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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Theosophical event of July was the International Congress, the second annual gathering of the representatives of the European Sections, bound together into the European Federation. It lasted, with its allied meetings, from Thursday, July 6th, to the evening of Tuesday, July 11th, and was marked throughout by unbroken harmony and warmth of brotherly feeling. The representatives of thirteen nationalities spoke at the morning meeting of July 8th, each in his own tongue, Sweden and Norway being represented by one Swedish speaker, though a Norwegian might also perhaps have been called upon, and a Japanese brother appeared later in the day, who should also have spoken at the morning gathering. All these apparently heterogeneous elements formed one harmonious whole throughout these peaceful days, and felt no walls of racial division, no strangeness among themselves. All seemed conscious of the peace, and it is noteworthy that in *The Musical World*, in a friendly account of the musical events, it is observed that the audience seemed to give more to the artistes

The Congress

than is usually given by listeners, so that the effect on the inspiration of the artistes themselves was marked. France, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, sent their General Secretaries; Italy was, unfortunately, not represented as a Section, though several of her Lodges had their representatives present; Spain, Belgium, Hungary, Russia, Finland, all sent some of their children, and members came from America, Australia, India, to swell the gathering, while hundreds poured in from England, Scotland, Ireland. Truly a noteworthy Congress. May all, returning to their several lands, carry with them the inspiration there found, and may the Society flourish the more vigorously in each land by the strength indrawn.

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THE Rev. R. J. Campbell is lifting the City Temple to a level higher than that occupied in the days of strenuous Dr. Parker. He does not hesitate to put forth from the pulpit the loftier views which are penetrating the religious world, and to set before his hearers ideas less conventional than those usually repeated in pulpits. According to the *Daily Chronicle:*

The Value of Prayer

Prayer, declared Mr. Campbell, does not change God's attitude to man, but rather man's attitude to God. Prayer in the general sense is the utterance of a man's whole character and the expression of his whole life; in the spiritual sense, it is taking from God what God has prepared before you pray. Would it be right to imagine that God could be moved by puny human will? Would it be right to think that the Unchangeable One places Himself at the disposal of our whim?

Mr. Campbell went on to imagine two upright business men—one believes in prayer and commits himself to the guidance of God, but the other puts his moral best into the business and sees no value in prayer.

Will God discriminate in favour of the man who prays? asked the preacher. I think not, for, as a matter of fact, both are praying, and God regards as prayer the honest purpose in all the details of human life. True prayer is the language of a man's character, and God's attitude is not changed from first to last. A sorrowing parent has been engaged in unceasing battle to thrust death from the door. The doctor says that if you could take your little child to another clime you might save her life. You are a poor man. You have not the means to do what is recommended. Shall you kneel and pray; and, if so, would God hear? Is it not poor comfort for the preacher to tell you that God will not change? Well, your comfort ought to

be in the fact that God does not change. Do you think you need persuade Him to be kind?

Do you think that if you knock long enough at the gate of Heaven, God will, for your importunity, change His intention and become willing to listen and give you at once your heart's desire? It does you good to pray for this little life, as it has done you good to cherish it. Your prayer shows you your own heart and opens it to God. How good, then, it is to pray, even in such sorrow as this.

That prayer "opens the heart to God" is true, and hence the comfort and strength that many thereby experience. It changes man's attitude, as Mr. Campbell well says, and in this lies its chief value. When we put ourselves in accord with the Divine Will, the strength of God becomes our strength, and the burdens on the heart are lifted off. Shall not He who bears up the worlds in His hands upbear a single heart? A man taps divine omnipotence by prayer.

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Radio-Activity Again?

MR. BUTLER BURKE has written a most interesting article in the *Daily Chronicle* of June 29th, 1905, on the Origin of Life, and Theosophists will find it well worth their while to follow the further investigations of this enterprising scientist. Mr. Burke thinks that he is in the borderland between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and that his products are not quite microbes and not quite crystals, but matter in the "critical state," capable of springing into life or reverting into inertness. Radium may be "that state of matter that separates, or perhaps unites, the organic and the inorganic worlds." Radio-activity "endows matter with some of the properties of organic matter," and Mr. Burke thinks that the physicist may do more than the biologist in solving the "problem of the origin of life." Truly neither biologist nor physicist will solve that problem; all they can do is to show the conditions under which life manifests, whether in the stone, the plant, or the animal. Mr. Burke, however, guards himself carefully against asserting the origin of life; he says:

What I mean by spontaneous generation is the development of living organisms from inorganic matter. It does not really account for the origin of life, or for the vital principle, if such there be, but for the origin of what

we know to be living from what appears to be, and we have regarded not without reason to be, not living.

Later, it may be, science will come to understand that it is studying not the living and the non-living, but only degrees of the living in a universe where all is alive. The only origin of life is life universal, and even then the word "origin" is misleading, since life is eternal. On the general question, Sir Oliver Lodge speaks usefully, as always, in the *North American Review*, in a paper entitled "What is Life?":

So far, all effort at spontaneous generation has been a failure; possibly because some essential ingredient or condition was omitted, possibly because great lapse of time was necessary. But suppose it was successful, what then? We should then be reproducing in the laboratory a process that must at some past age have occurred on the earth; for at one time the earth was certainly hot, and molten, and inorganic, whereas now it swarms with life. Does that show that the earth generated the life? By no means. Life may be something not only ultra-terrestrial, but even immaterial. What is certain is that life possesses the power of vitalising the complex material aggregates which exist on this planet, and of utilising their energies for a time to display itself amid terrestrial surroundings; and then it seems to disappear or evaporate whence it came. It is perpetually arriving and perpetually disappearing. While it is here, the animated material body moves about and strives after many objects, some worthy, some unworthy; it acquires, thereby, a certain individuality, a certain character. It realises itself, moreover, becoming conscious of its own mental and spiritual existence; and it begins to explore the Mind which, like its own, it conceives must underlie the material fabric—half displayed, half concealed, by the environment, and intelligible only to a kindred spirit.

Referring to Mr. Burke's experiments, the *Athenæum* remarks that, so far from radium promoting the formation of his products, "all recent experiments go to show that radium is more likely to arrest the growth of living cells than to promote it."

* * *

CARMEN SYLVA, Queen of Roumania, in a pleasant article in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Musical Hours" says:

Music and Colour

It has often occurred to me—namely, during a musical performance of exceptionally engrossing interest—to see some beautiful colour or colours quite distinctly, a vision that appeared to be evoked by the sounds, and that gradually melted into nothingness as their last echoes died away. The colours evidently belonged to, and formed a whole with, the music, and naturally

remain associated with it for me henceforth. Thus, for instance, it once occurred to me, whilst a composition of Schubert's was being played, to see before me every shade of yellow, from the palest straw-colour to the deep orange tints of a gorgeous sunset; and I can hardly hear any of the same composer's music now except in a visual setting, as it were, of either amber, saffron, or liquid gold. A "Nocturne" of Chopin's I always perceive through an atmosphere of delicate lilac hue, a haze as from countless violets. But sometimes the impression of colour is not vague and impalpable, as of a mere background for a musical idea; it is occasionally itself a clearly defined picture of distinct and graceful significance. One of the most perfect visions of this sort I can remember took place during a performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies: a lovely green meadow, full of the brightest spring blossoms, suddenly spread itself out on all sides; and this, as I gazed, changed, little by little, into an oriental carpet of finest texture and richest hues, the flowers being transformed into an arabesque of marvellous beauty, both of design and colouring. So vivid were the hues, so clearly traced the curves and angles of the figures they displayed, the picture will never fade from my memory, and I have, moreover, but to call it up in order instantly to hear the tones of the symphony surging in all their passion and pathos around me.

This testimony to the vision of colours and pictures while listening to music is valuable as an addition to the constantly accumulating weight of evidence of the "actuality of the unseen worlds." Each one who has the courage to speak lessens the pressure of popular ignorance against theosophic statements.

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Missions and their Uses

MR. ALEX. B. TULLOCH, writing to the *Times* on "Missions to the Heathen," remarks on the paucity of "real conversions" in India, but while frankly saying that the "spreading of the Gospel" is not a success, he considers that the money sent out "for the conversion of the heathen" is not wasted, as it "is to a certain extent usefully employed on education, and very much so on what are known as medical missions for actual surgical and medical work." This is so. Except in one or two places, conversions of educated Indians are very rare; but an immense amount of educational work is done by missionaries. There is, however, one disadvantage in it; it stupefies, where it does not extirpate, religious feeling. The Indian lad loses hold of his own religion, hearing it scoffed at by his Christian teachers, and does not accept in its stead

Christianity, which only offers him imperfectly what his own faith gives him completely. Hence, he is apt to emerge from missionary hands as a materialist. Christian missions have done much in spreading materialism in India.

* * *

Thou Fool

IT is a pity that judges occasionally take advantage of their position to attack things of which they know nothing. A lady admitted before Mr. Justice Darling that she had resorted to crystal-gazing, and the judge remarked that if her solicitor was present on the occasion "it was his duty, as her solicitor, to tell her that she was a fool." The fear of hell-fire has passed away, doubtless, from the judicial mind, yet good manners and the dignity of the bench need not follow it. Mr. Justice Darling might be advised to read the late Mr. Frederick Myers' collection of cases of crystal-gazing in *Human Personality*.

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Breadth means Life

THE penetration of the Churches by a wide and tolerant spirit is of the first importance to Europe, whose civilisation must, at least for some centuries to come, remain bound up with Christianity. In England the document on Biblical criticism printed in our June issue has received so far—we learn from a letter to the *Times* by the Dean of Winchester—1694 signatures; of these 1372 are "home clergy," and only 322 come from the Colonies, far behind the mother country in clerical culture. If the Church in England should follow along the road traced by her 1372 sons, she may yet lead the religious movement in these lands. At the Clerical Conference of the two Protestant Churches of Alsace, lately held in Strasburg, the President urged on the pastors there present to keep themselves in touch with their time, and to keep abreast of the problems of the day. A discussion on the historical existence of Jesus was carried on with perfect temper, despite strongly opposed views, and the Conference recorded its opinion that a free discussion of religious questions without any limitation was necessary for the time, and was in no way injurious to the interests of the evangelical Church.

THE following story appears in the press:

A Premonition.

Mr. Henry Gay, of Abertillery, Monmouthshire, on February 19th, 1901, had a vivid dream that greatly impressed him. He appeared to be standing with a "radiant presence" in a shining cornfield. His companion gathered four ripe ears of corns and handed them to him, with the words, "These are for thee." Mr. Gay immediately told the Rev. D. Collier, of Abertillery, of the dream, and said he was convinced that its meaning was that he had four more years to live, a conclusion from which nothing could move him. Mr. Gay died on February 19th, 1905.

* * *

DR. CLIFFORD, the able and much respected Baptist leader, speaking at the Baptist World Congress, declared in favour of non-religious education. The first and third points of his programme are:

Education and Religion

The exclusion of all the churches as churches, and all clerics and ministers as clerics and ministers, from that department of the nation's work.

The complete exclusion of all theological and ecclesiastical teaching; but local option as to the use of selected portions of the Bible suited to the capacity of the children, and treated in an exclusively ethical and literary spirit.

It does not strike Dr. Clifford, apparently, that to force people to pay for an irreligious education, which they regard as fatal to their children's welfare, is as unjust as to force them to pay for a religious one they disapprove. "Passive resistance" may be as useful and legitimate against rates levied for irreligious education as for religious. To bring up children without any religious and moral teaching is to give to the nation a race of citizens without the motives and the knowledge that make for good citizenship. France and India have served as object-lessons in this regard, and the lack of ideals, of patriotism, of unselfish public work, is a common subject of regret among the lovers of both lands. Dr. Clifford says that Baptists are devoted to the law of liberty, and will not rest till they see "primary education fashioned in full obedience to it.' But the law of liberty no more includes forcing irreligious education on religious people than it includes forcing religious education on the irreligious.

THE July number of *The Annals of Psychical Science** contains an interesting record of experiments by Colonel de Rochas, in which the memory of a magnetised subject was carried back through the receding years, passed through birth's gateway, and then through a previous death into an earlier life. That life was closed by suicide in the reign of Louis XVIII. A second and a third preceding life were also sketched. Theosophists will read the whole record with much interest. A number of such cases would yield valuable and cumulative evidence of reincarnation.

Memory across Birth

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THIS is rather significant from the *Times'* Literary Supplement:

> No one possessed of a sense of humour can contemplate without amusement the battle of evolution, encrimsoned (dialetically speaking) with the gore of innumerable combatants, encumbered with the corpses of the (dialectically) slain and resounding with the cries of the living, as they hustle together in the fray. Here are zoologists, embryologists, botanists; morphologists, biometricians, anthropologists, sociologists; persons with banners and persons without; Darwinians and neo-Darwinians (what a name!), Lamarckians and neo-Lamarckians, Galtonians, Haeckelians, Weismannians, de Vriesians, Mendelians, Hertwigians, and many more whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Never was seen such a *melée*. The humour of it is that they all claim to represent "Science," the serene, the majestic, the absolutely sure, the undivided, and immutable, the one and only vice-gerent of Truth, her other self. Not theirs the weakness of the theologians or the metaphysicians, who stumble about in uncertainty, obscurity, and ignorance, with their baseless assumptions, flimsy hypotheses, logical fallacies, interminable dissensions, and all the other marks of inferiority on which the votaries of Science pour ceaseless scorn. Yet it would puzzle them to point to a theological battlefield exhibiting more uncertainty, obscurity, dissension, assumption, and fallacy than their own. For the plain truth is that, though some agree in this and that, there is not a single point in which all agree; battling for evolution, they have torn it to pieces; nothing is left, nothing at all on their showing, save a few fragments strewn about the arena. This envious triumph of "Science" is illustrated by some recent publications.

The Certainty of Science

And these are the people who, according to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, see p. 531, look down with lofty contempt on the unproved teachings of Theosophy!

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THE REALITY OF THE INVISIBLE, AND THE ACTUALITY OF THE UNSEEN WORLDS

THE majority of civilised people to-day, in every country, profess a belief in the existence of worlds other than the physical globes scattered through space, the suns and planets of our own and other systems. However vague may be their ideas of the nature of such worlds, invisible, superphysical, supersensuous; however much the ideas vary, according to the religion professed by the believer; they yet cling to a belief that "not all of me shall die," that death does not put an end to individual existence, that there is "something" beyond the tomb. But if we estimate the value of the belief by the criterion suggested by Professor Bain, that the strength of a belief may be tested by the influence it exerts over conduct, then we find that, despite the nominal profession, the belief itself is of the flimsiest character. The conduct of people is ruled by their belief in the visible world rather than in those invisible; their thoughts, interests, affections, all centre here; and so markedly is this the case that the behaviour of anyone who is really influenced by the thought of the superphysical worlds is deemed eccentric and morbid. A patient's body may be worn out by extreme old age, or tortured by a disease that must shortly end in death; doctors, nurses, relatives, will strain every nerve to scourge the will to hold on to the useless body, will pour into it drugs and stimulants to put off for a few days or weeks its dissolution, as though the life beyond this world were a mirage, or a thing to be avoided as long as possible by every means. This lack of the sense of the actuality of the superphysical worlds is more common in modern than in ancient times, in the West than in the East. Its wide prevalence is due to the conception of man as a being who possesses no present relation with those worlds, and no powers which would enable

him to cognise them. Man is regarded as living in one world, the world of his waking consciousness, the world of the triumphs of the senses and the intellect, instead of in several worlds, in all of which his consciousness is functioning, more or less definitely ; he is no longer supposed to possess the powers which all religions have ascribed to him, powers which transcend the limitations of the body ; and the active Agnosticism of the scientist, of the leaders of thought, is reflected in the passive Agnosticism of the intellectual masses, whose lip-belief in the superphysical is mocked by the conduct-belief of ordinary life.

It is not enough that we should think of the superphysical worlds as worlds that we may, or even shall, pass into after death ; the realisation of these worlds, if they are to influence conduct, must be a constant fact in consciousness, and man must live consciously in "the three worlds," the physical, the astral, the heavenly. For that only is actual to man to which his consciousness responds ; if his consciousness does not answer to a thing, for him that thing has no existence ; the boundary of his power to respond is the boundary of his recognition of the existent. A man might be surrounded by the play of colours, but were it not for the eye they would not, for him, exist ; waves of melody might sweep around him, but without the ear there would, for him, be silence. And so the worlds invisible may play on a man, but while he is unconscious of their presence, for him they do not exist. So long as that irresponsiveness continues, no amount of description can make them living, actual ; to him they must remain as the dream of the poet, the vision of the painter, the hope of the optimist, beautiful exceedingly, perchance, but without proof, without substance, without reality. But can the invisible worlds be made present in consciousness, can we respond to them, and share their life ? Are there in man powers not yet unfolded, but to be unfolded in evolution, so that he may be likened to a flower not yet opened, powers that lie hidden like the stamens, the petals, in the bud ? Are the Prophets, the Saints, the Mystics, the Seers, the men in whom these possibilities have flowered, and are their methods of prayer or of meditation the scientific means of culture which hasten the unfolding of the bud ?

In seeking to answer this question we may look back into the past or analyse the present, we may study the religions of ancient times, or we may scrutinise our own constitution and seek to understand its constituents and the relation of these to our environment. Along these lines, it may be, some results may be obtained.

Looking back over the religions of the past we find one idea dominating them all—that the visible universe is the reflection of the invisible. Egypt sees the world of phenomena as the image of the real world. To India the universe is but the passing expression of a divine Idea; there is but one Reality, and the universe is its shadow. The Hebrews in their philosophic books assert that God made the universe of Ideas before the universe of forms; the celestial man, Adam Kadmon, is the original, whereof the terrestrial man is the copy, and Philo says that God, intending to make the visible universe, first created the invisible; in the Talmud it is regarded as axiomatic that if a man would know the invisible he should study the visible, and the Hebrew Paul declares that the invisible things are plainly seen by those that are made. Pythagoras tells of the world of Ideas, and has "real forms" existing in the intelligible world, the world of Ideas in the Universal Mind, ere the Ideas were manifested as the physical universe. So again Plato and his followers. Everywhere is this dominating thought, that there is an invisible which is Real, and a visible which is unreal, a copy, a reflection. Only the Real is eternal, and only the eternal can satisfy, since "Thou art THAT." The Real manifests as the unreal; the Eternal masks itself as the transitory; how strange the paradox, how complete the subversion, when the unreal is considered to be the only reality, and the transitory the only existence.

During the immense period of time covered by these and by other religions, man was regarded as an immortal consciousness veiled in matter, the consciousness becoming more and more limited as the veils of matter grew thicker and thicker; his deepest relations were with the world of Ideas, and each world grew more unreal, more illusory, as the matter which composed it grew more and more dense and gross. The phenomenal worlds were, as their name denotes, worlds of appearances, not

of realities, and man must pierce through these appearances to reach the core of Reality. The Spirit endued the garment of mind, and over the mind the garb of the senses, in order to come into relation with the intellectual and sensuous worlds, and man, the resulting composite, must rise above the senses, must transcend the mind, in order to be self-consciously Spirit. As in himself as Spirit he knows the spiritual, so in his mind-garment he knows the intellectual, in his sense-garment the sensuous.

The sense-garment is three-fold, and each layer relates him to a material world—the heavenly, the astral, the physical. All these are truly visible, each cognisable through sense-organs composed of its own state of matter, but only the grossest is visible to the normal man, because in him only the grossest layer of the sense-garment is in thorough working order. As the finer layers of the sense-garment are gradually evolved into similar working order, the finer phenomenal worlds will become sensuous to him, tangible to his senses. Thus was it taught in elder days; thus is it now taught in Theosophy. The pseudo-invisible—that which is capable of being seen although invisible to the eyes of the flesh—will become visible as evolution proceeds, bringing into functioning activity the finer layers of our sense-garment, and then "the three worlds" will become "the visible universe." Such functioning activity may even be brought about, at the present stage of evolution, by special methods, and man may live consciously in "the three worlds" at once. For such men the actuality of the lower invisible worlds is established on that so-called indubitable evidence, the evidence of the senses, and it is of this sensuous evolution that many, perhaps most, people think when they speak of obtaining proof of the persistence of individual consciousness on the other side of death. Such evidence, however, must remain for a considerable time to come out of the reach of the majority of people, although the minority able to obtain it is ever-increasing and is certain to increase more rapidly in the coming years. The available evidence for the existence of the finer layers of the sense-garment, and for man's relations through it with superphysical worlds, is abundant and is continuously receiving additions. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, premonitions, warning and prophetic dreams, apparition of doubles, thought-

forms and astral bodies, etc., etc., are beginning to play a part in ordinary life and to find unjeering reportal in the daily press. Signs of evolving sense-organs are thus around us, and the unimportance of death will be more and more recognised as these multiply. It is no longer possible for a person, instructed in the well-ascertained facts of mesmeric and hypnotic trances, to regard mental faculties as the products of nervous cells. It is known that the working of those cells may be paralysed while perception, memory, reason, imagination, manifest themselves more potently, with wider range and fuller powers. Those who have patiently and steadily observed the phenomena occurring at spiritualistic *séances* know that when every doubtful happening is thrown aside, there remains a residuum of undoubted facts which prove the presence of forces unknown to science, and of intelligence that is not from the sitters or the medium. Automatic writing has been carried to a point where the agent concerned cannot be the brain-consciousness of the writer. Thought-transference—telepathy—has passed beyond the range of controversy and has established itself as a fact by reiterated and exact proofs. The worlds unseen are becoming the seen, and their forces are asserting themselves in the physical world by the production of effects not generated by physical causes. The boundaries of the known are being pushed back until they begin to overlap those of the astral world. The evidence increases so rapidly that the materialist of forty years ago threatens to become as extinct as the dodo, and the whole attitude of the intellectual classes to life is changing. And yet, amidst all this, it may be well for us to realise that these extensions of knowledge, valuable as they are, can only, at the best, give us proofs of a prolongation of life, not of our immortality, for the three worlds are all phenomenal, all changing, and therefore all transitory. They add to our physical life an astral life and a heavenly life; they give us three visible worlds instead of one; they enlarge our horizons, and add to our material inheritance; they do not, and they cannot, give us the certitude of immortality.

To say this is not to undervalue the further improvement of our sense-garment, but to put the senses in their right place as regards our knowledge of the superphysical worlds, even as we

have learned to put them in their right place in our knowledge of the physical. If we analyse carefully the knowledge which we gain through observation every day and at once utilise for our conduct, we find that very little of it is directly obtained through the senses; at our present stage of physical evolution the experiment to prove this is not quite easy, but it is not impossible. If we would make the experiment, we must proceed as follows: we shut out all that the mind has deduced from previous observations, and narrow ourselves down to pure sensuous perception of an object, such as a face, a landscape; we mark only what the eye reports, and as far as possible add nothing to that sensation from the mind that has perceived, noted, registered, compared, so many previous similar sensations; we see, as an infant sees, outline and colour, with no distance, no depth, no relations between adjoining parts, no *meaning*. When we now look over a landscape, we see into it countless observations, movements and experiences made from our babyhood upwards; the infant's eye is as perfect as our own, but does not measure the near and the far, the relation of parts that makes a whole. When the eye sees under quite new conditions it is easy to deceive it; the senses are continually corrected and supplemented by the mind. Now when first the finer sense-organs of our sense-garment begin to work, they are as the eyes of the infant on the physical plane, but behind them is an actively functioning mature mind, full of ideas built up out of physical plane sensations; this content it throws into the outline supplied by the astral sense-organ, and the man "sees" an astral object; as on the physical plane, by far the greater part of the perception is mind-supplied, but while the mind on the physical plane supplies details collected by countless physical plane observations of similar objects, and thus adds to the sense-report its own store of congruous memories, the mind on the astral plane projects into the sense-perception the same store of memories, now incongruous, for it lacks the astral observations which should form its contribution to the total perception. Here is a fertile source of error, continually overlooked, and hence early observations are most misleading, and the observations of the untrained continue to be earth-filled.

In order that we may be sure of our immortality, something

quite other than this refining of the sense-garment is necessary, something that is related to life and not to life-vehicles. We may climb rung after rung of the world's ladder, and yet remain unsatisfied; for infinities stretch ever above us as below us infinities stretch, and stunned, dwarfed by the immensities above and below, it seems to matter little whether we occupy one rung or another of the ladder. This is ever going-outwards, adding one mass of phenomena to another mass, a true weaving of endless ropes out of illimitable sand. And if the Word of the Mystics be true we must turn inwards, not outwards, when we would seek wisdom instead of learning. It is indeed obvious that no extension, no refinement of the senses can introduce us into worlds really invisible, into that which is not phenomenal, into the world of thought, not the world of thought-forms. For this the consciousness must unfold the powers ever within it, and make manifest the divinity which is its hidden nature. Consciousness is the Real, conditioned by matter, and we must "plunge into the depths of our own being" if we would find the certitude of immortality in conscious union with the One. All other proofs are supplementary; this is primary and final, the Alpha and Omega of life. Consciousness is the Ever-Invisible: "Not in the sight abides his form; none may by the eye behold him;" yet herein resides the full certainty of the Reality of the Ever-Invisible, of that which escapes alike the senses and the mind. As the eye responds to light, the ear to sound, the material to the material, so must consciousness learn to respond to consciousness, the spiritual to the spiritual. When this is learned, the question of death can never more distress us, nor doubt of the necessary existence of worlds for the continued life of the imperfect discarnate assail us; for when consciousness realises its own inherent immortality, it knows itself essentially independent of the three worlds, a spiritual entity belonging to a spiritual world.

The answer to the question: "Can we know this, not only hope it?" comes alike from religion and from philosophy. The greatest of our humanity declare that this knowledge is within the reach of man; it is the Brahmavidyâ, the Gnosis, Theosophy. And the ancient narrow path along which men have

trodden from times immemorial, along which have gone the teachers of every religion and the disciples that have followed in their footsteps, that ancient narrow path is as open for the treading of men to-day as it was open to the men of the past. The human Self is as divine in the twentieth century as in the first, or as in thousands of years before; the life of God is as near to the human Spirit. For the Spirit is the offspring, the emanation of Deity, and it can know because it is like its Parent. It is said in an ancient writing that the proof of God is the conviction in the human Self; that is the one priceless evidence, that testimony to the divine Reality which comes from the Real in us. Hence man may know the Reality of the Ever-Invisible, as well as the Actuality of the, at present, invisible worlds.

In search of this testimony Religion bids the believer tread the road of Prayer. By intense concentrated prayer, when the life is pure, a man may so rend the sense-garment that Spirit may commingle with Spirit, the human with the divine. The rapt extasy of prayer may lift the devotee to the Object of devotion, and he may feel the bliss of union, the ineffable joy of the Lord. Never again may he doubt the reality of that high communion. And, far short of this, the man of prayer may have experience of the inner worlds, may feel their peace, their joy, may bask in their light. These experiences are facts in consciousness, and lift the man beyond all possibility of doubt as to the Reality of the Invisible. To call them "subjective," to talk of the "reflex action" of prayer, does not explain them nor destroy their value. That the consciousness may be widened, uplifted, illuminated, is the all-important *fact;* the man feels himself in touch with a fuller consciousness, an upwelling life; his hunger is appeased, and the food reaches him from realms that are not physical. Along this road of prayer he may reach sureness of the existence of the invisible. For the simple, the devotional, the intuitional, this path is the easier to tread.

There is another road to which Philosophy points, in which man turns inwards, not outwards, and finds certitude of Reality within himself. The one certainty for each of us, needing no proof, beyond all argument, incapable of being strengthened by any act of the reason, is the sure truth: "I am." This is the

ultimate fact of consciousness, the foundation on which everything else is built. All save that is inference. We argue the existence of matter from changes produced in our consciousness by other than ourselves; we argue the existence of people around us from the sensations we receive from them. All is inference save the one central fact of consciousness; all else changes, but that never. In that stability, that changelessness, is the mark of the Real; the Real is the changeless, the eternal, and this one changeless thing is the Real ingarbed in form.

If, studying man in his present stage of evolution, we seek to know the seat of this Self-consciousness, we find that in most of us its throne is the lower mind. In truth, the place in evolution of each conscious being may be judged by the recognition of the seat of consciousness. If that seat be in the physical body, we find consciousness, but not Self-consciousness; there is not there the power of distinguishing the "I" from the impact of impressions causing sensations. Higher in the ladder of being, consciousness is seated in the second layer of the sense-garment, and this is the case with animals and with large classes of men. The life with which these identify themselves is the life of sensations, and of the thoughts which serve sensations; from this they gradually rise to a consciousness which identifies itself with the mind, which has risen from the life of sensations to the life of thought. From this life of the lower mind, in which sensations still play so large a part, man rises to the life of the intellect, and the lower mind becomes his instrument, ceasing to be himself. From the life of the intellect he must rise to the life of the Spirit, and know himself as the One. The seat of Self-consciousness is moved from the lower mind to the higher by strenuous thinking, by the intellectual travail of the student, the philosopher, the man of science—if the latter turn his thoughts from objects to principles, from phenomena to laws. And as strenuous thinking can alone lift the seat of Self-consciousness from the mind to the intellect, so can deep concentration and meditation alone raise that seat from the intellect to the Spirit.

The man who would deliberately quicken his own evolution must, having transcended the life of the senses, strive to make his life the life of the intelligence, rather than the life of mere

outer activity. As he succeeds, he will become more, not less, effective in the outer world, for he will fulfil all his duties there with less of effort, with less dispersal of energy; a strength, a calmness, a serenity, a power of endurance, will be marked in him which will make him a more effective helper of others, and a more efficient worker in his daily tasks; while he discharges these faithfully, his true life will be within, and he will practise daily the higher powers of the intellect as they unfold; as these become familiar, he will gaze into the darkness beyond the intellect, seeking by concentrated meditation to find the light that is beyond the darkness, the light of the Real, of the Self. In that silence will arise within him the spiritual consciousness, responding to subtle thrillings from an unknown world. First feebly, and then more strongly, with a courage ever-increasing, that loftier consciousness answers to the without and realises the within; he knows himself as Spirit; he knows himself divine.

To such a one all worlds are open; "nature has no veil in all her kingdoms." The heavens spread around him, and living Selves, discarnate and incarnate, people the various worlds. He knows that death is nothing, that life is ever-evolving, not because he has seen with the finer organs of the sense-garment the astral and mental bodies which clothe the departed, and can thus view the unbroken continuity of life here and there, but because he knows consciousness as eternal, not subject to death. To him, the universe is rooted in life, and the changing forms are unimportant, since the Real *is*, however forms may change. This sure conviction needs no phenomenal proofs to make it more sure; it is based on the nature of things. The actuality of the unseen worlds is, indeed, known to him, but his rock is the Reality of the Ever-Invisible; all worlds are actual, because they are the masks of the Reality, but they might all fade away as shadows, and yet would the Real remain.

ANNIE BESANT.

NATURE never hurries; atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her works.—EMERSON.

PHILO: CONCERNING THE LOGOS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 411)

BUT to return to the concept of the Logos as symbolised by the idea of a City,—speaking of the six "cities of refuge," Philo allegorises them as follows:

"Is not, then, the most ancient and most secure and best Mother-city, and not merely City, the Divine Reason (*Logos*), to which it is of the greatest service to flee first?

"The other five, as though they were colonies [from it], are the powers of the Speaker [of this Word (*Logos*)], of which the chief is the Creative [potency], according to which He who creates by Reason (or Word), fashioned the cosmos. The second is the Sovereign [potency], according to which He who created, ruleth that which is brought into existence. The third is the Merciful [potency], by means of which the Artist hath compassion and hath mercy on His own work. The fourth is the Legislative Providence by means of which He doth forbid the things that may not be. . . . ."*

Philo then regards these "cities" as symbolising the refuges to which the various kinds of erring souls should flee to find comfort. If the Divine Reason, and the Creative and Sovereign (Kingly) Powers are too far off for the comprehension of the sinner's ignorance, then he should flee to other goals at a shorter distance, the "cities" of the Necessary Powers, namely the Powers of Mercy and of the Law, which latter are two-fold, Enjoining and Forbidding, the latter of which is referred to vaguely, at the end of the chapter, as the "averting of evils" without further definition.

* *De Prof.*, § 18; M. i. 560; P. 464 (Ri. iii. 130). There is unfortunately a *lacuna* in the text, so that we do not learn the characteristics of the fifth potency but this is explained elsewhere,—the Legislative Providence being a two-fold potency, namely, the Enjoining and the Forbidding.

Moreover, Philo continues, there are symbols of these five Potencies mentioned in the Scriptures:

"[The symbols] of Command and Prohibition are the [two tables of the] laws in the ark; of the Merciful Potency, the top of the ark, which he ['Moses'] calls the Mercy-seat; of the Creative and Sovereign [Potencies], the winged Cherubim, who are set over it.

"But the Divine Reason (*Logos*) above them did not take any visible shape, inasmuch as no sensible object answers to it, for it is the very Likeness of God, the eldest of all beings, one and all, which are cognisable by mind alone, the nearest to the [One and] Only One-that-is, without a space of any kind between, copied inerrantly.

"For it is said: 'I will speak to thee from above the Mercy-seat, from between the two Cherubim.'*

"So that he who drives the chariot† of the Powers is the Word (*Logos*), and He who is borne in the chariot is He who speaks [the Word], giving commandment to the driver for the right driving of the universe."‡

Again, speaking of God as the True Shepherd of the universe and all things therein, the elements and all therein, the sun, moon and planets, the stars and heavens, Philo writes:

"[He placed] at the head His own True Reason (*Logos*), His first-born Son, who shall succeed unto the care of this sacred flock, as though he were the lieutenant of the Great King."§

The Divine Reason of things, moreover, is regarded as the Plerōma or Fullness of all powers,—ideal space, and ideal time, if such terms can be permitted. The Logos is the Æon or Eternity proper. And so Philo speaks of:

"The Divine Reason (*Logos*) whom God Himself hath full-filled entirely and throughout with incorporeal powers."‖

This Supreme Logos, then, is filled full of powers,—words, *logoi*, in their turn, energies of God. As Philo writes:

* *Ex.*, xxv. 22.

† This plainly refers to the Mercabah or Chariot of the Vision of Ezechiel.

‡ *De Prof.*, § 19; M. i. 561, P. 465 (Ri. iii. 131).

§ *De Agric.*, § 12; M. i. 308, P. 195 (Ri. ii. 116).

‖ *De Som.*, i. § 11; M. i. 630, P. 574 (Ri. iii. 227).

" For God not disdaining to descend into the sensible world, sends forth as His apostles His own words (*logoi*) to give succour to those who love virtue; and they act as physicians and expel the diseases of the soul."*

These "words" or "reasons" are men's angels; they are the "light-sparks" or "rays" in the heart,—of which we hear so much in "Gnostic" and allied literature,—all from the Father-Sun, the Light of God, or Logos proper—which Philo calls "the Light of the invisible and supremest Deity that rays and shines transcendently on every side."

"When this Light shineth into the mind, the secondary beams of the 'words' (*logoi*) set (or are hidden)."†

In treating of the allegorical Ladder set up from earth to heaven, Philo first gives what he considers to be its cosmic correspondences and then applies the figure to the little world of man:

"The ladder (κλῖμαξ), then, symbolically spoken of, is in the cosmos somewhat of the nature I have suggested. But if we turn our attention to it in man, we shall find it is the soul; the foot of which is as it were its earthly part,—namely, sensation, while its head is as it were its heavenly part,—the purest mind.

"Up and down through all of it the 'words' (*logoi*) go incessantly; whenever they ascend, drawing it up together with them, divorcing it from its mortal nature, and revealing the sight of those things which alone are worth the seeing;—not that when they descend they cast it down, for neither God nor yet God's Word (*Logos*) is cause of any loss.

"But they accompany them‡ [in their descent] for love of man and pity of our race, to succour, and give help, that they, by breathing into them their saving breaths, may bring the soul to life, tossed as it is upon the body ['s waves] as on a river ['s bosom].

"It is the God and governor of the universe alone who doth, transcending sound and sight, walk 'mid the minds of them who have been throughly purified. For them there is an oracle, which the sage prophesied, in which is said: 'I will walk amid you; and I will be your God.'§

* *Ibid.*, § 12; M. i. 631, P. 575 (Ri. iii. 229). † *Ibid.*, § 13.

‡ *Sci.*, the souls. § *Lev.*, xxvi. 12.

"But in the minds of them who are still being washed, and have not yet had thoroughly cleansed the life that is befouled and stained with bodies' grossness, it is the angels, the 'words' (*logoi*) divine, making them bright for virtue's eyes."*

This Light of God is, as has repeatedly been said before, the Divine Reason of things.

"'For the Lord is my Light and my Saviour,'† as is sung in the Hymns;—[He is] not only Light, but the Archetype of every other light; nay rather more ancient and sublime than the Archetypal Model [of all things], in that this [latter] is His Word (*Logos*). For the [Universal] Model is His all-full‡ Word, the Light, while He Himself is like to naught of things created."§

This Word, or Logos, is further symbolised among phenomena as the sun. The Spiritual Sun is the Divine Reason,—"the intelligible Model of the [sun] that moves in heaven."

"For the Word (*Logos*) of God, when it enters into our earthly constitution, succours and aids those who are Virtue's kinsmen, and those that are favourably disposed to her, affording them a perfect place of refuge and salvation, and shedding on their foes‖ destruction and ruin past repair."¶

The Logos is thus naturally the panacea of all ills.

"For the Word (*Logos*) is, as it were, the saving medicine for all the wounds and passions of the soul, which [Word], the lawgiver declares, we should restore 'before the sun's going down,'**—that is, before the most brilliant rays of God, supremest

* *De Som.*, § 23; M. i. 642, 643, P. 587 (Ri. iii. 245, 246).

† *Ps.*, xxvii. 1. A.V. "salvation." LXX. reads φωτισμός, "illumination,"—a technical term among the mystics of Early Christendom for baptism,—instead of the φῶς of Philo.

‡ That is the Logos as Plerōma.

§ *De Som.*, § 13.

‖ *Sci.*, the vices of the soul.

¶ *Ibid.*, § 15; M. i. 363, P. 578 (Ri. iii. 232).

** This seems to be somewhat reminiscent of the custom of evening prayer in the Therapeut and other similar communities, when, at the time of the setting of the sun, it was enjoined that "rational" praises should be restored or given back to God, for benefits received.

Philo, however, is here somewhat laboriously commenting, in allegorical fashion, on the pawnbroking bye-law in *Ex.*, xxii. 26, 27: "But if thou takest in pledge thy neighbour's garment, thou shalt give it him back before the going down of the sun. For this is his covering; this is the only garment of his indecency. In what [else] shall he sleep? If, then, he shall cry unto me, I will give ear to him; for I am pitiful." (See § 16.) The A.V. translates otherwise.

and most manifest, go down [or set],—[rays] which through His pity for our race He has sent forth from [His high] heaven into the mind of man.

"For whilst that Light most God-like abideth in the soul, we shall restore the 'word' (*logos*) that hath been given to us in pledge, as though it were a garment, that it may be to him who doth receive it, the special property of man,—[a garment] both to cover up the shame of life, and to enjoy the gift of God, and have respite in quietude, by reason of the present help of such a counsellor, and of a shielder such as will never leave the rank in which he hath been stationed."*

From all of which it seems that Philo is drawing a distinction between the Pure Light of the Logos and the reflection of that Light in the reason of man, for he goes on to say:

"Indeed we have prolonged this long excursus for no other reason than to explain that the trained mind, moved by irregular motions to productiveness and its contrary, and, as it were, continually ascending and descending [the ladder],—when it is productive and raised into the height, then is it bathed in radiance of the archetypal and immaterial rays of the Logic† Source of God who bringeth all unto perfection; and when it doth descend and is barren, it is illumined by their images, the 'words' (*logoi*) immortal, whom it is custom to call angels."‡

And a little later on Philo proceeds to speak of those who are disciples or pupils of the Holy Word, or Divine Reason.

"These are they who are truly men, lovers of temperance, and orderliness, and modesty,"—whose life he proceeds further to describe in similar terms to those he uses of the Therapeuts.

Such a life, he concludes, "is adapted not for those who *are called* men, but for those who *are truly* so."§

For those, then, who consciously set their feet upon the ladder of true manhood, there is a way up even to Deity Itself, for Philo writes:

"Stability, and sure foundation, and eternally abiding in

* *De Som.*, § 18; M. i. 637, P. 582 (Ri. iii. 238).

† Or Rational.

‡ *Ibid.*, § 19; M. i. 638, P. 582 (Ri. iii. 239).

§ *Ibid.*, 20; M. i. 639, P. 584 (Ri. iii. 241). *Cf. C.H.*, x. (xi.), 24.

the same, changeless and immoveable, is, in the first place, a characteristic of That-which-is; and, in the second, [a characteristic] of the Reason (*Logos*) of That-which-is,—which Reason He hath called His Covenant; in the third, of the wise man; and in the fourth, of him who goeth forward [towards wisdom]."*

How, then, continues Philo, can the wicked mind think that it can stand alone,—" when it is swept hither and thither by the eddies of passion, which carry the body forth to burial as a corpse?"

And a little later on he proceeds to tell us that Eden must be taken to stand for the Wisdom of God.

" And the Divine Reason (*Logos*) floweth down like a river, from Wisdom, as from a source, that it may irrigate and water the heavenly shoots and plants of Virtue-lovers, that grow upon the sacred Mountain of the Gods,† as though it were a paradise.

" And this Holy Reason is divided into four sources,—I mean it is separated into four virtues,—each of which is a queen. For its being divided into sources‡ does not bear any resemblance to division of space, but rather to a sovereignty,§ in order that, having pointed to the virtues as its boundaries, he ['Moses'] may immediately display the wise man, who makes use of these virtues, as king, elected to kingship, not by the show of men's hands, but by choice of that Nature [namely, Virtue] which alone is truly free, and genuine, and above all bribes. . . .

" Accordingly, one of the companions of Moses, likening this Word (*Logos*) to a river, says in the Hymns: 'The river of God was filled with water.'‖

" Now it is absurd that any of the rivers flowing on earth should be so called; but, as it seems, he [the psalmist] clearly signifies the Divine Reason (*Logos*), full of the flood of Wisdom, having no part of itself bereft or empty [thereof], but rather, as

* *De Som.*, ii. § 36; M. i. 690, P. 1140 (Ri. iii. 312).

† Lit., Olympian.

‡ ἀρχαὶ means sources, but also principles and sovereignties. It is, however, impossible to keep the word-play in English.

§ Or kingdom, namely, "of the heavens," or rulership of the celestial realms, or rather of one's self.

‖ *Ps.*, lxv. 9. So also LXX.; but A.V.: "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

has been said, being entirely diffused throughout the universe, and [again] raised up to the height [thereof], by reason of the perpetual and continuous [circling] course of that eternally flowing fountain.

"There is also the following song-verse: 'The rapid flow of the river maketh glad the city of God.'*

"What kind of city? For what is now the holy city,† in which is the holy temple, was founded at a distance from sea and rivers; so that it is clear that [the writer] intends to represent by means of an under-meaning something different from the surface sense.

"For indeed the stream of the Divine Reason (*Logos*), continually flowing on with rapidity and regularity, diffuses all things through all and maketh them glad.

"And in one sense he calls cosmos the City of God, inasmuch as, receiving the whole cup‡ of the Divine draught it . . .,§ and, being made joyous, it shouteth with a joy that can never be taken away or quenched for the eternity.

"But in another sense [he uses it of] the soul of the wise man, in which God is said to walk as in a city, for 'I will walk in you and I will be your God.'‖

"And for the happy soul that stretches forth its own reasoning¶ as a most holy drinking vessel,**—who is it that poureth forth the sacred measures of true joy, if not the cup-bearer of God, the [Divine] Reason (*Logos*), who is master of the feast?—he who differs not from the draught, but is himself unmingled delight, and sweetness, forthpouring, good-cheer, the immortal philtre of all joy and of contentment,—if we may use the words of poetry.

"But the City of God the Hebrews call Jerusalem, which by

* *Ps.*, xlvi. 4. LXX. has the plural, rivers or streams. A.V. translates: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

† The physical Jerusalem in Palestine.

‡ κρατῆρα—lit., crater or mixing-bowl.

§ A *lacuna* occurs here in the text.

‖ A loose quotation of *Lev.*, xxvi. 12, as already cited above.

¶ λογισμόν.

** ἔκπωμα.

interpretation signifies the 'Sight of Peace.' Wherefore seek not the City of That-which-is in regions of the earth,—for 'tis not made of stocks and stones; but [seek it] in the soul that doth not war, but offers unto them of the keen sight a life of contemplation and of peace.*

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* *De Som.*, ii. §§ 37-39; M. i. 690-692, P. 1141, 1142 (Ri. iii. 312-315).

OPPOSITES

THERE are two ways, good and evil, and with them there are two minds in our hearts, which distinguish them. Therefore if the soul take pleasure in good, all its actions are in righteousness; and though it sin it forthwith repents, for it considers righteousness, and casts away wickedness, and forthwith removes evil from itself, and uproots the sin. But if a man's mind cleave to evil, all his doings are in wickedness, which driving away from him the good, he receives the evil and then Belial rules him, who though he work that which is good, changes it to evil. . . . One man defrauds his neighbour and provokes God . . . another lies against the Lord who prescribes the law and . . . yet refreshes the poor. Another adorns his body and yet defiles the soul; he kills many and pities few; this is duplicity and wholly evil. Again others commit adultery and fornication, and yet abstain from meats; and by fasting they work evil and by their power and wealth they pervert many, and yet in the pride of their iniquity they show mercy; these also are double-faced and wholly evil. . . For good men are single of face and though they be thought by them who are double-faced to sin, in the sight of God they are righteous. There are many who in killing the wicked do two works, an evil and a good; however, the whole is good, because they uproot the evil and destroy it. Again there are men who hate him who shows mercy as well as the wicked and even the adulterer and the fasting man; this also is duplicity yet it is good work. . . . Again others desire not to see the goodness in licentious men lest the body be soiled and the soul defiled; now this also is duplicity, but the whole is good. Therefore, my children, see how there are opposites in all things, set one against the other, and the one hidden by the other. Death welcomes life, dishonour glory, night the day, darkness the light, but all these things are under the day and under the righteousness of life; wherefore even to death is reserved everlasting life.—From *The Testament of Asher the son of Jacob, concerning Duplicity and Virtue.* (No. X. of the Uncanonical Writings of the Old Testament found in the Armenian MSS. of the Library of St. Lazarus at Venice. Trans. by Rev. Jacques, Issaverdens of the Armenian Monastery, Venice, 1901.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE SON OF MAN

LORD God of Glory! Pow'r of Perfect Light,
Look on Thy little children of the wild,
In whose frail souls the Son of Man is born.
Thine is the pow'r of pain and anguish, Lord,
Thine is the chrism of the agony,
The bitter wisdom born within the soul
That knows the sorrow of sin's piteous load.
Father in Heaven! blessëd be the hour
When in the beast-soul rises the sad voice
Of human shame, crying: "I will arise,
And seek my Father's Feet, and mourn my sin."
Blessëd the hour when the dread scourge of pain
Is gladly borne by some poor tortur'd soul,
Because it sees its foulness before Thee
By the white light of Christ, Who dwells within
The outrag'd temple of humanity.

THERE was wrath and distress in the House of the Cold Strand, by reason of the sin of Brother Gorlois. He was the child of the Holy House, taken into the pious nurture of the brethren, from the dead breast of his murdered mother, a heathen woman, found by Brother Pacificus lying dead in the undergrowth of the great forest nigh the House of the Cold Strand. The pious company of Christian monks, who had built their house of prayer in that land, baptised the babe, and reared him by the precepts of Solomon, by the rule of their House, and by the wisdom which flowed from their hearts. And when the Brother Gorlois was twelve years old he entered his noviciate, and when he was fifteen he took upon him the vows of a monk, namely: the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He had little wit, and was not studious; nor was he called to the way of contemplation; but he was strong, and waxed mighty of muscle; as he grew to manhood the good gift of comeliness was bestowed upon him by the Hand of God; and the thick crisp waves of his curly yellow hair rose up like billows around the little circle of the tonsure.

He liked to trap and fish for the Holy House, but when the glee of sport was passed he was lazy and loved to sleep. He gave the first occasion for scandal during a fast of twice forty days, wherein the brethren ate no flesh. This Brother Gorlois,

stealing forth on the eighth day, slew a coney; and was taken in the wood, having built a fire in order that he might cook and devour it to the gratification of his body, and the peril of his soul; moreover, he lied concerning his sin, scandalously; and indeed, foolishly, for it was manifest to the simplest, and denial was vain.

The second scandal was when the Brother Gorlois was found in the refectory drunk with wine; for this offence he did penance; being scourged, and sorely rebuked by the brethren. But the third and most grievous scandal was when he was taken in the forest with the swineherd's daughter; whereupon the brethren placed him in ward, whilst they debated whether or no a monk who had broken his vows to the shame of his House, should not lie within a narrow cell, the entrance whereof should be securely barred by mortised stones, that soul and body might part slowly in the terrors of a death by hunger and by thirst. Such was the fate adjudged to Brother Gorlois, who was then but a young man of twenty years; and he was brought forth, bound, to hear the same.

The Brother Gorlois was, as afore said, young and lusty, comely and of great stature; he looked sullen, but he was less fearful and less ashamed than might have been expected. God had granted to him vigorous youth, health, and a person as goodly to behold as those He had given to the great stags on the moor, and the mighty milk-white bulls which crashed through the forest, leading a drove of their kind; but He, in His Wisdom, had not yet given to Brother Gorlois the blessing (or curse) of a lively power of imagery, and a sensitive memory.

Still, he had been taken, as he knew, in what the brethren denounced as sin; and he knew they were so made that they visited sin by fasting, and by the scourge, to the Brother Gorlois' great dis-ease: for he loved food, and he esteemed the scourge to be a needless discomfort. Therefore he looked very sulky, and stood gazing upon his feet, and wishing vaguely that his arms were free.

Then he who was Head of the lonely little House of the Cold Strand rose to pronounce the doom of Brother Gorlois, when the aged Brother Pacificus uplifted his voice. It was the Brother Pacificus who had found Brother Gorlois, a young babe

upon the dead breast of the half-savage heathen woman, his mother.

Brother Pacificus was very old, and a reputed seer; esteemed as a saint was he; twenty years had he travelled over Europe carrying the Gospel of the Christ among heathen people; founding many a Holy House, but never taking the Headship of one; thirty years lived he as a hermit, supplicating God for the world; ten years he had dwelt at the House of the Cold Strand, speaking little and praying much; but during the last year he spoke more frequently and more freely, and the Head of the House of the Cold Strand consulted him reverently as his soul-friend, what though in that House he was his superior in religion.

"It is in my mind, holy father," said Brother Pacificus, "that we have sinned greatly against our Brother Gorlois, and owe him amends."

"Speak thy mind, my brother, therefore," said he who was the Head of the House. "Make plain to us wherein we have sinned, and he shall live."

"My father," said the Brother Pacificus, "this, our young brother, so lusty in his youth, is not bound by his vows; seeing that in truth he took them not upon him."

"Who then took them, venerable brother?"

"Verily, that did we," said Brother Pacificus; "for we knew their meaning, our brother Gorlois did not so; he, obeying babe-like those who nurtured him, uttered words of which his heart knew not the meaning. For it is written that once a man of God made a religious house in the wilderness and bound by vows Brother Fox, binding him to a religious life, and to eat no flesh; the which vow he broke; adding to this offence the sin of theft, for so mightily desired he to eat flesh that he ate the leathern shoe-straps of his superior in religion, namely, the holy saint; whereupon the holy man rebuked him for conduct unbefitting a monk, when it was revealed to him that no vow can make a religious of a beast of the field; the blame is his who bindeth a little brother by a harsh rule against which the nature which God hath given constraineth him. Wherefore let our brother Gorlois abide with us in peace, doing such tasks as his

youth and great thews and sinews make very fitting for him; but do not bind him to eat no flesh, nor drink wine, nor even forbid him to seek the love of a maid, for to these things the youth's nature mightily constraineth him; nor doth he perceive in any measure the beauty of holiness, nor desireth he to enter into the secrets of the Kingdom of Heaven. Behold! he is no monk; though his lips spake vow on vow, God would not register them in Heaven as we foolish men do on earth; this brother Gorlois is but a lad, and in his heart a heathen, like the woman who bore him. Nevertheless he is the child of our House. His hour is not yet. Spare him, my father, and let us not—we who follow Him who bade the woman go unhurt and sin no more—give our child to a cruel death. For we took him in God's name, and in the Power of that Name shall he dwell amongst us unhurt and forgiven."

Now no other voice in the Holy House would have been heard on behalf of Brother Gorlois, save only that of Brother Pacificus. But to his voice the brethren listened with heed; and now his counsel prevailed, and they spared the Brother Gorlois, and absolved him from his vows, bidding him remain in the House of the Cold Strand, doing such work as his youth and strength rendered fitting for him. Thus then Brother Gorlois was pardoned by the holy father who ruled the brethren. This holy father was a man of great zeal, and jealous for the fair repute of the House, and often he mourned to Brother Pacificus because the soul of the House was barren, and he knew not by what means the brethren could make thereof a mightier power in the Hand of the Lord. But Brother Pacificus said:

"The soul of a Holy House, my father, is like unto the Kingdom of God; it cometh not with observation. It is from the beginning: and to hold this diligently in our minds is all that is possible for us to do in this matter. Let us then act as our nature constraineth us, under the guidance of the Lord, remembering all natures are rooted in Him; and it may ofttimes be our duty to suffer gladly, as His servant, one who sorely opposes us; now this is hard for the natural man; but the Lord from Heaven useth the one and the other for His service according to the measure of their gifts, asking not wit from him who lacketh, nor

clerkly lore from the simple, nor the power of the spirit from him who is yet a babe in Christ. Nor can we expect to know the subtle workings of our brethren's souls; and though it be our duty to dwell in sympathy with them when we may, yet ofttimes it is our duty sweetly to resign ourselves to dwell in ignorance of them. But the soul of a House of Prayer is born from above, not from below; and this, meseemeth, is the meaning of that scripture which saith a man by taking thought can add not a cubit to his stature."

It was summer time when the sin of Brother Gorlois was judged by the brethren; the following winter was very cold, and the Brother Pacificus grew feebler. When the spring came he was very infirm; he slept little, and it grew a custom that a brother should watch beside him to minister to him in the night. On a moonlit night of May Brother Gorlois was bidden to keep vigil by the old man's side. Brother Pacificus slept lightly during the first watch of the night. Brother Gorlois rose up gently and looked from the little unglazed casement upon the forest. It was a warm night, the glamour of the moon lay on the great silent glades. Brother Gorlois felt restless and upon him was a desire to rove the forest; the oaks were in leaf, the smell of bluebells filled the air, the fierce life of night and springtide was pulsing apace through the dim sweet land; it was a night when all the beasts of the forest did roam, seeking their bread from God.

Brother Gorlois leaned out, and smelled the night air and the earth; then he drew back and sat by the old monk.

Something flew through the casement and hit Brother Gorlois on his broad chest; it was a bunch of bluebells. Brother Gorlois looked out once more. Below the window was the swineherd's daughter; the night was sultry, and her smock was open by reason of the heat; her skirt was made of the stitched skins of beasts; about her neck was a garland of the blue flowers of the wood, swaying rope-like about her throat; when she saw Brother Gorlois she laughed loudly and fled; but as she fled she looked back. Then Brother Gorlois leaped from the window. When she heard the beat of his feet behind her she ran faster; nevertheless, as she ran she dragged the bluebells from about her throat and flung them earthwards to mark the way by which she

went. Soon the thicket hid her; and Brother Gorlois, flying in pursuit, was hidden too.

A little while after the flight of Brother Gorlois, the Brother Pacificus stirred.

"My son," he said faintly, "give me to drink, I pray thee."

No one answered; and the old man murmured:

"He is young; he sleeps."

He sighed; for his mouth was very parched and dry. After a while he said again:

"My son, sleepest thou? Wake, I pray thee."

But no one answered, and he said:

"My voice is weak, and the sleep of youth is heavy. O Lord, Thy chosen slept in the hour of Thy agony; how did'st Thou thirst, O Master, and there was none to succour Thee, save with the bitter vinegar and gall!"

After a while the old monk's thirst grew grievous, and he strove, slowly and tremulously, to raise his aged limbs.

"It is but a little way to yonder jug," he murmured, "I am a selfish old man; the lad is tired with toil. I will seek the water for myself."

He rose slowly, groped a pace or two, stumbled, and fell to the floor of his cell. He lay there, moaning a little now and then, and shivering. Thus did he lie during two hours of the night; and thus Brother Gorlois found him when he slunk back, just as day broke. In great terror he called the brethren; praying God that the old man had not known his absence, or at least would be speechless till the end. But Brother Pacificus, though all might see his death was near, recovered speech and clearness of mind, and received the last rites of the Church. Then said he:

"My brethren, ye are weary. Leave me to await the coming of my Lord and Master. I shall die this night when midnight strikes. Wherefore at that hour go ye to the chapel, and speed my soul with songs of holy joy; and leave with me, I pray you, Brother Gorlois."

Then they obeyed, weeping; but the Head said:

"Dare we trust thee, belovëd brother, with this youth?" and sternly he said to Brother Gorlois:

"Slept ye not, nor had left our holy brother when this sickness increased upon him?"

Then Brother Gorlois lied; and Brother Pacificus smiled very tenderly upon him and said:

"Nay, ye shall leave me, my father, with the babe I found."

When the brethren were gone, Brother Pacificus said:

"Come near to me, my child, and lift me in thy arms, for I breathe hardly."

Brother Gorlois obeyed, and Brother Pacificus said:

"Wherefore left ye me, my son, and little brother?—the pain was sore as I lay yonder; and that ye might have spared me. But in truth I sinned in lack of patience; nevertheless, the thirst which was upon me was great when I strove to fetch that water, that I might drink a little to cool my tongue."

The old man spoke very feebly, a word or two and then a long pause; but when he had spoken Brother Gorlois knew Brother Pacificus had perceived his absence. He said no word, but hung his head. He perceived there was no fear that Brother Pacificus would betray him. And yet he hung his head; there grew up about his heart a feeling new and strange; and he felt very wroth with the swineherd's brown daughter.

"See thy penance, child," said Brother Pacificus. "Hold me in thy arms; thus I breathe more freely."

Brother Gorlois said nothing, not even when the cramp in his arms grew great.

The old man fell into a half stupor; but sometimes he wandered a little. He would moan and say:

"My son—Gorlois—my son—where art thou?"

Sometimes he would say:

"I thirst—alone—Thou, Lord, wast left—"

And Brother Gorlois, albeit dull of wit, saw he was living through the pain and loneliness of the past night. Brother Gorlois did not ask the old monk's pardon; he did not know he wanted him to forgive; he knew his heart felt heavy; he began to wish the Head might find out what he had done, and have him flogged; and he felt more and more wroth with the swineherd's daughter, who was the cause of his discomfort.

In the chapel the brethren began to sing, Brother Pacificus could not hear them. The hour of midnight was near.

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla."

Brother Pacificus waxed heavier in the strong arms of his "little brother;" his breathing grew slower, and more slow.

"Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis."

Brother Pacificus shuddered once with a great shudder, and his breathing ceased; then breathed he once more, opened his eyes, and smiled.

"Jhesu!" he said, "Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu!" Then he laughed, softly and gladly, as a lover at the sight of his beloved, or as an exile when he sees again the land he loves.

The hour was midnight; a light like moonlight flickering upon blue steel flashed through the room, and Brother Pacificus died.

Then as Brother Gorlois laid him down, and slowly rubbed his cramped arms, there flew through the casement a bunch of blue flowers; they smote him on the chest, and dropped upon the dead man's breast.

Brother Gorlois gave a cry that was like unto a human sob of pain, but liker still to the cry of an angry beast that has been hurt. He leaped through the unglazed casement; in the silent wood below there was the shriek of a woman in a swiftly stilled anguish of bodily fear.

From the chapel, when the day broke, the weeping brethren came. They found the Brother Pacificus dead; and on his breast a bunch of blue sweet-smelling flowers; under the window on the dew-drenched forest turf, there lay a half-clad girl; a bunch of blossoms like those on the dead saint's breast was in her stiffened hand; there was a wound in her throat that an arm nerved by savage rage had given; in the tangle of her rough hair was the knife that had killed her. It was the Brother Gorlois' hunting knife; but he had fled, and the House of the Cold Strand knew him no more from the hour when the Son of Man was born in him, in the throes of a first "conviction of sin," the passing anguish of a first remorse.

MICHAEL WOOD.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

I.

The Objective Theory

In common with other of the deep problems that offer themselves for the consideration of the thoughtful, a study of the nature of Beauty may be taken up from two different standpoints, the inner one of consciousness, or the outer one of phenomena.

Adopting the latter of these, we say that there is some quality or attribute in the object that makes it beautiful, and we ourselves simply perceive that quality or attribute and get delight from the perception. This we may call the Objective Theory.

Those who maintain it largely take it for granted that the sole cause of our æsthetic experiences lies outside the consciousness, and hence the object alone is scrutinised by them in the hope of getting at the reason of its beauty, or what it is in it that makes us conceive it to be beautiful. Their investigations lead these thinkers to the conclusion that Beauty is a property made up of certain elements.

One says: "Beauty consists in the utility and fitness of things to their proposed ends."*

Another says: "The first principles of beauty are the harmonic ratios."†

A third says: "Beauty consists in certain combinations of variety and uniformity."‡

A fourth says: "Variety of uniformities makes complete beauty."§ And so on.

In answer to the questions: Why should the perception of

* Socrates. See Xenophon in *Mem. Soc.*, iii. 8, and iv. 6.

† Hay. *The Science of Beauty* (1856).

‡ Hutcheson. *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue* (1725).

§ Sir C. Wren.

these things afford us delight? Why should the "harmonic ratios," or "combinations of variety and uniformity," excite in us the sense of the beautiful?—we are merely told that there is something in ourselves, some internal sense, which responds to these qualities or attributes of the object*—which, by the way, is really giving up the objectivist position, and implicitly admitting that our analysis must be that of consciousness rather than that of external nature.

This theory has, however, been objected to on other grounds. Firstly, it is said, the objects which we call "beautiful" are so utterly different in kind, as well as in degree, that it is difficult to see how they can have in themselves any common attribute. The tree is beautiful; the woman is beautiful; yet what quality has the one in common with the other?

Again: to certain dispositions of words, and to certain ideas, we apply this same epithet, and these words, we are agreed, are merely symbols, and these ideas may have no objective counterpart.

And again: "We know that bright colours afford no delight to the ear, nor sweet tones to the eye, and are therefore perfectly assured that the qualities which make the visible objects agreeable cannot be the same with those which give pleasure to the ear."† Yet surely the hypothesis of an objective beauty demands some common property in the object.

Under the fire of these and other criticisms, the objective theory, as offering anything like an adequate explanation of the Beautiful, is found to be untenable. The inquiry having been generally directed to—in certain cases, even limited to—the

* Hutcheson; Shaftesbury. *Characteristicks* (1711).

† Jeffrey, *Edinburgh Review* (1811). This writer finds a further argument against this theory in the utter want of agreement as to what objects are beautiful. "All men allow grass to be green, sugar to be sweet, and ice to be cold—and the unavoidable inference from any apparent disagreement in such matters is that the party is insane, or destitute of the sense or organ concerned in the perception. With regard to beauty, however, . . . the case is quite different: one man sees it perpetually where to another it is quite invisible."

This, however, I take it, is anything but a weighty argument. It is true that all men do not agree as to what objects are beautiful, as they do generally as to the principal characteristics or qualities of an object; but, firstly, it is not contended by the objectivists that the capacity for æsthetic appreciation has yet been developed in us to anything like the completeness of the development of the organs of sight, taste, or touch; and, secondly, even in the case of these organs we find very great differences of opinion as to what is pleasing or the reverse.

world postulated as external, the necessary subjectivity of our consciousness, and the fact that this subjectivity can never be transcended on the intellectual planes, has been largely lost sight of, or, by some, wholly ignored.

II.

The Association Theory

From this weakness at least, another school of investigators into the nature of the Beautiful are entirely free. Those who propounded what is generally known as the Association Theory unequivocally laid it down that there is no such thing as external or objective beauty; there is no such thing as an inherently beautiful object. The emotions excited by that which we call such, "are not original emotions, nor produced by any qualities in the objects which excite them, but are reflections or images of more radical and familiar emotions."*

Beauty really results from the sympathetic relations. The object we call "beautiful" awakens the emotions either by bringing the consciousness into touch with some one or other of our common primal feelings, *e.g.*, love, pity, affection, or else by suggesting certain pleasurable ideas already present as memories in the storehouse of the mind.

In other words, our delight in the perception of the Beautiful is not an immediate delight born of the qualities in the object; it is a reflex emotion referable in the first instance to some antecedent experience of common feeling. There is not anything in the object endowing it with that special property termed Beauty; the object is endowed with that property solely by us.

For instance, the "beautiful" girl suggests youth, health, innocence, gaiety, sensibility, and the like. A common English landscape suggests comfort, cheerfulness, peaceful enjoyment, simplicity of life; and it is in these ideas, not in the objects that give rise to them, that we find the cause of those pleasurable experiences which we have when contemplating the beauty of the human form, a scene of nature, or a work of art.

* Jeffrey. *The Edinburgh Review.*

The Association Theory has been ably expounded by Alison,* Jeffrey, and others. But, although there can be no doubt that it affords a clue to many of the phases or tendencies of consciousness when it comes into touch with the Beautiful, the supposition that it offers any complete explanation of our experiences seems to be negatived by more careful mental analysis.

Pleasing ideas from the storehouse of past impressions which an object may bring to light, and the emotions which are thereby awakened, are, it is true, experiences of consciousness in the presence of the Beautiful; but that they are, in any instance, the whole experience, all present-day psychologists, I take it, would deny.

Withal, since we perceive certain gleams of truth in both the Objective and the Association theories, we very naturally ask ourselves: Is there no tracing those gleams further back, nearer to the point whence they diverge? Is there no unifying conception that will synthesise for us these scattered thoughts, that seem to proceed from some truth, but seem to be such very small facets of that truth?

III.

The Meaning of the Word

At the outset to any inquiry into the ideas that we have of the Beautiful, it would be well to determine, if we can, what are the things that we usually so characterise; what is the extent of the field of consciousness that the word will cover.

In one direction that field appears to be limited only by the limitation of our own powers of being. We are agreed that the word is aptly applied to those highest conceptions which we speak of as "spiritual Beauty."

But in the other direction, whether a work of art or of nature has title to be called "beautiful" if it appeals to the sensuous part of the man, and to that alone, there is no such agreement.

The answer to this question, of course, depends upon the

* *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste* (1790).

wideness of the meaning that we are willing to allow to the term. Following Platonic leading,* we find, certainly, most of the great writers on these subjects maintaining that the province of the sensuous, in so far as it is of the eye or of the ear, should be included in the Kingdom of the Beautiful; but if we are to include the pleasures received through these senses, it is difficult to see how we are, logically, to exclude the like pleasures received through the other senses, touch, taste and smell.† It is true that popular language may often sanction the use of the word in the case of smell, but in the case of the other two senses it will generally be felt to be a misnomer.

When in those wonderful adventures of Alice in her "Wonderland" we read of the "beautiful soup," the incongruity of the ideas brought up by this use of the word touches, as it is meant to do, the comic; and yet this would be a perfectly legitimate phrase if the word is to comprehend those experiences which are sensuous pleasures, and nothing more than sensuous pleasures. In that case the *cuisine* would be rightly spoken of as a department of the fine arts.

Moreover, it will be observed that if we are to allow this wider meaning to the word, the claim that has often been made that a sense of beauty constitutes one of the distinctions between man and the animal can no longer be sustained; for Darwin himself, amongst other naturalists, has clearly shown that some animals, and many birds, have so lively an appreciation of

* See the *Hippias Major*. Socrates *loq.*: "It was not stated that the pleasurable of every kind was beautiful, but only such as was through sight and hearing."

† I am aware that a distinction is attempted to be made between these senses on the ground that sight and hearing immediately involve intellectual processes and *definite* ideas, and therefore that they are senses of a higher order than those of touch, taste, and smell, these three being unintellectual. But it appears to me (1) that this distinction cannot be maintained in the face of any severe psychological analysis, and (2) in the case of hearing, as it relates to music, this is, primarily, just as sensuous and unintellectual a process as taste or smell.

Another distinction between the sensuous as received through sight and hearing and that received through touch, taste, and smell, is attempted to be made by classing the latter as purely private pleasures, absorbed by the one person, while sight and hearing are received by all within reach of the object. (*Encyclopædia Brit.*, Vol. IX., Art. "Fine Arts.") But this distinction, even if it could be maintained, does not amount to much as an argument for the higher rank of these two senses.

If we take delicacy of perception as the criterion of our classification of the senses—and that would seem to be the best test to apply to them considered merely as receivers—smell, the Cinderella of the five, must be put at the top. It has been estimated that we can detect a three-hundred-millionth part of a grain of musk.

both musical sounds and bright colouring that these form the chief means of attraction between the sexes.

Personally, then, I would prefer to restrict the term to our experiences of those higher states of consciousness generally known as the imaginative, the intellectual, or the emotional, including the sensuous only when it is so inextricably involved in those higher states as to be conceptually inseparable from them —an inseparability this, by the way, more usual than, at first sight, we might have been disposed to grant.

Think of the sensuous delight one feels in the presence of the rich colouring of the rose-window in the South Transept at Westminster; think of the sensuous delight one feels when passing between the hedgerows of a country lane at evening and the sweet scent of the wild woodbine is wafted on the breeze—and although we may not admit that these delights are well designated by the supreme term, none the less we should surely have no easy task did we attempt to draw the line between them and those deeper emotional joys to which the term applies without question.

The matter is, however, merely academic, not touching the truth or untruth of any theory of the Beautiful. For whatever name we may give to these pleasures of sensation, we may take it, I think, that they have formed, or do form, almost invariably, the first chord of that symphony whose harmonies echo through the halls of our higher consciousness as those greater joys that we get from the Beautiful.

IV.

Sensuous Beauty

The first and simplest answer to the question: Why do we get pleasure from the contemplation of those objects we have agreed to call beautiful?—may be given in the terms of Hippias' answer to Socrates: Certain things are pleasing to us merely because our senses are so constituted that the received sensation affords pleasure.

We say that a discord is disagreeable, and often describe it as "ugly," because our ears are so made that discords act

as irritants thereupon. All rough or rasping voices are annoying from like cause, and are "ugly" in proportion to the sensitiveness of the ear that receives them. Conversely, we say that a concord is "agreeable," and often describe it as "beautiful," * the reason being that the auditory sense is so formed as to receive pleasure from the regularity of the sound-waves—in fact, it would appear that a certain regularity of the sound-wave is a necessity if the physical apparatus is to be maintained in healthful conditions.

Again, a bright red surface with blue spots on it most of us would pronounce to be ugly.† Why? Because the sensation received from such a combination of colours is irritating to the organ of vision.

Similarly we find bitter things disagreeable because the organism of the palate is such that, on contact with them, the tissue suffers some adverse physiological change.

And the same with the tactile sense. A child, stroking a piece of velvet, will say, "That's lovely," or "That's beautiful." The child receives and responds to a sensuous gratification, because his sense of touch is such that contact with this material gratifies. On the other hand, a roughened surface produces some form of nervous irritation, and so may be characterised in primitive language as "ugly."

An object, then, affords pleasure to the eye from its form or colouring, to the taste from its sweetness, to the touch from its smoothness, and to the smell from its fragrance, solely owing to the constitution of these sense-organs; and, receiving this pleasure, we term that object "beautiful."

But this, it must be admitted, does not carry us far. The further question immediately arises: "Why should colour give pleasure to the eye, and sweet things pleasure to the taste? Why should smooth things give pleasure to the touch, and fragrant things pleasure to the smell?"

* We have no less authority than that of Kant for this use of the word; both to single colours and to single tones this philosopher attributes a beauty. And although Jeffrey denies the intrinsic beauty of colour, we find it re-asserted by Payne Knight, Dugald Stewart, and by Bain. "The pleasurable sensations of sound and sight come within the domain of Fine Art," says the last in his *Mental and Moral Science*.

† See Purdies, *Form and Sound*, p. xxxii.

Have we any answer? Can we advance yet another step towards that inner arcanum of being where, far beyond human ken, all causes lie?—I think we can.

But first, perhaps, it would be well to try to outline the scope of our inquiry.

V.

The Scope of the Inquiry

Some there are who will scoff at the very idea of any explanation of the Beautiful. Beauty, they will say, from its very nature, must ever elude inquiry. The moment you try to describe it in terms of the intellect you will find that it is indescribable. The moment you try to grasp it by sensuous imagery, you will find that you are left grasping at the void air, your object gone; the very thing that you were in search of is no more.

Now the scoffer scoffs with a certain reason. Essential Beauty *is* elusive, *is* indescribable, *is* ungraspable, *is* beyond the reach of the most piercing eye of the mind, or the strongest winged flight of the imagination.

The cognition or recognition of Beauty, like all other modes of consciousness, implies relation—relation between the internal and the external, the ego and the non-ego, the subjective and the objective.

So soon as we become aware of Beauty, Beauty has entered into relationship with us. Hence we have the three categories, the subject, the object, and the relation between them.

Of these three, two, in their essence, are utterly transcendental. Of the subject, if the subject be our innermost consciousness, the very hypothesis precludes us from knowing further. We cannot get behind it. For us, innermost consciousness is an ultimate, and being an ultimate, is beyond any predication.

Of the object, if the object be innermost Beauty, it is, in like manner, impossible for us to say aught. For us essential Beauty is an ultimate; we are conscious of it, conscious of it vividly,

and yet more vividly, but to full self-consciousness we cannot get.

Should it be objected to this that neither the subject, innermost Consciousness, nor the object, essential Beauty, can be an ultimate, since both the one and the other term merely connotes for us the stage of growth to which we have now attained, the answer is that, as we grow, so grows the connotation of the term. Beauty is now our ultimate; in time to come, *that* Beauty is not our ultimate; but Beauty is still our ultimate.

It is granted, then, that if we take these terms, Consciousness and Beauty, with their deepest meanings, all we can hope to do in our attempt at an explanation of the Beautiful is to try to bring home to the imagination something of the nature of the relationship between them.

But from the highest known state of Consciousness there is every gradation to that which is generally termed the physical or the sensuous. And, from that highest expression of objective Beauty where it seems to become one with consciousness itself, there are upon all the lower planes the expressions of beauty corresponding with the receptivity of our consciousness at those levels.

It is with the relationship between these lower states of Consciousness and their corresponding objective worlds, when that relationship gives rise to our experience of the Beautiful, that our inquiry will be mainly concerned.

VI.

Beauty as a Harmonious Relation

The great difficulty one has in treating of a subject so comprehensive as this is that the noumena or phenomena to which we give the name of "Beauty" are so many and so varied, exist on so many planes of being, that what seem to be the fitting terms for an explanation on one plane fall lamentably short, even to incongruity, when we are treating of the experience on another plane.

But, I am happy to say, we have one word in our language that seems to express the nature of the relationship between that

which we call the "beautiful" object and ourselves, and to express it on all the different planes of being. That word is "Harmony."

Speaking generally of the three worlds in which we live, move, and have our being, we may say that Beauty is a harmonious relationship either between (1) the whole man and external nature, or (2) between the different modes or expressions of the consciousness, looking at the subject from the life side, or between the different vehicles of the spirit, looking at the subject from the form side.

Harmony being established between the ego and the non-ego, between the subjective and the objective, the two combine as one, and the life, the consciousness, the spiritual principle, flows out, embraces both, and thereby attains to that fuller joy which comes of increase of its own being.

So we may express that activity of consciousness which we know as an experience of the Beautiful, and so alone, it seems to me, may we express it if we are to do so in a term that is applicable to all the spheres in which we live.

Concentrating our attention specifically on different worlds, we may, indeed, by use of other words, and similes, get clearer conceptions of the relationship as regards those respective worlds, but I think it will always be found that in the idea connoted by the word "Harmony" we get the nearest realisation of that relationship which is universally applicable.

In this light, then, we proceed to consider Beauty in the different worlds of its manifestation.

POWIS HOULT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GOVERN the lips
As they were palace doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CHARACTER OF S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THE principal characteristics of S. Francis of Assisi can be summed up in the words sincerity, devotion, single-mindedness, love to God expressed by service of man; the note of thoroughness in both marks all his life and teaching. "How shall we find rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him."

It was from this whole-hearted giving that S. Francis derived his strength, and accomplished that vivification of Christianity traceable to the poor little brother of Assisi.

Devotion, enthusiasm, joyousness, gaiety and simplicity of heart marked Francis, and these qualities help to explain the impression he made on his age.

Saint though he was, his sainthood never took that disagreeable form with which Drummond, I think, marvelled God had patience, but it was always homely, engaging, human.

Some of the special characteristics of childhood and early youth seem to have lingered round Francis all his life. He set to work to accomplish his ends with the directness and simplicity of a child; he enjoyed, he wept, with child-like fervour; his enthusiasm and singleness of heart are characteristics of youth. His asceticism is not repellent, but is relieved by delightful touches of humour and *naïveté*.

His intercourse with S. Claire, so unlike the religious practice of the day, his love of Nature, his care for birds and beasts and recognition of their wants, show him to us as pre-eminently lovable and sympathetic.

His life presents us with curious paradoxes. Sinner, then saint; layman for years, he exercises apparently undisturbed many of the priestly privileges. He himself leads a definitely religious life, self-consecrated alone; he founds a religious order and receives others into his rule of life; he preaches, he exhorts all men to repentance. He sanctifies women to the religious life, cutting off S. Claire's hair while still a layman.

He goes perilously near heresy, yet is undisturbed by it. He reverences the authority of his Church and its ministers, yet obeys his inner voice in opposition to the remonstrance of Christ's Vicar on earth.

He is unlettered, unlearned all his life, despises alike secular and doctrinal knowledge, yet is truly learned in high spiritual realities, wise in his dealings with men. Money and books alike are anathema to him, fetters to keep the soul in bondage, yet those were the two possessions most prized by the religious Orders of his day, despised only by a layman reformer.

Probably his want of learning and his position as a layman both in reality helped him to secure his unique position. Having no book-knowledge, but possessing a varied knowledge of life, he addressed himself in his work to deal with the evils all round him; he went to the root of the matter instead of insisting on the importance of forms.

The non-importance in his eyes of dogma and doctrine, as compared with the manner in which the life was lived, may have attracted to him many so-called heretics; his teaching while still a layman must have occasioned curiosity and comment, and brought him nearer to the people than if he had been a religious official.

I imagine, however, that in the beginning of his religious life S. Francis had very little conception of the extent to which he would influence his times; he simply set himself to live and preach the truth as he saw it, without at first ulterior motive. Yet in his early gay and careless life he seems to have had premonitions of a future greatness, and it may be that while the change was being effected in his heart, in his solitary walks around Assisi, in his sojourns in the grotto, he, like another prophet of God, heard a voice telling that he and no other had a mighty work to accomplish, to which he must set his hand.

It was a curious example of the state of Christianity prevailing in the thirteenth century that a layman should advocate a return to conditions of primitive Christianity, while the Pope should object to his rule as impracticable, as "a counsel of perfection".

But the Pope, Innocent III., was intent chiefly on securing

the temporal power of the Church, in planning to secure the empire of the world. Bishops and priests were set on the acquisition of wealth; while the secular clergy neglected their duty, priests looked down upon and oppressed them; many priests and parish clergy alike were grossly immoral and licentious. The peasantry were superstitious and neglected; heresies were rife. Such were the conditions in which Francis had to work.

Desperate illnesses call for stringent remedies, so Francis saw safety in no half measures but in entire self-abandonment to the will of God, in a literal giving up of all and taking no care for the morrow; and many felt as he did. In a spirit of reaction to the lust for power and the greed for wealth the Church displayed, can be traced the remarkable response Francis' teaching obtained. It is characteristic of the man and of his reverence for authority that he made his way by persuasion, not by denunciation; he said in effect: "Follow me and I will show you a more excellent way;" and, so saying, put into practice what he taught.

A true mystic, as this saint was, is nothing if not practical as well as mystical. He acts more nobly than his fellow men because he sees truth more directly. It is the sign of a healthy mysticism to help, to work, to seek to bring others to a knowledge of the truth attained.

S. Francis was pre-eminently practical in his teaching, in his mode of life. He and his Brothers were to earn their living by manual work, begging was to be resorted to only in extremity. He preached repentance, cessation of sin, that love of God was to find expression in a good life, in living in peace and amity with one's fellows.

Spiritual selfishness was to form no part of his religion; his followers had to help to save others' souls as well as their own. "God had called them to be Brother Minors, not only for their own salvation but also for that of many men."

His disdain of money, his taking of the Lady Poverty for his bride, arose from practical consideration of means to an end, not merely from the idea of mortifying the flesh.

"Property," he pointed out with much reason in that unquiet age, "was the source of quarrels and lawsuits and involved the need of arms for its defence."

He owed little of his success to his personal appearance. We are told by an eye-witness that "his apparel was poor, his person in no respect imposing, his face not at all handsome."

He succeeded by the fervency of his love, the single-mindedness of his actions, the spiritual knowledge of fundamental truths he possessed.

This is the mark of the genius and originality of the man, that in an age when the spirit of true religion had disappeared from the Church and was found, if anywhere, among the heretics who at least sought for truth, this man revivified Christianity by a return to the life and teaching of its Founder.

For to see with S. Francis was to do; it was impossible for him to separate thought from action. The ideal he endeavoured with marked success to translate into the real.

It is the characteristic of all men to seek happiness as their aim in life. He alone almost in his age and day perceived that happiness consists in a frame of mind, not in material possessions; in an inner receptiveness, not a grasping of the without. He showed also that life was to be lived for service, not for self-seeking.

The tragedy of his life lies in the fact that it is almost impossible for a great soul, who sees truth directly himself and acts on it, to recognise that others may see truth and be unable to translate thought into action. It is to the inability of the small-minded to live up to the standard of the great that we must attribute the degradation of the Franciscan ideal even during the lifetime of the founder.

S. Francis modelled his life upon his Master, Jesus, and many a resemblance can be traced between them. Like Him, His disciple retired to the wilderness to pray and gather strength for conflict with the world. He too was spiritually deserted by his followers and endured for months the agony of Gethsemane; like Him he often had not where to lay his head; he hungered. The resemblance was carried to the body as well; tradition shows us S. Francis as marked by the stigmata, literally bearing in his "body the marks of the Lord Jesus," glorying in the anguish.

I see no difficulty in accepting the fact, authenticated as it is by the eye witness of many, who I suppose did not wilfully lie.

The influence of mind upon matter has by experiment in these modern days been shown quite capable of accomplishing the act without trace of miracle or interposition of external agent.

Finally, we see S. Francis accepting, welcoming death as a joyous release from a worn-out body, confident in the fact that he had done his duty. I, myself, do not think of S. Francis as "dying broken-hearted." All through his life it was inevitable that his love and joyous trust in God, the realisation of his union with the Divine, should occasionally be replaced by that deadness and desolation of soul, that anguish of loneliness, described as "the dark night of the soul," a phase inevitable in the religious life.

For months before his death we see him troubled about his Order, the failure of the Brethren to keep the Franciscan ideal, uncertain as to the wisdom of his own conduct in renouncing the headship of his Order. That is true; yet he lived through that phase of sorrow, to end his days in joy—in joy so full and confident, that it could only find expression in song, in endless repetition of his "Canticle of the Sun," scandalising the weaker faith of Brother Elias, who, in flat contradiction to his Christian belief, thought death should be expected in fear and trembling.

Not so the man who believed in what he preached. The sincerity of his belief, the whole nature of S. Francis, is revealed to us as he lies singing, awaiting death. He had loved the beauty of Nature all his life, he hymned it in his death; he who had restored gaiety and joy to religion met death with songs instead of tears. He loved God; what then had he to fear in death, who could see in it but life, and life more abundantly. He who had been humility itself, who had considered himself the least among his brethren; whom they were to smite, chastise, and keep in memory of his sins when he bade them, now confident, faced death with certainty, yet desired to meet it naked, extended on the earth, faithful to the last to his Lady of Poverty.

A splendid Church is erected over his bones, but S. Francis belonged to the people, not to the rich; he loved and understood them. They in turn heard him gladly. They loved and trusted him so entirely that they believed, in their simple faith, his touch, his presence, cured their ailments.

The legends of the *Fioretti* show S. Francis forth as he is shrined in the hearts of the people. The animals and birds obeyed him; the swallows, the doves, the wolf, recognised a friend in him. The stories show the saint's most charming qualities, his tenderness of heart, his humility, patience, simplicity; his sympathy with all that lived and breathed; his joy in and appreciation of the beauties of Nature; his inside gaiety of heart, his insight into those with whom he dealt; his communion and intercourse with the Divine are vividly described as we ponder over the pages.

Legendary, superstitious, exaggerated, untrue, are these legends, so carping critics may urge; true and yet false is such criticism. False, perhaps, are the *Fioretti* in matters of detail and of actual occurrence; true in sentiment and in appreciation of the man. The setting of the character-drawing shows the popular sentiment of the day and has historical significance.

"A practical mystic," I should sum up S. Francis; practical in his life, his teaching, his work, his adaptation of means to end. His much criticised doctrine of poverty was only addressed, it must be remembered, to those men and women who desired to embrace a definitely religious life, and give themselves to the service of God and man. It was not addressed to the world at large, to whom, of course, possessions are a necessity.

Mystical was S. Francis in his interpretation of religion and of nature, as his words, his works, his prayers and visions show him to us. The fervency of his devotion made his body a fitting channel through which could flow a force ever seeking an outlet for its expression—the ever-constant presence and working of the Christ for His Church.

I attribute S. Francis' success in propaganda to this combination of practical and mystical elements in his character.

With love S. Francis conquered his world; as lover of God, servant of men, we see S. Francis enshrined in history and legend alike. Confident in his love, we see him lie singing on his deathbed—single-minded, thorough to the last, truly welcoming "Sister Death," that change which only meant for him, as he knew well, transition from "dream of beauty to Beauty Itself."

ELIZABETH SEVERS.

PALINGENESIS

In an answer to question 264 on page 99 of the July *Vâhan*, a list of (indirect) "evidences" for the theory of palingenesis has been compiled. Methinks that some of the most striking facts immanent in the consciousness of every sound and truly human being have been omitted in that list. Thus might be mentioned for instance, (1) the fact of individual *conscience* as an evident product of individual evolution; (2) the fact of man striving for *perfection* and consummation which cannot be fulfilled in one earth-life; (3) the fact of man's belief in *immortality*, of which David Hume says in his essay on suicide, etc. (Basel, 1799, James Decker, page 23): "Metempsychosis is the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to."

Several other not yet mentioned arguments might be produced in favour of the said theory. But more important than taking all the trouble of such a compilation, seems to me to ask oneself: What can be the use of taking all this trouble?

Probably the questioner No. 264 and his answerer have the noble intention of helping on our present European civilisation towards spirituality by spreading the conviction of the palingenesis of the human individualities. No doubt if this belief, or rather the knowledge of this fact, could become as universal in the West as it is in the East, our civilisation would thereby gain a most important factor of advancement and refinement. But first the question arises here: Can any compilation of such "evidences" have this desired effect? Can it have any effect on critical and scientifically educated minds? Can it influence the leaders of our civilisation? Can it be assimilated as a fundamental of our mental culture?

The answer to these doubts cannot be but a decided: *No!* Such compilations *cannot* have any effect on our *mental* culture;

and they have hitherto *not* had any effect except on poets and on other emotional and intuitional natures. Why is this so?

The reason for this is the same as that which shows why the whole trend of thought of our movement is as yet ignored by the scientific leaders of our mental culture with an air of superiority and chilliness. They say to us or think: your theories are noble good and grand, but all that you produce in favour of them is beneath criticism. If your theories were right, there would be sense and reason in the universe. But there *is* no sense in it, just because your theories are nothing but *illusions;* for they contradict undoubted and undoubtable facts of science. They are of about the same kind as the pretended fact of an "immaculate conception" or human parthenogenesis. These theories are simply *wrong*, because these asserted *facts of nature* prove to be *impossible.*

This is the principal objection raised against the theory of palingenesis. To compile evidences which can only be of an *indirect* nature is useless, as long as the *fact* of palingenesis is *directly* considered as *impossible;* and as such it is at present considered biologically, psychologically and philosophically. Therefore, in order to promote this theory in the first instance, the possibility of palingenesis as a *fact of nature* has to be proven. And when this has been done in any way satisfactorily, all compilations of "evidences" will be almost superfluous. For that palingenesis *would* be the solution of the most important problems for the human mind, if it would be thought *possible*, this requires scarcely proofs or arguments to any thinking man. Therefore, the only way to help on modern culture by our movement is to show by painstaking research that these *facts of nature* which we assert as palingenesis, are not opposed to the accepted facts of science, although diverging from the conclusions hitherto drawn from these accepted facts. This has to be done in a parallel way to the mode in which, for instance, Mr. Mead fulfils this same task for the facts of *history* which we assert, diverging from the hitherto accepted views of the facts.

Our movement moves as yet apart, *outside* the mental culture of the leaders of modern civilisation. We do not yet assimilate and use the knowledge of science and philosophy of our age.

We operate with revelations, and mostly with the ideas of antiquity, and of the Middle Ages, without showing the road which would lead modern ideas up to them. Our evidence has *not* yet tried to come up to the modern standard; it has *not* attempted yet to satisfy the scientific criterion of proof; and—above all—it has *not* yet stooped down with the intention of meekly accommodating and assimilating itself to the basis of our modern mental culture.

Here stands *revelation* against *research*. These need not necessarily oppose each other. On the contrary: truth is but *one;* and it can be found by the method of deduction as well as by that of induction, if both start from right premises. But even if their premises are right, they will never associate and combine as long as haughtiness stands against haughtiness.

Besides, if our Society is to fulfil its mission, it has to grow up from its present *emotional*, female level into a future male character, with also full *intellectual* capacity. Perhaps we shall even by and by see a palingenesis of our *Society*.

But, however this may be—we shall certainly not be taken *au sérieux* by the really serious men, the scientific leaders of mankind, until we begin to work *with* them, not against them; to *help* them, not to scorn them; to *understand* them, not to pretend our superiority because we believe in revelations rather than in careful and conscientious research, historical, scientific and philosophical.

HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN.

[Dr. Hübbe Schleiden is a very old member of the Theosophical Society, so has a claim to be heard, even when his criticism is harsh and unjust. So many years have passed since he has been in touch with the movement, shut up in his study away from the world, that he is unaware of the large use by Theosophists of scientific facts, and of the illumination cast on each other by scientific discoveries and theosophical teachings. It is amusing to see that while extreme masculinists gibe at the movement as too feminine, extreme femininists cry out at it as too masculine. Perhaps, like nature, it lets each sex have free play to do what it can.—ANNIE BESANT.]

THE DEATH-MARK

A story founded on fact

PART I.

Prologue

WITHIN the old, grey-stone mansion of —— Towers, in ——shire, the ever-recurring mystery of birth was taking place. Without, in that part of the park farthest from the public road and least frequented, a man, the owner of the house and grounds, was pacing restlessly to and fro.

A chill, autumnal wind swept in gusts through the trees, casting showers of leaves about the solitary figure, which seemed entirely oblivious of its surroundings.

At last one exceptionally wild squall roused him suddenly from his abstraction, and, coming to an abrupt halt and baring his head to the gale, he stood, as if fascinated, watching with upturned face the dying and dead vari-tinted leaves being whirled upwards and downwards, now this way, now that, impotent in the hurricane.

"Aye! Hither and thither, upwards and downwards, whither they will or whither they will not, like perished leaves on the blast, are swept away on Fate's whirlwind the spent lives of men, to fall ultimately—Ah! *where*, who can say?" exclaimed aloud, abruptly, a harsh, quavering voice.

The gazer turned with a start at this most unexpected interruption.

He saw, sitting crouched on the ground, half concealed under a dwarf-bush, a shrivelled little old woman, with a face lined and old as the bark of an ancient forest tree. With fingers skinny as a bird's talons she clutched a red woollen cloak about her, and fixed on him, from under shaggy, beetling eyebrows, a piercing stare from eyes as beady, bright and fierce as a hawk's.

Somewhat disconcerted at this sudden apparition, and annoyed at the thought of those penetrating eyes having been fastened on him, seeming to read his inmost soul, when he had believed himself to be alone, and had most wished to be unobserved, the man remarked severely:

"This place is strictly private."

"And so is my mission to you," answered the old woman, imperturbably, her hawk's gaze never wavering for an instant from his face.

"Ah! if you have come to tell my fortune, good woman, you have come to the wrong person!"

"I have not come to tell your fortune, but another's."

"Then why come to me? Why not go direct to that other?"

"That is impossible."

"Why?"

"Because that other has died and is not yet alive again."

"You mean?"

"Exactly what I say."

Her interrogator gave vent to a short, derisive exclamation.

"Like all your tribe," he said, "endeavouring to talk oracularly, you talk nonsense. If the person to whom you wish to speak has died, is it likely he or she will come to life again?—even to listen to your fortune-telling!"

"Not likely, but certain," answered the old hag quietly. "In three hours from this time—at set of sun this day—the person who has died, and to whom my mission is, will once more be alive upon this earth."

With a quick, agile movement, astonishing in one so aged, the beldame suddenly sprang from her crouching position on the ground and stood directly in the man's path. Pointing with one skinny finger in the direction of the distant mansion, hidden by the trees, she exclaimed impressively:

"To the child that is about to be born in that house is the message sent: and by you, the child's father, is the message, at the appointed time, to be delivered. So Fate decrees."

The man frowned and motioned the gipsy out of his path.

"Fate may decree what it pleases," he said brusquely: "but

I have no intention whatever of mixing myself up with any of your hocus-pocus—or delivering any message from you to anyone, dead or alive, buried or unborn. Cease trespassing on this property and be gone."

"Directly I have accomplished my mission I will be gone and trouble you no more; but until you have sworn to do what I shall tell you my mission is not accomplished and I must remain—

"See!—" she drew from under her scarlet cloak a roll of manuscript tied up with ribbon and securely sealed—"this is the message to the unborn babe—and you are to take charge of it and swear to deliver it in person to the child on the fourteenth anniversary of this its birthday."

"And what if I refuse to undertake such a preposterous mission?" queried he, putting his hands behind his back and regarding the old woman and her proffered roll of manuscript with anything but a friendly eye.

"You will not refuse," replied the gipsy, with quiet, but complete assurance.

"But I shall and do refuse," retorted he angrily. "I never heard such an utterly outrageous request! You ask me to take that manuscript and swear to deliver it to an, as yet, unborn person, *fourteen years hence!* Why, granted this child ever comes alive to the birth at all—which is, at present, wholly a supposition—it may have died before the time—or I may have died—"

"Listen to me," interrupted the gipsy, with the first show of eagerness she had yet displayed: "You will both be alive—that I read for certain on the scroll of Fate. Should it not be so, you are absolved from your vow. Nay more—if any single one of these things I predict—and which will be proved within the next few hours—fails to come to pass, you are absolved from your vow. But if each word I say is verily fulfilled—if in every respect in which you have been able to test me you have proved me a true seer—then you will believe what I now tell you and faithfully, at the appointed time, deliver this document? which, I swear to you, is fraught with Fate of lives past, present, and to come!"

Impressed, in spite of himself, by the old woman's earnestness,

the man took the proffered manuscript in his hand and scanned its sealed exterior with some curiosity.

"And what are these things you predict and by the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which I am to know whether you are a true or a false prophetess, and whether my vow is to be binding or the reverse?" he queried, half jocularly, half seriously, for the woman's manner had infected him more than he cared, even to himself, to admit.

"Three predictions will I give you—aye! and if these suffice not, yet a fourth and wholly incontrovertible one. Attend!

"This babe will be born precisely at set of sun this day.

"The babe will be a girl.

"Four hours after its birth, the mother will die."

The gipsy paused as if she had finished all she intended to say.

A cynical smile dawned on her auditor's face.

"These are, all, very ordinary sort of predictions," he remarked coldly, "and even should all three turn out to be correct, will by no means prove you a seeress. It will merely mean that you have made a lucky guess on three points on which the chances were even as to whether you made a right or a wrong shot. Even if accurate, such guesses will not suffice to convince me. Let me have that fourth and incontrovertible sign which must be fulfilled before I will undertake to carry out any behest of yours."

The old woman did not remove her eyes from the speaker's face, but a curious change came over their expression. To the man who was looking at them, they seemed to be fixing their gaze on something through and beyond him in the far distance.

"I see," she said slowly, in a strained whisper, "upon this child which is to be born this evening, a very strange mark. Search at the bottom of the left foot and you will find it. Under the instep, running right up into the ankle from below, is the deep, purple brand. It is like the scarce-healed scar of a great spear wound."

"Well, that is a good, genuine test of your powers of prediction!" laughed her inquisitor. "If that mark is there, and all

else turns out as you have foretold, then I will believe you are a true prophetess and I will undertake to do what you want done with this scroll you have given me. Otherwise, I burn it to-night."

"Otherwise, do as you please. It will not be otherwise."

The gipsy turned to go:

"I have your promise and am satisfied. My mission is accomplished. Forget not!—and farewell!"

"One instant!" exclaimed the man, detaining her: "This scar that you see on the child's foot—what is it? Merely a birth-mark?"

The old woman shivered as if with cold. She clutched her cloak closer around her frail wizened form.

"Not so!" she muttered, more as if speaking to herself than to her interrogator: "Not so! What I see is no mere birth-mark!"

"Then what is it?" reiterated the man with persistence.

The gipsy pressed her skinny left hand over her eyes, as if to shut out sight of some scene upon which she could no longer bear to look, and whispered hoarsely:

"*It is the Death-Mark!*"

PART II.

The Scroll of the Seeress

All happened precisely as the gipsy had foretold.

At set of sun that day was born an infant, a girl, upon the sole of whose left foot was a scar the like of which, the doctor declared, he had never seen before—as a birth-mark. He had often seen its like in hospitals in the newly-healed wounds of very deep stabs. To all appearance this was the scar from the thrust of some deadly, barb-headed implement. It was very curious—but it was perfectly innocuous.

The infant's mother, as the gipsy had also predicted, died four hours after the birth of the child.

The little girl, therefore, was brought up by her father, and when she reached the age of fourteen the manuscript given to him, for her, by the gipsy, was duly put into her possession.

Subjoined is a *verbatim* copy of the document :—

In a waking vision of the night, I, the writer of this scroll, found myself upon the open plain of a great Desert of the South.

As far as sight could reach, stretched the vast sand expanse, broken here and there by small oases whence stately palm-trees hoisted green, feathery-leaved ensigns up into the dazzlingly-bright blue sky.

I gazed and gazed, endeavouring to discern any meaning in the vision.

Presently, in the nearest of the oases, I saw, moving towards me, the figure of a woman, closely veiled.

She appeared to be scarcely more than a child in years.

Beside her frolicked a number of goats which she was conducting to water at a well.

Unseen by her, hidden behind a huge palm-tree on the other side of the well, but plainly visible to me, between whom and the figure interposed no obstruction whatever, was the form of a man —a tall, elderly man, who looked like some Arab Sheik. His features were noble and commanding, and although at the present moment stern and strained, seemed of a benevolent cast.

As the girl advanced to the well, a young man, who had evidently been awaiting her there, sprang up to greet her.

He rolled aside the covering from the mouth of the well and motioned her to come and sit beside him on the low parapet of stones surrounding the opening.

Unresisted, he drew her into his encircling arms.

The Arab Sheik behind them stepped out from the shelter of the palm tree.

His face was turned from me, but his form seemed shaking with suppressed passion.

He advanced towards the lovers seated on the parapet and unconscious of aught except each other.

As he did so, the young man lifted the girl's veil and pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

With a cry, and the bound of a springing tiger, the Sheik flung himself upon the couple, hurling them, locked in each other's arms, down—down—into the unfathomed depths of the well below.

I screamed out in terror at the spectacle and fainted away.

When I came to I found myself in a very different place from the one in which I had lost consciousness.

It was in the heart of some great Eastern city that I awoke, and below me, under the very chamber in which I was lying, I could hear the sound of waters surging as if in a fast-flowing river.

I lay and listened to it until it seemed to me to be the River of Time bearing me onwards on its current to the distance of many life-periods from the scenes of my former vision.

And still the waters flowed and flowed and were the sole sound in the darkness disturbing the silence.

Presently, from the other side of the wooden wall behind my back, I heard voices whispering.

They resembled the voices of a very old woman and a young one—and they spoke in a language with which I had never before been acquainted, but which, notwithstanding, I seemed perfectly to understand.

"Hist! Nurse, is it not yet time for me to be starting?" enquired the younger voice, in tone of strained excitement.

"Nay! not yet," answered a quavering old voice. "One hour before the dawn was the time, my child, and that time is not come. Wilt thou not sleep again until I call thee?"

"How can I sleep!" exclaimed the other with impatient petulance. "I fear to oversleep the time—and I trust not to thee to awaken me. Methinks thou wishest me to slumber that thou mayest pretend to oversleep thyself and make me fail to keep the assignation."

The old woman seemed to find difficulty in refuting this indictment, for a short silence ensued, and when she did speak it was not in answer to the charge.

"Thou art fully determined to go, my darling?" she insinuated in an anxiously coaxing tone. "There is yet time to draw back and be wise. Bethink thee of the risk if thou doest this thing upon which thy heart is set!"

"As if I haven't bethought me of that, long ago!" retorted the young, impatient voice: "and counted it as nothing in the balance."

"And thy kind and noble husband, who has ever loved thee so dearly—is he also as nothing in the balance, little one?"

"Ah! speak not to me of him," exclaimed the younger voice in anguished supplication, "speak not to me of him—it is too late! Has it not rent my heart thus to deceive him—but what am I to do?"

"Do as I counsel thee. Remain here. It is not too late."

"But I tell thee it *is* too late—far too late! I would be true to my husband if it were possible—but it is not. It is anguish to me to deceive one who has ever been good and kind to me—it is this, not any fear of the danger, that has deterred me so long. But even the thought of him can deter me no longer. Is he not old enough to be my father, and was I not married to him ere I knew what love meant? Now that my Beloved has taught me what love really means, I can bear these chains no more."

"And art thou sure that thy Beloved has taught thee what love really means, little one? To sweep away honour, truth, right, duty, on a surging sea of passion, is that really love? Thou art but a child and I have lived long, and I counsel thee, Beware! Ere it be too late, pause and look well that thou art not casting away the substance to grasp what thou mayest find to thy cost is but the shadow."

An angrily impatient exclamation interrupted the old woman's warning words:

"I have looked well, and I have paused—already too long! My mind is made up and nothing now can alter it. If the thought of the injury I am about unjustly to inflict upon my indulgent husband can no longer deter me, is it likely that any other consideration will be able to do so? That thou knowest naught of love is evident! Thou counsellest me to sit and consider this, and balance that, and look well that I lose not, as if, forsooth, I were haggling over a silk bargain in the bazaar! Such calculations exist not in love's domains. An I lose all, it were well lost for one hour of love with my Beloved! Whate'er befalls, I fear naught and I care naught. Hark! I hear the signal!"

"It cannot be!—it is too soon!" whispered the old woman in trepidation.

"But I tell thee it is!" exclaimed excitedly the girl's voice. "Thy ears are old and dull, and mine are young and keen with love; I tell thee, I swear, it is the signal! Come! lose not a moment, or we but increase our risk of being discovered!"

From the adjoining chamber issued sounds of rustling garments being swiftly donned in silence—and from underneath my own chamber came faintly very different sounds that I strained my ears to catch and to distinguish.

It seemed to me as if some boat, with muffled oars, were making its way with utmost cautiousness and secrecy, along the enclosed water-channel that evidently flowed actually beneath the floor of the apartment in which I lay.

All was pitch dark and I could discern nothing, but below I could hear the boat brought to a halt by the upraising against my floor, at the opposite end of the apartment from that where I was lying, of some iron-headed implement, which, I concluded, must be a boat-hook.

Immediately afterwards a panel in the wall that separated me from the speakers slid back, and two veiled figures glided like silent ghosts through the opening.

The elder one carried in her hand a tiny brazier, the dim light of which revealed little more than their own stealthy forms.

The younger figure seemed strangely familiar to me, and I racked my brains to remember where it was I could have seen it before.

In the meantime the two crept on tip-toe straight to the spot against which I had heard the boat arrested, and the old woman, bending down, tapped twice, softly, on the floor.

A similar tap from below answered her: whereupon she immediately pulled an iron ring, causing a gaping trap-door to open at their very feet.

Pitchy darkness reigned beneath, into which the feeble light from the tiny brazier penetrated scarcely a yard.

Without an instant's hesitation the younger woman prepared to descend.

She knelt upon the floor with her back to the opening, and projected her left foot out over the chasm, as if feeling for a step or ladder by which to climb down.

Simultaneously the sharp, barbed head of a great spear, thrust up from the boat below, gleamed in the lamp-light.

Deep into the sole of the white sandalled foot it struck, burying itself in the soft flesh.

A sharp, suppressed shriek of anguish rent the air.

The unhappy girl endeavoured frantically to withdraw her foot—but in vain. The spear, thrust in over the barb of the head, held her like a vice.

From beneath it was dragged forcibly downwards—the struggling girl impaled upon its point.

"We are betrayed!—flee!" she gasped in choked whisper to the well-nigh demented nurse, who had dropped the brazier (plunging us all in total darkness), and was endeavouring to save her young mistress from her awful predicament by clutching in desperation at her gradually subsiding form.

"Cease dragging me!" came the stifled sob: "You but prolong my fate and make me suffer more. Let go—and flee!"

With a groan the nurse staggered back against the wall.

The resistance from above having suddenly ceased, the girl's body dropped through the opening and fell with a loud splash into the waters below.

Instantly there flashed into my memory the recollection of where, previously, I had seen that girl.

I had witnessed her tragic death once before, and under strangely similar circumstances.

After that single loud splash and a choked gurgle, silence ensued.

I lay there too trembling and overcome at the terrible drama I had witnessed to be able to stir hand or foot. I seemed held in the clutch of some hideous nightmare whilst, in the darkness, I heard the nurse grope, sobbing and stumblingly, for the panel door through which she and her young mistress had emerged. She found it and fled through it, while the panel slid back into its place, leaving me shut alone into this chamber of horror.

At last faint streaks of dawn began to appear—not through any window, but from below, up through the still open trap-door.

I roused myself and began wondering what I should do.

Escape from this place I must—but how?

No sign of any windows or door could I discover—and although I knew there was the secret, sliding door in one wall if I could only find it, would it be safe for me to attempt to pass that way into what were evidently the women's apartments of some private house?—a house, moreover, in which such a tragedy as I had just witnessed had been enacted and would soon be discovered. What account should I be able to render of my presence here? Should I not at once be suspected of complicity in the murder?

Agitated by such thoughts as these, I got up and began exploring the chamber.

It was, I found, very long, and seemed to be some connecting passage, rather than a room, built over the water, its sides formed of the blank walls of two adjacent houses, between which it ran and to the water-side wall of each of which it seemed intended to act as a buttress.

This conclusion I arrived at after peering down through the trap-door.

Another conclusion that also suggested itself to me was that escape would be possible by that outlet.

In the dim light of dawn I could see, floating in the waterway about ten feet below me, a boat, moored to one of the side-walls.

It was evidently the boat in which the avenger had come the previous night, and which, after the victim's death, had not been rowed away.

I remembered I had heard no sound of oars *after* the tragedy, only before.

Whether the avenger had tied his boat to the mooring and escaped through or along that wall of the house, or had drowned himself with his victim, I could not tell.

At any rate, there was his empty boat below.

If I could manage to drop into it, escape would be easy.

By lowering myself through the aperture and holding on by my hands to the trap-door sill, the fall would be merely a few feet.

In my present predicament the attempt was certainly worth the risk.

Only a small portion of the stem of the boat was visible under the opening—I went to the side nearest this projecting portion and slowly let myself down.

For one second I clung, dangling at full length from the trap-door sill—the next I fell, feet foremost, into the depths.

I had missed the boat!

The waters surged over my head.

Whirled away in the swift-flowing current, I rose to the surface once, twice, three times—then sank, as I believed, never to rise again.

After holding my breath for as long as I was able, I gave one last gasp.

Instead of, as I had expected, water rushing in and choking me, pure, refreshing night-air inundated my lungs.

Astounded, I opened my eyes.

I was lying on my straw mattress in my gipsy tent, under the stars, which were paling in the first streaks of the coming dawn.

The entire experience had been a vision!

I pondered its meaning, but in vain. All day long I fasted, seeking revelation as to the interpretation of my dream and the reason of its being sent to me.

Fasting and Concentration of Mind, as every seer knows well, compel reply, upon any matter whatsoever, from the Unseen Spheres.

In the silence of the ensuing night the interpretation of my dream, and the reason of its being sent to me, were made plain.

The closing scenes of two incarnations had I witnessed of some soul which was now, once more, about to be reborn upon this earth.

Twice had the soul been tempted—twice had it failed.

Now, for the third time, was it about to be offered one last chance.

Dire would be its doom if it succumbed again.

So fateful would be this probation that, in making its choice, the soul was not to be left unaided or in ignorance.

For it, the veil enshrouding the Past was to be lifted and the nature and cause of its previous failures were to be revealed.

Nor was this all:

Branded indelibly into the flesh of the new body about to be given it, ineradicable reminder and sign-manual of pitiless avengement of past transgression, was to be, ever visible, perpetual warning against like disastrous transgression in the future, the previous incarnation's cruel Death-Mark.

When tempted, the Soul was to heed that sinister omen—and beware!

My task is finished.

Even as the meaning of my dream was made plain to me, so in the silent watches of that night was it also made plain to me how, and to whom, the message was to be sent.

My mission have I accomplished faithfully.

O Soul! to whom the solemn warning has been addressed, in the predestined hour of thy trial be thou equally faithful!

PART III.

EPILOGUE

THUS ended the gipsy's manuscript.

The woman to whom it belongs keeps it carefully as a curiosity.

She is still undecided as to whether to take it seriously or as a huge joke.

Certainly the appearance, as foretold in the sealed scroll by the gipsy before her birth, of that strange scar upon her left foot, is a somewhat inexplicable coincidence.

Not only is the mark precisely like a wound made in the manner the seeress had described, would be—but also, just as old wounds do, at intervals it throbs and aches (effectually precluding its existence ever being forgotten, as, owing to its concealed position, it, perhaps, otherwise might be).

The owner of the manuscript is now twenty years of age.

When she was eighteen her father died, leaving her under the guardianship of his bosom friend, the benevolent, elderly squire of the neighbouring village, to whom the girl was greatly

attached, and who had been devoted to her from her babyhood up.

A year later her guardian married her.

He worships the very ground his young wife treads on—and she?

The marriage was of her own free-will and choice and she has the greatest affection for her husband—but has she yet learnt to know the real meaning of love?

Those who observe the couple, think not.

She is young, she is beautiful, she is brimful of exuberant life and spirits: he is old enough to be her father.

Truly history repeats itself!

Will this mortal, so forewarned, heed the message written on the Scroll and branded into her own body's very flesh?—or when the Recording Angel closes the Book of Life at the termination of the soul's earthly career, will it, on the contrary, be found that history has indeed repeated itself to the bitter end?

ETHEL M. DUCAT.

TO THE THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS, LONDON, JULY, 1905.

THE TRIUNE WISDOM

HAIL Brothers! Ye who head Devotion's way,
The shrine draw near; lo, Triune Wisdom mild
Enthroned high—with Love she doth not stray,
But Mercy poureth on Life's waters wild.
Ye Sages, who the path of Knowledge keep,
Look now on her, as peaceful she doth hold
The Books of Life and Death—he readeth deep
Therein, who casts away prejudgments old.
Ye Poets, who Perfection's pathway green
Thro' Art pursue, see, how in gracious wise
She smileth—Oh 'tis Beauty's Self serene,
In gladdest song her deepest thoughts arise.
Religion, Science, Art—great Sisters—Hail!
United ye the Wondrous One unveil.

COR FLAMMANS.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

BEFORE visiting the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts I tried to define to myself what manner of subject and conception went to the making of a mystical picture.

There is the picture of allegory and symbolism, the picture, for instance, that embodies some stupendous conception of the Deity under material form; William Blake's "Elohim creating Adam," or Watts' brooding figure of "The All-Pervading."

Then there is the picture which seems to make the material world a veil through which to look at the light behind. The Breton mystic, Henri le Sidaner, has painted many scenes of village streets, and passing along the empty ways we feel an exquisite companionship, which may be the ideal of gentle and simple life, or may be something more. Many of the Impressionists insist on the fluidity of matter, and their pictures should rightly be regarded as mystical.

Then there is the picture of Vision—the picture that would portray what the bodily eye has never seen. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish such a picture from the picture of imagination, but the appeal is different. Blake again is the one supreme exponent of this class—his "Nativity," his "Morning Stars singing together," and many other of his inspirations, reveal wonders and beauties far beyond the common reach.

In the Exhibition shown at No. 1, Tor Gardens, there are pictures which belong to each of these groups. The Exhibition is interesting, but it is very small, and cannot in any way be considered as representative of mystical thought. There is aspiration, but little real achievement; we are aware rather of the stirring of the roots, than of the blossoming of the flower. The wo rk that is most noteworthy is contributed by members of the Guild of St. Mâhel, and by George Russell (A.E.).

The Guild of St. Mâhel, or Michael, the victor over the

powers of darkness, is the name of a fellowship resident at Bushey, which possesses this striking distinction—the work of all its members is anonymous. It contributes some very curious drawings done with charcoal on thick-ribbed paper, and reproduced by photogravure or lithograph. The effect is singular, and lends itself to interesting experiments in light and shade. In most of the drawings the whole surface is dark—in one a shrouded and kneeling figure emerges out of the gloom—"The darkness deepens, Lord, abide with me." In "The Shadows" a partial light is introduced with excellent intention, where a chaos of titanic figures shuts out the sun from a groping votary. But perhaps the most successful example of this method is an unnamed picture representing a crowned figure holding a flame whence stars arise. The figure is only vaguely seen against a dark mountain beyond, so that the whole of the attention is concentrated on the light of the flame and the stars. Another visionary figure is done in pastel of green and blue and violet, and represents a mysterious fairy apparition, almost without form, making a fairy ring. The colouring is strange, and suggestive of dim fairylands.

These pictures would all seem to fall under the head of allegory, with the exception of the last, which is rather a picture of dream.

There are some pictures shown that belong distinctively to the Impressionist School of landscape, and notably A.E.'s "The Happy Valley," but as these are not more mystical than the ordinary work of this school, they need not detain us. A.E.'s "Changeling," however, with its blue mountain, its purple-tinted foreground, and its mystery-charged atmosphere, is artistically the most successful of his exhibits.

A. E. has also given us some pictures that may be regarded as pictures of Vision—"A Dragon came out of the Elf Mound," "The Horn Blowers of the Sidhe," and "The Thrones of the Sidhe." In all these pictures the vehicle is imperfect to express the magnitude of the conception—you feel that the artist was a little dazed by the vision, and that his hand moved spasmodically. Only in "The Thrones of the Sidhe" does the whole grandeur of the idea struggle through. These crowned and titanic figures,

seated on thrones that vanish afar into a blue mist, have vigour and glamour, and the memory of them lives.

The other pictures are some of them disappointing, poor both in thought and execution; and in the ambitious "Amour des âmes," the floating bodies, though interpenetrated with light, are still too aggressively material to suggest a spiritualised love. One picture, however, must not pass unnoticed, "And the twelve were called to a supper, and behind each hung a shadow,"—by Miss Ethel Hastings. This represents monks in white praying in a church—and behind each monk hangs the dim whiteness of a crucified man. The picture is most impressive, and full of poetry and mystical meaning.

It has not seemed necessary to enter upon the crafts exhibited—the art jewellery, the pottery, the furniture, the book-binding, the hand-painted scarves, or the woven fabrics; because, lovely as were many of these, they did not differ from similar work shown in other exhibitions. Much exquisite success has recently been achieved in all these departments—and indeed perfection itself is not wholly unattainable here. The perfect chest, the perfect jar, even the perfect ornament, may reach accomplishment; but the perfect picture is beyond attainment. Our poor efforts to express the inexpressible have, however, profound pathos, and sometimes deep power of suggestion; and we venture to think that a larger and wider exhibition of mystical pictures, embracing all times and all countries, and roughly classified, would be of abiding value to the student.

The two plays that were produced at the Theosophical Congress have both for subject the search after a far ideal, and the crisis of each play deals with the final consummation of the search. The Egyptian Princess in Miss Florence Farr's "Shrine of the Golden Hawk" goes to the cave of the metal-working Fire Magician to seek the wisdom that is beyond "the sombre knowledge born of time," and reaches a union with the Godhead so complete that it becomes identification. "I look unharmed upon the face of the God because his eyes are my eyes, and his power is my power, his spirit is my spirit. . . . . Whoso is made one with

the Gods makes their holy places desolate and himself becomes their sanctuary." Forgael wanders over "The Shadowy Waters" in quest of the ideal love, the imperishable essence, "the soft fire that shall burn time when times have ebbed away."

And yet, though the themes of the plays are so closely akin, the atmosphere and treatment are startlingly different; and "The Shadowy Waters"—one of the most exquisite things Mr. Yeats has done—pales *in dramatic effect* before Miss Farr's "Golden Hawk," an interesting and original piece of work, written in strong and simple language, but wanting in the high inspiration and insight of the poet.

The reason is not far to seek. The dim charm of "The Shadowy Waters" depends upon their remoteness; they are farther away from our imagination than that Magician's cave of four thousand years ago, and in his published book Mr. Yeats has prepared our consciousness to receive their vague lights by a Proem haunted by strange and elusive beauty. No prelude of music can carry us so near the silent borders of these waters as the poet's own questioning of "the immortal mild proud shadows":

> And do you gather about us when pale lights
> Shining on water and fallen among leaves,
> And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of feathers,
> And the green quiet have uplifted the heart?

So the mind is made ready for the coming of mystery and inspiration: and though on the stage the deck of the galley with the great sail, and the blue waste of sky and water beyond, was a beautiful scene—yet no stage-craft could ever represent that dreamplace that Aibric describes:

> Our sail has passed
> Even the wandering islands of the Gods,
> And hears the roar of the streams where, druids say,
> Time and the world and all things dwindle out.

So, too, they who float among these shadows, Forgael and Dectora, are too far removed from the every-day world to bear the impersonation of the full-blooded men and women who enact them—they are dreams, aspirations, desires, hardly materialised into human shape.

All that in Mr. Yeats' play is lovely indefinition becomes in Miss Farr's "Golden Hawk" concrete symbol.

She does not use an obscure symbolism, such as accompanies "The Shadowy Waters," but builds her whole play on one definite image. The Golden Hawk represents the Godhead, and the possession of the enamelled pectoral of the Hawk involves identification with the Deity. This is clearly set forth—"Divine Hawk, hovering in the blue night, dark as lapis lazuli! Immovable Eye, in the midst of the wheel of the stars, send down a ray from thy splendid solitude upon this hawk—image of thee, thou solitary one, resting upon the empty air." The plot therefore concentrates itself upon a line of action—the entry into the shrine and the taking of the pectoral. But in "The Shadowy Waters" there is no action of this kind, but only dimly apprehended soul-changes; and the moments that move in the reading—the flight of the souls as birds, and the playing of the harp without touch of hands—lose of necessity their thrill of mystery, because the stage is for the bodily eye, and these are for the inner understanding alone.

And so it comes about that the lesser play has the greater power of stage-illusion—an illusion that is helped by the historic basis of thought and of fact, and also by the admirable acting of Miss Italia Conti as the Princess. Miss Farr has introduced with great skill much of the lore of the far past. Thus the character of the Ka, or other self of the Princess, is excellently conceived. The Ka, Miss Farr tells us, is frequently represented on ancient frescoes as a smaller figure walking behind the King or Queen. She also points out in an interesting note that the final ecstasy of the Princess is quoted thought for thought from the earliest Egyptian texts that have yet been discovered. The invocations of the "Golden Hawk" and its prayers—its emotions of fear and of ecstasy, are immediately apprehended and appropriate to the setting; while many of the most beautiful lines in "The Shadowy Waters," spoken on the stage, are like wandering words that have lost themselves out of another region and die away in scarce-comprehended music.

IAN MÖR.

THE SECRET GATE

FROM out the dark of sleep I rose, on the wings of desire:
"Give me the joy of sight," I cried, "O Master of Hidden Fire!"
And a Voice said: *Wait*
Till you pass the Gate.

"Give me the joy of sight," I cried, "O Master of Hidden Fire!
By the flame in the heart of the soul, grant my desire!"
And a Voice said: *Wait*
Till you pass the Gate.

I shook the dark with the tremulous beat of my wings of desire:
"Give me but once the thing I ask, O Master of Hidden Fire!"
And a Voice said: *Wait!*
You have passed the Gate.

I rose from flame to flame on pinions of desire:
And I heard the voice of the Master of Hidden Fire:
Behold the Flaming Gate,
Where Sight doth wait!

Like a wandering star I fell through the deeps of desire,
And back through the portals of sleep the Master of Hidden Fire
Thundered: *Await*
The opening of the Gate!

But now I pray, now I pray, with passionate desire:
"Blind me, O blind me, Master of Hidden Fire,
I supplicate,
Ope not the Gate."

FIONA MACLEOD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Registration of the T.S.

To the Editors of The Theosophical Review

I have only just had my attention called to the fact that the June number of The Theosophical Review contains a reprint of part of the matter contained in the *Theosophist* of April relating to the "incorporation" of the Theosophical Society. The matter which is omitted is the Indian Act (XXI. of 1860) under which the Society has been *registered* (not incorporated) in India. The position of the Society and the meaning of the registration would be made clearer to your readers if the Act were printed, as in the *Theosophist*. It would be well that the effect of the registration of the T.S. in India should not be misunderstood in England and elsewhere out of India. To speak of this "registration" as "incorporation" is a mistake, and there is no authority in the Act itself for the word "incorporated" being used in the "certificate" on p. 363; the proper word to be there used is "registered." The effect of this registration is not to make the T.S. a corporation, even in India. All that the registration accomplishes is to permit the Society's property to be held by the General Council, if no trustees are appointed, and to permit the Society to sue and be sued in the name of the President or other officer. The references to the "seal" of the Society, as in rule 24 (p 360), are quite incorrect; the Society cannot have a seal, not being a corporation. Moreover, the Indian Act only has operation in India, and neither it nor the registration effected under it, have any more effect in England than if the registration had been effected in France under a French Act. No incorporation of the Society can be satisfactory unless it is made a corporation under the law of the United Kingdom. At any rate, I have thought it only right to point out to members of the British Section primarily what really has been the result of the Indian registration. It is probable that some misapprehension on the subject exists.

James Edward Hogg.

[Whether the word used be "registered" or "incorporated" does not seem to be of much importance; registration under the Act gives the registered Society a legal existence as a body, and it becomes capable of holding property, both movable and immovable, of receiving legacies, executing deeds, etc., etc. This legal existence of the Society as a body is recognised in all countries where the Anglo-Saxon law runs, and registration in France would not have given this benefit. The Central Hindu College is thus registered and is recognised as a body corporate. "Registration" gives the T.S. every important advantage which "incorporation" would give, whereas, before the registration, it could not own property nor receive legacies, and, on Colonel Olcott's death, it would have been surrounded by legal difficulties.—ANNIE BESANT.]

PARSEE EXCLUSIVENESS

To the Editors of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

Karachi.

I beg to say a few words with reference to the remarks made in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for June, to hand by the last mail, on the question of proselytism among Parsees. In *The Times'* *résumé* of the whole question, it is mentioned that matrimonial unions between Parsees and Europeans have been somewhat frequent of late and the European wives of the Parsees desire to be admitted to the Parsee Faith. Now this is a very grave question for a community so situated as is that of the Parsees, and the Parsees had to face it. If any are to be admitted into any fold or faith, it must be from motives far from savouring of anything of a worldly nature. Parsee parents are night and day in sore anxiety as to the future of their daughters, and if Parsees take to marrying European women, the sore anxiety from which these parents already suffer will become doubly distressing. Are these girls, then, to marry non-Parsees and embrace the religion of their husbands? This is anything but desirable, indeed a pitiable state of affairs. This is the social difficulty the community had to face, and it tried to solve it in the best way it could.

Now as to the question of proselytism pure and simple. If one has learnt anything from Theosophy it is this, that it is distinctly and definitely against the idea of proselytism. Proselytism was needed when the great religions were to spread forth. But now Theosophy distinctly points out the complete needlessness of proselytism. Take

the case of the two revered founders of the Theosophical Society. They both professed Buddhism from the noblest and purest motives, to put heart into the native [*sic*] communities, to counteract the havoc and mischief that the proselytising zeal of the missionary Padres was working among these communities, and to make them regard their own faith with respect and reverence, and so learn that the religion in which they were born was as good as any that the Padres could boast. It was truly an exception proving the rule.

If there is any lesson that Theosophy teaches with the greatest force it is the lesson that all the great religions are good, and that the followers of one religion have no need whatever to abandon it and take up another. It may be, to take an example, that a Christian may, through certain moral or spiritual needs, prefer another religion to the one in which he is born, but what is there to prevent him from holding the ideal that he prefers in his inmost heart and revering it accordingly? Most of the sacred books are easily accessible in translations, and he can acquire a deeper and sounder knowledge of the teachings of the ideal he prefers than even some of the outward professors of the same ideal.

All the teachers have come, we are taught, from the one great White Lodge. The elect ones of the Lodge have given out from time to time the different aspects of the same truth according to the needs of men. If one prefers one aspect to another, in these days of ours, let him by all means prefer it and revere it in his heart of hearts as much as he can.

"All the ancient channels of world inspiration must be purified and made clean." Most certainly it should be so; the followers of each of the great religions have now received the inestimable boon of a wide and far-reaching standpoint, the theosophical standpoint, and with the help and means placed within their reach by theosophical teachings, they have but to set to work to purify and make clean the channel of inspiration assigned to them. Then the spiritual current will pour itself out the better through the purified channel, a channel purified by the exertions and labours of such followers, and the world will reap the benefit thereof in wider tolerance, in wider philanthropy, in wider co-operation. But where is the need of proselytism? Can the followers of Zarathustra monopolise for themselves alone the treasures they hold as a sacred trust for mankind? it is asked. Such can never be the case. The treasures are there ready for whosoever may want them. The scrip-

tures are there in the original Zend, or English, or other versions. Can the Christians monopolise the treasures enshrined in their sacred volumes? Certainly not; anyone can see the *Bible* or the *Avesta* for himself and study it with the most useful help of Theosophy and greatly profit himself thereby. Hinduism takes care never to admit anyone into its fold, and yet one can study the *Gîtâ* and pay due reverence to the divine Guru of Arjuna.

If Theosophy has come, it has come to say that the days of proselytism should be gone, that the days of religious strife and crusades created by this very spirit of proselytism should no more exist, that the followers of all religions should not *leave* but *live* their own religion —the truest way of purifying the channels of world-inspiration—and all co-operate to bring about peace and goodwill among men. Is this noble cause going to be helped in any way if Parsees establish a proselytising fund and start a proselytising crusade, claiming their religion to be the best and superior to those of others—for to proselytise in these days means all this—and thus create ill-feeling between themselves and others with whom they have lived in peace and amity?

The Parsees have ever preserved and never mis-used the treasures, the sacred teachings, received by them from the holy Zarathustra, the servant of Ahura Mazda, and anyone who wishes can study them and follow them in their spirit. There is none to prevent them from so doing.

D. P. KOTWALL.

[Another letter arrived, but too late for this month.—EDS.]

If the momentous decision taken by the Parsee community was dictated by the wide and theosophical outlook on general religion sketched by our correspondent in the latter part of his letter, all indications of such sentiment have been carefully excluded from the report, which runs:

The first resolution accepted the report of the general committee, and declared that, "looking to the present religious and social condition of the Parsi community, it is inexpedient to admit professors of other religions into Zoroastrianism, because it would militate against the original unity and ancient traditions of the community and be injurious to their interests." As to persons of other religions "who had in some way or other got admitted into Zoroastrianism, or pretended to have been so admitted," the meeting resolved that they had no right whatever to enjoy the privileges accorded to all true Zoroastrians of attending their fire temples, or meetings of the

community, or of benefiting in any way from their religious funds and endowments; also that any Parsi priest investing with the sacred *kustee* the professor of another religion should be excluded from the discharge of all sacerdotal functions.

This is a very different picture to that sketched by our correspondent, and the amazing contrast between it and the grandiose panorama of the mighty past of the Zoroastrian Faith cannot but strike any intelligent reader. We have not urged upon the Parsee community the policy of a militant proselytism and have no intention of doing so foolish a thing, but between that absurdity and the slamming the door in the face of humanity with threats of excommunication against the door-keepers if they let a single soul through other than one in a Parsee-born body, there is a gulf.

The resolution practically declares that henceforth Zoroastrianism is to be entirely limited to considerations of physical descent. It is to be a caste. If this is to be so, then we should prefer to call this limitation Parseeism and not Zoroastrianism. But surely a religion must, like the Self, live by giving and not by limitation? That is our main contention. We may, however, be wrong in this; we may be mistaken in our hope for Zoroastrianism. It may be that an old and esteemed colleague is right when he wrote to us: "Are you not wrong in supposing that there *is* any future for Zoroastrianism?" We sincerely hope, however, we are not wrong, and that, too, though we are neither a proselyte of any religion nor a maker of proselytes.

G. R. S. M.

THE THREAD THROUGH THE PEARLS

THE fount of all religions is but one,
True worship of the Highest; and the prayer
Of pious souls, is, in all times and places,
One and the same, like loftiest poesy—
Just as the love two young hearts bear each other
Is, in all lands, and in all times, the same.

One is the sun's light,
Even though broken in the prism's tints.
Present in all religions is
The Highest,
Just as the thread runs through the row of pearls.

OSWALD KUYLENSTIERN.

FROM MANY LANDS

Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.

FROM GREAT BRITAIN

So short an account as this of the Congress just held in London, where were gathered together Theosophists from many lands, cannot give more than a mere impression, with here and there a mention of some special incident or name. As to numbers, some 600 members were present, and of these about 200 were non-British; so that this year's Congress has been in a sense even more international than last year's, for though the number of friends from other countries was not much greater, the nations represented were more numerous and wider apart. From India came a representative of Ceylon, a Mahratha brother, and a Panjabi; from farther East, an Anglo-Indian from Burma, a Dutchman from Java and a Japanese brother from Dai Nippon. Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States sent their groups of members, while nearer home Finland, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Sweden, Norway and Spain had added to the number of friends; and, as was to be expected, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy and Holland, still nearer neighbours, sent larger groups of representatives. Many of those present in London had already become friends in Amsterdam last year, so that a hearty and genuine feeling of goodwill and comradeship prevailed throughout the meetings and contributed largely to their value and effect.

The Congress itself lasted three days, but many preliminary and after proceedings lengthened it in reality to a week. For this year the Congress idea had grown and expanded and new branches of

work had been included in its programme. As was the case last year, so there was this year an Arts and Crafts Exhibition, mainly of the work of members, but this year it was work from members of many nations and not from only one or two. A new departure was the performance of two mystical plays—one with its weird and entrancing plot laid in ancient Egypt, the other showing Keltic dreams of shadowy, strange shapes and elusive ideas. And this dramatic experiment—for it was an experiment—was successful beyond expectation, not only on account of an appreciative audience that filled every seat in the Court Theatre, or of the favourable press notices, but as an indication of a line of mysticism and an expression of wisdom hitherto neglected by the Theosophical Society.

Still another new departure were the addresses by members of kindred societies and movements given to the Congress by invitation. So its members learnt about Spiritualism, Baconian Rosicrucianism, Christian Mysticism, and the Craft Guilds, from exponents who were "inside" and not "outside" these movements, hearing many a truth and much human experience in a better and more sympathetic way than is often possible.

Musical and social meetings again formed a happy part of the programme and lightened the regular departmental work.

Without a shadow of doubt it was due to the President of the Congress—Mrs. Besant—that so much life, so much sincere spiritual enthusiasm, could find such harmonious expression as they did during every meeting. The President, indeed, put most of the members to shame by the completeness of her devotion to the Congress, its work and its members during the long busy days. Her opening and closing speeches with their friendly spirit and beauty of expression were gladly heard, and her address in the department on "Occultism" was undoubtedly the *pièce de résistance* of the Congress, full of dignity, strength and beauty and of great value. No wonder a vote of thanks to her at the close of the meetings evoked a thunder of applause.

Mr. Mead's interesting paper on the "Myth of Man in the Mysteries" was listened to with great appreciation by a very large audience, and Dr. Steiner's paper on Goethe's occultism aroused much interest.

In the Departments much good work was done. Some forty papers on the most varied subjects had been contributed, chiefly in French, German and English. In all its branches the Congress has well fulfilled its purpose and will prove to have added strength to the

movement in Europe and not only to the Section in which it was held.

From Russia

Our first theosophical meeting this year took place after the 20th of February, for I did not return to work till the middle of the month.

The German circle (which is really international, for we speak and lecture in three languages), met twice in the autumn, in October and November; I was not present at those two meetings. We call this circle our first theosophical centre. After the death of Maria Strauch, who was the soul of the circle, there was a time of great difficulty, but the work went on after my return. We have had five meetings since February; the circle seems to be a real centre. We have statutes, a president, a secretary, and a librarian—we made this organisation to bring order into the meetings; the circle has chosen for its name: "Centre in memory of Maria Strauch." We had before Christmas two lectures on the Evolution of Matter and Spirit, by Maria Strauch; later, an address on "The Biography of Maria Strauch," and other lectures. The circle sent a greeting to the Congress.

Outside this circle meetings have been arranged for visitors; they are held in a laboratory, and lectures are given on scientific lines, with experiments and demonstrations; they are to be followed by general theosophical lectures and discussions. In the spring of this year lectures were given in another circle, and I have been asked to lecture in a *salon*, where poets, artists, and philosophers of every kind meet.

There is a circle which is studying *Esoteric Christianity*, which meets every week, and in addition to this study lectures have been given on various subjects.

There is a circle which meets weekly to study the *Evolution of Life and Form*, and lectures have been given on *Theosophy and the New Psychology*. It is hoped that in connection with this meetings will be organised for visitors.

Two Russian children have joined the Golden Chain; they have interested some of their playfellows, and asked me to translate the morning verse.

In July, 1904, two articles were published on the Congress at Amsterdam in two Petersburg papers. In November the Tolstoi Publishing Society published a translation of *Light on the Path* and *Karma*, by Madame Pissareff; it is already out of print, and there will

soon be another edition. In the autumn we hope a translation of *The Voice of the Silence* will be published.

There are some very interesting movements outside Theosophy; for instance, a philosophic movement by the followers of Vladimir Solovieff; a movement in psychology; a religious movement, on mystical Christian lines, within the Church, headed by Father Petroff; a social religious movement, the Christian "Society of Struggle," and the "Society of Christian Communists." There is a movement in the schools among boys, to form an association of young people striving to lead a pure life. There are occult schools and circles springing up; there is a mystical movement in literature and art, by such men as Minsky, Balmont, etc., and there is a great interest in the philosophy of the East.

K.

From America

News reaches us of active theosophical work having been carried on in the States during the past winter and spring months. The American Section has at present the services of two lecturers who have been travelling about the States and helping greatly by lectures and classes in the towns they have visited. One of these, Mr. C. Jinarâjadâsa, remained at Chicago for several months, giving a course of public lectures there which attracted a very intelligent audience, and by his manner of presenting theosophical ideas served to interest a thoughtful and intelligent class of people. His work for the Lodges and by means of classes has been no less efficient. Mr. Hotchener, the other lecturer, has travelled over much of the ground traversed by Mr. Leadbeater the previous year, and his visits have served to stimulate and bring new vigour to the workers of Branches.

A correspondent from Philadelphia writes:

"Our public meetings have been a great success, we have added fifteen new members to our list since the last of February; we have now eighty-one members. Six of us have been taking turns in conducting the meetings; one's turn seems to come round very often!

"We still continue the Sunday evening meetings for the public; they are 'question and answer' meetings, and we shall continue them as long as the public are interested enough to come. Some time next winter we expect a visit from Mr. Jinarâjadâsa, that I am sure will be a great help to us."

X.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

"Thoughts are Things"

Thought-Forms. By Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. With Fifty-eight Illustrations. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1905. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We have before us in this amazing volume a sequel to Mr. Leadbeater's astonishing work *Man Visible and Invisible*. In thus writing we have chosen our adjectives not at random, nor as quite new to the subject, but as an analysis of our feelings at seeing such books solidly confronting us in this grey world of humdrum existence.

In the present volume Mrs. Besant has joined forces with Mr. Leadbeater, and others have come to their aid both psychically and artistically, and as a result we are presented with no less than fifty-eight coloured illustrations with accompanying letterpress.

These illustrations, though perhaps not quite so delicate as the plates in *Man Visible and Invisible*, are nevertheless exceedingly well executed, and reflect great credit on the printers; indeed, but for this fact, as we remarked in noticing the former volume, the publication of such a book would be somewhat too hazardous an undertaking, for inartistic and badly executed plates would hopelessly handicap a subject which is already involved in the greatest prejudice and misunderstanding.

As in the prior volume, so in this, we are first presented with a table of twenty-five colourings of various shadings and colour-combinations, with a key to the meanings of them, so that we must now take it that Mrs. Besant is in complete agreement with Mr. Leadbeater as to the emotional, moral and intellectual values of these colours.

It would have been of advantage, however, if the name of the colour-shades or combinations had been added to the key appended to the plate, for the difference between "high spirituality" and "fear," for instance, is hardly distinguishable—the plate in *Man Visible and Invisible* being far superior in this respect. As, however,

the colours are explained at length on pp. 32 ff., any inaccuracy of reproduction can be easily checked.

That the difficulties of reproduction in general, moreover, have been very great is quite evident, for the plates had to be drawn and coloured by the artists from description only, and one of the authors was in America.

But even had Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant been first-rate artists themselves the difficulties they would have had to contend with would have been only slightly lessened. They have as an initial difficulty to struggle with an impalpable Proteus which they feel to be something of the nature of another "dimension" of space; as a second difficulty they have to endeavour to transfer to paper the appearance of fire and light; and in general it cannot be hoped to convey by a single flat plate the impression that would require a combined stereoscope and bioscope to effect, and even then it would be still "three-dimensional."

It is therefore necessary that a reader who wishes to do justice to our colleagues must "think with the writers and breathe with them," as Hermes says; he must take the plates as he takes the words of a pen-picture and try to imagine what they represent to those who see such forms and shapes. For the great value of these attempts is that they are pioneer efforts at description, and the success of them depends entirely on how far the authors can convey to their readers the feeling of "otherness" as distinguished from purely physical reflections.

Indeed it is very difficult to know how it can be possible graphically to represent the emotions and feelings in any satisfactory manner, and it is very certain that some of the forms seen are but reflections of physical symbols within (or without, or whatever is the right direction) into so-called "astral" matter.

Take for instance plates 40 and 41. The former is said to be the effect of an attempt to attain an intellectual conception of cosmic order, and is in form the familiar symbol of the interlaced triangles; while the latter is stated to be generated by the mind of a man in contemplation who is endeavouring to think of the Logos as manifested in man, and is the equally familiar symbol of the pentacle or pent-alpha.

In both cases the form is evidently a reflection of physical symbols familiar to the thinkers; but what is curious is that (if we are to take the plates as in any way representing what is seen) these symbols which are usually thought of as represented on a

surface, are in the thought-form also superficial, and not even three-dimensional, much less something beyond this.

This opens up a wide field of speculation, which sums itself up in the question: "If so-called four-dimensional objects can be physically translated only by three-dimensional sections of them, why then should not two-dimensional physical symbols, when seen in the region of thought, translate themselves into at least three-dimensional figures if not into four-dimensional?"

On the other hand, we have to remember that with the Later Pythagoreans, what is to-day called the "astral" was called the "plane," as contrasted with the "solid" or physical, while the mental was with them one-dimensional only. Is it then possible that there is some mysterious nature that can be mathematically referred to as the "plane," and that on the "planes" of this "plane" the physical throws the images with which it is familiar in its endeavour to translate the impressions it receives from beyond its normal compass?

I speak as not knowing and under correction in such matters, but the idea of an infinity of dimensions, except as connected with the idea of mathematical abstractions, is mind-staggering and the antipodes of simplicity.

Again, take plate 30, which contains three pictures, two gruesome and ghastly inchoate masses, typical of absolute terror and slightly modified fear, and another a brilliant pencil of colours with down-turned point, typical of courage and determination,—all three seen at a shipwreck. Certainly the contrast is striking enough and the colours are easily translatable by the appended scheme; but what one feels is that "the splendid strength and decision" of the officer in charge is deserving of a more beautiful form than the simple shape presented to us. We could easily imagine something more appropriate, but perhaps the man had something else to think of than the beautiful just then, and so we have the simplest form of an instrument of rough service.

A stronger contrast of a similar nature is seen in plate 34, which depicts two thought-forms seen at a funeral, evoked in the minds of two of the mourners who stood in the same relationship to the deceased. In the case of the one, a man who was in densest ignorance of the super-physical life, we see an abominable shape depicting nothing but profound depression, fear, and selfishness; in the case of the other, who understood through his knowledge of Theosophy, we are presented with a striking symbolical form, which must have been

very beautiful according to the description of those who saw it, but which looks somewhat strange when reduced to lines and colours on a black background. We take it, however, that this was not the only thing seen, but that it was a passing projection, so to speak, of the man's whole psychic nature, which was vibrating according to the emotions described. These rhythmic pulsings presumably were in such proportions that they defined the compound figure with which we are presented,—a figure that does not seem to owe anything to physical symbolism.

There are many points of interest in the other plates, but a special word is due to the last three, which attempt to give us some idea of the effect of music as seen psychically—not of single notes or chords or phrases but of complete pieces. In all these cases the instrument was a church organ, and the pieces played were respectively by Mendelssohn, Gounod and Wagner.

To describe the plates would be to reproduce our colleagues' letterpress, but what strikes us immediately is that the forms, which were of great magnitude, as compared with the size of the church, have each a very distinct individuality of their own in shape, in colour, in texture, so to say, and in many other ways. These forms were seen by Mr. Leadbeater. The question that arises is: Would the same forms be seen by all seers who have developed their psychic sight to the same extent as he has; or would they differ according to the musical training of such seers? We know that music is heard very differently by different people; is it then seen differently? We hear the same notes theoretically, but practically we hear them very differently; should we not then see the same vibrations, but see them very differently, according to our musical capacity?

The question of size, also, as for instance in comparing the psychic music-forms with the size of the physical church, is a puzzle, unless of course the music-forms are to be taken as etheric.

Nevertheless on p. 36 we are told that: "When a man thinks of his friend he forms within his mental body a minute image of that friend," so too with a room, or landscape, it is a "tiny image" of these pictures which is formed. Here we have the element of size as compared with physical objects; whereas we should have thought that mental size and physical size would in themselves stand out of all relation. Can it then be possible that there is an intermediate translation into etheric media before the impressions contact the physical brain proper?

But indeed there are a thousand and one questions to ask, for we are only at the beginning of these far-reaching studies. What we appreciate most is the fact that a genuine effort is being made to describe the "things seen." As time goes on it cannot but be that with practice the descriptions will become more and more precise; in fact we can very well imagine a book devoted to the description of a single psychic object (other than a physical reflection) from all the different points of view that the intelligence can imagine.

As to the "how" of these things, it plainly pertains to the science of the future, when men of science will be willing seriously to consider psychology from the point of view of all the facts of consciousness, and not as at present from the narrow standpoint of the exclusion of the most important.

But science is not necessary for sight; a man may see far better than the wisest oculist, and yet not know the first word of optics or of the physiology of the eye. So, too, with the seer; he may see with the greatest accuracy and yet not know how or why he sees. So that the science of these things does not depend upon sight, but on instruction and knowledge. On the other hand a blind man can hardly become a physicist.

Sight, therefore, is necessary, but the interpretation of the things seen, and the science of how they are seen, and what they are, depend on another faculty—the penetration that goes beyond the forms and analyses their constitution and formation; and this pertains to the domain of the mind proper. Elsewhere our colleagues have treated of still higher powers of consciousness where sense and intellect blend in a unity which is the dawn of the reason of things, but which is immeasurably more difficult to translate into words even than the thought-forms of which they have given us so interesting a sketch.

G. R. S. M.

Variations on an Old Theme

Septime César. By M. Reepmaker. (Paris: P.-V. Stock; 1905. Price *frs.*3.50.)

No writer of fiction has ever yet succeeded in the task which M. Reepmaker has set himself in his latest book. He is no exception to the rule. He has attempted to combine an account of the life and teachings of the Christ with the sensational adventures of a noble

Roman and his betrothed. Such an attempt was foredoomed to failure. The scheme of the narrative attenuates the effect of the Christ-motive. The introduction of the Master throws out of the picture the figures of the hero and heroine.

M. Reepmaker has given his romance originality by adopting the theosophic tradition of the Master's earthly life, and has put into his mouth many theosophical doctrines. He has carefully and lovingly painted that great Figure. It is not his fault that it is too great for his canvas; that it must lose all dignity and force in the delineation.

But are these sketches really worth while?

The author's qualities and defects are as apparent as in any of his former works. His descriptions of nature are as striking and as picturesque as ever. The "land flowing with milk and honey" loses none of its attractions in his pages. But some scenes of the hero's early life, and the account of the massacres in Rome under Sulla, border on the brutal. Skilfully as the writer has woven events of Roman history into the web of his hero's destiny, the colouring of some parts of the tapestry is barbaric enough to be almost revolting.

And—is it necessary to dwell with such fond particularity upon the ways and manners of babes and sucklings? They are not interesting to all.

A. L.

The Shorter Upaniṣhads in French

La Théosophie des Védas. Neuf Upanishads traduites en Anglais avec un Avant-propos et des Arguments analytiques. Par G. R. S. Mead et Jagadîsha Chandra Chaṭṭopâdhyâya. Traduction française de E. Marcault. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art indépendant, 10 rue Saint-Lazare; 1905. Prix *frs.*2.)

M. Marcault is to be congratulated on the success with which he has struggled with the by no means easy English of Mead and Chaṭṭopâdhyâya's translation of the nine shorter Upaniṣhads; for the aim of the English translators was not only to give as faithful a version as they could, but also to keep the "swing" of the original and put it into a phrasing that should somewhat recall the atmosphere of antiquity.

The translation from English into French has been made solely to fill the gap until some French Sanskritist undertakes the task of a direct version from the original, for, strange to say, the only Upaniṣhad

that has so far been translated into French is the Bṛihadâraṇyaka by Hérold. It will, then, be instructive to see how this convenient little volume will be received by the cultured reader in France, for the Upaniṣhads can never be popular. They are decidedly not for the many; but for the few they are treasures of great price, the most precious gems in Sanskrit literature, for do they not sum up the Theosophy of the Vedas?

G. R. S. M.

For the Rising Generation

First Steps in Theosophy. By Ethel M. Mallet. (*The Lotus Journal*, 8, Inverness Place, W.; 1905. 2*s.* net.)

We welcome cordially the first serious attempt to provide theosophical instruction for children, and thus to meet a really long-felt want in the library of our literature. It is by no means an easy task that Miss Mallet, as co-editor of the *Lotus Journal*, set herself to perform; on the contrary, it is a much more difficult one than most people might be inclined to suppose until they actually essayed it. Apart from the primary difficulty of presenting a complex subject in simple and clear language with sufficient brevity, which confronts the writer of a manual for "grown-ups," there is the added difficulty of meeting the needs of children of different ages and capacities, for the term "children" has a wide connotation and may be supposed to include the mite of five years as well as the school-boy of sixteen. It is hardly to be expected that the same text-book can be adapted to both ends of the scale with equal success, and if we say that we think the perfect, or ideal, introduction to Theosophy has yet to be written for the child, it is rather because we think such a work must take the shape of a progressive series and not a single volume than because we think Miss Mallet has failed to make a very clear and readable presentation of the broad outlines of theosophical teaching. For the reading of the older children and for the teaching of the younger these *First Steps* should, we think, prove really useful, and, in the latter capacity especially, we judge that parents, who are members of the Theosophical Society, will welcome their aid. By no means infrequently, appeals have been made for advice as to the best way of teaching the youngsters who are being drawn by family ties into the Theosophical Movement in ever increasing numbers. The difficulty is a real one for many people who have not the previously attained art of imparting

knowledge—a faculty quite distinct from the power of acquiring it—and such people may gain most valuable help from Miss Mallet's book. Herein they will find the subject matter well arranged and divided, and each brief chapter will form the outline into which much additional explanation and illustration can be filled by the parent or Lotus class instructor, who can further simplify and distil for the younger, or amplify for the older children. The questions printed at the end of each chapter are excellently designed to elucidate the information gained by the pupil. Used thus by parent or teacher, certain small deficiencies which we notice in the volume, such as the use of such terms without explanation and the employment in certain cases of expressions rather beyond the reach of the average school child, would not assume much importance. The pictures taken from Mr. Leadbeater's *Man Visible and Invisible* lend additional instruction and attraction to the little volume, which is tastefully bound in cloth. While the general *format* of the book is so good, we cannot forbear extending our sympathy to the author and her coadjutor, inasmuch as they have suffered somewhat severely at the hands of non-English-reading compositors, a circumstance which they will be the foremost to regret. But the balance of criticism must be on the side of hearty congratulation on the accomplishment of a piece of really good and useful pioneer work.

A. B. C.

"The Boundless Plain"

The Rationale of Astrology. By Alfred H. Barley. (London: 9, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W. Price 1s. nett.)

Mr. Barley is one of Mr. Alan Leo's pupils, and sub-editor of *Modern Astrology*. This little book is an attempt to show that the belief in planetary influence has a rational basis.

It is certainly true that nine-tenths of the current disbelief in Astrology arises from the notion that the whole thing is absurd and ridiculous on *à priori* grounds, and that, consequently, whatever evidence there may seem to be in favour of it is not worth considering. This being the case, the more books there are written on the rationale of astrology the better.

We think, however, that Mr. Barley would have done more solid and useful work if, instead of buzzing, bee-wise, from flower to flower,

he had been satisfied with selecting four or five important points and concentrating the whole of his attention upon these. Like so many worthy astrologers, Mr. Barley reveals the Uranian instinct, but he has scarcely, as yet, acquired the Saturnian grip. An elaborate development and a detailed illustration of such cardinal principles as the unity of the Universe and the essential solidarity of the Solar system; an insistence on the indispensability of astrology in any sound system of psychology, or on the fact that astrological beliefs are based on every-day experience and not on mere tradition—a policy of this kind might have better served to arrest the attention of those who are incapable of responding to passing allusions. As it is, while the ideas are, for the most part, all there, suggestive enough to those who agree with Mr. Barley, we are of opinion that no literary merit or artifice is to be despised by him who would truly serve Urania.

Some 1800 or more years ago, Tacitus told us that astrologers were turned out of Italy. If the statement quoted by Mr. Barley, that 480,000 copies of astrological ephemerides—not almanacks—are sold every year, be correct, we should think they would soon have to "pack up" once more. But they cannot be turned out of the Universe. And that is for them, after all, the chief consideration.

R. C.

A Mixed Theology

Children of the Resurrection. By Thos. Allen. (Philip Wellby, London; 1905. 6*d*. net.)

The intention of the writer of this book—so far as the present reviewer is capable of comprehending it—appears to be the statement of a peculiar eschatology which includes an immediate resurrection and glorification of a certain type of Christian, and the ultimate salvation or regeneration of the rest of mankind. The author decries the doctrine of everlasting hell, and, incidentally, the use of certain popular hymns as mock heroic and insincere, but, for the rest, his theology seems a weird mixture of "high" and "low" churchism entirely unilluminated by any of the results of historical and critical research.

E. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, June. "Old Diary Leaves" this month concern themselves with the Colonel's first publication on the history of the Society, called forth by the visit of the "Crusaders," and presented to the following Convention. It is now recalled to remembrance, since (notwithstanding the republication of three volumes of these "Diary Leaves") he is of opinion that "the ignorance about the evolution of the Society up to the present time among our members is, I fear it must be said, appalling." Mrs. Besant's Convention Lectures, "Four Great Religions," are treated by him with special appreciation. Next follow the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's most valuable "Theosophy in Everyday Life"; Mrs. Bell's Harrogate lecture on "The Holy Catholic Church," which we noticed on its republication in pamphlet form; a paper on "Practical Theosophy," reprinted, with deserved compliments, from the Rangoon *Message of Theosophy*; an exceedingly useful set of diagrams and tables, drawn up by A. Schwartz for the use of students of Mrs. Besant's *Pedigree of Man* which we should like to see printed along with the next edition of the book; and the number is closed with a very well written and interesting account of Apuleius and his romance of the "Golden Ass," signed by P. D. Khandalavala. From the "Cuttings and Comments" we take a few lines from a very outspoken letter of a Japanese student to his Indian friends: "We (the Japanese) recognised the necessity of adopting some part of European civilisation, *but to keep the national essence*. Hence we hope you will, if you are anxious to progress, get rid of your caste bias as well as your superstitions, as we did forty years ago. Even in Europe the development of civilisation was not the work of religion but of science, in the same way that the success of Great Britain was not the work of Bishops, but of Newton, Watt, and Darwin. If you study science, in the near future you will find something in your own religion which ought to be kept as the national essence. Years ago, when we did the same thing, Europeans laughed at us and pitied us, to lose our own customs and to copy them. But neither did we lose our customs, but improved them; nor did we copy them, but studied the science of the world." The difference is that Japan was and is a thoroughly united nation, loyal to its own strong rulers, and confident that they know how to preserve "the national essence" through all changes of customs.

And (most important of all) they have not been embarrassed by Christian missionaries. We fear Japan is no rule for India. It is only a united and strong nation which can touch European civilisation without being destroyed; and even for Japan "the end is not yet."

Probably owing to the hurry and confusion of the Congress some of the magazines have not reached us this time; and from India we have only further to acknowledge the *Central Hindu College Magazine*, and *East and West:* the latter with an interesting article on what seems to promise a revival of spiritual life amongst the Sikhs, bringing out the large-mindedness and freedom from all prejudice, even of caste, of the original Founder; and (as, alas, in so many other cases) the rapid degeneration of his followers after his death into a sect—as stiff and exclusive as the older ones he had tried to reform. It is on this rock that (so far) all attempts at reviving spirituality in India have been wrecked. Great preachers and teachers there have been, and still are; but all they have been able to leave behind them at death has been a "staff and sandals," a "pulpit," or even a "cast of their phrenological developments" for the childish worship of the disciples who have utterly failed to catch the *Mind* of the Master. Must it be always thus?

The Váhan, July. The limited space now available for the "Enquirer" is this month filled with questions as to the difference between Western and Eastern Pantheism—to which A. L. B. H. rightly replies that there is a difference between the Higher and the Lower Pantheism, but none between Eastern and Western; the evidence needed to establish the theory of reincarnation; and the best way to recover the strength lost in mesmeric healing.

Lotus Journal, July, concludes Mrs. Besant's lecture on the Theosophical Movement, and continues H. Whyte's Life of Gautama Buddha. The lighter contents are an illustrated paper on Bee Life, and a fairy story for the children.

Bulletin Théosophique, July, reports Mrs. Besant's activities in France, on her way to the Congress; and contains several important answers to the question how best to bring the principles of Theosophy to the understanding of the poor and miserable, who need them more than others, but have neither leisure nor education to study them.

Revue Théosophique, June, contains translations from H. P. B., Mrs. Besant, and Mr. Sinnett.

Theosofische Beweging, July, reports the ninth Convention of the Section. The speech of Mr. van Manen, giving an account of his

eight months' experience of the work in England, will repay the reading.

Theosophia, June. This is an interesting number. The "Outlook" reminds us that the Revival in Wales is not the only movement of the kind; a similar one seems to be going on in (of all places in the world!) Norway. D. M. Schoenmakers treats of the "Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church"; P. Pieters, Junr., has an amusing paper on "The Soul in Folk-Lore"; an important correspondence on "Thou shalt not Kill" follows. From a thoughtful study by M. W. Mook, "Discrimination in Connection with H. P. Blavatsky," we take a neat sentence: "Against F. Nietzsche's declaration 'All the Gods are dead; it is time for the Higher Man to live,' she sets her proud and joyous revelation, 'The Gods are all alive, and They *will* that the Higher Man should live!'"

Théosophie, July. In this promising little magazine we have, in addition to translations from Mrs. Besant and the *Vâhan*, original answers to questions. These cannot be too much encouraged; there is nothing which raises and keeps up an interest in Theosophy like writing and answering questions. It is far better than merely reading lectures and essays.

Der Vâhan, June, instead of publishing Mrs. Besant's reply to the Editor's criticisms, prints only his own answer to it. A controversy cannot be carried on in this unfair manner; and he must henceforward be allowed to misrepresent us to his readers at his own pleasure. The more important contents of this number are the conclusion of Paṇḍit Sitânâth Tattvabhushan's learned article on the Philosophy of Shaṅkarâchârya, and the Editor's lecture on "Marriage and the Woman-question from the Theosophical point of view."

Lucifer-Gnosis, April. In this number the Editor carries his aspirant to Initiation a further step forward; Schuré is again drawn upon in "The Mission of Jesus"; Julius Engel gives a study of "The Martha and Mary Service," very German in both good and bad points; and A. M.'s "Adeptenbuch" and "From the Âkâsha-Chronicle," go on their regular course.

Also: *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophic Messenger*, June, whose most important content is a biographical article upon H. P. B., interesting enough to make us wish for a continuation in next number; *South African Theosophist*, May, from which we find that the Johannesburg Lodge has been going through one of those "little wars" which seem to be as regularly characteristic of Theosophical Lodges as of the

British Empire. We are rejoiced to hear that "it has emerged from its trial stronger and more united than ever." *Theosophy in Australasia*, May, with the report of the Eleventh Convention of the Section.

Of magazines not our own we have to acknowledge *Broad Views*, July. Here Mr. Sinnett's own article, "Former Lives of Living People," will introduce many members of the Society into a new world, of vast interest and giving much matter for thought, and—to some readers—for contradiction. The workings of Karma "which knows no anger, but also no forgiveness" are not the milk-and-water goody-goodness some of us are apt to think, and probably all of us in our time have done things with a light heart for which we have suffered life after life and have not, perhaps, even now fully discharged our debt. *The Occult Review* for July is an excellent number. In his "Notes of the Month" the Editor presses the very important point that facts show that psychic phenomena arise from a variety of causes, and are immensely more complicated than science is yet ready to admit; that (in short) "it is much to be feared that in the scheme of the Cosmos the convenience of the modern scientist was not taken into consideration." In discussing the manifold nature of appearances after death, it must be acknowledged that our own clairvoyants often err in the same way; what to their sight *is* on the higher planes does indeed exist, but also, and equally certainly, much exists which they do not see, and even deny. Nora Chesson's "My Occult Experiences" are capital reading, but Miss Bramston's "Automatic Romance" is a really very important contribution to the literature of the subject. Readers of Mr. Leadbeater's book on Dreams will be familiar with the curious dramatising power of the Ego in our dreams; and Miss Bramston applies this idea to the explanation of the "controls" of Stainton Moses, Hélène Smith and Mrs. Piper in a way which seems to us the most intelligent and acceptable view of the phenomena we have come across; and covers many points which even Mr. Myers and Andrew Lang have missed. No one who takes an interest in these matters should fail to study her paper carefully. Miss Goodrich-Freer's second instalment of "The Occult in the Nearer East" is as good as her first—we can't say more. Also: *Modern Astrology; La Nuova Parola; The Light of the World*, the first number of a Mohammedan magazine published in London, and apparently connected with the efforts of the well-known American convert, A. R. Webb, whose experiences form the larger portion of its contents; *Indian Opinion; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Humanitarian.*

From the "Publications Théosophiques, 10, Rue St. Lazare, Paris," we have a specimen of their publications in a little work, *Time and Space*, containing much good Theosophy. From their list we find that they have brought out in a neat shape and well printed such works as J. C. Chatterji's *Esoteric Philosophy of India*, Dr. Pascal's *Law of Destiny*, Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, *The Three Paths*, etc. We wish them good success in their useful undertaking.

Vegetarian versus *Meat Diet* is an enlarged and improved reprint of Mr. D. D. Jussawalla's lecture to the Bombay Lodge which we noticed at the time of its appearance in the *Gleaner*. We can honestly recommend it as a useful and moderate statement of his case, the more effective as being free from the rhetorical exaggerations and imputations against opponents which deface a good deal of the Vegetarian literature; and his hints as to the best way of arranging the transition and the mistakes often made by new converts are both sensible and useful.

Twenty-five Years of the Blavatsky Lodge T.S., Bombay, is a reprint (uniform with the last-named) of the proceedings of the Anniversary Meeting, illustrated with good reproductions of the portraits of our two Founders. The brief history of the Lodge with which it opens is of much interest, and there is no one of us but will echo the claim made, in comparing the occasion with the almost simultaneous celebration by the Royal Asiatic Society of Bombay of its one-hundreth birthday, that "when we take into consideration the *utility* of the work, the twenty-five years of the B.L. may be found of greater benefit than the scholastic century of the R.A.S., which benefited only the few scholars." For the one theme of all the speeches made on the occasion is that the coming of the Founders to India started a new life; all—Hindus and Parsees alike—were stirred to throw off the glamour of the English power and learned to respect themselves and their religion—the *one* thing which can give any hope for their future. And even though the new life die out and only the self-conceit remain (as has hitherto, in this childhood of the world, been the universal fate of the labours of the great Teachers) the soil is stirred, and the new Teacher who is to come will find His work the easier for it. Amen!

W.

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