THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

Vol. XXXI NOVEMBER 15, 1902 No. 183

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Theosophists in Session

Our colleagues of the American Section have been holding their Annual Convention, the date having been changed from spring to autumn. The General Secretary, the veteran Mr. Alexander Fullerton, was able to report favourably of the condition of the Section, and remarks that, in the seven years that have elapsed since the secession, the 14 Branches that then remained loyal have increased to 74, and the 280 members have become 1,629. The growth has been slow and steady, and as the American rules are rigid, the 74 are all active working bodies. Eleven new Branches have been formed during the year, but these are balanced by eleven that have dropped out. Mr. Leadbeater was the most prominent figure in this Convention of 1902, and as he is to remain in the States for two years, we may hope to see there a yet increased growth. He is surrounded by a strong band of workers, well able in every respect to second his efforts, and to carry on effectively any activities he may initiate.

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ALL who are against vivisection—and what Theosophist is not?—will read with pleasure the "Open Letter to the Registrar-General," in the *Contemporary Review* for October, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge. He writes reproachfully to the Man of Figures, dwelling on the startling and disquieting fact that his dry statements of deaths entirely conflict with the claims put forward so authoritatively by the two learned Professors chosen by the *Times* to write an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in defence of Vivisection. Mr. Coleridge assumes belief in the latter, and reproaches the Registrar-General for publishing figures which disprove the vivisectionists' "facts," thus making a brilliant and most telling attack on the "facts" put forward.

"Facts" and Figures

Recognising that to a book containing all knowledge searchers after truth must turn if they would learn whether experiments upon animals have indeed led to discoveries that have lessened the mortality from any diseases, the two Professors have not hesitated to expose the invalidity of your figures and the mendacity of your reports.

It may be observed in your defence that nowhere have you ever suggested that the discovery of Glycogen by means of experiments on living animals is the cause of the continued and deplorable rise in the death rate of persons afflicted with diabetes that you have the temerity to record; but it is not easy for the enquiring student to discover the hidden motives that have led you to record a rise in the death rate of every disease that has in truth and in fact, as these Professors show, almost disappeared from the world owing to the labours and discoveries of those who perform these experiments.

Mr. Coleridge patiently goes through the diseases for which it is claimed that remedies have been discovered by experiments on living animals, and then points out to the Registrar-General how he is contradicting these "facts" by his remorseless figures. One statement may serve as a specimen of the whole.

The *Encyclopædia* tells us that "In England the antitoxin treatment was begun in the latter part of 1894. Besides its curative use the antitoxin has also been used as a preventive to stop an outbreak of diphtheria in a school or institute or hospital or village, and with admirable success." There can be no doubt, therefore, that since 1894 the death rate from diphtheria must have been steadily decreasing in consequence of antitoxin treatment yielded to mankind by the blessed agency of experiments upon living animals; and the careless ineptitude, to use no stronger censure, of publishing such figures as I now append stands revealed by their mere repetition;—

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TABLE 18. ENGLAND AND WALES. ANNUAL DEATH RATES FROM VARIOUS CAUSES, TO A MILLION LIVING PERSONS. 1881-1900

Diphtheria

1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.
121.	152.	158.	186.	164.	149.	160.	171.	189.	179.
1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.
173.	222.	318.	291.	259.	291.	245.	243.	291.	290.

And he remarks, after giving various tables:

But not content with thus suggesting by means of false tables that these precious serums hurry the patients faster out of life instead of curing them, you have advanced to the promulgation of a yet graver error and have by implication contended in your tables dealing with the death rate from diseases of the circulatory system that a novel application of drugs in such cases, due to conclusions based upon experiments upon animals, have led to a higher death rate per million, whereas the more conscientious and unprejudiced compilers of the *Encyclopædia* show that this cannot be so.

The whole article is clever and telling, and should be reprinted as a pamphlet for wide circulation. The only question is whether, in view of the dulness of comprehension of many readers, it should not have printed on it, in large letters, "This is a goak."

* * *

Missions a Danger to the Empire

The Civil and Military Gazette, an English paper issued in Lahore, raises "The Problem of Christian Missions," in a very definite way, and places it in a clear light before its readers. It begins by remarking on the similarities between Christianity and other religions:

The fact is the comparative study of religion has clearly brought out a number of points of contact between Christianity and other religions, and the tendency now is to so insist on these as to neglect the far more important points of differences. And yet it is clear that if such differences be ignored there can be no adequate presentation of Christian truth. And it is further difficult to see what object there could be in preaching a Christianity that was bereft of its distinctive features.

This is the exact point for missionaries to consider. If the fundamental spiritual truths are alike in all religions, what is the use of trying to convert people from one religion to another? As this theosophical view spreads, the *raison d'être* of missions

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vanishes, and they become an unnecessary, and therefore impertinent, aggression on the cherished faiths of non-Christian peoples. The article proceeds:

Divest Christianity of its special feature, leaving only a substratum of truth common to all religions, and what is there to preach? A colourless residuum which will offend no one and help no one. On the other hand, preach Christian truth in its fulness, and men's prejudices are sure to be roused to a corresponding extent. You can only render Christianity inoffensive by emasculating it, and emasculated Christianity is not worth promulgating. It is well that those who insist that the prejudices of an Oriental people must at all hazards be respected, should bear in mind this dilemma. There can be no particular object in preaching what everybody already believes, and to go beyond this is to preach by implication at least that those who do not follow with you are in the wrong, and to be told that is what no one, Oriental or otherwise, cares for.

If then Christianity contains in itself new truth and not merely old truth under new forms, as is sometimes asserted, it cannot compromise with any other religion. Its distinctive truths must be given all the weight which rightly belongs to them. And that means that certain other beliefs which may be dear to the non-Christian mind must be attacked. . . . The only sort of Christianity worth preaching is one which from the very nature of it must rouse hostility. To say "preach, but don't offend" is to say "don't preach at all," or "preach that which is not worth while preaching," which is much the same thing. The fact is that the sword is still emblematic of one aspect of Christian truth, and there is no way of getting round this difficulty. Truth and falsehood cannot jog along together, and if Christianity is the truth it must be the foe of all other religions.

The writer of the article goes on to consider how this aggressiveness can work in with the civil polity of an Empire, and admits that Christian teaching does, to some extent, create political difficulties, and he sums up as follows:

The position then is this. Christian teachers, for reasons which it is not necessary to enter into here, hold that the religion which they expound is essentially different in character from all other religions, and that difference in its entirety they have to insist on in their presentation of Christianity, and in so doing they are bound to rouse a certain amount of hostility. That hostility may in spite of all protestations of neutrality on the part of the Imperial Power injuriously affect its interests. Is the risk worth running? That is the true question. It is no use blaming missionaries for a result which is inevitable if they do their work at all. It is more logical to ask whether the work is worth doing. The answer to that question must depend on the view we take of Christianity and Empire, and more particularly the view we take of their relative importance,

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This is the question that Great Britain will have to face and to answer, and *The Civil and Military Gazette* has done well in raising it so plainly. A world-wide Empire can only be just and peaceful if it be theosophical, seeing in all religions a common truth, protecting all, favorising none. Such is the fact that stands out from this article as clearly as in any theosophical statement, and the more clearly the public sees it the better for all concerned.

* * *

Science and Lemuria

THE following note from the presidential address of Prof. J. B. Howes, F.R.S., to the Zoological Section, at the meeting of the British Association in Belfast, is very interesting to all students of *The Secret Doctrine* who believe in the existence of Lemuria. The discovery of such fossils is of primary importance as establishing land connection between points now widely separated by oceans. "The Antarctic Continent" is, of course, that of which Australia was once a part, called by us Lemuria.

> It will be remembered by some present that, from Patagonian deposits of supposed Cretaceous age, there was exhibited at our Dover meeting the skull of a horned Chelonian, Meiolania, which animal, we were informed, is barely distinguishable from the species originally discovered in Cook's Island, one of the Society group, and which, being a marsh turtle highly specialised, would seem in all probability to furnish a forcible defence for the theory of the Antarctic Continent. But more than this, renewed investigation of the Argentine beds by the members of the Princeton University of North America has recently resulted in collections which, we are informed, seem likely to surpass all precedent in their bearings upon our current ideas, not the least remarkable preliminary announcement being the statement that there occurs a fossil mole indistinguishable, so far as is known, from the golden mole (Chrysochloris) of South Africa.

A paper on "Atlantis" was also read, by Dr. Scharff, of the Dublin National Museum, but no particulars have reached us of the position taken up. Another interesting paper was "On the suspension of Life at low temperature," by Dr. Allan Macfadyan and Mr. Sydney Rowland. Bacteria immersed in liquid air did not lose vitality by a six months' exposure, and there was no reason to suppose that a longer exposure would have caused injury. Others were exposed to the temperature of liquid hydro-

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gen, about—252°C., for ten hours without injury. "Suspended animation" is the name given to this state of "neither life nor death," and the experiments are interesting as showing that "vital functions" may disappear without expelling life, or negating the possibility of those functions being resumed.

* * *

Sanday on Miracles

The Church Congress is a yearly phenomenon which deserves our close attention, for it registers for us the result of the pressure brought to bear from every side upon the conservative elements of the English Church. Naturally we do not look to it for any ready advance or for any new departure willingly inaugurated by its general gatherings; but we look to it for indications of concessions to the inevitable, with the further assurance that what doubtless to-day appears to the majority of its members the too "advanced" pronouncements of some of the speakers will, as has invariably been the case in the past, be the accepted position of even the most thorough-going conservative of a decade or two hence. To take an instance, there is much with which most of our readers will be in agreement in the pronouncement on "miracles" by Dr. Sanday. The Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford said:

> We could conceive it possible that the miracles of the Gospels should have been so constituted as to show two sides, one to the contemporaries and the other to our own day; I mean, so that to contemporaries they might come with the force of miracle, and that to us with our wider knowledge and improved insight into the order of nature, they might be seen to be really embraced within that order; that we should be able to see law where the ancients could not see law; and that what to them seemed contrary to nature to us should only seem due to the operation of some higher cause within the enlarged limits of nature.
>
> I ought perhaps to say that I have tried this to some extent in my own experience as a working hypothesis, and I am afraid that though it may carry us some way it certainly will not carry us the whole way; it may explain some of the things that meet us in the Gospels, but it will not by any means explain all.
>
> Let us make an attempt in another direction.
>
> The highest cause with which we are familiar, within the range of our common experience, is the human personality and will. And the nearest analogy that we possess for what is called miracle is the action of the human

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will. We see every moment of the day how the natural sequence of causation is interrupted, checked, diverted by the act of volition. If I lift my hand, there is something within me that counteracts for the moment the law of gravitation. That is a simple case; but the action of the will is very subtle and complex, and some of the phenomena connected with it are as yet very imperfectly explored, and are more like miracle than anything we know. At the same time the will, as we have experience of it, is subject to certain conditions and operates within certain limits. The main question is whether a higher Personality, and a higher Will, than ours would not transcend these conditions and limitations. Nothing would seem more natural than to suppose that it would. And that is just what on the Christian hypothesis we have. It would not follow that even this higher Personality and Will would be without its limitations; but they would be at least different from and not so circumscribed as ours.

I do not doubt that it is in this direction that we are to seek for the true *rationale* (if so we may call it) of miracle. The miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in pre-eminent degree, and the miracles of His Apostles in a lesser degree, were a result of the contact of personalities filled with the Spirit of God with the conditions of the outer world. That is the key to their nature, so far as we can understand it. We may apply that key to the different instances of miracle. It will help us to explain some better than others. We shall be able to understand best those which appear to be a direct extension or heightened illustration of phenomena that come within our cognisance. Such would be more particularly the healing of disease.

Of course, any such explanation can be only partial. The lower cannot supply an adequate measure of the higher. And, by the hypothesis, we are dealing with causes which stretch away beyond our ken. We should, therefore, be prepared to exercise much caution and reserve in judging. It is natural and right that we should dwell most upon those instances which are to us most "intelligible," and from which we can draw the most instruction. It is also natural and right that we should read the Gospels critically—that is, with attention to the different degrees of evidence in different parts. But it would be wrong to leap hastily to the conclusion that whatever we fail to understand did not therefore happen. It is probable that our successors will be better equipped and more finely trained than we are; and just as in the world of Nature many things that once seemed incredible are now seen to be both credible and true, so also it may be in the sphere of revelation.

* * *

Rashdall on Miracles

STILL more are we in agreement with Dr. Rashdall in his bold plea for liberty in the matter. That is the main point, "liberty of thought and of reverent expression," as the lecturer admirably put it, not license, which is only another form of intolerance. The Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, in the course of his paper, spoke as follows:

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My general conclusion is that a sober criticism will not eliminate from the Gospel narrative an element which may well be called supernatural; but that it will very seriously reduce its proportions. Over and over again we see how the miraculous character of a narrative grows as we turn from one synoptist to another. What is in St. Mark a subjective vision to our Lord Himself of the Spirit descending like a dove, becomes in the first Gospel an objective fact which St. Luke further emphasises by the addition "in a bodily form." And so on. Cases where the growth is manifest suggest the possibilities of other and earlier growth.

Now if this be the character of the evidence, is it not obvious on the face of it that that evidence can never be sufficient to establish any doctrine which is not already sufficiently established without them? If we turn to the treatment of miracles by those Apologists who know what historical criticism really means—to Dr. Sanday, for instance—what do we find? An elaborate balancing of slight probabilities, careful discrimination between the historical value of different documents, minute consideration of disputed readings, surmises, suspensions of judgment, inferences based on elaborate critical hypotheses, admissions that "in some cases what was originally parable may, in course of transmission, have hardened into miracles"—admissions that "if the miracles of the first century had been wrought before trained spectators the accounts of them would have been quite different." For such a tone I have nothing but respectful approval. But is it not obvious that if this is the nature of the evidence, nothing of the first importance in Christianity can turn upon, or necessarily involve belief in miracles? For our age, at all events, Christianity would not be a revelation if it did. Even highly educated persons who are not theologians have not the leisure for such elaborate inquiries, and even experts in Biblical criticism are not always well equipped in the philosophy, the psychology, the comparative study of religions which are equally necessary for a solution of the problem. And the best equipped theologian can only hope for probable conclusions.

It is clear, then, that the place of the miraculous in the sense in which it may be expected to stand the tests of criticism, in the Christianity of the uture, must be a very subordinate one. It does not follow that there will be no place at all for it. The cures may serve both to illustrate the character of Christ and to heighten the sense of an exceptional personality, a unique revelation and indwelling of God, which rests primarily upon moral and spiritual evidence. The Resurrection vision, though it cannot be the basis of our belief in immortality, may still be its symbol.

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A SEPTENARY UNIVERSE

Few truths embodied in the theosophical teachings are more generally familiar than that of the Septenary order pervading the entire scale of manifested nature. Taught in the various religions of the world, embodied in philosophic systems representing the highest achievements of the human mind, confirmed as a fact of experience by occultists both of the past and of the present, this fundamental truth comes to us, certificated by the weightiest testimony, as a declaration of the basic plan of nature.

This septenary order dominates alike all planes of which we can pretend to have any knowledge, deriving its inception from the Seven Great Logoi—the " Seven Holy Ones "—whose powers come into play with the outflowing of the Life of the Logos Himself as the manifestatiou of our Solar System. As, from this high point, the lower planes succeed in time, each shews, in the presentment proper to it, the sevenfold division imposed by the nature of the plane above. So, finally, we have the different planes, from the highest to the lowest, wrought as upon a common warp, giving a continuous and homogeneous substratum of plan and purpose to the myriad figurings that Time's shuttles will weave upon it.

A glance at the index of *The Secret Doctrine* will give some idea of the numerous directions in which the declaration of this septenary order is to be met with. Cosmic forces, Hierarchies of Devas, Lunar periods, Kabalistic number-systems, Evolutionary cycles, Planetary chains, the Rounds and Races and Religions of humanity, the Human unit, and wellnigh every form of mystical or natural exegesis that the human unit can deal with, *all* fall into a be-sevening : and this pictures creation as framed to a permanent sevenfold plan which septenary Time-cycles throw into recurring and ever-changing presentations—

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the Eternal and Unchanging veiled under a stream of passing semblances.

If we bear in mind that the purpose is only to indicate *relationships*, we may figure the planes of matter within our system as ranged one above the other and all divided alike into seven vertical sections, each of which represents a dominant line of influence or tendency, or stream of creative energy. Seven principal *types* would thus be indicated on each plane—each type accounting for, or resulting from, the corresponding type of the plane below or above, as the case may be; and this vertical dividing seems to be the more fixed and permanent aspect of what has to be considered.

The septenary Time-cycles imply a recurring succession, this being shewn by dividing each plane horizontally into seven, indicating the sub-planes, with descriptions of which we are familiar. Each plane is thus divided into forty-nine blocks or fields by the intersection of the dividing-lines, permanent types shewn by the vertical sections, and the successive presentations or appearances in Time indicated by the horizontal divisions. Objection may well be made to this ruling off of planes into blocks, on the score of its non-actuality—for no such *actual* levels or blocks exist: but it is a method of indicating the *relations* of things which has its use, and which, moreover, one is almost compelled to employ. Only by such method, for instance, could the writer of *The Astral Plane* help one towards an understanding of the types and classes of the "Elemental Essence" and of their relation and interaction on their own plane. Now, if we rightly understand the relationship of the planes of nature, and if any such definite septenary order as has been referred to pervades them, we should find that order noticeable in the physical world, provided that we can obtain some fairly accurate view of the basic relationship of its components. This *is* obtainable, for Chemistry furnishes us with a most interesting tabulated scheme of this precise nature.

All the compound substances of which we know, whether derived from the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal world, are found to be composed of some sixty and odd simple substances—the so-called Chemical Elements. Waiving, for the present, the

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	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII
1	Hydrogen 1 Lithium 7	Beryllium 9	Boron 11	Carbon 12	Nitrogen 14	Oxygen 16	Fluorine 19	
2	Sodium 23	Magnesium 24	Aluminium 27	Silicon 28	Phosphorus 31	Sulphur 32	Chlorine 35.5	
3	Potassium 39	Calcium 40	Scandium 44	Titanium 48	Vanadium 51	Chromium 52	Manganese 55	Iron 56 Cobalt 58.6 Nickel 58.6
3	Copper 63	Zinc 65	Gallium 70	Germanium 72	Arsenic 75	Selenium 79	Bromine 80	
4	Rubidium 85	Strontium 87·	Yttrium 89	Zirconium 90	Niobium 94	Molybdenum 96	..	Ruthenium 103.5 Rhodium 104 Palladium 106
4	Silver 108	Cadmium 112	Indium 113	Tin 118	Antimony 120	Tellurium 125	Iodine 126.5	
5	Caesium 133	Barium 137	Lanthanum 138	Cerium 140	Didymium 142	..	Samarium 150	
5	..	..	..	..	Erbium 166	..	..	
6	..	..	Ytterbium 173	..	Tantalum 182	Tungsten 184	..	Osmium 191 Iridium 193 Platinum 195
6	Gold 196	Mercury 200	Thallium 204	Lead 206	Bismuth 208	..	..	
7	..	..	..	Thorium 232	..	Uranium 240	..	
7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

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question of the real elementariness of these "Elements," our interest in them centres in the fact that they are the raw material of which the entire physical world (as science ordinarily conceives it) and all physical things and beings are composed. This interest is heightened by the discovery, by spectroscopic means, that these selfsame elements appear to constitute the mass, not only of our own Sun but also of many others of the numberless Suns that people the remotenesses of space around us. It seems fairly clear that this matter, these elements, exist in the atmospheres of these Suns in somewhat different states and conditions from those in which we know them here; but, from the ordinary point of view, they are nevertheless the root-aspects of physical matter, and any natural order discernible among them must have far more than a merely terrestrial significance and application.

The chemical tabulation already referred to is that known as Mendelejeff's Table, which gives the natural classification of the elements as we know them. Although we are here dealing with only the three lowest sub-planes of the physical realm, *viz.*, with solids, liquids, and gases, this classification of the elements according to their properties, in their natural relationship, is of great interest, on account of its presenting a physical aspect of many things which we learn of in their application to higher realms. In the accompanying diagram we have the names of the elements set out in full in their accepted natural order. To the right of each is the figure (fractions usually omitted) indicating its atomic weight, *viz.*, the weight of the chemical atom of that element as compared with the weight of the chemical atom of Hydrogen, the latter being taken (as marked) as unity. We see that the elements fall into seven vertical divisions, to which is added a somewhat different-looking eighth division claiming separate notice presently. Confining attention for the present to the seven *vertical* divisions, we have to note that modern Chemistry recognises the elements in each of these divisions or groups as being of a distinct and definite type. Each group comprises elements of a certain general likeness as to their physical characteristics, their chemical properties, their valencies or combining powers, the general nature of the compounds derived from them,

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and many other particulars—electrical, crystallographic, spectroscopic, etc., etc.—too numerous and too involved to be dealt with here. Seven distinct types of elements are thus recognised, the distinction between these types being most sharply marked among the elements of the upper part of the table and somewhat less clearly shewn by those at the lower portion. In practically all modern works on Chemistry the subject-matter is dealt with on the basis of this septenary order, endless repetition being avoided by treating of the elements under their natural types. Something of the likeness and relationship of the members of a group may be roughly detailed. It should first be noted that the names in any given group are placed either to the extreme *left* of the vertical division, or towards its *centre*. Those to the left are usually classified as *positive* elements; those towards the centre as *negative*. These terms of electrical quality, positive and negative, are hardly the most suitable for use in this connection; but we may conveniently, and not incorrectly, adopt them as terms of a *difference* of which another view will afterwards be presented.

Each group, however, thus presents two columns, and as an illustration we will take Group I. and consider the Alkali metals of its left-hand, positive column, *viz.*:—

Lithium	At. wt.	7	Melting point		180°
Sodium	,, ,,	23	,,	,,	95·6°
Potassium	,, ,,	39	,,	,,	62·5°
Rubidium	,, ,,	85	,,	,,	38·5°
Caesium	,, ,,	133	,,	,,	26·5°

These are all soft, silvery-white metals, readily cut with a knife, and very light. They show a marked gradation of properties: melting-points gradually decrease as atomic weights rise; their chemical activity increases steadily as we pass *down* the group from Lithium to Caesium—markedly shewn in their affinity for Oxygen; their electro-positive character also increases in intensity as we pass *down* the group, till with the last member we have the most strongly electro-positive element known; their Oxides are strongly alkaline and the general resemblance between their compounds is very close—and so on, in many more

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particulars than need be detailed. We see, however, the typical likeness; and we see, moreover, a progressive intensity of chemical and electrical property—a movement, as it were, *down* the group, as we pass to greater atomic weight. Further, the atomic weights themselves shew a curious progression which may be clearly traced in other of the groups, and which may be said (if we make rather liberal allowance for the fact that the atomic weights are, frequently, *approximate* only) to be a feature of the entire table. The difference between the atomic weights of Lithium and Sodium is sixteen; between Sodium and Potassium again sixteen: between Potassium and Rubidium, just *about* sixteen multiplied by three, or forty-eight; between Rubidium and Caesium, again forty-eight. Sixteen is to forty-eight as one is to three. So, considering this general relationship of the atomic weights down the entire set of groups, one has an approximate movement reminiscent of the power of *One* opening out into the power of *Three* and giving rise to an order of *Seven*—which is probably not without significance, however untraceable that significance may be.

The other elements of Group I. are:—

Copper	At. wt.		63
Silver	,,	,,	108
Gold	,,	,,	197

These are in some respects, dissimilar from the Alkali metals: but in other respects they resemble them—for instance, in forming compounds with Oxygen and with Sulphur which are of the same constitutional type, as are also other of their salts. Again, these three metals have points of difference, but in many respects they are linked in a close family likeness and illustrate a marked gradation of properties. Malleability and ductility increase as we pass *down* the group, whilst tenacity increases as we pass *up* the group to Copper. Chemical activity also increases as we pass *up* the group: the greater activity of Silver enables it to precipitate Gold from its solutions, but Copper is more chemically-active than Silver and will force the latter from *its* combination with other elements. With greater chemical activity or intensity one finds greater stability of the resulting compounds, and in these particulars we see this progressive movement to be *upwards*

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among these negative elements. With the Alkali metals this progression was *down* the group to *greater* atomic weights: with Gold, Silver and Copper the movement is *up* the group to *smaller* atomic weights. This downward and upward progression within the vertical divisions of the table can be clearly followed in other columns. It illustrates *some* aspect or activity of the One force or energy which actuates all things. There seems little room for doubt that each of these seven chemical groups is one of the seven permanent types of Elemental Essence functioning on the physical plane as its corresponding type of the Mineral Monad, that is, as a type of chemical element. For the purpose of representing the great, sweeping movement of Evolution, we are accustomed to picture a vast curve with an evolutionary progression along its "downward arc" into denser states of matter, and along its "upward arc" into subtler conditions, and we see the like movement recapitulated in many of the minor cycles. Something of a corresponding nature is noticeable in these separate chemical types. They, also, shew this dip into, and out of, a denser state (represented by the greater atomic weights) as we follow the development of their life or chemical activity. Each group, as a separate "ray" of evolving Life, presents a *chemical* aspect of features we associate with the larger evolutionary curve.

There is another point connected with the valency of the elements, which is interestingly illustrated by these seven chemical groups. The valency of an element defines the power the atoms of that element possess to attach themselves to (to combine with) other atoms of other elements. If the chemical atom of a given element—Silver for instance—has its combining power "satisfied" by forming *one* such link with some atom of another element, that given element is termed *monovalent*, or a *monad*. An element whose atoms form *two* such bonds with other atoms is *divalent*, or a *dyad*. Similarly, elements whose atoms form *three* or *four* such connections are *trivalent*, or *triads*, or *tetravalent*, or *tetrads* respectively. No reference can be made to this classification of the elements according to their valencies without indicating that it is quite incapable of any *exact* application to the table under consideration. Many elements shew

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variable valency—acting, for instance, as *monads* when combining with certain other elements, but as *triads* when they unite with yet others, and so forth. Different associations, inorganic and organic, bring about immense complexity, shewing that many of the elements may exhibit higher valencies than those mentioned and act as *pentads*, *hexads* and *heptads*. The matter is very involved, and is, moreover, very incompletely understood, as may be seen by reference to any good standard work on Chemistry. But such reference will also make it clear that, in connection with the Hydrogen compounds, the normal valencies of the elements may be thus indicated :—

Group	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.
	Monads.	*Dyads.*	*Triads.*	*Tetrads.*	*Triads.*	*Dyads.*	*Monads.*

This leaves out of account entirely the higher valencies referred to, and which have a very suggestive interest for us, along a somewhat different line of thought, owing to their connection with *organic* Chemistry. But, confining attention to the above-mentioned view of the valencies, we see that the measure of this particular function increases from Group I. to Group IV., and that Group IV. is a turning-point from which it diminishes till Group VII. is reached. Reading the table through in the order of the atomic weights we thus have successive series of sevens, within each of which the *fourth* member is a turning-point, and the *seventh* is the turning-point to a fresh series. Science is teaching us that these elements are the product of a definite evolutionary process, and that—however hazily *particulars* are seen—those at the upper part of the table are of earlier formation than those at the lower. The horizontal divisions thus indicate stages of the enormous Time-cycle needed for this inorganic evolution. And viewing the matter in this way we see evidence of the unwearying forming and re-forming and perfecting of established types through endless recapitulations, and of the importance of the fourths and the sevenths of the cycles, which we are familiar with in connection with Rounds, Races, Planetary Chains, etc., etc.

We must now consider the eighth group, the supernumeraries, which hold a very curious place in the scheme. It is impossible to detail the reasons which have led chemists to class

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these nine elements apart. We have to deal with the fact that they *are* so segregated. The general properties of these elements do not conform with the seven types we have been considering; they are separated by their own characteristics. Moreover, they stand in a relation to each other which is wholly different from that traced among the members of the other seven Groups, where we pass from one type to another in the *horizontal* succession and where the gradation of properties is in the *vertical* line. In Group VIII. the first triad, Iron, Cobalt and Nickel, are in strong family *likeness*, closely related; and such gradation of properties as they shew is in the *horizontal* line, for Iron stands in a certain likeness to the preceding element, Manganese, whilst Nickel approaches the type of the succeeding member, Copper. This relationship to the seven groups, linking the VII. type to the I. type, has led to this eighth group being termed the "transitional elements." The two following triads, from Ruthenium to Platinum, are all closely related in a common likeness, and it is interesting to note that they all occur associated together in nature in what is commonly called *platinum ore*. On general considerations, however, this eighth group stands apart as something extraneous to the formal septenary order of our chemical types. If this is so, one wonders what *other* type of Elemental Essence exists, what *other* stream of moulding energy (besides the seven formally announced) subsists upon the higher planes to account for it. The various references in *The Secret Doctrine* to Aditi and the eight Sons or primitive powers who established the general order of things are very suggestive as one considers this eighth group of elements. The eighth Son or power or creative energy seems to have been "rejected," and its product was, in some way, apart from that of the accredited Seven. So the eighth power and our eighth group may well be in sympathy in their common plight.

The seven horizontal divisions, here called *Series*, must now be dealt with. They are sometimes presented as twelve series, each consisting of seven numbers, the blanks in the table indicating that we have not yet discovered the elements which could appropriately fill them. In an enquiry of this nature we want to follow the most basic evidence of the relationship of these

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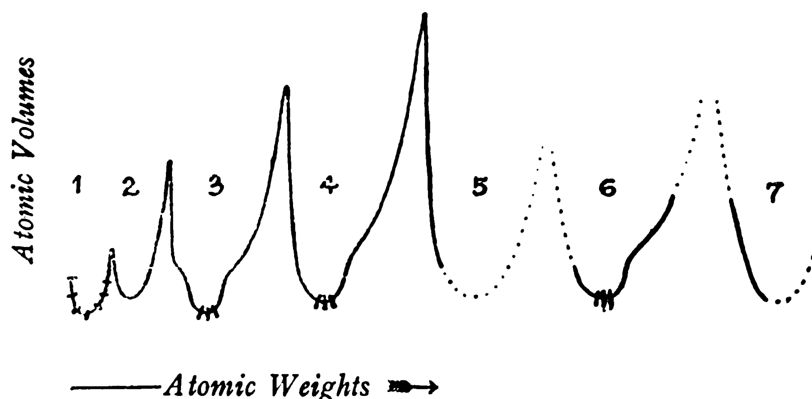
elements so that its simpler and more fundamental aspect may come into view—the deeper principle, in effect, rather than particular details. A relationship which is more fundamental than that derived from purely chemical considerations seems to be indicated by Lothar Meyer's curves, representing the atomic volumes of the elements in their solid state. The atomic volumes of the atoms represent in reality the relative volume of the atoms *plus* the unknown volumes of the spaces that separate them. These curves and their details can hardly be reproduced in this REVIEW, but the nature of their evidence may be sufficiently shewn; and, firstly, we may be helped to understand what they mean if we figure atomic volume as represented by a number of equal, contiguous circles. A *high* atomic volume may then be symbolised by large circles (say the size of florins). A *smaller* atomic volume by smaller circles (say the size of shillings); and *low* atomic volumes by circles smaller still. A movement from *high* to *low* atomic volume thus tends to a certain form of *density*, which is neither specific gravity nor atomic weight, but something different from either and, in a manner of speaking, including them both. Meyer's curves are produced by ranging the elements in a long horizontal line in the *strict order of their atomic weights*: and that line is then made to *rise* where the elements upon it have a *high* atomic volume and to *fall* where the elements upon it have a *low* atomic volume. The result is of this kind:



(The dotted lines appear where we either do not know the atomic volumes or have not discovered the elements.)

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The first dip begins with Lithium (at the extreme left); then follow, downwards, Beryllium and Boron; Carbon falls at the lowest point; Nitrogen, Oxygen and Fluorine follow on the upward side; and this presents our first horizontal (and *typical*) series of Mendelejeff's table. The second dip begins at the left with Sodium, and similarly includes the seven elements of Mendelejeff's second horizontal series. The third dip begins with Potassium; but there are in this case *seven* elements on the downward slope; then the three transitional elements appear in a bunch at the lowest point; then we find the elements from Copper to Bromine on the upward side of the curve; and this completes Mendelejeff's third horizontal series. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh curves are of like character to the third, and correspond with Mendelejeff's fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh horizontal series. It can now be seen that what were called *positive* elements are on the *downward* arc of Meyer's curves, and what were called *negative* elements (with their *upward* chemical progression) are on the *upward* arc of Meyer's curves. The members of that eighth group are seen bunched at the apexes of the curves—the neutral points; they are a block of some threefold residual *not* differentiated out like the rest.

The seven horizontal series of our table are stages of a Time-cycle. The curves shew them again as seven movements or dips into a certain form of density—seven stages of the world-building—seven "days" of Creation. And the chemical particulars often square very curiously with what we know of bygone Rounds and Races.

The endeavour has been to draw from the maze of details such essential points as illustrate the basic principles upon which all rests. And though the result may look sufficiently vague and conjectural, yet *something* is still glimpsed among these many symbols of the perfect parallel of the things of Heaven and the things of Earth—though seen through a glass darkly.

G. DYNE.

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ON THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN

THE sense of sin, its bondage and burden, is a universal experience of mankind of all ages and nations; and the seeking of relief and freedom from its burden, the means of its removal, lie at the root of all religions. It is the skeleton in every closet, the ghost that will not be laid. The essence of sin, and the only heresy we admit, is that of separateness. Forgiveness is to man a divine necessity, precedent to conscious reunion with the fountain of his being, the source of his life.

All the processes of Nature in all her realms, moral and material, are purificatory. By death, in deaths many, she hides away the corrupt and corrupting thing, and in the secret magic of her laboratory cleanses and purifies, transforming into a new vehicle of life. Purification and reconciliation are parts of the same process, the return of the life to its divine centre.

Mr. H. L. Congden, writing on this subject,* remarked: "The forgiveness of sins in its practical operation is a human activity, and not, as widely believed, a divine prerogative. This is true . . . . it is, as we believe, the supreme truth of the matter. . . . . The time has come for the recognition of this truth, that through our own activities our race is working out its destiny, and that the law of its development is wrought into the very fibre of humanity. We bless the world, and we curse it. We forgive sins and we fasten them upon the sinner with enduring bonds. Not of an ecclesiastical organisation but of the race were the words spoken: 'Whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.'"

As this is a theme of supreme practical import in our daily contact with an inharmonious world of men, a few farther considerations may help to bring out its principles, and suggest the

* THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, March, 1902.

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lines on which we may hope to practise so cardinal a virtue. When the high privilege of forgiving sin was claimed by Jesus his adversaries exclaimed, "Who can forgive sin but God only?" If we eliminate the idea of duality which underlies the query, we may answer the objector with an affirmation, that it is the royal prerogative of the divine nature within us to forgive sin, and that it is only in the realisation of this grace, and an extension of its principle, that "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men" can become a realised fact. This desirable and blessed condition must have its commencement in our individual consciousness, and it is to this phase we wish to direct brief attention.

Let us turn our thought to two principal aspects of the forgiveness of sin: (1) By whom sin is forgiven, and (2) The resultant issue of its realisation in the heart and conscience of the forgiven one.

The forgiveness of sins is presented to us by Jesus in the Gospels under two aspects, the *declaratory* and the *subjective*. In its declaratory aspect there is the outward affirmation of One who has "power to forgive sin," because He possesses the requisite spiritual insight. This may be accomplished by some Holy One speaking inwardly to the troubled conscience and thus bringing peace and rest, or outwardly by a word of power. The latter phase is symbolised in the Catholic Church by the Father Confessor, which office of the Church contains the germ of a great spiritual truth. Of course, in common with every other phase of truth, it has been subjected to degradation and abuse, but this we opine can in no way affect its validity, as will become apparent as we proceed.

To us, in the present paper, the *subjective* aspect is the all-important one, as the former can only be effective where the precedent conditions exist. It is the time and occasion of the soul's crisis within itself; the memorable stage in our spiritual evolution when the Higher Self within the man is gaining supremacy over the lower in the earlier phases of its development as a controlling power. I think that we may even affirm when we arrive at this stage, that in so far as we are able to apprehend the future, it is the central point in the evolution of the soul.

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Let us for a moment contemplate the resultant issue of the forgiveness of sin, of this new power of forgiving love flooding the consciousness, erstwhile burdened and oppressed with the depressing sense of sin. It is the coming into activity of a new force in the soul, described by S. Paul as a "death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness," a realisation of the power of the "first resurrection." In that glad hour we may say of the old "mind of the flesh" that it is dead, and our "life is hid with Christ in God," having come into the possession of the first fruits of our "spiritual body," whereby we are rejuvenated as a vehicle of the Spirit. It is a fulfilment in its brightest aspect of the text oft quoted as illustrative of the law of Karma: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Perhaps we have too exclusively thought of its application to "sowing to the flesh," and have omitted to give due weight or attention to the other side, "the sowing to the Spirit," and the reaping of life everlasting.

The spirit of forgiveness is the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which frees us from the law of sin and death". Forgiveness on the higher planes of the life of the Spirit is an integral part of the activities of the kârmic law—the coming down of love into law—a balancing, a compensatory "power making for righteousness." It is the emancipation of the human Spirit, giving freedom from sin's power over the soul. It is, according to its realised measure, the extinction of separateness and discord, and the bringer of the rhythmic sweetness of harmony, and the graces of humility, sympathy and compassion.

As stated in the article from which we have quoted, a practical realisation and application of the grace of forgiveness is necessary to the quick extinction of Karma. It may be expressed as the emancipation from sin, as the breaking asunder and putting aside of the bonds of the life of the flesh. Viewed in this light it is not an isolated act or experience, but a change of condition, an entrance into newness of life, a freedom from law by rising into the state of consciousness where the law becomes the rule of the life of the Spirit. Following on these lines we perceive that the essence of the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins is of far-reaching import; it is removed from the category of Church

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dogmas, and becomes a living factor in the spiritual life of each human soul: a principle of his life which abides with him throughout the stages of his weary pilgrimage in matter, until the happy time arrives for his final emancipation. It is expressed by a Seer as: "The coming to that ground which is supernatural and supersensual, the being able to throw oneself into THAT where no creature dwelleth."

We have noted that the Catholic doctrine and practice of confession and absolution was doubtless intended, and, practised in purity, is well-fitted to impress the wide-reaching nature of the forgiveness of sins upon the penitent, and thus make it a living factor in his daily life. According to the measure of the self-revelation of the penitent would be the measure and extent of the accompanying forgiveness. In the normal growth of the soul a corresponding process will be continuous until its depths have been plumbed, and every cranny and corner reached by the Light, until purity is attained and the Master can perceive His image reflected therein.

It is not surprising, in the revolt from the crude and materialistic presentation of this great doctrine in dominant modern Christianity, that the forgiveness of sins should be almost denied a place in the divine economy by those who are imbued with a scientific view of the law of cause and effect, and of the certainty of the operation of the law in those realms of action of which we are cognisant. But as the higher law of love is seen to have its sphere of action also, and they are each in perfect accord as viewed from the higher standpoint of the law of love, we begin to perceive the necessity and the rightfulness of the large place the forgiveness of sin occupies in the life of the soul, and consequently in Christianity, as unfolded both in the actions and teachings of Jesus, of S. Paul, and all other New Testament writers, and especially in the Johannine Gospel and Epistles.

No one can read the early records of Christianity without perceiving that this great question of forgiveness occupied a very prominent place in the thought and discourse of the Christian teachers of the period, as it has also in those of all succeeding ages. The declaring of the forgiveness of sin in His (the Christ's) Name constitutes the central pivot of the Christian Gospel of

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Salvation. It is so woven into the fibre and texture of all Christian thought and teaching that to relegate it to a secondary position is impossible; it is of too wide and far-reaching import for this to be done. This phase of divine and human activity, the forgiving and the acceptance of the remission of sin, must find its place of operation under the wide-reaching reign of kârmic law.

Perhaps we may be aided in arriving at a clearer conception by a consideration of the query: In what does sin consist? Let us view it in what we may think of as its subjective and objective aspects. By its subjective phase I mean that state of mental and emotional activity, whereby the individual sends forth into the mental and astral worlds vibrations in the form of thoughts and desires of an inharmonious character, which injure and corrupt, which produce in himself and others who are susceptible to their impact those impurities of mind and feeling we sum up as anger, hatred, lust, greed, etc., etc. By the objective aspect I mean all those words and actions which constitute the "offences" so rife in the world, producing untold human miseries and woes.

Forgiveness as a function must cover the entire ground, having relation not only to the objective, but also to the subjective aspects of sin. Or, to put it in another form, it is necessary that it cover sins of thought and emotion as they affect the subtle regions and forces of the subjective worlds of our mental and passional nature, as well as sins of word and act committed against personalities; otherwise there cannot be known the experience of emancipation and the resultant peace, the desired experience of the forgiven one. Sin being a concomitant of the dual aspect of nature, the action of forgiveness must also be dual, and be accompanied with cleansing power. These aspects of duality appear in the Christian doctrine of sins against God and our fellow man. These views represent a great fact in nature; they cover the entire ground of the offence against our common nature in the abstract, as well as against the individual in the concrete, both of which have to be covered or reconciled by the agency of forgiving love, ere union, harmony and peace are realised.

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Forgiveness, when experienced, does not consist in a spasmodic emotional sensation, nor in its appropriation can we trample over law: it must accord with the eternal principles of right and justice; the equilibrium of the causative law must be maintained. There has been a long course of activity of thought, desire and action in a harmful direction, and the great problem of the soul is: In what way can satisfaction be rendered to the law, and where is the place of forgiveness?

In order to gain a clearer conception of what is involved in the doctrine, a brief but careful examination of the subject in the light of the early Christian documents may aid us. It is noteworthy that all the varied elements of early Christian teaching incorporated in the collection of books known as the New Testament contain and declare the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin in no uncertain voice. It is found in the discourses attributed to Jesus; in the early orthodox Church document, the Acts; it is a principal element in the Pauline and Johannine Epistles, the Alexandrine Epistle to the Hebrews and the Ebionite Epistle of James. We thus see that the forgiveness of sin is a prominent teaching of the New Testament, and its various aspects appear in each of the diverse sections of which it is composed.

In the reported discourses of Christ it is directly connected with the possession of the forgiving spirit: "If ye forgive not every one his brother his trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." Here it is expressly conditional upon the state of mind of the sinner, but the mode of its realisation is not stated. The common idea of the phrase "your heavenly Father" is that of an objective personality, who is, theologically speaking, "God the Father." Later Christian dogma is responsible for this idea of the "Father in Heaven"; we prefer to view it in its mystical aspect as the divine Love, not as concentrated in a separate individuality but as dwelling in the depths of our own being, as the Father of our Spirit, our Higher Self. Jesus does not say, "my heavenly Father," but "*your* heavenly Father": He who is ever with us in the interior depths of the soul as the central pivot of our conscious being. It is His forgiveness that is subjectively realised as we supply the required conditions. The substance of the desired

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experience is wholly inward and spiritual; and apart from this testimony in the inner recesses of the soul, any outward declaratory manumission, from whatever source, is entirely illusive. Let us ever seek to hear and obey this inner voice; only as we do can we experience the enlightening of the eyes of our understanding, enabling us to see the realities of the life of the Spirit.

In Acts (v. 31, xiii. 38, and xxvi. 18), we have in the discourses attributed to Peter and Paul the doctrine of forgiveness as developed at an early period in the orthodox Church. On perusal it will be noted that the phase of the subject presented is entirely wanting in the teachings of Christ himself. Each of the above references contains a great general enunciation, and not a particular application to the individual. In Peter's discourse Jesus is stated to be raised up as a great "Princely Leader and Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins." In Paul's address to the Jews (chap. xiii.), faith in Jesus is declared to be a more excellent way for justification (the becoming or being made righteous) and forgiveness, than the law of Moses. In chap. xxvi. Paul is repeating the terms of his commission as a messenger of Christ. This commission is given him by direct revelation, wherein the glad message of forgiveness is extended to Gentiles. The careful reader will note that in these discourses the individualities of these Founders of the Church are merged in one, and their personalities and idiosyncrasies disappear. We are, in fact, listening to the voice of early orthodoxy, rather than to the historical Peter and Paul.

In the Johannine presentation the process of purification from sin and its forgiveness are identical. In 1 John, v. 6, the water and the blood are mystic symbols of purification and forgiveness, witnessed to by the indwelling Spirit; and the mystical Christ is the embodiment of the symbols, "the Spirit, the water and the blood." In Him these three aspects of the higher life of the Spirit are realised. The water and blood are represented as facets of the one Spirit, who is the mystic Christ in the soul.

It is remarkable that the agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and all expressions of personal suffering at the crucifixion, are passed over in silence by the author of the Gospel of John. The

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Christ is superior to all suffering directly related to the personality. His thought is only for others. Again, only John relates that from His side the soldier's spear caused the issuing of water and blood, significant of the purifying power of the life of the Spirit, issuing from the pierced dead body of the flesh. It is, I believe, in the realms of mysticism as unfolded in these presentations, that we have the clearest intimations where to find the key to the doctrine of forgiveness.

It is the mystic Christ who forgives, as He is perfected within us through suffering. This is accomplished, firstly, in our own Gethsemane, followed by our bearing the sins and burdens, the pains and sorrows of others, and thus only can the forgiving Spirit flow forth from us in self-forgetting and self-sacrificing love. In this consists the living of the life of the Spirit in our sin-suffering brothers, and the fulfilment of the apostolic injunction, the keeping of the unity of the Spirit. The channels of forgiving love can only be opened through suffering, of which all the Christs of mankind are exemplars. Only as we in our measure become such can the mystery of the forgiveness flowing from the Cross of the Christ be known to us.

Thus we become partakers of the fellowship of His sufferings, and of the joy of His resurrection; the conflict and the suffering are primarily through our own particular flesh, and as the personal victory becomes assured the battle-field assumes larger proportions, and we begin to understand that "the water, the blood and the Spirit" are one—in all. The sin of separateness, the fountain-head of all sin, is perceived, and as victory over it is obtained, sin's effects pass away in the purifying process. The two aspects of sin referred to, the subjective and the objective, find their solution, and the question of sin is solved. The remission is symbolised by the blood, "the blood of the heart," the cleansing and purification by the water of the new life, and the outflow of forgiving grace by the Spirit of the Christ new born in the soul.

W. A. MAYERS.

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THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 119)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPECIAL MECHANISM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

IN a very real sense the whole of the bodies of man form the mechanism of Consciousness, as organs for willing, thinking and acting; but the nervous apparatus may be called its special mechanism, as that whereby, in the physical body, it controls and directs all. Every cell in the body is composed of myriads of tiny lives, each with its own germinal Consciousness; each cell has its own dawning Consciousness, controlling and organising these; but the central ruling Consciousness which uses the whole body controls and organises it, in turn, and the mechanism in which it functions for this purpose is the nervous.

This nervous mechanism is the outcome of astral impulses, and Consciousness must be active on the astral plane before it can be constructed. Impulses set up by the Consciousness—*willing* to experience and vaguely endeavouring to give effect to this will—cause vibrations in etheric matter, and these vibrations, by the very nature of the matter,* become electric, magnetic, heat, and other energies. These are the masons which work under the impulse of the master-builder Consciousness. The impulse is from him; the execution is by them. The directive intelligence, which as yet he cannot furnish, is supplied by the Logic life in the Group-Soul, and by the Nature-Spirits working under the guidance, as already said, of the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom.

We have then to understand that nervous matter is built up on the physical plane under impulses from the astral, the directly constructive forces being indeed physical but the guidance and the setting in motion of them being astral, *i.e.*, proceeding

* The tanmâtra and tattva of the plane, with its six sub-tanmâtras and sub-tattvas.

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from Consciousness active on the astral plane. The life-energy, the Prâna, which flows in rosy waves, pulsing along the etheric matter in all nerves, not in their medullary sheaths but in their substance, comes down immediately from the astral plane; it is drawn from the great reservoir of life, the Logos, and is specialised on the astral plane and sent down thence into the nervous system, blending there with the magnetic, electrical, and other currents which form the purely physical Prâna, drawn from the same reservoir, but through the Sun, His physical body; close examination shows that the constituents of the Prâna of the mineral kingdom are fewer and less complex in arrangement than those of the Prâna in the higher vegetable kingdom, and this again less so than that in the animal and human, and this difference is due to the fact that the astral Prâna mingles in the latter and not in the former—to any perceptible degree, at least. After the formation of the causal body, this complexity of the Prâna circulating in the nervous systems of the physical body much increases, and it appears to become yet more enriched in the progress of human evolution. For as the Consciousness becomes active on the mental plane, the Prâna of that plane mingles also with the lower, and so on as the activity of Consciousness is carried on in higher regions.

In the *Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky speaks of this relation of Prâna to the nervous system. She quotes, and partly endorses, partly corrects, the view of "nervous ether," put forward by Dr. B. W. Richardson; the Sun-force is "the primal cause of all life on earth,"* and the Sun is "the store-house of vital force, which is the noumenon of electricity."† The "'nervous ether' is the lowest principle of the Primordial Essence which is Life. It is animal vitality diffused in all Nature, and acting according to the conditions it finds for its activity. It is not an 'animal product'; but the living animal, the living flower and plant, are its products."‡

On the physical plane this Prâna, this life-force, builds up all minerals, and is the controlling agent in the chemico-physiological changes in protoplasm, which lead to differentiation and the building of the various tissues of the bodies of plants, animals

* *Loc. cit.*, i. 577. † *Ibid.*, 579. ‡ *Ibid.*, 586.

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and men. They shew its presence by the power of responding to stimuli, but for a time this power is not accompanied by distinct sentiency; Consciousness has not unfolded enough to feel pleasure and pain.

When the current of Prâna from the astral plane, with its attribute of sentiency, blends with that of the Prâna of the physical plane, it begins the building of a new arrangement of matter —the nervous. This nervous arrangement is fundamentally a cell, details as to which can be studied in any modern text-book dealing with the subject,* and the development consists of internal changes and of outgrowths of the matter of the cell, these outgrowths becoming sheathed in medullary matter and then appearing as threads or fibres. Every nervous system, however elaborate, consists of cells and their outgrowths, these outgrowths becoming more numerous, and forming ever multiplying connections between the cells, as Consciousness demands, for its expression, a more and more elaborated nervous system. This fundamental simplicity at the root of such complexity of details is found even in man, the possessor of the most highly evolved nervous organisation. The many millions of neural ganglia† in the brain and body are all produced by the end of the third month of ante-natal life, and their development consists in expansion and the outgrowth of their substance into fibres. This development in later life results from the activity of thought; as a man thinks strenuously and continuously, the thought-vibrations cause chemical activity, and the dendrons‡ shoot out from the cells, making connections and cross-connections in every direction, literal pathways along which Prâna pulsates—Prâna which is now composed of factors from the physical, astral and mental planes—and thought-vibrations travel.

Returning from this digression into the human kingdom, let us see how the building of the nervous system, by vibratory impulses from the astral, begins and is carried on. We find a

* Such as Schäfer's "Histology" in Quain's *Anatomy*, tenth edition. Halliburton's *Handbook of Physiology*, 1901. Wilson's *The Cell in Development and Inheritance*.

† Groups of nerve cells.

‡ Nerve processes, or prolongations, or outgrowths, consisting of the matter of the cell enclosed in a medullary sheath.

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minute group of nerve cells and tiny processes connecting them. This is formed by the action of a centre which has previously appeared in the astral body—of which something will presently be said—an aggregation of astral matter arranged to form a centre for receiving and responding to impulses from outside. From that astral centre vibrations pass into the etheric body, causing little etheric whirlpools which draw into themselves particles of denser physical matter, forming at last a nerve cell, and groups of nerve cells. These physical centres, receiving vibrations from the outer world, send impulses back to the astral centres, increasing their vibrations; thus the physical and the astral centres act and re-act on each other, and each becomes more complicated and more effective. As we pass up the animal kingdom, we find the physical nervous system constantly improving, and becoming a more and more dominant factor in the body, and this first-formed system becomes, in the vertebrates, the sympathetic system, controlling and energising the vital organs—the heart, the lungs, the digestive tract; beside it slowly developes the cerebro-spinal system, closely connected in its lower workings with the sympathetic, and becoming gradually more and more dominant, while it also becomes in its most important development the normal organ for the expression of the waking Consciousness. This cerebro-spinal system is built up by impulses originating in the mental, not in the astral plane, and is only indirectly related to the astral through the sympathetic system, built up from the astral. We shall see later the bearing of this on the astral sensitiveness of animals, and lowly-developed human beings, the disappearance of this sensitiveness with the development of intellect, and its reappearance in the higher human evolution.

The Astral or Desire Body

The evolution of the astral body must be studied in relation to the physical, for while it plays the part of a creator on the physical plane, as we have seen, its own further development largely depends on the impulses received through the very organism it has created. It does not, for a long time, enjoy an independent life of its own on its own plane, and the organisation of the astral body in relation to the physical is quite a different

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matter, and much earlier in time, than its organisation in relation to the astral world. In the East they speak of the astral and mental vehicles of Consciousness, when acting in relation to the physical, as koṣhas, or sheaths, and use the term sharîra, or body, for a form capable of independent action in the visible and invisible worlds. This distinction may serve us here.

The astral sheath of the mineral is a mere cloud of appropriated astral matter, and does not shew any perceptible signs of organisation. The same is the case with most vegetables, but in some there seem to be certain indications of aggregations and lines, which, in the light of later evolution, appear to be the dawn of incipient organisation; and in some old forest trees distinct aggregations of astral matter are visible at certain points. In animals these aggregations become clearly marked and definite, forming centres in the astral sheath of a permanent and specialised kind.

These aggregations in the astral sheath are the beginnings of the centres which will build up the necessary organs in the physical body, and are not the often-named chakras, or wheels, which belong to the organisation of the astral *body*, and fit it for functioning on its own plane in connection with the mental sheath, as the lower part of the eastern Sûkshma Sharîra, or subtle body. The astral chakras are connected with the astral senses, so that a person in whom they are developed can see, hear, etc., on the astral plane; they lie far ahead of the point in evolution that we are considering, a point at which the perceptive powers of Consciousness have not yet any organ, even on the physical plane.

As these aggregations appear, the impulses of Consciousness on the astral plane, guided as before explained, play on the etheric double, forming the etheric whirlpools already mentioned, and corresponding centres thus arise in the astral sheath and physical body, the sympathetic system being thus built up. This system always remains thus directly connected with the astral centres, even after the cerebro-spinal system is evolved. But from the astral aggregations in the fore-part of the body, ten important centres are formed, which become connected with the brain through the sympathetic system, and gradually become the

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dominant organs for the activities of the physical, or waking Consciousness—that is, that part of the Consciousness which functions normally through the cerebro-spinal system. Five out of the ten serve to receive special impressions from the outside world, are the centres through which Consciousness uses its perceptive powers; they are called in Sanskrit Jñanendriyas, literally "knowledge-senses," *i.e.*, senses, or sense-centres, by which knowledge is obtained. These set up, in the way before explained, five distinct etheric whirlpools, and thus construct five centres in the physical brain; these, in turn, severally shape and remain connected with their appropriate sense-organs. Thus arise the five sense-organs: the eyes, ears, tongue, nose, skin, specialised to receive impressions from the outer world, corresponding to the five perceptive powers of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling. These are specialised ways in the lower worlds by which part of the perceptive ability of Consciousness, its power of receiving external contacts, is exercised. They belong to the lower worlds and to the grosser forms of matter which shut Consciousness in, and prevent it, thus enwrapped, from knowing other lives; they are openings in this dense veil of matter, permitting vibrations to enter in and reach the shrouded Consciousness.

The remaining five of these ten astral centres serve to convey vibrations from Consciousness to the outer world; they are the avenues outwards as the knowledge-senses are the avenues inwards; they are named Karmendriyas, literally action-senses, senses or sense-centres which cause action. These develope like the others, forming etheric whirlpools, which make the motor-centres in the physical brain; these, again, severally shape and remain connected with their appropriate motor-organs, hands, feet, larynx and organs of generation and excretion.

We have now an organised astral sheath, and the continual action and re-action between this and the physical body improve both, and these together act on the Consciousness and it re-acts on them, both again gaining by this mutual interaction. And, as we have already seen, these blind impulses of Consciousness are guided in their play upon matter by the Logic Life in the Group-Soul and by the Nature-Spirits. Always it is Life, Con-

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sciousness, seeking to realise itself in matter, and matter responding in virtue of its own inherent qualities, vitalised by the action of the Third Logos.

Monadic Action

We may pause a few moments here to consider whether there is anything that can be properly termed Monadic Action—the action of the Monad on the Anupâdaka plane—at this stage. Of direct action there is none, nor can there be until the germinal spiritual Triad has reached a high stage of evolution; indirect action, that is action on the spiritual Triad, which in turn acts on the lower, there is continually. But for all practical purposes we may consider it as the action of the spiritual Triad, which, as we have seen, is the Monad veiled in matter denser than that of his native plane.

The spiritual Triad is drawing most of his energy, and all the directive capacity of that energy, from the Second Logos, bathed as he is in that stream of Life. What may be called his own special activity does not concern itself with all the shaping and building activity which we have been considering, but is directed to the evolution of the atom itself, in association with the Third Logos. This energy from the spiritual Triad confines itself to the atomic sub-planes, and until the fourth Round appears to spend itself chiefly on the permanent atoms. It is directed first to the shaping and then to the vivifying of the spirillæ which form the wall of the atom. The vortex, which is the atom, is the life of the Third Logos, but the wall of spirillæ is gradually formed on the external surface of this vortex by the life-energy flowing down from the spiritual Triad to the permanent atoms connected with him. These spirillæ are formed during the downward arc of the second Life-Wave, first in the permanent atoms and then gradually in the atoms temporarily connected with them. During the first Round of the terrene Chain, the first set of spirillæ of the physical plane atoms becomes vivified—after the seven sets are built in the permanent atoms—by the life of the Monad flowing from the spiritual Triad. This is the set of spirillæ used by the prânic currents affecting the dense part of the physical body. Similarly in the second Round the second set of spirillæ becomes

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active, and herein play the prânic currents connected with the etheric double. During these two Rounds nothing can be found in connection with any form that can be called sensations of pleasure and pain. During the third Round the third set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and here first appears what is called sensibility; for through these spirillæ kâmic or desire energy can affect the physical body, the kâmic prâna can play in them, and thus bring the physical into direct communication with the astral. During the fourth Round the fourth set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and the kâma-mânasic prâna plays in them, and makes them fit to be used for the building of a brain which is to act as the instrument for thought.

A similar succession in the present, the fourth, Round marks the evolution of the kingdoms of Nature, the main characteristics of the previous Rounds being, as it were, repeated in the Root-Races, as the history of evolution wrought out during long ages is repeated during the embryonic life of each new body. During the existence of the first two human Races there were conditions of temperature which would render sensibility destructive of any life-manifestation, and those Races show no sensibility to pleasure and pain on the physical plane. In the third Race there is sensibility to violent impacts, causing coarse pleasures and pains, but only some of the senses are evolved, and these but to a low stage, as we shall presently see.

Now in the first two Races there are visible the beginnings of aggregations in the astral matter of the sheaths, and if these could connect themselves with appropriate physical matter there would be in the physical consciousness sensations of pleasure and pain. But the appropriate connections are lacking.

The spiritual Triad, at this stage of evolution, is so insensitive to vibrations from external matter that it is only when he receives the tremendous vibrations caused by impacts on the physical plane that he begins slowly to respond on the astral. Everything begins for him on the physical plane. He does not respond directly, but indirectly, through the mediation of the Logic life, and only as the primary physical apparatus is built up do the subtler impulses come through with sufficient force to cause pleasure and pain. The violent vibrations from the physical

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plane cause corresponding vibrations on the astral, and he becomes dimly conscious of sensation.

The permanent atoms form the imperfect but only direct channel between the Consciousness manifesting as the spiritual Triad and the forms he is connected with. In the case of the higher animals these atoms are exceedingly active, and in the brief time between the physical lives considerable changes occur in these. As evolution goes on the increasing flow of life from the Group-Soul and through the permanent atoms, as well as the increasing complexity of the physical apparatus, rapidly augment the sensitiveness of the animal. There is comparatively little sensitiveness in the lower animal lives, and little in fishes, despite their cerebro-spinal system. As evolution proceeds the sense-centres continue to develop in the astral sheath, and in the higher animal these are well organised and the senses are acute. But with this acuteness there is brevity of sensations, and except with the highest animals little of the mental element mingles to lend increased and longer continued sensitiveness to sensation.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE transference of Christianity from the region of history to the region ot psychology is the great craving of our time. What we are trying to arrive at is the *eternal* Gospel. But before we can reach it, the comparative history and philosophy of religions must assign to Christianity its true place, and must judge it. The religion, too, which Jesus professed must be disentangled from the religion which has taken Jesus for its object. And when at last we are able to point out the state of consciousness which is the primitive cell, the principle of the eternal Gospel, we shall have reached our goal, for in it is the *punctum saliens* of pure religion. . . . Perhaps the extraordinary will take the place of the supernatural, and the great geniuses of the world will come to be regarded as the messengers of God in history, as the providential revealers through whom the Spirit of God works upon the human mass. What is perishing is not the admirable and the adorable; it is simply the arbitrary, the accidental, the miraculous. Just as the poor illuminations of a village *fête*, or the tapers of a procession, are put out by the great marvel of the sun, so the small local miracles, with their meanness and doubtfulness, will sink into insignificance beside the law of the world of spirits, the incomparable spectacle of human history, led by that all-powerful Dramaturgus, whom we call God.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 148.

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JOHN WENTWORTH'S VISION

In the royal forest where, more than eight hundred years ago, he who planted it lay dead; where, year by year, the oaks flush pink, wax green, and fade into a glorious death of russet brown and gold; where the perfumes of pine, of honied heather and ling, and pungent bog myrtle, fill the sweet air with a delight of the senses akin to pain, there, in that lovely land of dream and vision, dwelt a man who went through a phase of the soul whereby he learned, or thought he learned, certain truths to guide him towards the goal whereto he toiled; for he was one who had perceived a goal, and kept it steadfastly in mind.

There, moreover, he learned to perceive somewhat of the subtle workings of those unseen powers which link soul unto soul in the fashioning of the weft and warp of the garment of God. He learned that no man liveth nor dieth unto himself; he learned it, not as a mere lip phrase, but as a fact which should give all men pause in their doing, thinking, and saying, which should make them work out their salvation (not as it is usually understood, but in another and a wider sense) in great fear and trembling.

This man was named John Wentworth, and he was one whose desires and ambitions were so far removed from those of his fellows that he fell into the peril of thinking he possessed more, and dreaming of himself as of a thing apart from other men. From this fearsome habit of mind the man was saved in the early days of his folly; before temptation through the better, rather than the worser, part of his nature had led him down the road which leads to a wilderness of the soul, whence it is hard to come forth. He was rich; an only son. His mother, whose mind was at one with his on most matters, died when he was a very young man. His father, an obstinate, bad-tempered, eccentric individual, pensioned his old housekeeper three months after his

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wife's death, and engaged another, a handsome, vulgar widow, with a son fourteen years old. In six months he married her, to the scandal of the whole neighbourhood. No one called on Mrs. Wentworth, and everyone pitied John Wentworth. He felt the slight to his mother's memory but he did not quarrel either with his father or his step-mother. He was a man who did not quarrel readily; he silently withdrew from the things and people he disliked.

Three years later his father was killed in the hunting field; the estate and the bulk of the income came to John Wentworth but £2,000 a year was left to the widow, to will as she pleased. John Wentworth discharged the new servants, pensioned the old, shut up his house, and let his estate become a paradise for the wild creatures of earth and air. No one wondered that he did not live there, since Mrs. Wentworth and her son were at the Dower House three miles off: she was a violent-tempered, coarse, querulous woman, uneducated and ill-bred. Her first husband, Philip Silver, drank himself to death; he died of *delirium tremens*, like his father before him, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather; the Silvers were a family of dipsomaniacs. The fact made it the more scandalous that Mr. Wentworth should allow £2,000 a year to drift out of the family into the hands of young Silver, who would probably follow in his father's footsteps.

People were entirely at fault with regard to John Wentworth's motives of action. At the time this tale begins he was a man thirty years of age; his father had been dead five years. A year before his death, John Wentworth, who was living in London, came under the influence of a great preacher, a man who preached the doctrine of that union of the soul with God, the possibility of which has been proclaimed by all mystics of every creed. Some people said this preacher was unorthodox; others said he preached the "higher Pantheism"; I, who record these things, am not sure what this means, but I am told that this was what he preached.

John Wentworth began to read many books, chiefly the works of Christian mystics, dealing with the subject of mystical union. At last he experienced a disgust of the external things and ordinary ambitions of life, which he believed to denote that

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he had transcended all possible phases of desire and personal ambition. This happened in London, and it was there, on a hot, breathless, ill-odorous summer night, that he dreamed a dream which was, for him, epoch making, because it marked a definite stage in his life. He thought he hung—bodiless—pulsing with unspeakably keen life—in the blue-black hollowness of space; it was dim, awful, like a cloudless night sky bereft of stars. In that great dimness and isolation there dawned a single star, with rays that pierced all space and smote through and through his formless consciousness. He had no form he could perceive, whereby he might know himself. From the heart of the star sounded a voice, uttering words that seemed to speak a truth to him which he had known from the beginning of time: a truth near at hand, that had ever waited till this hour to be re-known of him. Even as he heard he woke, and the thing he had known he knew no longer; only the memory of vanished knowledge remained with him, an ever-torturing inner impulse goading him onwards.

Therefore he cast aside all the habits of his former life; he went away to the dim, quiet forest. There he bought a tiny hut wherein he might live all alone, and give himself wholly to the life of the soul. There he read and meditated, and gained, as he thought, some light and knowledge. He read books in many tongues, for he was a man of considerable capacity and some learning. He ate no flesh and he drank no wine; he reduced his wants to a minimum; he guarded himself from turbulent and evil influences; he told himself that he thirsted alone for the knowledge of God. He spent long hours in the shadow of the perfumed pines, wrapped in thought; sometimes his surroundings fused themselves dream-wise into his consciousness; he saw —unseeing—the golden lights and brown shadows on the pine needles, the red boles of the trees, the squirrels racing through the dusky green boughs that were framed about by the pale blue sky; sometimes it seemed to him that the rushing wind through the woods, the earth, the little crystal-clear, moss-circled pools, the scents, the trees, were truer expressions of himself than was his still, passive body. He fashioned of his lovely surroundings a means of subtler, more delicately sensuous perceptions than

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any he had known, and lived therein; so doing, he thought he had transcended all personal desires of the soul. Wrapped in external peace he rejoiced, and believed he had found the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Six years he lived thus, and his friends forgot him, save sometimes to say they heard he was in a lunatic asylum; indeed, to most people's methods of thinking he was in a mind-built lunatic asylum of his own fashioning.

One day there broke into this holy peace of John Wentworth's a disturbing element. It was a letter from his step-mother, if that can be called a letter which was a mere cry of agony. The woman was ignorant, narrow, foolish, but even as the fox or the hawk loves her young, so she. Her son, she wrote, was following in his father's footsteps; he had been drinking for six months; he would kill himself and break her heart; would John Wentworth come and speak to him, would he see what he could do? "I've never harmed you, Mr. Wentworth," said the letter, "save by marrying your poor papa; and if you think the money oughtn't to have been left so, indeed and in truth it wasn't my doing, and I'll make my Will any way you like, if you'll try to help my boy. Oh do, do come to me, Mr. Wentworth, do—I've no one but you." The letter was stained and smudged with tears. John Wentworth laid it down, knitted his brows, and tried to remember what money she meant. Then he began to perceive reasons why he should not go; the vision, for so he regarded it, that had come to him, had shown him a way for which few were ready. Surely it was better, even for the world at large, that his soul should expand to its greatest possibilities of power and illumination. Surely a man thus instructed in the night watches, must be (not, of course, in ultimate essence, but as a developing soul) of more importance in the general scheme of things than was this drunken young man, who was very probably learning life's lesson in the only way he could learn it, through degradation, through ultimate suffering. He had no authority over Phil Silver; no reason for supposing he had any influence over him: Silver was a mere accident in his life; chance had linked them.

He remembered him as a lad of sixteen, home for his holidays

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when John Wentworth was home from college; a good-looking, ill-mannered, excitable boy, very rude and contemptuous to his mother, very much afraid of his step-father, disposed to make a hero of John Wentworth himself, a tendency in him which John had promptly, severely, and coldly snubbed; he must now be twenty-two years old or thereabouts.

John Wentworth wrote a very kind and admirable letter to the afflicted mother, and showed her such reasons as she could understand why he should not try to help her. They were very good reasons; not one of them could be undermined by argument; they were based on the purest common sense. Wentworth mentally commended Phil Silver to the active "reclaiming" philanthropist, and sealed his letter. He could not post it till the next day, he was four miles from a post office. He went out for a stroll just before the sun set.

He walked, on a rough cart track, over the open forest; a creaking waggon passed him laden with hewn oaks. Against the glowing sky were outlined the dark chanting pines, the 'cellos of the woods; before him stretched the moor, purple with heather, lavender with ling; little wind-twisted trees grew here and there. Away to the right was a long, shallow dip in the land, full of bronze-green bog myrtle; at the head of the dip was a stagnant peaty bog, about which the moss was vividly green; it was studded with tiny leaves, and spangled with little yellow and blue flowers; small, fluffy feathers were fluttering there, where a hawk had seized its prey, marking the spot of an unnoted tragedy of the woods. Oak woods skirted the open moor, and indigo mist shone about them like living light; a wood pigeon cut the air with swift blue-grey wings; a tiny shrew mouse darted across the track. To the right of the road was a barrow, where the body of a long-dead soldier lay at rest in the bosom of the Mother. The barrow was clothed with deep purple heather, and at the summit sat a man, an old naturalist, born and bred in the Forest. He was one of the few men to whom Wentworth talked; the old man lived so near to nature that he jarred on the most sensitive mood no more than she. Young rabbits were playing unconcernedly about him; but at the tread of John Wentworth, the conscious seeker and lover of the Universal Life, they flashed

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fearfully away, and he could hear them stamping warnings to each other under his feet within their burrows.

"Good evening," said Wentworth, and he sat down beside the naturalist.

"Good evening," said the old man, smiling.

"There is a great peace in these woods," said Wentworth after a pause. "Only where there is the life of the animals that strive against each other, and in a still greater degree where there is human life, is there turbulence and restlessness."

"They strive for themselves," said the naturalist. "Needful striving, but destructive of the 'peace of the heart.' They choose their work and their play, and their lives, more or less; or at least they try and desire to choose them. Now the powers that control the woods and waters, that guide the laws of nature, are not working in separation, but interact to subserve the Will of God. So I think. Therefore there is peace."

"Powers?" said Wentworth, "You think these natural workings are controlled by living beings? Gods, in fact?"

"Gods—or Angels. Living conscious forces, certainly. I see no sign of aught save life and intelligence in the workings of nature."

"I fear," said Wentworth, "that I have thought of nature rather as a background ministering to my own mood."

"And you found her ready to minister," said the old man, smiling. "I cannot doubt, nay! I have seen and do know, that living, conscious, vigilant powers, commonly invisible, preside over the life of these places, so thinly peopled by man."

"*Commonly invisible.* Sometimes visible, then?"

"Well, Mr. Wentworth, I could support that statement."

"I am willing to believe," said Wentworth, "that nature discloses some of her inner workings to so constant a lover as you."

"Then I will tell you an incident I never told to any other. You see the bog yonder?"

"Yes."

"Two years ago last spring I was driving past here on a dark night. There had been much rain, and the peaty ground was spongy. I heard a horse neighing; and it seemed to me, for

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I have learnt to note the different tones in the voices of animals, that the creature was in distress. But it was late, I was tired, and I pressed on. As I went I suddenly saw before me, some yards away, a strange light. You will say it was a will o' the wisp, Mr. Wentworth; but I know those lights that hover over marshy ground. This was a milky opalescent globe, with pale rosy pulsings in it; it flitted on before me, and turned to the right. I followed it; and heard the neighing of the horse grow nearer, and I heard the beat of its hoofs on the soft ground. The light stopped and vanished; just then the moon shone out from a break in the clouds; I saw I stood close to the bog; the horse was galloping on the verge."

"And I suppose the rider was in the bog," said Wentworth. "That is a very wonderful case of angelic intervention."

"No," said the old man. "The mare was a forest pony, her foal was in the bog; I had a rope with me in the cart, and I dragged the little fellow out, with some difficulty. He was very young—a little white-faced chestnut."

"That is extraordinary," said Wentworth musingly. "It does not seem sufficient cause."

"Well! I don't know. That argument will lead us very far afield. Can you judge the importance of a thing by its outward seeming?"

"I grant you it is difficult; and yet one must form judgments."

"Certainly, or one would never take any action at all. But what is 'sufficient cause' for effort of any kind? That which is very small viewed from one standpoint is great from another. At last we are driven to the paradox of asserting that all things are at once infinitely important and utterly unimportant."

"Unless, as some do, we see in the whole world a unity without separate parts, so that nothing can be either small or great. But intervention to save the life of an animal, when many a man is left to die unsaved, scarcely seems compatible with angelic wisdom and knowledge."

"There's another way of looking at that. You've to look at the matter from the 'angelic' standpoint; if you cannot do that you are arguing and reaching a conclusion upon insuffi-

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cient data, aren't you? We know nothing beyond our own experience."

"That is true. And yet—the life or death of the foal of a forest pony!"

"And last week fifteen miners buried alive? Oh! you did not see that, I suppose. But you can't make your own judgment the ultimate test of all action."

"I come back again to this particular forest pony. Nature is generally utterly reckless of life."

"True! The general sweep of the law does seem to be indifferent, it is as though nature had another standard of measuring life and death from that which we use. Yet there is a certain frugality, a lack of waste, in her workings too. I sometimes think there should be in human life a mingled economy and prodigality; some economy of power, and a certain recklessness of form. If our standards differ from nature's, we must go by our own, not hers; perhaps some concessions are made to ours, when practicable, by the powers beyond. The distress of the mare was very real to her; do you only draw the anguish of a human mother within your circle of compassion, Mr. Wentworth?"

Wentworth turned, and glanced at the old man's face.

"It is odd you should have said that," he exclaimed.

"Why?"

"You have not been here for months, have you? I haven't seen you."

"No. Not very lately. I thought I'd walk this way to-night. I'd no special reason for it. Good-bye. The sun is setting."

The old man walked peacefully homewards down the smooth green alleys, through the darkening woods. John Wentworth went back to his hut and tore up his letter. The next day he walked to the nearest station, a knapsack strapped on his shoulders, and took the train to his old home. He went to the Dower House, and was shown into the presence of his stepmother. The poor woman was in great distress.

"It isn't that he gets drunk," she sobbed. "I wish he did, almost. He's like his father; he drinks and drinks anything he

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can get hold of; his temper is like a madman. I sometimes think he'll murder me, or kill himself. Not that he's ever touched me so far; but the things he says to me——"

She stopped, listening in terror; someone was coming through the hall; the door opened and her son came in. John Wentworth had not seen him since he was a lad of seventeen; he was now twenty-two. He looked very ill, and his eyes were those of a maniac. He stared at his step-brother; he looked ashamed, defiant, sullen; blended with these emotions was a curious look of entreaty, as though he was silently pleading for something.

"Mr. Wentworth's just happened to come here on business, Phil," began the mother, nervously.

Then young Silver spoke.

"I suppose she wrote to you," he said. "*I'm* your business, am I not?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, "I came here on your account."

"And she took her oath she hadn't written!" said the young man, with so bitter and acid a contempt for his mother, that Wentworth felt a flash of indignation on her account. She burst into tears.

"I think," said Wentworth gently, "you'd better let us talk this over alone."

She rose, sobbing; Wentworth opened the door, and closed it after her.

"I take it for granted," he said, seating himself, "that you wish to give up this—this unfortunate habit of yours."

"Unfortunate habit is good!" said the other, grimly. "Yes, I do. It doesn't add to my comfort and happiness. But I am not going into some hell of a place, with a keeper tacked on to me."

"Who suggested that? I did not. But I think you ought not to live here with your mother. You should go away; and—not alone."

"With a cheerful companion?"

"Well," said John Wentworth, half laughing at the queer little phrase, "with a companion, certainly; and if you like what are called 'cheerful' people, with a cheerful one."

"A doctor, for example? There are plenty of young fellows

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starting in life, who'd be quite glad of the berth of looking after a dipsomaniac if it were made worth their while."

"Quite so," said Wentworth; he thought the young man was rather shameless, but he attributed his lack of sensitiveness to his ill-breeding; he seemed to be sensible, and disposed to give very little trouble.

"And we could go—where?"

"To any place you like," said Wentworth, with kindly condescension, trying to gauge the probable tastes of an unfortunate drunkard of Phil Silver's position in society. "Some amusing place, I should think, such as ——"

"Margate?" said the other, drily, "or Southend?"

And then it dawned upon John Wentworth, who desired to search out the ultimate secrets of the Macrocosm, that he was making an ignominious failure in his attempts to understand the Microcosm—Phil Silver.

"I—I—" he said, helplessly, "I beg your pardon, Phil. I didn't see."

"Oh it doesn't matter," said the other with a groan, "it's bad enough we should prevent you from living in your home, without giving you this bother."

"You do not prevent me from living there."

"No? Why don't you, then?"

"Well, that would be rather a long story."

"You mean I shouldn't understand it."

"Perhaps you would," said Wentworth, feeling that this young man was too quick of perception to be comfortable company, "but if you would, then you are one in a thousand."

Phil Silver looked somewhat interested; he seemed to be about to ask a question, coloured, checked himself, and said, rather stiffly:

"At any rate I suppose you have come here because you dislike a fresh scandal in the place."

"I do not care a fig for all the scandals that ever kept the tongues of the brainless employed. At least, I do not regard the talk to which they give rise, however much I may regret them in themselves."

"Don't you? I wonder why you came here, then. Of

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course this, and your father's marriage, and my very existence, are all unpleasant for you. But, see here! I haven't had such a very good time of it myself. My father died when I was a little chap of eleven. I remember his life and his death; I don't want mine to be like them; the dread lest they should be so has haunted me ever since, getting stronger and stronger as I grew to be a man. For the last three years, as I've lived here, quite idle, and practically alone (for I belong to no class in particular, and I've no friends), I've thought of nothing else."

"My dear Phil! that was very unwise."

"I daresay. When my mother went as housekeeper to your father I was put to board with an old woman, who only nagged at me; I did as I liked. Then your father married my mother, and I came to live at your home. One day I was rude to your father, and he packed me off to school, a lower middle-class school. My mother asked why he didn't send her son where he'd sent his own; he said he didn't want to take me out of my station, and my mother flew into a passion. Then he left £2,000 a year unconditionally to her, whereupon she told me I might 'live like a gentleman,' and never do a stroke of work. I said I wouldn't stay at school, I didn't like it; so I left, like a little fool, and came home with no one to control me. I came to wait till the devil that possessed my father got hold of me. See how it is with me! I've no work, no education; I belong to no class in particular; I've no place in the world. I have a horrible heredity. I've been worse than left to myself."

"I ought to have found out what was happening," murmured Wentworth, half inaudibly.

"Six months ago, the 'unfortunate habit,' as you call it, seized me. I knew it would come; but when I felt it coming I nearly went out of my mind. Now there is one person—one person only—who can save me, Mr. Wentworth, and that's *you*; take me back with you to that place where you live."

"Phil!"

"When first I met you, years ago, when you were a young man about my present age, and I a boy, I felt to you what I felt towards no one else. It was as though we had met before; of course, that was fancy, when and where could we have met? But I

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felt as though we had been together; as though you had commanded me, and I had obeyed. You were like an anchorage to a drifting boat. I showed that queer feeling I had about you: it was rather hard to do it, because I was shy, and didn't like to show what I felt. You snubbed me. You snubbed me to such an extent, you hurt me so horribly, you flung me back on myself so completely, that I nearly hated you. Thinking of it now, remembering what you made me feel, what pain you gave me, I believe I *do* hate you. But you can save me if you will, and I entreat and implore you to do it. I must have very little pride to plead to you like this! But I can't help it—if you had seen my father die you would know why I plead."

"I think," said Wentworth, slowly, "that this is only a fancy."

"You won't do it? I knew you wouldn't! All right! Make any arrangements you like. It doesn't matter what you do Engage a keeper for me. Send me to a 'Home.' Do as you please. Only, for pity's sake, don't talk to me about it."

He walked to the window, and stood looking out, drumming on the pane.

Wentworth hesitated:

"Phil, my dear boy," he said, "the place I live in is very isolated; very dull ——"

"I know. It is a little bit of a thatched hut with woods behind it; green, misty-looking oak woods with bracken growing in them. In front there's a great purple moor, with bent trees, and to the right is a bog, where bog myrtle and cotton grass grow."

"Have you been there?" said Wentworth, startled.

"No," said the other in an odd, muffled whisper, "I haven't. But I saw you there a week ago."

"Saw me! When?"

"When I was asleep."

John Wentworth was so much surprised that words failed him. Nothing could have been more repugnant to him than to take Phil Silver to the perfumed mystery land where he sought so diligently the silent inner Way of the soul. It was a wild project; in all probability the unfortunate, over-wrought, half-

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hysterical young man would weary of the place, would quarrel with him, and his "last state" would be worse than his "first." Now he was willing to be placed under proper medical treatment; he was willing to be guided by John Wentworth; if Wentworth took him away as he wished that influence might be lost. All reason and common-sense seemed to be against complying with his entreaty. And yet! Something deeper than reason, more compelling than common-sense, said: "Do this thing. Do it, at whatever cost to your own personal progress. Do it, and leave the result, whatever it may be, to the sweep of the all-compelling Law of Life. Once you refused to answer the appeal of this sad soul when it feebly and blindly reached forth towards you. Pay the penalty of your folly now."

He walked to the window, and laid his hands gently on his step-brother's shoulders.

"I am very sorry I snubbed you, Phil," he said. "I cannot say truthfully I did not mean to do it. I was younger then; in my loathsome selfishness I did mean it, and I gave myself good reasons for it. But I am very sorry now."

"Oh," said the other. "Don't! I didn't want you to say that."

"If you like to come back with me to-morrow, we'll try what we can do. I know you'll try, and I'll try too."

"Thank you," said Phil Silver, in a voice that was hardly audible. "I believe if I had thought you would do this for me I shouldn't have dared to ask you."

That night John Wentworth was once more visited by a dream. He thought he stood on the purple moor outside his hut and felt the sweep of the night wind, sweet with the scent of earth and pines. And he saw the light, with rose-pink pulsings in it, glide over the moor before him, wherefore he followed it to the edge of the bog. In the bog was Phil Silver, struggling hard, his face twisted with pain and fear; John Wentworth stretched forth his hand to him from where he stood, but he was too far above the bog to reach him. He put one foot down on the bog surface; ere he put the other there he feared lest he too should sink; even as he feared he did sink a little, and was nigh to springing back. Then the man in the bog wailed in agony, and

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John Wentworth, heeding only the cry of pain, leaped down beside him, and clasped his hand. Lo! he stood upon the bog as though on firm ground, and began to draw Phil to land. As he drew him the face of the man he sought to save, changed. It was now Phil's face, and now that of John Wentworth himself; so that he seemed to be drawing not Phil, but himself, to surer ground. At last they stepped on the heather above the bog; and then he saw that which he held was not Phil, but was in the likeness of a shining child; above the head of the child hung the star he had seen shining in the blue-black void, and it shone into his very heart.

On the following night John Wentworth sat upon the purple barrow, and watched the sky glow with the light of the vanished sun. He was not alone, beside him was Phil Silver, who lay on the earth; the purple waves of the honied heather hid his face. John Wentworth spoke to him:

"Why did you say you had seen me here?"

"I did," said a voice from the heather. "I dreamed I was sunk in that bog, and you stood on the ground above me. I knew it was you, though you were older than when I last saw you, and your face was changed. You came down beside me and helped me out; when we were on dry ground, I saw it was not you who had helped me, but a child with light all about him, and above his head there was a star."

John Wentworth did not answer; he was learning, during his silence, the value of humility, and the danger in which the saint stands when he believes the sun to shine chiefly for the just and wise.

MICHAEL WOOD.

HOLD your purpose and your ideals clearly and steadily before you. Desiring truth, you shall surely have it; intending righteousness, you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you. In time of confusion and difficulty, rest upon that and you may then, unshaken, see no agreement, no light ahead.—*From an unpublished MS.*

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ROMULUS: THE MAN AND THE MYTH

An Astronomical Enquiry

It is the popular custom to regard the legendary account of Romulus and Remus as inseparable from the astronomical myth of Castor and Pollux, the wolf-fostered Gemini of the Zodiac. Upon closer enquiry into the records of pre-Christian writers, however, it would appear that there are a number of well-established data from which it is possible to derive some facts of the highest historical value.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who wrote in the first century of the present era, has the following note concerning the birth of Romulus in his book of Roman Antiquities: "Many relate the myth of the disappearance of the Sun, when the heavens were covered with darkness."

Plutarch, in his *Life of Romulus*, goes further and gives explicit data which are capable of verification. He says: "It is reported that the day on which Romulus founded the City fell exactly on the 30th of the month, and that there was on the same day a conjunction of the Sun and Moon, being an eclipse, in the third year of the sixth Olympiad."

The Olympiad being a period of four years, the given date would fall on the thirtieth of the month in the twenty-third year of the Olympiads, which began in the secular year B.C. 776, corresponding to the astronomical year B.C. 775, as we know from a concurrence of various authorities. The founding, therefore, would be in the year B.C. 753, or astronomically B.C. 752. Plutarch follows the Greek calendar, which began the year at the New Moon nearest the Summer Solstice, and it has been found that there was an eclipse of the Sun on the 6th July, B.C. 752, in the eighth degree of Cancer, visible at Rome. As this was the lunation nearest to the Solstice, it may be regarded as

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that referred to by Plutarch. Indeed it has hitherto been so accepted on the authority of Petavius, who found it to have been "about four digits" in magnitude, the diameter of the disc being taken as twelve digits. By calculation, however, I find it to have been barely three and a half digits, and to have occurred at one hour and thirty-five minutes before sunset at Rome. The comparative insignificance of the phenomenon led me to examine more closely the statement of Dionysius, that "the founding of Rome took place in the first year of the seventh Olympiad," an epoch which is quoted by most writers on this subject. It is true there was an eclipse of the Sun on the 26th May in the year B.C. 752, but it was not visible at Rome. In the following year, however, there was a lunation in the eighteenth degree of the sign Taurus, the Node being in seventeen degrees forty-eight minutes of the same sign, and the obscuration was therefore *total*. By calculation I find the time of ecliptic conjunction to have been fifty-two minutes after noon at Rome, and the eclipse would, under these conditions, be visible all over Europe. This gives the date 15th May (O.S.) in the year B.C. 751, being the tenth month of the fourth year of the sixth Olympiad. Brande states that the founding was in "the tenth month of the third year of the sixth Olympiad," but as he uniformly takes the beginning of the Olympiads one year earlier than the astronomical, there is here a point of agreement which is of considerable importance.

Eratosthenes says: "From the first Olympiad to the founding of Rome are twenty-four years," and if from B.C. 775 we take twenty-four years we have B.C. 751 as the date of the event. This date, the 15th May, B.C. 751, has not to my knowledge been cited by any author as that of the founding of Rome. Yet, not only does it harmonise the statement of Dionysius with those of Varro, Eratosthenes and Plutarch, but it is singular in affording the astronomical fact by which alone the epoch can be verified. The obscuration at Rome must have been considerable and probably total to have lived in tradition to the time of Varro, Cicero and others of the first century before the Christian Era, and the small eclipse of the 6th July, B.C. 753, as cited by Petavius, cannot be regarded in the same category with the total eclipse of

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the 15th May, B.C. 751, which I consider from every point to be in line with the facts.

By a similar occurrence, an eclipse of the Sun, we are able to accurately determine the date of the birth of Romulus from statements made by Varro and quoted by Plutarch. The latter informs us that Tarutius Firmanus, the mathematician, was employed by his friend Varro to determine the date of the birth of Romulus from certain data at his disposal. The conclusion to which Tarutius came was that the Founder of the Eternal City was born on the twenty-fourth day of the month Thoth, at sunrise, having been conceived by his mother in "the first year of the second Olympiad, on the twenty-third day of the month Khoiak, in the third hour, when the Sun was eclipsed."

The "first year of the second Olympiad" was B.C. 771, astronomically. "The twenty-third day of the month Khoiak" requires careful expression in terms of our calendar. The Egyptian year had twelve months of thirty days each, the year being completed by the Epagomene of five days. The first month of the year was Thoth, and in the year B.C. 771 the first day of this month fell on March 4th, which was therefore the first day of the year at that period. The months followed on: Thoth, Paophi, Athyr, each of thirty days, and the twenty-third of the next month Khoiak would thus be the 113th day of the year. Counting these days from the 4th March, we have the 24th of June as the day on which, according to Tarutius, Romulus was conceived.

Now it is gratifying in the extreme to find by calculation that there was a conjunction of the Sun and Moon on that date in the year B.C. 771, and also that it formed an eclipse of the Sun, but *not total* as calculated by the friend of Varro. The conjunction fell in the twenty-sixth degree of the sign Gemini, but as the Node was then in the thirteenth degree, the Moon would have one degree and seven minutes of latitude, and consequently only about one-fourth of the Sun's disc would be obscured. The Moon's latitude being South the shadow would fall in extreme northern latitudes, certainly not further South than Stockholm. It is therefore evident that the traditional darkness at the conception of Romulus is the result of historians having followed Varro on the authority of Tarutius, whose calculations were at fault.

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By taking this putative epoch as that of the conception of Romulus, we shall find the birth to have occurred about the 24th Thoth in the following year, B.C. 770. In this year the 1st of Thoth fell again on the 4th March, and the 24th Thoth at sunrise would therefore fall on the 27th March. This date was that of the Vernal Equinox, the Sun at its rising at Rome being in twenty-nine degrees and seventeen minutes of Pisces, so that the Equinox would fall about midnight of that date.

Beyond the partial eclipse of the 23rd Khoiak in the preceding year, there is no evidence for this being the date of the birth of Romulus, but in accepting the year B.C. 770 as correct, we shall continue in agreement with other data in the recorded life. Thus Dionysius says: "The Sun was totally eclipsed at his death and the darkness was as great as that of night." He does not cite the year, but he says the event took place "in the fifty-fifth year of his age and the thirty-seventh of his reign."

If from B.C. 770 we take fifty-five years we have B.C. 715 for the death: or if we take thirty-six years from B.C. 751 we have again B.C. 715, and by calculation I find there was a total eclipse of the Sun on the 6th June in the seventh degree of Gemini, at five minutes past ten in the morning at Rome, the Sun being only two degrees forty-seven minutes from the Node, the Moon's latitude being 0.11 South.

Thus we have now a set of chronological dates certified by celestial phenomena which render them worthy of the highest consideration by historians.

1. The putative conception of Romulus, 24th June, B.C. 771, during a partial eclipse of the Sun at the Solstice.

2. The birth of Romulus, 27th March, B.C. 770, at sunrise, being the day of the Vernal Equinox.

3. The founding of Rome, 15th May, B.C. 751, the Sun being totally eclipsed at 12.52 p.m. in Taurus eighteen degrees.

4. The death of Romulus, on the 6th June, B.C. 715, during a total eclipse of the Sun at 10.5 a.m. in Gemini seven degrees.

All the above years are astronomical, being one less than the common era, and the day of the month in each case is Old Style.

It is undoubtedly the fact that writers of the second century B.C. regarded Romulus, the founder of the City of the Hills, as

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a historical person, who was conceived, was born, and died like any ordinary mortal. Whatever of myth attaches to the records of this historical figure must be taken as due to the ancient practice of naming stars in honour of great men, or of associating the names of such men with well-known constellations. It is in all respects similar to the canonisation of Saints in the Roman Church, by which the name is affixed to a particular date of the calendar *in perpetuo*, only it has the advantage of remaining undisturbed by revolutions, reformations, and similar changes, incident to political and ecclesiastical institutions.

Romulus and Remus were twins, and the constellation of the Gemini, already defined by more ancient observations, afforded two conspicuous stars, Castor and Pollux, which served well for the palladium of the twin-born sons of Alba.

But by this association of Romulus and Remus with the Dioscuri of the Greeks it was inevitable that the mythology attaching to the constellation of Gemini would in time become popularly superposed and "read into" the lives of the twin brothers. Consequently we find it stated in the traditions that Romulus and his brother were suckled by a wolf. The Theban zodiac contains the figure of Anubis, the wolf-headed man, associated with the sign Gemini. This deity corresponds to Hermes of the Greek and Mercury of the Roman mythology, and was familiarly known to the Egyptians as the "Awakener." In the Hebrew records he finds his parallel in Simeon, who with his twin brother Levi was connected with this sign of the zodiac. Thus we find in the prophetic blessing of Jacob: "Simeon and Levi are a twin. Instruments of cruelty are in their hands . . . for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall."

This reference to the instruments of cruelty is evidently taken from the hieroglyphic representation of the Gemini, which shows them armed with a spear and a club, like Gog and Magog, the mythic patrons of the City of London; and according to Sir Elias Ashmole the astrology of the famous William Lilly determined Gemini to be the "ruling sign" of London. There can be little doubt that the Hebrew record was in existence long before the birth of Romulus and Remus, and in this reference to

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the mythology of the sign Gemini we have the foundation of some portion of the traditions of Rome. Thus, it is recorded that Romulus "overthrew the walls" of his brother on the Aventine and then slew him, and on account of his fighting proclivities he was called a Son of Mars. His mythical mother was Rhea Silvia, which may be identified as the Eridanus of the sign Gemini.

The difficulty in all these cases is to disengage the man from the myth, but in regard to Romulus I think that we have evidence of the existence of the myth long before it could be applied to the twin brothers of the *Ager Romanus*. In knowledge of the fact that the Greeks did so "exalt their heroes to the skies" and that the Romans followed their example, there is no reason to suppose either that all the heroes of ancient history are astronomical myths, or that the mythos is the real foundation of all ancient history. The myth of Gemini does not account for the building of Rome; the solar myth does not account for the sixteen years of history in which Samson judged Israel, though the name is a purely solar one; neither will the central figure of the solar system stand for the Christ, nor account for the facts of Christianity, any more than the twelve signs of the zodiac will suffice for the twelve Apostles.

The history of the human race is already written from the beginning. "The future is only the past unfolded." The evolution and specialisation of human faculty, the conquest of matter by mind, of passion by reason, of the bestial by the human, are things as certain as the rising of the Sun. And in every age the drama is enacted, so that history becomes only a matter of time and place—in great and little the incident is practically the same. Here and there a hero appears, a "bright particular star," the man of the age. There is an analogy, not to be denied, between the history of such a man and the mythos of some star. The science which enables us to trace these analogies is therefore the key both to history and to prophecy.

WALTER GORN OLD.

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IN THE TALMUD'S OUTER COURT

PERHAPS some of my readers will think that I have already devoted too much space to the Talmud and its history, and that it is high time for me to tell them plainly what this chaos of Jewish tradition has to say about Jesus, and so have done with the matter. But when I remember my own erroneous impressions many years ago on first coming across statements (shorn of their context and environment) which confidently affirmed that the Talmud declared that Jesus had lived a century earlier than the date assigned to him by the evangelists, and that instead of his being crucified in Jerusalem he was stoned at Lud, I feel that it is absolutely necessary first of all to give the unlearned reader some rough notion of the genesis and history of our sources of information, and that instead of having to plead excuse for the space I have devoted to preliminaries, I have rather to apologise for the brevity and roughness of the foregoing two papers, and to append some additional introductory indications before the general reader can be furnished with the most elementary equipment for approaching the consideration of the passages themselves with any profit.

Indeed the whole subject bristles with such disheartening difficulties on all sides that I have been frequently tempted to abandon the task, and have only been sustained by the thought that my sole reason for taking pen in hand was simply to point out some of the more salient difficulties, and to exclude from the outset any expectations of a more ambitious performance. And not only are the difficulties connected with questions of history and of fact disheartening, but the whole subject is, as we have seen, involved in an atmosphere of such a painful nature that one would gladly escape from it and leave the dead to bury their dead. But the past is ever present with the eternal soul, and the dead come back to life, and there is no rest till we can forgive, not when we have temporarily forgotten but while we still remember.

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We write not to fan into fresh flame the smouldering fires of ancient hate, but with far fairer hopes. The times have changed, and older souls have come to birth than those who raged so wildly in the Early and the Middle Ages, and there are wiser minds to-day than those unyielding formalists on either side who shut the freer life of greater things out of the synagogues of Jewry and from out the Catholic churches of the Christian Name. For man is man though he be Jew or Christian, mind is mind though it give praise to Yahweh or worship to the Christ, and there is growth for every soul in its own way by virtue of its special guide and code of ancient lore. But sure as destiny a day will dawn when every soul will reach to manhood and begin to learn the way of greater things, and once a soul sets foot upon this way passions fall off from it, and it can gaze into the face of history unmoved, and recognise her features even in the strange distortions of the passion-mirrors of the days gone by.

And many are already fast nearing the birthday of their manhood, for there is little doubt but that the love of impartial investigation, which is ever more strongly characterising every department of learning in our own day, is paving the way towards a new era of thought and comprehension, in which the values assigned by the past to many things will be entirely changed; particulars will no more be throned above universals, nor will the temporal thoughts of men rank higher than the ever-present Thought of God. But from this fair hope of order to return to the puzzling records of a disordered past.

The Talmud, then, is a vast store-house of Jewish Midrashim collected at various dates between 100-500 A.D. It consists of a generally older deposit called the Mishna and of additional strata known as the Gemāra or completion—to use technical terms for the sake of brevity. And indeed it is almost impossible to translate them correctly,* for such words as Talmud, Mishna and Midrash in the first instance signify simply " study " in a general sense, then some special study or some special method of study, and then again the works which have grown out of such general study or special methods. Midrashim are thus in general

* See Strack's *Einleitung*, §. 2, "Wörterklärungen."

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explanations or amplifications of Biblical topics, and the Talmud is a heterogeneous collection of Midrashim of every kind.

The result of this study of the Law has been handed down in two forms and three languages. Both forms contain the same Mishna in Hebrew (the classical Biblical language of the Rabbis), while the two Gemaras are composed in the unstable Aramaic vernacular of the times, and in two widely differing dialects, the Western or Palestinian and the Eastern or Babylonian, the former of which especially was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, and Hebrew. These two forms of the Talmud have for long been commonly known as the Jerusalem and Babylonian (Talmud Jeruschalmi and Talmud Babli); but the former designation is very erroneous, for Jerusalem was never a centre of Talmudic activity, and the epithet Palestinian is to be preferred as more correct even than the oldest known titles of this collection, namely Talmud of the Land of Israel or Talmud of the West.

The Babylonian collection is at least four times the size of the Palestinian, and though the latter may have originally contained more matter than it does in its present form, the difference is mainly owing to the fact that the Rabbis of the West were content to give the opinions of their predecessors without the detailed discussions on which they were supposed to have based their decisions; whereas the Babylonian Talmud frequently has entire folios filled with what the modern mind can only consider childish questions and answers, which show nothing else than how the texts of the Torah could be twisted out of all recognition to support later special points of view which the original writers of the verses had clearly never dreamed of.*

Some idea of the voluminous nature of the Talmud may be formed when it is stated that the text of the Babylonian collection alone, in the *editio princeps* of 1520, the model which has been mostly followed as far as form is concerned, occupies no less than twelve huge folio volumes, consisting of 2,947 folio leaves and 5,894 pages.†

* See Schwab (M.), *Traité des Berakhoth du Talmud de Jérusalem* (Paris; 1871), Introd., p. lxxvi. This is the opinion of a distinguished French Rabbi, who has given the world the only complete translation of the Palestinian Talmud which exists, and not of a Philistine.

† Hershon (P. I.), *A Talmudic Miscellany* (London; 1880), Introd. (by W. R. Brown), p. xvi.

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In both Talmuds the Mishna* is broken up into six Orders or Sections (Sedārim), known as "The Six" *par excellence*, just as the Torah proper was called "The Five" or "The Five Fifths." These Orders are again sub-divided into 63 tractates or treatises, and these again into 523 chapters or paragraphs.

The Mishna text stands surrounded by the Gemara text in unpointed Hebrew characters, a mystery often to those initiated into a knowledge of Hebrew. For indeed it is not only the voluminous nature of the material,† and the wilderness of an unpointed text, which are the only difficulties to be surmounted by the first-hand student of the Talmud, but in addition he has to be an adept in solving the countless puzzles of Rabbinic abbreviations, mnemonic technicalities, and ungrammatical forms, and to be further not only master of three different languages, but equipped with a philological intuition that few even of the most learned in this age of learning can be expected to possess.

It is not then surprising to find that as yet we have no complete translation of the Talmud. We have no Talmudic Vulgate, no Authorised Version, much less a Revised Version. Even in that magnificent pioneer series of world-bibles, "The Sacred Books of the East," though we have versions of most complex Brâhmanical law-books, we fail to find a single tractate of the Talmud translated. And this is to be regretted, not only because the Talmud as a whole is as yet a closed book to the non-specialist, but because a translation into the vernacular would for ever revolutionise the ideas of the ignorant among the Jews, who imagine that the Talmud is a storehouse of wisdom from its first to its last syllable.

The non-specialist, therefore, has to be content with translations of portions only of this library of Jewish tradition, for the most part with versions of single tractates, and even so he has to depend almost solely on work done by Jews or converted

* It is a mistake to call the Mishna "text" and the Gemara "commentary," as is so often done, for though in printed form the Mishna stands out in bolder type, surrounded by the Gemara, the latter is not a commentary but a completion or appendix of additional matter.

† Even of the canonical Talmud alone, for there is a large number of extra-canonical tractates as well to be taken into account. See Strack's *Einleitung*, ch. iv., "Die ausserkanonischen Tractate," pp. 44-46.

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Jews, for in the whole list of Talmud tractate translations the names of only five Christians born are to be found.*

What we want is a scientific translation of the Talmud, for, to summarise Bischoff, how few theological students know anything of this great literature, how few Christian scholars have really worked through a single complete tractate! How few Jews even, at any rate of German birth,† have any longer any profound knowledge of the Talmud!

The only real Talmudists‡ now-a-days are to be found in Russia, Galicia, Hungary, and Bohemia, and even so the work of the younger generation presents us with a picture of complete degeneracy and decline. It is true that in recent years there has been some small activity in Talmud study, partly in the interest of Jewish missions on the side of Christian theologians, partly in the interest either of anti-semitism on the one hand or of Jewish apologetics on the other, but in no case in the interest of pure scientific enquiry for the furtherance of our knowledge of the history of culture, religion and language. Moreover, owing to the difficulty of original study the non-specialist§ has to depend entirely on translations, and as we have no immediate expectation of a complete translation of the Babylonian Talmud, and the French translation of the Palestinian Talmud leaves much to be desired, he has to be content with piecing together a patchwork of translation of single tractates, some of which even the best furnished libraries fail to supply.||

And if such difficulties confront the non-specialist who is keenly desirous of learning all he can about the Talmud, and is willing to take an infinity of pains in the matter, the general reader has to be content with such a very distant glimpse of the country as to remain ignorant of all but its most salient features. Moreover, even with regard to the material available the student finds himself severely handicapped, for he can form no just

* See Bischoff (E.), *Kritische Geschichte der Thalmud Übersetzungen aller Zeiten und Zungen* (Frankfort a. M.; 1899), p. 85.

† And in England real Talmudic scholars will not exhaust the fingers for their counting.

‡ Of the old school, of course, not scientific students of ancient scripture and literature.

§ Who, as a rule, has the more open mind.

|| Cf. Bischoff, *op. cit.*, pp. 9, 10.

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opinion as to its value and must rely entirely on the opinion of experts to guide him in his choice of the best sources of information. Thus before I came across Bischoff's very useful history of existing Talmud translations I had already acquainted myself with the only complete version of the Palestinian Talmud and the work in progress on the Babylonian Talmud, but could of course form no opinion as to the accuracy and reliability of these translations.

Of the Palestinian Talmud, then, we possess a complete French version by Moïse Schwab;* it is rendered into readable French and is generally clear, but Bischoff tells us† that it is a free translation, and in many passages open to objection.

With regard to the translations of the Babylonian Talmud which are in progress, lovers of accuracy are in a still worse plight. Rodkinson's English version‡ puts the mediæval censorship to the blush, proceeding as it does on lines of the most arbitrary bowdlerisation in the interest of apologetic "purification." In his Introduction, most of which is taken directly from Deutsch's famous article, Rodkinson sets forth his scheme as follows:

"Throughout the ages there have been added to the text marginal notes, explanatory words, whole phrases and sentences invented in malice or ignorance by its enemies or by its friends. . . . We have, therefore, carefully punctuated the Hebrew text with modern punctuation marks, and have re-edited it by omitting all such irrelevant matter as interrupted the clear and orderly arrangement of the various arguments. . . . We continue our labours in the full and certain hope that 'he who comes to purify receives divine help'"!§

In Goldschmidt's German translation‖ I thought I had at last come across a serious and reliable guide, but Bischoff for ever removes this confidence by telling us that seldom has scientific

* *Le Talmud de Jérusalem* (Paris; 1871-1889).

† *Op. cit.*, p. 57.

‡ *New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud: English Translation* and *Original Text, edited, formulated and punctuated* by Michael L. Rodkinson (Cincinnati; 1896, in progress).

§ *Op. cit.*, pp. xii, xiii.

‖ *Der babylonische Talmud . . . moeglichst wortgetreu uebersetzst und mit kurzen Erklaerungen versehen*, von Lazarus Goldschmidt (Berlin; 1896, in progress).

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criticism been so unanimous in its condemnation of not only the untrustworthy nature of Goldschmidt's text, but also of the superabundant errors and the obscure and false German of his translation.*

Even more reprehensible than Rodkinson's pious attempt at edification is the literary jest of a certain Jean de Parly,† who instead of a translation gives us little more than a summary of the arguments of the various tractates. As he says in his Introduction (p. xvi.): "What I have suppressed in the translation is, in the first place, all those sterile controversies and discussions given in the original under the form of question and answer, and in the second the biblical verses cited in the text;"—in brief he gives us the ghastly corpse of a mutilated and disembowelled Talmud.

Indeed, as we read of the many abortive attempts to make the Talmud in its full contents known to the world, we are almost tempted to believe that any such undertaking lies under a persistent curse. Some have begun the task, and either abandoned it or died before its accomplishment; others have emasculated the original out of all recognition; all have failed.

We are thus without any really reliable translation of the Talmud as a whole, and the task we have undertaken in this present essay would have been utterly impossible of accomplishment but for the fortunate circumstance that the text of the very passages we specially desire to study has been recently critically edited and fairly translated; but of this later on. It is only necessary to add here that Bischoff's learned monograph gives a critical bibliography of all existing translations, and that Strack's "classical" *Einleitung*, as Bischoff calls it (p. 10), to which we have already referred on several occasions, in its third edition (1900), gives a full bibliography up to date of the general literature of the subject. Strack's Introduction, it is true, gives us only an anatomical study of the Talmud, the articulation of its bare bones alone, but it is, nevertheless, a monument of patient industry and research.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 62.

† *Le Talmud de Babylone, Texte complet . . . accompagné des principaux Commentaires et synthétiquement traduit*, par Jean de Parly (Orléans; 1900).

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So much, then, for a very brief indication of the literature of the subject and the nature of the initial difficulties which confront a student of the Talmud; but these initial difficulties are as nothing to the internal difficulties which perplex the historical investigator. For the most part the only indications of time in the Talmud are that certain things are stated to have been done or said by such and such a Rabbi, and not unfrequently we find that the Rabbi in question could not possibly have said or done the things attributed to him.

Nor will the traditional dates of the completion of the Mishna and the various redactions of the two Gemaras help us to any general certainty, so that we can say confidently that as such and such a thing is not found in the Mishna it must therefore be later than 200 A.D., or again that as such and such a thing is found only in the Babylonian Gemara, it evidently must be a late invention, for the first Talmud schools in Babylon were founded only about 200 A.D. There must have been wide overlappings, and part of the Haggadic material of the Palestinian Gemara must have been in existence long prior to the completion of the Mishna, which concerned itself more especially with Halacha, while the Babylonian schools derived their tradition in the first place immediately from the Palestinian.

In any case since the Talmud itself shows such great contempt for history, or rather let us say since it seems to be utterly deficient in the historical sense, it is incumbent upon us first of all to establish from outside sources the earliest date we can for the existence of hostile Jewish stories concerning Jesus; otherwise it might be argued that the Talmud stories were almost entirely invented by later Babylonian Rabbis and had no currency in Palestine and other lands where the "historical facts" were known.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE kingdom of God belongs not to the most enlightened but to the best; and the best man is the most unselfish man. Humble, constant, voluntary self-sacrifice—this is what constitutes the true dignity of man. And therefore it is written, "The last shall be first." Society rests upon conscience and not upon science. Civilisation is first and foremost a moral thing.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 177.

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IN THE DAYS OF CUCHULAIN

The star that is to shine for ever upon the forehead of the Gael

ACTING up to that strange instinct of humankind for ever beholding on the brows of the past the seal of all things desirable with which it invests the vision of the future, we of modern time are apt to regard the present as something extremely commonplace, shorn of splendour, and devoid of that heroic beauty which stamps the ideal. Ever that ideal unrealised in earthly lineament eludes us, until it would seem that in the ever-unfolding Beyond itself is the jewel of Heart's Desire.

—Nothing can be more interesting, more indicative of the great Presences thronging the inner world, and of that world's own existence, than the story of Cuchulain and his times. To the lover of myth and faerie, to the believer in spell and rune, the seeker of enchantment, these annals of Heroic Ireland offer many a golden key. And for us to whom in very truth "myth is the reality of which history is the skeleton," and who can perceive that "all great myth which is truth is acted through great lives,"* the Hound of Muirthemne and the lesser figures surrounding him show forth as those who incarnated in Ireland at a period when the great truths required personification, in order to strike with fresh compelling force on the lives of the mass. It need hardly be said that Cuchulain bears about him throughout the signs and wonders of all such heroes and deliverers, nor can the student fail to recognise the close parallel existing between the Great War of Ancient India and the strife which rages with equal intensity on Muirthemne's plain. To quote one instance only for the moment, we find that in one of these battles the aged king, Aileel Môr, whose eyes are said to be dim, relies upon his charioteer Fer Loga to detail for him the progress of the strife.†

* Annie Besant.

† S. O'Grady, *History of Ireland*, p. 209, and *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, trs. A. Besant, i.

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When we become imbued with the spirit of these records we penetrate more deeply still into their mysterious beauty, until the far vision of Cathbad the Druid becomes ours, and for a brief moment we see that the Great War, under whatever national garb, is never ending, since Eirê of our love, rent with strife and yearning, is echoing to the din of battle yet, and the keening of her is the voice of her wounded Guardian, whose wounds are unhealed to this hour.

Of a truth was it said then that on the world stage the dramas of the Inner World are portrayed, but it might perhaps have been said with equal truth that at such periods the mystery which we call the future and the past of the nation, as it were, gathers itself into that bounded area, where, between the human limits set for it, the might of divine Life surges for a while, adhering with marvellous fidelity to the natural order, obeying its own laws. Hence all such epochs begin by the birth of the Christos, or Wonder-Child, recognised alike by "his own who come with him" and by those who in "high places" strive against him. The future then of this lovable land of Faerie reveals itself in the characteristics shown through its Champion. In the magnanimity, the warm heart, the resistless strength, the mystic knowledge inspiring Cuchulain lies the inheritance of Cuchulain's people in the coming time.

But the boyhood of Cuchulain claims us, and Cathbad the Ard Druid puts on his "divining robe," taking the "divining instruments" and making "the symbols of power." It is to the East his gaze turns, reminding us of the portent of a later birth which there dawned. And it is from the Orient that "the child of many prophecies" is seen advancing, "the star that is to shine for ever upon the forehead of the Gael."*

A fitting nurse to the infant hero was one Detheaen, a Druidess and daughter of Cathbad, whose breastplate of power woven of Druidic verse is said to have shielded Ulla (Ulster).

Detheaen it is who sings the lullabies of protection needed for the guarding of such children. And throughout the narratives one prevailing feature is the constant recourse to these mantrams or runes, often inscribed in "Ogham," presumably some mystery

* The above quotations are from S. O'Grady's *History of Ireland.*

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language used, but forming part of the daily practice, the common belief of the people.

One of the "geasas" of Cuchulain—namely that of not being awakened from sleep—was discovered by Detheaen, and is referred to in a later story of Cuchulain as warrior.

The first exploit of Cuchulain, or Setanta, which was his birth-name, takes place at three years of age, finding its parallel in the Greek tale where the infant Hercules strangles the Serpents.

On the seventh birthday—so closely does the story follow the lines familiar to Theosophists—Setanta is no longer the child. "The mysterious voices" have called him. Lu the Long Handed, his Guardian, who seems to have been the Sun God, appears to him; Munanaun, the Ocean Deity, Son of Lir, flings his mantle over the boy. In a vision he beholds the chariots and horses of his own people whirling by: "They went as though they saw him not." During his slumber on the hillside the faerie steed, the Grey of Macha, visits him, leaving the place at dawn. Here again is echo of many an olden tale. Sosiosh, the Kalkî Avatâra, according to the Hindus, is to come on a white horse,* also the Redeemer prophesied of in *Rev.*, xix. 13. The lad awakens, and goes to pay his "stone tribute" to the cairn of Fuad. We have here the ancient and gracious custom of recognising the mighty dead by raising over their grave a cairn, to which each passer-by added a stone.

So, "impelled by the unseen," Setanta comes to Emain Macha, the place of Heart's Desire, but not to be acknowledged and welcomed as he had dreamed, until he wins his right by a battle in which it is significant that he is left to hew his way alone, a knight, by name Conaill Carna, being mysteriously prevented from coming to his aid. In the school of war, whose head was Concubar Macnessa, his uncle, the youth is trained in the battle art, and in all useful handcraft, as well as the moral duties, the laws of chivalry, hospitality, reverence and loyalty—a school which will fittingly bear comparison with the training of Hindu princes, as related in Hindu epics.

During the visit to the great smithy, the master of which,

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 114.

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Chulain, holds a festival where gather the companions of Concubar and the King himself, the second great feat of Setanta—that from which his future name is derived—takes place. The smiths themselves seem to have meant more than mere labourers of the artisan class, and under this symbolic name to have comprised a group of occultists, of which there must have been many in ancient Erin. Setanta's arrival is delayed, and ere joining his party he must pass the fierce hound of Chulain who guards the door. The animal springs at him but is quickly slain, and the carcass brought to Chulain is very nearly becoming a pretext for strife, only that the nephew of Concubar quells the uproar by promising to act henceforth as the guardian of Chulain's possessions; hence arises the name by which Ireland's champion is hereafter known: "Cu," the hound—Cu Chulain, the hound of Chulain.

While Setanta's boyhood is thus passed, and those about him are as yet ignorant or only dimly apprehend the heroic destiny which trembles on fulfilment, Concubar appoints him ward of the chariot of Macha, Goddess of Emain, and the lad accepts this offer. In the chariot house the invisible deities of Erin gather and proclaim the coming of Cuchulain. Boylike and unmindful of his power, he asks his uncle many questions concerning the mystic steeds, which have not been seen for three hundred years. They are to come again for the "promised one," and the king of Emain is under geasa to keep the chariot bright and to see that hay and barley be in the stalls.* The hour meanwhile approaches. Lu the Long-handed appears, and bids the lad seek the Black Shanglan and the Liath Macha, the steeds of power. Great indeed is that seeking and great the finding, but the strength of Cuchulain conquers the terrible might of the Liath Macha, his future war horse, and it is no earthly combat which is waged in the darkness between man and beast that night. All round Ireland the rider sweeps and circles, bounding into the place of trial, "the Dark Valley," where the eternal gloom reigns; fearless as Ulysses of the Hellenes penetrating the Stygian gloom and emerging to the light of day, so Cuchulain emerges, leading with him the second

* This geasa was thus in one of its meanings a stern obligation laid on a man to fulfil certain duties.

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steed, the Black Shanglan. Taken as symbols we read here the truth that the hero, "Master of Life and Death,"* "keeper of the Keys of Hell,"† has conquered and penetrated the mystery of Death and Life, Darkness and Light, and employs the twin Forces as he will for evermore, but as their ruler who has bridled them, and who compels their love and recognition in that very bridling. What wonder that when Cuchulain returns some mysterious sickness overcomes him, and the leech who is called in appeals to Cathbad the Druid for the healing balm, the "symbols of power," and incantations, which alone restore him to health.

Thus ends the boyhood of the Hound, amid the din of arms, the shouts of victory, the triumphal passage of chariots, the laying waste of Nectan's Dûn, where the evil ones, drinkers of human blood, dwelt, and other emblems of the struggle wherein the greater part of his short life is to be spent.

For Queen Maeve is against him, and an active supporter of the Clan Cailtin, herself a great ruler, and skilled in dark enchantments, which as the deadly foe of the young Cuchulain she employs against him. It is Cailtin "round whom the cold horror dwells,"‡ the master of the evil Clan, that discourses with much eloquence at her assembly, speaking of "the beautiful sane might of the immortal Gods,"‡ a phrase conveying a strange impression of majesty and austerity inseparable from those denizens of the Inner Realm.

Not less impressive and eloquent as a picture is the vision of Maeve, and the progress of the battle as narrated to Aileel Môr, her husband, by Fer Loga, his charioteer. So might the Indian hero Arjuna have appeared to the watcher in Âryâvarta, as Kṛiṣhṇa the Driver steered his battle car through the Kshattrya hosts. "This mighty warrior running forward. . . . . Truly the warriors are not born who could resist his onset . . . . . So terrible is he and so beautiful. . . . . It is the Hound of Muirthemne, O Fer Loga . . . . it is Cuchulain, the invincible son of Sualtam."§ Compare again the counsels of Cuchulain to Lugaid on the eve of his proclamation as King in

* *Voice of the Silence*, old edition, p. 55. † *Rev.*, i. 18.
‡ *History of Ireland*, ii. 177. § *History of Ireland*, ii. 216-18,

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Teamhair (Tara). "Do not be ungentle or hasty or passionate. . . . . Do not let wrongful possession stand because it has lasted long. . . . Let the tellers of history tell truth before you, ... do not mock, do not give insults, do not make little of old people. Do not think ill of anyone, do not ask what is hard to give. . . . Be obedient to the advice of the wise . . . . when you do wrong take the blame of it, do not give up the truth for any man."*

Said Bhîshma the "Grandsire" to Yudhiṣhṭhira: "He (the King) must be devoted to truth, and administer justice . . . he should be deferential to the aged, and as warrior should fight without anger and blood-thirstiness, should not strike a disabled foe, should ever protect the weak and be fixed in fortitude."†

The "hero light" round Cuchulain's head so often referred to‡ is well known to us. The saints of mediævalism are portrayed surrounded by a go lden aureole. The sudden magnifying of stature in Cuchulain is also very significant. Under the impulse of a larger life, an overbrooding Presence, the human form has been known to assume for a brief flashing moment more majestic proportions than it normally possessed. The mystic numbers, too, play their part in the Irish myth, for we read of the house belonging to Scathach, the warrior queen, instructress of warlike arts, as having seven great doors, seven great windows, three times fifty couches whereon rested the same number of royal maidens. This appearance of Cuchulain is chronicled by Miss Hull, but with a Christian addition which is superfluous and does not to my mind improve it. That, and the account of Patrick's conversation with Cuchulain, whom he is said to summon from the invisible world, are two of various interpolations made to suit the fancy of the monk chroniclers in the middle ages or earlier.

More attractive is the description of that strange shield forged by Chulain the smith for Concubar, "Ochain, the Moaning One," which moaned when the King was in peril, and to which all the shields in Ulster would answer.§ The waistpiece of Cuchu-

* Gregory, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, pp. 295-6.

† Annie Besant, *Story of the Great War*, pp. 219, 220, 222.

‡ *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 59. § *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 350.

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lain's armour is sevenfold, his battle shirt sevenfold, and he wears a lena (or shirt) of twenty-seven folds.*

A curious account of Cuchulain's testing is given where one "Uath the Stranger," having put spells on the edge of an axe, makes a covenant with the hero by which he, Uath, is to be slain, and yet to slay Cuchulain on the day following. However Uath at the fateful moment shows himself as "Curoi, son of Daire, come to try the warriors through enchantment."

Then we come across the "blood bond," indicating one of the many ancient customs, and it is referred to where Cuchulain is said to loosen the tie between himself and his comrade Ferdiad ere he kills him in what corresponds to our modern duel, an encounter in which the old chivalrous spirit of the times is clearly marked. "Every charm and every spell that was used on the wounds of Cuchulain he sent a full share of them over the ford westward to Ferdiad, and of every sort of food and drink that was sent to Ferdiad he sent a share of them over the ford northward to Cuchulain."†

Very pathetic is the answer of Ferdiad to his friend's dissuasion: "O Cuchulain, giver of wounds, true hero, every man must come in the end to the sod where his last grave shall be."‡ Not less so Cuchulain's lament, which may stand side by side with that of Deirdrê for the sons of Usnach, and of Emer for himself. "O Ferdiad, you were betrayed to your death, your last end was sorrowful; you to die, I to be living, our parting for ever is a grief for ever. When we were far away with Scathach the Victorious we gave our word that to the end of time we would never go against one another."§ And "Oh! my love," said Emer, when battle days were done, "if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset the like would never have been found in one place of the Black Shanglan, and the Grey of Macha, and Laeg the chariot driver, and myself and Cuchulain."||

Who of those that read it ages after the wild wail rang in Erin can read untouched the death chant poured out by Deirdrê? "Make keening for the heroes that were killed on their coming to

* *History of Ireland*, p. 259. † *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 234.
‡ *Idem*, p. 234. § *Idem*, p. 241. || *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 346.

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Ireland; stately they used to be coming to the house, the three great sons of Usnach. That I would live after Naoise let no one think on the earth; I will not go on living after Ainnle and after Ardan."*

On the other hand does not the sublime consciousness of one who knows shine through Cuchulain, where, speaking to Ferdiad the conquered he thus proclaims: "Dark and sorrowful death is not, but a passage to the Tir-na-noge, the land of the Ever Young, where hatred and scorn are not known, nor the rupturing of friendship, but sweet love rules over all."†

Fierce as are the hosts of war in human shape they are less terrible than those powers of Hell embattled by the Magician Cailtin and his brood for the destruction of the hero, before whom Lu spreads another and a soul-inspiring vision of that Eirê for whose honour Cuchulain suffers and endures. The faerie queens guarding the sacred hazel, "the memorials raised to him in aftertime by a grateful people," "the strange lands with mightier streams and fiercer suns where dwells the race of ancient Gaedl," the sword "inscribed in Ogham,"‡ all these and more Cuchulain beheld as he passed into the shadow, and "around him nations trembled, but into his heart Ioldana breathed his own lavish soul."

It is the beginning of the end, for the day of Ireland's woe, the last battle of her champion, is at hand. At the Druid Council it is determined that Cuchulain shall be placed under the protection of Genann, in the chamber where are "the idol gods and instruments of magic."§ But not even these can turn aside destiny, that destiny which became his on the eventful day when the child chose knighthood which should be "short but glorious." So was it with Varchas, the beloved son of Soma, who came from Svarga to fight on Kurukshetra, only on condition that he should die young, and return to his place among the Gods.||

And it is no earthly voice, however sweet, that can drown the warning song of MacManār the Harpist as he plays in the moonlight, and no earthly vision, however fair, that can hide the sight

* *Idem*, pp. 136-7. † S. O'Grady, *The Gates of the North*, p. 108.
‡ *History of Ireland*, p. 279. § *History of Ireland*, p. 311.
|| Annie Besant, *Story of the Great War*, p. 265.

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of Rôd when the hour has fallen. "I was ever aware of a spirit not my own with my spirit,"* muses Cuchulain before Genann. "The Gods have forsaken me," he continues.

"It is the enchantment of the Clan Cailtin,"† answers Cuchulain's friend, speaking the old truth in a strange tongue, that truth of the last great illusion brought against the Initiate to shake his fortitude, to delay his mighty mission to the world. And the hero answers: "It is enough, O schoolfellow, my end is come. I shall perish in this battle, but the high Gods . . . are around me, and I shall die as I have lived, under their hands."

Many omens surround that last forthgoing, the maidens wash the blood-stained lena at the stream, but no cleansing can remove the stain.‡ The food proffered by the three daughters of Cailtin and accepted by him seems to seal his doom, and forms a curious parallel with the story of the Buddha's last repast.

Together the faithful Laeg and his master resume the journey: "We go down now to die on the plains of Muirthemne."§

It is of Lewy MacConroi, Leader in the army of Meave, that Cuchulain receives his death thrust, and the Liath Macha breaks at a bound his chain and traces, and returns to "The Realms of the Unseen on the Boyne."||

Is the child who appears to the hero the image of the Treasure House of his immortal genius, that Permanent Vessel into which all such withdraw, and from which it may be the Hound of Muirthemne shall leap forth for us again? Does the message flooding his unquenchable spirit at its passing breathe inspiration and hope for Cuchulain's Homeland?

"Regard not those children of evil, my brother, their dominion is but for a time."¶

EVELINE LAUDER.

* *Ibid.*, p. 318. † *Ibid.*, p. 320. ‡ *History of Ireland*, p. 330.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 336. || *Ibid.*, p. 340. ¶ *History of Ireland*, p. 345-6.

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SOME OF THE WORK OF CONTEMPLATIVE NUNS

Compassion and prayerful thoughts for the dead have never been absent from the Roman Catholic Church, though it was only in 1830 that an organised community—the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls (1, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park)—sprang into existence for the pious object of devoting the whole day to the helpless souls of the "faithful departed." The motto of the Order is "Prayer, Work and Suffering."

They work, it is true, without the more scientific method and the clearer knowledge which is within reach of the student of occultism, but their Purgatory exactly tallies with the astral plane in two important respects. Firstly, it is transitory, and, secondly, it is impossible, once a soul is there, that it should be condemned to everlasting perdition. Therefore all the souls in Purgatory are "Holy Souls," because sooner or later they will rise to the region of the blessed; so that the Catholic, whatever his life may have been, finding himself after death in a dreary region, realises at once that he has escaped hell and that his sole duty is patience and hope.

The method of these Helpers is simply prayer and vicarious suffering, which last they carry almost to excess, if it is possible to do so.

Anne Catherine Emmerich, a contemplative nun of the last century, used to beg the Lord to send her more and more physical sufferings, although she was already enduring "intolerable agony," in order that she might offer it up for the Holy Souls.

This idea of expiatory suffering by penance, discipline and the willing acceptance of all troubles, is as foreign to the Protestant mind as it is common to all classes of Catholics. They are accustomed from childhood to offer to God all pains and sorrows, and by this simple act of devotion they are turned into so many

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forces for the good of the world in general, or they may be specially dedicated to some one person or object.

S. Catherine of Genoa is said to have had such an insight and perception of the state of Purgatory "that her utterances seemed like those of one immersed in its expiation of love." (Preface by Cardinal Manning to her Treatise on Purgatory.)

A Saint of the seventeenth century, the Blessed Margaret Mary, often spoke of her supernatural intercourse with the souls in Purgatory, and said that they implored her to spread this devotion as a sovereign remedy for their sufferings.

"During a part of the night," she said, "I was, as it were, entirely surrounded with these poor suppliants." Sometimes she saw them gradually disappear, "lost as it were and inundated in glory like unto those who are drowned in a vast ocean."

She said that she formed a close friendship with them and suffered as they suffered, so that she had no rest day or night.

She appears to have been under the impression, so common among mediæval Saints, that she was able after a time to go without sleep entirely, and also that she had the mystical gift called bi-location, or the power of being in two places at once.

To the student of occultism it is plain that she passed from one plane to another without any break in the continuity of consciousness, but without really understanding the whole nature of the operation.

This ignorance of her own powers, combined with such ardent zeal, naturally affected her physical health and resulted in a great deal of what we now call "acute hysteria," as she was firmly convinced that her physical body had faced all the dangers and fatigues of her astral journeys. She therefore spent the whole day in a state of nervous collapse and "incredible suffering," which, however, by a constant and "miraculous help," sent to her by the Lord, did not prevent her from fulfilling all the duties of a nun.

Once she said when she was before the Altar there suddenly appeared to her a person enveloped in fire, "the heat from which was so intense that I felt as though I were also on fire."

He said he was a Benedictine monk, who had heard her once in confession and ordered her to offer a Mass for the Holy Souls,

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and for this God allowed him now to appeal to her for help in his sufferings.

He then explained that the chief cause of his misery was that he had been self-interested all his life and wanting in charity to his brethren, and had had too much natural affection for certain persons, and had shown this in the course of spiritual conversations, which was most displeasing to God.

"For three months this soul was always with me, and wherever I saw him he seemed enveloped in fire. My superior, touched with compassion, gave me some severe penances, in particular, disciplines; for all exterior pains that I endured greatly alleviated other sufferings. When the three months had expired I saw the transformation that had taken place in this person and, full of joy and glory, he went to his eternal rest, thanking me for what I had done for him."

Anne Catherine Emmerich also constantly saw the souls of the dead and went about among them, consoling them. And with her also the conviction that she was in the physical body reacted on her health. After long journeys with her "Angel" up hill and down dale, she returned next morning exhausted, as she thought she must be.

If she was taken through thorny woods and made to scramble up stony paths she found herself bruised and scratched. Occasionally her angel would help her across a wide sheet of water and she considered this a miracle. "Sometimes," she said, "we travelled as quick as thought—but I never see that *he* moves his feet, though I have to climb on my hands and knees sometimes."

The angel-guide never seems to have told poor Anne that it was not necessary to go on all fours under the circumstances. "He glides along very silently, hardly ever speaking, making a sign generally with his head or his hands in answer to my questions. He is quite transparent and radiant with light, his countenance beaming with love and a sweet solemn gravity. His hair is smooth, flowing and shining, his head is uncovered and he wears a long white robe something like a priest's alb."

When someone questioned her about these nightly journeys she answered: "The angel calls me and leads me hither and thither. It is always during the night that we travel. When he

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comes to fetch me, I first of all behold a brilliant light, and then his form rises suddenly out of the darkness. I talk to him quite boldly; he teaches me everything. I feel overwhelmingly happy at being in his presence. What he tells me he puts in the fewest possible words."

She relates that she saw in her long journeys by night all the hidden miseries of the world, the sins of prisons, hospitals and asylums, homes of correction, galleys and holds of pirate-ships; she saw travellers who had lost their way, homeless, starving and despairing souls, and God made her help them all.

Her *modus operandi* was this: she would discover the kind of help which was required by each particular case, and then, calling her "angel-guardian," she would send him to the "angel" of the distressed soul to give it the necessary advice or comfort, and she said he always went at her request.

She was sent to Russia, China and Northern Asia, and once to Palestine with her angel and the Blessed Virgin. "We were like two people really walking, and I said to her: 'How is it that every night I have to make long journeys to distant places and work, and it seems so natural and real, and yet at the same time I am in my bed at home, ill and suffering?' Mary said: 'All that you really desire to do and to suffer for my Son—you *do* really and truly in prayer; you can see *how* for yourself.'"

She constantly saw the ancestors of the Virgin in dream-pictures. She called them "Essenians," and she said they came hurrying over the mountains and plains to accompany her when she was going to a low mass early in the morning.

A priest named Brentano, to whom she recounted the most elaborate details of her visions, published them after her death as a *Life of the Virgin.*

A French Review has recently related that the Superior of a monastery in Smyrna happened to come across this book some twelve years ago and reading it with a certain incredulous interest, he came upon a passage describing the house in Ephesus where Mary spent her last days. It was "three leagues from Ephesus up a narrow and tortuous way," etc. The priest was so much struck by the other details about the country, the accuracy of which he knew, that he started off with a friend, and

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found the house after a stiff climb up the Bulbul Dag, as clearly indicated by the visionary.

Anne Catherine also worked among souls which she said were "neither in purgatory nor heaven, but flit mournfully on the earth seeking in vain to do that which they left undone when living. Whatever anybody does for them, whether by prayer or suffering, gives them instant relief, and then they are so thankful. If people only knew?" She often spoke of the helplessness of the "poor dear souls," and said how sadly forgotten and neglected they were by people on earth. She seems to have been born with many strange gifts and a form of intellectual clairvoyance which made it possible for her to learn the whole history and condition of any soul, living or dead, when she wished.

Books she abhorred. "Thanks be to God I have hardly read a line!" she said once. "When I see a book it seems to me that I already know it by heart."

Someone once offered her a life of S. Francis Xavier and she answered: "There is no Saint about whom I have seen so many things: I think I know his whole life."

The great event in her strange double life was the day when her mystical book was brought to her in a vision. "Two nuns and a very saintly-looking man brought me a great book like a Missal. It was in Latin, but I understood every word." It was written in red and gold letters on parchment with pictures of Saints of the olden times. She was told to read a certain allotted portion of it every day, and it gave her instructions about her double life and went into the smallest details of conduct. When she ceased reading it disappeared.

It seems to have been visible, however, to others while she held it, for one of the nuns tried to take it from her, but was unable even to move it. She says she saw it once in a place where she was carried in spirit amongst a number of other prophetical writings of all countries and ages, and she was told that this was her share of the treasure. It was a true record of prophetical knowledge and of the foundation and ulterior meaning of all religious orders.

But in the case of Anne Catherine it is impossible to sift the truth from the voluminous mass of her psychic experiences, and

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it is also impossible to know how much was told her or drawn telepathically from the minds of priests.

She succeeded in making a profound impression on three cultivated and learned dignitaries of the Church, and though many contemplative nuns and Saints such as S. Gertrude, S. Teresa, and S. Catherine of Genoa have always asserted that they saw the souls of the faithful departed, and could *be* in Purgatory whenever they pleased, Anne Catherine is the only one with a thirst for exploring the world and history, and who has left us such graphic descriptions of her numerous activities on the inner planes. The parallels between her experiences and those described in the little book, *Invisible Helpers*, are so close that it seems evident she was doing, though quite untrained, what the student of occultism attempts at present with the invaluable assistance of definite instruction and a definite method.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

Those interested in this little-known side of the lives of the Contemplative Orders are referred to the following books:

The Life of A. C. Emmerich, by HELEN RAM, from the German of FATHER SCHMOEGER.

The Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, by Rev. G. TICKELL, S.J. (Burns & Oates; 1890.)

The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls: Selections from Life of Bl. M. Mary, from the French. (London; 1892. 3*d*.)

The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence, Foundress of the Order of the "Helpers of the Holy Souls," by LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. (Burns & Oates; 1896.)

The Helpers of the Holy Souls: Who and What They Are, by Rev. C. B. GARSIDE. (Burns & Oates; 1889.)

OUR cynics and railers are mere egotists, who stand aloof from the common duty, and in their indolent remoteness are of no service to society against any ill which may attack it. Their cultivation consists in having got rid of feeling. And thus they fall further and further away from true humanity, and approach nearer to the demoniacal nature. What was it that Mephistopheles lacked? Not intelligence certainly, but goodness.

AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 178.

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"A DEEP SENSE OF PORTALS OPENING"

THESE words of Mr. Lawrence Binyon's are at once the most accurate and the most poetical description of a vital characteristic of the age. Everywhere, in all departments of life, the doors are being flung wide; currents of fresh air rush in upon us, bewildering in their exhilaration; our eyes are dazzled by the light of new landscapes; we divine in imagination vistas reaching far beyond our power of vision. In mediæval days all these doors were locked, and, as a rule, no troublesome access of curiosity assailed the dweller within the walls: for him, certitudes lay on the other side,—a concrete heaven and a concrete hell, which would, in God's own time, be reached through the gateway of death. But we have broken through some of the barriers, and some have crumbled away, and the other side is strange and vast and vague, unlike all the stories we had heard of it. Those who first looked out, shivered, afraid at the infinity they might never hope to penetrate, and longed for the old screen of beliefs to protect their naked souls against the blasts from the unknown.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes to-day, we find ourselves surrounded by the inexplicable, the mysterious. There was never an age in the history of man when he was more poignantly aware of the moving of strange presences in his midst. The door that opens on the material world reveals a multitudinous throbbing of life, from the minutest particle of dust to the remotest planet that strikes the soul with awe. New discoveries follow one upon another, but their explanation is lacking, and in the interim they flash with untold possibilities. Spiritual terms, we learn, are derived, in the first instance, from concrete objects; but the results of recent scientific experiments are so unprecedented that we are forced constantly to reverse this order, and describe them in spiritual terms.

The dazzling imagination of the Orient has never exceeded,

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in its catalogue of magic gems, the wonder of the newly discovered metals—radium, uranium, and others of their kindred—"that radiate light all around them, continually, indefinitely, and yet are not consumed." The analysis of these emanations shows them to be composed of particles that are not ordinary atoms or molecules at all, but something very much smaller; and we are confronted with a new kind of matter, containing particles having a velocity about one-third that of light. And so, through a newly opened door, new mysteries of matter come pressing in upon us. The man of science recognises that to give a name to these inwelling oceans does not imply that they have been explained or fathomed. The power we call Electricity is as marvellous and inexplicable as the Goddess named of old Diana of the Ephesians, and Professor Karl Pearson has written: "Force as a cause of motion is exactly on the same footing as a tree-god as a cause of growth."

This deep sense of portals opening is not confined to the poet and the scientist. It is a common experience of the ordinary man in his more gracious moods when he walks with Nature. The silence of a starry night has speech for him, and underneath the sound of the ocean he perceives a silence. But weak souls are afraid alike of the silence and of the still small voice: and they seek relief from tension in the clamour of the market-place, to-day more raucous and persistent than ever before. They wrap themselves in fold upon fold of luxury and raise thick superstructures above them: for the materialism of which we hear so much is in truth nothing but a barricade erected to keep out the terrible unknown which has assumed proportions that at times seem to threaten the reason, the emotions—the very soul.

And yet this mystery that we recognise round us is kinder to her votaries than she was in primeval and classic times. It is instructive to compare the modern attitude of man towards Nature with the ancient one. Mighty presences, when the moon was full, shook the Druid wood with awe; the Greek youth followed, through dappled tangle, the shine of Dryad-limbs, snow-white, divine. To-day we neither worship the God nor pursue the Goddess. For we ourselves are the Gods and Goddesses. No one who has given careful attention to the trend of modern

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experience but is aware that we pass constantly, in the very streets, mortal creatures that have for brief moments tasted immortality. The annihilation of time is already accomplished; the armies that shall annihilate space are on the wing.

Fiona Macleod hears the grasses whisper, and the green lips of the wind chant the blind, oblivious rune of time: "Time never was, time is not." Emerson bids us live like the roses, above time. The annihilators of time have recently been reinforced by valiant champions who have endeavoured, from different points, to undermine that convention which we are used to call the past. Mr. W. B. Yeats seeks his inspiration out of olden times; but only because the Idea lived then a fuller life, and it is his will to reimbue it anew with vitality. But that the past is not past to him is exquisitely shown in these lines:

> When my arms wrap you round, I press
> My heart upon the loveliness
> That has long faded from the world.

Maeterlinck is still more emphatic on this point. Few utterances in modern times have been more pregnant with suggestion than his little essay on "The Past." "So long as the life in our mind and character flows uninterruptedly on," he says, "so long will the past remain in suspense above us . . . and, like the clouds Hamlet showed to Polonius, adopt the shape of the hope or fear, the peace or disquiet, that we perfect within us."

Not only, therefore, can we hold a living past in our arms; not only can we shape and change events that have happened, and so count ourselves, to some extent, kings over time; but the penalty of age, the ancient tragedy of so many lives, is removed every day farther away from us. Most of us number among our acquaintance some of those who can never grow old, because they live close to that which is eternally young, and even the most *blasé* have the secret of growing young with every spring.

This new attitude of man towards Nature has prompted a new method in literature for its expression—the method of identification. Where sympathy is intense, the sympathiser becomes one with the object of sympathy; and we are Gods to-day because we have learned how to absorb ourselves completely in the mystery of the world, the immortality of the seasons. Formerly the

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manifestations of Nature were regarded as satellites circling round a human centre of things; now our whole endeavour is to break bonds, and leaving our personalities aside, to enter into a larger, wider existence. So T. E. Brown writes:

> Do ye not understand
> How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?
> O breeze! O swaying buds!
> O lambs! O primroses! O floods!

The waterfall no longer haunts us like a passion; but we are ourselves become the passion of the waterfall. Marvellous inspiration awaits poetry along these lines, but its flight is yet too tentative to have given life to more than passing flickers of expression. These flash out in all manner of unexpected directions. "I am a bit of the shore," says Edward Carpenter in his strangely unequal book, *Towards Democracy*, "I am a little arm of the sea. . . . Suddenly I am the ocean itself; the great soft wind creeps over my face." Matthew Arnold reserves the identification till after death. "How sweet," he says,

> My sister, to maintain with thee
> The hush among the shining stars,
> The calm upon the moonlit sea.

This ecstasy of absorption in Nature is a new feature in literature, as in life. The Keltic poets approach it with a consciousness and a comprehension lacking in the work of other races. To them it is a mystic union—not the mere transference of self from one material plane to another, but the bringing into harmony of the material and the spiritual plane. Fiona Macleod expressly states that all that is best in modern poetry is due "to the spiritual identification of the two worlds—of the outward mortal, and the spiritual immortal." She listens, for the wisdom that is beyond all books, to the words of those who live very close to the core of the mystery; some of her wonderful lyric runes are translations from the songs of the fisherfolk of the Hebrides, and her tales are strange and lovely with Gaelic lore. Mr. W. B. Yeats tells us, in verse, in lecture, in essay, of the inner vision of the peasants in remote parts of Ireland; vision, which sees through the deception of the material object to the spirit it hides. "Those that are blind have a way of seeing

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things," said a native to Mr. Yeats, "and have the power to know more, and to do more, and to guess more, than those that have their sight." Not long ago an emphatic enunciation, by several voices, of the supreme importance of spiritual emotion in poetry was prompted by Mr. Stephen Phillips' article in *The Dome*, wherein he makes complaint of the materialism of present-day poetry, attributing it to the lack of "some great compelling thought,—some rapturous and passionate purpose."

Poets thus strive to penetrate the mystery that is round us by listening to catch a murmur from the lips of those who live near its source; or by projecting themselves into the mystery—identifying themselves with it, that in intimate communion they may surprise its secrets.

There are some, however, who hold that we cannot master the hidden things of Nature, by enlarging the circumference ot our personality to embrace it; but that the function of both science and poetry is, by figure, and cipher, and formula, and metaphor, so to diminish Nature that it become easily manipulated. Mr. Collin, in his interesting paper in *Ethical Democracy*, is the best exponent of this view. "Foreshortening," he says, "is our only weapon of defence against the enormity of Time and Space." Against this it should be urged that figure, cipher, and formula, though supremely useful up to a certain point, leave out the living factor that permeates every atom of the Universe; and that metaphor, though often flashing in its insight, must be, to a large extent, inexact. We find in Mr. Collin's essay a reversion to the old error that strove to fit all the phenomena of the Universe into human dimensions.

Many aver that the function of the man of science is to specialise, that of the poet to generalise. The one gives the patient research, the careful examination of detail, the weighing and testing of minute evidence; the other approaches the facts illuminated by a sense of their awe and mystery, and with his gift of insight groups and interprets them. "Original research," says one writer, "is practically incompatible with great and comprehensive thought." It is, of course, a commonplace to point out that all important discoveries have been the result of the laborious following up of daring dreams; but it is only fair to

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add that in most cases the man of science has contained within himself the poet; and that the poet's most marvellous deductions have, so far, been drawn, not from the facts of original research, but from the facts of the universe—the times and the seasons unrolled before his eyes.

The discoveries of science are none the less, justly, obtaining more and more place in poetry. Among modern poets, Mathilde Blind has dealt extensively with evolution, and both Francis Thompson and William Watson find hurtling words to describe the wonders of the sidereal universe. But there is no revelation here, no new light; they only say beautifully, and with ornamentation, what has already been badly stated.

Maeterlinck is perhaps the foremost example of the poet whose generalisations may materially assist the progress of knowledge. His hand has opened to us the portals of the hive, and he has revealed with delicate intuition and all the cautious hesitations of wisdom, mysteries as strange, as incomprehensible, as beautiful, as any that wait by the gates of our life. No formal analysis, we feel, could come so near the absolute truth as this fervid observation, conducted with a transcendental sympathy, and yet in its development kept within the rigid bounds of fact. Science will surely follow along the path of this insight; and perchance the deepest riddles of human existence may yield up their secrets in the honied byways of the hive.

Ruskin is another instance of one who approaches fact from its poetic side. His statements are steeped in emotion, and glow with that passion for righteousness that possessed his soul. He is more tumultuous, more magnificent than the Belgian, less exquisite, less quiet, and diametrically opposed to him on certain points of philosophy. For Ruskin states, with almost unnecessary emphasis, that it is our bounden duty to make up our minds concerning the mystifications that surround us. He says, for instance, with reference to immortality: "Man must either hereafter live or hereafter die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope and unconfronted fear." Surely this is an untenable position. There is no data to go on that can absolutely convince the reason; and many lack the sense of certitude that

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brings conviction to the soul. Maeterlinck's attitude is far more logical. He says in effect: these subjects are mysteries; infinite patience may disclose little by little glimmers of meaning to future ages; but it is not for us to say either yea or nay. "In all questions of this kind," says Maeterlinck, "it is far less important to prove things than it is to awaken and inspire in men a certain grave and courageous respect for all which remains still inexplicable in their common human action, in their subjection to what appear to be general laws, and in the ensuing results."

We hear from various quarters lamentations for the barriers that are being broken down, for the prop of old faiths removed, for all anciently-accepted certainties that are gone for ever. But here indeed is no cause for sorrow, but instead for exultation. On all sides the portals opening let in great draughts from the Unknown, that intoxicate us with the thought of the strange lands and seas they have traversed, that stimulate to exploration, that throb with remote possibilities. For to live with an ever-present sense of the mysteries about us, is both humbling and elevating, giving us kinship with the minutest atom, and raising us to the stature of Gods.

D. M. Dunlop.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

An Excellent New Quarterly

The Hibbert Journal: A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy. (London and Oxford: Williams & Norgate; October, 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

We hail with the greatest pleasure the appearance of this truly catholic and independent review; it is by far the most encouraging sign we have so far observed on the religious horizon, and heralds an order of things for which we have long been striving ourselves and now see coming to birth in that greater world beyond our own borders. What, for instance, could be more truly "theosophical" in the best sense of the term than the spirit of the following programme? The Editors tell us that they will look for their subject-matter:

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"Under the head of Religion, to the religious experiences of mankind of whatsoever variety. All religious ideals, beliefs, states of feeling, conceptions of God, the Universe, and the Soul, together with the bearings of these on public worship, social duty, and personal piety, will be offered an impartial representation.

"Under the head of Theology, to all the forms in which religious life and thought have found expression—whether in Books, Documents, Systems, Creeds, Institutions, Rites, Church Ordinances, Poetry, Music, or the Plastic Arts. Of equal weight, as bearing on the aims of the Journal, are the criticisms evoked by these various forms—whether of the Scriptures, the Creeds, the Churches, the forms, ceremonies, symbols, and language of any recognised form of Religion. Due weight will be given to the historical treatment of these topics, and an endeavour will be made to represent the importance which the study of development has assumed in the ascertainment of religious truth.

"Under the head of Philosophy, to the whole field of human speculation, so far as its results, or the criticism of those results, have a bearing, either direct or indirect, on the interests associated with the word Religion. In this connection, and with this limitation, Science, both physical and mental, will be considered a proper subject-matter for the Journal.

"The Editors do not desire the Journal to represent a neutral attitude in regard to the above subjects. It will stand for the inner unity of all reverent minds. Its sympathies will be catholic, but they will be mainly directed towards an affirmative view of the central verities of religion. It will avowedly have a 'liberal' character, not in the sense of confining its sympathies and offering its opportunities to novel opinions, but in the larger sense of admitting articles representing every seriously held point of view in the religious world, whether in the orthodox forms of historical Christian Churches, or among those who dissent from them, or among the thoughtful adherents of non-Christian religions in any part of the world.

"In pursuing the aims of the Journal the distinction will be remembered between a genuine catholicity and the mere spirit of compromise. The Journal will not represent the latter, but will seek rather to publish opinions which are earnestly held, clearly defined, and cogently maintained.

"The Editors will seek the co-operation of able, learned, and experienced men in all parts of the world, irrespective of the party,

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Church, or views which they may be known to represent. They will publish articles on the ground of their seriousness and ability, the aim being to secure the highest standard in regard to these, the only, qualifications. By these means they trust the *Hibbert Journal* will become a medium of expression to earnest men in various schools, thereby appealing to the widest circle of thoughtful readers. They desire, also, while giving due weight to the technical aspects of scholarship and speculation, not to limit the value of the Journal to professional scholars and students."

Indeed, most admirable is this programme, and better still, the first number of the Journal does not disappoint a just expectation. It is true that it contains no paper by the adherent of any religion other than Christian, and in this respect we hope ere long to see vast improvement, but in other respects it is exceedingly good. The most striking paper is F. C. Conybeare's "Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Gospels," in which the earliest readings of three famous doctrinal passages are shown to be all against the authority of Nicene dogmatism. Joseph is the father of Jesus; the last Scriptural foothold of the trinitarian dogma crumbles away when it is shown that Eusebius, who quotes the text over and over again, knows nothing of "baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"; while the ancient positive reading: "Call thou me not good; there is one only good, God the father," is a further blow to later doctrinal pretensions. Sir Oliver Lodge is most interesting in "The Outstanding Controversy between Science and Faith," while Professor Percy Gardner is somewhat weak on "The Basis of Christian Doctrine," where he argues that God is revealed to will and love rather than to intellect, and that we must cast away the limits of Greece, which insisted that God was solely revealed to intellect. Surely there should be no distinction of "persons" in this matter? Interesting, too, is the symposium on "Catastrophes and the Moral Order," but we should like to see it continued; little has so far been said to elucidate. The review department is ably conducted, and finally, be it said, that the bold type, good paper and clear impression (in the style of *The Monthly Review*) make this admirable journal a pleasure to read.

G. R. S. M.

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The Poems of a Sacramentalist

A Book of Mystery and Vision. By A. E. Waite. (London: Philip Wellby; 1902.)

Apart from the poetic value of Mr. Waite's work as represented in this volume, the poems, read in their order and entirety, furnish a remarkable instance of religious illumination in the higher sense, and the pleasurable melancholy which accompanies it. In their completeness and natural progression they may be said to constitute the history of a soul—to mark, step by step, a spiritual growth from the first awakening (which never fails of the note of interrogation)—to the final solution (which is seldom other than a figure of self-affirmation).

Regarded as philosophy, the book will be of interest to the Theosophist only in so far as the author trusts to an illuminated faith rather than to any evidence afforded by the purely speculative intellect, and bases his claim to immortality upon that actual experience of the "higher measures of existence," which is alone possible to the mystic. We may, and do, dissent from the philosophy which aims at converting the evidences and demonstrations of the material universe into acts of sacrament, but certain it is that the faculty of emotion can go no further. Every facet of nature is seen by Mr. Waite in relation to this one great principle of Sacramentalism, a principle unfolded with unequivocal assertiveness in a singularly striking preface; and so it is that his poetry palpitates with a fervour that is rare among modern singers. We feel as we read that here is the product of a genuine experience, expressed with emotional adequacy, and informed with the authentic note. At times we confess to being somewhat embarrassed for a clue, and this in spite of the fact that the author has prefixed an "Argument" to each of the poems.

We cannot suppose that the Arguments are intended to clear the way for the perplexed neophyte, as they are quite as visionary as the poems, and in one or two cases do not seem directly coincident. But in their manner they become, consecutively read, a transcript of the poems, beautiful enough in their kind, but still abundantly extensive in mystical allusion, and therefore in no degree helpful.

It is, after all, a question of equal perception between author and reader, and it must be remembered that the point of contact as between the one and the other is seldom, if ever, accurately to be determined in transcendental metaphysics. But in one respect Mr.

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Waite need entertain no fear of being misunderstood. In the main, his philosophy is a nature-philosophy, reconciled to the sacramental systems of Butler and Keble, and, in the empire of Holy Church, accepted as Christian mysticism. As we read we feel that the despotism of the senses is subjugated to an outlook as spiritual as a refined ideality can well make it.

All the pageants of life minister to the final recognition by man of his essential divinity; and with this ever-present idea in his mind, Mr. Waite reads into every determination of natural phenomena that profoundly mystical import which he defines as sacramental in origin and aim. It is just here, as we have already said, that we dissent from Mr. Waite. Everything depends, no doubt, upon the precise rendering of the term, but the author makes it quite clear that it admits of no compromise when he himself employs it. And in a measure, too, he is right. To hold a faith deeply is to make it glow. And not only is Mr. Waite the first to give it definite literary form, but the experiment is more than justified, inasmuch as his gorgeous word-painting and incessant use of fine imagery always intoxicate and often convince.

The wild beauty of much of his hyperbole also compels admiration. Indeed treated with beauty less extravagant, the book were almost impossible. In a word, its consistency and uniform excellence mark a poetic standard for the school of which Mr. Waite is the chief exponent.

The book is divided into four parts: (1) *Of Single Chords and of Monologues*; (2) *Of the Morality of the Lost Word*; (3) *Of Things Heard and Seen*; (4) *Of Worlds not Realised*.

These parts unfold in the poems which compose them, and in their logical sequence, all that is best and most essential in the doctrine of Sacramentalism. It is, of course, quite impossible in the space at our command to refer to each of the poems separately. But they are all noteworthy, and should be read from cover to cover if a right appreciation of their value is to be arrived at.

We should have liked to dwell upon the second part of the work, which takes the form of a Mystery Play, and should be read as it stands. The poem is deeply mystical, how much so may be gathered from the fact explained by Mr. Waite, that it will "perhaps be regarded as intelligible, by assuming that it pictures the declension of a great Church or ecclesiastical system, from which the divine gift and leading have been taken, and decaying gradually through a cycle of human thought, its doom is sealed at last by the confession of a false

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deliverer, and the sacrifice of spiritual intuition symbolised by the Daughter of the House."

As Mr. Waite tells us in his introduction, it is only in the faculty of absorption that the mystic life can look for its joy, now and hereafter. And like all faculties brought to full flower, Mr. Waite must know that it entails its punishment as well as its reward: the sorrow of absolute recognition.

> We clasp but the shadow of love, which is longing and thirst,
> And no man possesses another, for bonds which have never been burst
> Enswathe and divide us from each, and our separate life
> Intervenes like a wall in all nuptials; no woman is wife
> Or ever call'd any man husband, save only in sign!

We believe Mr. Waite is the first to have given positive expression to this truth. The terrible isolation of the human soul has been hinted before, but never in terms so direct, nor with deeper pregnancy. Indeed, throughout the entire work the poet conveys this same haunting sense of oneness—the passionate desire of the solitary for consolation and final benediction.

Finally, this question remains to be considered: In what degree is Sacramentalism as a definite philosophy likely to affect the thought and need of the time? Mr. Waite clearly has a whole-souled faith in its efficacy. Nothing could be more emphatic than his own declaration upon the subject, and no declaration is more likely to provoke the antagonism of a proverbially sordid and material age, for Mr. Waite leaves no room in his pronouncement for men of lesser ideals. It is Sacramentalism or nothing; the human interest is of no consequence, and the poet who concerns himself with that interest is obviously of no concern to the Sacramentalist. We must leave our readers to decide the question for themselves.

But that the book deserves to be read, and will be read, we do not in the least doubt, for, besides the peculiar suggestiveness of the subject matter, we repeat that it is a record of sustained emotion, and alive with all the attributes of poetry.

F. E. K.

The Duties of a World Empire

Theosophy and Imperialism: A Lecture by Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 6*d*.)

Theosophy and Imperialism is the printed form of the eloquent address

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given by our colleague some five months ago in the Great Queen's Hall, and since repeated on several occasions in the provinces. In it Mrs. Besant sets before herself the task of looking at "the doctrine of Empire in the light of a world-theory"—the theory being of course the general scheme of things which is outlined in our present view of Theosophy; she is, however, careful to add that the deductions she draws from the facts are her own and ought not to be held to commit others to their acceptance. In the brief historical introduction, in which several salient instances of Empire are touched upon, Mrs. Besant refers to the failure of Spain to profit by the opportunity offered to her, and attributes it to her disregard of mercy and duty, and to her using her conquests for her own aggrandisement; this is doubtless true enough, but the failure of Spain is to be attributed more directly to the priestly obscuration, ambition and intolerance that followed the entrance of the House of Austria into the destinies of the Peninsula. The most desirable thing at the present juncture, according to our colleague, would be a confederacy of Teutonic nations to police the world and so cause wars to cease, but if this desirable knot of amity cannot be fully tied at present, it can be wisely worked for and this can only be by a faithful performance of the duty now laid upon Greater Britain by the responsibilities of a new world-empire. The Gods have once more offered the opportunity of a world-empire to a people and a sovereign, and the future lies not so much upon their knees, as upon the determination of all concerned to do rightly and justly. Mrs. Besant devotes the greatest part of her space, in dealing with the main component parts of the Empire, to India, and dwells at length on the state of affairs in that great peninsula of 300,000,000 souls; here, she says, more than anywhere else, will the Briton's worth of ruling be tried and his wisdom of sovereignty be tested. This is doubtless true; the greatest test is made by the bringing together of the greatest contrasts, and this much, at any rate, Mrs. Besant has contributed by her lecture towards a solution of the Indian question: she has told us what the Indian thinks of the state of affairs, and that is a great gain, for, as a rule, it is very difficult to discover what an oriental really does think. We, on our side, as Mrs. Besant points out, are too direct and downright, and ungentle with regard to customs and traditions and feelings, and a thousand and one other things which are far more dear to the Hindu than the practical considerations which are at the bottom of so many of the "mistakes" of our administration. The Eastern wants more of the personal ruler than of the clerk ad-

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ministrator, and that is at the bottom of much discontent; India is not *bourgeois* and not municipal, and the sooner we learn this the better, and, therefore, we conclude that the sooner the Babu Congress and its methods resolve themselves into the *Ewigkeit* the better for good government. It must, however, be said that our colleague does not seem quite to realise the tremendous difficulties of our hard-worked civil servants; for instance, they are not altogether to be blamed if the native would often prefer courtesy and injustice to justice and discourtesy. India, too, has her task to play in this great game of Empire as well as the Anglo-Indian, otherwise our colleague's great dream of India as a living source of ancient wisdom will be long delayed. But the "kingly art" is proverbially difficult to learn, and when, as Mrs. Besant says, in our own case the responsibility is no longer in the hands of the sovereign but in those of the nation, the difficulty is indefinitely increased, and the only hope of final success lies in a general understanding of those principles of wisdom which we to-day call Theosophy; and we might add that in the face of this great problem of Imperialism and right government we feel more than ever the need of developing in our Society the hitherto almost totally neglected side of that wisdom which deals with the right conduct of rulers and administrators. We have learned much of the way of the saint, and seer, but little of the way of the ruler. Yet who but rulers and administrators can teach this or even study it with any hope of success? Has the time come for a beginning?

G. R. S. M.

The Olcott Pariah Schools

The Poor Pariah. By Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. (No publishers given — ? "The Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras.)

We have before us a pamphlet of 35 pages, in which our venerable President-Founder eloquently pleads the cause of the submerged millions of out-caste India. Caste in all its protean forms has for centuries trampled the pariah into the dust, reduced him to the position of a serf of serfs, and constituted him a social leper. To an oriental mind no doubt this is all as it should be, and the concern solely of the predestined ordering of things, but to a western intelli-

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gence, and to a humanitarian like Colonel Olcott it seems that such a state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. Our President refuses to believe that the pariahs are in reality what the tyranny of caste has succeeded in making them; he believes that they are human souls capable of development, nay he has proved that they are as ready and eager to learn as are the members of the numerous castes. The cure for the evil is the cure of all evils, namely education. And if it be contended that education is not an unmixed blessing, and that it frequently opens the door to evils of a far more subtle and far-reaching character than those it seeks to remove, it should be noted that Colonel Olcott is wise enough to be moderate and to attempt only such elementary education as shall fit his poor pariah children to be capable servants. And indeed it must be acknowledged that the experiment has been crowned with unquestioned success; the reports of the five Olcott Pariah Schools have proved that the children are most eager to learn, are intelligent and industrious, and that they have already gained a higher percentage of passes than the pupils of more privileged communities. The children who have passed through the schools are at once placed in good situations and are eagerly sought for as trustworthy servants.

This is a distinctly satisfactory outcome of the experiment, for hitherto educational work amongst the pariahs has been done exclusively in the interests of missionism, and it is a well-known fact all over India that "converts" are the least trustworthy servants of any. We have nothing but praise for the humanitarian zeal with which Christian missionaries have set themselves to elevate the down-trodden out-castes of India, but we simply bring before the notice of all wide-minded philanthropists the striking phenomenon that where this zeal has not been purely humanitarian but used for the purpose of "conversion" the result has been highly unsatisfactory, whereas in the Olcott experiment, where no attempt at "conversion" has been allowed, the outcome has been most encouraging.

But, as Colonel Olcott says, he is old and poor, and has done all he can; he has proved by experiment a way to better things for the pariah. It is now for others to continue the work; the task is too large for any one man to attempt; the welfare of the millions of pariahs of India is not in his keeping. It is hardly necessary to say that on reading the doings of our venerable President we find ourselves murmuring in stolid British fashion: "It's not so bad"—which stands for a page of adjectives in other languages. Those who would

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help can send their help to H. S. Olcott, Adyar; even H. S. Olcott, India, will find the kind-hearted friend of the pariahs, and our venerable President.

G. R. S. M.

The Diabolisation of Ancient Gods

The Sin of Witchcraft: A Paper read at a Meeting of the Hitchin Society of Arts and Letters by the President, Mr. Alexander Pulling, on February 15th, 1902. (London: Nutt; 1902. Price 1*s*.)

The most important point in Mr. Pulling's very interesting paper on Witchcraft is his attempt to show that one phenomenon which has invariably accompanied the evolution of religions is the "diabolisation of ancient gods, priests and spirits." We have often pointed to this phenomenon and are glad to see it treated in a more detailed fashion. It is a fact of the greatest possible importance, which the student of religious origins and history should never for an instant allow to sink below the threshold of consciousness, and we associate ourselves entirely with Mr. Pulling when he says: "The incoming creed has assimilated with itself, and often adapted itself to, the more promising elements of that which it supersedes, but the ancient gods have on the triumph of the new religion been transformed into demons, and their rites of adoration and mysteries into dark practices—the exclusive spirit of the conquering creed repudiating all association with the remains of the old worship, which is thus converted into forbidden magic. Similarly, the priest or sacrificer of the old religion is transmogrified into the witch. He himself sees devils in the ancient gods evoked by his spells, but he adores them, sacrifices to them, and remains confident of their protection."

With regard to the somewhat unfamiliar use of the word "witch" in this paper, Mr. Pulling writes: "Witch (middle-English 'wicche') is both masculine and feminine, and is indiscriminately used of either sex: thus Bunyan speaks of Simon the Witch, meaning Simon Magus."

A number of interesting plates are referred to in the letter-press; we wonder whether the publishers have omitted to send us copies, or whether the plates were only exhibited at the lecture.

G. R. S. M.

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Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, September. In our last issue we were unable to do more than very briefly notice the contents of the September *Theosophist*. In "Old Diary Leaves" the Colonel describes Mrs. Besant's first visit to India in the year 1893, and the lecture tour which followed. It is not surprising to read that the greatest success attended her everywhere and that "as she became more and more steeped in the tide of love which surrounded her as she moved on from place to place, she seemed on each successive occasion to be aroused to greater fervour." In "The Philosophy of Kant," Dr. Anderson gives a brief *résumé* of that philosopher's teaching as set forth in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, and concludes that the great influence exerted by Kantian philosophy upon modern thought is due to its "appeal to morals" when reason fails to satisfy. Anna M. Stoddart concludes her series of articles on "Paracelsus," and G. Krishna Shastri contributes a paper entitled "Prof. Max Müller on the Esoteric Doctrine," in which the Professor's views are summed up in the phrase, "Prof. Max Müller seems to think that there is no esoteric doctrine." Dr. Thirlwall continues his elucidation of "Yoga," and Alexander Fullerton's "Immortality" is concluded.

The Vâhan, October, contains a short account of the meeting of the North of England Federation under the presidency of Mrs. Besant at Harrogate. In the "Enquirer" G. R. S. M. replies to a question as to how the diagram of the Heavenly Man can be obtained, and as to "what are the letters of the ancient name for which the name of Jesus is a substitute."

Revue Théosophique Française, September, opens with a valuable contribution from Mr. Bertram Keightley on "The Different Systems of Yoga," being the first of three lectures delivered by him at the French headquarters in February of this year. The following articles are continued: Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power: its Control and Culture"; "Present-day Theosophy," by Dr. Pascal, who, we are glad to learn, has made good progress towards complete recovery; Mr. Leadbeater's "Some Misconceptions about Death," and H. P. B.'s *The Secret Doctrine*. We congratulate our contemporary on the quality of the food offered to its readers.

Théosophie, Belgium, remarks on the benefit derived from Mrs. Besant's visit: "As had been foreseen, Mrs. Annie Besant's visit

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proved a great blessing to all who had the happiness of seeing and of hearing her. Let us hope that the great impulse which she has given us may stimulate in us the sentiment of duty and of sacrifice—the two dominant notes of her whole life."

Sophia (Spain) consists mainly of the usual translations, the two original contributions being furnished by D. Luis Phathelet and Pedro Gonzâlez-Blanco.

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine contains an excellent short story by "Michael Wood," entitled "The Island of the Wild Swans." Marian Judson contributes a good article on "The Brotherhood of Man," in which she points out that "the true aim of life is not that we should become perfect individuals, but that by attaining this perfection we may do our part in the making of a perfect whole. . ." A. Dremeur writes on "Mystic Experiences," and "Philalethes" on "Vibrations and the Senses."

Theosophy in Australia has an article by H. W. Hunt on "Occultism" which is well worthy of perusal by all who seek to fit themselves for progress along the lines indicated. In "Are these Things Possible?" W. G. J. takes up Mrs. Besant's statement in "Thought Power" regarding the advantages to be gained from devoting "a fixed ten minutes a day to thinking on a Theosophical teaching," and recommends his readers to make the experiment. "Aphorisms," by W. A. M., and "A Memory," anonymous, conclude a good number.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, August-September, prints an interesting lecture delivered by R. Eriksen on "The Meaning of Life," at the annual meeting of the Scandinavian Section held in 1902. A. K. contributes a lecture delivered at the Convention of 1901, on "Death and Life after Death," and translations of answers from *The Vâhan* conclude the number.

We have also to acknowledge: *The Lotus Lodge Journal; Teosofia* (Italy); *Sophia* (Santiago); *The Theosophic Messenger; The Brahmavâdin; The Prasnottara; Little Journeys*, Bellini; *The Indian Review; Light; Rosa Alchemica; The New York Magazine of Mysteries; The Arya; The Dawn; East and West; The Light of Reason; Mind; The Light of Truth; La Nuova Parola; Modern Astrology; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Wings of Truth.*

G. S. A.

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