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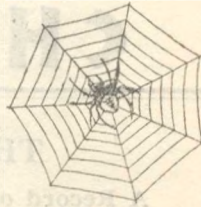
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VOL. LIII

JANUARY, 1931

No. I

EDITORIAL

WHEN one reads of the long years of suffering and struggle which, in most cases, have to be faced by the religious mystic ere he attains to union with his Ideal; when one takes into account the voluntary austerities and self-mortification which so frequently accompany him in his search, the prospect of treading the same path is not an alluring one. The quest of the Divine takes on the aspect of a relentless battle, a fierce fight to the finish, with no quarter for the vanquished foe. Too often with the search for God are associated memories of what we have read of heroic sacrifice of self, and even of the glad acceptance of a life of martyrdom for the faith which burned so strongly in the hearts of the saints and heroes of the past. And God seems a long way off.

The path of approach to the Divine appears to be beset with difficulties which it is beyond our strength to surmount. A mere contemplation of the cheerless outlook sends us shrinking back to our accustomed corner by the fireside, where the pleasant trifles of ordinary life beckon with friendly familiarity. Here we are at home. Here is safety. With a sigh of contentment we settle ourselves to rest. The call to the strenuous adventure

is for more heroic souls than ours. We are cast in a different mould. We will leave the high emprise of finding God to those who are made of sterner stuff. We are content to tread the old familiar paths, to go the common round. The beaten track at least affords companionship upon the way. Our fellows, like ourselves, may be cut to a somewhat ordinary pattern; but we understand them, as they, on their part, understand us. We Robinsons and Smiths are decent, respectable and self-respecting folk, not ashamed to recognise our limitations. The quest for God, we tell ourselves, is not for us, and we do not feel that we are called upon to bother or to be bothered about it; that is all. Sincerely we thank God for the comfort of our own familiar hearth. We stir the fire as we listen to the beating of the driven rain against the windows. We draw the curtains against the grey prospect which lies so dim and dreary beneath the leaden winter sky. The search for God entails our going forth into the storm, and the cosy fireside takes on a warmer and still more attractive glow in contrast. God seems a long way off.

Which things are in the nature of a parable.

Since the bulk of existing records of high spiritual achievement in the past are concerned with the way of the NEW TIMES, religious genius, it is little matter for surprise that NEW NEEDS the erroneous conclusion should be drawn by the uninstructed that this is to all intents and purposes the only path. But why should we essay a task which is foredoomed to failure, in endeavouring to model our lives after a pattern long since obsolete? The best it is possible to do under present-day conditions is, by the exercise of a certain amount of ingenuity, to adapt parts of the outworn system to our immediate requirements, with results which are not always entirely satisfactory.

But the way of the religious recluse is not by any means the only, nor even the best path for modern times. Among the systems of the past, that of Karma Yoga in the East, and the "practice of the presence of God," as it is called, in the West, are far better suited to the needs of our time. These call for no adventuring forth into unknown realms, no discipline of the outer life in the ascetic meaning of the term; but they certainly do imply a radical change in the inner attitude of the worker. Indeed, this change of inner attitude is the simple secret of all true spiritual unfoldment.

Let us by all means, if we will, be content to remain spiritual stay-at-homes, but let us not forget that the spirit of the Divine

is everywhere ; that its immortal radiance may be seen in the murky corners of the slums or in the busy city streets, as well as in the fields and hedgerows ; and that we may be blessed by a breath of its fragrance at the most unexpected times. The spirit of the Divine presses gently about us on every hand, and at every moment. It is not so much because we do not venture forth that we fail to see its glory, as that our eyes are closed to the hidden Beauty, our ears are deaf to the silent voice, our hearts too full of selfish cares to feel the tender throbbing of that Love which beats at the very heart of things.

Everything depends upon our attitude towards life, on the manner in which we view it. " Seeing life " is one of the most popular of diversions nowadays. But can it be said that the hollow pleasure-seeking for which this phrase is merely a euphemism, offers an opportunity—to paraphrase a well-known line of Matthew Arnold's—of either " seeing life steadily or seeing it whole ? " Is it not death rather than life which parades in its hollow mockery of joy, for the titillation of the jaded senses ? To see life, again, through the distorting spectacles of the prurient novelist is not only to see it at secondhand, but to gain an impression the opposite of the truth. Life at first-hand is the greatest Book of God for those who care to learn to read its pages.

With the growth of the power of perception the radiance of the hidden Divinity in man will flash out from the pages of God's Book with ever-increasing frequency and brilliance.

But how may we plain Robinsons and Smiths develop that perception ?

As a matter of fact, the problem fortunately resolves itself into the simpler one of fostering and exercising a faculty which is seldom entirely absent even from the apparently least promising among us. Who is there so dead of soul that never has the beauty of Nature, for instance, thrilled him with the sense of a still more ineffable and elusive glory lurking somewhere just behind the scenes ? Who is there so gross as never to have been touched by the innocent beauty of a little child ? Who is prepared to swear that never in his life has his heart been gladdened by the beauty of a spontaneous act of kindness or forgiveness ?

We are not so dead as in our more despondent moods we may sometimes think we are. In spite of our own neglect, the Spirit silently and ceaselessly presses on the limitations of the lower consciousness, keeping the latent inner senses nourished and ready to

THE PATIENCE
OF THE DIVINE.

awaken into active life. Once the soul becomes aware of the working of the Divine within it, and conforms itself consciously to the process, the blossoming of the inner man proceeds apace.

This new awareness and alignment of the inner life may or may not take the form of what is generally known as religious conversion. If it is associated with a belief in some particular creed it is practically certain to take this form. But it need not be associated with any specific religious belief at all, unless the profound and unshakeable conviction of the spiritually-minded, that the veil of matter is a shadow hiding an unknown Reality may be so termed. In any case, it may safely be predicted that providing the experience is a truly spiritual one, it will be characterised by that about it which is intimately sweet and sacred.

The opening of the inner eyes may come about in divers ways. In an arresting little volume by Hugh Redwood, entitled *God in the Slums*, it came about through the wonder of the work of the Salvation Army women in the slums. Frankly autobiographical, it describes in words both of amplicity and power, how the impulse came to offer his services in the sudden crisis of the London floods at the beginning of 1928. For the first time "the eyes of his understanding were opened, so that about him, plain to the vision on the sodden pavements of the Westminster slums, he saw the footprints of the Divine."

What came of that first contact, and how well the volume merits its sub-title, *A Book of Modern Miracles*, must be left for the individual reader to discover for himself. He will not be disappointed in the expenditure of a modest shilling. Suffice it for the moment to quote the author's concluding testimony:

"A mysterious Providence—the last three years have made me very cautious in the use of words like 'chance' and 'accident'—brought me into association with the slum officers of the Salvation Army; the special privilege of 'Big Brother'-hood, which has enabled me not only to see but to share in their work, while preserving much of the detachment of an outsider, has scattered for ever the choking clouds of distrust and controversy and shown me the realities. In the slums I have found again the faith of youth. How shall a man keep silence on such a mighty thing? 'I believed, therefore have I spoken.'"

Further striking claims, in each case firmly supported by duly attested facts, may be indicated briefly. "It becomes necessary," the author declares, "to insist, without equivocation

of any kind, that in the slum work of the Salvation Army there is positive and continual evidence of supernatural collaboration."

Although inspired by the work of the Salvation Army, the book has obviously not been specially "written up" for propaganda purposes. Speaking of similar work in other fields which is waiting to be taken up, Mr. Redwood says :

FRUITFUL
SOIL FOR
BOLSHEVISM.

"There is a gap in the line here which needs to be filled, and quickly. Results which have attended certain isolated experiments suggest that if a crowd of Christian men were to undertake in the slums what has been well outlined as 'a crusade of determined friendliness,' there would be some astonishing happenings. The Salvation Army may or may not be the body which should make trial of it ; but why leave it to the Army in any case ? Why wait for a lead, while lads and men, increasingly demoralised by unemployment, are neglected by almost everybody except the anti-social agitator ?"

If only we will look for them we may see for ourselves many "footprints of the Divine." They are at our very door ; nay, may be found inside our very homes. We need only to face life with open mind and open heart. The rest shall be added unto us.

It is a useful practice occasionally to retrace in memory the course of one's own life and note the occasions on which we have been blessed with such glimpses. To dwell on them, in an effort to recapture their charm—which it is not always ours to achieve—is to strengthen the higher consciousness and make it ready for a further influx from above.

It is superfluous, surely, to detail precisely the sort of things to look for ; but in order that even those who run may read and not fail to understand, a simple example or two—which may utterly fail, however, to awaken any response in others—may prove of service.

Spontaneously the memory arises of a summer sunset. A brooding peace enfolds the countryside. Not a living being is at the moment in view. Suddenly and silently across the scene flies a bird which, speeding into the distance, becomes lost to sight in the glory of the single coral-tinted cloud which floats in the deepening blue. (In the case of the great Eastern mystic, Shri Ramakrishna, the beauty of a flight of birds was sufficient, even in his childhood days, to throw him into an ecstasy so exquisite that he fell to the ground unconscious).

Another scene—the homeward rush-hour in the City. An obviously poor woman of the working-class standing outside a teashop, from which a young lad of the van-boy type emerges, carrying a paper bag. The mingled affection and pride of the boy as he puts his purchase—obviously a little gift—in his mother's hands. The woman's unaffected pride in the love and devotion of her son.

But why multiply needlessly these trifling details, and run the risk of appearing mawkish, when the reader can probably supply from the storehouse of his own recollections infinitely more appropriate examples?

In order to keep the inner vision clear, it only becomes necessary to cultivate the habit of looking for the golden threads of life. These threads, which the hands of Fate are weaving before our eyes, move so silently and swiftly, that unless we are alert and watchful we are in constant danger of missing them.

As the inner man unfolds his spiritual possibilities, the faculty of hearing establishes itself along with that of sight. Man learns to listen to the song of life, and to appreciate its melody. In a booklet which offers to mystic and occultist alike an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration and counsel*, the student is thus admonished:

“Listen to the song of life first in your own heart. At first you may say, ‘It is not there; when I search I find only discord.’ Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror. In that sense it is that I say to you, ‘All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly

* *Light on the Path* by Mabel Collins.

within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it, you will more readily recognise it around you.'"

When in due time the faculty of speech in the spiritual sense slowly awakens, the student begins to show signs of becoming a man of power—power impersonal, to be used not for himself but for others, a power for which he is only the channel. At first he may scarcely be aware of it himself. Not a soul in the outer world may know. The earliest intimations may be brushed aside as the work of an idle fancy. It is well that it should be so. Humility presents an impenetrable front to that greatest of all tempters, spiritual pride.

With the dawning of the active power of speech the student enters the ranks of the brotherhood of the Spirit. Christ is born within him. He is of the company of Little Children. Not at once does he attain full spiritual stature. Henceforth his life is not his own, but that of the spiritual forces which work behind him.

There is here no question of psychic mediumship. There is no loss, even temporarily, of the individuality. Automatism is conspicuous by its absence. The development of the disciple leads to a consciousness more vivid, not less. In various ways he is subject to spiritual guidance, though he never goes "under control."

At this season it is peculiarly appropriate that the mystical birth of the Christ-spirit within the heart of the disciple should form the subject of a short contemplation. If the feasts and ceremonies of our Western religion mean anything to us at all, the opportunity at this time of year presents itself of entering into the deeper spirit of the Christmas festival.

One of the greatest obstacles to the manifestation of the truly Christian spirit is intolerance. In too many cases the fact of belonging to one particular organisation is sufficient to set up a barrier against similar organisations. No recognition is accorded to the activities of kindred bodies, however praiseworthy they may be. The mystic, above all, will see beyond the petty limitations of the sects. All who are sincerely and unselfishly working for the spiritual or even social betterment of their fellows may be sure of sympathetic understanding or assistance. The mystic least of all will insist upon an inquiry into the particular denomination to anyone in need of material or spiritual help. Most frequently he himself will be found to be unattached, yet ready to lend a

LET'S BE
PRACTICAL.

hand wherever his reason or intuition tells him that assistance would be welcomed. Having no axe of his own to grind, his judgment may be relied upon to be at least impartial. Open-minded, he is alert to see the good wherever it may be hidden. Open-hearted, his ready sympathy may be counted on by all who feel in need of comfort. Of worldly goods his store may be slender, but of true charity he is prepared to scatter in profusion.

Countless opportunities present themselves just now for cultivating the powers of the inner spiritual man, for breaking down the barriers of selfishness. But one must always be on guard lest growing perception stop short of action. The mere outsider, studying humanity with the aloofness of a visitor from another sphere, has far to go ere the active power of the spiritual life is awakened within his heart. When his hour does strike, as one day it assuredly will, he will realise with a shock that this aloofness is an utterly false seeming; that Life is one, and that however blind or self-deceived we may be, the truth remains that separateness is an illusion, that not one soul lives to itself alone, and that Brotherhood is a basic fact in nature.

THE EDITOR.

JUPITER

By LEO FRENCH

I will extol Thee. Will praise Thy Name with cymbals in the Dance
of Life, in the raising of each form well fashioned in Beauty's
Image and superscription, will magnify and declare Thy Power,
O Jupiter—Master-Artificer, Designer Infinite.

Thine the sap in each life-tree; rising and falling it doth honour and
serve Thee.

Secret Ichor, whose Gift is Immortality, burn through me: all of
substance in me I give Thee.

I cast myself into the mighty furnace whose fuel and flames are
sacrifice and devotion. Therein I meet and greet the forces of
my own godhead.

Reborn am I in the Fire of the Master-Artificer, each pyre a womb of
new life;

Maker! Unmake! Remake! I trust what Thou shalt do.

THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM : ZEN

By BAYARD ELTON

“What is Buddhism? It is the realisation within one's deepest consciousness of the highest truth. It is seeing into one's own nature.

“What is the Buddha's Way of Attainment? It is called the Golden Path, and consists of eight stages: Right Ideas; Right Resolution; Right Speech; Right Behaviour; Right Vocation; Right Effort; Right Mindfulness; Right Concentration.

“What are the marks of success? Success is marked by experience of: Emancipation—freedom from the bondage of physical desire. Enlightenment—freedom from the illusions of the mind. Tranquillisation—freedom from the separative infatuations of egoism.”

—DWIGHT GODDARD in *Zen*.

BUDDHISM is divided roughly into two great schools of thought, the Northern and the Southern. The Northern school is known as the Mahayana, and its influence spreads through parts of Northern India, through Thibet, China, and Japan. The Southern school is found chiefly in Ceylon and Burma, and is known as the Theravada. In each division the interpreters of the doctrine base their views upon Buddhist scripture and instruct their followers according to their interpretation. The Mahayana leans towards a liberal aspect of the teachings of the Buddha, and possesses more of a religious outlook than the Theravada. The latter is more strictly philosophical than the former, and adheres to a rigid simplicity in point of view. Each school has good and bad points, but both follow the foundation rules of Buddhist belief, and therefore it is seen that there is only one Buddhism in spite of surface differences.

There are, however, many sects flourishing within these two divisions, and a great deal of individual interpretation concerning minor points of doctrine exists among them. These various interpretations are the result of the natural differences to be found among races and peoples, and it is quite in order to suppose that diversity of political outlook and conditions of living are enough to cause a variety of opinions among Buddhist sects. But Buddhism is universal in its appeal. As a system of religion and philosophy, it is so wide in its scope, so true in its fundamentals, and yet so simple, that it retains its unique individuality in spite of such a tremendous variety of interpretation. Beneath the surface wrangling of the sects the real Buddhism remains as

clear and as simple in its force and vitality as it was in the days of the All-Enlightened Lord Buddha, two thousand and five hundred years ago.

When the first Buddhist missionaries entered China from India the transcendental form of their teaching was not acceptable to the more practical minds of the Chinese, and in consequence a type of Buddhist thought was evolved to meet the requirements of a people that were constitutionally unable to understand the outlook of the natural mystics of Hindustan. This new form of Buddhism became known as *Ch'an*, a word derived from the Indian term *Dhyana*, meaning Contemplation. *Ch'an* Buddhism spread rapidly to Japan, and was there adopted under the name it is called to-day—Zen. It is, perhaps, a mistake to regard Zen as simply one of a number of Buddhist sects, as the whole idea behind this school of thought is too vast to be included in the small compass of sectarian doctrine. The Zen ideal is one that may be found all over the world even though its followers may never have heard of the term. Zen Buddhism is one of the most vital of all schools of Buddhist thought—it may be called, with truth, the essence of Buddhism—but in order to appreciate its methods and its teaching it is necessary to understand fully its unique point of view.

The four simple propositions of Buddhism, upon which the whole philosophy is based, are usually stated somewhat as follows :

1. The world is filled with pain and suffering.
2. The cause of this ceaseless suffering is desire.
3. The cure for this suffering is the quenching of desire.
4. The quenching of desire and the peace of liberation can only be reached by following the Noble Eight-fold Path consisting of Right Views or Ideas, Right Thought or Resolution, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Means of Life, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, and Right Meditation.

The goal is Nirvana and release from the burden of continual re-birth in this world with its chain of suffering. Nirvana may be said to be a condition of peace and bliss so far beyond the bounds of human expression that it were futile to try to define it. "*Nirvana is.*"

Before Nirvana is reached, however, there is a kind of inter-

mediate state which may be considered as a prerequisite. It is a state of spiritual upliftment in which is clearly perceived the unity of all life and the truth that underlies all the phenomenal universe. This is known as Enlightenment, and is the immediate goal of the aspiring Buddhist. The attainment of Enlightenment is a practical possibility at any step on the road to Nirvana, and it should be sought by every and any means. This fact was at once grasped by the founders of the Zen school, and they made this attainment their aim, instructing their pupils to leave all other considerations aside until Enlightenment was reached. Questions of doctrine, interpretations of texts, anything that was not essential to the unfoldment of the sense of Enlightenment, had to be put aside until after the attainment of the immediate goal. The disciples of the Zen idea were taught to be one-pointed in their aim, and any sign of mental speculation or of argument was promptly suppressed as being a waste of time and energy. The whole vitality of the school was directed to its one purpose.

There are ten fetters to be overcome by the aspirant. Ten obstacles stand in the path, and these must be conquered before Enlightenment can be reached at will, though it is a fact that a partial condition of Enlightenment may be experienced every now and again during the period of training towards self-mastery. The ten fetters may be described as :

1. The delusion of the permanency of the personal self.
2. Wavering doubt in the reality of the underlying Truth.
3. Reliance upon any outward rite or ceremony.
4. Sensuality.
5. Unkindness.
6. Desire for separate life in the worlds of form.
7. Desire for separate life in the formless worlds.
8. Spiritual pride.
9. Self-righteousness.
10. Ignorance.

The aspirant struggles against each and every fetter more or less simultaneously, but the greatest and the most difficult to overcome is the last in the list, Ignorance. For, in Buddhism, the term Ignorance does not imply merely a negative state of no knowledge, but it refers to a positive condition of the lower mind, a condition that is common to every thinking person, a condition

that is as natural to the intellect as wetness is to water. The intellect is a great power, but it is a limited power, and its limitations are very rigid. Through the power of the intellect, an understanding of the outer world is reached, and ideas are formed based upon comparison and ratiocination. The intellect is separative; it seizes upon the differences between things, and its whole power is concerned with criticism and observation of detail. From this comes forth all that is known as reason, and upon it is built up the self-consciousness that knows itself as "I am"—something other and distinct from everything else. However admirable this separative faculty of the intellect may be in ordering the facts of the outer world, it is, nevertheless, productive of the great illusion, the illusion that the self-conscious soul in man exists as something apart from all other life in the universe. The universal life is One Life. There is but One Absolute Unity, and to regard any single thing or group of things as in any way separate from the Whole is to labour under the great illusion—to be held in the grip of Ignorance. Ignorance is, then, that tendency of the mind which allows it to be held in the grip of the great illusion, the heresy of separateness, and the destruction of Ignorance is vitally necessary in order to attain Enlightenment. To conquer it, a faculty higher than the intellect is required, and the activity of the mind is stilled to permit the light of the spiritual intuition to shine forth. This higher faculty may be regarded as a spiritual consciousness latent throughout the whole cosmos and only awakened in man by determined effort. Whatever its nature, it is a state of spirituality far higher and greater than the intellect, and has been called by some writers Cosmic Consciousness.

It would appear that this power is forced into increasing manifestation by the development of unselfishness, by the cultivation of sympathy and tolerance, and by the suppression of the personal egoism natural to undeveloped man. The lower, personal self is the seat of all obstacles to Enlightenment, and to overcome it successfully the whole mental outlook is altered and turned round.

The struggles and pains of evolution are the result of the efforts of the intellect to throw its ego-consciousness upon the screen of the Universe. Evolution is as much a fact in Nature as consciousness itself, but the pain and suffering that result from growth are the outcome of the ego-conscious mind fighting to retain its personal attitude in the face of the Truth of Impersonality, straining to keep its separate existence against the

Truth of the One Life, struggling to emphasise a false independence opposed to the Truth of the Unity of All. Only when the mind is stilled and ready to give up the battle is it possible for the spiritual intuition to illumine (though at first only partially) the understanding towards a condition of Enlightenment and Truth. The long ages, through which evolution progresses, at length culminate in a moment when the mind grows weary of the struggle—and it begins to question its own conclusions. A hint of the Truth dawns, and in despair at the realisation of its own futility and unable to find satisfaction in its sense of seclusion, it reaches out to something beyond itself and, eventually, finds—Enlightenment.

The birth of wisdom is the realisation of the Oneness of Life. Unity with all may have been logically admitted by the intellect before it is known as a truth beyond all doubt, felt and realised as a certainty, but the condition of Enlightenment is such that the sense of Oneness becomes part of the consciousness and is seen beyond all argument. It is a condition that may only be hinted at in words and phrases. Enlightenment is impossible to describe. It is sufficient that such a state should be recognised as possible of attainment, and that every effort should be made to reach it.

The ideal of the Zen school, therefore, is to develop the state of Enlightenment in its followers, and this is to be done as quickly as possible and by any means that may be found to conduce to this end. In a remarkably interesting work entitled *Essays in Zen Buddhism* (First Series), Mr. D. T. Suzuki has set out a number of instances of the methods by which the old-time Zen masters instructed their pupils. To the unenlightened mind, many of these instances read like accounts of the play-acting of a set of rude and brutal children, but the tree is known by its fruit, and the results would appear to have been remarkable.

Zen claims its origin from the Buddha himself through a long line of Zen masters, including the famous Ashvaghosha, Nagarjuna, and Bodhi-Dharma. The foundation of the school is said to have commenced by a realisation of Enlightenment on the part of a pupil of the Buddha, Mahakasyapa, who was with the Buddha when he took a golden flower in his hand and gazed at it in silence. The disciples stood around, waiting, when at last Mahakasyapa turned to him and smiled—for he had understood! He had seen that a single flower, when fully comprehended, can be a key to the understanding of the mysteries of universal Life,

When it is remembered that the state of Enlightenment is a condition that lies beyond the bounds of the intellect, and when it is realised that ordinary words and actions utterly fail to convey any rational meaning of the beauty and richness of this condition, it is therefore not surprising that those who have experienced it should pay little heed to conventional means of expression. Though it is a hopeless task to try to grasp with the intellect a state of consciousness that is entirely above and outside the understanding of the lower mind, yet Enlightenment may be regarded as a re-creating of the whole nature, and therefore any peculiarity in the methods of instruction may be condoned as long as the end is achieved.

Zen possesses a rule of life and a standard of morality based upon the teachings of the Buddha. Realising that Enlightenment can only be found through a development of the will to that end, through discipline, and through a killing-out of the personal nature, the Zen masters first devoted their instruction to eradicating all trace and hint of personal pride and self-righteousness in the neophyte; and only after the personal self was subdued did the aspirant receive further aid in unfolding the spirit of Enlightenment within his own nature.

Zen pays no strict attention to scriptures or reported sayings. It follows the injunction of the Buddha, who advised his disciples to heed nothing blindly but to examine every writing or statement in the light of reason and conscience. Zen instructs its followers to disregard the alleged infallibility of everything they do not fully understand—even its own teachings—and to develop their own powers of mind and intuition in order that all understanding may rest upon the certain basis of knowledge and not upon a blind belief. Zen never explains. It points the way to Enlightenment with a direct sign. It is a life to be lived and not a subject for academical debate. According to Zen there is no time to be wasted in argument, for it is practical Buddhism stripped of all that might be thought unnecessary to the attainment of Enlightenment, and its aims and ideal are summed up in four propositions, by the Nichiren Sect, as follows:

1. A special transmisson outside the scriptures;
2. No dependence upon words and letters;
3. Direct pointing to the soul of man;
4. Seeing into one's own nature;

and it is considered that these four directions will guide the aspirant to Buddhahood.

Life in a Zen monastery is a life of strict routine and poverty. It is a life filled with purpose and a sense of vigour. Zen upholds the sanctity of work, and attached to the monastery is a farm where the monks labour to earn their means of livelihood. The Zen monk does not spend his time in continual meditation, nor does he rely upon the hand of charity to feed his body. Work and meditation go hand in hand, and the daily round is planned and adjusted to the end in view—for the case of each aspirant is individual and different from every other. The goal is reached suddenly, in a flash! Years of patient endeavour may pass by until one day some noise or gesture, a word spoken by a master or some unusual incident, will break down the bonds of limitation, and in a moment the secret is understood—the soul finds Enlightenment.

In illustration of this, the following story is taken from Mr. Suzuki's book: Hakuin (1683-1768) is another of those masters who have put down their first Zen experience in writing, and we read in his book entitled *Orategama*, the following account:

"When I was twenty-four years old, I stayed at the Yegan monastery of Echigo. *Joshu's Mu*" (this being a certain exercise in contemplation) "being my theme at the time, I assiduously applied myself to it. I did not sleep days and nights, forgot both eating and lying down, when quite abruptly a great mental fixation took place. I felt as if freezing in an ice-field extending thousands of miles, and within myself there was a sense of utmost transparency. There was no going forward, no slipping backward; I was like an idiot, like an imbecile, and there was nothing but *Joshu's Mu*. Though I attended the lectures by the Master, they sounded like a discussion going on somewhere in a distant hall, many yards away. Sometimes my sensation was that of flying in the air. Several days passed in this state, when one evening a temple-bell struck, which upset the whole thing. It was like smashing an ice-basin, or pulling down a house made of jade. When I suddenly woke again, I found that I myself was Ganto, the old Master, and that all through the shifting changes of time not a bit of my personality was lost. Whatever doubts and indecisions I had before were completely dissolved like a piece of thawing ice. I called out loudly: 'How wondrous! How wondrous! There is no birth and death from which one has to escape, nor is there any supreme knowledge after which one has to strive. All the complications past and present, numbering one thousand and seven hundred, are not worth the trouble of even describing them.'"

THE SURVIVORS

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

IT is, apparently, the little knocks that hurt—a bruised corn, a kick on the shin—while in the big crash unconsciousness follows before the pain is registered. Only a man who has been in a sudden smash can realise how oddly unexpected the physical reactions can be. A well-known Alpine climber, hero of incredible escapes, has described in particular falling down a couloir, colliding with the cliffs as he banged from side to side like a bouncing ball. He saw each collision coming, he took it, but the shocks did not hurt. He felt nothing more than an intense excitement, which he describes as a kind of electrification of the body that was almost pleasurable. It is claimed, too, that the murderer in the electric chair feels nothing, since the electric current travels faster, by several fractions of a second, than the report the nerves carry to his brain. He is dead literally before he knows it.

Lindstrum certainly was aware of no physical anguish when his omnibus skidded, struck a lorry, hovered a moment undecided, then topped over with an awful, lumbering, slow heave. It crashed upon the pavement by the Kensington Gardens railings, making a thundering roar, of which Lindstrum heard nothing but the splintering tinkle of the breaking glass. He was on the top, on the side against the park railings. He saw these railings fly sideways into space, he saw the kerb rush up at him. A man and a girl, the only other occupants of outside seats, stood up and screamed. He met the paving-stones, he thinks, slightly before the body of the omnibus did. Head and left shoulder, he believes, struck the ground together. But he felt nothing; he had no pain; he merely, as the saying has it, knew no more.

So far as his senses were concerned, sight had registered accurately enough; it was hearing, a slower vibration, that had failed, for no other sound than this splintering of glass reached his ears. Then, presently, a man's voice was audible quite close to his face: "Gone west, I'm afraid, this chap! We'll take the others first. Hurry . . .!" There was screaming, too, but a little further off, the screams and shrieks of several voices. He felt himself being lifted and carried away a short distance and then laid down upon something that was softer, anyhow, than the paving-stones.

"Gone west, indeed!" It made him smile. But he said nothing. Needing, he believed, no immediate attention himself, he let the doctor "take the others first." He was lying on some overcoats and tarpaulins. Some time obviously had passed since the smash.

He examined himself carefully all over, for it was not his first accident, and he knew how to set about it. "Lindstrum's luck," he remembered, and smiled again. Nothing could kill him. Thoroughly and slowly, he tried each joint in turn. There was nothing broken anyhow. He saw no blood, he felt no bruises. Externally, he was whole. Internally? That might be another matter. He tested this more carefully, filling his lungs as slowly as he possibly could. Any moment he anticipated a blinding, fiery sting, a ghastly spasm that would make him sweat blood. They did not come. He inhaled and exhaled to the full with comfort. Breathing was all right. He was uninjured inside and out. "An extraordinary escape!" he decided. "No man can die till his moment comes! Lindstrum's luck again!" He grinned. He sat up.

Looking about him then, he saw the crowd, the splintered bus like a huge red broken beetle, the policemen's helmets, a couple of ambulances. All this was not a dozen yards from where he lay against the park railings, and it made him shrink, as though the picture horrified, disgusted him. He disliked it, indeed, to the point of hating it. It gave him a touch of nausea as he stared, though he realised clearly enough that this rather violent reaction was nervous and mental, of course—an aftermath of shock. That red monster, people torn and broken beneath its great shattered carcase, the curious crowd, the busy, rather clumsy police, the splendid, quick doctors—it all produced in him this sensation of intense dislike, of loathing, of ghastly human futility, the futility of living and dying. It revolted him. He turned away, so that he saw the railings and the trees instead.

The trees were better, he decided, and as a gate showed handy, he made up his mind to go into the gardens, to get away, out of sight of the immediate scene. "They've forgotten me," he thought, "and, anyhow, I don't need anything." He chuckled to himself. Rising slowly, cautiously, and finding that his legs obeyed his weight normally, he walked through the gate without being noticed, and sat down upon an empty bench some few yards along the gravel path. Just as he left the road he saw two ambulances drive away. He thanked his stars he was in

neither of them with smashed limbs, internal injuries, or concussion. "All the same," he reflected, "as soon as the crush is over, I'll look in at a hospital, just to make *quite* sure." He grinned again at his exceptional "Lindstrum's luck." He was not even trembling. "I'm O.K.," he said aloud happily, as he made himself comfortable on the wooden bench.

His thoughts turned naturally, yet not excitedly, upon his recent experience. There had been, nevertheless, a shock, he realised, a very severe shock. His physical machinery might be undamaged, thanks to his unknown gods, but his nerves and mind betrayed a difference somewhere, though exactly where and how he could not at first determine. There was a change in him, a change, moreover, that rather asserted itself. And while he understood that this was natural enough, he became, at the same time, aware of certain elements in the change that puzzled him. He tried to ascertain in what this change consisted—what, above all, were the elements that perplexed him. These remained, despite his examination, elusive, persistently elusive.

Memory certainly was damaged. He had forgotten his own name, and for the life of him could not recall it. The sense of time, too, was queer, irregular, and these two were doubtless connected, he reflected. Time and memory were closely related, of course. Despite his best efforts, he could not determine "what time" it was now, what his age was, how long ago the accident had occurred, how long he had taken to walk to this bench where he sat, nor how long he had been sitting on it. Something had telescoped, as it were, so that past and future now had new relations that rather obliterated their usual meaning. For a moment, indeed, he saw the accident, which he called past, coming towards him out of what he usually called the future. But more than that—seeing it coming towards him, he was able to prepare for it. And hence its failure to injure him as it otherwise might have done—which, he declared, was ridiculous.

These two deficiencies of time and memory his mind clearly realised, connecting them satisfactorily as cause and effect. This made it all seem natural. It *was* natural. Of that he had no doubt. Yet it was more than strange, he began to reflect, that, sitting now on this bench in Kensington Gardens, he was a little boy again, a young lad, a youth, a grown-up man, and a man of nearly fifty—yet all of these simultaneously, so that he could choose at will which period he wanted. It was, none the less, quite natural. Just as a whole biography lies between its book-

covers simultaneously, while a reader may focus on one or another period merely by turning the pages, he was able, somewhat similarly, to be and see all his periods of life, or any one of them separately—which he yet knew was absurd. The mental shock was sufficiently obvious. He laughed. He felt rather happy about it, oddly happy. A new experience anyhow.

These changes, yes, he grasped clearly enough, and they did not alarm him because he knew they would presently pass. But there were "elements" in the change of another kind that puzzled and perplexed him. As he rested on the empty bench and surveyed the world about him he was aware that something in him reeled. For this world about him, this familiar world he had always known, had altered in an inexpressible manner. But how altered? He could not, for the life of him, determine.

He stared about him, while breathing deeply, cautiously. He watched the people pass. In the distance a glint of the Round Pond caught his eye, with the tops of sailing boats, white and moving. He was sailing a boat himself, a child of ten years old again—literally. He lived in those particular emotions. He experienced them all over again, suddenly understanding that this was possible because they were always *there*: it was he who had moved away from them, while yet he need not have moved away from them. He did so because everybody else did so. Simultaneously, then, he was also fifty, grown heavy rather, worldly-wise, cynical. "Odd," he reflected, "extremely odd! But it's right enough and natural." He was not, apparently, nailed down to any period.

Before him people were passing along the gravel path in both directions. He watched them come and go. Some hesitated, as though about to sit down, for the April day was sunny, with warm sweet air. It was natural to sit in the sun and rest a moment, and he wished they would use the bench. He wanted to speak to someone, to tell about his escape; that really was his keenest desire, he discovered. He burned to tell about it. He was bursting to describe how the bus had overturned and crashed, and how he had escaped, not for the first time either. If only some of these people would sit down a moment so that he could get into conversation with them and tell them what had happened.

Among the dozens who passed, however, he saw no one suitable, no one to whom he could talk easily and naturally, no one who would not have thought him just a crazy sort of fellow sitting on a park bench in the sun, a little drunk perhaps, possibly a rascal

even ; a beggar, or worse. He saw no single group to whom, even had they sat down beside him, he could have spoken. He picked out no one suitable.

These people, as he put it to himself, seemed somehow unapproachable. That was the right word, yes—unapproachable.

“An unreal lot,” he decided. “Not real—that’s it. None of them ever been through anything. I’d scare them probably. Yes, scare them.” Their very looks, he noticed, avoided him. “Duds,” he concluded, smiling with a touch of pity. “Only half alive, these people !”

Had they altered somehow ? If so, the terms escaped him. He gazed at the grass and trees instead, feeling bewildered yet still quite happy, and it was then that the alteration in these common things, too, asserted itself. Where altered ? How altered ? Again, he could not exactly say. They looked as usual in one way, while in another way they were unusual. There was this startling difference. What was it ? He was unable to define it, try as he might and did. The trees—well, they were fiery almost, flame-like ; the familiar, clipped grass contained some idea of sound, of music. All these ordinary, familiar things shared some new factor that was startlingly different, though he could not seize and label what it was exactly. How could they look the same, he asked himself, and yet be different ?

He stared and thought, and stared and thought, and then, quite abruptly, he made a sharp discovery that was satisfactory. He knew it was true, along the right line anyhow : the usual chaos of familiar things betrayed a new meaning.

“That’s it !” he exclaimed aloud, with some excitement. “Part of it, at least. I see—*more* of everything.” A sort of convulsive joy and wonder flooded his whole being. This set him puzzling for what seemed many minutes. Just as he saw Time as a whole instead of sectionally, so he saw these common objects entirely instead of in broken parts. It made him laugh. He felt his happiness increase. The intensity of this new experience staggered him rather. He had always been a stranger in the familiar world he knew so well. Now, at last, he was to find out where, in it all, he really belonged.

The need to speak to someone, meanwhile, became so urgent that he could scarcely control it. The longing to describe what had happened, and how he had miraculously escaped, grew

painfully. A dozen times he leaned forward to attempt it, but each time sat back without having uttered a sound. No one sat down on his bench, no one paid any attention to him; all passed him by. They chose benches further along the path, but never his bench. He found himself at length regarding all these park strollers as mechanical automata almost; they were so drab, so unenterprising, so dull, so un-alive. Until, after a long time, a young man came from the trees across the road and walked towards the bench in a straight line without hesitation; and this fellow, Lindstrum saw in a flash, was different.

He was not so drab, so dull, so mechanical, Lindstrum realised, as the others. He walked briskly, as with purpose and decision. There was something about him—lean, thin-faced, alert, like a flying man—something less dun-coloured, something light, indeed, that almost shone. This effect, at least, of light there was about him certainly. The youth walked smartly up, turning neither right nor left, glanced with a quick smile at Lindstrum, and sat down at the far end of the bench.

“Nice day,” began Lindstrum instantly, in a companionable way, for he could not wait a second longer. “Taking the air like me, eh?”

The other grinned and nodded. “That’s it,” he said in a pleasant voice. He took out a cigarette-case, then put it back again unopened, smiling at his companion. Lindstrum likewise realised that he himself had no desire to smoke. He took a full breath instead, staring hard into his companion’s eyes. What was this radiance in the eyes and face?

Then out it burst: “D’you know,” he began eagerly, “I’ve just had an extraordinary escape . . .” And he described the incident in full, bringing in his earlier escapes at the tail end. “I believe I’m the only survivor,” he added, “if it comes to that.”

The other listened attentively, a smile growing on his young sunburned face.

“Not so funny,” he remarked when the end was reached. “Because, you see, I’m another—if it comes to that.”

“What d’you mean?” asked Lindstrum, his breath catching.

The other paused a moment. “I came over to you on purpose”—the youth evaded the question.

“How—on purpose?”

"Well—I saw you a long way off. I knew you'd understand."

Lindstrum stared. "I don't get you quite," he said.

"Probably not," replied the other. "At first, that is." He paused. "It's this way," he went on a moment later. "Some time ago—can't say exactly how long—a week or a month, or a day, perhaps—I crashed too. In the air, you know."

Lindstrum thought hard a moment. "Injured much?"

"Oh, about the same as yourself," returned the other, with a wide, curious grin.

"Same as me?" repeated Lindstrum, puzzled.

The other nodded. "All the others were pretty badly smashed up, you see. But I escaped."

"You escaped, eh? Like me?"

"I was the only survivor, yes."

Obviously the young fellow was telling the truth.

"Damned odd, isn't it," commented Lindstrum, "that we should meet like this on the same bench . . .?" and was going on to say a lot more that was in his mind, when a group of passers-by came to a halt at this very moment in front of them. They hesitated in the sun. There were four people, including an old woman and an old man, with two younger folk. They eyed the bench. There was room on it for two still, but not for the whole party.

"It's quite warm," remarked the younger ones, "and we've got half an hour to kill. Let's take a rest."

They measured the space available.

"Room for all of us," they announced.

The party of four, after some preliminary shuffling, moved closer. They sat down. They sat down in a row. The old man sat right through Lindstrum, and the old woman sat right through his companion at the other end.

Lindstrum and his companion exchanged looks.

"That's what I meant," remarked the young aviator, "when I said I was a survivor. That's why I came across to you. We're both survivors." And they resumed their talk as though no one else sat on that bench, continuing it where they had left off, and talking perhaps for hours, perhaps for days, perhaps for weeks or months, or even centuries. . . .

AN ELECT PRIESTHOOD

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE "dead secrets" of French occult history are coming forth gradually into the light of day, and the lesson of recent researches is one of great encouragement as to what may transpire in the future. There was a time when one thought that the past had buried its dead in respect of the thaumaturgic heresiarch Eugène Vintras, his so-called "work of mercy" and his miraculous Masses. But a Parisian barrister, with a gift for unearthing archives, discovered a great dossier, and little is left of this mystery except the last problem, which is how the wonders were worked. There was another time when the end of all knowledge, and little at that, seemed reached on the subject of the eighteenth-century alchemist Pernety and his Illuminés d'Avignon, the custodians *ex hypothesi* of a Masonic Rite which was one of Hermetic dedications. But M. Joanny Bricaud went to work there and here, at Avignon more especially; he was favoured past expectation, and the results are with us. So also a silence of years on the talismanic problems of Martines de Pasqually and his Order of Elect Priests was interrupted once only, in 1926, by the publication of a correspondence between Willermoz, chief of a circle at Lyons, and a certain Baron de Turkheim. That it has been broken utterly at last, and this to some purpose, will be shown in the present study.

I have said that the subject is talismanic, and there is more than one reason. Under the auspices of their Grand Sovereign Pasqually, the Elect Priesthood figured as a Masonic Rite; but they did not come forward to exhibit any "system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." They were Theosophists, and as such were depositories of Divine Secrets; they were Magi and practised Magic; but as such they held Sorcery, Necromancy, and Black Arts in horror; in fine, they were men of religion, and as such the Magic of their Invocations brought to them exalted beings who were not of this world: it seems even to have been held that Christ Himself gave teachings in their Lodge-Temples. But the subject was talismanic also in the eyes of many for a very different reason. For long years an interest in the School of Pasqually signified a concern in Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, the chief French Mystic at the close of

the eighteenth century. Apart from him, it might have remained always among the byways of Masonic history, commemorated briefly in a few records but explored in none. The bibliography of the School, almost till this day, has been practically a bibliography of Saint-Martin. On the side of appreciation and criticism, the expository literature began so far back as 1852, with an essay on his doctrine and his life. M. Caro, its author, is utterly unknown now, but if his monograph was denied consideration, the latter had at least been earned if not obtained. The next evaluation was coincident with the first appearance of Saint-Martin's important correspondence with Baron Kirch-Berger in 1862, the same year being marked by M. Matter's suggestive study of the mystic and the circle to which he belonged. It is the work of most permanent interest which attaches to the name of Matter. Adolphe Franck followed in 1866. He has repute in the literary history of France, but he will be remembered by his *Memoirs of Saint-Martin*, even if his work on the Jewish Kabbalah passes into the limbus.

These early examples may be taken to stand in summary form for the existence otherwise and later of a not inconsiderable literature which has grown up on things Martinistic and has been grouped naturally and inevitably about a central figure, being that of the only French Mystic who can be held to count at his period, and he of whom Joubert said long ago that "his feet are on earth but his head is in Heaven." Now the precursor of this cultured and illuminated teacher was Martines de Pasqually, and the environment of his earlier life—from which, moreover, he never emerged entirely—was precisely that Masonic Rite for the foundation and development of which Pasqually carried a Hieroglyphical Warrant, and Lodges of which were established at Bordeaux, Lyons, Paris, and elsewhere. It was the comet of a season and burnt itself out quickly when the Grand Master passed from this life in 1772. The mysterious Warrant, which no one could read and no one has seen since he voyaged to St. Domingo, may have emanated from Unknown Superiors or may have been his own device. It matters little except on the score of sincerity—and even this might have survived at the period—because Pasqually, his personality, his influence, were the only warrants which counted, and they proved convincing enough for those who knew him.

It happens that all books, monographs, and pamphlets which constitute the critical literature of Martinism are long since out

of print, while many are hard to obtain. It is this fact which readers must bear in mind as I pass on to speak of a monumental work which M. R. Le Forestier has added recently to his Researches on Masonic High Grades, more especially those of France, and to his thesis on the Illuminati of Bavaria.* It may be remembered also, if I am permitted to venture for once on a personal note, that this article is the work of one who is acquainted with all Martinistic literature, as well as with most references thereto and citations therefrom in French occult reviews and Masonic works. We must be dissuaded, however, from regarding M. Le Forestier's extended record as in authentic correspondence with its title: it is concerned with Pasqually, his Elect Priesthood, his theosophical doctrine and its sources, its organisation considered as a Rite of Masonry, its story from that standpoint, and the chief personalities who worked with him for its welfare and progress. It is therefore throughout and only a study of the Order of Elect Priests. The point demands registration because there was a wide field of Occult Freemasonry in France of the eighteenth century outside the Pasqually foundation, and it might require another volume of equal proportions to set forth at full length the pretensions and enthusiasms, the attainments, aberrations and follies of Alchemical, Magical, Kabbalistic, Magnetic, Swedenborgian, and even Mystical Systems which came to birth under the banner of Freemasonry between 1760 and the days of Revolution.

Within the limits of its proper subject, it remains that the author has taken all available materials in printed sources and has made an intensive study therefrom. The result is representative in a plenary sense. It is written with understanding and sympathy, underrates and exaggerates nothing, parades no personal opinion, and in fine omits nothing. It opens with a clear analysis of Pasqually's notable treatise entitled *Réintégration*, which contains the theosophical reveries of the Order in the form of a Commentary on Genesis. It unfolds therefrom the occult practices of the Priesthood, which constituted its title to existence, and subsequently goes in search of an origin for both in Bible and Talmud, Jewish Kabbalism, and the occultism of Christian centuries in Europe, including Rituals and Grimoires of Magic. Sidelights are sought and found in Pasqually's relation as a Theosophist with Catholic Christianity, old Gnostic heresies,

* *La Franc-Maçonnerie Occultiste au XVIII^e Siècle et L'Ordre des Élus Coëns*, par R. Le Forestier. Imp. 8vo, pp. 576. Paris: Dorbon-Ainé. 45 francs.

and the Mysticism of the eighteenth century. The story of the Order follows, including a valiant attempt pursued in all directions to shed light upon the Priestly Rituals. There is no question in my own mind that M. Le Forestier's treatise is and will remain a standard work on its subject. It is to be regretted that in one instance, but, as it would seem, in one only, he has been content to derive at second-hand. It should have been possible surely to consult in France that important contribution to the subject which was made in 1801 by Abbé Fournié,* seeing that I have been able to meet with it here in England; but M. Le Forestier derives from Matter. It is to be regretted also, or is at least by myself, that there is so little understanding of Saint-Martin; but the reason is not far to seek; the author has none practically for that inward and mystical way which drew *le philosophe inconnu* from the Ceremonial of Divine Magia, so-called, to the experience of Divine Union.

It has been made plain that M. Le Forestier owes nothing to unpublished sources, but such have been known to exist, and that in considerable proportions, since Matter wrote on Saint-Martin in 1862. Some portions of these have been published by Dr. Papus, Steel-Maret, Albéric Thomas, and others. It is assumed or suspected that M. Joanny Bricaud, as custodian or president—so far as it survives—of the *Ordre Martiniste*, founded by Papus, has important unprinted memorials, and others in private hands are heard of from time to time. Presumably the most important of all—among those known to survive—came into the hands of Papus, being the archives of Jean Baptiste Willermoz, a part only of which relate to Pasqually and his occult foundation. While M. Le Forestier was at work on his memorable undertaking, it would seem that these documents were placed in the hands of M. Paul Vulliaud, author of *La Kabbale Juive* and a monograph on Joseph de Maistre, both of which were noticed long ago in the OCCULT REVIEW. It has come about therefore that the publication of Le Forestier's volume was followed quickly by that of M. Vulliaud on the Rose-Croix of Lyons in the eighteenth century.† The practical simultaneity may seem at first sight ill-starred, but the theses are not in competition, nor can a serious student of one dispense with the other. M. Vulliaud presents from his archives the correspondence

* The full title is *Ce que nous avons été, ce que nous sommes et ce que nous deviendrons*, published at London in the year mentioned above.

† *Les Rose-Croix Lyonnais au XVIII^e Siècle, d'après leurs Archives Originales*, par Paul Vulliaud. 8vo, pp. 392. Paris: Emile Nourry. 36 francs.

of Martines de Pasqually with Willermoz and certain instructions to Elect Priests, all belonging apparently to the year 1774. His chief personal contributions to the subject are a notice of Pasqually, another on Abbé Fournié, and an extended study of Willermoz in respect of his Masonic career. M. Vulliaud has been challenged in *Le Voile d'Isis* for the ridicule which is heaped upon his subject and for reproducing all Pasqually's grammatical and orthographical mistakes. It matters little to myself, because he gives the documents, now *in extenso* and now in summary form. He gives them also in respect of several activities outside the present consideration—Protocols of the Strict Observance at Lyons, the Register of the Masonic Congress at Lyons, Records of a Society of Initiates arising out of *Le Loge de la Bienfaisance*, also at Lyons, and a prolonged account of séances at which a subject in the magnetic trance was not only placed in communication with departed spirits, but gave answers to questions, some of which belong to Masonry. Willermoz was one of the sitters but did not entrance the subject. Taken altogether, the collection is priceless, that is to say, on the side of history and of French Freemasonry on its occult side at the period.

In conclusion, my readers must not suppose that we have come to the end of all knowledge regarding the Elect Priesthood. By the orders of Las Casas, its last Grand Sovereign, then abdicating, the Archives of the Order were deposited with Savalette de Langes, President of the Great Masonic Lodge of Philalethes. They were delivered in sealed parcels and are not to be confused with the Willermoz dossier. What has become of them? May not these also in the time to come see light of day? As one who has devoted his life to research, I tend to believe that a star overwatches research and in most unexpected manners sees at last to its reward.

THE THREEFOLD NATURE OF MAN

By JEAN DELAIRE

CENTURIES before Saint Paul described man as composed of body, soul and spirit, the ancient religions of India, Egypt and China had taken the threefold nature of man as the basis of their psychology, further dividing and subdividing those three principles until they had obtained a fivefold, sevenfold and even a ninefold classification. But however complex their systems, all were based on the fundamental fact that man is a composite being in whom spirit and matter meet and are temporarily united by means of an intermediate principle, the soul, or Ego.

How came the wise men of old to know this, and to know it with such absolute certainty that they made it the foundation-stone of their religious and philosophical systems ?

Strange to say, after some thousands of years this question is answered to-day by independent investigators in the laboratories of England, France and Italy. *They knew because they saw* ; they saw because they experimented. By means of the power now known as hypnotism, they were able to observe and to isolate these various principles, and so discover the exact relationship between them. And the modern exponents of that most modern of sciences, Psycho-physiology, know this because they also have experimented, and in doing so have re-discovered the ancient paths of approach to the mysteries of man. They also have seen the soul, have noted how it acts upon the body, and is itself acted upon by the still higher principle known as the Spirit, or Monad.

The old names still persist in the domain of religion and philosophy, but science prefers a more concrete terminology—a terminology which has been found to coincide in a most remarkable way with that used from time immemorial by the students of occult science. Where Saint Paul said "body," modern psycho-physiology says "physical body and etheric double" ; where Saint Paul said "soul," it says "astro-mental body" ; but spirit is still called spirit, the triple reflection in time and space of the three aspects (Persons) of the Deity, the Logos of our system.

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Classification of St. Paul.	Classification of Modern Psycho-physiology.
Body	{ Physical Body. Ethereic Double.
Soul (Ego) . .	{ Emotional (astral) Body. Concrete Mind (Lower <i>Manas</i>). Abstract Mind (Higher <i>Manas</i>).
Spirit (Monad)	{ Divine Soul (Buddhi). Divine Spirit (Atma).

(The classification of the last three principles varies somewhat with the different schools.)

Thus occult science perceives, interpenetrating the physical body, its etheric counterpart, or "double," the "ectoplasm" that plays so large a rôle in modern séance rooms, for it is of all human principles the one most easily detachable from its physical sheath. It is the vehicle of the life-forces which flow into man from the outer world, from air, sun and light-rays; hence the very serious dangers that beset the medium who habitually lends himself to the projection of his etheric double.

Interpenetrating the etheric double, in just the same way as the etheric double interpenetrates the physical, is the astral or "starry" body, the vehicle of the emotions, desires and passions, whose radiations form that brilliant aura seen by clairvoyants as enveloping the physical form in a cloud of swiftly changing colours.

This astral sheath is in its turn interpenetrated by a still subtler principle, the mental sheath or body, the vehicle of thought usually visible to clairvoyance as a golden nimbus such as medieval artists used to paint around the heads of their saints, and which is often depicted by Indian sculptors—as rays emanating from the head of the Buddha. It is claimed that these three principles, etheric, astral and mental, have been photographed by Dr. Baraduc in Paris, Dr. Kilner and others in London; and the serious student is referred to the books written by these pioneers.*

As the etheric double in its physical encasement constitutes

**L'Ame Humaine* and *La Vie Posthume*, by Charles Lancelin. *La Survivance de l'Ame*, by Dr. Fugairon. *Les Matérialisations de Fantômes*, by Dr. Gibier. *Les Fantômes des Vivants*, by Hector Durville. (All these are published by M. Durville, 23, rue St. Merri, Paris, IVe.) *L'Extériorisation de la Sensibilité*, *Les Etats Superficiels de l'Hypnose*, *Les Etats Profonds de l'Hypnose*, by Colonel de Rochas. (Published by the *Libairie Générale des Sciences Occultes*, II, Quai St. Michel, Paris.) *The Human Atmosphere in Health and Disease*, by Dr. Kilner.

the body, so the astral and lower mental principles constitute the soul, or Ego.

If it be asked, how do we know this? the answer is simple: By direct experiment on hypnotised subjects—experiments so far-reaching in their results, so tremendous in their implications, that to all who have witnessed them, or who are at all aware of them, it is a matter of profound wonder that so little should be known about them outside the circle of scientific men engaged in this work.

For many years hypnotism has been employed intermittently in the hospitals of Europe and America for the alleviation of pain or the healing of certain nervous disorders, but without any idea on the part of the operator of the real nature of the hypnotic passes: only serious students of Occultism were aware of the significant fact that hypnotism, like magnetisation, simply consists in the forcible ejection, by the operator, of the subject's etheric double, together with the still subtler bodies which interpenetrate it.

At a spiritualistic séance where materialisations occur, exactly the same phenomenon is repeated, the only difference being that the place of the visible hypnotist is taken by some invisible entity who, by a still little known process, draws out of the medium his etheric body—to which the name ectoplasm has recently been given.

In the series of experiments conducted during many years by Colonel de Rochas and his colleagues, and quite recently repeated and extended by M. Lancelin, M. Durville and other French savants, the invariable procedure is as follows:

The subject is placed in a hypnotic trance, either by magnetic passes, by mere word of command, or even by silently willing him to sleep. His first condition is the one known as lethargy, a state which always intervenes between the different and quite distinct phases of the hypnotic sleep. Following upon this, there appears the phenomenon of somnambulism, a condition differing from normal consciousness merely in this, that the subject becomes extremely amenable to mental suggestion, and that his skin loses all sensitiveness—the first sign of the withdrawal of the subtler bodies. If now the passes are continued, the state of somnambulism is succeeded (after another interval of lethargy) by the second hypnotic state, known as that of *rapport* (contact), when the subject becomes oblivious to every-

thing except the presence of the hypnotist, and the exteriorisation of sensibility is still more marked.

Another phase of lethargy then intervenes, followed by the third hypnotic state. The physical body of the subject is now completely impervious to sensation ; in other words, his subtler bodies are almost entirely withdrawn from their physical encasement. After still another phase of lethargy the fourth state of the hypnotic trance becomes apparent. To clairvoyant vision this is in many respects the most interesting of all, for at that moment the ectoplasm definitely shapes itself into the likeness of the physical body, and is seen as a luminous, semi-transparent form standing at the left side of the entranced subject. The subject himself is now little more than an empty shell ; his sensations, memory, volition—all his higher faculties residing in the astro-mental body—have been transferred to the exteriorised double.

Proofs of the objectivity of this phenomenon are of various kinds, and may be classified as follows :

1. All hypnotised subjects in the state of lucidity, or induced clairvoyance, when asked to describe the process of exteriorisation, do so in identically the same terms. This, however, might be due to unconscious mental suggestion on the part of the hypnotist.

2. The testimony of the trained clairvoyants, who are usually present at these experiments, confirm on all points the descriptions given independently by the entranced subjects ; but the same objection as to the possibility of unconscious mental suggestion might also apply to their statements.

3. The use of photographic plates—a process which, although at times remarkably successful in recording the impress of the subtler bodies, as numerous photographs testify—is yet too much in the experimental stage to be altogether reliable. This method cannot therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, be looked upon as entirely conclusive.

4. The fourth test, however, affords a more definite proof of the objective existence of the exteriorised double ; and it is this : If the hand of the operator is extended towards the place occupied by the double, a sensation of extreme cold is invariably experienced. “ I felt as if my hand had suddenly been plunged in a refrigerator,” records M. Lancelin in his book *La Vie Posthume*.

5. The fifth test is still more conclusive. If the apparently

empty air is pinched at the place occupied by the double (the experimenter taking care not to be seen by the subject), there will immediately be a reflex movement in the subject's physical body. This is the phenomenon known as repercussion, which has been the cause of so much misunderstanding in the production of spiritualistic phenomena. This repercussion operates by means of the fluidic cord uniting the etheric double to its physical counterpart, and acting as the channel of the vital forces. This is the silver cord mentioned in the Bible, the breaking of which means the death of the physical body.

Another and very interesting method of proving the objectivity of the double is to hold (unknown to the subject) various strongly-flavoured foods, such as brown sugar, aloes, peppermint, etc., to the spot indicated by the clairvoyants as that of the double's mouth. At once the physical body exhibits reflex movements of pleasure, or of disgust, according to the flavour "tasted" by the etheric double.

To avoid all possibility of unconscious mental suggestion, these various foods are placed in opaque vessels of similar size, shape and colour, and handed by one of the assistants to the operator, who is thus completely ignorant of their contents as he presents them, one by one, to the etheric double. Yet this experiment has always been successful.

It has already been stated that the fully-exteriorised double takes with it both the astral body (or emotional principle) and the mental body (or thinking principle). In other words, the soul, or Ego, of the man is outside his body, but still united to it by the cord of fluidic matter already alluded to.

But the disciples of Colonel de Rochas went further still in their experimental work. M. Hector Durville, experimenting on the lines laid down by his great predecessor, noticed the curious fact that when the etheric double had been fully exteriorised, further hypnotic passes on the subject's physical body appeared to have no other effect than to cause extreme fatigue to the hypnotist. He then conceived the idea of making passes, not on the entranced subject, but on the exteriorised double. Almost immediately the clairvoyant began to describe the formation of another or *second double* slowly emerging from the first. This proved to be the exteriorisation of the astral body from the etheric, just as the etheric had previously been exteriorised from the physical; there was likewise, between it and the etheric double, a connecting cord of semi-luminous, subtle, matter.

Another significant discovery made by M. Durville was that while the etheric double, the channel of the vital forces, ever remains in close proximity to its physical counterpart, the astral body may be sent to a distance, the link between it and the etheric double being of almost infinite elasticity. As the second double became more and more definitely formed, and also more luminous, the first (etheric) became fainter and duller in appearance; and when the astral body was sent to a distance by the hypnotist, the etheric double immediately re-entered the physical body.

Emboldened by the success of these experiments, and inspired by Dr. Baraduc's discovery of the mental aura (or emanation from the mental body, which he had succeeded in photographing), other savants tried to isolate the mental body by separating it from the astral; but the nervous reactions upon the entranced subject became of so alarming a character that they did not dare to push the experiments any further. Sometime afterwards, however, M. Charles Lancelin succeeded in isolating the mental body (the lower *manas* of theosophical nomenclature), and later on another distinguished savant, M. Lefranc, was able to isolate a fourth principle, which was presumably the higher mind (higher *manas*) or intuitional principle.

To a thoughtful reader, it must already have become apparent that hypnotism and magnetism, spiritualistic and kindred phenomena, are fundamentally identical processes, all of them consisting in the exteriorisation, either natural or induced, of man's finer bodies and higher faculties; in short, they are means to the temporary liberation of the soul from its prison of flesh. Sleep is nothing else, and death itself is merely a more prolonged sleep.

All who have carefully and sincerely, with no other motive but the finding of truth, experimented on the lines mentioned above, have come to the conclusion that the only difference between sleep and death is that in sleep the "silver cord" is intact, whereas in that longer sleep we call death it is broken. Actually there is no other radical difference between what is technically known as the phantasms of the living and those of the so-called dead.

To-day, therefore, it is not only religion which offers us a pious hope of immortal life, it is science—the psycho-physiology created by a band of earnest pioneers athirst for truth—which asserts that death is but a form of sleep, and will as surely bring with it another dawn, another and fuller day.

IS THIS JACK LONDON ? His "Spirit" Talks With Upton Sinclair

(Part I.)

My friend Jack London has been dead fourteen years. Just before his tragic death, my wife, who had never met him, had an overwhelming presentiment that he was in trouble, and talked to me about it, until I offered to take her up to London's ranch, five hundred miles from our home. Then came Press reports of his death, followed by letters from George Sterling, declaring that London had taken his own life. Not more than two days after his death, and for weeks thereafter, my wife and I received telephone calls and letters from spiritualists in Southern California, telling us that Jack London was making efforts to communicate with us. My wife, who was as materialistic in her attitude as Jack himself, laughed at the idea.

But of late years my wife has discovered the faculties called "psychic," and we have carried on experiments which have proved to us the reality of telepathy.

I have satisfied myself that there exists in this Universe a mass of mental phenomena of which we have as yet very little understanding. I know that, as there are universes beyond our earth, and yet others inside the tiny atom, so also there is a universe of mind-stuff; innumerable forms of conscious, unconscious and half-conscious phenomena, about which we are beginning to catch hints. I know it is possible to get knowledge in ways outside those of our five senses, and apparently outside the limitations of time and space. I know that I have been brought into touch with psychic energies, but I cannot tell you whether they are survivals of old friends and relatives, or parts of my own subconscious life, selected out of the stores of my memory by a medium and shaped into the semblance of living organisms—somewhat as I myself, a novelist, take an assortment of ideas and feelings out of my own soul and mould them into a "character" which seems real and living to readers in a score of different lands.

It may be that before many years we shall know which view is nearer the truth; again, it may be centuries before we have minds sufficiently developed to understand these happenings. How long it will take depends in part upon our breaking down

the prejudice of official science, which damns all these phenomena in a mass, simply because they are too marvellous for belief.

I invite you to a séance with a spiritualist clergyman and medium, Arthur Ford, and also to the subsequent discussions between Prof. Wm. McDougall, my wife and myself. I can't give everything, for the séance lasted more than an hour, and after it we three investigators spent three hours going over my written notes and considering every detail. But this article contains the essential points. Having finished it, I asked the patient and kind psychologist to go over it. He has no responsibility for my notes, but allows me to say that to the best of his recollection they are substantially correct.

The place of the séance was a reception room in the People's Spiritualist Church of Los Angeles; the time, three p.m., July 16, 1930. Before setting out for the place, I selected from my letter-files five letters from persons who have "passed over": Jack London, Eugene V. Debs, George Sterling, Georg Brandes, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. I wrapped each of these letters (the Brandes one a postcard) in a large sheet of green paper, and sealed each in a brown manila envelope. My wife and McDougall inspected them, to make sure they were intact. I purposely desired to avoid knowing which envelope contained which letter—this in the hope of excluding telepathy. At the last moment I realised that we should be lost without some way to tell one envelope from another, so I numbered each envelope with a pencil.

Mr. Ford is thirty-three years old, a graduate of Transylvania College, an old institution in Kentucky controlled by the "Disciples of Christ." He has twelve clergymen in his family, and became a clergyman of the "Christian" Church; afterwards he founded the First Spiritualist Church of New York. He is a good platform speaker, sincere, always interesting, frequently witty. He explained that his best work is done in trance, when he is "controlled" by a spirit called "Fletcher," a French-Canadian school friend who has "passed over." Even though we might not accept "Fletcher" as a real person, we were asked to pretend to do so, because that is the way to get results. We agreed, and Mr. Ford tied a handkerchief over his eyes, to shut out the daylight, and sinking back in his chair, began to breathe a bit more heavily, and to toss restlessly. Several minutes passed, and he was, presumably, in trance.

Suddenly the voice of Fletcher: French-Canadian accent,

as it were superimposed upon the Ford voice. Mr. Ford had explained that this was to be expected, because Fletcher was using his speech organs. Said Fletcher: "There is a spirit present, an old lady; she gives the name Hardwick—no, something like that." After some stumbling he changed the name to Harden. "She did not know you; she died young." This was addressed to me. My maternal grandfather was named Harden. I had never heard of a Sally; I wrote to my mother and learned that I have a cousin of that name. I am now trying to find out whom this cousin was named for.

Next Fletcher addressed "the Professor." "I see a spirit, Rebecca, Becky—beautiful—your mother or grandmother, she calls you Willie." Said McDougall: "Correct. My mother." Said Fletcher: "She is not as big as you—small—black dress with white spots, dark, long sleeves." McD.: "I don't remember that." F.: "She has a white collar, white hair, she died a long time ago. She has eyes like you. Her throat was wrong, her lungs wrong." McD.: "She suffered with bronchitis." F.: "She died of that." McD.: "That was not her principal trouble." F.: "I hear a word, little, something Scotch or Irish." McD.: "Tiny?" F.: "No—a little bit, something like that—Smalley." McD.: "Smalley was my mother's maiden name." F.: "She wishes you would make up your mind that you have the evidence of spirit life. There is Sandy or Andy—Andrew in her family. She opens the Bible and points to Isaac. They are Bible names—she loves the Bible. Isaac is her father—no, *your* father. There is Laura in the spirit world."

Prof. McDougall knows of no Andrew in his mother's family, but he has a son named Angus. He knows of no friend of his mother's named Laura; but the mother's name was Rebecca, and the father's was Isaac McDougall. In subsequent discussions with my wife and me, the psychologist pointed out that the medium had had two days' notice of this séance, and who was to attend it, and might have got the data from "Who's Who." Prof. McDougall did not imply that Ford had done this; but as he might have done it, the evidence was invalid. The same thing applied to the name Harden, furnished to me; from "Who's Who in America" you may learn that my mother's name was Priscilla Harden.

But next day, when I came to investigate, I made a curious discovery; no reference book known to our librarians gives the first names of the mother and the father of William McDougall!

"Who's Who in America," gives the initials, while the English "Who's Who" gives nothing. I examined every volume back to 1913, when the name of William McDougall first appears; then I asked two reference librarians, one in the Pasadena public library, the other in the Los Angeles public library, to see if they could find the names. They searched encyclopædias, magazine articles, and books, but failed. McDougall himself cannot think of any possible source of this information. We agree that these "Bible names," Isaac and Rebecca, are unlikely for a mother and father of the British cultured classes.

Fletcher turned to Mary Craig Sinclair, my wife. "Here is something strange—who is Phœbe? Her father calls." M.C.S.: "I am Phœbe." F.: "That is not your real name." M.C.S.: "No, a nickname." F.: "Is your father in the spirit world?" M.C.S.: "No." "There is someone who is fond of you and has passed on. I hear 'Sister Phœbe.' Have you a brother who has passed on?" M.C.S.: "No, but a sister." F.: "I get the name Jess. Yes, Kimball—Kimball—no, the last part is not right—this man wants to give it Kimbrough." M.C.S.: "The other is correct, too." F.: "Uncle Jess Kimball says about Phœbe that her real name is Mary. He says something about trouble with his leg, his right leg. Does that mean anything to you?" M.C.S.: "No, but I know a person named Kimball."

Now anyone may learn from either the English or the American "Who's Who" that the name of my wife is Mary Craig Kimbrough. But where are they going to learn the fact that when she was a little child, nearly forty years ago, her father used to call her "Phœbe" in play? You will note Fletcher hearing "Sister Phœbe," and inventing a dead brother to account for it; but the truth is, the father would recite a nonsense verse: "Oh, Sister Phœbe, how happy were we—be"—and this gave annoyance to the little girl, for the reason that there was an old negress, an ex-slave on the plantation, called Phœbe, and the child did not want to be called after her. I, myself, had never heard the name, and was surprised when my wife claimed it. In order to get that name, Fletcher must have had a spy service, capable of getting at two days' notice a bit of information from the memory of an eighty-four year old planter in the Mississippi delta.

The "Jess Kimball" requires mention. My wife has a woman friend, Jessie Kimball, and Jessie's sister, Esther, slept in a certain room in our home before she died. After her death my wife told me she could hardly bear to go into that room. "I just feel

that Esther is there," she said. "I don't know how to account for it, she is there all the time, and wants to talk to me." I am not assuming any "spirits"; but does it not seem plain that Fletcher got an association train out of my wife's mind? Kimbrough, Kimball, Jessie Kimball—and possibly even farther back—Esther, Bible names, Rebecca, Isaac! Certainly I assure you of this—Mr. Ford had never conversed with my wife prior to the séance. He may have read about "M.C.S." in my books, but nowhere have I written about "Sister Phœbe" or Jessie Kimball.

I wrote to our friend Jessie Kimball, explaining this series of incidents, and asking her to forgive me a personal question: has she had any trouble with the right leg? This brings the reply: "For some time my right big toe bothers me. When I sit down to read my toe has the most unpleasant feeling, as if it were tightly bound." You may call this an odd coincidence if you prefer; but I ought to add that this item of information was assuredly not in the mind of myself or my wife at the time of the séance. Except for a casual meeting in a public gathering, we have not seen Mrs. Kimball for a couple of years.

Now Jack London! Fletcher turned to me. "There is a person here you knew in life—John, called Jack. He talks about writing. His name is London. On the earth plane he read a spiritualist book, *Roving Stars*. He is the nearest to you." There is a defect in my notes here; (there was something to the effect that Jack had been changed in the spirit realm; on earth he had been antagonised by me, or had antagonised me. But we both wanted to upset things.) Said F.: "Did you go on a boat trip with him?" U.S.: "No, but he went on one." F.: "He went, to fight out a great conflict with himself. He calls you Upton, no, something shorter, like Uppie. He says that you have a letter from him here. Is that so?"

Now this was certainly a striking circumstance. How was Fletcher to guess that I had a letter from Jack London with me? To be sure, I had five legal-sized manila envelopes in my hand, but I had not spoken of them, they might have been empty, intended for note-taking, or they might have held other objects than letters. No word about the contents had been spoken in or near the place. No one but my wife and I knew what the envelopes contained; and our conversation about them had taken place in our home.

I answered the question: "I have a letter." Said F.: "Give it to me." Said I: "I am sorry, but it is sealed up in one of

these five envelopes, and I don't know which one." Said F. : "Give me them all." He took them in his hands, and thereafter, through the rest of the séance, he would turn them over and over, holding one separately. He said : "There are others here, more personal. The people are all over here"—meaning that the writers of the letters were dead. U.S. : "That is correct." F. : "There is one named Eugene. It is Eugene Debs." U.S. : "That is correct." F. : "It is very confusing. They get all mixed up. You should have kept the letters separate. But no, you could not have done that. Your vibrations, they come, too. When Debs wrote this he was very—he was entering towards the end. He says"—and here is another defect in my amateur note-taking ; I am not sure whether it was Jack or Gene who was supposed to say : "I have brought a man, Ben Wilson. He is here." Fletcher made the remark that Debs was "ugly, but a beautiful soul," and then he said that Jack's daughter had had "some cheap publicity" and Jack was sorry about that, it was "tawdry." This was presumably a reference to a divorce.

I had chosen this particular letter from Jack London because it had been written during the cruise of the *Snark* ; it had been mailed in Hobart, Tasmania. Later on Fletcher said of it "a short note, some plan not finished, a bread and butter note, you understand ! Thanking you." The letter contained an apology for not writing, on account of illness, and said that Jack had picked up a copy of a new novel of mine in Hobart, and in thi she was "in luck." The reference to *The Star Rover* is obvious ; this book is a favourite with spiritualists and occultists. There is a Ben Wilson, an old friend of London's, still living ; he tells me his grandfather, deceased, had the same name, but did not know Jack.

As to the Debs letter, it had been written in Atlanta penitentiary, near the end of Deb's life. Fingering over the envelopes, Fletcher came back to it, saying as follows : "Eugene, in the letter, is trying to say he had no real bitterness, he would be happy if he could accomplish all—he had written—he wanted to do something that was not personal, but for a cause." Some of the obscurity in the above might be due to my notes, which, being taken in longhand, were incomplete. The subject of the Debs letter is as follows : Debs was distressed because of a rumour in the penitentiary that I had sold out *The Jungle* to the Chicago packers and the book could no longer be had. Debs had said to his fellow-prisoners, he would "stake his head" that the story

was a lie, and he asked me to mail it for him and tell where *The Jungle* could be bought.

Let us finish with the letters, which Fletcher kept coming back to. "One from England—something business, asking rights—something about publishing." The letter from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle informing me that he had read the manuscript of *Mental Radio*, and did not think I could find a publisher for it, but would have to let the best part of my evidence be published by the British or the American Society for Psychical Research.

Again Fletcher said: "One other from Europe—German or Scandinavian. It is this one"—he held up the envelope numbered "four." "Or this"—he held up number five. (Upon examination, after the séance, the envelope containing the Brandes postcard was found to be number four.) Fletcher continued: "The Scandinavian one is congratulatory, the writer is enthused. Does his name begin with a K?" I answered no, and Fletcher said: "I can't get it." The postcard from Brandes, who was a Dane, contained two paragraphs, the first acknowledging the receipt of a book, and the second saying: "I was rejoiced to see the handwriting of a man whom I have long time admired, and shall read your book when, after months, I return."

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS

By A. B.

EXPERIENCE.—In the crucible of experience all our ideals, our mental conceptions, our mental sacrifices, our love of humanity, must be tested. Until then they are not truly our own, but if they stand the test of experience they are ours for ever, for what is experience but the bringing to birth of that which we have conceived within.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE.—There is no failure until there is a possibility of attainment.

PEACE.—Peace is the turn of the tide, it is the point when the individual begins to give up the seeking of anything for the separated self, when he begins to know himself as one with all that is.

A PHASE IN MAN'S EVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

By F. A. LAMPRELL

IF we accept the theory by which man, through the medium of countless lives, arrives at that state known as the Perfect Man, he must at some time find himself a philosopher. There is, perhaps, no word to which a greater number of meanings have been given than to philosophy; it might not be too much to say that every philosopher has a more or less different interpretation. To me, philosophy stands for the reconciliation of material manifestation with immaterial fundamentals, or in other words the reconciliation of the changing to the changeless and by which the relationship between the two is seen to be but One throughout. Seen from this viewpoint, it follows that philosophy at some time must, of necessity, be a study of deep concern to the pilgrim. Man cannot be satisfied continuously with the changing phenomena of material existence; with all its varied and multiple attractions there is that part of himself to which physical matter cannot appeal and which at some time becomes sufficiently dominating to demand attention. At such a time philosophy claims him, and this once attained never actually leaves him. Once this break has been made from material conditions there has happened a thing of the greatest portent, and it is with a phase in his life from now onward that I propose to deal. It is not my purpose to offer any opinions on the different attitudes taken up by neophytes in philosophy to this abstract subject; they vary according to the philosophers themselves, and are naturally as varied as the "make-up" of the individuals themselves. There is, however, the one type which I have in mind and to which what I have to write refers, and that is the earnest philosopher. Those who dabble in philosophy as a passing cult or conventional novelty are not entertained here and have no part in my remarks; it is with one who devotes himself seriously and in deep earnest to the solution of the riddles of life here, and their application to permanent existence, that is my concern, for he is a philosopher whatever may be his interpretations of what he finds.

Philosophy, broadly speaking, may be said to be represented by very many schools of thought, but all can be said to represent

a process of attainment ; each school is working for an attainment of its objective, be that objective either an end in itself or a stage in a process. In this process, therefore, the philosopher finds that every action, be it solar or planetary, is something for him to consider in the light of his philosophy. All the forces and expressions by which he is surrounded have a meaning for him ; the seasons of the year, the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms in all that he sees of their lives, both in relation to themselves and to others ; the four—or we can say now the five—elements ; all the manifestations of what is generally called Nature ; and finally, that which affords him the greatest scope for analysis and deepest concern in his inquiries, *i.e.*, mankind. Life is henceforward a problem for him for solution wherever he finds it, and until his philosophy is complete, to be understood by him. There is no event, either the most important and far-reaching, or the least significant and circumscribed, but should be explained by him in its cause, effect and purpose, and until this can be done satisfactorily his philosophy affords only an insufficient answer. It is seen, therefore, what a great task awaits every would-be philosopher, and it is not surprising that initial attempts so often end as such. The "taking things as they come," or it's "God's way," are much easier conclusions, but many, finding themselves unable to accept the easy method, demand of themselves an explanation, and then become philosophers. It is with the task itself and his own attitude towards it that I am now concerned to explain the meaning to be attached to the title of this article.

The task is prodigious, and the more it unfolds itself the more stupendous it appears. Sometimes in the philosopher's early days the reconciliation of effects to causes, and the reasons therefore, appear to be complete and his philosophy to have an answer for every problem. There is the enthusiasm of this possession answering life's problems which one is very susceptible to, and in consequence a too-ready answer for the inquiries created by certain happenings. These early days are very happy ones, comparatively speaking, but there has been an insufficient searching, and the enthusiasm first experienced becomes subdued and gives place to the calm of reasoning. This is well, because experience has been too brief and only by experience is the real test supplied. As I remarked earlier, every happening in the philosopher's experience demands a solution from him as to its cause, and the reason for both cause and effect as applied to a process, and this being so, the philosopher's life becomes fuller

than before, while at the same time his particular philosophy is being subjected to a severe test. Material existence in its ever-changing phenomena universally, nationally and individually, shows very clearly that however much man may desire to consider his own part alone, his philosophy must have an answer; for events which are not, strictly speaking, shall we say, his concern. His outlook and the necessities he imposes upon his philosophy broaden and his difficulties multiply. The greater his responsibilities to others become, and the more he associates with and experiences of his outside world, the more problems are presented to him. The most trivial happening, as well as the most important, are playing their part in a world-process, and although impermanent, are the handmaidens of a process which leads to spiritual attainment. The philosopher is not in the position of some religionists who are content to leave it to God, or of those who do not trouble about reasons but accept happenings as happenings and nothing more, and will praise or blame as they choose. With the waning of his first enthusiasm comes the test. It appeared very simple in those days to say, for instance, "material possessions are of little concern to me; all I want are the bare necessities"; or, "whatever ill or injustice befall me is not really so, it is apparent only"; or again, "whatever happens to me is due to Karma and is for me to accept in the calm of true philosophy and to extract the lesson conveyed therein." It is an actual necessity that these tests should be made, *and it appears that the moment for Karmic debts coincides with the tests which follow the embracing of philosophy by the one concerned.*

The philosopher is to realise that theory is incomplete and that what he was eager to accept as theory must be understood in practice if the lesson is to be complete. If, up to this moment, he has ignored the deeper meaning of physical existence, he has doubtless committed most of the errors of ignorance, which have created a character needing corrective discipline which alone can wipe off past debts as well as build better qualities. Now is the time of which I wish to write: as these tests assail him his protective armour is his philosophy, and he needs all that and even more. Now he realises what a fountain of truth there is in that commonplace remark "An ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory," for it is easy to talk of suffering, but very difficult to bear it. The burden of physical existence seems to be so much heavier than it used to be, and this is not difficult of understanding. In the old days he was in a position to meet these troubles differently, because he was

much less scrupulous than now and the opportunities of evasion and diversion were readily accepted, and they smoothed away much of his difficulties. He has a two-fold task now ; not only must he endeavour to accept his sufferings and ordeals with composure and the philosophic equanimity that they are due to Karmic adjustment, but that whatever may be the character of the action of others which has imposed pain upon him, his own response shall be influenced by good intentions alone. Such a time as this is generally accompanied by a falling-off of old-time friends and associates. Links with a past which was so different to the present must either snap or weaken, for the very simple reason that our philosopher's own vibrations have now become out of tune with them. At the moment of such snappings or evidence of weakenings it is possible he does not feel their loss, but they constitute among much else a cause of trial for him in reflective moments when he feels heavily burdened. If his philosophy eschews material values he will be tested probably with loss or ill-success generally, both in possessions and earning-power. No man who enters upon this path can pursue a business or social life founded upon present-day morality without finding himself antagonistic to much that goes by the name of business or social custom. Even his family life is touched, because philosophy in its true meaning will not allow any plea of exception to its principles since all are brothers. Not only are his actions subjected to a scrutiny by himself but also his thoughts, because the latter, even if known only to himself, are as much a part of himself as the former, and in one sense even more important. Another concern is food and drink ; he may have been a man of average appetites, but even this average contains much which is undesirable. Formerly these may have provided many opportunities of diversion when ill at ease, very often "cheering himself up," to use a colloquial term ; now, however, his attitude towards food and drink among so much else becomes changed, and he renounces in these things what formerly gave him much pleasure. Coarse recreations no longer are indulged in, much of which in many forms is part of modern activities.

In all his renunciations, however, he calls upon himself for the exercise of tolerance towards others who so indulge or who may show intolerance towards him for not indulging. Possibly our philosopher may endeavour to mould his life according to one of the Great Ones of the past and to live up to some high example set by a Teacher. At least, however, our philosopher's life is now one full of responsibility in every thought and act, and

throughout he calls upon himself for unselfishness in all motives, and his daily task is to fit himself with increasing improvement so as to carry out his ideals with success.

In a short article it is only possible to be brief in describing the ordeals and aspirations of such an earnest philosopher, to describe in full detail would need considerable space. Broadly speaking, however, sufficient has been written to arrive at the time with which I am chiefly concerned, and that is when he feels the enormity of the task he has undertaken and questions his ability to carry it out, and the disappointment, depression, not to say despair, and even uncertainty of his philosophy, assail him. He has given up one life and finds himself deprived, so to speak, of past ambitions and enjoyments before he has found the consolations and strength of the new life. This is the moment of the supremest test yet encountered, and now more than ever before he realises the relentlessness of Time. Those things which he readily gave up have not completely left him as he thought, but in many ways insidiously remind him that by so depriving himself he is faced continuously with his arch-enemy—his own personal self. This is the incubus which bears him down and from which he is struggling to escape. Repeatedly he cries out for strength, but the more he struggles and the greater the strength he uses, the more still he seems to need, because the burden, instead of becoming lighter appears to be pressing heavier upon him. In these days there is most probably a weakness which he suffers from, *i.e.*, self-centredness. His life is a struggle all the time with his lower self, and he concentrates too much upon his own concerns. It is on the one hand evidence of earnestness towards the task he has undertaken, but he tries to do too much struggling himself, and if he would let the Warrior* within him do some of this fighting it would be easier and fuller in its results. There is much that would right itself if he would allow it to do so.

And now there follows a time of uncertainty and doubt; much that he accepted enthusiastically now presents to him queries which did not arise before, and this is aided by disappointments in people whom he considered above the normal, and by others with whom he comes in contact. It is part of a necessary experience that at this stage he should be disappointed with others who are seeking spiritual knowledge and find unlooked-for virtues in the material and worldly-minded, because on the one hand he sees the frailty and imperfection of individuals

* "Light on the Path,"

to express higher truths, and on the other hand that there is so much goodness in the world that it reveals itself where he did not expect to find it. In this period of uncertainty, however, there is a tendency to turn from his disciplinary philosophy in the direction of materialism. The process may be of a very subtle character and various guises may cover it : our philosopher may persuade himself that there is duty to his kith and kin, that he is of more use to the world in general by being materialistic and that he can be materialistic while still preserving his spiritual aspirations and thought-activities. Again, it may be that he thinks there is need for expressing himself scientifically, politically or commercially, or perhaps there is some new entirely social movement into which he throws his activities, but in whatever direction these activities may be he will probably think that he can still preserve his spiritual activities. Lastly, he may say, "I am not yet ready for more than the life of a materialist, although I may do a little good here and there." Any or all of these arguments may influence the bringing about of this retrogression.

What, then, does this change stand for, and how far permanent is it ? It is, in my opinion, a very necessary change and its duration dependent upon the nature of the man himself ; in other words, sooner or later he will emerge from it with necessary experience and the vigour for further effort. Generally speaking, it may be said to be attributed to the aspirant endeavouring to climb too rapidly, and to have set before himself ideals at present beyond his powers. While there may be some truth in this statement, we should not omit to take a more analytical and comprehensive view and see what the future may hold out. Short views are at all times pregnant with risk of overlooking potent eventualities, and in our philosopher's case this is particularly so. What has really happened is in the nature of an inevitable reaction such as may be looked for in any effort in which matter with its inherent dual nature is concerned. Our philosopher has not escaped this, because his spiritual aspirations are made through his personality, and until his physical self has been disciplined so that he is no longer subject to the severity of reaction he is subject to the workings of physical law. It would appear that our philosopher is thrown back upon his old self, but in this there is only an appearance. The seed of awakening to a higher outlook has been sown, and however much he may appear like his old self, he is not so, and it is rather in the character of what may be paradoxically termed a healthy relapse, than

anything else. His old and partly-retained ways will soon cease to afford any satisfaction, and he will again emerge therefrom into added wisdom and experience. The first step has been made, and that is in the realisation that however much the changeable world may afford pleasure so long as man looks for happiness in the changing, there is none to be found when man has ceased to look for his place amid variety. And so our philosopher turns from the allurements of man-made and unsatisfying attractions to a world of greater permanence in which he seeks for knowledge of that which underlies this physical change. He realises, however, that the physical world, with its duality in its active and reactive character is not one to be put on one side in his search for the solution of the Riddle of the Permanent, but one to be understood. The nature of its allurements once understood and overcome, cease to trouble, and their lessons give strength instead of weakness as when yielded to.

Tests are necessary at all stages of the pilgrim's progress and should be expected, no matter how far we progress; we may not unfairly suppose that Gods have their tests in the never-ending unfoldment of the Immanent Powers. This physical planet, while affording on the one hand a great testing experience, also offers illimitable scope for such service as the philosopher may give, and its general activities and opportunities have a value such as can be appreciated only by one who is determined to understand their purpose and to serve that purpose. The philosopher is no dreamer, and if he aspires for knowledge of the fundamentals of his greater existence, he also realises that his physical self is not a useless and undesirable thing, but one by and through which this greater consciousness is to be attained. Until physical incarnation is fully understood and the philosopher becomes one with the purpose of it, there is, in my opinion, an obstacle to the essential progress which has to be made. In this lies the future of co-operation of East and West in our struggling life on this planet Earth, for they are complementary.

Will some philosopher say that I have misnamed my pilgrim when I call him a philosopher, and should have designated him a Yoga initiate? If so, I can but refer him to my definition of philosophy at the beginning of this article.

CORRESPONDENCE

The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, are required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of THE OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

ILL-OMENED MOTOR ROADS

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—In reference to the repetition of bad accidents on certain roads, the question is frequently raised as to whether there exist evil spirits, delighting in blood and death, who whisper a message of madness into a driver's brain, so that caution, or even common-sense, is forgotten.

There is at least one explanation, well known to students of genuine occultism, which fully accounts for this recurrence of accidents, and it is, in the manner of speaking, spiritual, if one takes that word to mean something just beyond the physical plane of life; certainly psychological, and also historical, though that word must be understood in a limited sense.

To take the last word first, there must have been a beginning in these accidents on a particular spot. Someone, by rank carelessness, was the occasion of a bad accident. Let us suppose that the individual in question killed himself, or herself, crippled a passenger for life, and killed or crippled three or four people in the rammed car. This is the historical event which starts all the trouble, and now we come to the "spiritual" element in the case.

I think that most people with any power to think at all realise the power of thought. But as yet very few are aware of the fact that thoughts are things, and that sufficiently intense, concentrated thought results in the production of a perfectly definite form, charged with the impulse or thought which brought it into being. This thought-form is, of course, invisible to ordinary physical sight; but it is none the less fully capable of acting on the mind of anyone coming within its range, and its strength and longevity are dependent on the intensity of the thought which brought it into being.

The psychological element consists in this. Such a thought-form, by its nature, tends to drive anyone influenced by it to commit an act similar to the one which brought it into being. But—and this is a most important point—it cannot have, and in fact never does have, the slightest power over anyone who has not in his or her make-up an innate tendency in the direction concerned, who does not possess a weakness of the specific kind necessary, be it in the way of reckless driving with a supremely selfish disregard for the welfare of others, or of suicide, drink, or whatever it may be. Also, a generally weak, undecided character might be influenced in almost any direction, as

we know. But a strong mentality, more especially if it be an unselfish one as well, is practically immune from these nuisances.

In our hypothetical case, we have to start with our reckless driver and his companion, both drunk, not only with cocktails, but with the intoxication that comes from high speed, and, naturally, completely indifferent as to the effect of their enjoyment on others. One can see them laughing in great delight at a startled pedestrian only just escaping them by a hair's-breadth. Such folk would not be capable of anything strong or exalted in the way of thought, but obviously there would be an intense feeling of reckless enjoyment in their minds, such as those minds were, and supreme, active selfishness. All this produces a combined thought-form, heavily charged with impulses in the way described.

The other party may or may not have been of the same way of thinking. If they should be, they will have produced a similar thought-form, which on the crash would naturally coalesce with the other, just as two globules of mercury coalesce when they meet. The laws of nature are just as definite and unalterable above the physical plane as on it.

Then comes the crash, and as the folk taking part in it suddenly realise what is happening, another combined thought-form is created in a flash by the terrific intensity of feeling and emotion of all concerned—horror, furious anger, terror, despair, every sort of thoroughly undesirable emotion imaginable, all bursting out in a moment of time, with the intensity and violence of a dynamite explosion, but with this difference: once an explosion is done, it is done; but this conglomeration of dreadful emotions, by its very terrific intensity, achieves in a flash relative permanency. Also, because it was due to the thought-form born of selfish recklessness, this second one would in all probability join forces with the first, and when the dead, the wounded, and the wreckage had been removed from the spot, the thought-form would remain, ready to discharge its impulses, like an electrified Leyden jar, on the next passer-by amenable to that sort of influence—unless, by good luck, no such person comes by until it has worn itself out and fallen to pieces. The permanence of such a thing is only relative, but, of course, a fresh discharge of similar emotions and thoughts in the immediate neighbourhood will give it fresh life.

It must not be supposed that such a thing is evil, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is no more evil than the Leyden jar mentioned above. It has been brought into being by certain actions, and the impulse that brought it into being gave it certain specific powers which it uses automatically, given the right conditions.

These conditions are the arrival within its range of a person with an appropriate weakness of character, or lack of self-control, when at once the violent impulse to do something reckless without any regard

to consequences flashes out and enters the consciousness of the new arrival, who at once throws all caution and common-sense to the winds. Then, if anyone happens to be in the way: "Another bad accident on the K—n by-pass road!" and the thought-form, having done its work and received a considerable access of strength and vitality from its latest victims, settles down to wait for another one.

There is no need to invoke the malice of evil spirits or devils, neither of which have any existence in the theological sense. These thought-forms can do all and more than could be done by any suppositious "devil," and with far greater certainty, as the "devil," being a reasoning entity, would certainly get tired of waiting if the right type of victim did not turn up, and try somewhere else, whereas the thought-form can be relied on to stay at its post and do its duty without fail as long as it holds together.

There is, of course, a possible and often probable extension of this principle of active thought-forms, which would entail a rather lengthy explanation, but which is not necessary for the present purpose. In all cases the basic condition, without which no action is possible, is as stated above.

The remedy is to exercise very strict self-control when travelling on such ill-omened roads, and at all times to keep in the front of one's mind the effect of any action on one's part upon other people. A thoroughly unselfish, altruistic turn of mind creates as strong a thought-form as the other, and one which affords the strongest possible protection against those of a dangerous or undesirable nature. The remedy does not seem particularly difficult or arduous. It is a pity that it is not tried more often.

Faithfully yours,
GRAHAM HOPE.

TO HIM WHO CAN READ ARIGHT

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—Always before the eyes of the faithful few, and open to the gaze of every earnest student of the occult, a Great Symbol of absolute truth incarnate presents itself. It is the Rosy Cross.

To look upon it is to love it, to understand it is to be enlightened, but to possess it is to be initiate. None but the fearless dare approach it; only they whom it has proven can attain it, and he who doth attain it is a Rosi-Crucian.

There is no fraternity who may claim its mysteries to exclusion. All have equal claim who understand it, yet every Rosi-Crucian hath an open right and duty to propound his knowledge.

No obligation to a Brotherhood is necessary to be termed a Rosi-Crucian, yet he who boasteth so, he may of right alone be called a Rosi-Crucian *Student*.

Many receive instructions from the Masters though they know it not. Many are Rosi-Crucian Students in the Spirit, though they dare not claim so. Many who act on impulse in a certain manner, obey an order from the Rosi-Crucian centre. Great Lodges and Offices on this plane are non-existent to the Rosi-Crucian. Yet he alone knows the solitary Chapters of the Brethren in silence.

Every Rosi-Crucian is his own Lodge and Chapter, and in co-operation with the Logos is a self-sufficient law.

Who is there that hath seen a Rosi-Crucian and hath known him on this plane? On finer planes of matter is the Rosi-Crucian *found*, but he may be *met* in the world.

The darkness is his origin, and his end is silence: but his darkness is that light which blinds the ignorant, and renders him obscure, as also that which is silence to the vulgar is, to him, the throbbing of the Cosmic Heart and Life Stream which he alone can hear, and unto which he travels.

Whoever seeks in earnest shall find him. Whoever lays in wait shall be eluded. They, least of all, who grasp, shall be enlightened. They shall find indeed: but find deception.

Who reads, and readeth truly, here is our message:

To every man who helps our work, may God be with him. And to thee, Brother, Peace Profound.

“AMANUENSIS.”

SWEDENBORG AND REINCARNATION

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—In a work entitled *The Kingdom of Heaven as Seen by Swedenborg*, the author (J. H. Spalding) quotes Swedenborg to the effect that “pure Divine truth without an admixture of human frailty or error can not exist in the conscious mind of either man or angel.” It follows, therefore, that Swedenborg’s teachings must be read in the light of this dictum. If we are the products of creation by evolution then all knowledge must be progressive. Swedenborg or his instructro may have considered the knowledge of reincarnation premature for the masses of the West in his day, while it has become necessary now by the general acceptance of a belief in evolution.

The above-mentioned work contains a synopsis of Swedenborg’s teachings, and a perusal will show that it needs the doctrine of reincarnation to make it fit into the scheme of things.

There may have been interior reasons for excluding the teaching of reincarnation from Christianity in the fourth century.

Yours truly,

H. L. P.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL is of considerable and varied interest, but one of its best papers can be noted only in passing, because the subject lies beyond our circle of concern. It is a study of Thucydides, by Professor Carleton W. Stanley, Professor of Greek at the McGill University, Montreal. He regards the historian of the Peloponnesian War not only as the real "father of history," rather than Herodotus and as one whose record has been "marvellously confirmed by all subsequent investigation," but as a great Athenian patriot and a profound intelligence, "gazing not merely around him in one of the greatest ages of history, but also before and after, down long vistas of the past and future." Between these statements, which open and close the monograph, the thesis offers its evidence and would send one at least of its readers back to the study of Thucydides, did time and preoccupations permit. Mr. J. H. Tuckwell's appreciation of Indian Philosophy comes to us with a strong appeal. It is the contribution of one who believes that "the essential pantheism of her religion" will save that convulsed country from the disintegration which appears to threaten her. But the reference is to a "higher pantheism which discerns the divine Atman, or Self, in all things, and all things in the divine Atman, or Self." It is affirmed to be the most universal and practical of principles, "a sound metaphysical basis for what we term a state," understood as an "archetectonic" creation, "an entelechy," an organic unity which persists while individuals pass. However this may be, we are concerned more especially with another aspect of the subject, the result in experience of the realisation of self in unity, the deliverance accomplished thereby, the emancipation of the individual soul.

That which Mr. Tuckwell denominates the "authentic voice" of India on this theme has been heard by him in almost a plenary sense, and he brings its messages, in part a transcript from Vivekananda, Radhakrishnan and Dasgupta, but with something of his own findings. It is a way of salvation for those who can reach thereto and abide therein; it might well save India and other threatened realms, could we conceive a State ruled by such a principle; but this surely is the stuff of dreams. Mr. Tuckwell, after all, is like an ambitious and promising student pondering over a new and pregnant theme; but he is followed by Mrs. Rhys Davids, whose consideration of Man and his time-immemorial history is called otherwise "a study in the Wisdom of India." Now, this Wisdom has been her life-long study; she knows all its aspects and all the records of these. But her proposal is in reality one of emigration from India, from the doctrine of "Thou art That." She prefers to look upon man

as a wayfarer through many worlds, with a right of way in all and exercising that right to fulfil the Law of his Becoming. In virtue of this Law and of the process which is called Becoming, it is not to be said now that the "Man" is "That." Yet is he "That" in the germ, and to become "That" is the end of all the process. We cannot help thinking the study is hampered with many difficulties of expression which are not essential to the subject; that some very real difficulties are passed over utterly; that it might take a volume to convince us on the metaphysical possibility of a "germ" of "That"; while, for the rest, we feel that the whole wayfarer story was summed up in those few lines of Wordsworth which tell of our coming from afar.

Mr. H. P. Cook raises the question: "Who really put Jesus to death, and what manner of death did He die?" He makes a searching examination of New Testament accounts and allusions, which suggest the interweaving of "two distinct and conflicting traditions: one pointing to the Romans and Pilate, and thus to death on the Cross; the other to the Jews and Chief Priests and to hanging or stoning or both." The paper has a few strong points, is quite tentative, and asks for further research. It will be needless to remind readers that the New Testament narratives are narratives of Crucifixion and nothing else. The debate raised is whether they are inventions as such, having substituted the passion of the Cross for the extreme penalty of Jewry. The motive of such an exchange does not emerge.

We learn with satisfaction from the *SUFI QUARTERLY* that a new study of the Blessed and Admirable Ruysbroeck has appeared recently in the French language and is the work of a lady, the Baronne Melline d'Asbeck. A citation from her preface suggests that the old Flemish mystic has been stripped of his mediæval terminology, as a result of which the inward sense and concepts of his work are held to emerge in harmony with "the most actual of our systems and the most recent of our spiritual ambitions." The statement itself calls for translation into other terms, and fortunately the need is supplied by an epilogue which seems to be printed in full. It appears therein that Ruysbroeck has said in the language of his particular epoch what has been said in all tongues of the world, otherwise, "Thou art That," on which affirmation we have just seen that Mrs. Rhys Davids has offered a new commentary. Ruysbroeck, however, was not a doctor of pantheism, and opposed the pantheism of his period. He was a great doctor of the Union attained in experience, and the capacity for this experience in the soul of man is perhaps after all that "germ" to which Mrs. Rhys Davids refers. We are not satisfied with her expression, nor do we think that "capacity" is preferable to the "germ" formula. We are not satisfied at the root of things by the notion of attained union in place of fundamental identity; but it is idle to say that Ruysbroeck's distinction is a mediæval vesture of words. It is the distinction between a standpoint which the militant

orthodoxy of the period contrived to suffer and that which it was armed to exterminate.

Miss Ursula Bloom contributes some "Thoughts on Religion" which are pleasant reading; but we question whether they will satisfy the surface-reader, or those who think more deeply. There is not for her "one single shred of evidence" that we do not "go on" after death, and much to show that we do—our intuitions, for example. This will not prove very helpful to the first class, who "find no motion in the dead." The alternative class, on the other hand, will not be satisfied by a supplementary thesis which tells them that "we are all part of the Infinite," for the Infinite has no parts: *non pars est sed totum*.

The last article in the issue is an admirable study of Major Yeats-Brown's *Bengal Lancer*, from the standpoint of its "effort to interpret Indian Yoga philosophy." It is excellent in every way and commands our unreserved agreement, from the first page to the last.

There is more than one sense in which ANTHROPOLOGY must be said, for us at least, to stand alone among the quarterly reviews of the day. We look for it with anticipation and read it with respect, and a certain quality of interest. It is about to complete a fifth year of consecutive publication, and having regard to its special nature, it seems to us almost a miracle that it has so far won its way, while we are lamenting the suspension of THE QUEST after twenty years of struggle. The latter was qualified frequently as a *succès d'estime*, and never paid its way on the basis of circulation. It seems to us the loss-in-chief of the higher journalism which has befallen in this twentieth century. We know nothing of the circumstances under which ANTHROPOLOGY came into existence, but the fact that it is maintained therein is a *succès de force* which deserves great credit, and we offer our congratulations to the editor, Mr. D. N. Dunlop, whom we knew once upon a time in theosophical circles. It must owe much to his sustained effort, and he sees to it assuredly that all articles reach a certain level and connect with the subject-general to which the review is devoted. Among those in the latest issue, that of Dr. W. J. Stein on India affirms that "the nature of the impulse given by Buddha appears in its full depth and truth" only in the light of Christianity. That of Mr. E. C. Merry discusses the Beatitudes and finds that they "point to the progressive development" and ascent of man into the freedom of the Ego. That of Dr. Suchantke opens a series on the Threefold Nature of Man; but it is that of the human organism and not the old distinction between body, soul and spirit. Finally, there is a study of Martianus Capella and his book on the Seven Liberal Arts, the only contribution which can be said to lie by possibility within a circle corresponding to general and independent interest. It is to be observed that every subject which finds a place in ANTHROPOLOGY has reference to the late Dr. Rudolf Steiner as

source of inspiration, ultimate authority, and final court of appeal. For those who cannot look at him from these standpoints, the unceasing reiteration is wearisome and produces the opposite of the effect intended. They may follow Miss Ita Wegman, M.D., through pages and pages in the first place of the issue, excogitating the supposititious work of St. Michael on the basis of Dr. Steiner's adventures in vision. But it will bring them no conviction, more especially when they hear—on the same authority—of a high spiritual intent in the "Chymical Marriage" of J. V. Andreas, the same being a *ludibrium* written at sixteen, as its author tells us; and when they hear also that the Comte de Saint-Germain, an amateur and highly unsuccessful diplomatist employed, but quickly thrown over, by the French Court and Mdme. de Pompadour, had a private proposition "to create a new social order out of a religious impulse." So far as we can follow such imaginings they have no foundations, and what then of the vast speculations beyond all checking and concerned with the cosmic order or schemes of human redemption? Who shall take seriously the dogmatic affirmation of Dr. Stein, reflected from the founder of Anthroposophy, and believe that "on Golgotha the Redeemer atoned—on behalf of humanity and of the earth—for the iron that had been poured into earthly evolution"? We build us many Houses of Faith and many are the woof of dream; but the records concerning some seem to have a touch of nightmare.

ATLANTIS is by no means the only French review which exists to promote research into those problems and mysteries of the past which belong to traditions of the West. L'INITIATION was founded by Papus with this express object in days that now seem remote, and after a useful career was succeeded by LE VOILE D'ISIS, which proposes the same intention, or did at least formerly. The Friends of Atlantis must be congratulated on their official organ, which not only keeps us in touch with all that is written concerning the vanished continent, but even with the views of those who regard Atlantis as a purposed myth. They correct the old adage, *ex oriente lux*, by ascribing a western origin to civilisation. The latest issue points out that the oldest poems of the Vedas are not regarded now as anterior to the seventh century B.C.; that Buddha was posterior to Thales; and that the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* belong to the beginning of the Christian era or thereabouts. . . . LE VOILE D'ISIS gives extracts from a Pehleir MS. at Copenhagen as evidence that before and above the Ormuz and Ahriman of Iranian tradition there was and is the illimitable Zurvan, corresponding to the Unity which produced the Binary, according to other myths. . . .

The indefatigable M. Henri Durville has produced the first number of yet another periodical for the promotion of his *Ordre Eudique* and the ultimate creation and endowment of a Temple to be called *Eudianum*, of which we have spoken on several

occasions previously. It must be said, however, that his latest schemes seem regrettable even for a professional French adept. LES FORCES SPIRITUELLES seems likely to create a scare on the subject of spells, bewitchments, sorcery, and the general apparatus of Black Magic. It is alleged that all these devilries are being practised in France, and the *Ordre Eudique* exists—among other things—to offer protection against them. It issues medals and insignia which guard and heal like talismans. The *Eudianum*, when it has come into being, will do similar work on a more efficient and larger scale. It will be also an initiatory centre, where students will graduate for adeptship in the traditional science of the past. Presumably M. Durville will be installed as Grand Hierophant, and the curriculum will embody his understanding of the problematical subject. We remember this prolific writer's enormous volume on *La Science Secrète*, and we do not feel encouraged. . . .

Another Parisian venture is a BULLETIN DES POLAIRES, of which six issues have appeared as official organs of a Polar Brotherhood—*Fraternité Polaire*—the most curious perhaps of denominations which have come within our circle of knowledge. It carries, however, a high significance. We are told that from time out of mind the Symbolical Mountain of Initiation has been termed Polar, and that the primordial tradition which is the source of all others, is affirmed everywhere to have had its seat in hyperborean regions. Let it pass as such, though we have dwelt among these subjects through the moons and the years, but have not heard the claim till now. It follows that the Polar Brotherhood seems with us for some purpose and may take ultimately all scales from our eyes. They should be well qualified, for they are in touch with "the Rosicrucian Initiating Centre in Mysterious Asia," by the orders of which they have established their fraternity and founded its BULLETIN, which must bear always on its cover a white hexagram on an azure ground. It is so done accordingly, the willing obedience being doubtless a test of merit. The Polarians are out otherwise on instructions to make war unceasing against "impostors and false illuminés." Our place is surely with them, and we feel warranted in taking their word when they tell us (1) that they are non-dogmatic; (2) that they do not use telepathy; (3) that their practical system has no part in trance, clairvoyance, or other psychism; and in particular (4) that they avoid Kabbalistic Divination.

Among other recent foundations, the *Cosmic Dawn* of Los Angeles talks of the Great Mystery and the Hidden Way; but we regret that it has nothing new to offer on these enthralling subjects. There is also the GOLDEN DAWN, a title which recalls the Hermetic Order of that name, which had a chequered history in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The new venture appears in London, and although not very distinctive, it bears the stamp of sincerity.

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REVIEWS

THE TEMPLE OF THE BODY. A Book of Prayers and Meditations, sent by The White Brotherhood through Mabel Beatty, C.B.E. London: Rider & Co. Crown 8vo, pp. 128. Price 2s. 6d. net.

The Temple of the Body is a fine title, which should be the outward mark of an inward grace. Beautiful these prayers and meditations are indeed; they illumine the inner reaches of the soul, shining through the encompassing shadows in the Silence of the Sanctuary like holy tapers; more by suggestion, an appreciation of the value of the unuttered word, than by direct statement do they open the inner eyes. We are made to see that in treading the Path of Realisation, through Self-knowledge, we each must come at length to the feet of the Divine. So to say little and tell much is the essence, the very breath, of Wisdom; none can by raking in the dull embers of learning, humid with earth, stir up the smouldering spark of the spirit into a leaping, living flame, unless first be poured out, as here, on the altar of the heart the oil of faith. Upon this altar must be laid the sacrifice of the carnal Self. Too often, we fear, burns there, fragrant in our nostrils, only the incense of our own pride; thus Satan enters as Hierophant.

FRANK LIND.

DE ELECTIONE GRATIAE AND QUAESTIONES THEOSOPHICAE. By Jacob Böhme. With a biographical sketch, translated from the German by John Rolleston Earle, M.A. London: Constable & Co. Pp. lxx. + 327. 10s. 6d. net.

ELEVEN years ago Dr. J. R. Earle published his translation of Jacob Böhme's *Six Theosophic Points*, a work recommended by Miss Evelyn Underhill as a general account of Böhme's doctrine and as an introduction to his works. He now issues through the same firm his English version of the illuminated cobbler's discussion of the profound problems of Grace and Election, supplemented by a short general account of his view of Divine Revelation, under the title of "*Quaestiones Theosophicae*," the whole prefaced by a translation of Dr. H. A. Fechner's "sketch" of Jacob Böhme's life. Concerning which "sketch" let me say that, full of interest as it is, one could wish that the learned author had adopted a less patronising tone towards the subject of it and his academic deficiencies, the latter being a stumbling-block only to pedants. Of Böhme's doctrine as a whole Dr. Fechner concludes that it is the point of union where the naturalistic theosophy of Paracelsus, the Lutheran mysticism of Schwenkfeld and the decidedly mystical theosophy of Weigel, intersect and find their solvent unity. This judgment suggests a synthesis rather than a creative activity.

"The words of Scripture are true," says Böhme, "but an understanding must go with them, and not an outward imagining in which men exercise their fancy about a strange God who dwells alone far off and high up in a heaven. We will point out to Reason in a brotherly way how Scripture is to be understood when it speaks of the purpose and election of God;

and we will give to Reason the true understanding as to how election takes place and what the purpose is." That is an admirable statement of the high theme of the book, which will be its own recommendation to those to whose interest it appeals. As to the actual translation, it could not be bettered, I believe. Dr. Earle's English is virile and idiomatic: it is not for nothing that he is the son of a professor of Anglo-Saxon. And he inspires the assurance of being in close touch with the original. But I am cross with him for remaining so austere aloof: one would like much to hear *his* views as to the significance of Jacob Böhme.

CHARLES WHITBY.

THE BOOKS OF THE SIRENS, with LOVE AND THE MIRROR. By Rathmell Wilson. The Caxton Bookshop. 2s. 6d. net.

A FEAST of humour, poetry, sentimentality and cynicism is provided in this reprint which, considering both bulk and intrinsic interest, is uncommonly cheap at half a crown. It contains, for instance, a set of drolleries about a sage and a monarch admirably neat in invention and graceful in phrasing. Mr. Wilson's fancy easily evokes the flowers of Bohemia and aptly animates cosy corners. He does not shun the surface of tragedy and want; his satire does not forget the dominance of the flesh or the monotony of monogamy. But he does loiter among dismal things, and in *Love and the Mirror* we find him arranging a sugary ending like a candied confectioner. One cannot read him seriatim without perceiving and admiring his worldly wisdom and the accurate descent of prettily-feathered arrows upon the target of life. He has, like Wilde and Gilbert, a stylistic constructiveness, to which, however, he is not always true, and he has a talent for depicting girls which betokens rare sympathy with the feminism which exists apart from the physiology of sex. Death, by the way, is female in one of his fantasies; Life is "my dear lady" in another.

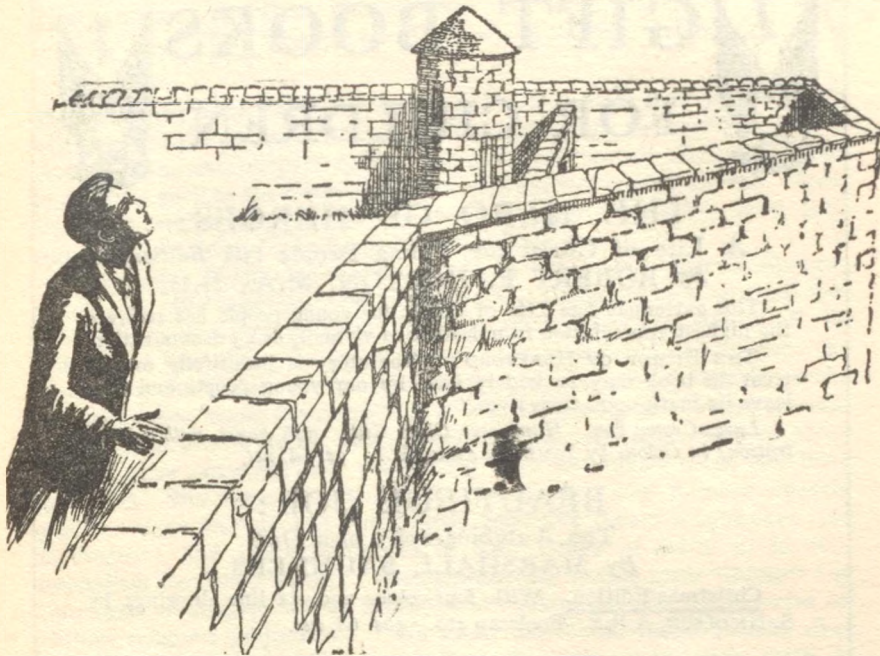
W. H. CHESSON.

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN W. G. R. HINCHCLIFFE, D.F.C., A.F.C.
By Emilie Hinchliffe. London: The Psychic Press, 2, Victoria Street, S.W. Pp. 90. Price 2s. 6d.

WITH this evidence as to the persistence of personality beyond the grave, a large section of the public must already be familiar; Mrs. Hinchliffe's story has been widely circulated in the Press, apart from her own extensively toured series of lectures. Spiritualists will, however, be glad to have by them this full and concise record of *The Return of Captain W. G. R. Hinchliffe*; others, to whom the tale is not "twice told," should they at first be sceptical, lifted to giddy heights above the groundling flights of fiction, will come to earth sorely shaken in their attachment to the material.

A frontispiece portrait of Mrs. Hinchliffe, herself not very sharply defined, with an "extra" that is little more than a smudge, fogs rather than solidifies the issue. The spirit, we surmise, was willing—but the negative is weak. Or is it the reproduction of the photograph alone that has not "come up" to expectation?

FRANK LIND.



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THE PEOPLE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS. By H. P. Blavatsky. Cr. 8vo, pp. 227. The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois, U.S.A. Price \$2.

MANY a reader who does not know H. P. B. in her less studious moments will welcome the re-issue of one of her works where the lighter touch is evident. She earned part of her living, in her earlier days, by skilful journalism, such as the chapters of this well-written volume reveal. They were first written as contributions to a Russian magazine; later sub-edited, and translated into English for this book form.

The "Blue Mountains" are the Nilgiri mountains west of Madras, which were only penetrated by white people as recently as a century ago. Where there was any mystery, any hint of magic, there was H. P. B. She relates how she spent some years in the endeavour to elucidate the mystery of the Todas, that still mysterious hill people who dwelt on the mountain tops, eight thousand feet above the sea level. Where government agents utterly failed, she succeeded, and her explanation as given here is more complete and convincing than any other that has been advanced. She traces the history of the Todas, who number exactly 700, no more and no less, with their repulsive dwarf neighbours, the Kourombs; and relates instances of their power of astral projection, hypnotism and other sorcery. Incidentally she makes some illuminating comments on English rule in India; and equally devastating remarks on various religious prejudices: "We know and could name Jesuits who, with all their power, tried to confirm the natives in their faith in the Might of Satan rather than permit their conversion to Protestant Christianity."

H. P. B. was a keen observer, a patient and tenacious student of phenomena, and a great lover of artistic beauty in the landscape, though it is true that few sensitive people could fail to be impressed with the glories of the Nilgiri Hills. Here, then, is a work for young people who show signs of interest in the occult, before proceeding to tougher material. It will surely awaken response in those who are ready for teaching.

W. G. R.

THE GOD WITHOUT AND THE GOD WITHIN. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 139.) By C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. Madras: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 38. Price *Annas* 4.

From the moment we perceive Life as a dual process, that of the God without calling to the God within for unity, then every experience is a step forward on the true path. Upon this point Theosophy is quite clear. What it fails to explain is: How came the fly in the amber? God imprisoned in Illusion, behind bars of His own forging, implies a defect in Divinity. Unless *Maya* is an essential expression of the Infinite. The circumference of a circle is purely imaginary, yet without a boundary there can be no centre; sound is in the womb of silence, though utterance is but an empty breath. Both grain and husk produce the Bread of Life. The statement that "the world process, even if it enshrines a *Maya*, is of use to the Divine Nature, in enabling it to release Itself from Its imprisonment," does not lead us very far.

FRANK LIND.

WINE FROM THE TAVERN : Inscribed by Nargis, Pupil of Inayat Khan.
Rider & Co., Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.
Price 2s. 6d. net.

EMERSON in one of his Essays, speaks of "The identity of Mysticism in all periods," and in this beautifully written book the assertion of that lucent-minded American, with the soul of an ancient Greek, is amply justified. "From the beginning of Time God has spoken to humanity through His Son. From the foundations of the world all Great Souls who have reached the stage of 'at-one-ment' with their Father in Heaven, are called Sons of God," so states Nargis, and it is deeply interesting to follow the intimate similarity of the Sufi faith with the Christian ideals, but the mystical expansion of the former into a condition wherein the "Self" becomes, as it were, immersed in this general Whole, creates a picture a little difficult for the Christian to follow. The *active* mentality of Western peoples is so different from the quiet and gentle musings of the East that it inevitably visualises a future condition in which activity is ever present in one form or another. The author remarks: "The Mystic is sometimes thought of as a dreamer, or visionary, raised so far above the ordinary daily life of man, as to be incapable of understanding its many difficulties, hence the mystic path holds little attraction for the man of the world."

"Wine," we are told, "is the knowledge of Divine truth; the Tavern is the Pilgrim's heart, where love, exhilarating, as is wine, abounds." I find in the Quietism of Fénelon and Madame Guyon a kinship with the mystical self-renunciation of Sufism.

EDITH K. HARPER.

FREEDOM—AND BROTHERHOOD. By Dorothy Mary Codd. Cr. 8vo.
pp. 46. Theosophical Publishing House. Price 1s.

IN the six chapters of this simply-written booklet, Miss Codd discusses a theme that has again become prominent in occult matters: the theme of coercion, of threats, of punishments, and other offences against human freedom. Softly, but lucidly, she states her position, making a gentle protest against those who would impose their ideas, their ethics, their systems, and all their limitations, on other people. Yet she does not forget to show that freedom is not synonymous with licence: that because some tyrant may be "free" that freedom by its existence throws the shadow of slavery over the unfortunates whom he oppresses. There is no possibility of giving freedom: it must be earned and then taken. Obedience to stupidity is a grave error against true brotherhood; and public opinion (so easily manufactured in these days of monopolised newspapers) is often a pestilence. The author pleads—and we would join her plea—for a sane individualism, to educate beings who will unite voluntarily in co-operation for the common good, yet without seeking to impose by force, physical or social, their opinions on others. Teachers and priests who cramp young minds, commit a greater sin than those who cramp their limbs. A wider and more extended expression of these things may bring a welcome renaissance in certain schools of occult study.

W. G. R.

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LITERATURE AND OCCULT TRADITION. *Studies in Philosophical Poetry.* By Denis Saurat. Professor of French Literature in the University of London; King's College. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Pp. 246. 12s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR SAURAT is well known for his careful and scholarly studies in the field of literature, particularly in relation to philosophical poetry since the Renaissance. In the present volume he outlines his general theory that among the great representatives of the latter, though with variations due to the character, intelligence and environment of each poet, is to be found the expression of a body of common ideas related to neo-platonism and various occult doctrines, such as the Qabalah and Theosophy, but original in its essence, which represents the mind of modern man. The more detailed studies which support his theory are to be found in some of his other works on Milton, Blake and Victor Hugo, but the wealth of quotations here presented to the reader—not merely from these three authors, but from Goethe, Shelley, Wagner, Whitman, Nietzsche and, above all, Spenser—analytically treated and illustrated by copious extracts from the Zohar, should be sufficient to enable a judgment to be formed on the hypothesis submitted.

Broadly speaking, we are disposed to agree that Professor Saurat has made out a tolerably strong case for a certain parallelism. Certainly with regard to Spenser it is easier to admit a strong Qabalistic influence than to account for many of his ideas in any other manner. On the other hand, the more we are disposed to accept any direct connection between such philosophical poetry and an occult tradition, the less we find ourselves able to agree with the thesis that anybody of common ideas of which it may be the expression is original in its essence; and even apart from any such relationship we are unable to detect much that is original in the accepted sense of the word.

For ourselves we must confess to a better knowledge of the Qabalah than of the poets, but we feel that in dealing with the latter an undue emphasis is given to sensual and antinomian characteristics. This, in our opinion, is certainly the case with regard to the former, and indicates a fundamental misconception of Zoharic doctrines in which, we regret to say, the author is not alone. We must also record our emphatic disagreement with the statement that if the poets were not themselves occultists "it is mainly because of their superior culture." Nor can we admit that "occultism is the place of refuge of all vanquished religions and philosophies." Furthermore, we feel that such sweeping generalisations as "philosophical poets are not mystics" and "mystics are, above all, sentimentalists and generally mediocre as regards intellect . . . (while) philosophical poets are intellectuals . . . great masters of logical subtleties, rationalists to the very core" are not likely to commend themselves to the majority of readers capable of appreciating a book of this type.

In justice to Professor Saurat, however, such criticisms should not be allowed to deter anyone from reading this remarkably interesting work, which undoubtedly throws much new light upon the ideas of the poets, and suggests an interesting field for further investigation.

E. J. L. G.

EGYPTIAN CIVILISATION, ITS SUMERIAN ORIGIN. By L. A. Waddell, LL.D., C.B., C.I.E. London: Luzac & Co. 8vo, pp. xx ÷ 223 (including Index). Profusely illustrated. Price 12s. 6d. net.

MENES or Manj, uniter of the two crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt notwithstanding the finding of his "tomb" (here deciphered as his "cenotaph," page 69) by Sir Flinders Petrie at Abydos in 1900, has hitherto been regarded as a product of myth; he is, according to the very latest text-book on Ancient History, "a conflate personage of legend." Now comes Mr. Waddell with abundant evidence as to the truly historical character of Menes, whose genealogy he painstakingly traces back through seven centuries to the first Sumerian or Aryan king. The valuable discoveries reported in this book issue from a comparison of the King-Lists of the Early Aryans in the Puranas with the records of the Sumerian Mesopotamian kings on their inscribed monuments and in the official Mesopotamian King-Lists. Quite conclusively is shown the identity of the Mesopotamian world-emperor, Manis-the-Warrior, the eldest son and successor of the Sumerian world-emperor King Gin or Guni, with "Manas-the-Uniter," the Prabhu (or Pharaoh); called in the solar version of the Indian epic chronicles "Manja-the-Shooter," the son of Kuni or Sha-Kuni, *i.e.*, "Sargon-the-Great." Manis-Tusu, we are told, corresponds to Akha-Manj; Tusu, which means in Sumerian "War or Fight," being the equivalent of the Egyptian *Akha* or *Aha*, "The Warrior" (a borrowed Sumerian root, signifying "Fight, strike down"). From *Tusu*, Mr. Waddell points out, is derived our English word "tussle."

A treat for the student of Egyptology, this erudite work more than repays the expenditure of a little mental energy. FRANK LIND.

THE SPLENDOUR OF LIFE. By Edward Corse Scott. London: Rider & Co. Pp. 222. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is really an excellent book, full of sound common sense, happily phrased and thoughtfully written. The author endeavours throughout to look facts squarely in the face, and does not slur over the difficulties he encounters in so doing. By some he may be accused of being an incurable optimist, but we would venture to suggest that he is the right kind of optimist, and that the world would be an immeasurably better place if there were more sympathy for such views. Mr. Scott is sufficiently broad-minded to realise that what may appear reasonable to one person will not necessarily seem so to another, and there are certain points in his book with which we cannot find ourselves in agreement. We do not, however, propose to dwell on these, for the simple reason that they do not, in our opinion, detract from the general appeal that the book should make to most thoughtful people. The author is a careful observer of Nature, and is manifestly a great lover of Truth and Beauty everywhere, and the reader will find much to stimulate thought in seeing how Mr. Scott discovers these in the most unlikely places. The book is not written for scholars, but for the plain, straightforward man, and should make a particularly great appeal to youth. At the same time there are many scholars who, if we may judge from their works, might well be benefited by seeing what Mr. Scott has to say on a variety of subjects.

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STUDIES IN MATTHEW. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., D.Litt. (Oxon.). Pp. xxvi x. 533. London: Constable. Price 18s. net.

The investigation of gospel-origins, by which is usually meant the endeavour to determine the sources of the canonical gospels, has, it is claimed, reached certain assured results, particularly in connection with the synoptic problem. Few scholars now question the priority of Mark, and the literary dependence upon it of Matthew and Luke.

In *Studies in Matthew* Dr. Bacon deals very thoroughly with the sources and contents of this gospel. He rejects altogether the early tradition of a Hebrew, or Aramaic original. "The scholar must either renounce entirely the right to judge of ancient writings by their form and content, or else admit that Mt is not a translation from any other language, but originally composed in Greek" (p.9). Certain legendary elements of a Judaic character are accounted for by the incorporation at a later date of parts of a Nazarene (Jewish-Christian) Aramaic paraphrase of the Greek text. Dr. Bacon holds strongly that Jewish-Christian influence was secondary. As far as he is concerned, the Mother-Church of Jerusalem, the Church of the Apostles, had no written gospel of its own until, on receiving copies of the Greek Mt published among Gentile-Christians; the Nazarenes altered and adapted it to suit their own requirements. The corpus of ancient testimony to an original Hebrew Mt, the source of our Greek gospel, is boldly set aside as a delusion based on a misunderstanding of the well-known statement of Papias (A.D. 140-150), that "Matthew compiled the logia in the Hebrew tongue and everyone used to translate them as he was able." "Travellers like Pantænus," says Dr. Bacon, "who chanced upon the *Aramaic rendering of our own Greek Mt* (the italics are mine) current among the Nazarenes of Mesopotamia and known to modern scholars as the *Gospel of the Nazarenes (Ev. Naz.)*, were exposed to the temptation to invert the relation between the two, calling the targum the original and the Greek Mt the translation. Of course the Nazarenes themselves did their utmost to promote this misrepresentation . . ." (p. 478). This is to cast an unwarranted aspersion on the Jewish-Christians, and is symptomatic of the literary Judæophobia which characterises so many Christian investigators of gospel-origins. I have been able to point out myself, in *An Old Hebrew Text of Matthew*, certain evidences of Greek mistranslation from Hebrew (quite apart from O.T. quotations) which go some way towards proving that Dr. Bacon's sweeping assertions, however supported by a weight of learned arguments, are not borne out by the facts. Indeed, the whole question of the Jewish-Christian gospels is badly in need of fresh study, and Dr. Bacon (Appended Note VI) discloses one direction in which research could be profitably extended, viz.: in the elucidation of the dual structure of Ev. Heb. as consisting both of a Life of Christ and an Acts of the Apostles.

The ultimate aim of these studies is to clear the way for a more exact Life of Christ, and there can be no question as to the abiding value of Dr. Bacon's scholarly contribution towards this end. Not the least valuable part of the present volume is the fresh and highly competent translation of the Matthæan text with marginal notes of the conjectural source of each passage. The book should find a permanent place in the library of every student of Christian problems.

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD,

L'HOMME ET LE MONDE. By HANS DRIESCH. Translated by M. Gabriel Gobron. Paris : Les Éditions Jean Meyer (B.P.S.)

IN this work, which treats of the consciousness of man and his knowledge of the Universe in which he lives, clear indication is made where science ceases and hypothesis begins—so we are informed in the preface. It would seem, after a considerable amount of talking, that the advanced scientist of to-day is in practically the same position in regard to all that matters as was primitive man ; he has merely arrived there by another route. He experiments with electrons and protons, knowing what he wants will be achieved ; the savage experimented with his bow and arrows and was equally successful. That there is a Real of which the apparent we experience is but the shadow seems a self-evident fact, since the very idea of an appearance is itself suggestive of a reality. The interior world of mankind, dream-life, in which the departed meet with him once more, suggests an after-life, and the hope of this after-life plus a feeling of dependence is the basis of all religion.

This briefly is the state of primitive man.

In the chapter which deals with the *I* and *not I* it is pointed out that the very fact of knowing is an aspect of the REAL, and concerning religion we are told : "Love for the Most High founded upon Knowledge, Love of the Mind of God, is the last word of Philosophy, that is to say the comprehension of the essence of the Real translated in thought by man." By means of great art, especially music, one may lose oneself in the Intuitive Love of God, a love which is based upon conception of the essence (of beauty). *L'Homme et Le Monde* is a work written with exceptional clearness, though the average reader may find the metaphysical disquisitions rather "stiff" reading.

ETHEL ARCHER.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY. Lectures delivered in Chicago, U.S.A., in 1910, and subsequently at the Annual Convention of the Burma Section in 1914, by C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. Madras : Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. xii 68. Boards, *Annas* 12 ; cloth, 1 *rupee* 4 *annas*.

"Bring up a child, and *away it will go!*" wrote Mark Twain, with cynical humour. Well, in very many cases, the child is not to blame : its untrammelled spirit revolts against the acceptance of mechanical and threadbare precepts, from embracing a righteousness devoid of brightness and beauty. Show the child that true goodness is far from unattractive, but lovely and well worth-while, and he will likely, with his pure eyes, reach the light of dawn sooner than you. An early grounding in Theosophy will, Mr. Jinarajadasa is persuaded, teach the young how best to live, both to personal advantage and for that of others ; the fruit of such training, ripening in business, science, art and politics, must finally regenerate the world.

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