

# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ALREADY, when its first issue appeared, we acquainted our readers with the admirable programme and excellent contents of *The Hibbert Journal*, and now that three issues lie before us we are glad to state that our expectations have not been disappointed, and that we possess in the new Quarterly an unpartisan arena for the serious and unprejudiced discussion of the great issues that press upon the will and thought and feeling of our present-day civilisation. It is true that our own programme is almost identical with that of this new periodical, and that for upwards of a quarter of a century our colleagues throughout the world have been endeavouring as best they may most earnestly to grapple with the same problems, so that there is nothing new to learn as to the general need for co-operation in this truly humanistic and philanthropic endeavour ; but there is very much for most of us to learn of the various ways in which trained minds approach these problems, and how they find difficulties which the untrained mind can not even suspect in many solutions which are accepted as satisfactory

by the majority. Moreover, for those of us who aspire to write or speak or even talk about "Theosophy," there is very great need of constantly familiarising ourselves with the *manner* in which men of good feeling and ability, who are trained in their respective faculties, put forward their views for the consideration of their thinking fellows. *The Hibbert Journal* is a very good aid to the student of Theosophy in this respect; indeed we have not seen a more excellent "introduction" to the general subject of Theosophy in its unspecialised sense than the article of Sir Oliver Lodge in the January issue. All of which is very encouraging; we can see on all sides that the ideas we love are gaining ground, the spirit we admire is spreading far and wide, and the faces of our best thinkers are set in the direction to which we have long turned our own. And if our own labours are not appreciated by our more talented brethren, we are content, because we have not worked for appreciation of ourselves, for we have known that our work was for the most part rough and ready and our materials often ill chosen; we have, however, worked and shall continue to work for the great building, passing in time from unskilled labourers to skilled artisans, and from these again to foremen of departments, but, in no matter how humble a capacity we may be employed, yielding to none in our love of the great work, and in loyalty to the Master Mind, the Great Architect of things.

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IN the January issue of *The Hibbert Journal* C. G. Montefiore has an excellent article on "Jewish Scholarship and Christian Science" which deserves the closest attention of all unprejudiced minds. As he says: "With very few honourable exceptions, the Christian scholar, and more especially the German Protestant scholar, simply ignores what the Jewish scholars have to say." In this connection, and especially in connection with the "Babel-und-Bibel-Frage," which is still agitating the learned and thinking world, the following speech made by Dr. Schechter, one of the most learned Rabbinical scholars of the day, at a recent banquet at Cincinnati, in honour of Dr. Kohler's election to the presidency of the Hebrew Union College, may prove of interest to our

The Higher  
Anti-Semitism

readers. The speech is taken from *The American Hebrew and Jewish Messenger*, of April 3rd.

Since the so-called emancipation, the Jews of the civilised world have been lulled into a fancied security which events have not justified. It is true that through the revelations in the Dreyfus case, anti-Semitism of the vulgar sort has become odious, and no lady or gentleman dares now to use the old weapons of the times of Drumont and Stoecker. But the arch-enemy has entered upon a new phase, which Boerne might have called "the philosophic 'Hep-Hep.'" And this is the more dangerous phase, because it is of a spiritual kind, and thus means the excision of the soul, leaving us no hope for immortality. I remember when I used to come home from the *Cheder*, bleeding and crying from the wounds inflicted upon me by the Christian boys, my father used to say, "My child, we are in Gales (exile), and we must submit to God's will." And he made me understand that this is only a passing stage in history, as we Jews belong to eternity, when God will comfort His people. Thus the pain was only physical, but my real suffering began later in life, when I emigrated from Roumania to so-called civilised countries and found there what I might call the Higher anti-Semitism, which burns the soul though it leaves the body unharmed. The genesis of this Higher anti-Semitism is partly, though not entirely—for men like Kuehnen, Budde and Noeldecke, belong to an entirely different class—contemporaneous with the genesis of the so-called Higher criticism of the Bible. Wellhausen's *Prolegomena and History* are full of venom against Judaism, and you cannot wonder that he was rewarded by one of the highest orders which the Prussian Government had to bestow. Afterwards Harnack entered into the arena with his "Wesen des Christenthums," in which he showed not so much his hatred as his ignorance of Judaism. But this Higher anti-Semitism has now reached its climax when every discovery of recent years is called to bear witness against us and to accuse us of spiritual larceny.

Some time ago I saw in one of the numerous sheets of this country a reference to the Hammurabi Code, concluding with the words, "this means a blow to Orthodoxy." I hold no brief for Orthodoxy in this country or elsewhere. But, may I ask: is there any wing in Judaism which is prepared to confirm the reproach of Carlyle, who, in one of his anti-Semitic fits, exclaimed, "the Jews are always dealing in old clothes; spiritual or material." We are here between ourselves, so we may frankly make the confession that we did not invent the art of printing; we did not discover America, in spite of Kayserling; we did not inaugurate the French Revolution, in spite of some one else; we were not the first to utilise the power of steam or electricity, in spite of any future Kayserling. Our great claim to the gratitude of mankind is that we gave to the world the word of God, the Bible. We have stormed heaven to snatch down this heavenly gift, as the Paitanic expression is; we threw ourselves into the breach and covered it with our bodies

against every attack; we allowed ourselves to be slain by hundreds and thousands rather than become unfaithful to it; and we bore witness to its truth and watched over its purity in the face of a hostile world. The Bible is our sole *raison d'être*, and it is just this which the Higher anti-Semitism is seeking to destroy, denying all our claims for the past, and leaving us without hope for the future.

Can any section among us afford to concede to this professorial and imperial anti-Semitism and confess "for a truth we and our ancestors have sinned"; we have lived on false pretences and were the worst shams in the world? Forget not that we live in an historical age where everybody must show his credentials from the past. The Bible is our patent of nobility granted to us by the Almighty God, and if we disown the Bible, leaving it to the tender mercies of a Wellhausen, Stade and Duhm, and other beautiful souls working away at diminishing the nimbus of the Chosen People, the world will disown us. There is no room in it for spiritual parvenus. But this intellectual persecution can only be fought by intellectual weapons, and unless we make an effort to recover our Bible and to think out our theology for ourselves, we are irrevocably lost from both worlds. A mere protest in the pulpit, or a vigorous leader in a paper, or an amateur essay in a monthly, or even a special monograph will not help us. We have to create a real live, great literature, and do for the subjects of theology and the Bible the same as Germany and France have done for Jewish history and philology.

In this matter the excellent *Jewish Encyclopædia* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), three of the projected twelve volumes of which have already appeared, should be carefully studied by all Theosophical students who desire to understand the mind of one of the most interesting races of the world.

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THE following curious Dinka legend of anthropogenesis (cut from *The Daily Telegraph* of April —\*), induces us to speculate

as to whether it is a far-off barbarous echo of such myths as we find preserved in the *Timæus* of Plato, in the Trismegistic secondary literature, and in some of the so-called "Gnostic" schools, or whether these all derive from some more ancient deposit of general "Atlantean" mystery-lore taught to that ancient child humanity in gross forms suited to its infant intelligence.

Among the appendices to Lord Cromer's reports on Egypt and the

\* In thanking our numerous colleagues who kindly supply material for the "Watch-Tower" notes, we would urge them always to append the *date* of the journals and publications from which they take their information.

Soudan for 1902 is an interesting note on the religious beliefs of the tribes dwelling along the banks of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The Dinka, it says, though the most difficult of all to approach on such subjects, appears to have a most elaborate list of gods and demi-gods. At the head of the divine community are Deng-Dit (Rain-Giver) and Abok, his wife. They have two sons, Kur Kongs, the elder, and Gurung-Dit, the younger, and a daughter called Ai-Yak. Their devil is called L'wal Burrajok, and is the father of Abok, the wife of Deng-Dit. There are other relatives also. Their story of the origin of mankind (or, it may be, of the Dinka tribe) is curious and poetical. Deng-Dit gave to his wife Abok a bowl of fat, and she and her children, softening the fat over the fire, proceeded to mould from it men and women in the image of the gods. Deng-Dit warned her against L'wal (the devil) who was suspected of having evil intentions towards Deng-Dit. But Abok forgot, and with her children went to gather wood in the forest. There L'wal found the bowl, drank the greater part of the fat, and from the remainder proceeded to mould caricatures of men and women with distorted limbs, mouths, and eyes. Then, fearing the vengeance of Deng-Dit, he descended to earth by the path which then connected it with heaven. On discovering the result of her neglect, Abok hastened to her husband, who, greatly incensed, started in pursuit of L'wal. The latter, however, had persuaded the bird Atoi-toish to bite asunder with its bill the path from heaven to earth, and he thus escaped from the divine wrath.

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A SCIENTIFIC colleague sends us the following very suggestive paragraph copied from *The Journal of the Chemical Society*, May, 1903, Abstracts, p. 258. "Absorption of Gravitation Energy by Radioactive Matter," Robert Geigel (*Ann. Physik*, 1903, [iv.], 10, 429-435):

Absorption of  
Gravitation Energy

A small lead ball was suspended from one arm of an accurate balance and counterpoised. If a watch-glass with a layer of radioactive material was suspended below the lead ball, the latter, as shown by the altered swing of the pointer, became apparently lighter, the loss of weight being 0.05-0.2 mgrm. on a total weight of 6.5 grams, according to the thickness of the layer of radioactive material. This loss of weight is attributed by the author, not to any electrostatic repulsion or to the impacts on the ball of particles emanating from the radioactive material, but to the absorption of gravitation energy by the latter.

The answer to the question: What is gravitation? has so far not been caught even by the most clairaudient brain of searching mortals; it is therefore somewhat rash to dogmatise upon what Stallo would have called a "reified concept."

DR. S. H. VINES, Professor of Botany at Oxford University, has recently indicated the presence in the pineapple, the papaw, the fig, the pitcher plant, yeast, bacteria, and in seeds\* of *enzymes* or digestive agents which are closely allied to the *trypsin* occurring in the intestines of animals, since they both peptonise and proteolyse actively. But in the *Annals of Botany* of January of this year the Professor gives an account of detailed investigations going to prove that these peptonising and proteolysing enzymes, hitherto regarded as the peculiar property of animals and insectivorous plants, are of practically *universal* occurrence in the vegetable kingdom, being found in seeds, fruits, bulbs, milk-juices, foliage-leaves, stems and roots; they occur not only in many natural orders of flowering-plants, but were also clearly observed in the mushroom and in the hart's-tongue fern, and will probably also be found to occur in the algæ and the mosses. But in the case of most plants examined, though not in all, it was found that the *higher* proteids or albuminous substances could not be digested by the enzyme present.

Digestive Ferments  
in Animals and  
Plants

It seemed to me at first (says the professor), that I had come upon an altogether new type of enzyme, an idea that occasioned a certain amount of temporary misgiving as to the accuracy of my observations. But it was pointed out to me by my colleague, Prof. Gotch, that within the last year Cohnheim has described an enzyme, formed in the mucous membrane of the small intestine, which actively proteolyzes peptone and casein but does not act upon the higher proteids. It is to this enzyme, termed "erepsin" by Cohnheim, that the apparently new proteolytic enzyme of plants would correspond. It would appear, then, that plants form two distinct kinds of proteases, the one a trypsin, the other an erepsin.

Referring in a later paragraph to the case of insectivorous plants, he says :

The peculiarity of these plants is now limited to this—that their enzyme should be poured out at the surface, so that it digests proteids supplied from without by the captured insects; whereas in ordinary plants the enzyme is retained within the tissue to digest, and so to render mobile the proteids that are formed there.

As showing how plants, like men and animals, can be rendered

\* About ten years ago Prof. Green discovered a vegetable trypsin in the fruit of a species of cucumber (*Cucumis nitilissimus*).

altogether insensible to the effects of poisons applied in large quantities by the method of *gradually* accustoming them to the absorption of the poison, beginning with an exceedingly minute quantity and steadily increasing the amount, Mr. G. Masee, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, has made the following interesting experiment with members of the Gourd family. It was found that a watering of 1 part of carbolic acid in 5000 of water at once killed the plants when applied *directly*. So in order to induce immunity from the effects of the poison he began by watering the plants with the latter in the proportion of 1 in 10,000 for the space of one month ; subsequently they were watered during the first week with 1 in 8,000, the next week with 1 in 7,000, until finally a weekly watering of 1 in 5,000 *rendered the plants completely immune from the effects of the carbolic acid however applied*. Thus, by these latest investigations Science disclosed to us fresh links of union, fresh ties of intimate relationship existing between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The unity, the oneness underlying manifested life is thus being proved by discovery after discovery in the realm of exact scientific research.

W. C. W.

To turn to a very different <sup>\* \* \*</sup>field, two tendencies are making themselves felt in the world of philosophy, both of comparatively recent growth and both interesting and significant for the student of Theosophy. One of these seems to have its most active life centre in America, and represents what, in relation to the past, might not without reason be described as a return to the teleological view of many philosophical problems. Or perhaps, more accurately, it ought to be described as a very able and systematic effort to reinstate teleology in something not very remote from its old position in philosophy. One of the strange fads of our age seems to be the requirement that old things which have once been dismissed to the limbo of "superstitions" by the "enlightened," when once more they assert themselves in virtue of the inherent and inextinguishable vitality given to them by the truth they express, must undergo the rite of baptism and come forth wearing a new name. Now the new name of our old friend teleology appears to be *Pragmatism*, and it seems that Professor

Fresh Tendencies  
in Philosophy

James among others inclines a good deal to this view of things. Put very briefly and inadequately, the main point about Pragmatism appears to be a well-warranted insistence upon the importance of the rôle played by "values," as measured in terms of interest or emotion, in the actual working of consciousness, and *therefore* the validity of the claim that these considerations of "value" shall not be ignored in philosophy or in any systematic attempt to understand and unify the whole of experience.

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THE second new movement of special interest to us is an Oxford one and centres round an able and cogent effort to reinstate the fact of personality (or perhaps what we should term individuality) in its due and proper place in philosophy. As I daresay most of our readers who take any interest in philosophy know, the dominant tendency of German Hegelianism has throughout been to eliminate and to disregard the individual, to treat him as a merely temporary, passing time-phase of the Idea, appearing like a bubble on the ocean of eternal ideation and vanishing like a bubble when death dissolves the organism in which the Absolute Idea has temporarily come to self-consciousness as a given person. This direction of Hegelian speculation is illustrated in the fact that, for all practical purposes, most Hegelians believe as little in the existence of a soul in man or in survival of any conscious personal identity after the death of the body, as the most out-and-out materialist. This of course comes from the fact that—like some of the later philosophical developments of Buddhism—they consistently ignore and shut their eyes to the meaning and significance of individuality *as a factor in that experience* which they seek to explain.

The central point of this Oxford movement, that which to me seems its vital significance for the philosophical future, lies precisely in a frank, straightforward attempt to take into account this neglected factor and to work out its significance for Idealism. It is at the least a most encouraging sign that such an attempt should be so ably begun, and though perhaps the strong influence of the theologising tendencies at Oxford may lead to some mistakes, I for one shall follow with the keenest interest the further growth of the movement.

B. K.



## VICARIOUS SUFFERING

I BEGAN to read Miss Kislingbury's article on "Some Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" in the January number of this REVIEW with great expectations. The subject has presented difficulties to me, and I know to others, so great, that there have been times and seasons in our growth when we were inclined to reject the doctrine *in toto*, and say, vicarious suffering is a mere corollary from the Christian dogma of vicarious atonement, and vicarious atonement was the product of that subtle theologic brain of the middle ages that ever strove to reduce the teaching of Christ to formula and credo—to metamorphose the soul of religion into the body of the doctrine.

I must say, however, that my expectations suffered some disappointment, for I could not feel that I had received any fresh light from my perusal of the writer's words. The paper was apparently written with the idea of adducing evidence that vicarious suffering is a fact at the present day, rather than of grappling with the logical difficulty which the doctrine presents.

The logical difficulty, I take it, is this: "Everything that we have sown must ripen into harvest in due season." Not one jot or tittle of the fruits of our actions, be they good or evil, shall we evade. This is karma—the corner stone on which the ethics of Theosophy rest. Now, seemingly, if the doctrines of vicarious atonement and vicarious suffering are truths, a portion of the fruits of our evil actions are taken from us and laid upon the shoulders of another. "Christ suffered for our sins"; "He was made sin for us"; "We are saved by his blood"—quotes Miss Kislingbury. If this is so, then we escape some portion of our evil karma. We reap, not what we have sown, but something more of the good than we have sown. How then is eternal justice satisfied? If vicarious atonement be true, what becomes of the corner stone of Theosophical ethics?

This is the difficulty I should expect to find faced by any writer in the REVIEW on the doctrines in question, no matter what the explanations may be that he has to offer for the consideration of his readers; but this difficulty is ignored in Miss Kislingbury's paper, she leaves the matter where she found it. It is true there is one hint given that seems to point in the direction where I conceive the solution of the problem will be found. The priest, we are told, explains to Lydwine "the law of the solidarity of evil." But this is taken from one of the books Miss Kislingbury is reviewing; Miss Kislingbury herself does not notice the matter.

To me it appears that the seeming logical inconsistency of the two doctrines of karma and vicarious atonement arises out of the tacit assumption that the individual man is a separable and separated unit, and that an imaginary line might be drawn round his karma, cutting it off from that of the rest of the world. So long as we confine ourselves to the consideration of man as an isolated being, we can find no way whereby the two truths can be reconciled. But the higher he rises the more fully does he realise that he is not a unit. Looked at from above, he is a ray of the Spirit struggling downwards through ever-denser media. It is these denser media, and these alone, that create the "illusion" of separateness. These transcended, the separateness ceases to be. The karma, then, of the one is seen to be the karma of the all, and the karma of the all, the karma of the one. The Elder Brothers of a race, therefore, may take up a part of the karma of those who are following them without violating the principle of justice in the remotest degree. They, having attained to sufficient strength, assume a portion of the karma of the world in order to hasten the coming of the "Kingdom of God."

Thus, it seems to me, may be resolved in the higher spheres any apparent discord between the doctrine of the atonement and the workings of karma.

But, it may be contended, although this line of thought may offer an explanation of the workings of karma considered from above—an explanation of the way in which a Christ may assume a portion of the karma of the world consistently with justice and the law—it by no means suffices to explain how one man may

bear the sufferings of another so far as his individuality and personality are concerned ; and, as between man and man, it is on these planes that karma is generated. If vicarious suffering is a truth, we have still to reconcile it with the karma due from man to man on the mental, the astral, and the physical planes.

I think this contention is answerable on this wise :

The doctrine is that the vicarious suffering of the one makes less the suffering of the other ; the burden assumed by the one is so much taken off the burden of the other ; and the logical difficulty is that this transference relieves the other of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing. But why should the other not be relieved of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing ? What law is it that says the penalty of our evil-doing is an unalterable quantity ? I know of no such law. And that there is no such law is surely evident when we consider that its existence would preclude any exercise of mercy, or even of help, one to another, from the scheme of things. But it comes within our experience that man does show mercy to his fellowman without any violation of the principle of justice. By the assumption that the penalty of our evil-doing is an absolute and unalterable quantity, we refuse to allow the Elder Brothers of the race that prerogative which we ourselves exercise.

The argument, it will be perceived, runs parallel with that for the freedom of the action of the Gods midst a universe of invariable law. We ourselves find law no obstacle to the exercise of free-will. We work by means of it from above it. Those whose evolution is far more advanced than our own work by means of the laws from above them. This is the argument from analogy that has been used in asserting the divine freedom of action, and the reconciliation of the doctrine of karma with that of vicarious suffering may be attained, I conceive, by a like process of reasoning.

If, then, the truth of this matter may be made out along these lines, does it not follow that he who exercises the divine prerogative of mercy thereby himself becomes a Christ in that he takes to himself the karma of him to whom mercy is shown ? So perhaps we may see a deeper meaning in our great bard's lines :

It is an attribute to God Himself  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice.

This I leave as a suggestion ; will someone, seeing further  
 than I, take it up ?

POWIS HOULT.

## NOTES ON VICARIOUS SUFFERING IN CHINA

THE article in the January number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW recalled the attention of the writer to certain little known though very common customs among the Chinese, which will probably interest students of comparative religion. It is not my purpose to submit any theories or explanations, but simply to record certain facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It is one of the commonest beliefs among the Chinese, that one life may be given for another, and that suffering has a merit which may be transferred. It is well known to Western students of Chinese manners and customs that by a legal fiction a condemned Chinese criminal may purchase a substitute to suffer death in his stead, but it is not so generally known that it is a common practice in that mysterious land for a child to offer its life to the gods in the place of a parent who is supposed to be marked for death. The custom is called "tsieh shou," or "borrowing years." When the sickness of the parent is serious a witch doctor is consulted, and if she declares that the years of the parent are ended, the children will each contribute so many of their own years to the account of the father or the mother, that they may live longer. I heard of one case where three children contributed ten years each, or in other words, each child agreed to have its life shortened by ten years that their parent might live for thirty years more. In another instance a son offered his life for his mother, who was sick. The old lady recovered, and the boy died of cholera in the following summer.

This is a recent occurrence, and the aged mother is now inconsolable because she says she has bought her own life at the expense of her son's. When a sacrifice of this sort is about to be made the details are duly drawn up in proper form and presented to the god with the appropriate offerings and worship. The deed of gift, if one might so style this transfer of life, is burned during the ceremony, and in this way transferred to the spirit world. Sometimes the fact that so and so wishes to substitute his or her life for the parent is only announced verbally to the presiding deity.

There is another custom, still continuing the idea that life may be given for life, suffering for suffering, that is not so commendable, and which is nothing more nor less than black magic. A child is taken sick, the witch doctor (the Chinese believe that the god takes possession of her body and speaks through her) declares that nothing can save it but the substitution of another life; she conducts the parents of the sick child to a temple of her own choosing, where with appropriate ceremonies a paper or a mud image of a child is deposited, and the gods are begged to *take the life of some other child in some other place* that the sick child may recover. Of late I believe that in some places this custom has fallen into disuse because of the failure of the witches to secure the life of the child on whose behalf their aid was sought. In that case they announce that though the substitution was made it was not accepted. The existence of a belief in the power to thus substitute one life for another is however most significant.

The only authority for the above beliefs in Chinese literature, so far as I know, is to be found in a Chinese version of the history of Kuan-yin. This history has never been translated, which is a pity as there are some most excellent sentiments in it. It is some ten years or more since I read the work, but my recollection of the main incidents, as bearing on the subject of this paper, is clear. The first section of the book details the sufferings of Kuan-yin because she adheres to her determination to become a nun, and refuses to accede to her father's wish that she shall marry. In the latter part of the work Kuan-yin, who has reincarnated as a Buddhist priest, sacrifices her right eye and her right hand to

make medicine for the relief of her father's terrible agonies, it having been declared that nothing less than such a sacrifice on the part of a very near relative would avail to save the tortured king (Kuan-yin is represented as a princess, the daughter of a powerful monarch) and each of his other relatives having with one accord made excuse, when asked to make the sacrifice.

C. S. M.

## A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 228)

GOD, the God of the mystics, "closer than breathing," and "nearer than hands and feet," is so transcendently the great fact of life to Dr. Macdonald that he very often expresses himself in a manner ruffling to the orthodoxy of the "unco' guid," who are accustomed to hear quite indifferently from their pulpits that the Almighty marks the fall of a sparrow, but think it queer and unbecoming when the phrase is altered and God spoken of as being present at the deathbed of a sparrow. Who talk quite easily of the infinite compassion and nearness of God, but are shocked at the familiarity, as of a child with its father, of the old epitaph, adapted and used by Dr. Macdonald in *David Elginbrod* :

Here lies old Thomas Hildebrod.  
Do Thou unto his soul, O God,  
As he would do if he were God,  
And Thou wert Thomas Hildebrod.

For how few of us are yet able to exercise true magnanimity, that virtue which we find explained as, "not the magnanimity that pardons faults, but the magnanimity that recognises virtues. He who gladly kneels with one who thinks widely different from himself, in so doing draws nearer to the Father of both than he who pours forth his soul in sympathetic torrent only in the company of those who think like himself. If a man be of the

Truth then, and then only, is he of those who gather with the Lord."\*

"There are many who do not enter the kingdom of heaven just because they will not believe the tiny key handed to them fit to open its hospitable gates."†

For, "In God we live every commonplace as well as every most exalted moment of our lives. To trust in Him when no need is pressing, when things seem going right of themselves, may be harder than when things seem going wrong."‡

"The only mistake worse than thinking well of himself is for a man to think God takes no interest in him."§

In these days of advancing enlightenment of thought do we not often see demonstrated the truth of the following observation ? "Those who believe they have found a higher truth, with its higher mode of conveyance, are very apt to err in undervaluing, even to the degree of wishing to remove, the lower forms in which truth, if not embodied exactly, is at least wrapped up. Truth may be presented in the grandeur of a marble statue, or of a brown-paper parcel. I choose the sculpture ; my last son prefers the parcel. The only question is whether there is truth—not in the abstract, but as assimilable by the recipient—present in the form." Yet, "To the man who sees and knows the nobler form it is given to teach *that*. Let those to whom the lower represents the sum of things, teach it with their whole hearts. *He* has nothing to do with it, for he cannot teach it without being false. The snare of the devil holds men who, capable of teaching the higher, talk of the people not being ready to receive it, and therefore teach them in forms which are to their own souls an obstruction. There is cowardice and desertion in it. They leave their own harder and higher work to do the easier and clumsier work of their neighbour. It is wasteful of time, truth and energy. The man who is most careful of the truth that lies in forms not his own, will be the man most careful to let no time-serving drag him down—not to the level of the lower teachers, for they are honest, but to the level of Job's friends, who lied for God : nay

\* *St. George and St. Michael*, p. 583.

† *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 315.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 276.

lower still, for this will soon cease to be lying for God, and become lying for himself.”\*

Of all arts the art of the teacher of ethics is most complicated. To give or to withhold, to be ready to help the souls around to take their next step upwards, yet not to be so far ahead of them that they refuse to step at all. This, the art that Sokrates esteemed as the highest of all men’s interests, is also that one which carries with it the greatest need for the virtue of intuition, and the quality of fine judgment; above all men a teacher needs to know when to labour and how to wait. If rash interference with people’s present valued ideals in the attempt to provide them with more advanced ones is a folly, and preaching deliberately to them what is no longer believed is dishonesty and mental corruption, it is also true that the act of giving them what they are not able to comprehend or appreciate is a mistake for which a heavy penalty is always exacted. To teach in the kindergarten the reasoning and philosophy of the college is to destroy the usefulness of the one, and discredit the work of the other. Tact, which has been defined as the courtesy of the soul, is nowhere more necessary than in the science of dealing with souls. As well as toleration and integrity, discrimination is a quality enjoined on the teacher. For, “what misses the heart falls under the feet. A man is bound to *share* his best, not to tumble his seed-pearls into the feeding-trough, to break the teeth of them that are there at meat.”†

A psychic difficulty which is almost like a besetting sin to sensitive souls lacking in self-assertion is described by Dr. MacDonald so simply and vividly that it will seem to many as the record of a personal experience. “He felt . . . that she disliked and despised him, and it was only with a strong effort that he avoided assuming a manner correspondent to the idea of himself he saw reflected in her mind, and submitting himself to be, as it were, what she judged him.”‡

And a little further on: “He heard everything he would have said as he thought it would sound to her, and therefore he had no utterance. Is it an infirmity of certain kinds of men, or

\* *Guild Court*, p. 240. † *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 107.

‡ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 420.



a wise provision for their protection, that the brightest forms the truth takes in their private cogitations seem to lose half their lustre, and all their grace, in the presence of an unreceptive nature, and they hear as it were their own voice reflected in a poor, dull, inharmonious echo, and are disgusted."\* It is at least a most discouraging and disabling experience, and yet in what manner it may, on some occasions at least, prove "a provision for protection," is shown a little further on where it is written: "To explain to him who loves not is but to give him more plentiful material for misrepresentation."

So Plato says that reasoning, the only road to Truth, springs from Love. And here we have a key to the futility of religious discussions, which usually do not spring from love.

From the within out is the burden of Dr. Macdonald's teaching of the development of the human soul; always, over and over again, is expressed in different words the great central idea which is the emphasis of Robert Falconer's boyhood, that: "Nothing will do for Jew or Gentile, Frenchman or Englishman, Negro or Circassian, town boy or country boy, but the kingdom of heaven which is within him, and must come thence to the outside of him."†

If such a thought could be emphasised for a generation or two in the Sunday schools and kindergartens, the high schools and colleges of Europe and America, how little need would there be for preaching to an indifferent world the doctrine of mutual responsibility and human brotherhood! The graduates of such teaching would not mistake the temporary personality, the evanescent, decaying garment, for the eternal, ever-invisible Man, "unborn, perpetual, ancient, undiminishing"; and they might grow to understand some of the mysterious purposes of evolution such as Dr. Macdonald hints of when he says "When once through the thousand unknown paths of creation the human being is so far divided from God that his individuality is secured, it has become yet more needful that the crust gathered around him in the process be broken."‡

This recalls a passage in *The Growth of the Soul* where the

\* *Ibid.*, p. 448.

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 128.

‡ *Malcolm*, p. 80.

author expresses a similar idea regarding the difficult and mysterious problem of the purpose of manifestation. "In the broad view," he says, "of the whole evolutionary scheme, the all-important distinction between the spiritual existence out of which the human race emerged in the beginning, and the spiritual existence to which it will ultimately return, is to be discerned in the individualisation of consciousness."\*

Or, framed in the beautiful language of *In Memoriam* :

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From whence clear memory may begin,  
As through the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined.

*This use may lie in blood and breath. . . .*

We remember, too, that Nirvāṇa has been defined as "the perfection of individuality."

And the perplexity of reconciling the absorption of the soul into the Divine with the retention of the dearly-bought individuality is thus tentatively treated by Dr. Macdonald: "Might not the Brahmin who died longing for that absorption into Deity which had been the dream of his life find the grand idea shaped to still finer issues than his aspiration had dared contemplate? Might he not inherit in the purification of his will such an absorption as should intensify his personality?"† (Surely this last word should be individuality, according to modern usages?)

The reason given, or rather guessed at, for the strange identity in separateness of the twin heroes of *The Flight of the Shadow* is that: "By their not being one they were able to love, and so were one."‡

"Love is God's being, and a creative energy in one," is said in another place.§

"Love," says the great physician, Empedocles, the father of physiology, "Love is the principle of principles; the four elements are merely its agents, and Discord its accomplice; it is the ineffable, invisible, incorporeal God, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts."

Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards women is as uncom-

\* *Growth of the Soul*, p. 307.

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 244.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 248.

§ *Donal Grant*, p. 618.

promising as it is towards other questions usually considered through a haze of self-interest and mental dishonesty. He is almost alone among male writers of fiction inasmuch as he neither flatters and rhapsodises about woman, nor belittles and slanders her. He is not afraid to indicate how unutterably bad a depraved woman may bring herself to be ; he delights to show how an ordinary-seeming woman may develop in herself noble character ; he struggles hard to picture the loveliness of a saintly woman. Yet he has to confess that : " Most women affect me as a valuable crude material out of which precious things are making. For now they stand like so many Lot's wives—rough-hewn blocks of marble, rather, of whom a Divinity is shaping the ends."\*

It is the same thought which Ruskin has expressed more fully and decidedly in his writing for women and girls, and especially in that essay, entitled *Of Queen's Gardens*, wherein he draws with so sad yet firm a hand a picture of the cultured selfishness which is still the conventional ideal of education for women.

Dr. Macdonald differs from Isis in believing that sex is not a thing of the body merely, he asserts " that it goes back to a difference deep in the heart of God himself." And it is perhaps psychologically owing to this that his portraits of women are distinctly inferior to those of men. He seems to draw a woman as a painter might sketch an object imperfectly seen in a poor light. Sometimes his heroines seem to lose themselves in a fog of veneration ; models of docility and dutifulness, they become mere copies of the virtues of their husbands and fathers, without any individuality of their own, " as sunshine unto moonshine, and as water unto wine." It is a weakness of art, not a fault in perception, which brings about this result. When he gives his imagination a perfectly free rein to draw the ideal in womanhood, as in a confessedly mystic story, we get a picture of strong purity, grace and loveliness, which recalls a conception by Burne-Jones. But it is hard for him to make the link between the ideal and the real woman, the woman of the day. And he feels, as one so sensitive must, the absolute falsity, the awful wrongness of the ideas concerning woman and womanhood, the dominance of which has made the world the place of sorrow that we know. Of men in

\* *Stephen Archer.*

general he seems to ask—as literally of a domineering husband : “ What right had he to desire the fashioning of any woman after his ideas ? Did not the angel of her eternal Ideal for ever behold the face of her Father in Heaven ? ”\*

Of the relations between men and women nothing has been said saner, or more suggestive of thought, than the following, which is put into the mouth of a woman, who says of a certain man that he “ was always reasonable, and that is more than can be said of most men. Some indeed who are reasonable with men are often unreasonable with women. If in course of time the management of affairs be taken from men and given to women—which may God for our sake forbid—it will be because men have made it necessary by their arrogance. But when they have been kept down long enough to learn that they are not the lords of creation a bit more than the weakest woman, I hope they will be allowed to take the lead again, lest women should become what men were, and go strutting about in their importance. Only the true man knows the true woman, only the true woman knows the true man ; the difficulty between men and women comes from the prevailing selfishness, that is untruth, of both. Who, while such is their character, would be judge and divider between them, save one of their own kind ? When such ceases to be their character they will call for no umpire.”†

“ To save man or woman the next thing to the love of God is the love of man or woman : only let no man or woman mistake the love of love for love.”‡

Of the ordinary marriage in which two atoms of the “ prevailing selfishness ” unite, and the weaker goes to the wall, Dr. Macdonald speaks with the horror of a sensitive soul : “ This dull, close, animal proximity,” he says, “ without the smallest conscious nearness of heart and soul—and so little chance, from very lack of wants, of showing each other kindnesses—surely it is a killing sort of thing ! ”§

Parenthood Dr. Macdonald treats as the most sacred fact, next to God Himself, at the heart of the universe. It is always the direct type and symbol for him of the relation existing

\* *Ibid.*, p. 51.

† *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 226.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 327.

§ *Stephen Archer*,

between God and the soul. He seems to feel it as at once so human and so divine that language falters in speaking of it. In one of those little poems which are like the wandering whispering airs of spring, a promise of a beautiful fulfilment, he places the symbol of this relationship in a few simple words. It is called "The Father's Hymn for the Mother to Sing," and the three verses following are a part of it :

My child is lying on my knees ;  
 The signs of heaven she reads :  
 My face is all the heaven she sees,  
 Is all the heaven she needs. . . .

If true to her, though troubled sore,  
 I cannot choose but be :  
 Thou, who art Peace for evermore,  
 Art very true to me. . .

Lo ! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,  
 My child upon my knee ;  
 She looketh up into my face,  
 And I look up to Thee."

Dr. Macdonald's books for children are as simply original as are his other writings. Nothing could be better calculated to develop in a child's mind a practical sense of the Golden Rule, to show him that it is possible "to think only pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak only pure and beautiful words, and to help all who are weaker than myself," than a study of *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, *A Rough Shaking*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, or *The Princess and the Goblin*. While to a child with a spark of imagination the last named two will open the gate of a veritable realm of faery ; sitting by the warmth of the Great-great-grandmother's wonderful fire of roses, or dancing in the moonlight with the enchanted Princess, a child must feel its whole being flooded with that "light that never was on sea or land," must watch again the glimmering lamps of half-forgotten memories. As to little Gibbie alone on Glashgar it may happen that "a link in the chain of his development glided over the windlass of his uplifting."\*

It must be admitted that Dr. Macdonald has not altogether succeeded in escaping the besetting sin of modern authors. A

\* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 75.

man whose works number as many volumes as do his can hardly have kept himself quite clear of the errors incident to over-production, with its accompaniments of triviality, dulness and didacticism. Occasionally also, even in the most interesting of the books, a sudden horror is let loose, and mars the translucence of the story ; it seems as if the author sought to throw up the high lights of his story by introducing shadows that become almost grotesque in their grim unnatural blackness—that are not true shadows at all, but real black. It seems as if, for instance, a good laugh in “the terrible chapel” of the story of Donal Grant, would blow the whole thing away like a hideous nightmare, when to be asked to consider it seriously gives pain.

On the other hand, it often happens that a thought or phrase, which, on first reading, seemed fantastic or too fine-spun, will on a nearer view flash out as a lamp, lighting up some obscure corner of human consciousness or human experience.

We are all of us, even those who think themselves most free, so steeped in race-thought, so surrounded and hemmed in by the beliefs and customs of the world, that it is no marvel if the sensitive souls who respond the most quickly to the higher vibrations, should also be involuntarily influenced by the very conventions which, with the act of reason, they would most quickly repudiate. Therefore, if Dr. Macdonald's thoughts and phrases seem sometimes cast in a mould which some of us think we have exchanged for a better mould, or if some of his books remind us of life and philosophy strained through a very fine sieve, let us without discouragement, turn to those other volumes from which we cannot fail to bring away a livelier sense of the loveliness and unity of truth, a keener and stronger appreciation of the underlying significance of all the events of life, and a higher conception of the divine grandeur and simplicity of the Christ spirit. Should any reader be unfortunate enough to get hold first of an unattractive later work let him go back without fear to some of the earlier, and particularly to some of the Scotch stories, *Alec Forbes*, *Robert Falconer*, *Sir Gibbie*, and *David Elginbrod*, reading them in the order given—or even *Sir Gibbie* alone ; and he must be very insensible if he do not find some strange sweet airs blowing over the waste places of life.

There is no more baffling and irritating query in the whole range of human interest than the one which an indifferent mind always launches with a great air of triumph against anyone who has come to be in earnest. It is exasperating because of its obtuse self-satisfaction, so baffling because it demonstrates the width of the gulf fixed between human minds. "What is the use," says the "practical" person, "of thinking about such unpractical things? What good is there in wasting time considering whether you have a soul or not, when you *know* that you have a body that must be provided for? Thinking will not fill your pockets, will not give you meat and drink, and enjoyment. *These* are the real objects of life, and all the rest is foolishness, weakness, and waste of time."

Dr. Macdonald, it may well be believed, is of the opposite opinion. "If," he says, "a man may not know the things of God, whence he came, what shall he understand?"

KATHERINE WELLER.

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## THE WILLOW WEAVER

"I SHALL give you twenty-four hours to vanish in, *Campion*," said the elder and superior to the younger and inferior. "I can't do more for you than that. Let me tell you very few men in my position would do as much."

He held his finger up impressively.

"It is for the sake of your father, that I do this. You ought to be grateful. Twenty-four hours in which to vanish! Of course you must carefully choose your method of vanishing. Under the circumstances, I know the way I should take were I in your shoes, but I hesitate to advise you to take it."

The last sentence was in the man's mind, not on his tongue; it produced the most effect, because the whole gist of his speech was contained in it, and it was the point about which he was (half unconsciously) anxious. A respectable citizen can hardly suggest to a lad fifteen years his junior that he shall take his own

life ; it would be difficult, though rather easier, to say to a man of equal age : " Under your circumstances, I should blow my brains out "—and Campion was so young. It might become known, too, that such advice had been given ; then people would question the adviser's motives, and what would become of that valuable business asset, his respectability ; he had foolishly risked it a little already, but that was not known to people whose opinion mattered. It would take wing with the soul of the young man ; and his income might even suffer in consequence. Besides, he would not like to remember he had advised suicide as a course of action ; of course it did not matter if he only thought how conveniently it might smooth the state of affairs.

There were reasons why he did not want this young man, the only child of a very poor and respectable widow, to stand in the dock and have all the circumstances which led to his standing there sifted publicly by a painstaking gentleman intent on obtaining for his client, if not acquittal, at any rate as light a sentence as possible. This young sinner's immediate superior was not his own master ; his employer was uncompromising and old-fashioned in his views. He was a man who practised no form of dishonesty or immorality that might not decently be practised by people of honest and moral repute. He would be hard on Ralph Campion, on general business principles ; but he would be much harder on one whose years and standing should be a guarantee for his good behaviour and influence over others, if the conduct of such an one did not stand the test of public scrutiny. And the personal element would come in, for this man was not only the employer of Ralph Campion's superior, but also his father-in-law, and there was his wife's attitude to be remembered, besides that of her father ; all this might affect his reputation, his business prospects, and his domestic life very seriously. He felt kindly to Ralph Campion. There was the whole point. The affair began with the kindly impulse of a rather coarse man of the world, who had " married well " from his point of view, and prospered socially and financially by so doing ; prosperous himself, he saw no prosperity of any type other than that which he pursued, and had pursued since he was Campion's age. Therefore he was kindly according to his own lights. His moral code had nothing to do with his



inner convictions; he had no convictions as to the nature of righteousness; his morality was to "get on," and it was a tremendous outer bulwark against obvious criminality. His twelve year old son was "backward and delicate" to quote the scholastic advertisements; he sent him to Ralph Champion's father for tuition, because the little vicarage stood in a bracing air. He liked and vaguely honoured his boy's tutor—irrationally indeed, for he had certainly not "got on" from the standpoint of the financier. When the man died, he obtained for his son, young Champion, that position of trust which he had betrayed. The boy was then nineteen; it was three years ago. The patron did more; still moved by kindness, he took a great deal of notice of his young subordinate. He liked the lad; he confided in him to some extent, increasingly so when he found him to be rather silent; he liked his refinement, at which he laughed—liking it, despite his laughter, as coarse people sometimes do like a quality they do not possess. He gave him worldly precepts whereby he might in the future prosper in business. He "chaffed" him gaily concerning the young ladies of the neighbourhood; pointing out matrimonial prizes, which he might have some chance of winning. He showed him a side of life he would probably have passed by unheeded; in so doing (here was the crux) he showed him a side of his own life that was not generally known. His protégé became in some respects his tool, in some his victim. He found out that betrayal of trust before others did so, because he knew which man to suspect, because he knew the circumstances that might cause him to be specially tempted. The story was rather vulgar—sordid—common. From coarse kindness to selfishness; from selfishness, by way of fear, to that which was in thought—murder. But yet he liked the boy, and he was sorry for him.

"You mustn't suppose I think you a blackguard, Ralph," he said. "In my private capacity, not as your business head, you know, we're as good friends as ever, my boy. I know how things go, bless your life! I know how one gets let in for what one never meant to do at the start. That's one pull a man has, who isn't always all that I suppose he ought to be. He knows from his own experience, that whatever he may do, he has really heaps

of good points; and he applies that reasoning to other people when they don't go quite straight, you know. But if you're here when Mr. Warrener comes back, I shall have you arrested. I must! I don't know this now, you understand."

The young man drew lines in the ashes of the hearth with a small brass poker. He did not look in the least the sort of person from whom one would expect a criminal to be made; he had what some people call a "nice face"—comely to look upon, refined, rather sensitive, grave; by no means weak, nor yet un-intellectual. He looked as though he could think; he looked as though he could love; and he looked as though he could be ashamed of himself, and admit the fact both to himself and other people. These are good signs. He was as white as a sheet, and for the moment he seemed to be stunned rather than repentant.

"If," he said slowly, speaking quietly and unemotionally, "If I do not vanish, but stay here and pay the penalty—I've behaved very badly, and I'm willing to pay it—will you let bygones be bygones—afterwards?"

"Bless my soul, Ralph Campion, you must be a raving ass! It is the 'penalty,' as you call it, that counts. It is not the thing in itself so much. I don't for a moment suppose you to be much worse than other young fellows. I should think you're better than most."

"I hoped when you'd paid a debt you were given a receipt, and there was the end of the matter."

"My good fellow! You're old enough, and you've seen enough, to know things aren't done in that way in this world. I say I don't think you in the least a worse, or perhaps a more dishonest man than I am myself; not the least! But—excuse my bluntness—it's the prison that sticks, it's not the sin."

The young man gave a little start and shiver; the other's "bluntness" had suddenly brought the whole position, and its future developments, home to him. It was the difference between theoretic and practical knowledge; his white face grew green-white, his hands became limp, and he laid the poker down. These two people sat in the superior's country house on the outskirts of a big, smoky town. Young Campion was asked there as a guest in order that his host might tell him he knew him to

be a criminal. The boy—for he was very little more than a boy—went there suffering qualms of conscience, bred of gratitude. He knew his host had not quite the influence on his life that—let us say—Campion's father would have wished to have, but he did not think of excusing his own behaviour on that account. He knew he had been, and was, doing wrong; it worried him, and he was ashamed of accepting the kindness which led his superior to ask him to stay with him from Saturday till Sunday evening. "My wife's away, staying with her mother," he said to Ralph Campion. "I'm alone. You're looking out of sorts. You'd better come down to me this afternoon; besides, I have something to say to you quietly."

So, on Sunday afternoon, when Campion was feeling particularly ashamed of himself and very unhappy and perplexed, he said—quietly—what he had to say, and thereby gave his unsuspecting guest a nervous shock which some people may think to be accountable for what followed. That is a matter of opinion; and "thought is free." As aforesaid, there were reasons, serious reasons more important than the life, death, happiness or pain of young Ralph Campion, why his ill-doing should not be found out till he was dead and incapable of speech.

It was a damp November day; the land was vivid brown and green—green fields, wet brown earth, brown stubble, brown rushes by a little bluish-brown canal, brown-green boughs, with bright brown leaves clinging to them here and there. There had been much rain, the earth was sodden and reeking; there were black, purplish-grey clouds, shot with dull green in the East, and a pale silver-yellow sky in the West. It was early afternoon; the light was clear save where the smoke wreaths of the town brooded in the distance; there was no sunshine.

Ralph Campion looked at the brown-green earth; he did not see it. For the last few minutes his mind swung between two pictures: one of a little wind-swept churchyard where was the grave of an upright man whose name he bore; the other of a wee grey stone house, very bleak and trim, standing on a shelterless hillside; therein lived his thin little, meek little, old mother, dressed in a scanty black gown and a widow's cap, reading her Bible at night and praying God for her only son; she did not

pray for her husband because he was dead, and she disliked Popery. At last Ralph Campion's eyes filled with tears, and he felt it was time to go. Therefore he rose.

"Very well," he said, "I don't feel very grateful; but I should be so if you could hush it up when I have vanished, so that my—my mother mightn't know."

"I shall hush it up if I can." And no man knew better than he how sincerely he spoke the truth, and how earnestly he regretted it would be impossible to do so. There was no need to tell Ralph it was impossible.

"Even if the young idiot were dead it wouldn't be safe not to come out," he thought. "But it would be much safer. If Carry and her father got to know what led up to his playing the fool like this, and how far I'm responsible (though, of course, I'm not really responsible) there'd be the devil to pay."

Carry was his wife, who was staying with her mother. Aloud he said :

"I've ordered the dog-cart for you. The thing to do will be to say good-bye cordially, you see. Then I shan't know anything till this time to-morrow, when Mr. Warrener comes back."

"If you don't mind shaking hands," said Ralph Campion, listlessly, "of course I don't."

So they shook hands, and the host shouted cheerful and jocular good-speeds after the parting guest. Campion left the cart half way to the station; he told the groom to drive on and leave his portmanteau in the cloak room to be called for. He struck straight across the sodden fields, and walked townwards. It was ten miles to the town; his boots were clogged with dank clay when he reached the first houses on the outskirts. They were hideous little brick boxes, in an unmade road leading nowhere.

Beyond them lay a patch of flat, foul, be-trampled, houseless, roadless, grassless ground. It was an expanse of thick sticky mud; on it stood pools of dirty water, held by the clay from sinking into the earth; old bricks (why are ancient broken bricks so peculiarly sordid and depressing in appearance?) and bent rusty tin cans. Over the whole brooded a raw, poisonous, yellow-black fog. Across the waste ground crawled the canal

that started in the clean green-brown country; here it ran between a clammy grassless towing path and a brick wall. "Ran" is too jocund a word to describe its action. It crept stickily along, a slimy glaze coating its surface, whereon floated the hairless swollen body of a drowned cat.

Ralph Champion stood at the side of the black canal, and looked at the sheer drop of the brick work. This might be a place in which to vanish. Very few of the words he heard that afternoon lingered with him; but the thought fashioned by the reputable citizen who wished that he was dead, pursued him during the ten mile walk, and was with him still. It was the unspoken words which Champion remembered; he knew as well as the other the way in which he must disappear. Oddly enough, it never struck him he might have demanded protection as a price for silence; he did not realise that family and business complications might be the result of evidence elicited by cross-examination; simplicity and generosity clave to him still; perhaps this was why the Gods were sorry for him, and dealt with him mercifully. The place was lonely; it was growing dusk, there were no barges about; the street was but just finished, the houses were unlet. Only—he could swim. He did not want to live to face public shame, and loneliness, and bitter remorse; this was a man who wished to live an honourable life, and leave an honourable name. But though he wished to die, his body would struggle for life; and this conviction struck him with fear lest he was not this body which willed otherwise than he; if so, perhaps he could not kill himself. Well! if there was hell the other side, at any rate there was not prison; and his friends staring at, and cutting him. There could be no superior persons among lost souls. The thought was momentarily cheering.

His body would struggle to live, perhaps poison would be the better way; but drowning might mean accident or murder, whereas if he bought poison—. He took a silk scarf from his pocket and tried to tie his wrists, but his hands were cold and he was clumsy. He flung his watch, chain, and purse into the water—when his body was found their absence would suggest robbery and murder; he kept a little silver loose in his pocket, lest poison should after all prove to be the better way.

Suddenly he noticed what, till now, he had not seen. There was a tumble-down hut within a few paces of where he stood ; coming towards it was a woman with a huge bundle on her bowed shoulders. As she drew near he saw she carried willow withies ; she was a tall old woman, very poorly clad ; her feet were naked, and in spite of her burden she walked with a stately step, as lightly as a girl.

This young man was poor, and a criminal to boot, but he was also a gentleman ; when he saw the woman, he, though he was thinking of his sins, his despair, and his coming death, showed to her, half mechanically, what all should show at all times, especially to a woman very old and poor, namely, courtesy and helpfulness.

“ Let me carry those to the hut,” he said. “ They are surely much too heavy for you.”

“ Take them,” she replied briefly. He took them ; they were indeed very heavy ; he threw them on the ground by her door.

“ You had better enter my hut,” she said gravely.

Now there was no reason why Ralph Campion should enter her hut ; in fact there was every reason why he should not do so. Nevertheless he went in. It was not very dark there ; by no means so dark as the waning light warranted it should be. There were willow withies on the floor ; the woman sat on the ground, leaned against the door-post and began to weave them.

“ Do you weave baskets ? ” said Ralph Campion.

“ I do,” she answered. “ By some I am called the Willow Weaver.”

“ You weave fast.”

“ Naturally. I have had much practice.”

She twisted in a bent twig as she spoke.

“ That twig is crooked,” said Ralph. His behaviour was irrational ; but a sudden need of hearing human speech had come upon him ; and besides, he liked her voice, which was soothing, soft, and deep, like organ notes in the distance.

“ It is so,” she replied.

“ Why don't you throw it away ? ”

“ I throw nothing away. I suffer no waste. I put all my willow twigs to use—crooked or straight.”

"But the crooked ones spoil the shape of your basket."

"It is true. They spoil the shape of the basket. I shall put a straight one by the side of the crooked. That balances it a little."

"Still, the whole basket is awry."

"It is so."

"It is a pity."

"It is a pity. But it cannot be helped. It will be so till I find and pluck nothing save straight fair-growing withies."

"Where do you pick them?"

"From the floating island in the lake."

"I don't know it. Where is the lake?"

"There," she answered. She waved her hand towards the waste ground with its slimy clay and broken bricks.

"There! Where?"

"There—there—there—my child!" she answered, smiling gravely, and waving her hand again at the immediate foreground. Campion saw she was subject to hallucinations. She was probably much alone, and certainly very poor. He felt impelled to do what was obviously the very last thing he should have done. He drew out the silk scarf, and his loose silver.

"I will give you these shillings," he said, "if you will tie this tightly round my wrists; and promise, whatever happens, never to tell a soul you have done it. Indeed, it will probably be the worse for you if you do tell."

"I will not take the money," she replied. "To tell you the truth I have no use for it. But I will tie the knot you bid me tie. It is thus with me: the knots with which men charge me to bind them, I can by no means refuse to fasten; but I cannot undo them. That they must do for themselves."

"Tie this knot," he said, with a faint piteous laugh. "And let it remain tied till I ask you to undo it. But first—since you do not want it—"

He flung the silver into the canal.

"Now take my thanks for what you are going to do for me, since you'll take nothing else. Here's the scarf."

She took it. He crossed his wrists, and held them out. She tied the scarf loosely—once.

“I am pleased to do you this service,” she said kindly, in her solemn, perfect speech, that seemed unsuited to her poverty and her humble trade. “Chiefly I am pleased because of the honour which is mine, that I should take the place of the dweller in that grey small house on the hill yonder. For I suppose, were she here, you would beg her, rather than me, to tie this knot.”

His crossed wrists fell apart; the silk scarf fluttered to the ground.

“My God! No!” he said, shuddering. “What do you mean? Who are you?”

“The Willow Weaver.”

“Do you know *her*?”

“Of whom do you ask me, my child?”

“My—my mother,” he faltered; and now the tears were in his eyes, his throat was choking, and he turned his face from her.

“Surely!” she made answer, “I know her well. And because such a mother as this makes my weaving easier, I, the Willow Weaver, shall be mother to her son to-night.”

“I do not deserve it,” he muttered.

She did not heed him; she wove apace, seated as before, leaning on the door-post of her hut. He fell beside her, kneeling, and holding out his hands to her pleadingly:

“Willow Weaver,” he cried. “If you know about her, do you know about me too? Or must I tell you?”

She laid down the basket and the withy she held, and touched his brow lightly with her palm.

“Surely!” she said, “I know about you. Child of so many prayers, of such vain hopes, of so many innocent womanly ambitions never now to be fulfilled, is it not an evil thing that the loving unwise heart in that hill cottage should break through you? Is it not an evil thing in the eyes of a Willow Weaver, that one crooked twig should make the whole weaving awry? Yet these things are so, and may not now be changed.”

She spoke with sober and stern tenderness. He flung himself on the heap of willow withies, and hid his face from her.

“I know it,” he sobbed. “Do you think you need to tell me that? I was going to kill myself when you talked to me



of my mother. And what more can I do? What more can I do?"

"You can turn the tide by the waving of your hand," said she. "You can stay the flight of the earth through space; or you can kill yourself. Behold! the one is as possible as either of the others. Will you mend the broken heart in the hill cottage by the way of the black canal? Will you wipe out the shame of a soul by the death of a body?"

He moaned, and thrust his fingers through his hair, clutching and twisting it.

"Be wiser, child," she said. "My words are harsh, my thought is gentle towards you. I said I, the Willow Weaver, would be your mother to-night. What do you see from my hut door, my child?"

He raised himself obediently from the withies, and told her what he saw.

"And yet there is more to be seen here," she said. "Because there is more I spoke to you harshly, pointing out the ill you had wrought. For I knew that here, even here in this very spot, there is another country whereof you are native born, and wherein you live. Therefore, son of that good mother of whom you and I know, lie at peace upon these withies, cut from the floating island in this lake whereon we look; I shall sing you a Cradle Song that you may sleep. When you wake the Child's Song shall never wholly leave your ears on this side of that death you sought but now, and you shall break heart and brain with longing after it in vain. This, for the sake of that good mother, is the Willow Weaver's mercy to you; and you shall find that men too have mercy on those who hear in broken snatches the Child's Song."

The power of the woman was upon him; meek and dazed as a tired babe he lay upon the willow withies; he heard the sound of the twigs as she twisted them in and out in her weaving. He could neither move nor speak; he wondered dreamily whether he lay in a trance or swoon, or whether this was death, and thus the problem of his vanishing was solved without effort of his own. He felt either the light cold touch of her finger tip, or the touch of a willow withy between his brows. Suddenly, how and when he did not know, he saw that other country of which the Willow

Weaver spake ; he had not moved from the spot ; he felt sure his body lay on the willow withies in the hut by the canal. He knew it lay there with a burden upon it of sin and folly, of ignorance, shame, and remorse ; but they belonged to the place of their brooding ; and he, reaching forth in order that he might know, knew them as apart from himself, like a school task learned well or ill, with praise or the rod for its reward. He saw the other country ; and this was the fashion of that which he thought he saw, whether he saw it as it was, is another matter.

On every side lay the broad shining levels of a lake of silver, he did not know whether it was water, or silver fire that had no heat, but was still and cool as the hour before a summer sunrise. He saw no shores nor any boundary set to it ; as far as his eyes, or some other sense than sight, would suffer him to perceive, the waters lay. From the lake rose a many-petalled pink blossom ; about each petal quivered a delicate fringe of many-coloured flame, and at the heart of the fiery flower that sprang from the water's breast was music. As he saw these things his life passed into them ; or else they were the body of his life. Thereupon a certain knowledge came to him ; but it was knowledge the man was never able to tell to any one, not even to himself. He heard a high clear voice singing, so he afterwards remembered, but whether it was the Cradle Song of the Willow Weaver, or the speech of the wordless music at the blossom's heart, he could not tell.

It is my belief (I, who tell these things) that the words, and indeed the whole matter, were by no manner of means such as are here recorded. He told me the words he heard were something like to these ; but he admitted they were not really like them either in sound or sense.

This is what he crooned in the day that came after, when men said his mother-wit had been stolen by the Folk of Peace :

Thou mak'st thy cry to me, thou mak'st thy plea ;  
 I watch the waters of a changeless sea.  
 Upon its breast I mark a Shadow fall,  
 Wherein a myriad shadows toss and crawl.  
 Weep'st thou because their turmoil will not cease,  
 O passing ripple on the Lake of Peace ?  
 I watch the toiling shadows fight and strive,

I hear the murmur of a Dream-World hive.  
 Why is their warfare more to thee, than me,  
 Thou wave that risest from a boundless sea ?  
 No shadow-battle stirs the silent breast  
 Of the deep waters of the Lake of Rest.  
 Where mourning shadows throng the dreary side  
 Of the black river's foul and sluggish tide,  
 I see the shining of the Silver Peace,  
 I hear its music bid their moaning cease.  
 Thy fair is foul to me, thy foul is fair ;  
 Thy songs are cries, thy joys are pain-fraught care ;  
 Thy griefs are gladness, and thy woes are gain,  
 Thy deaths are jewels in an age-long chain.  
 Thy sins but shadows on the waters wide,  
 Thy virtues gleams upon the silent tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

When those twenty-four hours in which Ralph Campion was to vanish were ended, he came wandering, hatless, over the green-brown fields in the drenching rain ; he was soaked to the skin, but he did not seem to know this. He asked to see his superior and elder, who was even then in serious consultation with his father-in-law and employer. When this man—Mr. Warrener—heard Ralph Campion was there, he was glad. He was a plain-dealing person, and he thought when people did wrong and were found out, it was good for them to be punished. His son-in-law, on the other hand, was sorry and alarmed.

"Show Mr. Campion in," said the older of the two men who were discussing Ralph Campion's sins. Mr. Campion came in, dripping. He smiled, greeted his hosts, and tried to explain what had happened and why he had not vanished. The two listeners looked at each other silently ; to do the younger of the twain justice he seemed to be shocked and dismayed. There was a pause. The elder laid his hand on Ralph Campion's shoulder.

"Sit down, Campion," he said gently. "Sit down and keep quiet. You're dripping wet, you know ; you'll be ill, you must see the doctor. I'll send for him at once. There's no need for you to worry about anything."

Then he drew his son-in-law out of earshot.

"This must be hushed up," he whispered. "You see what's happened to him. Didn't you see it yesterday ? Where are his

people? They must be sent for; and the doctor too. I'll telephone to him at once. Whether this is a cause or an effect I don't know. Be charitable and assume the first. Anyway we will say nothing; he's not responsible for what he did."

It was more of a truth than he knew. The other man, white as a sheet, assented eagerly.

Certain superstitious folk of Celtic blood said the son of the sorrowful, patient little old widow, who lived with his mother in the small grey house on the windswept hill above the churchyard, had wandered in the "gentle places" whence no man ever returns to the human habitations; only the bodily seeming of such a man comes back; he is away with the "good people"; at night he dances in their mystic rings and makes merry with them in the heart of the hills. This, said they, was the case with Ralph Champion; for he had the look of eternal childhood on his face, and the fairy fire was in his eyes. But they were wrong: it was with him as the Willow Weaver said, the Cradle Song of the Children of the Lake of Peace would not wholly leave his ears; and because he could not recall nor sing it perfectly he wandered bewildered, trying vainly to interpret its broken snatches, with labouring brain, and longing, breaking heart.

MICHAEL WOOD.

PLATO once said: "With your favour, sir, it is not always the part of virtue and bravery to preserve either your own life or your neighbour's. He that is a man in good earnest must not be so mean as to whine for life, and grasp intemperately at old age: let him leave this point to Providence. The women can tell him that we must go when our time is come. His duty is to consider how he may make the most of his life, and spend what there is to the best advantage."

MARCUS AURELIUS, *Meditations*, 46.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRI-UNITY

THE doctrine of the Trinity is by many stated to be a dogma that must be accepted submissively by the human intellect as a thing beyond its power to grasp. To this idea enlightened thought strongly objects; and the ground of its objection is as follows.

The human mind is the creation of God, Who is Truth and Reason. Consequently, Truth can never be contrary to Reason.\* It may be in its fulness above the *comprehension* of the highest reason of limited creatures; but it must be capable of *apprehension*; else the truth about reason is denied.

The mind that has seldom, or never, been exercised upon metaphysical problems lacks the power of apprehension, not on account of inherent inability, but on account of want of practice, and of the necessary training to develop the required ability. Besides, minds differ; some being strong on the analytical side, and some on the synthetical. Everyone can see differences; but it takes natural gift, and the careful cultivation thereof, to see uniformities.

Metaphysically, there are two ideas of "One": that of a singularity, and that of a unity. The former is a purely abstract idea. A "One" which exists alone, having no "Other"—never, by the nature of the case, in any relation to another, because there is but itself, and so perfectly simple and homogeneous that it can contain in itself no power of division, or forth-putting in lower manifestation as "Many"—is an idea which even human (trained) reason can *see* to be "unable-to-be." It would be (if it could be) like the Point-Being in *Flatland* which is thus described: "He is himself his own world, his own universe; of any other than himself he can form no conception; he knows not Length, nor Breadth, nor Height, for he has had no experience of them;

\* See Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, pp. 14 ff. of Bohm's edition.

he has no cognisance even of the number Two; nor has he a thought of plurality; for he is himself his One and All, being really Nothing" (p. 91).

Such a being would be Anti-God—the very reverse of all that Is, the most practical concept of the Devil.

The other idea of "One" is that of the Unity; the All considered in the light of its perfect interior harmonisation; made up of elements all in perfect union; so that, though "Many" as to content, it is "One" as to Itself in Itself. Destroy the harmony, the unifying, in such a concept, and you get as a result, a complex of un-unified elements which, *ex hypothesi*, will necessarily (in so far as they are cognisant of each other) be in a state of disunity, strife, and opposition, each convinced that it alone ought to be, and eager to extinguish every "other" in order that it alone may "Be." Here we have another conception of the Devil.

Thus arises the metaphysical idea of "Two" which is concerned not at all with *quantity* but only with *quality*. If there be ten thousand of one sort and ten thousand of another, the state, to the metaphysician, would be a duality; because it is the "sorts" and not the number of each sort that is regarded.

If there be "Two" that are not antagonistic, but have found, each of them, their true relation to the other, and know that "each supplies defect in either," we should, speaking metaphysically, call them not "Two," but "One"; a unity, the result of a unit-ing. In no sense would they act as a true "Two." Each would be "at-oned" to the other; and for all practical purposes, and in the estimation of reason, they would be "One."

But why, if this be so, are they two in any sense? Why not one single thing with no idea of Two-ness?

Because to be so would involve a most extraordinary loss of much that is very good. First, can we not understand that in the very consciousness of *complementariness* a great deal of very sweet and beautiful realisation arises? To be rich, with no conception of poverty, would be a slighter thing than to be rich in the presence of poverty, and so with all the possibilities of joy in the supplying of the lack of those who were poor. Consciousness, on which realisation depends, depends itself entirely on ex-

perience of a contrary. One who had not even the consciousness of want, would not realise, or rejoice in, his fullness. The highest quality of joy conceivable to reason arises from the making of the "not me" as happy as I am; that is, from the supply of need, the bringing together of fulness and emptiness, and the making of them One. The emptiness gives to the fulness the ability to realise the delight of fulness; and the fulness gives to the emptiness the delight of now being full, of the ending of the distress of emptiness in the joy of realised fulness.

We have approached the problem thus far from the human, rather than the divine, side of Tri-unity. The "One" is the fulness; the "Two" is the emptiness; and the "Three" is their union, the new state made possible through both being "at-oned." And it should be observed carefully that the "One," "Two," "Three," are here used in a qualitative, and not a quantitative sense. The sum of a quantitative one, two, three, is six; but in the qualitative sense, "Two" means another "One," different from (complementary to) that which we called "One"; a new state—we might almost say a new Being—resulting from the unifying, the "at-one-ment," of the "One" and the other "One." So the sum of the qualitative One, Two, Three, is not six, but either One or Three. As two units and their union it is Three. As a true unit, a true union, it is One; as are oxygen and hydrogen when they unite to form water.

Now this principle is of universal applicability to all mundane things, and it is so because—for human reason—it is the root idea of the nature of the Source of all mundane things. But as applied to the Source Itself, our opposition is not of good and evil, supply and need, in the ordinary human understanding of the words; but rather of being and manifestation, idea and form, spirit and embodiment.

For everything that can come into human consciousness must be (in a sense) *concrete*. Pure thought, abstract power, unembodied love, are concepts which we reach, not by direct cognition, but by direct cognition of *the embodiments* of these ideas, from which we then abstract the embodiment; whereupon—by a necessary process of mind—the abstract concepts alone remain. We do not *know* these abstracts as abstract, but we know what

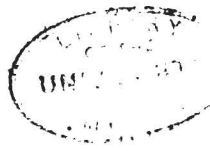
to call them ; and—knowing this—our mind (if we are not trained thinkers) sometimes falls into the mistake of supposing that we know them because we can name them. But if they were actually apart from embodiment, we could not even name them ; no faintest concept of such ideas would ever arise in our minds. For the abstract, as abstract and apart from embodiment, could only be for a mind—if such could be—also abstract and apart from embodiment.

On the higher ground of the Being of God our illustration from oxygen and hydrogen fails. No absolutely perfect illustration can be—*ex hypothesi*—possible ; for hydrogen is not that through which oxygen manifests, but is itself of like plane with oxygen. Thought and word form a better illustration. This is the illustration which God Himself has given us. For the Son is the Word by Whom the Father (the Thought) is revealed. We cannot think of Being apart from Quality. Only through Quality, Sort, Nature, can we know Being. The Father supplies the Potential, the Basal Source, the Power ; the Son supplies the Quality, the manifested Nature, the Character. The Spirit is the going forth of these Two into Operation, whereby arise the Works or Wonders which manifest the Quality of the Son and stand in the Basal Power of the Father.

It is the teaching of the greatest of all Mystics (Jacob Boehme) that the Father's property should be there, but hidden ; giving basis as a dynamic, but not giving quality ; because this property is in Itself, and as apart from that of the Son, a fierce, angry, wrathful quality ; at least it appears thus when manifested as quality. But what would be of such a quality when manifested remains (when in Its right place as a hidden basis) Power, Might, Strength, the unassailable potential and dynamic of the second element of Being, the quality of the Son. In every Being there must needs be these two elements—Power and Quality, Basis and Nature ; the former the hidden dynamic, the latter the manifested characteristic. And these Two are One ; that is, Two for limited apprehension ; One to perfect apprehension.

And, for limited apprehension, the going forth of these Two into operation is a third concept ; for we can conceive of Them as in Themselves, apart from their operation ; and we can





conceive of Them as operating. This third concept, for us, is the Holy Spirit. The Son manifests the Father to Himself (perfect comprehension); the Spirit manifests the Father and the Son to us (imperfect apprehension). So, as orthodox faith has rightly expressed it, the Father is One; the Son is One; and the Spirit is One (not One, Another, and a Third); and all the "Ones" are One.

It would require greater space than that at our disposal to suggest how the separation in human thought of these Three arises from the conditions of limited faculty. What to God is One, to man is Many. It is permitted to us to think and reason thus in order to realise our faith, and show that it is not unreasonable. For humanity is, as yet, not perfectly unified with the Father; or, in other words, not yet grown up to the "full grown-man," which is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." "But of His fulness have all we received"—in its wholeness, as yet, only potentially, just as in the babe is (potentially) the whole man; in realised consciousness we have as yet received only as much as we are capable of consciously receiving; and in the evolution we shall receive ever more and more and more, until God is, not only in divine consciousness (this He is ever) but in full human consciousness also, All in All. And, necessarily, when the whole content of each is alike, All are One.

These brief suggestions are offered, not as the conclusion of the whole matter, but as slight suggestions towards arriving at a reason for the faith we hold; lines of thought which, if followed up earnestly, and under the guidance of the Wisdom given to all who ask it, may lead to fuller understanding.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

## GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 257)

I DO not know when or where I should end if I narrated in full all my minor, momentary adventures on what I suppose to be the astral plane of the Theosophists. How I have found myself careering along at a great pace, in the company of others, through the low brushwood of a thick, and apparently impassable forest, crying out or hearing others cry out (I forget which) that it was the astral plane; how I have spun along, seemingly in a train, watching for a moment the pink faces of houses (a case of very vivid astral vision) as they flew by, houses like nothing in the world that I have ever seen, except, perhaps, on a very much more modified scale, in Tangier; how once, to prove to a bystander that we were not on the physical plane, I raised my right arm (I seem generally to like doing conjuring tricks during sleep) and bringing it down on the middle of my left, succeeded in making the two arms, after a moment's pause, *pass through each other*; or how, finding myself near a cliff's edge, one night, during the sleep of the body, in the company of an earth-friend, I was doubtful for a moment on which plane we were, and was about to try the flying-test (one can, apparently, always fly on the astral plane, and I am beginning to use it as a regular test, when in doubt), when my friend sped on ahead of me to the cliff's edge, and taking a tremendous leap, described in the air one of the most splendid human-curves I ever saw, while I quickly followed; or how, finding myself on board ship, and spying in the distance a light on the sea, I leapt from the ship, and flying in the direction of the gleam found that it emanated from a very beautiful figure, whose exact appearance I cannot remember, but who was bathed in a light almost as snowy-white as that I described in a previous account; these incidents I just mention, and others I

omit, because I do not wish to be mistaken for Mr. Bailey, the New Voice from Eurasia, who, according to Mr. Belloc in his book, *The Path to Rome*, "does not end at all, but is still going on."

Before, however, proceeding to describe one or two more classes of experience, I must first mention a most remarkable case of sleep-clairaudience, which occurred to me a day or two ago, just before I began to try to sort out the details of this story. I was just waking up last Sunday morning (January 4th, 1903) when I suddenly found myself conscious of a great stillness, of the kind that seems to envelope one after taking a couple of breaths of laughing-gas, a stillness which was only broken by slight scraping sounds and vibrations in the ears, such as I have remarked above to be characteristic of the process of anæsthetisation. The chief other phenomenon I observed was that my body (what body I cannot say, as I was nominally asleep), was prickling and pulsing in a very marked manner, and these sensations continued, if I mistake not, until the phenomenon which I am about to relate ceased. I immediately knew that I was, astrally speaking, "switched on," and that I was about to get a clairaudient message. In a moment it came, both in matter and manner one of the most extraordinary astral communications I have ever received. The voice was marvellously near and clear, and the person from whom it came seemed to be close to me. And yet, at the same time, there is also a sense in which, I think (however madly contradictory it may seem to say so) the voice seemed to come from a distance as if spoken through a telephone. Anyhow there is no doubt as to whose voice it was. It was the voice of my dentist in London, and he was speaking of some dental operation he was just going to perform on me. "You know, Mr. Calignoc," he began, "I'll just—" and he went on talking quite fast for what seemed about half a minute, speaking several sentences, that is to say, and apparently accompanying his remarks in his ordinary manner, with a dental examination. Shades of unhappy hours I have spent in Wimpole Street! I did not attend much to what he said after the first sentence, and, in any case, I think the remarks were far too technical for me to recall them. But to *how* he said it I attended very much indeed, and I

can only say that I am inclined to place it very high among my psychical experiences. The reality of the aural effect was intense, past anything I have ever known on this plane, I was going to say. The gentleman I am speaking of has, in physical life, a peculiarly sympathetic and pleasant voice, and this voice, with all its shades and variations and undulations of tone, I heard that Sunday morning. (He may smile if he reads this account, but I am here concerned only with the hardest of hard facts, not with smiles.) Meanwhile, I lay perfectly still and listened, for I knew that I was "focussed" to a nicety, and that any movement on my part (even that involved in the effort of speaking) might throw this extraordinary example of astral *rapport* out of gear. As he finally drew away, or rather, perhaps I should say, as I drew away (for I do not know that he did), and began to wake up, another voice just started to speak to the left of his, as it seemed, but I did not catch what it was talking about. Then I woke and took the time immediately, and found it to be as nearly as possible a quarter past seven, a quarter past seven on the morning of January 4th, 1903, when this (to me) extraordinary phenomenon occurred.

A word as to the psychical effects of opium in my case. Till the end of 1900, the greatest amount of opium I had ever imbibed was that comparatively infinitesimal quantity to be found in the cough mixture of the enterprising chemist or the rough-and-ready practitioner. The effect upon me of the gentle, insinuating cough-mixture was, I remember, in one case at least, that, before going to sleep, I had a fairly vivid vision of a palatial chamber, crammed with page-boys, of classic profile, all dressed in green and gold. This multiplication of object seems to be a characteristic effect of opium both in its primary and secondary stages. At the end of 1900, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the illness I have already spoken of, in the absence of a correct diagnosis and treatment, I was simply drenched with this drug. The primary effects were, of course, pleasant enough. I seemed to be lifted a quarter of an inch above the body, and consequently, for the moment, out of all pain. Before this continued administration of the drug began to prove seriously baneful, an amusing incident occurred. One night (I think it was in the middle of the night,

and that I had waked to take food), on smoothing down the bed-clothes just next to my face, I caught sight of the most absurd little man, not more than three or four inches high! He appeared to be wrestling with something, and, in fact, he was trying to roll along a small object, that looked like a milk can, in the direction of my face; just as porters roll milk cans about, while the train waits aimlessly at country railway stations. Directly he caught sight of me, however, he relaxed his toil, and a look of the utmost mischief came over his face. By some quick motion that I could not see, and by some contrivance the working of which I could not follow, he managed to give me a squirt on one of my cheeks from the milk can. Perhaps it was not a milk can after all, but a bay-rum bottle, and the mischievous little man was the barbering in fairyland. Anyhow, I felt the cold shock so clearly on my face, that I burst out laughing and touched my cheek with my hand; but, of course, the skin was perfectly dry, and my little knight of the milk can had vanished, insignia and all. My nurse asked what was the matter, and I told her, but I am afraid neither she nor anyone else, to whom I have imparted the story, believes, as much as I do, in the real existence of the little man. He reminded me, however, of the story told of Anna Kingsford. This extraordinary lady is said to have *heard* something rustling about among her papers. She at once investigated the matter and discovered a gnome, armed with a shovel, fooling about. Asked what he was doing there, he made a feeble excuse and vanished. I do not, however, remember what language he talked.\*

I will readily confess, however, that I am not half so strongly convinced of the "reality" (I wish I knew what that word meant!) of my opium-experiences, as of certain of the visions which I have already narrated, and I am inclined to believe that some of the opium-experiences, at least, were phantoms born of a diseased and poisoned body, though I also think that people are

\* Since writing the above I have come to understand that Anna Kingsford's gnome talked French! But Anna Kingsford had been to see Madame Blavatsky that day. My opium-gnome, if genuine, was certainly astral, as the "little red fellows" seen by Manxmen in their native isle must also be, I fancy. But Anna Kingsford's gnome, unlike mine, *rustled, and spoke French*. Does not this argue something quite out of the way for a gnome, *viz.*, a power of rustling and a knowledge of French? I am afraid I see a master-hand at the back of Anna Kingsford's gnome. Whose that hand was, I will leave readers of Olcott's *Diary Leaves* to guess.

far too ready to put things down as unreal, which, if accepted as real, would oblige them entirely to reconsider their views of Life, and to construct a new and more suitable Theory of the Universe. If the creatures I saw during my opium-phase were real entities, which my bad physical state made me capable of seeing, but did not entirely, or did not at all, create, then I must have come very near crossing the borders of, at least, the Seventh Sphere again, if not (who knows ?) of the Unspeakable Eighth. For my experiences became, after some days of this opium business, literally hellish. De Quincey has told the world something of the sorrows of opium. I do not know that they could possibly be exaggerated. It was not a question of dreams. I was only too glad to be asleep, because that happily, at the time, meant unconsciousness. But my waking life was a continual prey to one long-drawn pageantry of phantasmal horrors. Yet, again, that is far too delicate and formal a piece of phrasing to convey the real state of the case. *They* did not merely pass in lurid procession before me, they crowded in upon me, making a monstrous hedge about me, and cutting me off from pleasant traffic with the delightful world. I can only hope that those, who left me *alone* then, did not know what they were doing. I can only hope that the faces (so many), that I saw then, do not really exist. When I say that I finally preferred to endure, for a while once more, the most ghastly, excruciating, physical torture rather than take any more opium, the more psychically-educated among the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW may know where I was, and what I suffered. I can only remember, off-hand, one real literary effort made to depict such a state as mine then was, and that, marvellous though it is, I do not find at all adequate to the facts, which are indeed more suited to be blotted out from the Book of Life than recorded in it. In one of his finest flights (I believe some people think the finest), Tennyson impersonates Lucretius beset by foul fiends on his latest day :

Now thinner and now thicker, like the flakes  
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear  
 The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they

The basest, far into that council-hall  
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land.

It is difficult to believe, after this, that the poet had not been through some such experience himself !

A few days after I ceased to take opium, and a day or two after I had undergone a medical examination under chloroform, I had a dream, which for two or three reasons is thoroughly worth recording. I dreamt I was walking down *the lower part of the hill at the top of which I was born*, when a dark-skinned man caught me up and passed close to me, whispering in my ear as he did so, "*Don't you know you've got cancer ?*" Immediately I hurried after him and began to argue with him about the matter, racking my brains for reasons on the other side to pit against his cruel suggestion. My dream ended on the spot, but, for some days afterwards, I suffered very much, mentally and morally speaking, from this dream. I had gone through so much physical pain during the previous few weeks, and, at intervals, during the previous few months or even years, that I did not think I had strength to bear any more. Also I was in such a weak, nervous state that I could not bring myself to ask the doctors point blank if they thought I had cancer or not. I once tried to put the question to a medical relative who came to see me, but he did not rebut the notion quite as decisively as I had hoped, but merely remarked, I think, that it was curious that I should have thought of that. So I imagined he was trying to break the truth to me very gradually, and this increased my mental anxiety tenfold. I used to wake at about four o'clock every morning for some days after that, and, lying there alone in my room in the Nursing Home to which I had been transferred, worry for hours over the pros and cons of the matter, knowing well that similar psychical warnings I had received in the past had sometimes proved only too true. However, in the eagerness of my heart, I found two arguments against this particular dream being true, and, in the light of my present knowledge, I might possibly have added others. I argued, in the first place, that a benevolent spirit would not have broken the truth to me in such an off-hand, brutally callous way, and that, consequently, if it was a spirit at all, it was a malevolent one and might very well be lying. The other alternative, of course, was that it

might be malevolent, and yet, on this occasion, be telling the truth. As to that I argued (knowing very little about the possibilities of karma) that higher spiritual powers would have prevented it committing such a gratuitous assault upon my peace. Finally, however, if I remember rightly (it is difficult to "speak by the card" about the exact details of one's own illness), I came to the conclusion that I was doing the dream an injustice, and derived much comfort from the discovery. Those who have read the *Annals* of Tacitus, will recall how, in the first book, a dream-story, similar to mine in its important features, is recorded. The night before Caecina was attacked by Arminius, the German patriot, "a ghastly dream," says Tacitus, "disturbed the general. He seemed to see Quintilius Varus, covered with blood, rising out of the swamps, and to hear him as it were, calling to him, *but he did not, as he imagined, obey the call, he even repelled his hand, as he stretched it over him.*" (Church and Brodribb's Trans.) So also, in my case, I thought the important feature in my dream might not be the uncommonly unpleasant question, "Don't you know you've got cancer?" but rather *the fact that I instantly combated the idea.* And so, as in Tacitus' story, Caecina, after undergoing, it is true, a terrible time, finally "pulled through," and triumphal honours were decreed to him; so I also finally, in spite of a very generally adverse medical opinion, turned out not to have cancer, and triumphal honours, in the way of restoration to perfect health, were decreed to me. I have little doubt that, as a matter of fact, my unpleasant dream was due to my miserable faculty for "tapping the Zeitgeist," especially at awkward moments. In any case, regarded from a strictly Theosophical point of view, it was altogether a queer, as well as a severe, piece of karma. But karma for what? That is the sort of question one is tempted to ask.

I may add, by way of conclusion to the tale, that, a few days later, when I felt stronger, I told the dream to my medical relative, who probably still thought my case hopeless; and, of course, I got in return the hollow laugh I expected. It is difficult for some people to act a part when they are caught unprepared.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



## MAN'S DEEPER SELF\*

IN the preceding chapters we have gained some insight into the structure of human personality through the analysis of some of the accidents to which it is subject. We have studied on the one hand the insistent ideas, the hysterical instabilities, the splits and alternations which seem to destroy that inward unity to the sense of which we instinctively cling ; while on the other we saw how, in certain cases, specially fortunate individuals had extended the grasp of that inward concentration, and had integrated the personality still further by utilising uprushes of subliminal faculty to supplement or to crystallise the products of supraliminal thought.

We have now to consider that most important and most constant of all the phases or alternations of personality, *viz.*, *sleep*.

A physiological definition of sleep has never yet been achieved, and our increased knowledge of hypnotic sleep—induced in apparent independence of any or all of the supposed physiological requisites of slumber—renders its attainment even more problematical.

Considered psychologically, sleep is the suspension of waking consciousness ; but this is a purely negative definition and we are called upon to seek its positive characteristics, regarding it as an alternation of personality, analogous to those which our previous analysis has abundantly shown it to resemble, and co-ordinate with the waking phase. Both phases, sleep and waking, appear to have been differentiated alike from a primitive indifference ; from a condition of lowly organisms, which merited the name neither of sleep nor of waking. Indeed, sleep may rather claim to be regarded as the more primitive of the two ; for

\* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers ; 2 vols., Longmans, Green & Co. Price £2 2s. See also the article "Science and the Soul" in the last number.

it is sleep rather than vigilance which pre-natal and infantile life suggests; and even for us adults, however much we may associate ourselves with the waking state alone, that state has at least thus much of secondary and adventitious characteristics, that it is maintained for short periods only, which we cannot artificially lengthen, being plainly unable to sustain itself without frequent recourse to that fuller influx of vitality which slumber brings.

Our review of sleeping faculty must thus begin from the red end of our spectrum of consciousness—the red end which represents the deepest powers which waking effort can exert upon our physical organism. Indeed we must begin below that limit, for most assuredly in sleep some agency is at work which far surpasses waking efficacy in this respect. For the regenerative quality of healthy sleep is universally recognised as something *sui generis*, and the wonderful renovation which even a few moments of sleep will bring about far surpasses the utmost which hours of lying down in silence and darkness can accomplish.

Again, as regards muscular co-ordination and control, these normally in sleep are neither needed nor possessed, but in somnambulism, the person can accomplish feats of accurate co-ordination and even of strength utterly beyond the utmost limit of his waking powers to accomplish. Similarly the power of visualisation is often very greatly intensified both at the onset of sleep, in dreams, as well as in the first moments after awakening. Sometimes indeed the creative power of the imagination, and the faculties of inward audition, vision and the like, are greatly exalted in sleep and may be turned to practical account, as was done by R. L. Stevenson; while both permanent nervous injury, or nervous benefit, and even stigmata, may be produced by unwilling self-suggestions in dream, as shown in cases observed by A. Faure, Dr. Holbrook, and Dr. Kraft-Ebbing.

The permanent result of a dream thus shows that sometimes—contrary to our usual notions—the dream has not been a mere superficial confusion of past waking events, but has an unexplained potency—drawn, like the potency of hypnotic suggestion, from some depth in our being which the waking self cannot reach. And this comes out even more forcibly in the fairly numerous

class of cases in which a dream has been the starting-point of "conversion" in a religious sense, or of a sudden, marked and complete change of moral character.

Moreover, many cases prove beyond any doubt the existence of some connection between dream memory and hypnotic memory, a connection which points, as Mr. Myers abundantly shows, towards the existence of some subliminal continuity of memory, lying deeper down than the evocable memory of ordinary life. Indeed in every recorded instance where there has been any *unification* between alternating states, it is, as he points out, the memory *furthest* from the waking life whose span is the widest, whose grasp of the organism's stored-up impressions is the most profound. And the observed facts even indicate that many impressions, which have never even for a moment come within the apprehension of the supraliminal consciousness, are nevertheless retained by the subliminal memory, and are occasionally presented in dreams with what seems a definite purpose. Of this Mr. Myers cites several most striking instances, and the fact itself is altogether beyond doubt.

In these cases—such as Prof. Hilprich's, for instance—we seem to reach the utmost intensity of sleep-faculty within the limits of our ordinary spectrum; but Mr. Myers then goes on to give us a series of intensely interesting cases in which the information conveyed in a dream lies altogether beyond what could have been normally known. The cases of Mr. Squire, Mr. Watts, Canon Warburton, Mrs. West, Mrs. Boyle, and numbers of others which have been most fully and carefully investigated and verified, illustrate the fuller emergence in the dream phase of our personality of those latent faculties such as telepathy, telæsthesia, clairvoyance, clairaudience, precognition, etc., of which some sporadic signs and intimations have been noted in our analysis of previous chapters.

To sum up our study of sleep; we have seen that in sleep there may be an increased co-ordination or centralisation of muscular control, and also an increased vividness of inner perception as well as of creative power. The dreaming self may undergo sensory and emotional experiences apparently more intense than those of vigilance, and may produce thereby lasting

effects upon the waking body and mind. Further, in sleeping or hypnotic states memory may be both wider in range and fuller in content than the waking memory ; and also the power of inference and argument may be intensified in sleep, as is proved by the solution in sleep of problems which have baffled waking effort.

If then we attempt some generalisation—[admitting for the moment as an hypothesis the existence of a spiritual, or as Myers calls it, metetherial world]—we might perhaps think thus : Sleep is the infant's dominant phase ; the pre-natal state resembles sleep rather than waking and so does the whole condition of our lowly ancestors. And as the sleeping state is the more *primitive*, so also it is the more *generalised* and the more *plastic*. Out of this dreamy abeyance between two worlds, the needs of the material world are constantly developing some form of alert activity, some faculty which was potential only, until search for food and the defence against enemies compelled a closer heed to "the life of relation," lest the relation should become only that of victim to devourer.

We shall thus have two phases of personality developing into separate purposes and in separate directions from a parent stem. The waking personality will develop external sense organs and will fit itself progressively for the life of relation to the external world. It will endeavour to attain an ever completer control over the resources of the personality, and it will culminate in what we call *genius* when it has unified the subliminal as far as possible with the supraliminal in its pursuit of deliberate waking ends.

The sleeping personality will develop in ways less easy to foresee. What, on any theory, will it aim at, beyond the familiar intensification of recuperative power ? We can only guess, on my theory, that its development will show some increasing trace of the soul's less exclusive absorption in the activity of the organism. The soul has withdrawn from the specialised material surface of things (to use such poor metaphor as we can) into a realm where the nature of the connection between matter and spirit—whether through the intermediacy of the ether or not—is more profoundly discerned. That same withdrawal from the surface which, while it diminishes power over complex muscular processes, increases power over profound organic processes, may at the time increase the soul's power of operating in that spiritual world to which sleep has drawn it nearer.

It is a natural and easy transition to pass from the study of normal sleep to the examination of that great experimental modification of sleep which, under the names of *mesmerism* or of *hypnotism*, has yielded such an immense harvest of fertile and suggestive observations. Accordingly, it is to the study and analysis of the phenomena known as mesmeric or hypnotic that Mr. Myers devotes his fifth chapter, which is a very full one,

so much so that such a summary of it as our space will permit must be almost unduly condensed.

Mr. Myers first shows that hypnotism is an experimental development of the sleeping phase of personality; then, reviewing the various accredited modes of inducing hypnotic effects, he shows that these resolve themselves, on close examination, into suggestion and self-suggestion. Further it becomes evident on reflection that suggestion from hypnotisers resolves itself also in turn into self-suggestion—a conclusion which leads Mr. Myers to define “suggestion” as *a successful appeal to the subliminal self*.

Next, by careful analysis of the main achievements of hypnotism, we are shown that these, all of them, seem to imply an increased subliminal *vitalisation* of the organism; and again, that self-suggestion is exercised most effectively when it is supported by strong faith in some external vitalising or succouring power—a point which leads the author to the conclusion that man’s spirit does actually draw in energy from some spiritual environment.

Our previous study, especially that of sleep, had shown the obvious desirability of reproducing and consolidating by experiment some part of that sporadic and spontaneous faculty which comes to the surface especially in vision and in sleep-waking states. But were it not for the knowledge which hypnotism has almost accidentally brought to us we should find it hard indeed to devise any appropriate scheme of experiment. However, hypnotism has been discovered and opens for us an easy road; but we must still remember that we are only likely to reach experimentally the “middle level” centres of the subliminal self. But this is enough to prove that hypnotism is no disconnected or extraneous insertion into experimental psychology, but rather a useful name for a group of necessary, although empirical and isolated, attempts to bring under control that range of submerged faculty which has already from time to time spontaneously presented itself to our notice.

Having thus established the legitimacy and orthodoxy of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to speak of the various leading discoverers and investigators and their methods, reaching eventually the conclusion stated above that these are all

ultimately reducible to self-suggestion, and that "suggestion" in all its forms may be defined as a successful appeal to the subliminal self.

In this way Mr. Myers is able to present the puzzle of the capriciousness of successful suggestion—which is a very marked feature of the observations—as part and parcel of the larger problem of the relationships of the supraliminal and subliminal self—a conception which throws some light upon this bewildering subject. For we have seen that the subliminal self is specially concerned with the sleeping phase of personality, and we may therefore expect that hypnotism will involve some developed form of sleep. For the hypnotic trance is not identical—as some extremists have held—with ordinary sleep, since therein the subliminal self comes to the front in response to our appeal, and displaces just so much of the supraliminal self as may be needful for its purposes.

Charcot—the great rehabilitator of hypnotism—supposed that its stages followed a fixed physiological law, but this has since been completely disproved and hypnotic states have been shown to resemble rather alternating personalities of shallow type. Indeed the tendency of modern research has been rather to prove that hypnotism is far more a psychological than a physiological phenomenon.

But beneath and between the awakenings into limited, partial alertness, which constitute these hypnotic stages, lies that profound, hypnotic trance which can be best described as a scientific or purposive rearrangement of the elements of sleep; a rearrangement in which what is helpful is intensified, what is merely hindering or isolating is removed or reduced. A man's ordinary sleep is at once unstable and irresponsible. You can wake him with a pin-prick, but if you talk to him he will not hear or answer you until you rouse him with the mere noise. That is sleep as the needs of our timorous ancestors determined that it should be.

Hypnotic sleep, on the contrary, is at once stable and responsive; strong in its resistance to such stimuli as it chooses to ignore; ready in its accessibility to such appeals as it chooses to answer. Prick or pinch the hypnotised subject and although some stratum of his personality may be aware, in some fashion,

of your act, the sleep will generally remain unbroken. But if you speak to him—or even speak before him—then, however profound his apparent lethargy, there is something in him which will hear.

All this is true even of the earlier stages of trance. Deeper still lies the stage of highest interest—that sleep-waking in which the subliminal self is at last set free—is at last able not only to receive but to respond; when it begins to tell us the secrets of the sleeping phase of personality, beginning with directions as to the conduct of the trance or of the cure, and going on to who knows what insight into who knows what world afar.

In order to test and explain the scope of his definition of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to lead us, in considerable detail and with wonderful care and knowledge, through a very wide survey of hypnotic results, which is far too elaborate and crowded with detail to admit of summarisation. It must suffice to say that he fully and amply establishes the validity of his definition, as well as illustrates the value and practical utility of the point of view which it expresses. Incidentally we are presented with numerous instances of the suggestive or hypnotic induction of supernormal powers, such as clairvoyance and the like; but even apart from these, the whole trend of the survey shows that the effects of suggestion—however capricious or grotesque these effects may sometimes be—are essentially effects of *vitalisation* and imply that some energy is added, though in an irregular fashion, to both organic and psychical operations.

This naturally brings us to the next stage of our inquiry: the question as to the nature and source of this energy which both telepathic suggestion and self-suggestion imply. And after a careful discussion of the whole subject, Mr. Myers comes to the conclusion that no real explanation of hypnotic vitalisation can be given except upon the general theory that a world of spiritual life exists, with which the deeper self of man is in relation and upon which it can draw. Or to state the theory more fully in Mr. Myers' own words:

Each man is essentially a spirit, controlling an organism which is itself a complex of lower and smaller lives. The spirit's control is not uniform throughout the organism, nor in all phases of organic life. In waking life it controls mainly the centres of supraliminal thought and feeling, exercising

little control over deeper centres, which have been educated into a routine sufficient for common needs. But in subliminal states—trance and the like—the supraliminal processes are inhibited, and the lower organic centres are retained more directly under the spirit's control. As you get into the profounder part of man's being, you get nearer to the source of his human vitality. You get thus into a region of essentially greater *responsiveness* to spiritual appeal than is offered by the superficial stratum which has been shaped and hardened by external needs into a definite adaptation to the earthly environment. . . .

The ultimate lesson of hypnotic suggestion, especially in the somnambulant state, is, therefore, that we thus get, by empirical artifices, at these strata of greater plasticity—plasticity not to external but to internal forces—where the informing spirit controls the organism more immediately, and can act on it with greater freedom.

This conception seems to throw a light upon a fact repeatedly observed, but hitherto hard of explanation. The somnambulant state seems to be the introduction to two powers apparently quite disparate—the self-sanative and the telæsthetic. The highest development of sleep thus involves at once more penetrative bodily recuperation, and more independent spiritual activity. The spirit is more powerful either to draw metetherial energy into the organism, or to act in partial independence of the organism. The cases already cited of “travelling clairvoyance” have, in fact, generally occurred during sleep-waking states, originally induced for some healing purpose.

Take this to mean that the spirit can in such states more easily either *modify* the body, or partially *quit* and return to the body. In other words, it can for the time either pay the body more attention, with benefit, or less attention, without injury. I use the word *attention* because, in the impossibility of conceiving how a spirit can affect or control an organism, the most fitting term seems to be that by which we designate our own attempts at concentrating the personality. I would say in crude terms that the soul keeps the body alive by attending to it, and (as explained in Chapter IV.) can attend to central operations more directly than to superficial ones—to the activities of sleep more directly than to those of waking. Hence in deep states it can partially withdraw attention from the organism and bestow it elsewhere, while remaining capable of at once resuming its ordinary attitude towards that organism. Bodily death ensues when the soul's attention is wholly and irrevocably withdrawn from the organism, which has become from physical causes unfit to act as the exponent of an informing spirit. Life means the maintenance of this attention; achieved, in this view, by the soul's absorption of energy from the spiritual and metetherial environment.

And after briefly considering the wider bearing of the view here enunciated and its relation with the religious experience of the human race, Mr. Myers concludes this chapter with the eloquent words :



. . . It suggests—what narrower definitions have not yet suggested—the possibility of a world-wide faith, or set of the human spirit, which may make for an ever more potent mastery over organic hindrance and physical ill. Let the great currents of belief run gradually into a deeper channel. Let men realise that their most comprehensive duty, in this or other worlds, is intensity of spiritual life; nay, that their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalising Power.

In beginning his next chapter, which deals with the phenomena of *sensory automatism*, Mr. Myers remarks: "We have now reached a central node in our complex argument," and it therefore seems advisable to quote at some length his summary of its past course and to indicate its future development.

Several lines of evidence, already pursued, converge here to form the starting-point for a new departure. Our view of the subliminal self must pass in this chapter (Chapter VI. dealing with Sensory Automatism) through a profound transition. The glimpses which we have till now obtained have shown it as something incidental, subordinate, fragmentary. But henceforth it will gradually assume the character of something principal, persistent, unitary; appearing at last as the deepest and most permanent representative of man's true being.

First of all, in Chapter II., we realised that secondary streams of consciousness and memory, separate from the ordinary supraliminal stream, are in certain cases developed, and may even become permanent, thus either alternating with the original stream of memory or supplanting it altogether. . . .

In the next Chapter (III.) we approached the subject from a different side. Without entering upon any cases obviously abnormal, we traced the uprushes of the subliminal faculty which occur, helpfully and sanely, in the course of ordinary thought and life. . . .

In Chapter IV. we traced the varieties of subliminal action in that alternating phase of our personality which may be said to lie wholly beneath the threshold of waking consciousness.

We found that the state of sleep reproduced and varied the subliminal phenomena observed in waking hours. The pictures and utterances of some *dreams*, presenting themselves without our conscious elaboration, resemble confused fragments of the inspiration of genius. Pushed somewhat further, becoming more intense and more separate from waking life, dreams turn into somnambulisms (discussed in Chapter V.) and thus may develop into veritable fissions of personality.

For the most part, dream introduces us only to incoherent thought, somnambulism only to irrational action. Yet from time to time we have found in dreams indications of a memory which surpasses waking memory.

. . . . During various forms of sleep itself, moreover, something of unusual faculty seems to be exercised; mathematical or philological ingenuity may surpass its waking level; the senses may show a delicacy of which we had not judged them capable. And in the background of all this we catch glimpses of still higher faculty; of those supernormal powers of telepathy and telæsthesia on whose existence our belief in a unitary Self must ultimately be so largely based. . . . The subliminal self appears to exercise in sleep an increased control, and to be able thereby to carry the physical organism into higher vitality, the mind into readier communication, by supernormal methods, with other minds, and into scenes beyond the range of sense. Incidentally we perceive a new development of multiplex personality; a new power of alternating or combining streams of memory, of changing for a time or permanently the character and the will.

Our last Chapter (V.) was devoted to this hypnotic concentration and expansion of human faculty. . . . And here, more than ever—both in hypnotic phenomena and in the analogous cases of spontaneous somnambulism—we perceived elements of new supernormal faculty mingling with heightened faculty of familiar types.

Each, then, of these several lines of enquiry has led us, through widely varying phenomena, in substantially the same direction. From every side we have indications of something complex and obscure in the structure of human personality; of something transcending sensory experience in the reserves of human faculty.

We have come to a point where we need some further colligating generalisation; some conception under which these scattered phenomena may be gathered and exhibited in their true kinship. Some steps towards this the evidence now to be presented may enable us to take. Considering together, under the heading of sensory and motor *automatism*, the whole range of that subliminal action of which we have as yet discussed fragments only, we shall gradually come to see that its distinctive faculty of telepathy or telæsthesia is in fact an introduction to a realm where the limitations of organic life can no longer be assumed to persist. Considering again the evidence which shows that that portion of the personality which exercises these powers during our earthly existence does actually continue to exercise them after our bodily decay, *we shall recognise a relation—obscure but indisputable—between the subliminal and the surviving self.*

Mr. Myers then proceeds to define *automatism*, using it as the widest term to include the whole range of subliminal uprushes into ordinary life. Under *sensory automatisms*—which are dealt with in this chapter—he includes the products of inner vision or inner audition externalised into quasi-percepts; while he applies the term *motor automatisms* to all subliminal messages conveyed by movement of limbs, or hand, or tongue, initiated by an inner motor impulse beyond the conscious will.

But there is also a fundamental difference between Mr. Myers' point of view and that of ordinary psychology. While the latter regards the supraliminal life as the substantive or normal personality, of which subliminal life is the semi-conscious stratum, Mr. Myers reverses this view and regards supraliminal life as a special or privileged case of the whole personality, and holds therefore that each ordinary sense or faculty will appear as a special case of some more general power, towards which its evolution may be tending. Each sense organ is usually supposed to obtain fresh information only through its own end-organ, but we shall see that new and true perceptions are also generated within the brain.

Analysing the observed facts, Mr. Myers shows us that vestiges of the primitive undifferentiated sensitivity persist in the form of *synæsthesiæ*, e.g., when the hearing of some external sound carries with it the seeing of some form of colour. Now such percepts originate *within* the brain, and we can trace a regular succession of stages linking them, outwards, with ordinary vision, and inwards with sensory hallucinations. Going *outwards*, we have the series (to trace vision only): coloured audition, light flashes, due to mechanical stimuli of the optic nerve or eye, after-images and ordinary vision. Proceeding *inwards* we have coloured audition, memory-images, dreams, imagination-images, and finally visual hallucinations. We thus see that an hallucination is in reality an intensified internal vision. Now the faculty of internal vision varies very widely in different persons, and while hallucinations sometimes arise from well-known morbid causes, they are quite as common in health, and these latter, arising under quite normal conditions, are more instructive, as they are apparently spontaneous modifications of central percepts.

It used to be held that an hallucination was proof of some morbid condition; but this view has been shown to be quite unfounded by Mr. Gurney's extensive statistics of hallucinations occurring to persons "in good health, free from anxiety and completely awake." And the very full and complete investigation made showed conclusively that for the majority of hallucinations, as for the great majority of dreams, no special explanation

(either physiological or supernormal) can be offered; while in most of the coincident, veridical cases, the events coinciding with the hallucinations were unknown to the percipients at the time.

These veridical hallucinations also afford evidence of a development of fresh faculty, and some interesting questions arise as to the apparent spatial relationships involved.

Moreover mental visions can be controlled, *e.g.*, by hypnotic suggestions, and further actual hallucinations can also be thus produced, and since such suggested hallucinations involve at least a very great increase in the visualising power of the subject, they afford another example of that hypnotic evocation of fresh faculty which has already been referred to.

A simple empirical method of studying the correlation between the various types of internal vision may be found in crystal gazing, which seems to afford the readiest and easiest means of controlling the inward vision, and Mr. Myers devotes some interesting pages to this topic, reaching the conclusion that induced crystal visions illustrate all the various types of spontaneous sensory automatism.

Now, in order to have any objective validity—as some of these crystal visions experimentally induced have proved to possess—these visions must represent knowledge supernormally acquired, or else direct communication between the subliminal strata of two minds—in other words telepathy.

Further telepathy must exist if any disembodied intelligences exist; and on the principle of continuity, evolution from the lower carries with it the presumption of development into the higher. Thus the operation of telepathy is probably constant and far-reaching, as well as intermingled with ordinary methods of acquiring knowledge. We are thus led to a brief statement of the experimental investigation and proof of telepathy by the S.P.R., and thence Mr. Myers passes on to consider some of the hypotheses, such as brain waves in the ether, which have been suggested in explanation. These he discards as inadequate to meet the facts, and finally accepts, provisionally at least, the hypothesis of a “psychical invasion,” which involves the conception that different segments of the personality can operate inde-

pendently of and unknown to each other, and sometimes apart from the organism. The truth of the first part of this has been established by hypnotism, *viz.*, the independent operation of different segments, with separate streams of memory and consciousness working through the same organism. The second part, *viz.*, that these segments can sometimes operate apart from the organism, is in turn established by the study of the cases brought together in this chapter, which, however, form only an almost infinitesimal part of the total evidence available. It would take us too long to discuss or analyse these cases, besides which to possess their full convincing power they should be studied in the original. But what might be called the crucial test is furnished by the fact that appearances resembling in all respects those classed as veridical hallucinations have been experimentally produced, *not* by hypnotism, or in any abnormal condition of agent or percipient, but by the deliberate, voluntary effort to project himself on the part of the agent. This experimental fact is so vitally important in its bearing on the whole subject that one instance at least must be quoted here in full.

A certain Mr. S. H. B. (personally known to Mr. Gurney) had already once successfully attempted the experiment of projecting and rendering himself visible to others at a distance. Mr. Gurney then requested him to send him a note on the night that he intended to make his next experiment, and on the morning of Monday, March 24th, 1884, received from him the following note :

March 22nd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I am going to try the experiment to-night of making my presence perceptible at 44, Norland Square, at 12 a.m. I will let you know the result in a few days.—Yours very sincerely,

S. H. B.

The next letter was received in the course of the following week :

April 3rd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I have a strange statement to show you, respecting my experiment, which was tried at your suggestion, and under the test condition you imposed.

Having quite forgotten what night it was on which I attempted the projection, I cannot say whether the result is a brilliant success, or only a

slight one, until I see the letter which I sent you on the evening of the experiment.

Having sent you that letter, I did not deem it necessary to make a note in my diary, and consequently have let the exact date slip my memory.

If the dates correspond, the success is complete in every detail, and I have the account signed and witnessed to show you.

I saw the lady (who was the subject) for the first time last night, since the experiment, and she made a voluntary statement to me, which I wrote down at her dictation, and to which she has attached her signature. The date and time of the apparition are specified in this statement, and it will be for you to decide whether they are identical with those given in my letter to you. I have completely forgotten, but I fancy they are the same.

S. H. B.

This is the statement :

44, Norland Square, W.

On Saturday night, March 22nd, 1884, at about midnight, I had a distinct impression that Mr. S. H. B. was present in my room, and I distinctly saw him whilst I was quite wide awake. He came towards me, and stroked my hair. I *voluntarily* gave him this information when he called to see me on Wednesday, April 2nd, telling him the time and the circumstances of the apparition without any suggestion on his part. The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakeable.

L. S. VERITY.

Miss A. S. Verity corroborates as follows :

I remember my sister telling me that she had seen S. H. B. and that he had touched her hair, *before* he came to see us on April 2nd.

A. S. V.

Other cases are also cited by Mr. Myers, and he concludes the chapter with the following words :

In these self-projections we have before us, I do not say the most useful, but the most extraordinary achievement of the human will. What can lie further outside any known capacity than the power to cause a semblance of oneself to appear at a distance? What can be a more *central* action—more manifestly the outcome of whatsoever is deepest and most unitary in man's whole being? Here indeed begins the justification of the conception expressed at the beginning of this chapter;—that we should now see the subliminal self no longer as a mere chain of eddies or backwaters, in some way secluded from the main stream of man's being, but rather as itself the central and potent current, the most truly identifiable with the man himself. Other achievements have their manifest limit; where is the limit here? The spirit has shown itself in part dissociated from the organism; to what point may its dissociation go? To what degree of intelligence, independence, perma-

nence, may it conceivably attain? Of all vital phenomena, I say, this is the most significant; this self-projection is the one definite act which it seems as though a man might perform equally well before and after bodily death.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## THE NEO-PLATONISTS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 249)

AGAIN, if knowledge without virtue is vain, virtue without knowledge is insecure, and has no stable foundation. Therefore Plotinus says that it is Dialectic or Metaphysics—the science of Being—which supplies principles to the other two branches of philosophy; to ethics as well as physics. Following Plato, Plotinus recognises three temperaments in mankind as peculiarly conducive to the ascent to God: those of the musician (or artist), the lover, and the philosopher. The musician and the lover must become philosophers by learning that the beauty which they pursue is in truth something apart from the sensible manifestation of beauty which here excites their regard; that the presence of beauty in anything is the sure token of a divine origin; that the love of beauty, however disguised or distorted, is at bottom naught else than the love of God, since “God is the All-fair.” The philosopher, if he be worthy of the name, is both musician and lover as well; it may be, not in the vulgar sense of the words, but certainly according to their higher and more universal significance. For the harmony of music is but an image of the universal harmony; the love of man is as a spark from that great Love which lightens all the world—the strongest of bonds, which binds the universe together, and conjoins the mortal with the immortal.

And though the aim of philosophy be to detach the soul from the body, we shall not accomplish that aim by refusing to recognise and to enjoy the beauty which is manifest in body. The

love of sensible beauty is a necessary discipline of the soul, and we advance not by despising, but by outgrowing it, as the man outgrows the pleasures of the child. When we have indeed outgrown it, when we are aware that it is but as a shadow of the more excellent beauty of the mind, then, but not till then, we may "close the eyes of the body, and make use of another sight, which," says Plotinus, "all possess, but few employ." In this ascent, therefore, we lose nothing. All that we have truly loved remains to us, as we rise from the imperfect intimation to the more and more perfect realisation. This is what Plotinus means when he says that "the soul, divesting itself of everything foreign to God, ascends until it alone beholds God alone." For the things of which the soul thus divests itself are not realities, but obscurations of the reality, since God alone is in all things the innermost reality.

The happiness which the wise man seeks is something far removed from the vulgar conception of happiness. In this respect Plotinus goes further than Aristotle, who, while defining happiness as "an activity of the rational soul in accordance with the highest and most perfect virtue," makes it a condition that external circumstances shall be in some degree propitious. This concession to human weakness Plotinus absolutely rejects, and in the plainest language. "If we suppose two wise men, one of whom has all the advantages of nature and fortune, while the other is without them, is not the former the happier?" And the answer is: "No; if they are equally wise, they are equally happy."

There is a Stoic severity about this doctrine which at first hearing seems a little chilling. Yet if we are to take happiness in the high sense which these philosophers attached to the word, Plotinus was undoubtedly in the right. Happiness, according to his own definition, is "the possession in energy of the perfect life"; and the perfect life is obviously not that of the body or animal nature, which is neither perfect nor pure, being mingled at every stage with death. The perfect life is that of the immortal essence of the soul, energising in conformity with the divine Mind, and the possession of this life is in no way dependent on external circumstances. "He alone is truly happy who has the perfect life in energy, and has identified himself with it. That



such a man possesses happiness is proved by the fact that he desires nothing more. He finds his good within himself; and the Good Itself is the cause of the good in him. What he still seeks, he seeks as requisite, not for himself, but for something which belongs to him (*e.g.*, his body). In adversity he is none the less happy. If he is afflicted, the affliction does not touch the inner man, but only that in him which hath not intellect."\*

Plotinus goes still further. Happiness is a state of the soul, but does not necessarily imply the reflection of that state in our everyday consciousness. The wise man may be happy even when unconscious of his happiness; for happiness resides in active wisdom, and the higher part of man may be active without transmitting the knowledge to the animal. Intellectual energy may be active in us without our perceiving it. Perception implies reflection—a turning back of the thought upon itself, so as to reflect itself in the imagination as an object in a mirror. Now, if the mirror be removed, the object is still there, though no longer reflected. Even in this waking life we often act without being at the moment conscious of our action; in fact, unconscious energy—that which is forgotten in its object—is of all energy the most intense.

I find in Emerson a recognition of "the distinction of the outer and the inner self; the double consciousness that, within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings."†

Maurice Maeterlinck has expressed a similar thought. "We possess," he says, "a self more profound and more inexhaustible than the self of the passions or of the pure reason." Our ordinary consciousness is "a plant of the surface," far distant from this "great central fire of our being." "I may commit a crime," he continues, "without the least flutter in the smallest flame of this fire; and, on the other hand, a glance exchanged, a secret thought, a moment of silence, may stir it in its depths, and cause it to overflow upon my life. It may be reached by a breath, yet

\* Plotinus, *Ennead* i. 4. 4.

† Cabot's *Life of Emerson*, i. 213.

ignore a tempest. We must seek that which reaches it: all is there, for it is there that we ourselves are."\*

Plotinus formulates his thoughts on this subject in the doctrine—which, I believe, is peculiarly his own—that our souls do not wholly descend; that, however far our consciousness and our energies may have become engaged in the life of this world, with its passions and its trivial aims, there is yet, in the inmost soul of every one, an essence remote from these temporary interests, an essence which dwells for ever in the divine; and that this essence, however little we may be aware of its presence, is indeed the true soul, the true self, in each one of us. It is this essence that is indicated in the famous maxim, "Know thyself"; a maxim of all the most essential and the most difficult to obey. We are happy in the sense of these philosophers, then, only, when our thoughts and our energies are in harmony with this divine essence.

It has been said that Dialectic furnishes principles to the other two branches of philosophy. In the Platonic sense, Dialectic means not merely a system of logic, but the application of a logical system to the science of metaphysics or ontology. Now as physics—the science of phenomena, or apparent being—is the lowest branch of philosophy, metaphysics—the science of real being—is the highest. Between these two is the place of ethics—the rule of right conduct—which leads us from the illusions of sense to the perception of true being, and by developing the divine nature within us, brings us into touch with the divine reality in all things. All reality is comprised in Mind, regarded as a universal principle. Thus we have two worlds: the world of Mind, or the Intelligible World, as it is commonly called; and the world of appearance, or the sensible world. The former includes in itself all real being; the latter is simply a manifestation of the former under material conditions and limitations.

This broad distinction being made, we find that the true, or intelligible, world is again distinguished into a triad of principles, of which the second emanates from the first, and the third, in like manner, from the second. This doctrine of the three hypostases, or substantial principles, must be regarded as the central

\* *Le Trésor des Humbles; Novalis.*

doctrine of Neo-Platonic metaphysics. The suggestion of the doctrine may be found in Plato, but it was for the first time definitely formulated by Plotinus, and was accepted, substantially without change, though with some added details, by his successors.

Strictly speaking, the first of the three hypostases does not belong to the intelligible world, but transcends it. It is God in the highest; "that beyond which nothing is, and after which all things aspire."\* It has no attributes, since it transcends even being; it is *no thing* in itself, but the cause of all things. This principle is necessarily beyond human comprehension, and the appellations which are given to it—the One, and the Good—indicate at most only something of the relation which the universe bears to the First Cause. Yet although it transcends all things, it is also within all things: the Unity which is not Being, but by which alone Being is possible; the Good to which all Being eternally tends, the supreme object of desire to all.

From this principle emanates the second, called by the Platonists Mind or Intellect. This second hypostasis is itself a triad, consisting of Being, Life, and Intellect; only as yet the three are unseparated, and together constitute but one essence. In other words, the Intellect which perceives, the Intelligible which is perceived, and the act of perception, are identical. Intellect looks ever within, towards the central source of its being, the first hypostasis. And looking within, it beholds all things in itself, and as itself. The thoughts of Intellect are Ideas, *i.e.*, the essential realities of which all things in our world are but shadows or imperfect manifestations. All these ideas are comprehended in Intellect, and are one with it, even as in every individual mind the thoughts that it contains are one with the mind that thinks them. Only whereas universal Mind is eternally active, and infallible in its action, since in it is comprised the truth of all being; our individual minds are intermittent in activity, impeded and deceived by the conditions of this partial life to which they have subjected themselves.

Intellect, or Mind, being then the first manifestation of the God who is beyond all things, a further degree of manifestation

\* Proclus *Elements of Theology*, 113.

is reached in the third hypostasis, Soul, which is the utterance or *logos*, of Intellect, as Intellect is the utterance, or *logos*, of the One. Proceeding from Intellect, Soul is also an intellectual essence; but whereas pure Intellect is stable, Soul is in motion. The function of Soul, says Plotinus, is to move towards and about Intellect. Pure Intellect knows itself wholly, and without transition; all that it possesses is ever present to it in energy, being indeed itself. Soul, although as an intellectual essence it possesses all things within itself, energises with transition, passing from one act to another. The activity of Intellect is internal; all that it produces it perceives as itself. Soul, on the other hand, alone of the three hypostases, produces itself externally, and its production is the visible universe.

In Soul again, as in Intellect, a triadic distinction is to be noted, though properly so only in its individual manifestations, such as human souls. As a universal hypostasis its nature is twofold. The higher, or pure, soul, looking unceasingly within and through itself to the hypostases which are beyond it, receives from them the principles which, by the agency of its lower power, the irrational soul, or Nature, it produces externally in the creation of the sensible world. These two aspects have their counterparts in every individual soul. The higher is that part of ourselves which, according to Plotinus, never descends, but, like the universal soul, remains always on high, looking towards Intellect, and acting with unimpeded energy, though we, in this lower life, are rarely conscious of its action. The lower, or irrational, soul in us is that faculty by which we are correlated with the external world, and of which the corporeal senses are the organs of perception.

Between these two faculties in the individual is the place of the third faculty—the rational soul. This is in a special sense the individual himself; possessed of reason and freewill, by which he is enabled to raise himself to the divine, but also to debase himself to the brute. The rational soul is therefore the seat of virtue and vice; the higher, or pure, soul being beyond virtue, since it is beyond the need of purification; and the irrational soul, considered simply, being below virtue, since it is without reason and therefore without responsibility. In our life the rational

soul is the special attribute of humanity, though there are not wanting signs of its presence in what we call the lower animals.

These faculties of the soul are not separate principles, but merely separate aspects of the activity in manifestation of one simple essence, the Soul itself. The lower faculties emanate from the higher, and it is often difficult, perhaps impossible, to draw an exact line of demarcation between them; as, for example, in our observation of the lower animals we continually find it impossible to distinguish between the actual exercise of reason and the irrational instinct, which is itself, so to speak, a vestige of reason irrationally produced. The pure soul, in its highest energy, is the true, the divine, self in each one of us. It relates us to the universal Soul, to the pure Intellect, from which it is hardly to be distinguished, and to the First Cause itself. If in this life we are commonly unconscious of its presence, it is because, in the words of Emerson, "the consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body." The rational soul in us is the human self, which it behoves us to raise until it is indistinguishable from the divine, instead of suffering it to sink, as we often do, to the passions and appetites of the irrational life.

Not that the irrational life—the life of the body—is in itself evil, though it may be a condition of evil to the individual. Universal Soul, looking towards Intellect, is filled with "reasons" or productive principles proceeding from the Ideas which are in Intellect. These reasons it produces externally, in matter, as the body of the visible world; and this production takes place not as a result of deliberation, but essentially, as a light illumines the darkness, and without impediment to the higher life of the soul. Matter, in which the production takes place, is a vestige, at the furthest remove, of the infinity of the first Cause. Beyond it nothing is, and in itself it has no being apart from the forms and life which are ever manifested in it by the soul, and which are as a reflection of the true forms and life which subsist in the soul itself. Thus the generation of the material world is an essential activity of universal soul, an activity without beginning and without end; and, as Plotinus says, the soul does not create

through an inclination to matter, but contrarily: for if it incline to matter it must be from forgetfulness of intelligibles; and if it forget these, how can it make the world, since the intelligible world is its model for this world?

What is called the fall or descent of the soul is, therefore, not applicable to universal soul, but only to soul in its individual manifestations, since it is caused by an inclination to matter and the material life, and a forgetfulness of intelligible truth. It is the individual, rational soul which thus descends, losing consciousness of its own higher self, and dwelling in the midst of shadows which it mistakes for realities.

In conclusion, I will venture to say a few words on the relation of Neo-Platonism to Christianity. That Neo-Platonism had a considerable influence upon Christianity—an influence not merely contemporary with the Neo-Platonic school, but apparent in the mediæval Church, and thence transmitted even to our own times—is undeniable. But that the influence was reciprocal we have no grounds for believing. Plotinus himself, it can hardly be doubted, must have known something of Christianity,\* but there is no evidence in his writings that he had paid any attention to the subject, or that it had influenced his thought in the smallest degree. It is true that in one of his books he exposes the fallacy of certain doctrines held by some of the Gnostic sects, but so impersonal is his treatment that he never mentions who were the advocates of these doctrines; we learn from Porphyry that they were Gnostic Christians. The doctrines, however, which he there refutes are distinctively Gnostic, and have never been accepted by orthodox Christianity.

But if Plotinus found it possible to ignore the claims of Christianity, the same attitude of quiet indifference to a new and revolutionary creed became impossible for his successors. In the days of Plotinus the ancient faith was still in the ascendant, but the rapidly increasing influence and power of the new faith were soon to compel the attention of the philosophers. To a superficial view it might seem that, having to choose between Christianity and Hellenism, they would have inclined to the former

\* His teacher, Ammonius Saccas, is known to have been a Christian in his youth.

or, at least, to a neutrality not unfriendly to it. The new religion presented more points of similarity to their own ways of thinking than could be found in the creed of the pagan populace. It had assimilated, and was still assimilating, much of the wisdom of Greece. Yet the fact remains that in these Neo-Platonic philosophers—that is to say, in the wisest, most virtuous, and most intellectual men of the age—Christianity met its steadiest and most formidable opponents.

Their attitude was not altogether without reason. That the creed of the populace could never be the creed of philosophy, they well knew. Religion was not to them a set of dogmas, to be imposed upon all men alike. They knew that in all men the inward sense of religion, whatever its outward form, must vary with the stage of development to which each had attained. Freedom of thought was essential to philosophy, and this freedom the Hellenic religion did not refuse. Here, at all events, were no rigid lines of demarcation between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The imperial government had respected the faiths of other nations, and had even received the gods of the aliens into their own Pantheon. Jupiter was no jealous god, and his worshippers allowed that even barbarians might adore the same divine presence under other names. And if this latitudinarianism meant indifference on the part of the many, it was not so with the more earnest and thoughtful. Its innermost significance was indicated by Proclus, when he declared that the true philosopher should be the high-priest of the universe, and not of this or that particular creed.

Christianity allowed no such latitude. By Christianity I do not now mean the ethical and spiritual teaching of Christ, but the body of dogmatic theology which his followers superimposed upon that teaching. Purer and more elevated than the popular creed which it was gradually supplanting, the orthodox Christian faith was becoming more and more rigidly defined. Not the spirit only, but the letter of Christianity was held necessary to salvation; and of the letter only one interpretation was to be deemed orthodox. You must believe, said in effect every Christian sect, not only what we do, but as we do, or it will be the worse for you.

Now this intolerant spirit, derived from Judaism, was foreign and not easily intelligible to the Greek mind. The Greeks did indeed regard those as impious who denied the existence of the gods, and the divine providence in the affairs of men. Even Plato (*Laws* x.) was not unwilling that such persons should be punished by law for their impiety, though in this point the Neo-Platonists would have refused to follow their master. But this condemnation of impiety was far removed from the zeal for uniformity in religious matters which found a crime in every difference of opinion. Moreover, it was at all times rather theoretical than practical. The condemnation of Socrates was only ostensibly an instance of religious persecution; and, to come nearer to the times with which we are dealing, the cruelties inflicted upon the Christians were undoubtedly due to political motives. It is more than probable that, could they have escaped the suspicion of disloyalty, and refrained from insulting and assailing the creed of their fellow-citizens, they might have worshipped God as they pleased without any interference on the part of the imperial government.

Their intolerance repelled the philosophers. The popular Hellenism, though, as I said, in itself less pure and less exalted than Christianity, presented no such barriers to the exercise of free philosophic thought. It was this consideration, I believe, which, beyond all others, determined the philosophers in their opposition to the new doctrine. Other considerations were, no doubt, mingled with it—respect for the old traditions of Hellenism, disgust at what they deemed the impiety of the Christians—but this was their leading motive. They were, as Mr. Whittaker has called them, “the champions of the old intellectual liberty of Hellenism against the new theocracy.” It must be owned that the subsequent history of the Christian churches has gone far to justify the position taken up in respect to Christianity by the Neo-Platonic philosophers.

WM. C. WARD.



## THE OLD MONK'S TALE

IN a German monastery famous in the Middle Ages for its culture and learning lived an old monk into whose care the books and manuscripts were given. His face bore the expression of peace, but there was nothing in it of the high intellectual powers of the other monks, nor of that eager wish for learning which shone in the features of the young students. He fulfilled carefully his humble duty to keep away dust and moths from the treasures of science, handling them evidently with great love and reverence, yet without ever opening their pages.

Once there had been an eager competition among the young students for a prize of great honour and one of them was sitting in despondency alone in the library; his haggard and pale face told of many a night's work spent in vain, only to see the prize carried off by a fellow student almost without an effort.

The old monk approached him with the sympathetic question: "What ails thee?" and the youth, his heart full of his misfortune, poured forth a stream of complaints and accusations of himself and the world around him, although he felt sure the old man would not be able to understand the weight of his trouble. But in the aged monk's kind face had come a dreamy, far-away look; when the young man had at last exhausted his flow of words, and there was a pause, the old man began:

"When I came to the monastery many years ago, I too was young and ambitious, and intended to do as the others did. I had made up my mind to become a learned man and worked day and night. When the others laughed at me for my hard understanding I thought I might make up for it by working still harder. Then came the dark day when I felt I could never master my task. After midnight prayers the others retired to their cells, but there was no sleep for me. I stayed behind in the chapel, my soul full of both prayer and rebellion against God, and the wide, empty space seemed not empty and wide enough for the fierce struggle in my heart.

“ I know not how long it had lasted, when my attention was attracted by a light and a fragrance beyond earthly sweetness. At the same time I noticed that I was no longer alone. Hundreds, nay thousands, of men and women filled the seats around me, and all looked at a woman of more than human height and of celestial unspeakable beauty who stood in the midst of them. The light streaming from her grew stronger and stronger and shone on the gilded ornaments and the coloured windows, filling every nook and corner of the building, which now seemed to have increased to an immeasurable size.

“ On a book which the lady held in her hands, I could read in golden letters the word ‘ Wisdom.’ She began slowly to turn over its leaves. Then she tore off one and gave it to some one in the crowd, and another to someone else. A third got two leaves and others again even more ; for some she had only half a page. When my turn came she tore off just a tiny slip for me. As I touched it I felt a slight shock, and looking up I found it was all dark again and that I was alone.

“ But the paper was still in my hands. By the dim light of the ever-burning lamp before the Virgin I found that it was no longer a slip torn off, but had now become a tiny square full page. The next day by daylight I discovered on it strange characters and diagrams which I could not understand. Yet its fascination was so great that every moment I had to spare I was trying to learn to understand it. After a long while I saw a letter here and there.

“ Later on I found that there were words, and one day to my surprise and joy I noticed that my tiny treasure had grown in size. The more I worked the more it grew, slowly and imperceptibly like the trunk of a tree grows. One does not notice it and yet every year it is getting stronger.

“ Since then,” concluded the old monk, “ my mind has found peace.”

He turned away from the young student to tend the manuscripts and books he loved so dearly, and which he knew the day would soon come when he would be able fully to understand.

GERTRUDE SCHACK.

## SOME KÂRMIC PROBLEMS

IN our early Theosophical days we grasped the broad idea of Karma, and it is only as we plunge more deeply into study that we discover the innumerable complexities in the working out of the Good Law ; initial difficulties vanish as our vision clears, but new ones ever arise on the mental horizon, so that our ignorance seems to increase more rapidly than our knowledge.

In taking up some of these problems for study, we may assume that all Theosophists are acquainted with the three-fold division of Karma, and with the general workings of desire, thought and action.

The first type we may consider is an action which seems to be entirely out of relation to the character of the actor, as when a man of high character suddenly commits a crime. Such an action may be the result of a cause set going long ago in his past, a cause which has not found its opportunity of acting until many lives after the one in which it was generated. We have here an extreme instance of a general rule, that a man's actions often bear little relation to his present ideas. His actions are mostly the results of his desirings and thinkings in the past, modified but slightly by his desirings and thinkings in the present. A man is at one and the same time the reaper and the creator of Karma, and doing is reaping. As he acts he is sowing fresh seed for the future in his present desirings and thinkings, but the action as such is the harvest of past sowings ; it is the outcome of the man as he was, not of the man as he is. To judge a man by his actions is to pass judgment on the man of the past, not on the man of the present ; hence " Judge not " has been the maxim of the Teachers. None can judge a man aright, unless he can read his thoughts and desires, the outgrowth of his present character. Wide is the difference between our thoughts and our actions, our aspirations and our achievements.

The thought comes from what we *are* at the present time, we create it according to the powers we have evolved ; the action is fettered on all sides by its generating causes in the past, and is the manifestation of what we *were*.

The most startling discrepancies between present character and present actions arise in the more highly evolved types, and especially in persons whose evolution has been rapid.

In a far-off past a man has desired and thought an evil thing, and has completed it on the astral and mental planes (we will return to this in a moment). Now behind each man is a mass of mixed Karma, and only a certain amount of it can be worked out in any given personality. The Lords of Karma select out of this mixed mass such portions as are sufficiently congruous with each other to be worked out in a single type, within certain limitations of character and circumstances, and having regard to the persons in incarnation at the period of this particular man's life. The evil thing awaiting manifestation as action cannot find its opportunity for many lives—very possibly because the person or persons related to it do not take birth at the time when the man is on earth. Hence it is held over life after life. Meanwhile the man is making rapid progress, develops his character and strengthens all his powers. Yet this veritable sword of Damocles is suspended over his head, ready to fall. The opportunity for action comes at last, and the evil thing takes birth as an action. The saint sins, to the astonishment of himself and of those around him ; and all men question : “ Why is this ? Surely his present strength should suffice to prevent such an act.”

This brings us to the meaning of the phrase used above : “ completed it on the astral and mental planes.” An activity is composed of three stages—desire, thought, act ; we wish for a thing (desire), we think how to obtain it (thought), we grasp it (act). During the first two stages we enjoy comparative freedom ; as we are desiring, thought, prompted by experience, may step in and wrestle with the desire, may conquer and slay it, so that that activity is stayed and does not pass on into the second stage. Or we may reach the second stage, and be thinking how to accomplish our desire, and other thoughts, again prompted by ex-

perience, may wrestle with this thought and overcome it, and the activity is stayed at the second stage. But when the second stage is completed, and the thought is ripe for action, so that only the open door of circumstance is needed for the thought to burst through it into action, then freedom is past, and the moment the door opens the act will be done.

Sometimes a wall of circumstances is built between the completed second stage and the third, and the action waits; death may come, but still the action waits, standing on the threshold until the door opens. Many lives may pass, and the door may not open; suddenly, in some life, circumstances open the door of opportunity, and the man performs the action without another thought, aye, though fifty or a hundred lives may have intervened. Such an action is inevitable, for its generating causes are complete, and, however incongruous it may be with the tenour of the life in which it occurs, it must come.

It must be remembered that the condition of the inevitableness of an action is that the desire and thought stages are *completed*. If there is a moment in which the man can think before he acts, if the action be not instinctive—done without thought—he can resist. There are all grades of difficulty in resisting the impulse to do a particular act, but wherever there is time to think there is power to resist.

It may not be amiss here to note the fact that if a man who has some evil thing behind him awaiting birth as an act, be a man sufficiently evolved to remember his past, he may then destroy the evil Karma that waits on the threshold, he may burn up Karma by knowledge. For he can send against the completed thought a new current of thought of the opposite character, and destroy the evil ere opportunity has manifested the thought as act. In this way also, where the act is connected with a person, an ancient enemy, the enemy may be turned into a friend by sending to him streams of good will ere the meeting on earth takes place, and the old hatred seeking revenge may be made love seeking to bless.

The great Teachers of the world, knowing this possibility, have ever inculcated universal love and goodwill, and by obedience to Them a man may transform an ancient foe into a friend,

even though he wots not of his existence. For, taking it for granted that in his past he has generated some Karma of hatred, he may daily send out a wave of goodwill to all that lives, so that his love, outspreading in all directions, may quench any fires of hatred still fed by long-past wrongs.

Some interesting kârmic problems arise in connection with World-Teachers, the Divine Men who come into the world for its helping. For instance, let us consider the "working of miracles" by the Founder of Christianity, miracles being, as we know, manifestations of the subtler forces on the physical plane.

The Karma generated by a miracle is of two kinds. First, there is the good done by it physically and mentally; secondly, there is the effect of the miracle on the minds of the onlookers. Such a manifestation of super-physical power usually convinces a number of the spectators of the authority of the person wielding the power; as time goes on, the miracle becomes more and more of a difficulty in their minds, until in the majority of cases it comes to be regarded as a trick or a hallucination, and resentment too often grows up against the Teacher, who is regarded as a deceiver. This evil thinking grows out of the act of the Teacher, since if He had not performed the miracle, the antagonism would not have been generated.

Yet it may be necessary for the Teacher to gain by such means a hearing for his Message; it may be necessary, from the condition of the earth at the time, that there should be an exhibition of occult powers. Then the Messenger of the Great Lodge must, having undertaken the task, use the necessary means to win a hearing, and vindicate the reality of the invisible worlds, and hence He generates this mixed Karma of good and evil, working on for hundreds of years. We can see in the modern revolt against miracles, due to what is called "the scientific spirit," the weapon against Christianity forged by that past necessity. What can the Teacher do? He must strike the balance between the good and the bad results, and do the action which brings the preponderance of good as its result. He must deliberately take on Himself the evil Karma as part of the sacrifice He makes in helping the world. And the way this Karma works is to bind Him to the movement He has started, and He

must remain with His religion, guiding, loving, helping, until the Karma is exhausted that He generated in performing His work of salvation.

Many Messengers of the White Lodge, greater and lesser, have brought such reaction on themselves in the doing of the work—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is a notable recent example. Out of this we may draw the general principle—one of the greatest practical importance—that no action done in an imperfect world can be wholly good in its results. “Every action is surrounded with evil as a fire is surrounded with smoke.” No action that we can do is wholly good. All actions generate mixed Karma, because, being done in an imperfect world, the best must cause some friction, and we can only strive to choose the lines of work in which the good most preponderates. We must study the Law in order that we may understand its workings, and then in all our activities seek the balance of good, cheerfully bearing the inevitable evil which must accompany all the good we do.

Nor must we forget the goal to which the universe is tending. It bears as fruitage not only Divine Men, but within its matrix a LOGOS is evolving, who will be the builder of a higher universe. Great as a LOGOS is, He has climbed through all the forms—mineral, vegetable, animal, human, superhuman; and it is only because He has done this that He has acquired all-knowledge, and thus can begin a higher universe within the one in which He evolved. All the imperfect stages are necessary for the gaining of perfect knowledge, and what is a passing misery which produces an everlasting power? All the sufferings round us work to this end, as well as towards the evolution of each individual, and all the friction that occurs is caused by the continual growth. As we all evolve, the friction diminishes, and the Saviours in the later stages of evolution, being surrounded by more highly evolved beings, will have a better field to work in than had Those of the past, and thus less evil Karma will be generated in the doing of Their good work.

When we understand this part of the working of the Law, we can act with cheerfulness, using our best judgment, reason, thought, and all our experience, performing actions to the best of our ability, sure that some good and also some evil must result,

but striving to maximise the good, to minimise the evil. In proportion as we reach this state of mind will our work be efficient, and we shall be able to see that while the Logos of the universe rules and guides all, among us also a Logos is evolving and we with Him. At every stage there is and must be imperfection, good and evil mixed, and all we can do is to cause as much good and as little evil as possible. To be troubled and regretful is to increase the friction which delays the total evolution, and anxiety can only throw fresh obstacles in the way. Brave cheerfulness is our right attitude, and as we advance we must grow more calm, peaceful, serene, contented, no matter what troubles may surround us. In the midst of the storm we may carry a heart of peace. If we clear our eyes from personality; if we learn to identify ourselves with the Divine Man who is our Self; if we seek only God and the Law, indifferent to all our own circumstances; then the vision will become clearer and clearer, the mists will disappear, the path of right conduct will shine out, and even if sometimes we fail to tread it, the very failure will teach us to tread better in the future, for "Never doth one who worketh righteousness, O Beloved, tread the path of woe."

ANNIE BESANT.

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#### PHILOSOPHY

THE discovery of that which is true and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—VOLTAIRE.

PHILOSOPHY is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom

PLINY.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## THE LIVING "DEAD"

On the Other Side of Death. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London : Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place. Price 6s. net.)

AMONG Mr. Leadbeater's many contributions to Theosophical literature, none, perhaps, is likely to find a wider public than this handsome volume, *On the Other Side of Death*. It is of universal interest, for as the author truly says: "The one thing which is absolutely certain in the future biography of all men alike is that one day they must die." "Certain is death to the born," says the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. Death is, in truth, the only certainty for every man on earth. All else may vary in men's lives, but this—never. Naturally have men, therefore, continually questioned of the "other side," and all religions have given an answer more or less full.

In these modern days, in order that the materialistic belief that man perishes with his body may not triumph over the innate conviction, "Not all of me shall die," the spiritual Guardians of the race have seen fit to pour a flood of light into the darkness, and to lift the veil which covers from mortal eyes the other side of Death. First came the ever-strengthening evidence collected by the Spiritualists, seeking to clothe again with earthly matter the man unclathed of it by death, and thus to win evidence of the persistence of the personality beyond the grave, sufficiently clear and cogent to be accepted as demonstrative proof. For all patient and serious investigators they have established this persistence beyond reasonable question. Then followed the Theosophists, who sought to penetrate for themselves to the further side, and to go "living" among the "dead" instead of bringing the "dead" back among the "living." Of these latter is, of course, Mr. Leadbeater, who, however, in his earlier days, made effective use of the earlier methods. That the terms "living" and "dead" are ludicrously inappropriate both Spiritualist and Theo-

sophist declare; indeed, if they are to be retained, their use should be reversed, and "dead," should be used for us who are clothed in physical bodies, and "living" for those who are freed from the burden of the flesh.

Mr. Leadbeater begins by clearing out of the way some of the misconceptions about death that cloud men's minds, and he performs this preliminary task very effectively. He then sketches the evidence for continued life, and the way in which it may be obtained. Religious misconceptions are next dealt with, and then he turns to the Theosophical attitude towards death. Here he remarks that birth and death are by no means the most important points in the life-cycle, the most important being the point in each life-cycle at which the forth-going energy of the Ego ceases its outrush, and turns inward again to its source. In Peru and in ancient India, he says, this was the time for withdrawal from worldly affairs, so that purification and detachment began in middle life, instead of being put off, as is usual now, until after death. Chapter v. deals clearly and concisely with "the facts as they are," and the next chapter gives some most interesting details on the effects of various vices in Kāmaloka, and then speaks of the life there of the intelligent man and of the unselfish worker. Luminous chapters follow on Astral Surroundings, The Desire Elemental—an unfortunate name for an important fact—and An Extension of Consciousness, and then we have a chapter on Invisible Helpers.

Mr. Leadbeater next turns to the evidences for apparitions of various kinds, and carefully classifies and arranges a very large number of old accounts and new, explaining and elucidating and introducing order into the chaos of facts. This part of the book is a remarkable proof of the value of Theosophical knowledge, and though few understand the subject as Mr. Leadbeater does, all students should realise this value when they wander in the jungle of ordinary collections of abnormal experiences. This part of the subject closes with some sensible advice on "how to meet a ghost," and a protest against the irrational fear of a fellow-creature in need, merely because he has lost his body.

A similar task of arrangement is next performed in regard to Spiritualistic phenomena, of which Mr. Leadbeater has had a very large and varied experience. This sub-division is closed with a chapter on the attitude of Theosophy to Spiritualism.

The thirty-second chapter is on Heaven, and is singularly beautiful and lucid; it should prove most useful to many Theosophists,

who have but vague and cloudy ideas in regard to that important stage of the pilgrimage of the Ego.

"The nature of the evidence" is then considered, and this brings us to the thirty-fourth and concluding chapter on "How clairvoyance is developed." Safe and unsafe methods are noted, and the advice given on the choice of methods is most timely, in these days when so many undesirable ones are offered to the public. Most important also is the warning that the would-be clairvoyant should purify the moral nature ere he seeks to possess psychical powers, lest his very success should lead him to moral downfall.

Mr. Leadbeater's book is a distinct enrichment of our literature, and when we consider the amount of travelling and of public work in which he has been engaged, it is wonderful that in a single year he should have added to our libraries three such books as *An Outline of Theosophy*, *Man Visible and Invisible*, and *On the other Side of Death*. Each book in its own place is admirable, and the Theosophical Society has cause to rejoice that among its oldest members it numbers one who shows such untiring devotion and such well-directed energy. Mr. Leadbeater does not work for the reward of gratitude, but the thousands he helps must keep him surrounded with a great army of "rosy elementals" of loving thoughts.

ANNIE BESANT.

#### AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE ANCIENT WISDOM"

The Elements of Theosophy. By Lilian Edger, M.A. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 2s. net.)

MISS EDGER gives us in the space of 202 pages a clearly written and thoughtful introduction to our colleague's well-known and widely-read volume, *The Ancient Wisdom*. It is practically a digest of the leading ideas in what we may consider to be, so far, Mrs. Besant's most important contribution to Theosophical literature, and will doubtless be of service by filling a gap between Mr. Leadbeater's successful little venture *An Outline of Theosophy*, and Mrs. Besant's hand-book. Miss Edger prefaces her book with a useful chapter on the origin and objects of the Society, based on our veteran President's chronicle in *Old Diary Leaves*; for the rest the work is well done and the manner of expression is suggestive and moderate. There are, however, two reasons why we should have preferred Miss Edger to compose an introduction of a more independent character. In the first place,

*The Ancient Wisdom* is very clearly written and it is difficult to misunderstand what Mrs. Besant intends to convey, except, perhaps, to some extent in the Introduction and the first chapter, which cover ground inherently of the very greatest difficulty; a further introduction, therefore, which avowedly "tries to avoid the most difficult points," may perhaps prejudice to some extent the sale of *The Ancient Wisdom*, which is of course the last thing Miss Edger would dream of being party to; while in the second place Miss Edger shows that she has herself thought deeply on the subject and is quite capable of putting forward the present result of her own digested studies in her own way.

G. R. S. M.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF ASTROLOGY

Theoretical Astrology. By H. S. Green. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

THIS little book is the third of a series of astrological manuals. We welcome it heartily, as being an attempt to investigate the philosophical pre-suppositions of the science with which it deals. The importance of this side of the subject is, in our opinion, only too frequently neglected by writers on astrology. And this neglect is at least a part cause of the contempt in which many people hold those who follow Emerson's bidding and "hitch their waggon to a star." We do not fancy that mere evidence in favour of planetary influence will ever, in itself, convince the sceptic. It will be necessary for votaries of astrology to prove that their science is not only true, as a matter of fact, and borne out by experience, but that something of the sort is *à priori* probable and to be expected.

This task Mr. Green essays to perform, when he links his favourite science to certain Theosophical tenets. Astrological influences cannot, he wisely says, be physical influences. They must emanate from those supra-physical regions which, as Theosophy declares, exist throughout the Universe.

In addition to some rather good descriptions of the differences between the influences of cardinal, fixed, and common signs, Mr. Green makes some decidedly illuminating remarks on the meanings of the mundane houses. What is wanted here is some single principle of interpretation from which the various meanings commonly attributed may be deduced. When we are told, for instance, as we

sometimes are, that the sixth house signifies "sickness, uncles, and domestic servants," we have a right to ask where the sense comes in and what is the connection of thought. And with this sort of difficulty Mr. Green endeavours to cope.

We cannot help feeling, however, that the author has fallen a victim to one weakness which is common to most astrologers. And that is the endless piling up of astrological influences. Not content with ascendants, zodiacal signs, mundane houses, planets, fixed stars, aspects, "directions," solar revolutions, synodical lunations, and diurnal figures, etc., etc., in the ninth chapter we are led into a perfect Cretan labyrinth of secondary planetary influences. What one feels about these things is that they may be true, but that no human mind, as at present constituted, could possibly grasp and weigh their subtle proportions if they were. To introduce them at all, therefore, seems to us to be doing what a young German of our acquaintance once called "organising a universal muddle." It would, of course, be possible for the astrologer to reply that, in doing this, he was only trying to make astrology resemble the complexities, in a word the "universal muddle," of life itself, but we think that, as long as astrology is not generally received among us, it would at least be wise policy in the astrologer to confine himself to the workings of the primary and more powerful influences, and cause those to stand out clear, sharp, and strong.

R. C.

#### A SELF-MADE REINCARNATIONIST

*Birth a New Chance.* By Columbus Bradford, A.M. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. For sale by Theosophical Book Concern, Chicago.)

A NOTE printed on the publisher's paper cover which protects the binding of this book makes it specially interesting to us. The author says: "When this book was written, the author had not the slightest knowledge of Theosophical teachings. His postulate of repeated lives on this earth, by means of rebirth, through fixed laws of human character and conduct, grew out of what seemed to him an intellectual and moral necessity from which there is no escape. Having once adopted tentatively the belief that 'the dead live again by being born again' as a working hypothesis, all the known facts of human life, and all the teachings of the Bible, logically and rationally interpreted, seemed to him to support the hypothesis. . . . Since

writing the book the author has read a number of Theosophical works, and gladly testifies that he has found in them much that he regards as confirmatory of his position, and also much that he regards as a corrective of some of his reasoning."

Having so often commended this course to our readers—to take karma and reincarnation merely as hypotheses and see for themselves how many problems clear themselves up on this view—we cannot fail to be interested in a writer who has done this and actually come to the conclusions we have anticipated; to note where his independent research agrees with ours, and to see where the information of our own authors has to be utilised "to teach him the way of God more perfectly." That he has been willing to receive this further teaching shows a freedom from prejudice from which much may be hoped hereafter.

Mr. Bradford prefaces his book by a series of thirty-two propositions, of which he says: "Many of them will seem quite at variance with orthodox standards. But I do not regard the term 'orthodox standards' as meaning *orthodox standstill*. Those who do thus interpret the term are excused from reading this book. Orthodoxy means, etymologically, correct reasoning and believing. I write therefore in the interest of real orthodoxy."

"Real orthodoxy" is thus claimed for a system which starts thus:

"The human race is a growing race, in process of rising from animal to angel.

"Man's so-called 'fall' was in reality not so much a fall as a failure to rise, when he had evolved to that plane from which he might have risen rapidly.

"Though his race has risen slowly, it is as a whole higher to-day, physically, morally, and spiritually, than at any time in its history.

"Man dies, not because he sinned, but because he was made to die.

"But it has been designed from the beginning that man shall cease from dying when he quits sinning, and otherwise proves worthy of living for ever."

A curious mixture of right intuition as to the "germ" of the new physical body, and of confusion as to the state after death, leads the author to maintain that the soul's consciousness altogether passes out of existence until the new body is ready to receive it, but we have nothing against the next proposition.

“ This germ, or seed, into which the soul retreats [of course *we* should say ‘ which the soul retains ’] at death answers well to the Apostle Paul’s metaphor of the ‘ bare grain ’ which, he declares, is the only part of the body that is buried that will be in the new body when the dead person lives again.”

Nothing, from the point of view of an ordinary Christian, could be better than the following :

“ If we are to believe that God has any design for our race, as a race, in this world, as everything visible clearly indicates, we know that he is either bringing back by birth the same individuals who have lived here before and died, or creating new ones by birth to take the places of the dead. There are abundant reasons for believing he is bringing back the same persons again and again, and next to none for the belief that all who are born now are newly created. There is better ground, therefore, for believing that we shall live again on this earth after death, than for the belief that we shall go at once to some other world to live. A place that is good enough for God’s creatures to live one time is good enough for them to live a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to exhaust the possibilities of that place for human development.”

Our author is quite clear that the reward or punishment for the deeds done in the body must be received as a new life upon the earth where they were done, and, knowing nothing of the higher portion of ourselves which lives ever, he can only suppose the life between lives to be an utterly unconscious one. In fact, the indications given in the Bible are far too fragmentary and imperfect to form the foundation of a clear view of the future state ; and if this be doubted, we need only refer to the fact that no two theologians entirely agree in the deductions they draw from them. As regards America, the point is well worked out by Mr. Bradford, though to a European it seems strange that the notorious Dr. Talmage should be considered an authority to be reckoned with. One objection to reincarnation often made—that we do not remember our past lives—is particularly well answered, by showing the horrible burden such remembrance of all our faults and failures in our lower lives would be. There are many other questions which it would well repay our readers to look up for themselves in the volume. The whole matter is treated, not with the flippancy of the controversialist, but with serious desire to help, under the feeling (the experience of which is so familiar to so many of us, and so deeply felt) which he thus expresses in his Introduction :

“As a public teacher, a considerable part of whose business it is to console the bereaved, I have come honestly to believe that the consolations commonly offered on funeral occasions do not console. Furthermore, I do not believe they ought to console, for I think they are radically wrong.”

The reviewer, for his own part, is somewhat proud that never, from the first moment of his ministry, could he take any other view of the “consolations of religion.” There are many Theosophists who can say, as he does, that it was just this steady pressure of dissatisfaction with the means given them by their religion to help the troubles and sorrows of others, far more than any trouble of their own, which has made them so thankfully accept the light of Theosophy.

A. A. W.

#### THE GNOMIC HAWEIS

Realities of Life. Being Thoughts gathered from the Teachings of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, M.A., by Jessie M. Oliver, with an Introduction, Memoir and Portrait. (London: Elliot Stock; 1902. Price 3s. 6d.)

IN this booklet we have a tribute of affectionate remembrance of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, that eccentric, kind and clever soul who, almost more than any other clergyman of his time, realised the critical stage through which the Church was passing, and who recognised the necessity of adapting his services and preaching to the people if he desired to gain their attendance. The compiler of this book, realising that only a few of Mr. Haweis' writings will live, has carefully selected some of the “jewels of thought, utterances with the abiding freshness of eternity upon them,” which are scattered through his less important works.

Though there is nothing of any striking originality, there is a new presentment of familiar ideas which is of interest. The marked characteristic pervading these utterances is distinctly that of “healthy mindedness,” showing the brave spirit of the man who all through his life was handicapped by severe physical disabilities. Mr. Haweis had the artistic faculty of discerning the beautiful in life, and a fund of humour which helped him to bear his burdens.

To give an idea of his power of observing and realising the time in which he lived we will quote some of his thought on Religion. He says:



"The greatest tribute to the necessity of religion is, that it survives its out-worn forms; the greatest proof of the essential truth of Christianity is, that in spite of the twaddle talked every Sunday throughout England in the name of Christ, Christianity is still alive."

"To be a true saint is not to be like St. Simeon Stylites, or even like Paul, but it is to be like Jesus; no strange being at war with things secular, but still a being lifted up in pure energy and perfect balance—'in the world yet not of the world.'"

"Truth at first hand is better than truth at second hand, and authority is not safe if it is pitted against inquiry, if it seeks to silence questions or coerce the conscience."

Again, on wit and humour stress is laid showing their use in life: "Wit is not only highly moral, but extremely recreative and stimulating."

"I myself firmly hold that, wisely used and well, wit is a most effective disciplinarian, and one of the greatest sweeteners and purifiers of life."

On Dissent he says: "Dissent is none other than the long-stifled cry of the nation's conscience hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and bearing witness to a living spirit held in the frozen death grip of an ecclesiastical dead letter."

Space does not permit us to quote more, but many will find suggestive and stimulating thoughts in this little book.

M.

#### SAMPLES OF HELL

Traditional Aspects of Hell (Ancient and Modern). By James Mew.  
With Seventy-nine Illustrations from Original Sources.  
(London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 6s.)

We congratulate Mr. Mew on producing a most readable book. His is not the ponderous tome of a German scholar who regards himself as having sinned against the Holy Ghost if he is caught omitting one single ingredient from his *Quellen* or his *Literatur*; Mr. Mew has not a single note from cover to cover, but every page bears unobtrusive evidence of wide reading, cultivation, and good feeling, and, best of all, our *cicerone* takes us round with a pleasant smile and a fine humour of which the over-serious alone will deprive themselves of the enjoyment. Mr. Mew's ambition is modest; his desire is solely to introduce to our notice the "more interesting features of the most prominent ancient

and modern hells." This he does with much urbanity and with the help of a number of thrilling illustrations from what the title-page describes, with conscious or unconscious humour, as "original sources." The samples of Hades which are presented for our delectation are selected from Egyptian, Assyrian, Brahmanic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Classic, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Christian, Muslim and Barbarian hell-representations. At the end of his review of some of the main features of the Christian Hell, Mr. Mew becomes serious, and protests, though not in his own name, against the blasphemous dogmas based on these horrid imaginings of human passion. But is the idea of hell (apart from dogmas) solely created by the human imagination? And if so, what is imagination? It seems real enough for the image-makers or image-conceivers; nay, the images seem to be more powerful than their creators. To-day we are shifting our idea of hell from the category of crude physical torments which delighted or amazed the materialistic notions of our forefathers, to a category of more refined and mental tortures, from which even the most sceptical sinner who denies a future existence, shall not be allowed to escape; for the theory of carrying our hell about with us applies to mortal man at every moment of his existence.

G. R. S. M.

#### SOME STONES WHICH THE BUILDERS REJECTED

The Extra-canonical Life of Christ: Being a Record of the Acts and Sayings of Jesus of Nazareth drawn from Uninspired Sources. By Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D. (New York: 1903. Price 5s.)

Those who are interested in apocrypha and desire to peruse a convenient selection from the tangled mass of early tradition and later legends which gathered round the memory of Jesus, cannot do better than procure Dr. Pick's latest book. It is divided into four parts: (i.) Comprising narratives referring to the Life of Mary, and the Birth, Childhood, and Boyhood of Jesus; (ii.) Narratives of the Passion and Resurrection; (iii.) Miscellaneous Records; (iv.) Sayings of Jesus. The last part (pp. 249-312) will perhaps be the most attractive to the general reader, bringing together as it does sayings from the lost Gospels of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Ebionites, and of Matthias, Philip, and Thomas, of Eve, and of John at Paris, from the Preaching of Peter, and the Oxyrhynchus papyrus and Fayoom

Gospel, and even from Mohammedan sources. Dr. Pick's scholarship is the warrant of reliable translation, and the bibliographical indications in the Introduction will be of great service for any who desire to continue their studies in this fascinating direction. The Theosophical Publishing Society will supply copies.

G. R. S. M.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, April. This number of "Old Diary Leaves" is entirely occupied with the Judge scandal. For our own part we should have been glad had the Colonel's plan been consistent with leaving the matter in the semi-obscurity of his published reminiscences of the earlier Coulomb affair. The time has gone by when anyone can feel anything but sorrow for the fall of one who had laboured so earnestly and so long for the good cause. As to the facts, no one who was not personally mixed up with the affair could for a moment have doubted.

Next follow a very important lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, entitled "The Necessity for Reincarnation"; a careful study of "Free-will and Necessity," by A. Schwartz, mainly arranged from the works of Mr. Sinnet and Mrs. Besant; "Disharmony *versus* Harmony," by W. R. Mayers; "The Three Stages in the Life of a Nation," in which Kali Kuntu Sen tells us that when men begin to *think* "it begins to dawn upon their minds that *Jñānam* cannot mean the few metaphysical technicalities and abstractions we learn from this or that philosophy, or the reading of some indifferent vernacular treatises on *Pāñchadesi* or the Vedānta or some stray and disconnected passages from the Purāṇas or the Upaniṣhads" (I should like to put the English equivalents for these, but haven't the courage!—A.A.W.) Between " 'knowing' and 'becoming' there lie æons of time, during which man is to rise by mighty efforts." Next comes a review by J. J. Vimadala of the remarkable article contributed by Mr. F. C. Beaman to the March number of *East and West*, to which I drew attention last month; and the number concludes with the continuation of Miss Crewe's "Light on the Path."

*Prasnotara*, March and April, announces that Mr. G. Arundale has taken over the editorship, and the late editor declares himself "relieved at the thought of this happy change, and wishes the Magazine (as we all do) a long and prosperous life." I suppose it is a matter of congratulation that the Activities of the Section are suffi-

cient to fill the two numbers with the sole exception of what promises to be a valuable study by Miss Edger entitled "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthas." It is to be hoped that the new editor will be able to obtain a renewal of the exceedingly valuable notes on the interior life which have at times made the *Prasnottara* precious to its English readers.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, for April, well keeps up its level; and the contributions of Miss Ward, Mrs. Lauder, and Mr. G. Dyne, are of more than usual interest.

*The Theosophic Gleaner*, April, is produced on a somewhat novel plan, and we venture to think one which will attract more readers. The articles are: "Absolute Abstract Motion," by Mr. Sutcliffe; the sketch of Mrs. Besant from *The Lotus Journal*; "Where many Philosophers Meet," by Narrain Rai Varma, in which the opinion of Indian philosophers as to our Western thought is thus briefly (and, we doubt not, correctly) summed up thus: "Shankara went into his work thoroughly. Kant and Schopenhauer did not so go into theirs. Why not? Because they couldn't!" Further, translation of Goethe's "Gott und Welt"; "Psychical Research," from our own "Watch-Tower," and other interesting excerpts; under the head of "Our Visitors," an account of Mrs. Besant's visit to Bombay; and a well-selected collection of "Notes and News."

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika*; *The Dawn*, March, containing amongst much other interesting matter a paper by Mrs. Besant on the "Attitude of Modern Science towards problems of Higher States of Consciousness"; a thoroughly readable and valuable number of *East and West*, for April; and the *Indian Review* for March, which we also heartily recommend to our readers.

*The Vâhan* for May. The Enquirer treats first a question on the meaning of the "Great Renunciation," so often spoken of in our books. In connection with the apparent contradiction noticed in one of the answers between the Buddhist doctrine that Nirvâṇa, as a "place of no return," may be reached by evolution, and the Hindu doctrine that no karma of action can *deserve* perfect or complete Mukti, it might perhaps be suggested that whilst we cannot but grant to the Hindu that no karma, which is after all only a matter of the World-Illusion, can possibly give access to the state altogether beyond Mâyâ by any claim of merit, it is doubtful if this doctrine comes any way "into practical politics." I do not think the Buddhist Nirvâṇa goes so high; as far as I am aware we have no information of *any* state

from which, sooner or later, the soul does not return in due time, however long that time may be. Of the absolute and complete loss of *all* identity in the ocean of the Divine which seems to be the Hindu Mukti I do not find any trace in the teachings we have received, and I hope there is no such thing. But there is surely no need for us humans of the twentieth century to dispute over it. The other questions are as to the value of giving utterance to our worries—upon which C. M. makes the common-sense remark that to pass on the worry to somebody else is certainly *not* to exhaust it; a modest request for a detailed explanation of the mastery over thought required for a Theosophist, in answer to which S. C. contrives in two columns of *The Vâhan* to give more useful detail than the querist had any right to expect; and lastly, one on the standing puzzle of free-will and necessity.

*The Lotus Journal*, May. This bright little periodical contains much good reading, including the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory," and the editors may be congratulated on their efforts to deserve success. We hope that at the year's end they will be able to say they have obtained it.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, April and May, announces the formation of a new Branch in Bulgaria. The report of the General Secretary to the Convention held on the 15th March, speaks very encouragingly of the progress of the Section, especially in Paris and Marseilles. He reports twenty Branches, of which five are new; five centres, and an increase of 163 members since the last Convention.

*Revue Théosophique*, March and April nos., have for their main contents the opening of an important series by Dr. Pascal on Karma, under the title of "The Law of Destiny"; Mrs. Besant's protest against a certain tendency to make of her and Mr. Leadbeater "little tin gods on wheels"; Mr. Sinnett's paper on the "Photography of the Invisible"; Mrs. Besant on "The Value of Devotion"; and an interesting study by L. Revel on "The Mystic Silence," of which we borrow the opening paragraph. He says: "For the Poet and the Philosopher the Silence is active, it is the fruitful source of all activity of Mind and Soul. For the Theosophist, the Silence has a still deeper meaning; it is in It and by It that is manifested the Power which dwells in us, and with which the soul must unite itself in order to attain, not, as the Catholics would say, its final end; for end there is none, and evolution is unlimited; but the higher degrees of its progress."

*Theosophia* for April has, besides translations, a paper by H. J. van Ginkel on "Astrological Influences." We find from the reviews that the same writer has published a translation of Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents in the life of Mme. Blavatsky*. We welcome every attempt to keep H. P. B. in evidence, now that there are comparatively so few of our members who have known the power of her presence in life.

*Theosophie* for May is a particularly interesting number. Amongst the Notes of M. Kohlen's Addresses is a valuable hint to members not to be too anxious to expound Theosophy to strangers—the danger being that we frighten them by its apparent complexity from any further study, instead of attracting them.

*Der Vâhan* for May has its regular abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and the *Theosophist*, with full and interesting reviews of Leadbeater's *Man, Visible and Invisible*, and the new German edition of his *Astral Plane*. The selection from the English *Vâhan* follows, and the number is concluded by a review of the German translation of Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

*Teosofia*, March and April, have original articles by G. Rosa, U. F. del Giglio and S. Ferrari. The Notices inform us of the visit of Mr. Mead and his "gentile signora," and give us the welcome news that *La Revue*, a leading Parisian contemporary, has inserted two very favourable articles on Mme. Blavatsky, under the title of "A Modern Magician."

*Sophia* (Madrid) March and April, besides translations from Mrs. Besant, have two papers by E. Gonzales-Blanco on "Hylozoism as a World-Conception," and the conclusion of D. Velloyo's interesting "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil."

Translations from Mr. Mead and Miss Edger form the chief contents of the April no. of *Teosofisk Tidskrift*.

We have to welcome amongst our extra-European magazines the first number of the *South African Theosophist*, which we owe to the energy of our members at Johannesburg. In his "Foreword" the editor, Major C. L. Peacocke, writes: "At the beginning of the present year the small original group, reinforced by other students carried hither with the new influx, started organised work; the result has been far beyond our fondest hopes, and the interest evinced by enquirers leads us to believe that a very strong centre will shortly be firmly established in Johannesburg. Within two months our little group has grown from a total of seventeen to a fair-sized Branch of seventy Members and Associates, practically all of whom show their

genuine interest by regular attendance two or three times a week at lectures and study classes. Correspondence is being opened up with detached enquirers in other parts of South Africa, and we believe it only requires the presence of an active student in two or three towns to bring into existence Branches in these places." The spirit of our brothers in Johannesburg is shown in his concluding words: "If these teachings be true, then *Theosophy is the most important thing in the whole world*; if they be false, then the Founders of the Great Religions, Philosophers, Saints and Martyrs, shall have laboured and suffered in vain, and nothing will be left for man but gross materialism which dwarfs the soul, or gross superstition which dwarfs the intellect." The magazine is well printed and got up, the matter—original and selected—good; the hearty good wishes of all Theosophists must go out to our brave South African pioneers.

*Theosophy in Australasia* (March) seems waking up from its solemnity, and gives us a lively "Outlook" on things in general. The solid portion is supplied by Mr. Johns' paper "National Responsibility." The Sectional Financial Statement so nearly balances that we can't call it discouraging—perhaps next year the balance will be on the right side again.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, for March, contains the continuation of Miss Davidson's "Illusions," two papers by Marian Judson, and "The Law of Correspondence" and "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation," under the signature of Philalethes.

*The Theosophic Messenger* (San Francisco), March, is mainly devoted, as is quite natural, to the cult of Mr. Leadbeater; but a page is well used in reproducing a vigorous denunciation of the doctrine of vicarious atonement by a gaol chaplain, who says: "The fact is that most of the convicts are church members or non-professors, whilst among all the convicts I have known I have met neither Unitarian, Universalist, nor Spiritualist, nor yet a Swedenborgian. The reason is not far to seek. These modern movements in the religions have no magical cowardly scheme by which they can escape the results of their own responsible conduct."

*Revista Teosofica*, January and February numbers, are confined to translations.

*Sophia* (Santiago), March, has also an interesting set of selections.

*Theosofisch Maandblad*, April, on the contrary, has nearly all original matter, the only exception being that, in answer to a ques-

tion, the Editor "takes the liberty," as he says, to print Mrs. Besant's paper on "Prayer" as the best answer he can give.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, with a continuation of Mrs. Leo's paper on the "Wisdom Religion"; *Mind*; *La Nuova Parola*; *Light*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *Light of Reason*; *Animal's Guardian*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Logos Magazine*. Of pamphlets: *The Children's Cross*, by C. A. Eccles; two penny publications from Tolstoy from the Free Age Press; *The Christian Life*, by F. T. S. I., 4½d., to be obtained from 53, Imperial Buildings, Mexbro', a very nicely written and useful attempt to work the Theosophical teachings into the ordinary Christian faith and life. A friend has also sent us for notice a slip from the *Petit Messenger* (Brussels), containing an interesting summary of "Religion in Ancient Egypt," written by Mr. J. Redwood Anderson, M.S.T., which encourages us to hope for something more extensive from his pen hereafter—he must not let his studies in this important and little-known branch of Theosophy end with an article in a newspaper. A. A. W.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### ENGLAND AND INDIA

#### *To the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*

PERMIT me to call the attention of A. A. W. to the complete misrepresentation of my views contained in the statement: "Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus." I must conclude that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, but criticised what he thought I was likely to say, for there is not in the pamphlet *one single word* about England giving India financial aid. I noted that too many millions were taken away from India to be spent in England, and the great cost of English officials; so far from wishing the English poor to be taxed for Hindus, I alluded in one brief paragraph to the cost imposed on India, the fact being that it is the Indian poor who are taxed for the English benefit. I did not complain that this should be so, but only said too much was taken. I am the more inclined to think that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, as the points it does deal with, religion, education, famines and manufactures, are not touched on. ANNIE BESANT.