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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN the last number of the *Proceedings* of the Egyptian Exploration Fund Professor Sayce has published two Hittite inscriptions of more than ordinary interest. One of them, which comes from Palanga, relates to a "double gate" for certain Gods, the hieroglyphic for which is, according to Professor Sayce, the original of the caduceus of the Greek Hermes. In connection with this a writer in *The Athenæum* of April 7th notes:

The Caduceus Hieroglyph?

> A curious discovery communicated to the Académie des Inscriptions by Father Jalabert, of Beyrout, who has found on the road from Beyrout to Saida, in the Druse village of Chueifat, a Latin inscription to the three great deities of Baalbek or Heliopolis, under the names of Jupiter, Venus and Mercury. M. Héron de Villefosse, who presented the inscription to the Académie, had no difficulty in identifying Jupiter with Hadad, and Venus with Atargatis; but he was more puzzled with Mercury, and pertinently asks who was the Syrian god with similar attributes. According to Prof. Sayce it should have been Sandes, whose emblem was the caduceus or "double gate" with the serpents, and who acted in the Lydian pantheon the part of "Messenger of the Gods," assigned in Babylonia to Pap-sukal.

All this is of interest, but as yet by no means convincing.

Nevertheless it is almost certain that it must be somewhere in this direction that we should seek for the origin of the Greek Hermes, or rather trace the line of descent of his cruder symbolism.

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OF equal interest and of an equally speculative character is another Hittite inscription, which, according to Professor Sayce, refers to "the table on which the sacrificial meal is represented in Hittite sculptures as being placed." The Professor declares, on the strength of a plate in Perrot and Chipiez that "this was in effect a communion table, made with cross legs, at which the deity was supposed to sit opposite the consecrating priest, and which is then represented as bearing six loaves or wafers, with a cup in the midst of them."

The Origin of the Mithriac Eucharist ?

Professor Sayce claims that this was a form of the Mithriac communion and that it can thus be traced back to a Hittite source. But all of this is of a very speculative nature. As yet we have no agreement as to the interpretation of Hittite hieroglyphics; and even if we had, and the Professor's interpretation were accepted, we should not be justified in bringing the Mithriac eucharistic rite, which so closely resembled the Early Christian, as Justin tells us, into such immediate contact with the Hittite sacramental feast, as to say that the latter was the prototype of the former. The record of many another form of eucharist has disappeared from the eyes of men, and the parent of all these children is almost certainly not Hittite. For Professor Sayce everything primitive is Hittite, just as for Le Plongeon all things Mayan are original. Every mother's son is of course the one and only one for the mother, but only one of a number for the neighbours.

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SOME time ago our colleague, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in one of the *Transactions* of the London Lodge, enthusiastically fathered a strange speculation with regard to the conformation of the interior of our earth which few of us could follow with understanding. Cer-

The Interior of the Earth

tainly the unknown interior of our planet is a no man's land about which anyone may say almost anything if he keep within decent scientific probabilities; and no man can disprove his assertions, for our present state of knowledge on purely objective lines is practically a state of complete ignorance. How we at present stand in this respect may be seen from the following paragraph taken from *The Morning Post* of April 13th:

Seeing that no boring pierces the earth's crust for much more than a mile, the knowledge we have of the constitution of the interior of the earth is theoretical; and as a discussion now being conducted in the pages of *Knowledge* serves to recall, there are at least two theories extant as to the nature of the earth's core. The one which commands the greatest number of adherents is that which Lord Kelvin has defended since he and Prof. Tait developed it in concert, and which is that the earth is solid to its core. The second theory is that at a certain depth below the earth's surface, perhaps from 2,000 to 3,000 miles, the solid matter yields place to some other form of matter, though, according to the Rev. Osmond Fisher, the first protagonist of the alternative theory, this (possibly) liquid sandwich would be completed by a solid nucleus at the earth's centre. These hypotheses are now promised revision by the light of the new methods of observing earthquakes and earth tremors. In a paper read by Mr. R. S. Oldham before the Geological Society he describes the three phases of a great earthquake as represented on the seismometers of observatories at great distances from the shock. There are at first two preliminary tremors, and it can be shown that they represent the emergence of two distinct forces of wave motion which have been propagated through the earth. Mr. Oldham thinks that the wave paths emerging at very distant observatories (say, half the world away) have first entered a central core of the earth. This central core has reduced the rate of transmission of the waves from that which they would have had if passing merely through the outer shell of the earth. In the first tremor waves the speed is nine-tenths what it should be; in the second tremor waves about one-half. The great reduction of rate in the second tremor waves means that there has been great refraction of the waves at some point of their journey. Mr. Oldham is led thence to suppose that after the outermost crust of the earth has been passed there is no indication of any rapid change in its material, or in its chemical composition, till a depth of about 4,500 miles is reached, but that below this there is a rapid passage to matter which differs greatly both physically and chemically from that above it.

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THE tradition of a rite is often more exact than the tradition of a doctrine. Protestantism, in the nature of things, cannot

The Blessing of Fire and Water in the Church of Rome

understand the efficacy of traditional rites, seeing that it has rejected the religion of ceremonial and effective ritual for the worship of the head and heart alone; the body being left to take care of itself, and sacred acts reduced to a minimum,—the celebrants following their own sweet will and untutored instincts. To take an instance of what we mean. The following is a description, taken from *The Standard* of April 16th, of one of the most impressive and picturesque rites of the Roman Church—the Blessing of the Fire and Water on Holy Saturday:

This ceremony was observed on Saturday at the Catholic Cathedral, Westminster, in the presence of a numerous congregation. All lights having previously been extinguished in the church, a number of the clergy, with acolytes, assembled outside. New fire was struck from a flint, and charcoal was lighted with it. At the entrance to the church the new fire was blessed by the celebrant, Father Brown, with Father Bishop as deacon and Father Magrath as sub-deacon.

Vested in a white dalmatica, the deacon took in his hand a rod with a triple candle fixed at the top, and a procession was then formed, and wended its way to the nave. One after another, the three candles were lighted, the deacon kneeling each time, and singing "Lumen Christi." Then the great paschal candle standing before the altar was blessed. Five grains of incense, to represent the five wounds of Christ, were fixed in the candle, in the form of a cross, and, after the prayer of blessing, all the lamps in the church were lighted.

Afterwards the priest, putting on a purple cope, blessed the baptismal font. Dividing the water in the form of a cross, he flung some of it to the four quarters of the earth, and then thrice lowered the paschal candle into the water, each time deeper, and singing, in a higher voice each time, "May the power of the Holy Ghost descend into the fulness of this font." Oil and chrism were poured into the font, and the congregation having been sprinkled with the blessed water, the ceremony ended.

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IN an instructive article in *The Strand Magazine* for September last, on "The Eyes of Animals," by C. J. Cornish, there was a quotation from Professor Ray Lankester on ascidian tadpoles that deserves to be put on record, confirming, as it does, the contentions of many of our colleagues from the days of H. P. B. onwards. This quotation runs as follows:

The Original Vertebrate Transparent

It is easy to understand that an organ which is to be affected by the light should form on the surface of the body where the light falls. But it has long been known as a very puzzling and unaccountable peculiarity of the vertebrates that the retina, or sensitive part of the eye, grows out in the embryo as a bud of the brain, and thus forms deeply below the surface and away from the light. The ascidian (sea-squirt) tadpole helps us to understand this, for it is perfectly transparent, and has its eye actually *inside* its brain. We are thus led to the conclusion—and I believe this inference to be now for the first time put into words—that the original vertebrate must have been a transparent animal, and had an eye or a pair of eyes in its brain, like an ascidian tadpole. As the tissues of this ancestral vertebrate grew denser and more opaque, the eye-bearing part of the brain was forced to grow outwards towards the surface in order that it might still be in a position to receive the sun's rays.

Here we are back in the familiar "pudding-bag" or "jelly-fish" stage, as H. P. B. used to call it, of primordial embryology on our planet. It is somewhat an irony of fate to cite the protagonist of materialism in English science in support of statements in the *Secret Doctrine*, but the Gods arrange matters that way sometimes.

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New Oxyrhynchus Treasures

In *The Times* of May 15th, Drs. Grenfell and Hunt report on their most recent labours amid the rubbish heaps of Oxyrhynchus (Behnesa), some 130 miles south of Cairo. For four seasons these indefatigable diggers and their able coadjutors had been unearthing priceless fragments of the treasures of literary antiquity—the chief of which were the two fragments of Sayings of Jesus. What then is our delight to learn that the yield of the fifth season of their labours is even richer in finds than any previous year. Last season's papyri, they tell us, which range from the second century B.C. to the sixth century A.D., occupy 131 boxes, compared with 91 and 117 filled in the two preceding seasons.

What is the grandest news is that the excavators have come across no less than three finds of the fragments of some scholar's library amid the general *débris* of letters, accounts and contracts.

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The first find of this kind was made on January 28th, when at about 6ft. below the surface they came on a place where in the

The Fragments of Three Scholars' Libraries

third century a basketful of broken literary papyrus rolls had been thrown away. Amid hundreds of smaller fragments there were a couple of cores of rolls, containing ten or twelve columns, several pieces containing five or six, and many more one or two.

Leaving the small fragments out of account, the MSS. which are represented by one or more of the longer pieces number ten, all belonging to the second or third century. Two of these are poetical, both fortunately non-extant and by authors of the highest rank, Pindar and Euripides. The Pindar papyrus contains, principally at any rate, pæans—*i.e.*, odes of supplication or thanksgiving addressed to a god—and their authorship is proved by a coincidence with an already known Pindaric fragment. The text is accompanied by elaborate explanatory *scholia*. So far we have extracted nine practically complete columns of about fifteen lines; and there are parts of a good many more. Since the existing fragments of the pæans amount to a bare dozen lines, the papyrus practically introduces us for the first time to this class of Pindar's compositions. The second series of poetical fragments is from a roll containing a tragedy on the subject of Hypsipyle, which, on the strength of certain features in the plot as well as of style, we have little hesitation in identifying with the *Hypsipyle* of Euripides. . . .

Of the prose MSS. several belong to extant works, two containing the *Phaedrus* and one the *Symposium* of Plato, the last being the longest papyrus of the find; a fourth has the speech of Demosthenes against Boeotus, a fifth the Panegyricus of Isocrates. Of a MS. of the orations of Lysias one piece contains the conclusion of the speech against Hippotherses, which is lost, and the beginning of that against Theomnestus, which is extant. By far the most valuable of the prose pieces is part of a new history of Greece. . . .

A few days after this find of literary texts we discovered the remains of a second classical library in another mound. In this the fourth to fifth century layers reached down to a level of 10-15ft., beneath which were the Roman strata, extending below the crest of the mound to a depth of 30ft. Here, about 8ft. from the surface, we came upon a thin layer which throughout an area of many square yards was full of literary fragments, while stray pieces belonging to the same texts were found some distance away. The evidence of documents found below the literary texts shows that the latter must have been thrown away in the fifth century; but the MSS. themselves are chiefly of the second or third century. Compared with the first literary find, the second is in point of bulk more than twice as large, and the MSS. probably exceed thirty in number; but as a whole it is hardly likely to prove so valuable, since the papyri have been much more broken up. A hexameter poem of twenty-two lines in praise of Hermes is complete, and there are

several pieces containing more than one column of writing; but it is doubtful whether continuous sheets of much length can be built up out of the innumerable fragments, which range in size from some lines to a few letters. This is the more regrettable because the owner of the library was much interested in the lyric poets. His collection included two or three MSS. apparently of Sappho, and one of the dithyrambs of Bacchylides (attested by the title of the roll which still adheres to part of the ode to Theseus), as well as a MS. of the meliambi of Cercidas. Since one fragment of the last-named work contains upwards of seventy lines, and in the extant remains of Cercidas there are only fourteen, it will now be possible to form a fairer estimate of the fourth century B.C. poet-philosopher of Megalopolis. The authorship of the other MSS. in the second find has not yet been determined.

In another part of the same mound, at the unusual depth of 25ft., we made what is with one exception the largest find of papyri that has yet occurred at Oxyrhynchus. The bulk of it consists of first to second century documents; but interspersed among these are many literary pieces, some of which are fairly long. Being affected by damp the surface of most of these papyri requires cleaning before continuous decipherment is possible.

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New Fragment of a Lost Gospel

REJOICED as the heart of the classical scholar must be at the wealth that Mother Earth has so long kept hidden in her bosom, and eagerly as he must drink in every line of news of the good things added to our book-collections of the past; with still greater rejoicing and greater eagerness will the scholar of Christian literature and historian of the origins of the Western world-faith learn that amid the theological fragments is a vellum leaf (forty-five lines in all) from the MS. of a lost Gospel.

The subject of this is a visit of Jesus with his disciples to the Temple at Jerusalem and their meeting with a Pharisee, who reproaches them with their failure to perform the necessary ceremonial of purification before entering the holy place. After a question and answer, in which the Pharisee describes in some detail the formalities which he had himself observed, Jesus makes an eloquent and crushing reply, contrasting outward with inward purity. There is a certain resemblance between this and the denunciation of the Pharisees in Matt. xxiii. 25, and Luke xi. 37; but the whole incident, of which the account is practically complete and very striking, is quite different from anything recorded in the Gospels. Among the most remarkable features of the fragment are its cultivated literary style, the picturesqueness and vigour of the phraseology, which includes several words not found in the New Testament, and the display of a curious

familiarity—whether genuine or assumed—with the topography of the Temple and Jewish ceremonies of purification. The question of the nature and value of the Gospel to which this fragment belongs is likely to provoke much controversy.

* * *

Christ's Sermon on Purity

THIS is indeed good news and cannot but raise the question: How much more of this literature was there not in these early times? How little do we know of the scriptures of the Christ! To the above description of this great find, we may append an interview with Dr. Grenfell published in the *Daily Mail* of May 15th:

A representative of the *Daily Mail* saw the "find" last night at Queen's College, Oxford. It is a tiny fragment of vellum, perforated by worms and yellowed by sixteen centuries, but still perfectly legible. The writing is almost microscopically minute, but the Greek characters and even the scarlet of the initial letters still show up vividly.

"It is certainly no part of an extant Gospel," said Dr. Grenfell, "but its theological value I must leave to theologians. It is unusually well written from a literary point of view. There are some 300 words on the page.

"It begins in the middle of a speech. Jesus and his disciples have entered the Temple and have met a Pharisee, who rebukes them for omitting to go through some elaborate ceremonial of ablution. Jesus asks what the Pharisee has done, and the reply describes the process of purification minutely.

"This is deeply interesting to us, for no previous authority gives details of such a ceremony as the Pharisee describes.

"Then follows a powerful and eloquent denunciation by Jesus of mere outward purification. He says that he and his disciples have been purified with the 'living water' or 'water of life.' Another new point brought out by the fragment is the first mention of a portion of the Temple called the 'Hagneuterion,' or place of purification. This, too, has never been spoken of before, so far as is known."

WHEN the Sun grows up, then it becomes the cause of making the Earth created by Ahura pure, the Flowing Waters pure, the Water of the Springs pure, the Water of the Seas pure, the Water of the Ponds pure; the Pure Creation belonging to Spenta Mainyû is purified.—*Khorshed-Niyâesh.*

THE STRANGE STORY OF A HIDDEN BOOK

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 212)

THE MANNER OF THE BOOK

THE matter of the book has been indicated, in the briefest possible hints, above. Its manner is, generally speaking, to make a statement on each sub-head in more intelligible and modern-like prose, and then subjoin a sort of mnemonic summary in less intelligible and archaic verse, which seems (and is said by Paṇḍit Dhanrâj) to be quoted from older works. The verses dealing with the detail of each department of the world-process are mostly in the Anuṣhtup-metre; those which, by antithesis, describe the nature of the Absolute as transcending these details are in another longer and more musical metre. These verses illustrate the true poetry of rigorous and powerful metaphysic (as distinguished from the less rigorous and, therefore, softer and sweeter metaphysic of the Sûfî poets of Persia). So far as I am aware, there are not many instances of it in Western literature. Some sonnets by Fichte, some pieces by the medieval mystics, and Lucretius' poem on Nature would be such. It is difficult to understand what a hymn to the Absolute can be. These verses help us to understand.

In connection with these "archaic" verses, it may be interesting to note that Paṇḍit Dhanrâj once made a statement to the effect that there were many "layers" in Saṃskṛit literature of which the *Vedas* and their coeval works, in expansion or exposition of them, including the first works on Aṅga and Upâṅga, constituted the first "layer." He also stated that all this first "layer" was the work of Gods of various degrees, "Avatâras," descended upon earth for special purposes. These are the works called *Ârchita* in the *Praṇava-Vâda*. He added that of this first

"layer" he had succeeded in finding and learning only the Veda-text itself and not the Aṅgas or Upâṅgas; and that what he found on these subjects were works of the second "layer," reproductions of the first "layer," in the same way as a subsequent crop is a reproduction of the first through the seeds left behind from the first, made by Ṛiṣhis, progressed human Jîvas, in accordance with the laws and the requirements of succeeding cycles of evolution.

Something of the kind is observable in the growth and decay of even recent literature. One main idea expressible in an aphorism is started by a thinker; expansions and commentaries embodying cognate ideas grow round it, till the bulk becomes insupportable; then abstracts and reductions begin, till the whole is reduced to a number of aphorisms, tables of contents, so to say; and then the whole process begins again. Careful divisions of sub-heads, the demarcation of the more important from the less important, by means of larger and smaller type respectively, even the use of distinct aphorisms, is observable in modern scientific and philosophical literature, too, notably in German works.

To return to the manner of the *Praṇava-Vâda*. In the endeavour to make the inseparable connection and the inter-dependence of all parts of the work and of the world-process perfectly unmistakable, there is an incessant reference throughout the book to the logion and to facts and laws previously stated. This leads to repetition, which often becomes burdensome to a reader who does not specially delight in intellectual pugilism, and, either for want of leisure or of inclination, is desirous only to have the essential ideas clearly put before him, and willing to take the details on trust, without perpetual argumentation, or even to forego them altogether.

On the subject of these repetitions, and also of the digressions under which the book labours, the following facts may be noted:

It is well known that the Indian syllogism has five steps or propositions which deduce the desired conclusion from the necessary premises, and also include the induction which is the basis of the deduction. In it the conclusion appears twice, in

the place of the first proposition as a thesis *to be proved*, and again at the end as a *proved* thesis. It is the following of this method generally by the author of the work that produces in it what will appear to the reader in English, a cumbersome repetition. To the reader in Saṃskṛit it does not appear so very tedious; perhaps the repetition may sometimes give him even some intellectual pleasure, as carrying with it a sense of power, of "driving the conclusion home." I have omitted such repetition in the translation as far as possible.

Another cause of repetition is that after expounding a certain system of ideas in his own prose, the author sums them up in verses which, as said above, appear to be taken from more ancient writings, and string together the ideas in very abrupt fashion, almost by mere lists of single words, each expressing the most important element of an idea. These also I have largely omitted. On the other hand, the space thus gained by omissions has at least partly been spent in the numerous sentences or words that I have added within brackets where the sense of the author was made doubtful by the opposite defect of too much brevity.

As to digressions, a person looking cursorily into the paragraphs one after another, on page after page of the book, will think that he has never come across a more disjointed and disorderly collection of ideas. But if he will look carefully at the ends and the beginnings of paragraphs in succession, he will generally discern a good transition made out. And at the end of the longest apparent digression he will unexpectedly find the author returning rigorously to the idea from which he seemed to have drifted away so completely.

But, even so, the reader will not be able to avoid feeling very frequently that the transition is made over a bridge constructed only of a word. That is to say, because a number of words have been used to describe an idea, any one of these words has been taken up at random, and an idea seemingly totally unrelated has been expounded therefrom simply because that word happens to have a place in the description of that idea also. But the connection is not a merely superficial one. A very instructive psychological or metaphysical alliance between the

ideas is hidden underneath the surface, in the etymology of the word, and is the reason why the word occurs in the description of the two seemingly disconnected ideas.

Finally, in connection with the manner of the work, I would mention that the whole book is pervaded by an all-embracing charity and benevolence, by the highest possible ideas and conceptions of human life and evolution, by the constant aim of elevating the student and by an incessant endeavour to bring together and harmonise and unify all possible differences of view, and show them as being due only to differences of standpoint. It rigorously eschews and deprecates discord to this extent that we do not meet with a single word of even polemical condemnation of another. The ethical and metaphysical level of the work is so high that it has nothing in common with ordinary works of philosophy, but stands out rather as a scripture, wise and calm and earnestly compassionate.

With these disclosures of the merits of my author—some people may regard them as lame and laboured apologies, but I cannot help regarding Gârgyâyaṇa's very weaknesses with the reverent if amused affection with which a great-grandson may regard the garrulity that hides the benevolence and the wisdom of the great-grandfather—I pass on to a few observations as regards the nature of the present translation and summary.

The Nature of the Present Translation and Summary

I began the translation into English of the *Praṇava-Vâda* shortly after the writing down of the original had been completed, that is to say in the summer of 1901, when I was staying in Shrînagar, Kâshmîr, for a few months. I may mention here incidentally that I made enquiries there also, as one of the principal seats of Saṃskṛit learning in India, of many Paṇḍits; but they too all professed entire ignorance about any such work as the *Praṇava-Vâda*. In Shrînagar I completed only the translation of the preface and a few pages of the first section. Then, for various reasons, mainly that I was busy with *The Science of Peace* on the one hand and with work connected with the Central Hindu College, Benares, on the other, the translation was laid aside. On my return to Benares, I took it up again, but at

the third section, which was the easiest to follow in point of language and also contained a large amount of varied information. About half of this section (which constitutes quite three-fourths of the whole work) I translated systematically. Then, getting a little tired of the mannerism, I took up portions here and there as I found them interesting. This kind of work has continued up to now, with many long and short breaks caused by press of other unavoidable duties, till the whole has been finished.

This method of work has naturally left behind many defects. It is true that I have carefully revised the work done in the order of the text, with a view to unifying the style and manner of the translation, but I know that I have not been able to give sufficient time to the work, and I feel that my success, if any, has been very partial. The portions that I took up first I translated in entirety and with greater adherence to the letter of the text. In those that I did later, as I became more and more familiar with the author's ways of thought and consequently more sure of the meaning of his language, I have thought more of the sense than of the word, more of the spirit than the letter, and have allowed myself a little more freedom in the use of the English language. In many places I have condensed or omitted altogether, in some paraphrased, in others expanded, in a few cases, especially those of the metrical hymns to the Absolute, I have used the text only as a basis. But in every case where I have used words which are not directly justified by equivalent or corresponding words in the text, I have enclosed these words within brackets, and all omissions I have marked with dots. This I have done in order to enable those who wish to do it, to compare the translation with the text with greater ease.

Finally I may mention that it was my intention to publish the translation and the text without any intermediate work, but I have been advised by friends on whose judgment in such matters I rely, that a full summary in English of the work would be more desirable to begin with, and would prepare the public for the full translation, and the text. The present summary is the result. The remarks in which I have described the transla-

tion practically describe the summary also, with this difference, that brackets and dots are omitted, that the condensations are much more frequent, in all sections except the third. In the third I have made many more extracts from the full translation than in the other five, which do not give so many details of facts. With these extracts, indeed, I believe that the summary so fully reproduces and represents the original that a literal translation, even after omitting the palpable repetitions, would perhaps add nothing to the reader's information, and the publication of one may probably be a waste of energy. However, this matter will be decided by the amount of interest in the original that this summary arouses. If it succeeds in attracting attention, the next step may be the publication of the original text, and the third may be that of the full translation.

Author's Preface[1]

This preface is more in the nature of a table of contents than a *Bhûmikâ* proper, a "ground-plan," a foundation, an introduction showing the position of the subject-matter of the work among other subject-matters. The reason for this is that the work treats of the A-U-M, which (as has, of course, to be shown in the book) includes *everything;* and the *relative* words, ground-plan and superstructure, position amidst others, etc., are inappropriate in consequence.

I. The first section of the work deals with the synthesis and the analysis of the constituents of the AUM. The A signifies the *Âtmâ*, the Self, by opposition to the unity of which all the multitude of particulars is derived. For this very reason have we to begin with the *Âtmâ*. For, though it is true that the three constituents of the AUM are in constant conjunction, and

[1] In this summary verbatim translations are enclosed within double inverted commas; words and sentences for which there is not a full or express equivalent in the text, but which are implied, and which I have thought it necessary to add in order to bring out the sense properly, or to supply a missing link in the chain of thought, are enclosed within brackets. All translations of Samskṛit words, except proper names other than those of books, are printed in italics; A U M, Self, Not-Self, Negation (in the technical sense), *Pratyag-Âtma*, *Mûla-prakṛiti*, *Shakti* or *Daivi-prakṛiti*, *Paramâtmâ*, *Brahman*, and a few other words, as the names of the Ultimates and the Penultimates, generally speaking, begin with capitals. A doubt as to the exact meaning of the text is marked by a query sign (?) within brackets. Connecting remarks made by me in my own person are enclosed within square brackets.

there cannot be any *order* of precedence and succedence between things thus constantly conjoined, still, the *description* of even such things belongs inevitably to the realm of the successive. And if we must begin with some one thing, and pass on in succession to talk of others, and cannot talk of all things at once, then the Self, the nearest to us, is naturally the most appropriate with which to make a commencement.

Having begun with the Self, we pass on to the Not-Self, indicated by the U, and then to the relation between them; the relation of negation of one by another, denoted by the M. The Necessity (the energy), the principle of the successive conjunction and disjunction of the Self and the Not-Self in the negation is expressed by the symbolic letter I, which lies hidden in the other three, in coalescence (in universal world-fact, as well as in the particular language of Saṃskṛit, according to the archaic rules of its grammar).

These four, A, U, M and I (which together make up AUM, respectively correspond to cognition, desire, action, and the summation of them all. And because the first section of this work treats (in a general way) of these all-embracing facts, therefore it may be said to include in itself all the contents of the whole work.

(Having given the general outlines of the nature of the three patent factors of the AUM, the first section goes on to lay down some wide-reaching principles.) The nature of the AUM is transcendental. It is comparable to the world-process (with which, indeed, it is, in a certain sense, identical) because it transcends all limitations, and the whole of its contents and details is *endless*, and may not be encompassed by any finite individual. Gods upon gods, Mahâ-Viṣhṇus and ever higher deities, comprehend only larger and larger masses of it in an endless seeking.

This illimitability of the succession of the world-process is but a reflection, in the many, of the unlimitedness, the transcendence of all limitation, of the One Self. And it appears and reappears in each atom, each one of the many, so that it is impossible to fix a first beginning and a last end.

The science of the AUM, the order of succession of its three

factors, is coeval with the world-process and comes down to us by a beginningless tradition. Mahâ-Viṣhṇu himself first learnt the A and then the other letters, and then the words formed out of them, all preceded by the AUM. All the *Shâstras*, sciences, begin with it. Hence the study of the AUM should precede every other study. And therein, again, precedence should be given to the study of the *prakṛiti*, *i.e.*, the original, simple, unmodified nature of the constituents, and subsequence given to the study of the coalescence.

II. The principles, causes, or natural tendencies and constitutions which result in *Yoga*, *i.e.*, unions, junctions, conjunctions, mutual relations, and interdependences between things, are dealt with in the second section. The order or succession which is implied in these relations, and the methods and laws which in turn are implied in the succession, are also dealt with. And cognition and desire are also treated of in connection with them.

III. The third section is the largest in the work. (It covers three-fourths of the whole and is sub-divided into many parts and chapters.) It deals with action which presupposes cognition and desire. And for this same reason, in this section, the whole circle of knowledge and all the *Shâstras* are outlined. The seed and origin of all things whatsoever that are to be found in the world-process are traced back into the AUM and shown as present in the interplay of the Self and the Not-Self, the Limited and the Unlimited; and finally, the nature of action and reaction, actor, instrument, object, motive, etc., is explained. In connection with the element of knowledge or cognition involved in action, there is described herein the successive evolution, from the AUM, of the *Gâyatri* and the *Mahâvakyas*, the *Vedas*, the *Aṅgas*, the *Upâṅgas*, etc. Then follow considerations as to volition (*i.e.*, desire in action, active desire). Then numbers are dealt with (as lying at the root of manifest action proper, the creation of the world). Afterwards, the seven root-elements, their qualities and activities, and their dissolution and repeated formation, are described.

IV. The section following the above all-comprehensive one on *Kṛiya* action, very briefly mentions the broad outlines of

the evolution of our own particular world-system, our *brahmâṇḍa*, in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, with their *chitras* (pictures, shadows, or astral duplicates), the *chandrâtma* (lunar ?) and other two intervening kingdoms, and finally the human kingdom. It touches upon the constitution of the human organism also. The subtler or elemental evolutions preceding the mineral are only referred to.

V. The fifth section is entitled "The Thinkable and the Unthinkable" (or "Believable-un-believable"). It discusses the nature of existence and non-existence, transcendence and non-transcendence, necessity and non-necessity (accidentality or contingency), etc. It explains what to believe and do, and also how there is nothing unbelievable or undoable. It points out how everything whatsoever has its own proper place in the universal nature of *Brahman*, and how separateness is included in the Non-separate.

VI. In the last section the oneness of all things is shown. All acts and facts are synthesised in the One. *Mokṣha*, liberation, is explained as being the negation of all the particulars of the world-process in the fullness of the Allness and the Unity of the Self. "The *Mukta*, the liberated, the emancipated, realises the mutual abolition of all things by each other."

VII. The whole of the work may be regarded as the seventh, which sums up all the six sections. (The immediate occasion for the composition of the work of which the contents have been indicated above may now be noted.) The science of the *Praṇava* is necessary at the very outset of all study, because only by means thereof are the reconciliation and synthesis of all sciences possible. Without the help of this supreme and all-comprehensive science, the various sciences, which are all but parts of it, appear as disjointed, separate, independent and even mutually contradictory, as is shown in the *Nyâya* system of philosophy. For this reason larger and smaller works on the science of the *Praṇava* have been written and used in all times, according to the needs and capacities of the races concerned, and the special requirements of each cycle. The *Praṇava-vivechini*, *Praṇava-prabhâ*, and *Praṇava-pradîpikâ* are previous works on the same subject, of very small extent and fit for the study of children.

There is the great *Praṇavârṇava*[1] also on the other hand. The present work, named the *Praṇava-vâda*, has an extent of 16,000 shloka-measures written in order to convey to youthful students some general knowledge of the science, so far as I myself have been able feebly to gather it from ancient works.

I pray that the many shortcomings of the work be forgiven and I earnestly exhort all to study this illuminating science in some way or other, as the very root of the *Vedas* with their *Aṅgas* and *Upâṅgas*, and as the only means of realising the true unity of all things and beings.

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

A WEIRD EXPERIENCE

(THIS is a story the truth of which can be vouched for. The writer has in his possession the names of the principal persons concerned, and that of the vessel on which the occurrence took place. For obvious reasons, names have been suppressed; where any are mentioned, they are assumed.)

It was on board a Blue Funnel boat, running out from the Old Country to China. I was the only passenger, for she was strictly a cargo boat, but, knowing her captain well, I had signed on as fourth something or other and paid down a round sum for my keep, and on this particular evening I was wandering up in the foc'sle, amusing myself, as one can at sea, when unmolested by swarms of fellow passengers.

Two days before we had passed Point de Galle and now we were spinning across the Indian Ocean at an exhilarating pace. The sea was quite calm, for the north-east monsoon was blowing, and fine weather of course prevailed; the moon, rising full, was shedding a glorious radiance over the rippling expanse of ocean, flecked here and there with a wave-break of phosphorescent foam. In a contemplative mood, I seated myself on a coil

[1] Said by Paṇḍit Dhanrâj to be the work of Shiva, and to extend over 200,000 shloka-measures.

of rope up in the foc'sle head and was drinking in, as it were, the beautiful scene before me, when I was roused from my reverie by the cheery tones of the look-out man, remarking on the prospect of continued fine weather.

He was a fine specimen of manhood. Tall and bearded, clean-limbed, and with a chest you could not do otherwise than envy. A Briton, of course. Something in the ring of his voice told you at once that the man was genuine and by way of opening up a conversation with him—for I felt in that mood—my answer to him implied that perhaps a sailor's life would be all the better if there happened to be a little more of the fine weather element in it.

"Yes, Sir, we get a good deal of knocking about, but though it's a hard life, it's a healthy one. Yet, apart from fogs and rough weather, and that sort of thing, there are some experiences as fall to the lot of a sailor the likes of which you don't often meet with ashore. Now, for my part, I reckon you'll find as how my mates will stand by me when I say I'm not the chap to run away with any cock-and-bull story, but I do hold that seeing—well, seeing and hearing—is believing, now isn't it?"

I nodded acquiescence, and he continued:

"What I was leading up to, Sir, is something that happened aboard of a Liverpool tramp I was on in the early nineties. I can't pretend to yarn in any story-book fashion, but if you care to hear from the lips of a common sailor what he can tell you about the strangest thing he ever came acros, you've only got to say so."

As I said before, the evening was beautifully fine, there was no dinner to dress for—you escape such conventionality aboard a Blue Funnel boat—and I had the conviction that I was about to hear a good story; so I filled up my pipe, stretched out my legs and settled myself into a comfortable position, which my honest seafaring friend rightly interpreted as being indicative of a wish for him to proceed with his story. Of its merit you may judge for yourself.

"It might have been the beginning and it might have been the end, anyhow it was some time during May, 1893, when I shipped as an able seaman on board the 'Macassar,' then lying

in Liverpool Docks, one of the good old tramp steamers, of the type you meet with in all waters. I was sick and tired of doing nothing, for I had been paid off at Liverpool three months previously and killing time ashore doesn't fit in with a seaman's notion exactly; so I was mightily glad when we up anchor and let go down St. George's Channel, with a fine breeze astern and staysails sets on our two stumpy masts to steady the vessel. But if I was pleased to be afloat again, I don't mind owning up to the fact that there were tender thoughts in my mind for the girl I had left behind. Sailors can love as well as most other men, Sir, but duty comes first, and a man as shirks work makes a poor lover. True, I hadn't known Polly so over long, but all the same, quite long enough to feel sure that she was the only girl for me, and Polly being of the same way of thinking, we had arranged to get spliced when I returned from this voyage.

"Now it's natural for a man to think a good deal about the woman he's about to marry, especially if they happen to be parted previously, and throughout the voyage I found myself thinking pretty often of Polly and wondering whether we should safely meet again. I wasn't the sort of chap to get despondent, but still at times I used to wonder how she would fare if anything happened to me, and a sailor never knows his luck!

"We were bound for Port Darwin, and after a splendid run across the Indian Ocean, we had cleared Java Head and were making for the Australian coast. This night I was at the wheel. All day it had been blowing rather fresh, and long before twilight set in the sky had completely clouded over; it looked as if we were going to have a dirty night. It held off, however, until about midnight, when just after I had gone up on deck the rain came pelting down, a regular tropical deluge, and a squall struck the vessel, lashing the sea on all sides of her into fury. I knew we were in dangerous waters, for in the latitudes we were then entering, numbers of coral reefs are constantly appearing, in unlooked-for places, and many of them are not charted, and I had an unaccountable feeling that rocks were near, yet I could do nothing but keep on the course that had been set, for the responsibility of steering rested on me for the time being. The night was pitch dark, and the noise of the driving rain and the

howling wind quite deadened all other sounds, so there was little chance of the look-out man seeing or hearing breakers ahead, if there were any.

"All went well until just as I was about to call up my relief, when suddenly a voice rang out, sharp and clear: 'Keep to the right, keep to the right!' I started with a sudden shock, for the wind being dead astern, I knew that no sound could reach me from the fore-part of the vessel, but the next moment I persuaded myself that I had been dozing, and kept on my course, determining, however, to wait a few moments longer before turning in below. This time I am convinced I was fully wide awake, and as near as though it had been uttered by somebody a few yards off, came a similar command as before. For a moment I was so astonished that I relaxed my hold on the wheel and the vessel began to slew round rapidly. This brought me to my senses, and gripping the spokes, I sent her back again on the old course, but if formerly I had believed that we were dangerously near some uncharted rocks, I now felt certain that this was the case. The strain I was undergoing was fearful. On the one hand my duty to my captain was to steer the course he had set; on the other hand an inward sense of danger, which I could not define, prompted me to steer in another direction. Whilst I wavered thus, nearer still, and louder, came the cry, this time in agonised tones, as of one person imploring another to avoid certain destruction: 'Keep to the right, keep to the right!' I felt as men say they have felt when they imagined that their last hour had come, and seizing the wheel with all my might, I swung the vessel off her course to the right, and as we glided away in the new direction, I experienced such a sense of relief as I never felt before.

"Handing over charge of the wheel to the next man on duty, who had just made his appearance on deck, unconscious of all that had happened, I went below and made straight for the captain's cabin, determined to rouse him and explain what I had done. I had made up my mind for punishment, and that not light either, for the offence I had committed was a serious one. The earnestness of my manner impressed him, I could see, as I told him the story, but I was hardly prepared for the result, when

he said: 'You did quite right; report to me at daybreak, and in the meantime I shall give orders to have the course kept that you started and steam greatly reduced.'

"I had gone on watch at midnight and it was now four o'clock. It would be a couple of hours before daylight came, but though I went and threw myself down on my bunk, I couldn't get a wink of sleep; I longed, with a feverish anxiety, for the morning, because I felt sure that we should then discover something which would justify my action at the wheel. Dawn came at length, and soon I was before the captain, who at once asked me to figure out, if I could, how far we had drifted since I had left the wheel, and, if possible, to put the vessel on her old course again. I promised him to do my best and also to let him know when we were nearing the spot, according to my calculations; meanwhile an extra look-out was ordered and an additional pint of grog was promised the man who first sighted anything.

"After a little more than an hour's steaming I sent word to the captain that we were approaching the place, and scarcely had I done so, when I heard a loud shout for'ard of 'breakers ahead.' Once more I had just time to put the vessel about as she surged into broken water, and there, just a short distance off, to starboard, was an eddying, boiling, foaming line of breakers, betokening a ledge of cruel rocks beneath, on which in a few moments we must have driven. I know that I turned as white as a ghost, and there wasn't a man aboard the steamer as didn't pale when he thought of the narrow escape from death he, in common with all the others, had had. And the next thing I was aware of was the captain standing by my side, gripping me by the hands and thanking me, while the tears started from his eyes.

"Yes, we lowered a boat, and a volunteer crew rowed her off to the surf-marked line. When they came back the old boatswain reported having found a ledge of jagged, tooth-like rock, about a couple of feet below the surface, extending for quite a distance, and deep water all about.

"After this narrow escape you can't tell how eagerly I looked forward to reaching the Old Country once more, and I'm pleased to say that inside of three months we were steaming up the

mouth of the Mersey, just a little bit the worse for general wear and tear. Polly was there at the wharf-side waiting for me, and the way she greeted me was reward enough for all the discomforts of a long voyage and separation. But from the first I could tell that the girl had got something on her mind she hesitated to tell me. However, she didn't need much questioning, and what she said—well, it's the strangest part of the whole story. It took her a long time to tell, for her handkerchief was pretty much in use meanwhile, and women do spin things out, but this is the sum and substance of it all.

"From the day I left Liverpool she had a fear that some misfortune would overtake me, and she had often lain awake at night and prayed that she might be able to avert it. One night, after feverishly tossing about for hours, she had sunk into a deep sleep, during which time she had a peculiarly vivid dream. In it she distinctly saw the 'Macassar' rushing straight on to some rocks, and the man who was steering the vessel to destruction was myself. Horrified as she was, there seemed to her to be just time to save him from a frightful death by urging him to steer to the right, and summoning all her power, she screamed several times, 'Keep to the right, keep to the right!' The effort awoke her, and she imagined the sound then ringing in her ears. The dream had been so strongly impressed on her memory that she had been almost beside herself with anxiety as to my fate, until she read in the papers of the safe arrival of the 'Macassar' at Port Darwin.

"The night that Polly dreamed she saw the 'Macassar' rushing on to the rocks was the night I was at the wheel and heard the cry and put the ship about to save her.

"I don't pretend to offer any explanation, Sir, but the power of woman's love is strong, and what I've told you is gospel-truth. The owners got to hear of it and they did come down handsome when we were married, but Polly hadn't so much thought for the money, she declared she had saved my life."

EDWARD E. LONG.

MORE FROM THE LEGENDS OF THE GIANTS

ONCE upon a time there lived a Giant up in heaven who was much interested watching the doings of men down in the world below. To him they appeared as a new and amusing species of insect of rather original habits, for humanity had sprung into existence long since his day. He had retired from the activities of the physical plane many world-periods before our humanity was born.

He watched humanity with great interest, until he began to wonder what it would really *feel* like to be a mortal man, and he wondered whether he would not once more enjoy physical existence. He had no idea of descending to earth and confining his consciousness within the limits of a mortal brain; but he decided to stretch forth his finger into the world below and feel what humanity and mortality felt like.

So he withdrew himself into the tip of one of his own fingers in order to stimulate the sense of touch there, and descended to the physical plane. For Giants have the power to focus their consciousness in any centre of their Great Bodies; their centre of consciousness is not necessarily in their head or brain as with us mortal men.

And so the Giant within his own finger-tip descended to earth and walked amongst men; but of course he could not *see* men, for he had brought no eyes with him, nor could he hear, for he had brought no ears. He had come on purpose to feel, and he went about feeling everything till he had touched every object on the physical plane.

He then went back to heaven, returned to his normal state of consciousness, and sat there watching men once more. But now he watched with keener interest, for, as he watched the motions of men, he knew exactly the feelings which they were experiencing.

For with Giants the sense of touch includes far more than we mean by it. When they touch an object they not only feel the outward softness or hardness of the body, they feel with their souls the inward feelings of the soul attached to that body. They know for a truth, what we mortals have only been taught in fairy tales, that the sharpness, brightness, and stickiness of objects are all the outward expression of the varying moods of the Gods.

And that is why our Giant touched every object on the physical plane, before returning to heaven, that he might through his sense of touch and feeling carry back with him the power to understand the varying moods of men.

So now as he watched, he not only saw the earthly shells of men dancing to the tunes of Fate; he experienced within his own Great Body the emotions of men as they danced. And the experience was delightful, an ever-changing sensation which thrilled him with new life, joy and vigour.

The expedition proved an undoubted success, and the Giant decided to descend once more among mortal men; and this time he came with a pair of eyes, with the sense of sight instead of the sense of touch.

The Giant walked again among men; this time he felt nothing, but saw everything. He watched men as they moved about amongst each other; he looked at every object on the physical plane, learnt its form and outline. And when he had seen and studied every object in the world he returned once more to heaven and his normal state of consciousness.

Now, by sight Giants mean three times as much as mortal men mean by that word. They not only see objects which are the external forms of the thoughts of God, but they see the thought which created the form, and they also see the thoughts which the form creates in the minds of men, which are the reflection of the original thought of God.

They do not see astral forms. Giants have never heard of such things. Such an expression to them would be a complete contradiction of terms and could only suggest a false idea. For in Giant-land moods are ever expressed in manner, and the essential nature of all that is astral is apart from the idea of form. So we are not describing an extension of vision when you

see through the physical form, beyond to an astral form, beyond to a mental form; this is the vision of mortal man unknown amongst Giants.

I must try to describe what Giants mean by their three kinds of sight, each of them being quite different from our human vision, though in a measure related to it.

First, they see objects, but not as we see them bound by the laws of dimension. They see the outline of each object cast upon the screen of Fate. And by outline a Giant means the one essential abstract form which conveys to the mind of a Giant the picture of this object in every possible imaginable dimension in space. This is the first kind of sight and already embraces far more than our idea of sight.

They next see the thought of God which created the form, that is to say, they see the meaning and idea expressed by that form. This is difficult to understand. You must remember that our objective existence is the handwriting of the Gods, and every object which we see is as a letter in their language and has a meaning quite apart from its objective shape or colour. For example, cats and peacocks might be in their language like p's in ours. A *p* is a *p* in our language whether you form it P, Π, ᵽ; whatever its form it expresses the same mode of breath. And so to the sight of Giants each object expresses a particular Mode of Breath, and any object related to another object conveys to them the idea of Sound.

With their third kind of sight they see the ideas which these objects create in the mind of man; and by this I do not mean that they see within the brain of each limited consciousness and watch the manifold kaleidoscopic variants of form created by every drifting thought. I ought rather to say that they see the ideas created in the mind of mankind, the ideas concerning the essential nature of the object as understood by the thought power of the world. And so, by sight, Giants mean seeing the essential form of the essential nature and the cosmic meaning of every object.

The Giant was again in heaven, and again watching men. His interest deepened; he knew the texture and nature of all objects. He experienced the manifold emotions of the many

people. He could now see the thought or reason for every form before it became form, he could also see the purpose of the form as reflected in the mind of man, its purpose on the plane of physical experience apart from its meaning in the language of the Gods. And men, who to him had been mere insects of peculiar habits, were assuming an importance which reached even unto Giant-land.

The Giant remained in heaven now for a long period of time, for there was so much of interest to watch and think over. Every action and every motion of man carried with it so much meaning as well as many pleasurable sensations. It was many an æon before our Giant thought of descending again.

Giants do not measure time as we do, they measure it according to the Wink of a Cosmic Eye; but to explain this peculiar expression and its full significance would be another story quite apart from the present one, so I use the nearest translation to be found in daily language.

But the time did come when this Giant decided to descend again amongst men, and on this occasion he decided to bring his ears with him. He again walked among men, neither seeing nor feeling but hearing all. And, as you may imagine, the Giant heard far more than we men hear. He listened to the talk of men which we all hear and understand. He listened to the language of nature, to the singing of the birds, the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, which the poets hear and understand. He listened also to the fundamental note or root-sound of each object; and here I expect I must pause to explain, for these sounds are seldom heard by poets or musicians, they are sounds to which the mortal brain cannot respond, and so are only known to true lovers of Giants.

All men know that sound creates form; Giants know that form creates sound. To them every object has its essential form as well as its essential sound or root-note.

A Giant not only sees a room full of objects, he also hears a room full of notes, harmonious or inharmonious according to the varying forms. But this is not all. A Giant perceives these vibrations proceeding from the dome of heaven before they have become notes related to any objects. He retains them in his

mind still, after they have ceased to be individual sound, but have returned to planets in the sky. This will need further explanation.

Men see objects thus: A ray of light proceeds from the sun, strikes an object, and is reflected on to the eye of a man, thence it passes inward to the sun, or mind, within. But sound has nought to do with the sun or mind; we can hear in the dark.

Giants perceive sound thus: A power proceeds from each planet to every object on the physical plane, which causes them to swell and expand outwards and inwards right unto the dome of heaven, whence the power peals forth as root-sounds. Now it is only those who have an organ within their personal body in touch with this dome of heaven who can hear these root-sounds. The organ for understanding the vibrations of the sun is the mind within man, but the organ for understanding the vibrations, or power, of the planets and their relation to physical phenomena, is other than the mind of man, other than the heart.

And as the Giant walked amongst men, he heard the root-note of every object echoed forth in the dome of heaven above. And what did this mean? It did not mean that he heard with his mind, as we think we hear, and got ideas and impressions in his brain. It meant that he heard with his body, with the several parts of his body each apportioned to, and in communication with, its individual planet; and instead of the brain-stuff of his head being played upon, and his mental body being moulded and shaped into thought-forms, he listened with his whole body, and the material of his outer spherical body was rebuilt in such a manner as to enable him to perceive and understand sound in a way which is not yet known to mortal men.

Have you ever wondered why man can always see objects and always feel objects, but to hear them it is necessary to hit, or shake, or punch, or in some way agitate them? I have often wondered, but I understand now that the true sphere of sound lies outside the region of vibration, and is directly related to the mode and manner of Breath, which is motion other than vibration. True Sound is only to be heard by those who can attain to the sphere of unity where all is Peace, and the discords of vibratory motion are for ever silenced.

The loftiest music ever composed by man, the grandest

nature-music ever dreamed of by poet, these must all be left behind by him who wishes to understand the true meaning of Sound. He must pass through the region of Silence unto Death and cease to breathe, ere the true Music of the Spheres will burst upon his consciousness. There is no doubt as to whether the Sound is the true Music of the Spheres or the grand Nature-music of the Devas, for as the man listens to the Sound, he can feel it playing upon his bodies; he can watch it rebuilding each in turn. His physical body knows no ailments, his mental body knows naught but truth, and the mode of his personal existence is the exact reflection of the Will of the Spheres above. This is the true meaning of Sound, the Power which rebuilds our bodies.

But to return to our Giant; he had only brought his ears down to earth with him, so, although he heard the root-notes of every object, it was not until he returned to heaven that he was able to watch or understand the effect of these sounds upon his Body. It was not until he returned to his normal state of consciousness above, that he could watch the rebuilding of his vehicles.

The Giant watched Sound playing upon the various parts of his Great Body; but now he watched eagerly and impatiently, for he had learned that with each descent to the physical plane there was so much of joy in store for him, that he decided to return at once to the world in a fifth manner.

His first physical existence had been as a Giant with his whole Great Body upon earth. His next three existences among humanity had been only partial existences, for he had left his true Body behind; but they had been so successful that he now decided to descend once more to the physical plane, leaving his Great Body behind in heaven. This time he took his voice with him, that he might not only walk amongst men but also talk with them.

The Giant descended to earth; he could not see men, he could not hear men, he could not feel men, because he had no eyes, no ears, no sense of touch, but he spoke with them. And men could not see, or hear, or feel the Giant, for he had come without a body, with nothing but a voice. And the voice, that

spoke, spoke from within, for voice is ever without external form. The voice spoke straight into the hearts of men; but it was not all men that heard the voice, for though every man has a heart, it is only those who have trained themselves to respond to the fifth manner of Life who have a heart capable of echoing forth the sound of the Voice from Above.

And this was all that men experienced; but the Giant experienced great things, so great that it is wellnigh impossible to describe them, but I will try. From his descent to earth in the fourth manner of Life the Giant had learned that all root-sounds had a definite effect on his Great Body above. They supplied the Power for rebuilding the forms, this was the result of external sounds. But the result of the internal Sound of his own Voice was other. It did not rebuild his forms; it was as if his own Voice breathed upon his own forms and brought them to life, to immediate conscious life on all the planes, and his Great Body descended to earth. But his Great Body was no longer the one Great Body of a Giant, for it had been rebuilded by Sound and reconstructed upon a new plan.

And as the Giant walked and talked with men, he saw his body descending as a Veil upon the world—a Veil which enwrapped all forms.

Many strange things happened, and men wondered greatly; but there were few besides the Giant who understood the strange happenings. But the Giant understood, for, as he watched the strange circumstances, he was all the forms in the world below arranging themselves upon a new plan. And the plan was that of his own Great Body, which had descended to earth. And as he watched the activities of men vary and change, he saw that they were varying and changing in order that they might become the activities of his Great Body, which was now to live upon all the planes of existence.

And these strange things went on for many hundreds of years, till the Voice of the Giant had echoed in the heart of every man. Then the Body of the Giant breathed, breathed in all its parts the Breath of True Life. The Giant and Humanity became one.

Men became absorbed into the Body of the Giant. The Giant once more lived a life of activity. ERINYS.

THE RELIGION OF THE MIND

For long I have been spending much of my time in a world of great beauty of thought and purity of feeling, created by the devotion and intelligence of one of the many theosophical fraternities of the ancient world. They called themselves disciples of Thrice-greatest Hermes, and spoke of their faith as the Religion of the Mind. They were prior to and contemporary with the origin and earliest centuries of Christianity, and they lived in Egypt.

What remains of their scriptures, and what can be gleaned of their endeavour, will very shortly be made accessible in the English tongue, in such fashion as I am able to reproduce their thought and interpret it. The labour of many months is ended; the task of reproduction is accomplished, and the echoes of the Gnosis of Thrice-greatest Hermes are audible across the centuries for English ears in fuller volume than before, and I hope in greater clarity.

It is no small thing—this Gnosis of ten-thousand-times-great Hermes, as Zosimus enthusiastically calls Him; for it has for its foundation the Single Love of God, it is based upon the True Philosophy and Pure Science of Nature and of Man, it is one of the fairest forms of the Wisdom of the Ages; it is Theosophia (Wisdom) and Theosebeia (Worship) in harmony—the Religion of the Mind. It is Religion, true devotion and piety and worship, and it is the right activity and passivity of the Mind, the gnosis of things that are and the Path of the Good that leads man unto God.

Do I claim too much for the Gnosis of Thrice-greatest Hermes? I do but echo what He teaches in His own words (or rather those of His disciples) turned into English speech. The claim made is for the Gnosis, not for the forms of its expression used by its learners and hearers. All these forms of expression, the many sermons, or sacred discourses, of the disciples of this

Way, are but means to lead men towards the Gnosis; they are not the Gnosis itself. True, much that is set forth appears to me to be very beautifully expressed and I have been delighted with many a thought and phrase that these nameless writers and thinkers of years long ago have handed down to us in the fair Greek tongue; all this, however, is as a garment that hides the all-beautiful natural form and glory of the Truth.

What is of importance is that all these Theosophists of the Trismegistic tradition declare with one voice, a sweet voice that carries with it conviction within, to the true knower in our inmost soul, that there is Gnosis and Certitude, full and inexhaustible, no matter how the doubting mind, opinion, the counterfeit mind, may weave its magic of contrary appearances about us.

Seeing, then, that I have now much in mind of what has been written of this Religion of the Mind, I would set down a few thoughts thereon as they occur to me, an impression or two that the contemplation of the beautiful sermons of the disciples of the Master-Mind has engraved upon my memory.

And first of all I would say that I regard it as a great privilege to have been permitted by the Gods to be a hander-on in some small way of these fair things; for indeed it is a great privilege and high honour to be allowed in any fashion to forward the preparation for the unveiling of the beauties of the Gnosis in the hearts of one's fellows,—even in so insignificant a way as that of translating and commenting on that which has already been set forth by greater minds in greater beauty centuries ago. The feeling that arises is one of joy and thankfulness that so pleasant a task has been granted by the Providence of God as a respite on the Way, to use the words of Plotinus. And so, as in all sacred acts, we begin with praise and thankfulness to God, as Hermes teaches us.

But when is there (the disciple of the Master will interject) an act that is not sacred for one who is a man and not a procession of fate? He who is coming unto himself, who from the unconscious and the dead is beginning to return to consciousness and rise into life, self-consecrates his every act for ever deeper realisation of the mystery of his divine nature; for now no longer

is he an embryo within the womb, nourished in all things by the Mother-Soul, but a man-babe new-born, breathing the freer spirit of the greater life, the cosmic airs of the Father-Mind. And so it is that every act and function of the body should be consecrated to the soul and mind; the traveller on this Way should pray unceasingly, by devoting his every act unto his God, thinking when eating: As this food nourishes the body, so may the food of wisdom nourish the mind; or when bathing: As this water purifies the body, so may the water of life vivify the mind; or when freeing the body of impurities: As these impurities pass from the body, so may the refuse of opinion pass from the mind!

Not, however, that he should think that anything is in itself unclean or common, for all is of the divine substance and of mother-matter; this he already knows in his heart of hearts, but his lower members are not as yet knit together in right harmony; they are as yet awry, not centred in the perfect whole. He as yet sees things from only one point; he has not yet realised that the Point is everywhere, and that for everything there is a point of view whence it is true and right and beautiful and good. That all-embracing point of view is the one sense, all-sense, the common sense, the sense of the intelligence, in which the sensible and the intelligible are identical and not apart. It is the little mind, the mind in man, the fate-procession, that creates external duality; the Great Mind knows that the without and the within are twain in one, are self-conditioned complements, the one within the other and without the other at one and the same time.

In this Religion of the Mind there is no opposition of the heart and head. It is not a cult of intellect alone, it is not a cult of emotion alone; it is the Path of Gnosis and Devotion inseparably united, the true Sacred Marriage of Soul and Mind, of Life and Light, the ineffable union of God the Mother and God the Father in the Divine Man, the Logos, the Alone-Begotten of the Mystery of Mysteries, the All and One—Ineffability and Effability eternally in simultaneous Act and Passion.

And if you should object to the word Mind as excluding other names of equal dignity, know that this also has been

spoken of again and again by the disciples of Thrice-greatest Hermes.

He has no name, for He is the One of many names, nay He is the One of all names, for He is Name itself and all things else, and there is naught that is not He. Nor is He One alone, though He is the One and Only One as well, for He is All and Nothing if such a thing as nothing there can be.

But we because of our ignorance call Him Mind, for Mind is that which knows, and ignorance seeks ever for its other self, and the other self of ignorance is gnosis. And seeking gnosis, whether it love or hate its own false view of what it seeks, ignorance is ever changing into some form of knowing, experiencing some novelty or other as it thinks, not knowing that it is experiencing itself. But Mind is not only that which knows but also the object of all knowledge; for it knows itself alone, there being nothing else to know but Mind. It self-creates itself to know itself, and to know itself it must not know itself. Mind thus makes ignorance and gnosis, but is not either in itself. It is itself the Mystery that makes all mysteries in order that it may be self-initiate in all.

Thus we are taught that Mind, the Great Initiator, is Master of all masterhood, Master of all ignorance as well as knowledge. And so we find the Supreme addressing one of His Beloved Sons, one who has won the mastery of self, as "Soul of my Soul and Mind of My own Mind."

The Religion of the Mind is pre-eminently one of initiation, of perpetual perfectioning. The vista of possibility opened up to the mind's eye of the neophyte into these sacred rites transcends credibility. One asks oneself again and again: Can this be true? It seems too good to be true.

But how can it be too good (the Master smiles in reply) when the inevitable end of everything is the Perfection of perfection, The Good Itself?

It cannot be *too* good, for that which is too good is out of its own self; but with the Good there is neither too little nor too much, it is Perfection.

What then, we feebly ask, is imperfection? And in the Master-Presence we cannot but reply: It is the fear It is too good that is the imperfection of our nature; we fear it cannot

be for us, not knowing that the little one who catches some glimpse of the vista, the earnest of the Vision Glorious, sees not some thing without but that which is within himself. It is all there potentially, the full Sonship of the Father. It *is* there and here and everywhere, for it is the nature of our very being.

The first glimpse of this divine possibility is brought to the consciousness of the prepared disciple by the immediate Presence and Glory of the Master, according to the records of the followers of the Religion of the Mind. But who is the Master? Is He someone without us; is He some other one; is He some teacher who sets forth a formal instruction?

Not so. "This race," that is to say, he who is born in this natural way, "is never taught, but when the time is ripe, its memory is restored by God." It is not therefore some new thing; it is not the becoming of something or other; it is a return to the same, we become what we have ever been. The dream is ended and we wake to life.

And so in one of the marvellous descriptions of initiation handed on in the Trismegistic sermons, in which the disciple is reborn, or born in Mind, he is all amazed that his "father" and initiator here below should remain there before him just as he ever was in his familiar form, while the efficacious rite is perfected by his means. The "father" of this "son" is the link, the channel of the Gnosis; the true initiation is performed by the Great Initiator, the Mind.

And that this is so may be learned from another sermon, in which a disciple of a higher grade is initiated without any intermediate link; by himself, alone as far as any physical presence of another is concerned, he is embraced by the Great Presence and instructed in the mystery.

The office of the "father" is to bring the "son" to union with himself, so that he may be born out of ignorance into Gnosis, born in Mind, his Highest Self, and so become Son of the Father indeed.

What is most striking in the whole of the tradition of the Mind-doctrine is its impersonal nature. In this it stands out in sharp contrast with the popular Christianity and other saving cults contemporary with it. It is true that the sermons are set

forth mostly in the form of instruction of teacher to pupil. We learn to love Hermes and Asclepius and Tat and Ammon, and become friends with all of them in turn; they seem to be living men, with well-marked characters. But they are not historical characters; they are types. There is an Ammon, a Tat, an Asclepius, and Hermes, in each one of us, and that is why we learn to love them. The "holy four" are in the shrine of our hearts; but transcending all, embracing all, is the Shepherd of all men, the Love Divine that through the lips of our Hermes teaches us, as Asclepius or Tat or Ammon, as we have ears to hear the words of power, or eyes to see the gnostic splendour of the teaching.

Nay, more than this; such instruction, beautiful and true as it may be, is not the highest teaching of the Mind. They who are born in Mind, are taught by Mind by every act and every thought and every sensation. The Mind eternally instructs the man through body, soul and mind; for now the man begins to know through all of these, for he is changing from the little mind and soul and body that he was to the Great Body and Great Soul and Mind of the Great Man. He no longer seeks a teacher, for all things teach him, or rather the One Teacher teaches him through all. All that there is transforms itself for him into the nature of the Gnosis of the Good.

No longer is he a hearer but the Hearer; for he has ears on all sides to hear the voice of Nature, Spouse of the Divine, in everything that breathes and all that seems to have no life—the simultaneous winter and the summer of the Lord.

No longer is he a seer, but the Seer; for he has eyes on all sides to see the beauty of the whole, and fairest things in foulest.

No longer is he a doer but the Doer; for all he does is consecrated to the Lord who dedicates Himself to acting in the man.

And so all of his senses and his energies are set on the Great Work of self-initiation in the Mysteries of God; his life becomes illumined by the glory of perpetual perfectioning, and he no longer thinks that he has ever been other than now he is. For memory is ever present with him, and the memory of the Mind is

of the nature of eternity, which transcends all time and sees all past and future and all present in the instant that endures for evermore.

And what does the Religion of the Mind teach us of God, the Universe and Man? It teaches us many things of great solemnity and joyous presage; but one thing especially it seems to teach, and that is the impossibility of human speech to tell the mystery. For every man is but a letter in the language of the Gods; so that all that a man may write, no matter how well stocked his mind may be with systems of the world or of theology, or of the science of the human state, no matter how exactly he may reproduce his thought and trick it forth in fairest human language—all that he can express is but a single letter of his Word. The Words of God are written with the purposed acts of men, and are not uttered by their spoken speech or penned with written words. The Words of God are spoken by the energies of Nature, and are not written on the surfaces of things; the surfaces of things are scribbled over with the false appearances that men project from their unknowing minds.

How then can men describe the universe, except by their inscribing of themselves upon the fields of space? To describe the universe as it is they must become the universe, and then they will describe themselves; and to describe themselves they will be able to discover no better way than that in which the universe gives utterance to itself. It speaks perpetually the Language of the Gods, the Universal Tongue, for it is God for ever giving utterance unto Himself.

The Tongue of the Eternal is the Mind of God. It is by Mind, the Reason of His self-subsistence, that He perpetually speaks forth all things.

Thus we learn that the Religion of the Mind is pre-eminently the Religion of the Logos, and throughout the whole of our Trismegistic tractates no name comes more frequently before us than the word Logos. For the Logos is the Word of God, not in the sense of a single Word, but the Word in the sense of the Universal Scripture of all worlds.

And so it is that Hermes is the Scribe of the Gods. Not that Hermes is one of the Gods who is a scribe for the rest, as

though they could not write themselves; but Hermes is the Logos of God, and the Words he writes are Gods.

We men are letters of our Word or our God; for man has the glorious destiny before him, nay, the actuality even now in his universal nature, of being a God, a Divine Being, of the nature of Gnosis and Joy and Subsistence. That Word has written itself many times in the world, now one letter and now another; it spells itself in many ways, in sequences of lives of men, and of other lives as well.

And time will be when each and every God-Word in its own proper turn will sound forth in all its glory, not letter by letter, but the whole Word simultaneously, on earth; and a Christ will be born and all Nature will rejoice, and the world of men will know or be ignorant according to the nature of the times and the manner of the utterance of the Word.

And here we may break off for a moment to return to the subject on another occasion.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE JOYOUS SHEPHERD

"MOTHER of Wisdom," said the novice, "I ask of thee no more than to give—according to the needs of others."

"You do well, child," made answer the Wise Woman, the Mother of all Tales. "And yet there is danger on that path. Search, and look for it!"

The novice mused; and the bees droned in the wild thyme, and circled about the Mother of all Tales, who appeared unto the novice as an aged woman of great stature, with bared feet, eyes of youth, and in her hand a willow withy.

"I see no danger, O Wise One," said the novice.

"Herein is danger, child. He who gives chooses his gifts, and the fashion of his giving. Also he judges his brother's needs, what they are, and oftener yet what they should be."

"O Mother, of a surety he must, if he would give wisely."

"Who, child, is wise?"

"Thou, O Mother of all Tales, art wise," said the novice humbly. "There is no other than thou who has wisdom."

"Then learn of me, child. I, who give nothing, but suffer all to take. Into me, He Whose Veil I am, pours all things whereof man can ever know, therefore in me there is free choice for all. Thus, receiving all, I answer all, and yield to them the balm they need."

"Thou hast shown me I err, thou Mother of all Tales. I have given that which was good in my eyes; and it was evil in his eyes whom I would have served. Now will I serve God only, or serve mayhap some mighty cause which shall aid the many."

"The temple of the many, child, is built, brick by brick, of the few. In my memory lives an aged man who served both rich and poor alike, all the sick, the sorrowful and the sinful of his city, and likewise the unlearned and the young. He was a man of great learning, and one, who knew his wisdom, asked him saying:

"'My father, thou knowest the secrets of the angels, and the Power of the Changeless, wherefore art thou, who doest and sustainest mighty works, so constant in thy patience with the vain children of men, and so humble in thy service of their trivial needs.'

"And the old man said:

"'Son, the mother who seeth the world of men, and the world of the Gods, and the world of the Power of the Changeless, yea! the Changeless Itself, in the small body of a span-long babe, is wise. The wisdom I gat by the road of the sage, she gat, though she understandeth not her wisdom nor can give account thereof, in the day she held in her arms her first born, and desired to know no other world, seeing therein all worlds. Wherefore my learning hath taught me this: to follow in her steps who loveth much.'

"His questioner marvelled, and the old sage said:

"'Man is judged by the Powers, my son, by his dealings with man; not by his dealings toward God. He who is false to his brother knows not to be true to his cause, nor yet to his

God, Who is the heart of both. For though he sing the praise of the Most High, and exalt mighty precepts in the hearing of men, he is judged by his love and charity to the beggar at his gate, and his faith with the brother to whom he hath sworn to be true.' "

The novice lay on the earth; and the scent of the wild thyme rose up about her, like incense. Far away a bird sang a wild song of joy.

"To hear his note," said the novice bitterly, "one would dream the world painless. At times, O Mother, the laughter of the children, of the young men and maidens smites on my heart as idle folly."

"And yet their laughter is an echo from the Heart of Truth, child. The secret of the Son of Man is the knowledge of pain; the secret of the Son of God is the knowledge of Joy. God in Himself is Joy; and God in Man is Pain; and beyond God and Man there is—Peace. Hearken, thou beloved child, who hast sought me in humbleness. I shall tell thee a tale—I who am Mother of all Tales.

"There was a sea-girt land, great and prosperous. The citizens were the most civilised of their race. Their laws were not framed for the infliction of chastisement on evil-doers. Sinful folk were placed under benevolent restraint, and helped according to their needs; some of the best, wisest, and most pious citizens devoted themselves to this work.

"Some miles from the mainland there was an island of great sanctity; only the king, the priests and the holy virgins who followed a religious life went there. They went once a year; and when they had prayed, and fasted, and purified their holy souls during seven days, a fire sprang up on a great stone altar on a headland by the sea. Then they received oracles, and once a vision was granted of the Angel of the Presence, who visited them in the Name and Power of the Supreme, Whom they worshipped under the symbol of His creature the Fire. An anchoress of great sanctity beheld in the Fire a vision of the Sacred Heart of God; it was filled with adoring souls of angels and men, and at the centre was the Angel of the Presence in the likeness of a man.

"There was in the city a young man of profligate life, who was a harmful example to the youth of the land. After a while the reformers took him in the name of the law; but he escaped one night, stole a boat, and put to sea, furiously cursing all reformers with his heart and his lips. He rowed like a madman; he grew spent and weary, and suffered much from thirst. At last one of his oars broke, and he drifted. He drifted during three days and two nights; on the third night he lay wearily in the bottom of his boat and wondered how soon he should die of thirst, hunger and exhaustion. By the faint light of a little moon he saw a dark headland loom against the great purple-blue sky; he heard the soft rush and song of waves upon a shore, and he knew his boat was drifting to some land. He knew of no inhabited land near; his only hope had been rescue by a ship; but he thought if he were cast on a desert place he should at least not die of thirst, for he might find springs of water; he might even find food—conies to snare, or sea-birds' nests to rob.

"In his heart he was tired of his evil life; he had learnt its unwisdom; and he was inwardly sick at heart with shame and bitterness of soul. Yet he feared death, and hoped to live; though his life was a dreary dream of angry shame, and remorse that he resented, so that he had thought of suicide. But it is possible so to think, and yet to fear death when it comes in natural guise; just as pain given by one's own hand is easier to face than pain given by another.

"A great smooth wave rose, caught his boat and laid it on the white sand. The sinner sprang out. He felt a strange power flow from the earth; terror seized him, for he was filled with dread lest he had been cast on the Holy Island. He was weak and hungry; fear flung him senseless to the ground.

"When he woke again it was as though from sleep; he was not on the shore, but inland. He could not perceive the sea; nor could he smell its scent, nor hear the lap of waves.

"He was in a great grass meadow, all about were fields; the curved hedgerows were touched with pale young green, and lit with blackthorn. The trees were a mist of many soft hues by reason of buds nigh to bursting with the green flame at their hearts.

"There was a little house, near a sheet of water set about with rushes, and guarded by two or three dark pines; the house was red, old and of strange device; about it was a hedge and high fences, newly whitewashed and glimmering brightly. It was like a house seen in a dream.

"The sinner lay there and watched the place and wondered why it was at once so strange and so homely. The strangeness lay in the air of peace and unreality; the house reminded him of the house of his birth; he felt as though he had returned to the very spot whence he started on his pilgrimage of shame and folly. He felt, though he never knew it before, that this had been and was the real need and inmost craving of his soul.

"In the meadow were flocks and herds; on a fallen tree hard by sat a young and joyous shepherd; in his left hand was a crook; in his belt was stuck a flute; at his feet lay a goat; a young lamb was nibbling a cake of bread which he loosely held in his right hand. The sinner remembered how he believed himself to have been cast on the Holy Island; he felt a thrill of joy because it was not so, but, on the contrary, a simple and homely place—a place where he was in truth at home, and felt the garment of his shame most light. He was glad to see the young shepherd, for his father had been a shepherd, and a singer of old songs.

"He stood up, and knew the power of the place to be a dream of hunger and weariness.

"'I thought I was on the shore,' he said.

"'You were. I brought you here.'

"'Thank you. When did you find me?'

"'I saw you land.'

"'I thought,' said the sinner, shuddering, 'that this was the Holy Island.'

"The shepherd laughed gaily:

"'I call it by no such name,' he said. 'It is the place where I watch my flock. Come to this house, and rest there. Eat my bread; drink of my cup. I have milk of my herds, and wine of the grapes of my vineyard.'

"They entered the house; it was very clean and poorly furnished; the sinner ate of the bread and the milk, and drank

the wine; then he lay on a narrow hard bed and slept soundly. He woke feeling peaceful and refreshed, and set the house in order.

"He was at ease and happy as the time went by; he was merry by reason of the mirth and joy of the young shepherd, which were great. He was full of jest and gentlehood; by reason of his youth and simplicity he did not try to guide the sinner aright, or to speak wisdom in his ears. In truth the sinner's need was less to remember to be righteous than to forget he had ever been otherwise. It was easy in a spot so like his old home; and in the company of the shepherd, who, being ignorant of his sins, could not reflect upon them. The shepherd seemed to be abundantly content with his lot.

"'Here we have all we need,' he said joyously. 'I take full measure, to my need; so also you may do. We choose, or even take without choice, and our needs are satisfied.'

"The young shepherd never slept in the cottage, and seldom entered it; but his guest found the store of milk, bread, and wine replenished daily. Sometimes the shepherd, saying, 'I must watch my flock,' was absent for days. The island seemed to be a very large one. Often when the sinner felt lonely the shepherd would come and talk with him; but sometimes he wandered away and left his guest to his free thoughts and actions.

"One day the sinner spoke again of his fear of the Holy Island, and told of the vision seen by the anchoress.

"'Perhaps if she had come here she would have seen the same vision,' said the joyous shepherd. 'Who knows? I think this meadow is as divine a pasturage as the place where the holy maid beheld her God as Fire.'

"'It is a strange place this,' said the sinner; 'stranger than at first I knew. But there is nothing to fear here. Do you never go to the mainland?'

"'No. I shall go one day, I believe. At present I have one in the land who is preparing for me.'

"'Does he live in the city?'

"'She lives now here, now there. A few feel her presence; fewer yet see her. But soon, I think, many will do so.'

"'I wonder whether I know her?'

" ' Not yet.'

" ' What is her name ? '

" ' She is called : " The Voice of the Faith to Come." '

" The sinner started ; he was filled with fear. But he saw only the quiet dream-meadow, the quaint dream-house, the cropping sheep, and the young joyous shepherd.

" ' That must be a nick-name,' he said.

" ' Very few people are called by their true names,' said the shepherd. ' It is well that none loses his true name ; so that it matters little what he is called.'

" He walked away over the fields, in a graver mood than was common with him. The sinner roved away, and climbed the higher ground that closed about the meadows. He looked down at the quiet pasturage and was bewildered ; for the cottage was not there. It was the place ; but the cottage was gone. He ran down the narrow lane that skirted the pasture ; when he entered the broad dream-meadow the cottage was again there— it was so like the house of his birth that he felt as though boyhood and innocence were his, blent with a certain subtle knowledge bred of experience. He went to the cottage and sat on the threshold as one in a dream. A wish, a hungry craving, grew up in his heart ; it grew so strong that he spoke it forth to the shepherd, instead of telling him the wonder of the glamour which had hidden the cottage from his eyes.

" ' I have been thinking,' he said. ' I wish with all my heart that this place was the Holy Island, and that I were fit to be there, even as fit as when I lived in a cottage like this.'

" ' Does your heart turn to this place you call the Holy Island ? ' " said the shepherd.

" ' It does. I do not know why.'

" ' Perhaps you are homesick ? ' said the joyous shepherd, smiling. He leaned on his crook ; his eyes rested on the sinner like those of a mother on her babe.

" ' Perhaps I am,' said the young man ; and he felt his eyes fill with tears.

" The shepherd sat on the earth and began to play his flute. The sinner looked at the broad sunlit meadow. All things there were as in other fields ; the trees were not rare, the house was

only a humble cottage of weather-beaten, mellowed bricks; but over all was a glamour of dreams, the power of a spell, a great wonder of unreality. It was a place of power; but the power slept; held in a measureless patience, it abided its appointed hour.

"That night the sinner could not sleep; he rose and went out, under the stars. He left the meadows and sought the shore. It was hard to find; but suddenly, after climbing some rough broken ground, he came upon a headland, a steep place by the sea. On the headland was a square stone altar; and as he looked, there rose from the altar a column of pure white light. The sinner grew stiff and cold with fear; he felt a human hand take his, and knew the young and joyous shepherd was beside him.

"'You have lived here many days and nights unscathed,' said he very gently and tenderly. 'Why are you afraid now? And you are not alone on the Holy Island, for I am with you.'

"'I thought no one could live here save the holiest of the priests and virgins,' said the sinner faintly.

"'Thus the priests and virgins believe and say. But you see I live here,—I who hold your hand. Let us walk towards the altar.'

"'I dare not,' gasped the sinner. 'You do not know. I fled from their prisons. I dare not; the fire would slay me.'

"'If it does—what then? You wished to be on Holy Island.'

"'And fit to be there. Ah! for the love of God let go my hand; and let me find my boat!'

"'You are free,' said the young shepherd patiently; and released him.

"He put his flute to his lips, and stray notes trembled softly through the darkness. The sinner, held, despite his terror, by his longing to remain, watched the light and shivered. The joyous shepherd began to walk slowly towards the altar; the sweet, mild notes of his calling flute floated behind him.

"The sinner knelt and watched him.

"'He is right,' he said to himself. 'I wished to be on Holy Island and fit to be there. What is a man save the thoughts

and desires of his heart? To that which the fire can kill—I bid good-bye.'

"He began to walk towards the altar; the young shepherd reached it, turned, and waited for him.

"The sinner drew near. His body shook; drops of sweat stood on his brow.

"The young shepherd was no longer at the altar foot; he was gone. Had the fire destroyed the joyous innocent watcher of the sheep? The sinner was alone.

"The light on the altar was like a great fountain of flame; as it leaped and curved, it was—on a sudden—fashioned into a Heart of Fire, white as sea-foam; around the whiteness played a many-coloured rainbow; and within the sacred Heart of the Fire was the Angel of the Presence in the likeness of the Joyous Shepherd."

* * * *

"Mother of Wisdom," whispered the novice, "I do not see by what means the joyous shepherd served the man."

"Child," said the Mother, "when the soul of angel or man is but a cup for the Wine of Life, such an one saith but this—to God: 'Fill me with Thyself, O Lord; Thou who containest all things'—and unto man: 'Drink of my Cup, and find therein the draught that most shall quench your thirst.'"

MICHAEL WOOD.

AND especially it (Democracy) destroys art, that reflection of life without which we cannot be said to live. For the artist is the rarest, the most choice of men. His senses, his perception, his intelligence have a natural and inborn fineness and distinction. He belongs to a class, a very small, a very exclusive one. No democracy has ever produced or understood art. The case of Athens is wrongly adduced; for Athens was an aristocracy under the influence of an aristocrat at the time the Parthenon was built. At all times art has been fostered by patrons, never by the people. How should they foster it? Instinctively they hate it, as they hate all superiorities.

G. LOWES DICKINSON, *A Modern Symposium*.

MR. BHAGAVÂN DÂS *VERSUS* HEGEL

As a rule we are not satisfied with a bare enunciation of our views. *Omnis determinatio est negatio*, and consequently, in order to bring our own views into relief, we like to present them in a more or less controversial manner. In this, however, it is clear that if we do not possess an intimate knowledge of the views which we have chosen for the background of our own, we are likely to gain prominence at the expense of others. Indeed, we may inadvertently even pose as superior to our betters, and thus appear presumptuous.

Such was the reflection which a perusal of Mr. Bhagavân Dâs' *Science of Peace* aroused in my mind. Had he chosen for his background only the numerous passages from the many Sanskrit works with which he undoubtedly must have an intimate acquaintance, or had he only confined himself to a discussion of German philosophy up to Fichte, I should have been struck with his work as a splendid preparation for the study of Hegel's philosophy. Indeed, it was with this view that I welcomed the offer of a friend to lend me *The Science of Peace*, the trend of which I anticipated on the ground of the April instalment of "The Story of a Hidden Book" in this REVIEW. Mr. Bhagavân Dâs has, however, included Hegel also in his background!

A thorough assimilation of Hegel's philosophy may be rightly said to be a matter of a life study; this knowledge I cannot claim, but I can claim to know enough to realise that Mr. Bhagavân Dâs has not grasped (if he has read it at all) even the Preface and Introduction to Hegel's magnum opus, *Die Wissenschaft der Logik*.

As I have not space enough at my disposal to attempt an elaborate criticism of *The Science of Peace*, I shall limit myself merely to a vindication of Hegel's beginning.

Mr. Bhagavân Dâs opines on p. 59 that "to talk of Being

and Nothing after Fichte has talked of Ego and Non-Ego is to take a regressive rather than a progressive step. Indeed, this may be said, in a sense, to be the greatest defect of Hegel's system. To speak in terms of 'pure universal notions,' of Being and Nothing, etc., instead of Self and Not-Self and their derivatives, to imply that 'spirit' (in the sense of Self) is subsequent to 'pure immaterial thought,' is to walk on head and hands instead of the feet. There may be a little progress made even in that way. But the tumbles are frequent, and the whole process is invested with an immense and most unnatural strain. Of course, it is clear that if we would deal with psychology and metaphysic we must introspect, we must look inwards, more or less, we must turn our eyes in a direction opposite to that in which we usually employ them in ordinary life. But Hegel insists that while we should so turn our head and eyes, we must keep our chests in the old position! This involves a twisting-round of the neck which is well-nigh impossible. Hence Hegel's preternatural difficulty."

It seems to me that a Theosophist who is familiar with the distinction between *rûpa* and *a-rûpa* thinking, and who moreover realises the paramount importance of perfect thought-control, ought to be able to avoid such a blunder as that involved in a comparison of Hegel's admirable exposition of the evolution of our mind to "a twisting-round of the neck which is well-nigh impossible."

Had Mr. Bhagavân Dâs studied only the Introduction to the *Logik*, he would have paused before asserting further on p. 62 that: "The general impression left by Hegel is that the Absolute is an idea which finds its gradual expression and manifestation and realisation in the things, the becomings, of the world-process; and that consequently there is a difference of nature between the idea and the things. But if there is any such difference, then the things fall outside of the idea and have to be explained, and the whole task begins again.

"Pure science," says Hegel in the said Introduction, "presupposes the liberation from the unreconciled dualism (*Gegensatz*) of the [ordinary] consciousness. It contains the thought in so far as this is just as much the thing-in-itself, or the thing-in-itself

in so far as it is just as much the pure thought. As a science, the truth is the pure developing self-consciousness, and has the form of the Self; [*i.e.*,] that what is *per se* is the known [self-conscious] notion, whilst the notion as such is in turn that which is *per se*. This objective thinking is, then, the content of the pure science. This is therefore, so far from being [only] formal, so far from lacking matter [required] for a real and true cognition, that it is on the contrary its content which alone is absolutely true, or if we still care to use the word 'matter,' is the true [subject-] matter,—a matter however to which the form is not external, as this matter is really pure thought, *i.e.*, the absolute form itself. The *Logik* is accordingly to be grasped as the system of pure reason, as the realm of pure thought. *This realm is the truth as it is* per se *unveiled* (*ohne Hülle*). It can be said therefore that this content is *the exposition of God as He is in His eternal essence before the creation of nature and a finite mind.*"

This makes it plain that Hegel put before himself no less a lofty aim than Mr. Bhagavân Dâs himself. Yet as he began his *Science of Logic* with pure Being instead of with "I," he is charged with a deviation from the straight path initiated by Fichte and presumably completed in *The Science of Peace*.

On p. 66 we read that: "Fichte, as said before, realised and stated that the Ego was the only true universal, perfectly unconditioned in matter as well as in form (in the technical language of German thinkers), about the certainty of which there was not possible any doubt. And from this universal he endeavoured to deduce the whole of the world-process. His deduction is usually summed up in three steps: Ego=Ego; Non-Ego is not=Ego; Ego in part=Non-Ego, and Non-Ego in part=Ego. . . . No known western thinker has improved upon this summary of the essential nature of the world-process."

And so, of course: "The man's noble and transparent personal life deserved too that he should see more closely and clearly the nobility and transparence of the truth. Hegel's life was also free from blame, and yet it does not seem to have been so selfless as Fichte's, and therefore he probably saw the truth under a slightly thicker veil" (p. 54).

"The probability, indeed, . . . is that Hegel's work

will come to take its proper place in the appreciation of true students as only an attempt at a filling and completion of the outlines traced out by the earnest, intense, noble and therefore truth-seeking spirit of Fichte" (pp. 69, 70).

Very well; let me now paraphrase freely what Hegel says about a beginning with "I" in the opening pages of the first book of his *Logik*, the doctrine of Being:

Philosophy must begin with something which is immediately certain. Now "I" appears as both certain and known in a higher sense than anything else. The fact is, however, that although the "I" is the *simple* certainty of one's Self, it yet is at the same time something concrete, indeed, the most concrete of all notions in so far as it implies the consciousness of an infinitely manifold world. Therefore, in order that it may become a fit starting-point of the system of pure reason, it must be first of all purified of its contents. But thereby it is necessarily reduced to the rank of ane mpty abstraction which ceases to be the immediate "I" familiar to the ordinary consciousness. Therefore the natural consequence of a beginning with "I" is an inclination to appeal to the standpoint of the ordinary consciousness for a corroboration or elucidation of the truths which are *remembered* in the course of *pure* thinking. Thus instead of a greater clearness of exposition we bring about an ambiguity of expression which occasions most ludicrous misunderstandings. Also the development of the science which begins with "I" shows that the object is there accorded a perennial determination of a *qualitatively* different *Another*, that consequently the "I" of the beginning does not reach the standpoint of pure science, but remains caught in the meshes of appearance.

Hegel probably refers here to Fichte's *Science of Knowledge*, but the allusion will apply equally well to *The Science of Peace*.[1] In fact Mr. Bhagavân Dâs fails to realise that in order to avoid "the well-nigh impossible twisting-round of the neck" involved in pure thinking, he simply postulates along with the pure "I" the whole body of the forms of thought which are used by

[1] Mr. Bhagavân Dâs objects to the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge; this, from his standpoint, is only a means to Peace, hence the title of this book.

the intellect, and that consequently all his interpretation of the world-process is a matter of external reflection.

Hegel is most anxious to bring home to his students, of whom I am proud to be one, that on approaching the system of pure reason, it is absolutely necessary to realise the consciousness of that Ignorance which is the beginning of Wisdom. Only he who truly and sincerely admits that in spite of all his scientific culture he knows that he knows nothing, can hope to cross the threshold of intellectual blindness to truth. In Theosophical parlance, it is only those who are ready for initiation into the purest esotericism that can truly enter into the spirit which dictated Hegel's *Logik*. He did not boast in saying that it is an exposition of God as He is in His essence. His students are naturally few; those who cannot as yet see with the eyes of the spirit naturally turn away. Alas, we yearn to find a Guru, we are thrilled with the thought of coming in touch with a Master of Wisdom,—yet how few are those amongst us who recognise him when we meet him! No doubt Mr. Bhagavân Dâs is a sincere truth-seeker, yet in justice to my great teacher I must rebuke him for his hastiness in criticising what he knows nothing of.

As indicated above, the very first condition of an entering on the study of the system of pure reason, is to lay aside all claim to positive knowledge so long as one does not understand the *raison d'être* of the current determinations of thought. It is held, for instance, that when two things are each equal to a third, they are also equal to one another. To ask why this should be so seems absurd. We cannot help believing it; it is a sheer necessity of thought. Such are the answers, accompanied with a shrug of the shoulders, which presumably dispose of the rational need of a logical enquiry into the evolution of our mind—into the nature of our Divine Being *par excellence*. The evolution of the animal body is an object of most careful study to thousands upon thousands, yet it ought to be remembered also that we are men because we *think*, and that our final goal is perfect Self-knowledge, which can be reached only by pure thought.

As Hegel points out in the said Introduction, ordinary logic presupposes that the material of cognition exists *per se* apart from thinking, as if the two were in the relation of two component

parts which constitute knowledge only by being combined in a mechanical, or at most chemical, manner. The scientist does not even suspect that thought is the "In-itself" of the object, whilst this in turn is credited with an independent existence apart from thought. "Such views about the relation between the subject and object express the determinations which constitute the nature of our ordinary apparent consciousness; but when these prejudices are carried over into the sphere of pure thought (*in die Vernunft*), as if the same relation obtained there, as if such a relation were true *per se*, they are the errors of which philosophy is a thorough-going correction throughout all the spheres of the spiritual and natural universe, or rather which, as they bar the entrance into philosophy, must be removed beforehand."

Hegel is further careful to point out that to wish to realise the nature of the Absolute before acquiring proficiency in pure thinking means to treat the Absolute as an external abstraction. This is exactly what Mr. Bhagavân Dâs is doing. Professing to begin with the pure "I," he immediately descends into the sphere of the ordinary consciousness. His first determination of the "I" is not a matter of pure thinking, but is an application of "the well-known and well-established law" that "all determination is negation" (p. 22), which he takes blindly for granted. Thus he arrives at once at the conclusion that *Ego is not Non-Ego*, which he proceeds to restate as "*Ego This Non* (est)," and, probably in order to impart to it some mystic force, to render into Sanskrit as "*Aham Etat Na.*" And now behold the stupendous secret of the Absolute securely locked in an irreproachable definition! Truly, how short-sighted was Mme. Blavatsky in postulating "an Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable *Principle*, on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human consciousness, and can only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude."

Also from Hegel's standpoint it is foolish to supply a cut-and-dried definition of the Absolute. This can embody itself only one-sidedly even though the embodiment be the totality of universes. His *Idea* is only a counter for the infinity of all possible definitions, or the same as Parabrahm. But what shall we call Mr. Bhagavân Dâs' daring in confining the nature of the

Absolute to the *so-called* law of identity in its negative form? Or does he, indeed, think that by dint of quibbling his logion can cease to be a mere law of contradiction? But, then, why ask questions like these on p. 104: "What objection can there be to the statement that 'I am Not I,' 'I am nothing else than I?' Is it not purely equivalent to the statement 'I am only I'? And if so where is the duality in it?"

Why, of course there is the duality in it! More, there is the tri-unity in it! There is the subject, predicate and copula in it! Has Mr. Bhagavân Dâs troubled to enquire what intrinsic value there is in the so-called law of identity or contradiction of ordinary logic before using it? Of course not. He takes it just as much for granted as "the well-known and well-established law" about the nature of determination. Yet "healthy common-sense," comments Hegel in his Preface to the second edition of the *Logik*, "had so far lost all respect before the school which continues to boast of such laws of truth that it came to pooh-pooh them, declaring as unbearable him who can speak truth only according to them, *e.g.*, a plant is a—plant, science is—science, and so on *ad infinitum*. Just so in regard to the formulas which set forth the rules of judgment which is in fact the chief task of the intellect—though it would be unjust to leave out of sight that there is a field in cognition where their import must be granted and at the same time that they are the essential material for pure thinking (*das Denken der Vernunft*)—there has developed a no less just consciousness that, to say the least, they are indifferent means of error and sophistry alike, and, however else the truth may be determined, are of no use in the sphere of the higher, *e.g.*, religious truth;—in short, that they concern only the correctness of cognitions, not truth."

In continuation of our remarks on the beginning with "I," our attention is further called to the fact that although the "I" *in itself* could be made the starting-point of the system of pure science, still as the object of the latter is to realise the nature of the "In-itself" by pure continuity of thought (which must begin with the simplest mental act), the pure "I" as a beginning would acquire even then the connotation of pure Being. Let the first notion imply ever so much; let us begin with God, the Absolute,

the Eternal, or whatever we choose to call it; the first determination of thought must be the simplest, for only thus can we avoid implying a definite progress made in knowing. True knowledge must be, so to speak, floated into on the current of the dialectic movement (which is known also under the name of the Great Breath, and which is Hegel's only initiator into Truth). Therefore, all that any notion with which we choose to begin contains beyond pure Being is at first only an empty word, or the pure Being itself; this alone is consequently the *necessary* beginning of philosophy. "This insight," concludes Hegel, "is itself so simple that this beginning as such requires no preparation nor any further introduction, and this preliminary *raisonnement* concerning it could not have the object of leading up to it, but rather of disposing [of the rational need] of all preliminaries."

The externality of Mr. Bhagavân Dâs' interpretation of the world-process could be found on every page of his book; I will, however, give only one more evidence of his inadequate capacity for pure thinking. On p. 43 he asks: "Why so much evil and misery instead of happiness in the course of manifestation? And what, after all, is the duality? Are there two, or are there not two? If two, and there must be two if there is interplay, as there self-evidently is, nothing has really been explained. Prove that one of the two is naught, is nothing, and then you will have said something!"

Well, as he does not bring to his consciousness that *identity* implies *severality*, he first of all *proves* that "one of the two" is naught on the strength of the so-called law of identity. But the interplay which "there self-evidently is" argues the two in spite of his logion, consequently it must be argued away somehow or other. For Mr. Bhagavân Dâs pines "all along for changelessness, for rest and peace amidst this fearful turmoil. Hegel gives us an endlessness of change" (p. 63). To do away, then, with the "pseudo-infinity" of the devil of universal commotion (what about Karma?), he simply views the opposites in the relation of the mathematical *plus* and *minus*, when, of course, in consequence of their cancelling each other, they "leave behind a cipher, as equal credit and debit in a banker's account may do" (p. 316). Under such circumstances we understand perfectly that the *One*

has no need of a book-keeper; the balancing of the opposites is only *our own* illusion. In truth, it yields a mere cipher! But, then, are we *outside* of the One? And further, is it proper to imply that the Absolute is *one?*

As a comment on Mr. Bhagavân Dâs' opinion that Hegel's discourse involves "a twisting-round of the neck," let me conclude with a free rendering of the thought embodied in the last paragraph but one of the Preface to the second edition of the *Logik:*

Inasmuch as pure science traces the unfolding of the thinking capacity, the proper task of its exposition is to register mental activity in its *statu nascendi.* Strictly speaking, then, the discourse ought to ignore the contents of our full-grown mind; our whole attention ought to be riveted on the process of awakening from the blankness at the beginning to a complete exclusion of any *ready-made* determination of thought. However, such an abstract perfection of the discourse would be most trying to the student of the *Logik;* for as the rudimentary mind is as yet incapable of the forms of statement, it could only disconnectedly enumerate the premises, middle terms and conclusions of the successive mental cycles. That which matters most, the nature of the dialectic movement, would have to be passed over in silence. In order to embody this in the discourse, we have to borrow the language of the full-grown mind even before we understand its genesis. But in doing this we give rise to the *raison d'être* of seemingly irrelevant reflections, the object of which is to remove the obstacles which the *resuscitant* full-grown mind is liable to throw in the way of pure continuity of thought. Still, it cannot be the main business of the discourse to exhaust absolutely *all* objections which are likely to occur to the intellectual consciousness against the conclusions of pure thinking, for an assimilation of the whole course of pure Logic implies *per se* full freedom from all blind beliefs. Consequently only those objections need be taken notice of at any particular point of the development which are logically pertinent thereto. Now, it is natural that the objections should be the loudest against the very first pure conclusion.

Says Mr. Bhagavân Dâs on p. 61: "The general impression

is that Hegel began with a violent *petitio principii* when he assumed that Being and Nothing, though opposite, are the same, and so took for granted the very reconciliation of opposites which it was his business to prove. After assuming that the two most opposed of all opposites are identical with each other, it is truly easy to reconcile all other opposites that may come up for treatment later."

How Hegel himself would have characterised such an objection will become manifest later. In the meantime let me point out that every proof rests ultimately in a *necessity* of thought. Let us see, then, whether we can avoid that conclusion which Mr. Bhagavân Dâs characterises as "a violent *petitio principii*."

No sooner do we frame the notion of pure Being than we are impelled through the nature of the dialectic movement to ask: What is it? But it is in vain that we seek for some characteristic feature of its content. Indeed, as it is the record of the very first mental act, its only characteristic feature must be complete absence of all definable content. But so it implies as yet *Nothing*. If we make every possible effort to define it, yet we only convince ourselves that it *is* the same vacuity of all contents as Nothing.

In thinking carefully why this self-sameness of pure Being and Nothing seems doubtful, we find that it is usually *unconsciously* inferred that the said self-sameness does away with the difference between the *existence* of an *object* and its non-being. In having to justify our disinclination to accept it as a truth, we should be likely to point out that it evidently is *not* the same whether a *thing exists* or not. But is *pure* Being a thing? Have we not been obliged to purify our "I" of its contents before we could frame it? We must keep in mind that the premises of pure thinking are not conceptions, but pure notions. Pure Being is not something tangible or visible, but is only thinkable. And as it is the least that mind can attempt to think, it can be thought in exactly the same way as Nothing. Thus the two are thought in one in spite of their seeming oppositeness.

Now it is precisely with such a reduction of the pure notions to conceptions that Hegel had continuously to contend all

through his most meritorious career as a teacher of philosophy. No wonder, then, that at last (the said Preface was written in the last year of his life, 1831) he bluntly charged his intellectual critics with *stupidity* (*Albernheit*). In fact, those who elevate some "well-known and well-established" platitude to the rank of a supreme criterion of truth fail to realise that the task of pure thinking is precisely to find out the intrinsic value of the most well-known *so-called* laws of thought; that before acquiring proficiency in pure Logic their standpoint must needs be that of a *blind* belief. But, as Hegel says, a plastic discourse can appeal only where there is an equally plastic capacity for reception; and, alas, as a rule we encounter only the impatient rush of unregulated criticism in the name of some fixed idea—some cherished idol.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

MATTER, PLANES AND STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The following article from the pen of one of our thoughtful members across the Channel, which appeared in the pages of La Voie *for January last, struck me as so suggestive, and so likely to be useful to students in the Theosophical Society, that I asked the author's permission to translate it for the pages of the* REVIEW. *This permission was most courteously accorded and I now leave the author to speak for himself, my own* rôle *being simply that of translator.—B. K.*

I.—*Every perceived object is motion; every perception is the result of change of motion.*

II.—*For motion the mind postulates something which moves; it terms this "something which moves"* matter.

III.—*For changes of motion, the mind postulates a cause; it names this cause* force.

Of these three notions—motion, matter and force—the first alone can be regarded as an objective reality; the two others are

pure abstractions. As there is no such thing as a sense-impression which does not originate in some motion transmitted to a vibratory centre, it follows that the manifold aspects of the objective world—*manifestation* in its entirety—all that exists and everything to which the imagination can ascribe the notions of form and of quality—all this is motion, and our conception of the universe might limit itself to this.

But *because* we are unable to conceive of motion without something that moves, we imagine "something" which exists *per se* and of which the condition, characterised by an attribute which shall not be a form of motion, remains constant and invariable whatever may be the conditions of velocity or position through which it passes. This "something" is what we call matter, the material element; and its unique attribute is *inertia*—a word which has no other meaning than that of a pure and simple negation, *viz.*, the negation of any and every common element by which the state *motion* and the state *matter* could, by reacting one upon the other, mutually modify each other.[1]

On the other hand, everything changes, everything is being modified incessantly, and our perceptions, based upon the notion of differences, exist only in virtue of these changes. We have here effects for which the mind postulates a cause. Now the mind cannot find this cause in the idea of *motion*, since motion is precisely the very thing which is modified; for since it is acted upon by the cause, motion cannot itself be the active agent. Nor does the mind find this cause in the notion *matter*, because, by definition, the material element is inert, that is, incapable of acting upon motion. Being thus unable to deduce this cause from the preceding notions, the mind creates it—as it has already created the material element—and calls it *force*.

Thus, behind this concrete resultant—motion manifested as object of sensation—the mind perceives two abstract components which it terms matter and force. Note this carefully: however irreducible the one into the other these two notions may be, they do not constitute two distinct unities, but, on the contrary, an inseparable duality, inseparable because inseparably linked to a

[1] In other words, the attribute "inertia" denies the existence of any factor common both to "matter" and to "motion." (*Translator's note.*)

common unity—motion—which serves as the objective basis for their conception. One can represent them as the two poles + and −, the two aspects active-passive of one single thing in itself unmanifested, but of which what to us appears as motion would be the reflection on the plane of manifestation—force, which rules motion, being the active aspect, the + pole; matter, which undergoes movement, being the passive aspect, the − pole.

Both the one and the other are constant, rigorously unchangeable. For the material element, this follows immediately from its definition; and the same is true with regard to force, for it could only be modified by a cause foreign to itself, and it is, by definition, the cause of all change. Thus the principle with two aspects, the modern bi-axiom, conservation of energy and conservation of matter, reduces itself to a mere tautology when applied to the material substratum and to abstract force; it is, moreover, only rigorously true in that case, to the exclusion of every application bearing upon one or other of the two classes of objects of perception to which are given the respective names of *energy* and *ponderable matter*.

What is energy and what is ponderable matter, so-called? We would remark first that this last term is perfectly self-contradictory; in so far as one admits—as hitherto there has always been a pretence of admitting—the mutual irreducibility of the two notions force and matter. For this implies that matter cannot possibly be, *in itself*, ponderable, seeing that weight is the result of a force, is expressed in terms of force units, and hence without invalidating the fundamental distinction between force and matter, cannot possibly be ascribed as an attribute of matter.

As a matter of fact, a "material body," such as a piece of copper, is no more *matter* than an imponderable agent, such as heat or electricity, is *force*. They are two complex *forms* of one and the same unique whole, which is the duality force-matter, just as much necessarily present in what we call energy as in what we call matter. It is this which explains the origin of the antinomy to which I have just been calling attention; for if the matter of the physicist or the chemist happens to be—in a manner somewhat upsetting to one's reason—characterised by an

attribute *force*, that is the result of the gratuitous adaptation of an abstract notion—the inert substratum, postulated as the condition for the possibility of motion—to concrete objects. The mind is free to create metaphysical entities; but it is not an autocrat that can impose them on nature by identifying them *à priori* with objects of perception; and when the physicist looks for matter where his imagination has placed it, what does he find? Force, or at least precisely what in his mind is bound up with the idea of force in opposition to the idea of matter. How, indeed, let us ask, does matter make its appearance in mechanics and in physics? By the notion of *mass;* and how is mass itself qualitatively described? In terms of gravitation, which is essentially a force. And there appears to be no other description possible; *matter (as such) cannot be measured*—quantitively matter *has no existence.* Nor does it exist qualitatively either, since every quality is motion.

And yet, there lies at the root of this distinction which our consciousness establishes between the form *energy* and the form *matter* something real, a fundamental element of differentiation which ought most probably to reappear throughout the whole scale of states of consciousness. We shall find this criterion in *the possibility or impossibility of conceiving a given object*[1] *as the "something that moves" or substratum of a motion.* If this possibility exists we place the object in the category *matter*, it is a *body*, ponderable or not; in the opposite case, it falls under the category *energy*.

We have here a rational distinction, since it connects itself with the general conception of matter as we have defined it above. That idea is wholly and completely contained in the necessity of providing for motion—the concrete form of all manifestation—a "something that moves." It is true that we nowhere find this ideal "something," because it possesses none of the qualities which could render it perceptible to our senses; but nature offers us a whole class of perceptions, the various forms of which are susceptible of being considered in a state of *relative* rest or *relative* motion, and they thus share in the fundamental

[1] I mean by "object" everything that can be perceived by our senses; just as much a mode of energy, such as heat, as a ponderable or tangible body.

character of our metaphysical substratum. And that is enough to enable the abstract idea of matter to attach itself to these forms, to embody itself in them, so to say; and they are, from this point of view, really *matter* in relation to the motion which makes, or would make, them pass from one position to another *without modifying their initial state.*

On the other hand, in so far as they are *forms perceived*, they are *motion*, and the substratum of this motion is the atoms, whose closed paths determine the apparent contour of these perceived forms; finally, these very atoms, matter in relation to these forms, are themselves motion regarded as atomic forms qualified by certain physico-chemical characteristics, motion in relation to a still less complex substratum—and so on; *each form manifesting either the passive aspect (matter) or the active aspect (energy) according to the level from which it is looked at in the scale of phenomena.* Thus, the notions of energy and of matter, conceived as absolute by our mind, reveal themselves as relative in the order of manifested things.

Such is, it seems to us, the fundamental datum, not alone in the restricted domain where scientific deductions actually permit us to penetrate, but beyond, yet farther throughout the whole expanse, comparatively infinite, of the hyper-physical planes and states which Eastern philosophy opens to our speculations. Everywhere, in fact, we shall meet again and again this question of a relative aspect, conditioned by the point of view at which one places oneself. Now this *point of view*, in its most general acceptation, constitutes what we call *a state of consciousness*, and the field which it embraces, the expanse it discovers, we call a *plane*. It is with this dual notion, plane and state of consciousness, that we are now about to concern ourselves, for what has been said above has no other purpose than to serve as an introduction to this study.

I have just defined a *plane* as being the field of perception open before a state of consciousness; but what is a state of consciousness?

Consciousness in itself, total, integral consciousness, we conceive of as being one and infinite; but in that condition it is essentially potential, non-manifested, not active in the sense we

attach to that word. Just as light only becomes visible to us by means of luminous objects, so consciousness manifests only by, or through, a material organism; being conditioned by that organism, it is henceforward subject to its limitations, and by that very fact comes to share in its material nature. It thenceforward appears to us no longer as the absolute consciousness, but as a state of consciousness; which thus means consciousness conditioned by a state of matter.

Now, as regards this state of matter, what is its origin, the origin of that differentiation to which it owes the characteristics that constitute its very being? It conditions consciousness; but what conditions it, itself? A state of motion? Admitted; but the question is only carried back from the word matter to the word motion.

To this, the Hindu philosopher would reply: All that is owes its being to one and the same principle, which is the One Life spread throughout the Universe—and every form is moulded by that life. And if we ask him what, in relation to this absolute principle, is that other absolute principle which we have called integral consciousness, he will answer that these are simply two names for one and the same thing.

But are we not revolving in a vicious circle? We first of all admitted that consciousness was conditioned by matter; we then find that matter is conditioned by life, and finally that life and consciousness are identical. . . . But, on the other hand, let us recall what preceded. Did we not find ourselves up against a difficulty of the same order when, in postulating for motion a "something that moves," we could only describe this "something" as *motion itself?* And how did we remove this difficulty? *By recognising that we must not look for the criterion of differentiation in the absolute, but in the relative, as this criterion is to be found in a consideration of* degree *and not of* nature. The case is the same here; the *petitio principii* which has just been pointed out originates in the fact that we had put in contrast, in presence of one another, concepts that were absolute and hence irreducible. We must return upon our steps and consider that, *just as what appears as matter in relation to certain possibilities of motion is at the same time motion in relation to a lower state of*

matter (lower, because less complex; less material, because more subtle); *so too what appears as life in relation to certain possibilities of consciousness is at the same time consciousness in relation to a lower state of life.* Doing this, we shall understand that *every state of consciousness can find in a lower state, which is life-matter in relation to it, its basis of manifestation, exactly as every motion finds in another motion the necessary substratum for its manifestation.*

I believe this conception to be strictly in accordance with the theosophic data which show us the one life-consciousness as manifested on all rungs of the ladder, not only down to the utmost limits of the lower kingdoms, but even in the atom itself. Hence it follows necessarily that every material substratum capable of conditioning a form of consciousness is itself a relatively lower form of consciousness.

For instance, thought is conditioned on the physical plane by the brain-cells, but these themselves represent consciousness, relatively to a less elevated condition of life. We thus find again, and shall continue to find everywhere, the expression of that general law according to which the aspects are differentiated, not in their absolute nature, but only by degrees in their order of manifestation. We can form for ourselves a concrete notion of this idea with the help of the following simile. Let us consider a chain formed of links all *identically alike;* each of them is *dead weight,* that is to say *matter* in relation to the links above it, and it is at the same time *force* in relation to the links below it. The force-aspect predominates to the greatest extent in the uppermost link, which supports all the others, and the matter-aspect in the lowest link.

It is thus that are echelonned, according to imperceptible gradation, the successive states of force-matter, which under the general name of planes form the warp of the universe—that of the *bodies,* which are the forms woven on that warp, and that of the states of consciousness which express themselves through those bodies; these three categories, *planes, bodies, and states of consciousness,* being capable of representation by three sections of the one chain according to which the whole totality of manifestation unrolls itself.

These abstract ideas will become more easily accessible if

we can manage to get into the form of an image the process according to which we may imagine that these successive states are linked together, and follow one from another, manifesting aspects approaching nearer and nearer to the concept of Matter, and further and further removed from the concept Spirit. Now, there is a process of symbolic representation, the principle of which was sketched in a little volume entitled *The Esoteric Philosophy of India.*[1]

To help us to understand how the First Cause, the Unmanifested, produces all things without being itself changed, the author makes use of the following simile: "Let us consider," he says, "a bit of glowing charcoal attached to an iron wire and rotating rapidly. We shall see a circle. This circle exists in our consciousness; it is produced by the bit of charcoal without the latter having undergone the smallest change in itself. The charcoal produces a circle, but remains itself a point. . . . Now take this first circle as unity (that is as the 'something which moves') and make it revolve about a new centre. You will obtain a new and more complex figure, entirely due to this one bit of charcoal." And so on further, "little by little," he adds, "with this one bit of charcoal you will fill infinite space. The cosmic process is analogous to this, though no comparison can render it really conceivable."

We must not look for anything more in this analogy than a simile, but a simile which is extremely suggestive, and we shall see shortly the use that can be made of it in the study we are engaged upon.

To simplify matters it is preferable, while keeping to the principle, to put it in a more elementary form. We shall start as before from the geometrical point; but instead of supposing it to describe a circle, we will make it vibrate so as to generate a straight line, or rather the segment of a straight line. In the second place, this segment, taken as the "something that moves," and vibrating in a direction perpendicular to its length, will describe a plane surface, a rectangle; finally, this rectangle, vibrating in its turn in a direction perpendicular to its own plane, will describe a solid, the rectangular parallelopipedon.

[1] By J. C. Chatterji, published by Bailly, Paris, in French.

In this manner we shall be able to embrace three stages of differentiation, whence proceed three forms or states of space: the straight line, the plane, and the solid; and it is these forms which we shall take as representatives of three states of matter or three states of consciousness, corresponding to three great planes of the universe. Our notion of dimensions, reduced to three states only, will not permit us to go farther; but the elements we dispose of will be enough to permit us to bring out into clear light the majority of the principal points enunciated in theosophical works.

Let us see first how this method of representation applies to the general notions which have just been expounded. The generation of forms by a process of this nature can be conceived without difficulty. The point, which has neither dimensions nor form, contains in itself the potentiality of every form; in the world of geometry it does not appear as *manifested*, in the strict sense of that term, but all manifestation proceeds from it.

Everywhere and in all cases identical with itself, it is essentially *one;* two straight lines may differ in length, two rectangles in length and breadth, two parallelopipedons in length, breadth and heighth, but there is no element which can differentiate one point from another point. One, not itself manifested but root of all manifestation in the special world to which it belongs: such are the characteristics which make of the point a remarkably apt symbol of the Hindu Mûlaprakṛiti.

To this principle, unique in essence, there is joined a second principle, namely motion, here corresponding to Puruṣha; and from this beginning onwards all things will partake of these two principles; all things will be at one and the same time matter and motion. The first manifested element will be symbolised by the straight line; in relation to the point whose motion describes it, the straight line is motion; in so far as it is a manifested form, permanent and capable of being displaced in space without being modified by that displacement, it is matter (let us recall here the definition given above of matter).

It is in virtue of this that it appears in the next stage, wherein the vibration of the straight line generates the rectangle; similarly, the rectangle will be motion in respect to the straight

line and matter, the "something that moves," in respect to the solid. We have already pointed out this double character as *necessarily* inseparable from every manifested thing the nature of which, referred to the two terms of the abstract duality matter-energy, is, as we have said, essentially *relative*. Our symbolical representation renders this relativity obvious in the simplest way in the world; it is, I repeat, only an illustration, but one very adequate to its purpose.

Let us be more precise. Every form considered in its static condition, straight line, plane, solid, will correspond for us to the notion of matter on a given plane; it will be the typical matter of that plane, its characteristic condition. The straight line, for instance, will represent the material element of the mental plane; the rectangle that of the astral plane; the parallelopipedon, that of the physical plane—it must not, however, be forgotten that these are purely conventional representations, altogether arbitrary. The ideas of energy, for the inorganic world, and of life, for organic forms, correspond here to vibratory motion; it is the principle which creates the forms and maintains them, the motion of the point in the case of the straight line, the motion of the straight line in that of the rectangle, the motion of the rectangle in that of the parallelopipedon.

And, let us take note of it, just as the life is *one* in all the forms it generates, so too, here, one single mode of vibration is sufficient to enable us to conceive the successive generation of our three typical forms; this mode is vibratory motion in a straight line, rectilinear motion. By assuming the point as that which moves, we obtain the straight line; by taking the straight line, we get the rectangle; by taking the rectangle, we get the parallelopipedon. The principle remains the same, the supposed substratum alone changes. We can conceive that it is by an analogous process that energy differentiates itself, and life specialises itself; one term of the differentiation is what we call in physics, energy in general; that is the unique cause, postulated but imperceptible, unmanifested, of all the various modes of energy known by the names of heat, light, electric current, etc. This particular form of a more general principle, which would be the cosmic energy, belongs properly to the physical plane; it

forms one of its two characteristics, the other of which is a definite material form (the physical atom). In our symbolism, the material form would correspond to the solid (parallelopipedon); the abstract energy, the basis of our modes, would correspond to the motion of the rectangle.

Before going further, let us examine rather more closely this last conception, so as to see whether in regard to it we have not transgressed the limits allowed to a convention. By the motion of the rectangle considered as the substratum of physical energy, we must understand: motion of a material form not perceptible to any physical sense, whatever may be the degree of sensitiveness of that sense or of the instruments by which it may be supplemented. In other terms, we are concerned with an object lying outside the field of consciousness of physical man.

Our symbol is valid in the sense that, for the state of consciousness conditioned by the three dimensions of the physical plane, the rectangle, as absolute superficies, extension reduced to two dimensions, has no existence. Our abstract intelligence conceives the plane as the limit of a solid, one of whose three dimensions shall diminish until it vanishes; but this limit is outside every possibility of perception; the plane as an object has no existence; for us it is a pure concept. It is from this point of view that we are entitled to ascribe to it, in our system, the place of the invisible, imponderable, intangible element which we conceive as the substratum of energy. But it must not be inferred from this that we ascribe, even hypothetically, two dimensions only to the matter of the astral plane; we have in view exclusively a method of symbolical representation, devoid of any objective reality.

HADRIEN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BELOVED and most beautiful, who wearest
The shadow of that Soul by which I live.

Prometheus Unbound.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

The Hippolytus of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray. Court Th eatre.

Aphrodite against Artemis. T. Sturge-Moore. Literary Theatre Club.

Pan and the Young Shepherd. Maurice Hewlett. Court Theatre.

De Flagello Myrteo. Thoughts and Fancies on Love. Anon. (Dr. Richard Garnett).

STRETCHED by the Immortals on the vast plains of Realisation, bounded on the one side by the radiant hills of Hope and the slippery slopes of Destiny, and on the other by the fertile valleys of Remembrance, and the deep rippleless pool of Oblivion, is the Screen of Life.

So sensitive is this magic screen that the happiness from all the realms of Life and Thought and Feeling, as they pass on their way to the valley or the pool, leave some trace of themselves thereon, an image, a shadow, a blur, or at the very least some evanescent tinge of green or grey. Well-nigh unfathomable are some of these impressions when made, so little do they respond to men's notions of the substance; the proportions unbalanced, the values wrong, the outline unrecognisable. The unrelieved blackness of dire calamity when cast on the screen, presently shows little tender iridescent gleams; while many an imposing monument of human conceit, as though transferred by some wicked sprite, appears on the Screen so travestied, that it is greeted by shouts of derision. Truly it avails little to pass before the Screen of Time in splendid array, to outward seeming glorious and faultless.

Think not, gentle friends, I have a mind to picture for you the shapes on the Screen. Go see for yourselves.

Is the mission of the brilliant art-critic, then, merely to present his word-picture as a substitute for the painter's canvas, in order to save suffering humanity the ordeal of a visit to the picture-galleries?

And what of the hospitable doors of Burlington House, even now at their widest, and the rustling throng paying and receiving homage in the forefront of the line? Nay, but the subtlety of the critic lies heavy in the scale.

I, moreover, am no member of the Brotherhood of Critics. I do but stand by and muse among the laughter and tears, snatching all the joy that comes in my way.

Besides, the critic is really a person of very exalted dignity and unusual attainments. His is a life of self-sacrifice; he is like the botanist, who may not enjoy the scent and the loveliness of a flower, but is constrained to pull it to pieces in order to study its anatomy under the magnifying glass.

He has a well-furnished armoury full of suitable darts: scorn, satire, ridicule, and bowls of deadly venom, sufficient to annihilate every unwholesome, sickly fungus that chokes the growth of Art and true worth. Although he chiefly finds his delight in knocking down with ruthless hand the patiently erected house of cards, in order to demonstrate the insecurity of its foundations, yet sometimes, turning from the contemplation of such ruin as he has brought about, he gathers up the scattered materials and puts them together with such consummate art that on the Screen the image of the first building soon fades away into the Pool of Oblivion, while the second remains.

This has ever been held to be the more excellent way, but who can tell whether the newer spectacle but now inaugurated by a section of the Brotherhood be not better and infinitely more diverting?

Having hurled his dart at the offending object, the critic straightway dons his most invulnerable armour and makes him ready to repel the attacks, not of his victims, nor of the people, but of his brother-critics turned Knights; and while the Brotherhood tear each other's garments to pieces in a mock tournament, the people look on with splitting sides, deeming the tilting of criticism against criticism vastly more entertaining than the finest British play.

Much of this coil has been caused, not by the building or pulling down of houses, but by the troubles of keeping order therein. Mortals ever did show a greater fondness for setting the houses of friends and neighbours to rights rather than their own; it is so easy then to make a bonfire of what stands in the way of peace and happiness and so restore order.

A descent from Olympus of Aphrodite, Eros, Artemis, Pan an

others of the mighty Gods was also the occasion of a tourney among the Brotherhood, as has ever been the case from the beginning of time, or at least since Paris delivered his famous judgment: Aphrodite is ever throwing among men her Apples of Discord, and even so now.

In the "Hippolytus" of the immortal Euripides, which has remained with brilliancy undimmed on the Screen of Time for many hundred years, the most popular of goddesses is sorely discomfited by the chaste Artemis, but in "Aphrodite against Artemis," she has her revenge at the expense of Phaedra's fair name, and perhaps of her own. The Brotherhood, being over anxious to pre-determine the enduring qualities of this mortal's web on the Screen, fell foul of one another, and great was the clash of swords and the splintering of lances.

Intoxicated with this triumph, the goddess must needs court the admiration of the masses in the Halls, contesting the palm of beauty with a Gibson girl, and exhibiting herself as London's idol "La Milo."

But, let us pass out from this overheated, heavily scented atmosphere, and snatch a deep breath of the pure, invigorating air from the forests in which we find "Pan and the Young Shepherd," and "his dumb-stricken love a glae." Let us feel the wind that buffeted Neanias, let it stir our hearts, so that we too shout with the young shepherd, "World! World! I am coming."

Every man has within him just such a mountain side as Neanias has stood on to gaze at the world, and the sight of Nature's green pageant in the London squares in May, all wrapt about in the grey mystery of evening, is more than enough to force the cry from us and to show us that the vigour and the joy and the willing labour the world needs are still within us, ay, and the Love. At such times we shall fortify our hearts with the remembrance of the legacy of the poet-thinker, whose task was recently done,—the World asked of him and he gave freely. He too was familar with Eros, Aphrodite and Artemis and with their dealings with mortals, and sets us pondering on the deep truths of Life.

From this collection of suggestive epigrams, we might choose as a commentary on the episode of Aphrodite against Artemis, these words: "The alchemists strive to make gold out of base metals and there are those who would make Love out of sensuality and self-interest."

A word of wisdom from our poet comes not amiss to restrain those who would wish to see Love or Passion break down the barriers of Convention. "Were Love exempt from the limitations of Necessity, he were greater than God and the world."

And again: "The Love that transcends Convention is as Perseus delivering Andromeda; but the Love that merely defies it is as Don Quixote freeing the Galley-slaves."

D. N. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

Under the Fig-Tree

To the Editor of the Theosophical Review

Sir,

The very illuminating note on the Bo-tree, reproduced on p. 200 of the Theosophical Review for May, brings confirmation of an idea I have often had with regard to a passage in the *Gospel according to St. John*, on which the ordinary commentators throw little if any light. Indeed, they appear to give it up as an insoluble enigma. It has always appeared to me that the words addressed to Nathanael (*John*, i. 48): "When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee"—referred to some special attempt on Nathanael's part to obtain illumination by meditation or what the Easterns would call Yoga, at a time when he believed that he was quite unobserved.

I am aware that there is an esoteric meaning to the word "fig," which is suggested by the shape of that fruit, and the manner in which the seeds are contained in it; but the explanation appears to me to be even simpler when we remember that the Bo-tree is a species of *ficus*. And we might therefore read, in the light of the extract quoted: "When thou wast under the Bo-tree, I saw thee."

We might even assume, either that the fig-tree was chosen for meditation as being the nearest Palestinian representative of the Indian tree, or that the whole story is taken from an Eastern source, as is said to have been the case with other incidents ascribed to the Central Figure of the Gospels. I may add that I have frequently noticed that trees figure in stories of sudden and unwonted psychic

experiences, and I have myself felt, when passing special trees, or clumps of trees, that there was a presence among them which I could not define.

STUDENT.

REINCARNATION IN "JOB"?

DEAR MR. MEAD,

It is a long time since I heard of you, and now I am going to trouble you about a point in your interesting article on "Reincarnation in Christian Tradition," in last month's number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, *i.e.*, about a passage you cite from *Job*.

This Book has always been an interesting study to me, so interesting that it caused me to make some twenty-five to thirty years ago a laborious translation with extensive notes, on the language principally, which show that xxxi.-xxxvii. are a much later interpolation —as indeed is clear enough from their whole tenour. You no doubt know that Aben Esra expressly declares that *Job* is not an original Hebrew work, but a translation. He does not say what was the original language, but it was clearly Semitic and probably Mesopotamian. Two Assyrian words at least occur.

Now as to the particular passage in *Job* (xxxviii. 21). The English[1] is so bad as to be quite misleading, to say nothing of the blunders in scholarship.

1. There is no "it," and if any word should be supplied (which is not necessary), it should be "this," *i.e.*, "what follows."

2. *Kī* does not mean "because," but "that ' followed by the verb future.

3. The verb *ti'wālēd* is future Niphal, *i.e.*, fut. perfect passive, and can only mean "that—thou wouldest *then* be born"; for:

4. *Aaz* ("then") is connected with the following verb by the transitive accent (as I call it).

5. In the second clause, only *ū* ("and," "or") occurs, whereas E.V. is as if *kī* were repeated, which gives the translator an opportunity of repeating his blunder.

The Vulgate is very correct, except that it wrongly connects *aaz* with the preceding verb, showing that they used an unpointed text.

(Gesenius indeed says that the vowels and points are as late as the VIIth century, and were unknown to the Talmud and Jerome.)

[1] "Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great?"

The sentence is interrogative, for although the initial *ha-* does not occur, it is implied by the preceding vv. 16-18 where it does begin the sentence.

The LXX. is (as often) absurd, reading οἶδα, but there is a variant οἶδας.

The Vulgate is:

"Didst thou *know then* that thou wast to be born, and hadst thou foreknown the number of thy days?"

Whereas it should be:

"Didst thou know that thou wast *then* to be born and the length of thy days (life)?"—*i.e.*, as a negative answer is implied:

"Thou didst neither know the exact time when thou wast to be born, nor the length of thy life!"

A Roman Catholic theologian who was also a scholar might possibly defend the Vulgate by setting up two traditional lines of interpretation—which was certainly often the case—for without the accent, *aaz* might perhaps go with the preceding verb, though as *kī* intervenes it would be rather forced.

As to *Ps.* xc. 3[1] both Buxtorf and Gesenius take *da'kaa* (from Piel *di'kaa*="crush to atoms") to mean "dust"; and "destruction" or "abasement" are clearly later meanings.

The Vulgate curiously enough evidently repeated *aal* ("do not") from the last word, *a•l* (God) of the preceding verse.

I render v. 3:

"Thou wilt turn (or turnest) man back to dust and say return, etc."

I cannot recall any Hebrew text that implies a future life, or (*à fortiori*) reincarnation.

The passage you cite, *Ecclus.* iv. 12, seems the only and very strange exception, if it be one.

By the bye, the number of quadriliteral and quinquiliteral words in *Job* is remarkable, and as these are quite contrary to the genius of Hebrew in all its stages, it may reasonably be presumed that *Job* was a translation from a more highly developed Semitic type, perhaps approximating to the inflexion system of the Sanskrit class.

F. H. B.

[G. R. S. M.—Our best thanks are due to our old friend for his illuminating note; his ripe scholarship, vast philological equipment, and freedom from prejudice transform his view into a weighty

[1] "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men."

judgment for those who know him. Kautsch, however, translates: "Thou knowest it, for then wast thou born, and the number of thy days is great."]

Personality and Personal Identity

To the Editor of the Theosophical Review

Sir,

Will Mr. Bertram Keightley oblige me by answering two questions which arise out of his extremely interesting analysis of Dr. Morton Prince's fascinating book, *The Dissociation of a Personality*, in the article entitled "Who was She?" in the Theosophical Review for May? In asking them I do not desire to grind any argumentative axe, but only to understand fully the bearing of the views put forward.

The first question relates to what is needed in order to constitute a "personality." On page 247 Mr. Keightley shows that memory alone is not sufficient as a test; but would he allow memory and self-consciousness by themselves to constitute such a test of "personality"? Supposing that in the case of two "personalities" like B I and B IV the characters resembled each other so as to be scarcely if at all distinguishable, and yet each had its own memory fitting into the blanks of the other, and each asserted that it was "myself," as was the case with these two, would Mr. Keightley admit that these two were as much distinct as though they had opposite characters? Mr. Keightley's contention that "even in the case of a total loss of memory, providing the character remained on the whole unaltered, we should speak of a partial or complete loss of memory, but not of a change of personality," appears to me to be valid only in cases in which there was *not* a second partial memory-chain composed of those portions which had dropped out of the first one.

My second question relates to his closing speculation as to the Universal One Self; does this involve the notion that, just as the "Real Miss Beauchamp," when reconstituted, had a memory-content which included those of the two fractional personalities, so the Universal Self may be taken to have, if not all the detailed memories of events on the material plane, at least the complete experience-memory of all the individual or "monad" selves? In that case, as the character of the "Real Miss Beauchamp" was the resultant of the two opposing sets of characteristics of the partial selves, the One Self might be supposed to have the resultant character of all the individual

or "monad" selves? But perhaps this is pushing the analogy too far.

J. B. S.

The two questions raised in the above letter are of exceptional interest, and deserve a more detailed treatment than it is possible for me to give them at present. This is more particularly true of the first question, which really raises the issue as to what is the *minimum* memory-content which can be considered sufficient to constitute a "distinct personality," when the other two factors—pure self-consciousness and character—are assumed to remain the same. And indirectly also, it further raises the complementary question as to how far the character-factor must vary—the factors of self-consciousness and memory remaining unchanged—in order to constitute a distinct personality; if indeed we admit that *any* variation of character, unaccompanied by change of memory, can by itself constitute a change of personality. But here I can only say a few words upon the question actually put; and my answer at present comes shortly to this: that in the present state of our knowledge it does not seem to me feasible to define and specify any such *minimum*. Thus take the case as supposed above, but let us suppose that the B IV memory—the characters of B I and B IV being assumed indistinguishable—contains *only* the events of *one single five minutes*. Are we entitled to say, on the *very next occasion*, when B IV comes to the front having as memory-content this bare five minutes and *nothing else*—are we entitled to say that, at the moment of its second appearance, B IV is really already a *distinct personality?* If so, then logically we should have to concede full personality to a *single isolated memory* of one single event, under like conditions.

In other words, every single memory will in itself be a potential "personality," needing only to be split off from the general memory-*continuum* and to occupy alone the waking consciousness of the moment, in order to constitute a full-blown and self-conscious personality.

From this point of view then, it would seem to follow logically that our actual personalities are—on the memory-side—an indefinite series of potential personalities synthesised in the memory content of the moment, and changing, fluctuating, dissolving, and forming at every moment. This indeed comes very close to the view of one of the Buddhist psychological schools on the subject of the non-existent Ego.

This does not bear directly upon the second part of the question,

but is intended rather to apply to the first—whether memory and self-consciousness by themselves suffice to constitute a test of personality; and I adduce these considerations to show some of the difficulties involved in that view, though it is the view, I think, largely held by many writers on the subject.

As to the second part of the question, where there is a second partial memory-chain composed of portions dropped from the primary chain, my own view is that there is not really a change of "personality"—*unless* we agree to make memory *in itself alone* a sufficient criterion of personality, which I am not disposed to do.

Most writers call such changes "alternations of personality," and, as a matter of fact, they are almost always attended by changes of character, etc., also. But when one tries really to work the problem out, one finds oneself landed in serious difficulties of many kinds. And hitherto I have quite failed to find or devise any definite and precise criterion by which to determine accurately whether, and in what cases, we are really entitled to speak of a change of personality, when an accurate meaning is attached to the phrase.

To illustrate one aspect of the question, consider the Hanna Case. Here, as the result of an accident, a well-educated, cultured young man of twenty-four awakens in the condition of *a new-born infant.* He builds up a personalty quite normally—there seems not to have been much change in his character, tastes, etc.; at least none is prominently mentioned. Later on the latent memories of the past are revived and brought into his consciousness simultaneously with those of the new life. He describes the struggle within himself as one between distinct and separate personalities, *each of whom he felt and knew to be himself.* Finally complete fusion results. Now this case seems to point to *memory* as playing a very *dominant* part in the formation of a personality and thus to tell against much of what I have said above. And I am bound to admit that memory does play a *most* important *rôle* in the matter. But, on the other hand, I still cannot think that memory *alone* plus self-consciousness is enough to constitute a real personality.

I fear I shall have given my questioner little satisfaction; but, as I said at the outset, I have not found a satisfactory solution, and am tentatively groping and feeling after one, in every promising direction which seems to open.

The larger suggestion put forward in the concluding paragraph of my questioner's letter was in my mind when writing the end of

my paper on the Beauchamp Case. We are now getting "metaphysical," and I must draw the reins, only adding that, as far as I can see, some scheme of monads appears to me one of the most hopeful elements in a metaphysic that shall prove competent really to deal with the problems that occupy us.

B. K.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THROUGH the courtesy of a colleague the following case of "clairvoyance" (bless the word!—if only we could invent something to replace it with greater accuracy of meaning!) has been sent us for publication; not because of its intrinsic importance, for it is of the most trivial nature, but because it happens to be well attested, and occurred under professional observation.

A Well-attested Case of "Clairvoyance"

On January 12th, 1906, I received an urgent message to go at once to see a patient, Miss E. B., twenty years of age, residing at M——.

I found her in a comatose state, quite unconscious, insensible and helpless, and breathing heavily. I was informed that she had had a "fit" while working in the mill, that she had fallen and never regained consciousness. She did not rally while I was with her, but on calling next day I found her conscious, and able to talk, but she was almost completely paralysed in both legs, though they remained sensitive to touch and pressure. She slightly regained control over them for the next few days, but could not stand without support and could only just drag her feet along.

On the 2nd ult. I received another urgent message to visit her, as they were afraid that she was going to have another "fit." It was about 5.30 p.m., and I went immediately. I found that she had had another seizure but not of so severe a type as the first. It had not taken away her consciousness, nor affected the use of her hands; but it had deprived her of the ability to speak. Both of these facts I noticed particularly, because while in the room she motioned to her mother, pointing to her mouth as if she wanted something; so I said to the mother that perhaps she wanted to drink. The mother gave her something, but this was evidently not what she had been wanting, as we could readily see from her looks. Next day she told me that she had been wanting her mother to get me to give her something to enable her to speak.

It is in the interval between 5.45 and 7 p.m. that the "clairvoyance" occurred. This she related to me next day somewhat as follows:

"Whilst I was lying and not able to speak, I seemed to see a hand and arm, holding a pint pot, and I saw it lifted twice and tilted up. I knew it belonged to my father, but I could not see him. I knew that he was drinking and something told me that he had lost his work. I got them to give me some paper, and I wrote on it—'Father has not gone to his work. He has got no work to go to. But never mind, Mother.'"

This paper was given to her mother, but as the latter is unable to read, she took the paper downstairs to the other children. It was read by two of the sisters, who both stated that they had read it, and thus became witnesses to the fact.

The father, who was a night-watchman in a mill, had left the house about 2 p.m., and should have gone on duty at 5 p.m. When he left home he himself did not know that he was to be discharged. The "clairvoyance" occurred, therefore, at a time when he should have been at work. He did not return home till about 8.30. p.m. and then informed them he had been discharged.

I consider the case noteworthy because of the strong and substantial proofs in the successive steps in the chain of evidence. Shortly put they are:

(1) Direct personal observation as to the speechlessness of the girl, but ability to use the arms, as noticed about 5.40 p.m.
(2) A communication written on paper, and delivered to her mother, who could not read it.
(3) The receiving and reading of this communication by the two sisters.
(4) The corroboration of the message by the father when he returned home.
(5) The direct narration of the events to myself by the girl, and subsequent verification of the details.

I cannot offer any explanation in reference to the event; and I simply relate it as an incident which, owing to a fortunate chain of circumstances, is better attested than most of such observations can be.

(*Signed*) Jos. J. H. HOLT, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), D.P.H.

P.S.—Since writing above, I have called to see the girl again, and in her presence and that of her mother I read over the part as to what the girl told me, and they both agreed as to its accuracy.—J. J. H. H.

February 17th, 1906.

* * *

A Rare MS.?

A SHORT time ago, when lecturing at Bath, I happened to speak of the new-found Manichæan MSS. in Chinese Eastern Turkestan; one of my audience, a Swedenborgian, accordingly sent me a copy of *Morning Light*, a New

Church weekly journal, for April 7th, containing the following letter :

MY DEAR SIR,—The absorbingly interesting statement Swedenborg has made about Tibet and "The Ancient Word" must be my excuse for asking you to allow me to refer to an account given in *Popular Science Siftings* for January 27th, 1906.

It states a Mr. B. B. Allen, of Nashville, U.S.A., has had given to him a "magnificent statue of Buddha," and, it goes on to say, this gentleman "found a secret aperture in which were hidden three rare and ancient MSS. One of them is in hieroglyphics, absolutely untranslatable."

The earnest receivers of the teachings of Swedenborg must always regard any information about the religious literature of Tibet as matter of more than usual importance.

May I ask, therefore, do any of your readers, either in England or America, know anything about the circumstance? If so, I hope they will give us all information possible.

Yours truly,
GEORGE MEEK.

My courteous correspondent, I gather, thinks that this may have some connection with the Estraggelo-script MSS. of which we wrote in our last issue. We must, however, first of all have this loose statement authenticated, and I therefore print this letter in hope that some colleague in the U.S.A. may be able to verify what on the face of it does not seem to be a very credible statement.

* * *

OUR colleague, S. R., sends us the following "Science Jottings."

The Group and the Individual

Mr. Benjamin Kidd has been giving two lectures at the Royal Institution, on "The Significance of the Future in the Theory of Evolution." In the first lecture, he spoke of the value of individuals comprising a society or group, as against the value of the group itself. He showed how nature subordinates the individual to the group, and how the adaptability to serve any particular group is the reason for individuals being drawn to that group.

The theory of natural selection showed evolution as dependent on the struggle between individuals, but it is becoming now rather to indicate the struggle of organic groups.

In studying the germ plasm of a single cell, we learn itis a complex world in itself; its future development may be said to rest with its whole past history, but it is, nevertheless, subordinated to the requirements of its group. Nature is ever striving for efficiency.

* * *

THE last Nobel prize for Chemistry was awarded to Dr. Emil Fischer. He it is who produced artificial uric acid and grape sugar. He has fabricated forty different kinds of sugar, though nature knows only about ten.

Artificial Albumen

Dr. Fischer recently gave a lecture at Berlin on "Artificial Albumen." Though it cannot be said that this substance has been artificially produced, yet Fischer has built up a compound by the synthesis of seven peptines that proves to be very similar to natural albumen.

It may be mentioned that Professor Virchow declared the artificial production of albumen to be impossible, due, said that eminent pathologist, to the large number of compounds which go to the building up of the substance. It must, indeed, have seemed impossible to Virchow, even as many of to-day's propositions seem impossible. But we are learning to forget the word "impossible," and he is rash who, to-day, would call anything such. We are reminded of the great German physiologist, Johannes Müller; at the very time he was saying that nervous action could never be measured, the speed of a sensation that travels to the brain from hand or foot was actually being calculated.

[*English Mechanic and World of Science* for January 26th contains a short account of Dr. Fischer's lecture.]

* * *

IN the *Astrophysical Journal* for October last, Prof. Moulton, of Chicago University, rejects the "ring theory" for the formation of a solar system.

A New Planetary Hypothesis

It will be known that, in Laplace's theory, the original nebula, from which our system is said to be formed, is in a state of temporary equilibrium. From this parent mass there have broken forth rings, and these rings developed into planets.

Prof. Moulton propounds what he calls the Planetesimal

hypothesis, and says that when our sun was near another sun, there was formed a spiral nebula. Planets, he says, were formed around the primitive nuclei by the secretion of a vast amount of scattered material.

All such theories are interesting, and we are glad to see they are called hypotheses only. It would appear that almost any physical theory, so long as it is not illogical, can be proved to be true by the physicist. There is something more than physical sense required to read the heavens. Up to a certain level of knowledge, a theory will hold; then comes a clearer conception, and—we get another theory. Scientific ideas are largely the breaking down of structures, and then building up higher ones from the ruins. It is, perhaps, just this which spells "creation."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Theosophical Astrology

Planetary Influences. Being a Series of Descriptive Essays contributed at various times to *Modern Astrology*. By Bessie Leo. (Astrological Manuals, No. VI. London: *Modern Astrology* Office. 1s. net.)

Mrs. Leo represents that growing school of Astrologers in the West who regard a horoscope, not so much as an indicator of "fortunes," but rather as a scheme of temperament and opportunity, laid down for each man at birth by the lords of his own "karma," and giving him his individual keynote in "the music of the spheres." From the standpoint of reincarnation, the natal figure yields as it were the time-table of one day's lessons in the great School which we attend regularly in successive births; and the horoscopes which are the most "afflicted"—in the mere *fortune*-teller's view—are those in which the native is able, through acute conflict and unceasing struggle, to make the greatest headway in a single life. Mrs. Leo illustrates in a homely and sympathetic manner how "man's extremity is God's opportunity,"—especially when man begins to understand the forces that play upon him from the celestial worlds. One looks

with interest for her pronouncements on Neptune—that most elusive of deities in the astrological Pantheon. Many recent scholars lean to the opinion that this planet operates even more powerfully through Aquarius than through Pisces, and Mrs. Leo seems to yield this point implicitly by her description of Neptunian people as "having the mental temperament predominating," though for the rest of the chapter she associates Neptune with the emotions and with the astral plane. We note that she attributes to "the Psalmist" the words, "He who can conquer himself is greater than he who takes a kingdom." If this is meant for the text, "He that ruleth his spirit [is better] than he that taketh a city," it is in *Proverbs* and not in *Psalms*. But nobody notices such errors in these days.

E. W.

The Golden Verses

I Versi d'Oro. A Fragment of Pythagorean Morality. Preceded by a Translation of the Poem into Italian, by Luigi Garello. (Genoa; 1906.)

This is a treatise, or rather a commentary on the Golden Verses attributed traditionally to Pythagoras himself; and at all events generally believed, by whomsoever written, to contain the essence of the moral teaching of the great philosopher. Dr. Garello considers that the poem, consisting of seventy-one lines, sets forth but a fragment of that teaching. The Professor's commentary on the same extends to 120 pages, divided into seven chapters, and is preceded by a bibliography of 147 works by writers of various nationalities, chiefly Italian and German, relating to Pythagorean and other ancient philosophies. That in this list only three English names are to be found, those of Henry Sidgwick, G. H. Lewes, and W. A. Butler, shows how far we English lag behind continental scholars in the study of Pythagorica.

Leaving aside the battle of the critics as to the authorship, Dr. Garello tells us that "the soul which is revealed in the Golden Verses is that of a *thinker*, accustomed to meditation and introspection; accustomed to the gymnastic of thought; an investigator *par excellence*, eager to spread his wings and sail away beyond the limitations of space and time; in short, the soul of a philosopher who loves and longs to be free to face the great problems of life and of the universe."

"The soul of our author is decidedly that of a spiritualist philosopher and of a poet, these forming together but one 'number' and

one 'harmony,' and building up one Supreme Ideal of Truth, Beauty, Goodness, Justice and Holiness."

From numerous sources Dr. Garello then sets forth the chief points of the Pythagorean Pantheism, and the indestructibility of the Universe, which is God. "All is in the All, and the All is in all." Man at that time, according to Dupuis, had not yet the vanity to think himself more perfect than the world, as there could be but one Eternal Essence, of which all existing things were partakers, and one sole Intelligence, as there was but one Sun whose light was spread over seas, mountains and a thousand different objects. The same teaching was re-asserted centuries later by Giordano Bruno, as well as, long before Bruno's time, by Cicero in his *De Natura Deorum*, by Timæus of Locris and by Vergil. Garello traces it even in modern scientific writings such as A. Clerici's *Anima delle Piante*.

The whole essay is full of interesting information and suggestion, and will well repay study by those who can read Italian—and Greek.

E. K.

Apollonius, Celsus, and John Scotus

Apollonius of Tyana and Other Essays. By Thomas Whittaker. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1906. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

The essays which Mr. Whittaker has gathered together in this instructive volume are entitled: Apollonius of Tyana; Celsus and Origen; John Scotus Erigena; Animism, Religion and Philosophy; a Compendious Classification of the Sciences [Comte]; Teleology and the Individual.

We have already noticed Mr. Whittaker's work on two previous occasions when reviewing his *Neoplatonists* and *Origins of Christianity*. In New Testament criticism Mr. Whittaker belongs to the extreme left wing; for not only is he an enthusiastic adherent of the Van Manen School, which utterly rejects the authenticity of every Pauline Letter, but he also belongs to that small body of scholars who decide that the Jesus of the Gospels never existed.

Mr. Whittaker's work, however, is not to be rejected because of his conclusions; for he is always instructive even when we differ from him *toto cælo*. Thus, his study of Van Manen's *Paulus* is by far the best in the English language, and no one can reproach Mr. Whittaker with coming to a conclusion without a prior thoroughgoing investigation of the objective evidence.

So is it with the present collection of essays, of which the first three are of especial interest to us. If the attitude of mind of rationalism absolute is the sanest criterion of human affairs and the measure of the cosmos, then Mr. Whittaker may be taken as a master mind who has solved innumerable riddles for us. If, on the contrary, the true psychology of man is not subject to the formal intellect, but embraces depths that can easily engulph the whole scholarship and science of the world without the slightest inconvenience; if the religious consciousness can smile at the over-busy confidence of the self-limitations of the formal mind of normal humanity—then we must regard the judgments of Mr. Whittaker as exceedingly able within their own limits, but as in no way touching the real problems, when those problems relate to the mysteries of the religious consciousness.

Apollonius, John Scotus, and the polemic of Origen against Celsus, are ably discussed from the standpoint of a keen historical critic, a shrewd debater and a clever lawyer with a brief against religion. And yet, in spite of this invincible prejudice, the main points of the philosophy of John Scotus as distinguished from traditional theology, and of the position of Celsus as a philosopher against Origen as a cleric, are brought out with admirable clarity, and in a highly instructive manner. We can enjoy Mr. Whittaker and profit by him by putting ourselves at his point of view; but there are other points of view, and we are free to look along their lines of sight as well, undismayed by the disapproval of self-complacent rationalism.

G. R. S. M.

Ladd's Philosophy of Religion

The Philosophy of Religion. By G. T. Ladd, LL.D. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.; 1906.) 2 vols.

These volumes contain many points of interest for the philosophical student, who has time and patience at his command. Professor Ladd explains in his preface that the method of the philosophy of religion must be speculative upon a basis of experience, and he therefore begins by setting forth the facts upon which his theories are to be based.

The first volume, divided into three parts, relates chiefly to what the author calls the "phenomenology" of religion in its various aspects, historical, psychological, and experimental. It collects the materials to which a critical and constructive reflection is to be applied. In the first part—Religion, a Historical Development—it

is pointed out that the origin of religion cannot be found by historical investigation, since when man first appears on the stage of history, he is already religious, religion being above all others the characteristic which distinguishes him from the lower animals. (Animals for instance do not practice magic.) In all religions, even in the lowest forms, there was some impression of the unity in origin and character of all living things. "Even some of the barbarous hordes of Kamschatka hold that beyond and in all things visible is an invisible but ultimate Power." That which has been taken by many for mere idolatry was often a recognition that spirit needed some form of manifestation, and was not limited to any particular expression. In the second part—Man a Religious Being—the psychological aspect of the subject is considered. "It is man in his entirety who is the maker of religion." The non-rational is not the same as that which is contrary to reason. There is very much in the higher forms of religious experience which defies or baffles the effort to interpret it in terms of self-conscious and cognitive experience. All religious experience implies an irresistible conviction of a commerce with Reality, and religious belief, for its form and development, and indeed for its very existence, can never be rendered independent of metaphysics. There are some interesting remarks on the functions of the creative imagination in science, art and religion. (Vol. I., p. 317, ff.) "It is altogether likely that the highest flights of the religious imagination have a far more assured future before them than those of the scientific imagination at the present time." The third part—Religion, a Life—treats of such subjects as Faith and Dogma; Sacrifice and Prayer as Forms of Religious Observance; the Way of Salvation as taught in Egypt, Greece and India, and in Christianity; Religious Communities of various times. The author thinks that the evolution of the idea of divinity culminates in that conception of God which is set forth in Christian theism.

Professor Ladd begins his second volume by stating that his method must not change from the comparative historical and psychological, to the critical, synthetic and speculative. He proposes to organise the material already collected. The first part of this synthesis—the fourth of the whole work—is entitled, God the Object of Religious Faith, and we turn to the chapter on the Problem of Evil as likely to give a clue to the trend of the author's synthesis. We are disappointed that he begins the chapter by speaking of "an absolute and infinite Personal Life," but having put aside for the

moment the attitude of mind which pronounces this expression meaningless, we pass on, and are presently rewarded by something more digestible in the way of ideas. "It (the problem of evil) can be solved if solved at all, only by the realisation of an ultimate purpose, a purpose which determines the evolution of the race, regarded as a divinely ordered, and divinely conducted process." And again: "It is largely because reason, and more especially moral reason, will not contentedly tolerate the idea of chaos, but insists on the supremacy of its ideals, that the conclusion of a universal Cosmic Order wins the human mind." In the fifth part—God and the World—the chapter on Theism and Evolution is interesting, and on p. 339 there are some remarks on the creation of the "overman." The sixth part relates to the Destiny of Man. Regarding Christianity as the religion in which all others have culminated, and speaking of Jesus Christ as standing in "a unique relation of sonship to God" the author discusses the conditions necessary in order that it shall become the universal religion. The chapters on the Immortality of the Soul are unsatisfactory, being little more than an account, sometimes very inadequate, of beliefs on this subject held by various races, and it is difficult to understand why they should have been placed in the part of the work which is supposed to be synthetic. The Future of the Race of course confines its attention to the race as known on this earth, and various theories are put forward with much impartiality. There is a final chapter which sums up the results obtained, from the point of view, apparently, of one who is in the first place a believer in Christianity, and in the second place a philosopher. The most valuable part of this chapter is that relating to the functions of the ideal (p. 568). The expressions Personal, Absolute, Absolute Ethical Spirit, Perfect Ethical Spirit, used so often throughout the book, jar upon one's sensibilities, or is it one's prejudices? The word *ethical* is altogether too predominant. One would like to suggest that the morality of the Deity should be taken for granted, so that one could go on to something else.

S. C.

The Bible and the Child

Small Lessons on Great Truths. A Book for Children. By A. Katharine Parkes. (London: Methuen & Co., 1906.)

In wise hands this little book may be of great use in teaching the young. It presents some of the great truths of nature and religion from a Christian standpoint, on broad lines, in a manner that any

intelligent child can understand. Some of the chapters, though short, are very fully packed, and require a good deal of amplification from a teacher. It is not a book for the child's own reading. Everyone who has any experience of teaching or training the young knows how difficult it is to bring oneself to the level of the child mind, and to write a really good child's book. This one, however, is a very good attempt, in view of the subjects with which it deals. The chapters on "God's Laws," treating in simple language of cause and effect, illustrated by familiar instances, and one on "The Religions of the World," taking a liberal and comprehensive view, are specially to be commended. E. K.

The Superiority of the Brute

The Universal Kinship. By J. Howard Moore. (London: The Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane; 1906.)

The author of this book is an Instructor in Zoology in "The Crane Manual Training High School" in Chicago; not unnaturally, therefore, the story of organic evolution, or of the development of human and animal life, is given with lucidity and directness,—the natural result of the writer's experience in exposition to laboratory students.

It is obvious from the appended bibliography that there is no bias here in favour of our ideas. Mr. Moore means materialism pure and simple. He does not see that on the logical principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*, Evolution implies a previous Involution in some manner of all that becomes evolved. He does not see that it is in reality the Involution rather than the Evolution which is the more important matter, and which the heart of mankind craves to have explained. Neither does he see that the law of Continuity implied in the doctrine of Evolution quite forbids the arbitrary termination of a human being's career—the writing "*Finis*" at the phenomenon which we call death.

There is this to be said, however, that a clearly-written book like this on the evolutionary processes of visible nature, naturally suggests to the thoughtful reader that cosmical processes necessarily take place on the *invisible* side of things both before the emergence of creatures into visible being, and after their disappearance from it,—in other words, it sends them indirectly to the principles of Theosophy.

With regard to the book as a whole, and especially its latter part the object seems to be to bring out in strong relief and show in detail our organic kinship with the lower animals, and to compare humanity with these in such a manner that they and not we shall have the

advantage in the comparison. "Man," we are told, "has not a particle of so-called divinity about him." In the higher qualities the brutes are his superiors. "Man is the most unchaste, the most drunken, the most selfish and conceited, the most miserly, the most hypocritical, and the most bloodthirsty of terrestrial creatures." In short, the theme of the bulk of the book is that the brutes are more "virtuous," and more admirable in every way than men. And the evidence for these astounding assertions is found by setting up on the one hand the lowest and vilest forms of savage human life, and on the other hand incidents of the most exceptional kind extracted from the diaries of naturalists. Man is not only a beast, but he is worse than a beast, distinctly inferior in moral make-up to the horse, the dog and cat, the spider and the ant, etc.

This part is not meant perhaps to be taken very seriously; at least let us hope not. The moral of the whole, in which the author is quite right, is, that in view of our organic relation to the lower creatures it behoves us to deal kindly and sympathetically with our "brethren of fur and feathers." That is the gist of it—kindness to animals because they are our blood relations. The book contains a fine collection of beautiful animal incidents which true animal-lovers are sure to enjoy, but if the author had only known a little more, and carried the doctrine of Evolution a little further, how much better an argument he might have made for the moral of his book.

G. C. C.

More Scandal about Moses

The Secret of the Sphinx. By James Smith and John Wren Sutton (London: Philip Wellby; 1906. Price 6*s*.)

The unfortunate Moses! In life the target of the turbulent Israelites, in death the prey of the rationalists, the last outrage to his name arrives in this scarlet *Secret of the Sphinx*. This exciting history informs us that Moses and Aaron were the illegitimate sons of two sister princesses of Egypt, the one "naturally pure-minded and devotional," the other "contaminated by every vice" and (fatal dower!) "constitutionally inclined to amplitude of person." Moses kills the father of Zarah, his beloved—"there was a gleam of steel in the air and in another instant the head of the official was rolling in the dust." Zarah kills Aaron's father, "the Potiphar," who has annoyed her by his addresses. The mothers of Moses and Aaron kill themselves; and Moses, incited thereto by the Sphinx (who communicates

with him by writing on the ceiling alternately in Hebrew and Egyptian), is glad to escape from these horrors by heading the flight of the Israelites from Egypt. They cross the Red Sea on a raft made of the chariots of the routed Egyptian army. The Pharaoh is slain, and the slave of Zarah "by favour of the gods" placed on the throne of Egypt.

Zarah, assuming man's attire, joins Moses in his wanderings, becomes his most intimate friend, manifests powers of magnetic healing, extremely useful to the Israelites in their frequent epidemics, develops into a full-blown materialising medium, and—strangest feat of all—remains completely unrecognised by Moses until after his death. Moses, meanwhile, is overshadowed by no less a person than the Archangel Gabriel himself, is guided by his mother, who controls Zarah, and becomes an adept—at scrying in the crystal of his magic ring.

The abandoned Aaron, who "secretly encourages the Israelites in their licentious excesses," allows himself to be obsessed by "the powers of the air." We are told, indeed, that he is "a black magician," but this timid and impotent villain can hardly be dignified by such a title. He steals the magic ring of Moses, but cannot wear it, for it burns his fingers. Chagrined at this (no wonder) Aaron invokes "the powers of the air" to assist him in destroying Moses. In a grand incantation scene he signs a document (we regret to observe, *not* in his blood) delivering himself to the demons in return for their help.

We joy to find an old opinion of ours confirmed by this veracious history. Long had we harboured a dark suspicion that persons obstinately using the split infinitive were under demoniac influence. This document of the fiends fully justifies us.

The fatal instrument (*splitters, beware!*) is read to Aaron by a crab, spat upon by a toad and "signed, Ambition, Jealousy, Lust, Intemperance and Murder."

However, the spirit-mother, the Sphinx, and the Archangel Gabriel, prove equal to the occasion. In the midst of a battle between the Amalekites and the men of Israel, a captain who had been suborned by Aaron to betray Moses, under the influence of these exalted personages abruptly changes his mind. Moses is saved; the Amalekites lost; Aaron, like another traitor, hangs himself by his girdle from a tree.

Henceforward, all is gas and glory. Moses and the faithful

Zarah retire to a cave, where, after "drinking the pellucid current of a spring of ice-cold water," and "gazing in silent admiration and reverent wonder upon the magnificence of the western sky" they suddenly expire.

They are received into heaven by "Emmanuel," "Evangeline" and "other beautiful forms of angelic beings," and we leave the lovers "reclining on the soft and flowery turf," "in the bland and balmy air," near "a fountain which sent up a column of lucent water, glittering and sparkling like a shower of liquid diamonds, as it fell in beads and bubbled on the otherwise smooth expanse below"!!!

Ye Gods! Has it taken two full-grown men to write *this?*

The style of this enticing story is (we hope) unique; combining as it does (this kind of thing is catching) the banalities of the séance-room, the sententiousness of the early Victorian novel and the dialogue of the transpontine melodrama, relieved by flashes of modern slang. "Down upon your knees, sirrah, and supplicate for pardon!" cries the villainess at a thrilling moment. We pass on this command to the authors. There is not one phrase in the book which has not served tenth-rate writers twenty thousand times.

A touching passage tells us that Moses upon one occasion had "a painful sense of vacuity and debility at the pit of his stomach." We greatly fear that the reader of *The Secret of the Sphinx* will close the book with a *very* painful sense, whether at the pit of his stomach or elsewhere, of the vacuity of its authors.

Seriously, is there no honest work in the world, no "necessary question to be considered," that men should "waste night, day and time"—thus?

A. L.

A Dream-Utopia

The Land of Nison. By Charles C. Regnas. (London: C. W. Daniel; 1906. Price 6*s.*)

In the Land of Nison (No sin) we have an attempt to describe an Utopia, combining socialistic and scientific ideals. There is a certain resemblance to H. G. Wells' works, but we miss his force and sense of reality. The construction of the ideal state is confusing to the reader, as it is run on what appears to be several totally different lines. Electricity and magnetism are at first the guiding influences; later, will-power is paramount. Great stress is laid on everything

being reversed, including the English language, though without any apparent advantage; people walk backwards and ceilings and floors seem to be hopelessly confused. The hero finally returns to life on earth, greatly improved in physique and will-power and with a large store of diamonds, to which his future success seems rather more to be owing than to these personal equipments. The romance closes in an idyll of middle class happiness.

C. C.

Go, Pretty Rose

An English Rose. By L. Cranmer-Byng. (London: Elkin Mathews; 1906. Price 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a very pretty volume of verse, mostly in sonnet form. Mr. Cranmer-Byng has certainly taken care of the sounds, but whether he has paid much attention to the sense is another matter. His vocabulary, however, is very choice, and it would be quite possible to take his enthusiasm for words as an enthusiasm for ideas; but it would be a mistake.

A. R. O.

Romance and Religion

The Workshop of Religion. By Arthur Lillie. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein; 1906. Price 6*s.*)

The title of this book would scarcely prepare the reader for a novel, yet that is what Mr. Lillie's *Workshop of Religion* is. As a story, the book is no better and not much worse than most of the religio-historical novels; and anybody who has read the works of Gen. Lew Wallace, Dean Farrar, Miss Corelli, and Augusta J. Evans Wilson, will know what to expect. Embedded in Mr. Lillie's story, however, is a good deal of miscellaneous information concerning the Essene and early Christian communities. Unfortunately, students of Gnosticism will find the story superfluous, and novel-readers the Gnosticism.

A. R. O.

Two Little Theodicies

Thoughts on Ultimate Problems. By F. W. Frankland. (London: Philip Wellby; 1906. Third edition. Price 1*s.* net.)

This brochure contains in parallel columns two theodicies, which were formulated in a correspondence between the author and a friend.

The friend makes a statement in one column which in the next column is discussed by Mr. Frankland. The final result is by no means uninteresting; and as the little book is now in its third edition, we may conclude that a good many people will find it useful.

A. R. O.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, April. "Old Diary Leaves" this month recount the progress of the Society in the year 1897, including Mrs. Besant's extended tour in America. Rama Prasad opens a series of papers upon the Yoga of Patanjali, treating it from the point of view of physical as well as mental training. His view is that "in the past the Hindus reached very high on the ladder of intellectual and spiritual progress, but national physique was neglected; and now we see the sorry spectacle of a nation with large capacities for intellectual and spiritual life, but with no nerve to take up either with any hope of success. What a sorry spectacle this—a nation of weaklings with high aspirations, but with no power to take up work earnestly and persistently. . . . . The vigour of the Western is due to his sound national physique and to his fresh intellect and new science. The weakness of the Hindu is due to neglect of the laws of the lower planes of life." Next follows a sermon, by "Seeker," entitled "Thy Will be Done"; then, the continuation of Mr. Studd's defence of H. P. B.; the conclusion of the very curious "Spirits and Spirit Worship in Malabar"; "Physics and Metaphysics," by F. Davidson; "Balabodhini"; and (amongst other papers) "Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt's Nightmare," signed by the well-known initials N. D. K., in which the judge pulverises Dr. Hensoldt's recent attempt to regain his damaged credit by an attack upon H. P. B.

Theosophy in India, March and April. The leading contents of these two numbers are "The Law of Sacrifice," a lecture by Mrs. Besant; "Thoughts on Theosophy," by "Dreamer"; "The Value of Theosophy in the Hour of Death," by "Seeker"; and an interesting paper signed "S. A.," entitled "Psychism in Human Evolution," a few words from which will be worth quoting, as giving the view held in Indian circles. The author's point is that "it is the duty of all Theosophists to discriminate carefully between real spiritual advancement and its mâyâvic simulacra, and to direct their life energy solely to the treading of the path that leads to the development of that mystic consciousness which brings spiritual knowledge.

. . . The consideration that should govern the development of man's bodies is their availability to man as instruments for definite purposes, and not as baubles to minister to his vanity. . . . The stimulation of the chakras of the astral body is an activity of exactly the same order of importance as the training of the physical eye and ear ; the rendering of help to men in a sinking ship, by means of the astral body, is no more wonderful nor more charitable than the rendering of aid to one who has broken his collar-bone on the solid earth ; the clairvoyant who can see visions of the mental or astral planes is, *ipso facto*, no better, no more advanced, than one who cannot see them ; nay, is possibly a shade worse for the lop-sidedness of his development. . . . Psychic development, as such, is an obstacle to spiritual growth ; as we all know, ill-balanced emotions characterise all psychics. . . . Will not the addition of the mâyâ of the astral plane be a further obstruction in the path of wisdom ? There seems to exist an undercurrent of belief amongst Theosophists that Jîvanmuktas normally live on the astral plane, and that a psychic has, therefore, more opportunities of meeting them and imbibing their wisdom than ordinary men ; but this is due to a total ignorance of what spirituality means. The Higher Beings normally live on the plane of Reality, and not of mâyâ, and are competent to teach all aspirants, wherever they may be."

Central Hindu College Magazine, April, reports that everything is going on well, but quietly. The number is a good one, but has not anything to remark upon.

Theosophic Gleaner, April. The same may be said of this number. Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe continues his interesting studies, this time on the occult signification of the planet Uranus.

The Vâhan, May. After speaking of the International Congress, and the very practical questions set down for discussion at its meetings ; and also of the visit of the President-Founder to the Northern Federation, the " Enquirer " discusses what scientific evidence can be found of man's prehistorical existence, to which question B. K. replies that " under the circumstances, it is not too much to hope that in course of time the Tertiary beds, in which traces of humanity have been found, may be assigned to something between ten and fifteen million years ago " ; and in the meantime we must live in hope. The old inquiry whether women are to be held included in our " Brotherhood " turns up once more in its regular cycle ; B. K. takes occasion from the curious statement that " Shaṅkarâchârya and Buddha tell

all men to step over the intermediate planes and reach Nirvâṇa at once, to give a very important study of the Indian view of Mukti"; another question is whether in the case of thought-forms the Elemental or the Thought is the "ensouling" entity.

Lotus Journal, May. Mr. Hotchner's "Life as Seen by the Dead" is continued; Miss Foyster treats this time of Gemini and those born under that sign, bringing out, however, some quaint etymologies, such as passed muster 200 years ago, but are rather out of date now. "Castor" as "Ca = the temple, as = the fire, tor = the hill; and "London," as El = the sun, on = the being, don = the Lord, are examples of what the modern school-girl smiles at. A story by Miss E. Severs, and a (*very* French) Hindu legend, translated by Mrs. McDouall, are both readable and edifying.

Bulletin Théosophique, May, is mainly occupied with the Congress; but has farther correspondence as to the affiliation of country branches.

Revue Théosophique, April, is confined to translations from Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible World*, and Mrs. Besant's *Avatârs*.

De Theosofische Beweging, May. This organ of the Dutch Section is now made more complete by an interesting series of reports from the other Sections and a "Review of Reviews," in addition to the business of the Section.

Theosophia, April. The "Outlook" quotes a declaration of the Chinese Ambassador at Berlin that "the Chinese Dragon has been waked up by the dealings of the foreigners; and, though it moves still somewhat sleepily, will not be easily again stupefied." The articles are "The Sin of Separateness," by G. Heuvelman; "In Space," by Mrs. A. S. Obreen; H. J. van Ginkel's "Free Will and Karma according to Astrology"; "Active and Passive Good," by Louise T. G. Joret; Michael Wood's "Mystery of the Son of God," and an interesting account of a visit to the Indian Convention, from the French.

Théosophie, May, has an extract from Mrs. Besant's "Forgiveness of Sins"; a brief note on "Fraternity," from Mlle. A. Blech; and a paper signed "Martin" upon "Action and Reaction."

Lucifer-Gnosis, No. 30, opens with an unsigned article on "Theosophy and Social Questions"; the Editor treats of "The Steps to the Higher Knowledge"; Mme. von Schewitsch treats of the mixture of men with animals spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine*, and the possible confirmations from anthropology; and "From the Akasha Chronicle," and A. M. O.'s "Adept's Book" are continued.

Sophia, April. The original papers this month are "The Problem of Life and its Development," by A. Tornado; "The Bloody Sweat," by L. Lugones; and "Reflections," by J. Plana y Dorca. There are also translations from Mrs. Besant and H. J. van Ginkel's papers on the Great Pyramid. The "Bibliography" announces a marvellous activity in the way of book-translations, including Mr. Mead's *Apollonius of Tyana*.

Mr. Pekka Ervast, the Editor of *Omatunto*, writes to say the meaning of his title is "Conscience," not "Consciousness"; in the French, from which we took our statement, the two words, and their meanings, are expressed by the same word. We are glad to comply with another request of his, by giving the table of contents which he kindly furnishes us, *in extenso*. The papers are, "Theosophy and the N. T." by the Editor; "Why *Omatunto* should be widely Circulated," E. Vento; "Ideals and Life," Hannes Kivelä; "Outer and Inner Activity," A. G.; "Theosophy in Questions and Answers, No. IV. God and Man," P. Ervast; "The Experiences of a Medium, No. V.," A. V. Peters; "Sorrows of the Heart," Elia Vera; "From my Travels," Aate; "By the Way"; and "An open letter to Pastor Kotimaalle," Jalo Kivi; altogether a very full programme, of which we can only wish we knew more than the titles.

Also received with thanks: *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophic Messenger; Fragments* (Seattle); *Theosophy in Australasia*, March, an enlarged and thoroughly valuable number; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, April; *La Verdad*, April, to which "Lob Nor" contributes a paper on "The Law of Karma as exemplified in the Catastrophe of the 'Aquidaban'"; and the *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Of other Magazines we have to mention: *Broad Views*, May, to which Mr. Sinnett's own contribution is entitled "Vibrations," and "Notes on Sun Worship" bear the well-known pseudonym "W. Williamson." The rest of the number, including another Irish story by the Countess of Cromartie, is well worth reading.

Modern Astrology prognosticates ups and downs in South Africa, and fixes the Great War for 1910, only very pertinently enquiring whether it is really necessary that there should be a European War at all—surely nobody wants it! *Occult Review*, May, publishes the exceedingly able essay on "Ghost Clothes" which obtained the prize; *The Arya*, from which we *must* rescue the view of V. Ramanaja Pillai, B.A., L.T., that "the mission of the religion of Christ is to teach the Indian to *infuse religion into his social life*, to ennoble his character, strengthen his

will, and enlarge his heart." Really now, *do* the Hindu converts show this change? *Visishtadvhaitin; Siddhanta Deepika; Indian Review*, April, in which Rao Bahadur V. J. Kirtikar's paper on Indian Asceticism is worthy of serious study; *Notes and Queries; Metaphysical Magazine; Race Builder; Humanitarian;* and *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal.*

The Adyar Pamphlet Series, No. 2, is a reprint of the very important pronouncement by Prof. G. N. Chakravarti on "The Influence of Theosophy on the Life and Teachings of Modern India" of which we spoke at length when it was published in the *Theosophist*, and which all should read for themselves.

From C. W. Daniel we have *Françoise*, a short (and ugly) story "adapted" by Tolstoy from Guy de Maupassant; and a very strange production, *The Greater Parables of Tolstoy*, as told to his congregation by Walter Walsh, Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee. We are informed that "these were given to his congregation on successive Sunday evenings, and are offered as suggestions towards a stronger and wider use of the opportunities of the pulpit." When our readers learn that these discourses are full outlines of *Anna Karénina*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *Resurrection*, and *Work while you have the Light*, every suggestion of sensuality emphasised, and each followed by an "Interpretation" in hysteric violence far surpassing Tolstoy's own very open speaking, we think they will doubt if the Sunday evening congregations were edified by this last production of the "modern pulpit." The author describes Tolstoy as "the greatest of modern Christians"; but it certainly was not *thus* that Christ taught.

W.

As the Radiance increased, my understanding departed, and I found myself an Izad among Izads. God alone existed and there was no sign of my individuality; everything appearing to be but a shadow of myself . . . I became acquainted with a thousand mysteries of the Supreme and returned the way I had gone up. . . . The dignity of the Supreme Lord is too exalted for intercourse with his servants. By His effulgence intellect becomes illumined as the earth by the sun. Through love He confers bounties upon His servants and raises up the downfallen. None but He can duly praise Himself as He cannot be the object of speech or hearing.—From the Visions of Āzur Kairân as related in the *Jâm-i-Kai-Khoshru*

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