Northern Goths named Gylfe went out to meet him, and he was so struck by the wisdom of the Asar, and probably also by their superior strength, that he invited them to Svithjod (Sweden). Odin accordingly came, and took up his abode in Forn Sigluna—old town—on the Lake Mälaren, and there he proclaimed a new law, and became the founder of the religion of the North. As Odin was a wise and prudent warrior, and his followers were less savage and barbarous than most of the Northern races of Jötnar and Thursar, they were well received in the lands through which they passed, and the chiefs and rulers in the countries of Saxony, Denmark, Norway and Sweden trace their descent from Odin and his Asar." In the *Hervarar Saga* it is related: "At this time the Asia-men and Tyrkjar came from the East and settled in Northern lands; their leader was called Odin, he had many sons, and they all became great and strong men. One son was Sigrlami, to him Odin gave the realm now called Gardariki, Russia; he became a great chief over that land, and was married to Heid, the daughter of King Gylfi."

In the earlier Sagas of Odin and the Asar we get no account of any religious rites or ceremonies, but in the *Younger Edda*, to quote again from M. du Chaillu: "We learn that the hero Odin of the North sacrificed after the manner of the Asar, and that the sacrifices made by him, as well as by Njord, Frey and Freyja,

were to a power worshipped by them, but we are not told who the God or power was. It probably was in some instances the sun, represented perhaps by the eye of the earlier and mythical Oden of the *Völuspá*—who, as we have seen, pledged his eye for a drink from the well of Urd; we know that the worship of the sun was widely spread at one period in the history of the world." From the worship of this unknown and mysterious power, the Northern people seemed to have changed, and turned to that of Odin and other Gods, and it is even stated that as late as the eleventh century some of our forefathers were actually still practising many of the rites and ceremonies instituted by these ancient Vikings, and certain it is that Odin and the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the Northern lands. The attributes of Odin, and the number of figurative names given to him, are too many to enumerate. After his death the people believed that he had gone to the old Asgârd, and would live there for ever, but it is also said that he appeared to them in dreams on the eve of great battles.

Three times in the year sacrifices of animals—oxen, horses and sheep—were offered; the first took place in October, the second at Yule, mid-winter, and the third in the spring, before the Vikings went forth upon their expeditions. If these sacrifices were neglected the people believed that the year would be a bad one, and that no success would follow their undertakings. They had also a method of divination by casting lots with chips soaked in the blood of the sacrifices, through which they thought they could discover what was to happen in the future. At marriages the bride and bridegroom were marked with the sign of the Svastika, which was considered a holy token. Temples were built for worship, and there are traces to this day that one of the most famous of these pagan edifices stood where the existing old church of Upsala now stands. Human sacrifices were sometimes offered, especially when any calamity such as war, famine, or sickness prevailed in the land, or to avert impending evil, and it was customary to offer the child of some great chief as the highest possible atonement. There are also traditions that men were worshipped after death, and fire was considered to be holy. Thor, the God of thunder, and Ægir, God of the

sea and wind, were amongst the earlier deities of the Vikings, and the following curious idea is found: "Gangleri asked: 'Whence comes the wind? He is so strong that he moves large oceans, and stirs up the fire, but however strong he is he cannot be seen, so he must be strangely shaped.' Hār answered: 'I can tell thee easily: on the North end of heaven (meaning space) there sits a Jötun called Hroesvelg in an eagle's shape; when he flaps his wings the winds rise from under them'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 18).

There were also prophetic sibyls called Völvas, who could see into the future; they used incantations and magic ceremonies, and cats were specially patronised by these witches. Among the spirits or genii who were worshipped, and to whom sacrifices were sometimes offered by women, were those called Disir, special guardians of men and families. "This worship was thought to be of great antiquity and was part of the Asar religion. These Disir are often spoken of as Fylgja (following, or guardian spirit) and Hamingja (good luck, or family spirit), but the former, which at the hour of death left the dying person and passed to a dear son, was the more personal, and it was believed that it could be transmitted from one man to another. The expressions Kyn-fylgja (kin-guardians), Altar-fylgja (family guardians), which occur in the Sagas, seem to indicate a belief that the eminent qualities of a family were protected by these spirits. Sometimes the guardian spirit of one man would follow another; for instance, Thorstein went to find the Dverg Sindri and gave him good gifts, so they separated with the greatest friendship. The Dverg said: 'Now must we separate for some time, and fare thee well; I tell thee that my Disir will constantly follow thee'" (*Viking Age*).

The early form of writing known as Runes is a subject of intense interest, but I can merely observe here that the knowledge of this writing is supposed to have been brought to the North by Odin, and in the celebrated *Runatal* (Odin's *Rune Song*) we can gather that some sort of mysterious initiation was necessary, and that Odin had to pass through terrible trials or ordeals, in order to learn the occult significance of the Runes.

M. HAIG.

WHITE HEATHER

WHEN the children of Eirê find the white heather that grows on their hills the tradition runs that now, as in old days, they are under gaesa* to give it to the one who has done the most for them, who has wrought the highest service of any comrade in the world.

Once on a time a spray of such was brought me, together with a story concerning it, and since then I have the white heather of a later day, made gift of by one who "passed," as the saying has it. From the enchanted world where he dwells it may well be he comes to me yet, with the Druid light in his eyes, and the faerie touch of the hand that puts life about the withered flower. For at whiles I write of that I see, who once tried to make music of that which was heard. And it's then the strange winds blow from the far hills, and I think Cuchulain will be meeting the hosts of Maeve in the valley yonder. For I hear Laeg, the chariot driver, shout from afar, and the clan Cailtin brood in the Shadow over the bog.

She who brought the first white heather was of the mountains, and it must have been in early days that she wandered from their heart, wandering into the roar of the cities, the buzzing crowds of men, to face the strange tangled ways, and felt beating on her the strange bewildering currents of an alien life. And white heather bloomed over the mountains, and the voice of the mountains called her each year louder, always louder. For it was time to come home. Myself I dream that the hills' Warden had need of her, and the stirring at the girl's heart, and the birthing of many wonders for her, was but the voice from the faerie heights. Somewhere in Eirê there is a path trodden in old time of those who come to her now, in the white spring of youth, with the glad tears in the eyes and the strange sweet pain

* Duty, or pledge.

at the heart of them. Back they come in multitude this day, and they seek to know concerning Cuchulain and his hero deeds, Maeve and her spells, for they will be after remembering their comrade as he fought at the ford, and the warrior queen Scathach who taught them skill of arms.

And it is Eirê herself that will be waking out of her dark sleep. In the days of the trouble what was the trouble but the keening for the death day of the Hound? What were the strife and storm that rocked our land but the tumult of the big war as it rang down through time?

* * * * *

So was it through the night, and wind, and rain, that Doreen of the hills came back to her own. And then for her rose the dawn. But this was what I saw when I watched her climbing.

The White Heather stirred, for it knew her step. The Presences enfolded her, and the Great Wings beat the air. Wind do you call it? it is not wind only that you will be hearing on the hills of Eirê.

She plucked the Heather and held it to her brows and lips as one dazed, as one waking from a dream. Then the life of the Guardian caught her in close embrace for the Welcome. The great Breath from the hollows flowed through the Heather, and set her veins tingling, her pulses leaping. He was surely a Lord of the Sidhe that met her there. She drew the Breath into her, she rushed forward in the toils of the life which gripped her and made all things new. There was wine in the blood, there was immortal youth at the life-springs. There was the thrilling of yon elemental fire which knows not death nor change. These belong to mortals, and are in the gift of the earth Lord, thorns to bind the brows of sad-eyed men. And the step of her grew light as she passed higher on the slope.

Then a fear came to her, for the Breath was lifting her from the brown earth, and she flung her face downward, gripping the heather stocks and crying aloud. And yon Lord of the Sidhe passed on with a laugh and released her for the time. But those who come back to Mountain Heart and break their fast in his halls are never the same again. They may go back to the cities

and the keening. They may even forget that they plucked White Heather and stood in faerie ring and drank at Cuchulain's ford. They may drop the hazel wand, and be content a while in the tangled ways that men call good and evil. But let them once go near the blue hills or the magic forests, and it may be they will return no more.

So sang White Heather to the girl as the dew of it brushed her face, and the earth Mother crooned the old lullaby, the cradle song of mortality, which a man may hear but thrice, and that will be at the Birthing, at the Remembering, and the Death Day. Then White Heather, still singing, went townwards with the Beloved of the Hills.

* * * *

“Give it to the one who has done the most for you in the world,” said the friend who, like her, knew somewhat of the Hidden Way. The girl started and promised herself she would do this thing, but the earth Mother's crooning was in her ears, and the Burden at her heart. And she forgot.

“White Heather, White Heather,” called the Sidhe hosts from afar. “She of the hills has lost her way to us, for the gaesa is unfulfilled.”

* * * *

“What is it you will be telling me?” said the wanderer to another who bore the hill bloom on her bosom. “The dust is heavy on you, the robes are rent with thorn branches. There is many a wound on the white body of you. Ochone! it is because you have broken the bond, and somewhere the one who loves you best of all waits for the white flower. And it will not be well for us, fellow-climber of the hills. Ochone! are you happy this day, you that love Eirê and come to her healing streams? For I see White Heather put her enchantment between us and the hills; I see us driven back by the Host as we climb, I see the faring forth to Mountain Heart, and the ending of the journey ere the sun is high; I see the strong hands reached out against us; Morrigh* puts her magic about the human-eyed.”

* An entity mentioned by Lady Gregory in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, an equivalent possibly for Morgan in the Arthurian cycle.

But on the world-ways it chanced that the second awakening came.

In the city heart dwelt one who was a teacher of men, and whose hair seemed always in my sight to be crowned with may blossom, symbol to my dreaming eyes of some eternal Youth. And at whiles I would see him in the human multitudes, or it might be in the silent chamber among his manuscripts. But there where he sat at toil White Heather lay on the table. Was it that which tuned the voice of his pen into music and put the look on him that men have who belong to the Tuatha De Danaan* evermore? And I saw Doreen of the hills coming to him as one who walks in dreams. I could not measure the nearness or the distance of her. But I saw the White Heather abloom though time had rolled by since it was plucked on Crum Cailas. And whether she will stay with the Leader of us and serve in the earth toils I know not. Or it may be that the Leader will open for her the Gate which leads back to the Blue Hills. But this I know, that White Heather is healing balm for Cuchulain's wounds, which have been open since the great battle in older time.

But another truth is for the telling, and it is that the Lord of the Sidhe, and the Mother of earth, and the Leader of men have to clasp hands and make the ancient bond.

It is for that they seek one another and shorten their ways by city and mountain, by dune and sea. You that look on Mananaun and hear the harping of MacManar, you that stand herowise before Aengus, and write in Ogham on the Walls of the World, it is for you the honey breath is born, it is for you White Heather weaves her spell.

EVELINE LAUDER.

* The Fairy Race inhabiting Ireland in ancient times.

MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

WHEN you have subdued the lower self, there are three worlds to conquer, and when these are vanquished, you will find yourself unsatisfied.

The three worlds are these: the Social, the Religious, and the Intellectual.

Do not, however, despair and think your time has been wasted; the vanquishing of all three is absolutely necessary for your soul's development. It is far better, for instance, that you should suffer on behalf of wisdom, than remain a stupid saint.

There is, however, no lasting happiness to be won from any of the three; for happiness is not to be secured in the noblest object *outside* yourself. If you want it perfected, it consists alone in this—the finding and meeting of the Master in your own heart—the securing of that blessed “private audience” to which the most powerful earthly Potentates cannot give you any card of admission. This won, you will become like the glow-worm, a very insignificant brown fly in the worldly glare of day but a flashing Star in the night of sorrow. Like it, you will carry your lamp about in your own person, and need trouble no man to lend you oil; and the glow of peace within will be shining for you none the less brightly when the world is too blind to see it.

Above all, you can be, if you will, a guide to other souls astray in the gloom of darkness.

You will never regret that you have not allowed the powers of your intellect to rust. You will never regret that you have plumbed the depths of doubt, and cast off the fetters of dogma. At the same time you will recognise that you can only gain one attribute which is eternal, because of It the Supreme Being consists, and you will have proved that the finest and most subtle intellect unwarmed by Love will at last sit abashed at the feet of the lowliest disciple, who has kindled it like a beacon in his heart towards God and towards his neighbour.

HOPE HUNTLEY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

TOWARDS A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

The Varieties of Religious Experience : A Study in Human Nature :
 Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion delivered at
 Edinburgh in 1901-1902. By William James, LL.D., etc.,
 Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. (London :
 Longmans, Green & Co. ; 1902. Price 12s. nett.)

MANY valuable contributions towards a better understanding of religion, "natural" or otherwise, have been made by the lecturers of the Gifford Trust, but none are of greater importance than the twenty instructive essays of Dr. James's recent volume. Professor James is well-known by his contributions towards a saner view of psychology than that of the purely physiological school ; he has the courage to face the facts even if they prove disastrous to fashionable theories, and we are therefore not surprised to find him setting on one side the claims of the momentarily much belauded "anthropological" folk-lorists and of the dogmatists of medical materialism, if they are held to cover more than a very small portion of the ground.

Nor will Dr. James have anything to do with "systems" of religion, which he rightly holds to be secondary developments. He deals exclusively with the religious experiences of individuals, and rightly claims that such experiences alone can form the basis of any scientific research into the nature of religion. We heartily agree ; such alone is firsthand evidence, such alone constitutes the "gnostic" element in religion, all else is "I believe," "I have heard." The range of such "gnosticism" is naturally of vast extent, the rungs of its ladder are countless, the lowest are sunk in the mud of the earth, the highest reach to highest heaven.

The ground covered by our Gifford lecturer is by no means new to our readers ; it is indeed exceedingly familiar ground to all students of theosophical religion, and consists of the piled-up evidence of individual religious experience from its lower to its higher forms.

Conversion, saintliness, mysticism, are all adequately documented from human documents, and Dr. James brings together a huge mass of evidence of the most varied kind which cannot fail to strike even the most irreconcilable materialist with its importance and utility. But in reality these serried ranks of witnesses are but a sample of the material accessible ; a hundred, nay a thousand, volumes would not exhaust it.

But it is not so much for his selection of material that we have to praise Dr. James as for the sympathetic and understanding way in which he has treated it. The Professor of Philosophy at Harvard—and we should remember in this connection that Dr. James is the first American philosopher who has delivered an official lecture in Britain—is not a don ; he lives in his generation and studies it ; he does not neglect movements and huge streams of thought and aspiration which have not yet received full citizenship in the text-books of our colleges. He does not fail to recognise the same forces at work because their modern forms differ from their ancient appearances. He is in search of real values, and is not bound down by donnish conventions, the curse of all schoolmen throughout the ages.

He must have somewhat startled his audience on several occasions by quotations from writers well known to us, but taboo for *The Times* and *Athenæum*. And yet these strongholds of dondom most highly praise him ; they recognise that he is in the right way. And the reason for this is a simple one ; Dr. James lets the mystics and the saints and the converts speak for themselves, oftentimes in a hurly-burly of high emotion, while he plays the simple part of a good-tempered and courteous chairman of the Conference, and when he rises to close the meeting he himself speaks with such moderation and good feeling that he allows not even the wildest speaker to go away with the sense that he has been babbling nonsense, or is merely physically diseased, while his audience feel instinctively that the chairman's summing up is just and reasonable.

The main gist of our lecturer's general preliminary conclusion to his volume of 534 pages, for he hopes, and we hope, that at some later day he may be enabled to express his further philosophical conclusions in more explicit form, is as follows :

“ Disregarding the over-beliefs, and confining ourselves to what is common and generic, we have in *the fact that the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come*, a positive content of religious experience which, it seems to me, is *literally and*

objectively true as far as it goes. If I now proceed to state my own hypothesis of this extension of our personality, I shall be offering my own over-belief—though I know it will appear a sorry under-belief to some of you—for which I can only bespeak the same indulgence which in a converse case I should accord to yours.

“The further limits of our being plunge, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely ‘understandable’ world. Name it the mystical region, or the supernatural region, whichever you choose. So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region (and most of them do originate in it, for we find them possessing us in a way for which we cannot articulately account), we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong. Yet the unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality, for we are turned into new men, and consequences in the way of conduct follow in the natural world upon our regenerative change. But that which produces effects within another reality must be termed a reality itself, so I feel as if we had no philosophic excuse for calling the unseen or mystical world unreal.”

A sound argument that does not handicap its general acceptance by all sorts and conditions of minds by complicating it with a mass of “over-beliefs” which may be most dear to the individual religionist, but which are secondary considerations for the philosopher.

To conclude, there are few books which have struck us so much with their *utility* as these last Gifford Lectures. Dr. James’s volume is just such a book as we lovers of Theosophy can find use for. It is an “introduction” to Theosophy in the best sense of the word, for it is conceived in the broadest and most catholic spirit and bases itself on human experience. There are some who think that an “introduction” to Theosophy should consist of some rigid system of cosmology and psychology, a sort of “credo” or programme, but we are not of that way of thinking. Systems of this kind are useful in their own way, but they are necessarily ephemeral, for a system is naturally even at best only a passing mode of expression of some individual’s experience and observation, or the summary of the experience and observation of others by some individual. But an “introduction” should be the means of leading others up to the study of a subject, of making it appear reasonable and useful to them, and as a rule the cut

and dried exposition of the skeleton of an apparently dogmatic system has the very opposite result on the modern mind and he refuses to make friends with it. He, however, does not, in rejecting a system, necessarily refuse to "make friends with the Light," if he is led up to it with naturalness, and this good office Dr. James's book will do for many, nay is doing for numbers, for the first edition is already out of print.

G. R. S. M.

IN BEE-LAND

La Vie des Abeilles. Par Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 11, rue de Grenelle. Price 3fr. 50.)

THE well-known Flemish writer whom Belgium is proud to number among her sons may rather have surprised his admirers by finding in the bee a theme for his musings. One seeks in vain in this book for the subtle charm of the thought that his name suggests, for we have not here, as might be expected, the bee as a simple peg on which to hang deep thinkings and precious fancies, but the bee as a bee—interesting indeed, but not with the kind of interest that we are apt to expect to feel when we take up a volume which bears the name of Maeterlinck.

It seems that our author has kept bees for twenty years, and has become deeply interested in them and their ways, as people are apt to be who watch with sympathetic eyes the wondrous doings of Bee-land. And Maeterlinck puts his finger on the point that gives most reason for wonderment in that strange society of monarchical Socialism, when he marvels over "l'esprit de la ruche." A power hidden and supremely wise, he says, "where is it, in what is it incarnate?" It regulates everything—the number of births, the departure of the queen, the slaying of the drones, the combats of the aspirants to royalty. It is a power to which all the bees yield absolute obedience, moving as a single body under a single will, and it is intelligent, for it adapts means to ends and proportions numbers to available supplies. It is not instinct, which repeats automatically that which for long had been done purposely, but a living intelligence stored with the accumulated experience of the past, and also able to utilise it under new conditions, the master of the experience, not its blind tool.

Maeterlinck offers no solution of the problem that he propounds; he states it, elaborates it, shows its marvels, and leaves it. But it

seems to me that we have in this Spirit of the Hive the clear working of the Group-Soul, that in which are stored the innumerable experiences of the lives it sends forth and draws in, but which is more than these lives, which co-ordinates the experiences, and while using them is not limited by them. Where the study of the scientist ends in a dead wall, the teachings of Theosophy seem to open a door.

ANNIE BESANT.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

THE *Theosophist* for September arrived so late that we can only note that Colonel Olcott continues his "Old Diary Leaves," dealing with his first tour with Mrs. Besant, and Dr. Jerome Anderson writes on the "Philosophy of Kant." The rest of the contents are up to the usual standard.

The Vâhan, September, prints the President-Founder's official authorisation for this Section to be known in future as the "British Section," and also his notification of the formation of the German Section with Dr. Steiner as General Secretary *pro tem*. In the "Enquirer" B. K. deals with the question as to the first human birth, life, and death. A. P. S. replies to a question regarding the passage of the Life Wave around the seven globes which constitute our planetary chain, and A. A. W., B. K. and E. L. contribute answers to the question as to whether a good man need "suffer physical misery by mistaken action done from a good motive."

Theosofia (Holland) translates H. P. B.'s letter on "Spiritualism and Spiritualists" and "What is Occultism?" J. Vreede-Schill contributes his address, given at the sixth annual meeting of the Dutch Section, on "Theosophical Work."

Sophia (Santiago) contains Mrs. Besant's lecture, given at Paris in 1894, on "What is Theosophy?" Other contributions are from Mlle. Blech and M. Stundberg.

Le Lotus Bleu, August, continues the translation of Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," and provides a further instalment of Dr. Pascal's "Present-day Theosophy." H. P. B.'s *The Secret Doctrine* is continued, and Mr. Leadbeater is represented by a translation of his "Some Misconceptions about Death."

The *Bulletin Théosophique* announces that Mrs. Besant will arrive in Paris on October 23rd and remain until the 28th, when she leaves for Geneva. Mrs. Besant will visit Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulon and Nice before her departure for Italy on November 7th.

Sophia (Spain) continues its translations, and G. R. S. Mead is represented by his article "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" contained in our June number.

La Nuova Parola has, among other articles, a life of Mrs. Besant by Olga Calvari; "The Century and the Ideal," by J. E. Alaux; "A Dream," being a poem by A. Belluso; and "The Love of Shelley," by A. Lo Forte Randi.

Theosophy in Australia, June, prints from the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society," and W. G. J. has an article on "Three-fold Theosophy: No. 1, Ethics," in which he wisely remarks: "We do not give infants matches and gunpowder to play with, neither does Nature commit this error, and she holds certain of her laws concealed from her younger children until such time as they can safely be made acquainted with them—then by slow degrees they are revealed." The July number has short articles on "Free-will and Necessity," by J. T. B.; "Numbering Israel," by W. G. J., in which the census returns of the different religions for New South Wales are discussed; and "The Compensations of Life," by W. A. M.

We have also to acknowledge: *The Lotus Lodge Journal*; *Dharma*; *Notes and Queries*; *The Logos Magazine*; *Light*; *The Dawn*; *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Little Journeys*, Correggio and Corot; *The Light of Reason*; *The Soul and the Stars*, by A. G. Trent; *The Philistine*; *East and West*; *The Metaphysical Magazine*; *Review of Reviews*; *The Brahmavâdin*; *The Animals' Friend*; *The Herald of the Golden Age*; *The Indian Review*; *Der Vâhan*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *Revista Teosofica*; *The Theosophic Messenger*; *Rules for Daily Life*, by A. Siva Row; *The Prashnottara*; *The Central Hindu College Magazine*; *The Ârya*.

A mistake was made in our August issue, for which we desire to apologise. It was there stated that *Wings of Truth* had used Dr. Ward's diagram on Consciousness without acknowledgment. It seems that due acknowledgment had been made in the preceding issue, and by accident was omitted in the subsequent number sent to us.