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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A Suspected Plagiarism

IN our August issue, under the title "The Path of the Comet," there appeared what our contributor, M. F. W., stated to be a rendering of part of the contents of an ancient "palmyra leaf" MS. in the Aztec language. Our colleague, Dr. A. A. Wells, who read the proof in July, tersely remarked that he was certain it was a "rehash" of Éliphas Lévi, though he could not put his hand on the original, that we had been "had," and if he were editor he would not print it. We were, however, so satisfied of the *bona fides* of M. F. W. that we printed it. In November we received a letter from a correspondent characterising the paper as "a gross plagiarism and bad translation" from Éliphas Lévi's *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie* (2nd ed., 1861), vol. ii., pp. 5-9, "with the flummery about a Mexican palmyra thrown in for your entertainment," and urging us "to look into the matter and repudiate that kind of 'copy.'"

We accordingly looked into the matter and found that it was substantially the same as Éliphas Lévi's description of "*le Lucifer de la cabale.*" The English, however, was fuller and, to

our mind, more beautiful than the French; if it was a translation it was made by someone of understanding. It had, however, all the appearance of independence. We then wrote to M. F. W. setting forth the facts, and asking whether she had read Éliphas Lévi or Waite's digest of the *Dogme et Rituel* in English, and, on hearing again from Dr. Wells that at last he had found an English translation of the very passage in *Lucifer*, vol. i., p. 52, under the title, "The Birth of Light," we again wrote to M. F. W.

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WE had, however, anticipated her answer, as we had already informed Dr. Wells and our other correspondent. When it came it was refreshing.

A Repudiation

How very exciting and interesting! Does the second part of the palmyra correspond also? [See below.] Do ask your informant or find out, please. Certainly such a person as Éliphas Lévi was absolutely unknown to me, and had I read anything of the kind since I should hardly have had the audacity to publish it in a Society paper which holds that side of things in such force. . . . . Where did Éliphas Lévi originate?

In answer to a request for a more definite statement, M. F. W. wrote again:

The notes you hold were made in the years 1890 to 1893. During these years I was practically isolated from all outside communications except by the English mails brought up once every three weeks. I never heard the word Theosophy, saw any Theosophical literature or came in contact with anyone calling themselves a Theosophist till October, 1897. I have never read Lévi's works in the French, or even seen them, nor have I heard of any book called the "Doggerel Ritual" [*sic!*], and I certainly never read the Story of the Comet in *Lucifer*.

* * *

WHAT then? We for our part accept the statement of M. F. W. She has told us straightforwardly how she became possessed of the "palmyra," and how she worked out a rendering, confirmed by the old man, "Yrisarri," a scholar of the Aztec language. But how about Éliphas Lévi? He gives no indications of any kind; he continues without any quotation marks; he would have his readers believe that the beautiful song is the creation of his own genius.

Who is the Plagiarist?

The Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant was an adept at concealing his sources; what he does in many other instances he may have done in this case. But where could he have found a translation? We would venture a guess that he may probably have known the works of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, the translator of the *Popul Vuh*. It would be of interest for an industrious colleague to look them up in the British Museum or Bibliothèque Nationale. But should any of our readers still be sceptical as to the good faith of M. F. W.'s account, we have a piece of evidence that should convince all fair-minded judges and considerably weaken the determination of even the most hardened scepticism.

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The Men of the Scarlet Cloak

In the August number M. F. W. speaks of having pieced together some more information deciphered from the same "palmyra leaf." We accordingly asked her kindly to forward it to us. This she did almost immediately, and it has been standing in proof for several months, set up long before M. F. W. heard that her *bona fides* had been called into question. This runs as follows:

THE MEN OF THE SCARLET CLOAK

FROM AN ANCIENT PALMYRA LEAF

In the great second turn of the Moon, when Chaos and Darkness ruled, came the Leaping Flame.

Encircled by many whirlwinds it penetrated into the seething abyss, until it lay in the Square.

The turn of the Moon was five times in the yawning round of the cavern of Time, five on 600.

The Great Flame lay in the Double Triangle of the Square for the space of another 600.

Suddenly out of this sprang the Ruler of the Circle and the Point.

For a while motion was stilled in the midst of the Square.

Then out sprang Beings of Flame; they stirred themselves, and forth from the Quiet came the "Word"—chanted!

Again the Moon turned, and Light radiated on the Earth. Still there was Panic!

The Measurer of all time came forth. No longer were they in the Square, but in the Triangle.

Men were they of the Unity, covered with Scarlet—Men of the Scarlet Cloak.

Again the Moon turned. At the points of the Square they stood—the four points or gates.

Two guarded the Circle, one the point on each side.

All the Earth was stilled. For now they stood in perfect balance with the immoveable Point.

The Circle and Point with the Triangle and the Square in the Balance, without all ages, the Measurer of all time.

* * *

An Unacknowledged Quotation

Now Éliphas Lévi has not a word of this. He continues immediately without break: "It is thus that Satan appears and disappears in the allegorical narrative of the Bible." He who gives more is not as a rule the plagiarist, but he who gives less; not only in "The Path of the Comet" has M. F. W. given more in a fuller and more beautiful rendering, but also a completely new episode. Certainly Éliphas Lévi knew nothing of Aztec. Did he, however, get it inspirationally?—we may ask. We hardly think so; and he was by no means averse to incorporating without acknowledgment. M. F. W. acknowledges that she filled up some *lacunæ*, clairvoyantly, but the rest was confirmed by the old scholar. We thus leave the matter to the judgment of our readers, and shall be glad if any will follow it still further, and try to discover the source of what we are almost persuaded is an unacknowledged quotation by Éliphas Lévi.

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The Dematerialisation of Matter

In *The Athenæum* of November 17th there appeared a lucid and extremely well-written paper by the famous French chemist, Gustave le Bon, entitled "Les Origines de la Radio-activité et la Vieillesse de la Matière." It deserves the closest attention of all who are following the reconstruction of opinion regarding what till recently were considered the fundamental concepts of physics. Dr. le Bon, who is a specialist among specialists, sums up his conclusions in the seven striking paragraphs of which the following is a translation:

1. Matter, which was formerly supposed to be indestructible, slowly disappears by the continual dissociation of the atoms of which it is composed.

2. The products of the dematerialisation of matter constitute sub-

stances which by their properties are intermediary between ponderable bodies and the imponderable ether, that is to say, between two worlds which science has hitherto profoundly separated.

3. Matter, formerly regarded as inert and capable only of giving back again the energy with which it has been first supplied, is on the contrary a colossal reservoir of energy—intra-atomic energy—which it can dispense without any outside borrowing.

4. It is from the intra-atomic energy, which is brought into manifestation during the dissociation of matter, that the majority of the forces of the universe, especially electricity and solar heat, result.

5. Force and matter are two different forms of one and the same thing. Matter represents a stable form of intra-atomic energy. Heat, light, electricity, etc., represent unstable forms of the same energy.

6. By dissociating atoms, that is to say by dematerialising matter, all that is effected is the transformation of the stable form of the energy called matter into these unstable forms known under the names of electricity, light, heat, etc. Matter therefore is continually transformed into energy.

7. The law of evolution applicable to living beings is equally applicable to the simple bodies; chemical species are no more invariable than living species.

* * *

IN our May number of last year we acquainted our readers with an amazing "find" of Manichæan MSS. at Turfan, in the extreme east of Chinese Turkestan, the treasure trove of a scientific mission sent out by the German Government, under the leadership of Dr. A. Grünwedel. In September of 1905, Prof. Grünwedel started on a second mission to Turfan. Whether or not the following information refers to this mission, we cannot say, but *The Times* of November 30th publishes the following tantalisingly short telegram of discoveries, which its Bombay correspondent says "probably constitute the greatest archæological find since the days of Layard and Rawlinson."

A Great Archæological Find

Dr. von Lecoq, a scientific emissary of the Prussian Government, has arrived safely at Srinagar after a journey through the most remote parts of Central Asia. He has brought with him a quantity of highly interesting paintings on stucco, the backgrounds in many cases being of gold leaf as in Italian work, and a number of manuscripts in ten different languages and one wholly unknown tongue.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* may still hope to hear of the discovery of "something to their advantage," at any rate as far as "commentaries" are concerned.

THE Bacon-Shakespeareans will have to look to their laurels; a new claimant is in the field, championed by a learned German professor, Dr. Bleibtreu. For the benefit of our readers, many of whom are versed in the controversy, and all of whom, we hope, are open-minded on the subject, we append a summary of the state of affairs created by the new hypothesis, taken from the leading article of *The Sunday Times* of November 25th.

Who was "Shakespeare"?

When America first gave us the Baconian theory a splutter of indignation was the result, and at intervals ever since a resuscitation of these iconoclastic ideas has invariably found willing and resolute opposing champions in this country. Of late there has been a lull in these literary storms and Dr. Karl Bleibtreu has seized the opportunity to advance, with a portentous show of personal conviction, the claims of Roger Earl of Rutland to be recognised as the real article. An eminent German critic, Dr. Walter Turszinsky, has told the Berlin correspondent of *The Standard* that he regards Professor Bleibtreu as a man who has made one of the greatest literary discoveries of all time. He calls him "a literary Columbus." According to this critic, "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, has been enjoying unmerited fame for 300 years. Now Professor Bleibtreu has exposed the sham, and brought the truth to light." With commendable promptitude the opinions of our English *savants* were sought by dutiful journalists, with the result that reassuring messages have been received and the German "find" is discredited. It is argued, with some show of reason, that, seeing that the said Earl of Rutland was born some twelve years after William Shakespeare and the dates of the writing of most of the plays is unquestioned to within a month or two, the German nominee was guilty of a precociousness which is unrivalled even in our own day of infant prodigies. If Dr. Bleibtreu is right "Love's Labour's Lost" was written by a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who followed it with "Venus and Adonis" two years later. Professor Dowden, Mr. Frank Benson, Professor Herford, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Dr. Israel Gollancz, have all written, scouting the new idea; and no doubt we shall presently hear from Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Sidney Lee. The supporters of the Baconian theory are as angry as genuine Shakespeareans at this prospect of a three-cornered fight.

* * *

WE note with satisfaction that one of our colleagues of the Dharmâlaya Lodge of Bombay has taken the *Jñâneshvarî*, the Old Mahrattî mystical commentary on the *Gîtâ*, as a subject of study, and that the series of little leaflets entitled *Theosophical Thoughts*, edited

From the Jñâneshvarî

by our colleague Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, contains some extracts which lead us to hope that a translation of the whole work may be attempted, for as yet no version exists. For the benefit of our readers we reproduce these extracts.

Now hear me, please. You dictate and I will speak. The strings are moved and the doll dances. So am I privileged by the Great Ones to deliver a message. They see fitness for Their work, though the servant be unworthy (i. 81, 82).

For helping our worthy cause they have freely offered their lives. Thus absolutely devoted servants of the Master are they (i. 112).

I say, O disciple, pause and think. Is this worthy of the life you have chosen? Just think who you are and what conduct you are going to pursue (ii. 6).

Be yoga-minded; anticipate not the results; thus do all your work, O disciple, with full attention. If your undertaking is destined to succeed and succeeds, do not be carried away by joy. If for some reason it fails, then too it has fulfilled its mission; understand this. Hear me! Whatever you have to do, offer it to the Supreme Self; then be sure it will attain its fulfilment by the law of its nature. Hear me! To be thus balanced in mind as to actions comparatively good and bad is the yoga attitude highly commended (ii. 267-272).

The mighty evolution in all its stages is guarded by Me and no one else. This Law is of its life throughout. Therefore I am born and become embodied whenever the evil suppresses the good, and evolution is hindered. For the sake of the good I assume a body, and then the darkness of ignorance perforce vanishes. I stop the course of evil; I burn the records of dark happenings; and lo! the sages unfurl the banner of joy. I kill the race of evil; I uphold the honour of good; I implant dharma in all affairs of man. I light the lamp of wisdom and make darkness disappear; then dawns for the ages the eternal day of joy. Everywhere is the joy of Self; dharma triumphs everywhere; and purity reigns supreme in the hearts of the pure. The store of evil comes to naught, and righteousness is born anew, when My Presence becomes manifest, O son of man! Such is the consummation for which I descend from stage to stage. Who knows this knows all (iv.).

So, my son, he who cares for the interests of Self should never dishonour the message of the Vedas. A dutiful wife obeys her husband, and in that obedience benefits her Self. A disciple follows the instructions of his Master, and by that he reaches the Home of Self. To find anything in darkness, you have only to take a lamp in hand. So, to realise fully the goal one must accept the teachings of the Scriptures, and follow them (xvi. 455-459).

The Gods praise the Song-of-the-Lord; the Sages receive it with

delight. As the chakora bird with his natural tenderness gathers subtle nectar from autumnal moonlight, so has the hearer to realise this Story by making his mind supremely tender. On this, hold converse without words, realise it before senses know, grasp the teaching before lips do open. The bee steals away the pollen, the lotus knows not when; such a manner there is to realise this Book. The lotus welcomes the rising moon from its own place; the secret of this love the lotus alone knows. With heart so sublimely calm you will know the mind of this Story (i. 55-61).

Forms form and forms die—that is, only in appearance; the life that is in them is ever the same. The wind moves the water and ripples appear; say, prithee, what is born there? The wind ceases and the water becomes smooth; say, prithee, what has died there? Body is one, but becomes many in periods of age; you see this directly. On the body childhood appears, then youth appears, then old age appears; but the body is the same in all periods. Thus do many forms appear in one spirit; know this. Who knows this is free from the sorrow of illusion (i. 105-110).

* * *

Three Little Stories

A COLLEAGUE from Genoa writes: I heard a rather profound definition of drawing by a small child. "First you fink; then you draw a line round your fink!" This is almost a cosmic way of proceeding from all accounts. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," etc. Another observant correspondent sends us the following:

OVERHEARD ON THE STAIRS AT ALBEMARLE STREET

ENTHUSIASTIC CONVERT.—Wasn't he just *wonderful?* And did you ever hear anything so thrilling as that about the astral plane?

STOUT MATRON.—Wonderful! Why of course he's mad! I do hope they'll soon catch him and shut him up. It isn't safe—(*with a cautious glance over her shoulder*)—to have people like that about. And as for all that fuss about aster plains, why in my garden at Manchester, etc., etc.

The following also is not bad, taken from R. H. Benson's *The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary:*

There was once a king who had the open eyes, and he looked into heaven and hell. He saw there two friends whom he had known in the flesh; the one was a hermit, and the other another king. The hermit was in hell, and the king in heaven. When he asked the reason of this, one told him that the hermit was in hell because of his consorting with the king, and the king in heaven because of his consorting with the hermit.

OF SOME THINGS SEEN

MAN journeys to the Other-world in many ways, but it is not given to everyone to say whence he came nor where he has been. Of such wayfaring let the great discoverers speak, for maybe they know each step of the narrow road, and can speak of it in the vulgar tongue for the instruction of the ignorant.

Lesser folk seem but conscious of the country, not of the journey thither, open-eyed to a tenth of the sights they see, and of that tenth able to bring back but a tithe through the devious ways by which they come to waking life. For the moment the Sight is theirs, and with the sight perhaps some portion of the Understanding which fashions it; but on the return journey surely they stop to drink of the waters of forgetfulness, the draught of darkness and ignorance which binds the sight and slays the remembrance of what has been seen. Then comes to earth the parable without interpretation, the form without the life which gave it birth.

One has a fancy that the "Back-stairs" of which Kingsley speaks, are panelled and bedecked with these journey pictures; that each tread and each riser of that stairway is but one method of outgoing; but like Tom, the human self is taken blindfold by that staircase, and the faery-folk alone know whence it comes or whither it leads.

And in the Other End of Nowhere man sees strange things; men like trees walking, and what is stranger, trees like men; beasts with the hearts of men, and men with the hearts of beasts; folk linked to folk though half the world away; joined bodies with souls leagues asunder; North and West and South and East strung together like beads upon a string; with an icy South wind, and a sweet North wind making maddest harmonies, and playing with the outblown hair of half the stars. There seems no reverence in the Other End of Nowhere, for he who sees,

sees but himself, he is the Lord God, and who shall worship him?

Nay, perhaps such is his rightful worth-ship, the honour due to him as the creator. When the imps of the North dare pull the South wind by the beard, they pull the beard but of themselves, and he in them but plays with his own hair.

Some people call that Expansion of Consciousness, feeling that one in the many, the all in the one. The imps of the North call it hair-splitting, and dance away on a foam-cloud. For they are no respecters of persons, nor do they use matter as it is used at the foot of the Back-stairs.

Only the other day one was seen washing his fingers in fire, laving them with nice precision in the leaping flames; blowing bubbles of flames, godsooth, out of a water-pipe, where the ripple of the water and the ripple of the flame met in one great translucent opal-coloured bubble. Earth bubbles burst in air, but this bubble burst in earth! A tiny new world was born, just as it had been reflected in the fire-bubble. And as it burst a thin cry broke from its opened lips, and it rose earthwards, weighted with a cry.

Gods, imps, and men, seem to walk on their hands and not on their feet in the land at the top of the Back-stairs. Up there it seems quite rational, and indeed why not? Who gave man feet for walking, and hands for working? Men have mistaken their functions before now, and up in the heights, or down in the depths,—they seem one and the same in Nowhere,—mayhap they find their lawful usage. Some men were seen with eyes in the soles of their feet; large, human eyes, seeing a little further perhaps than those see who wear them in the common way, the way one wears them at the foot of the Back-stairs. In each sole these men carried what perforce must be called their brains. One made a vile pun when asked the reason of this office, saying for so long the soul and the brain had been counted one member, that he who wore his brain in his sole did but follow the logical outcome of such teaching. He winked with his left foot, and ran away on his hands. And all the stars laughed again at man's astonishment.

Sight is not only born of darkness, though it is true that

night gives birth to day; but momentary sight has been granted, the door at the top of the stairway has swung on its hinges, and the Other End of Nowhere dawned on waking sight.

Once in a modern drawing-room the door of the stairway opened, and the blue carpet and cushioned chairs gave way to the soft fibrous ground of the jungle. The man, who knew not for the time he was a man, felt himself swing his huge body through the growth of the underbrush, press his vast feet against the bending reeds, shoulder aside the bamboo stems and clinging creepers, and go softly over the cushioned ground. He felt his wicked little eyes peer between the blinding stems, felt himself smell up wind and down wind for his enemy; felt the blind cunning of the rage in his soul, with the joyful certainty of its gratification; and—opened his eyes to his downstairs self in conventional black and white, with a Derby coffee cup in the hand that so lately had been the hoof of a rhinoceros! So much for the sight of the Back-stairs.

And the memory remained with the man, with the scent of the moist jungle, and the lust for killing in the heart that had been his. He asked the imps of the stairway the reason for that sight, but they only laughed in concert with the stars. The law in Nowhere is as the law on earth; find out if one can, but find out for one's self. Interpretation does not companion sight.

Sometimes it seems that the top of the stairway is nothing but a book. In fact so it has been shown folk more than twice or thrice. It is a book of mist, of flame, of running water, and the water writes the words. They flow over the great flame pages, ripple by ripple, word by word. Then the mist drives down, erasing them from sight. The air sings to its own melody the written story of the book, and the flame leaps up in tongues to tell its tale. Somewhere, far away, echoes the music; and in this land the echo speaks and the voice answers—answers in flame, or air, or mist, or rippling streams; answers by some strange mimicry of creation, so that from nothing seems to spring the all, and from all nothing; yet each is the same.

Not long since some god or imp,—they look wonderfully alike at the top of the stairway,—turned over the flame-laden pages of the book with hands that seemed of water; turned over so

fast that sight seemed to follow the shifting shapes in leaps of lightning speed. In the pages man saw nothing; in the fingers made of water man saw all. Then he judged it best to follow the movements of the fingers rather than the pages of the book. So could he see a little, not much, of the manner of its making. How from the transparent flowing hands there ran strange verse; and the verse sang, and so created a green island in a sea of tears. By and by the onlooker saw a being draw himself out of the sea. He wore a great shell on his tangled hair, and his beard dripped sea water, which, curiously enough, finished with tiny jets of flame.

The man asked his name, courteously and with some misgivings.

"I am the son of Lir." He did not speak, but there was the sound of the sea in the man's ears. The man recollected his Shakspeare, or Bacon,—they seem one and the same at the top of the stairway,—and said: "Who was Lear?"

For answer the son of Lir brought him sea-water in a glass bowl; a small bowl, like a finger-glass, used downstairs for ceremonial purification after dinner in old-fashioned homes. The man looked at the little bowl with the kind of smile that some folk retain at the stair-foot.

The water in the bowl swung up and down with the movement of the hand. It seemed to increase in volume, pushing against its glass confinement; tiny waves pulsed beneath the surface, tiny ripples swung along with mimic roar. It held more colours than the colours of the sea; sunset, starshine, wind-wrack, it was filled with the colours of them all. The man kept his eyes on the son of Lir.

"Surely thou didst show me but now the writing in the book?" he said, and derided himself for the archaic fashion of his speech.

"Did I?" asked the voice of the Sea. "Nay, thou thyself didst show thyself and me."

And the man looked again, and beyond him sat the god-imp turning over the pages of the mighty book with the fingers that dripped water and washed out while they wrote the writing on the page. And his face was as the face of the son of Lir, and

the book was as the bowl, and the lapping, leaping waters made writing on the pages.

Then the man saw as it were a great ocean, or limpid lake above the sky. "Here," he thought to himself in his conceit, "is where lie the waters of the rain-clouds. Mine eyes have seen it."

But even as his thought took form, and swelled all the clouds in some far-off heaven till their shapes grew big and dark with moisture, he saw that he was wrong. For the lake, or ocean, divided itself, and ran away motionless to right and left, and leapt with waves. And the man saw that one lake was tossing and turning on itself, its waves turning back as though to show their teeth at their neighbours, throwing their heads aloft and flinging their white spray in ever heightening heights; and as the waves leapt he saw great forms arise, built of the foam and the spray, shaping themselves even while he watched, to the likeness of men. And for a long time his eyes were held with the movements of the lake, and he watched the birth of these great forms, while the spray and the waves and the moan of the ripples ran earthward in a line of light.

Then his eyes were drawn to the other lake, the lake that had divided from itself. And the waters of the lake ran upward, even to the skies, and as they leapt it seemed their waters changed to flame; or mayhap the man saw them clearer as they reached the heights. For its song, and its ripples, and the fiery crests of its rollers, swept up to the lift of the skies, where the flame of the sun was glowing like some burning blossom; and he watched, nor dared to ask the meaning of this thing.

From the leaping waves of flame there rose greater forms than man has ever seen. There was light to crown their heads, light to fill the places of their eyes, and light in wondrous shapes, not to be told, to beat within their breasts. Their breath was as the winds of God, and flamed from West to East; their feet found foothold on the flaming clouds, and from their heels ran the lightning across the fiery sky. And the man knew that by some strange chance, he had seen the birth of the gods; and he laid his finger on his lip in token of his silence.

In that same place one came and breathed on him, so that a

fire-flame ran across his face, stripping his eyesight from him. He stood in darkness, with the fire upon his brow. Sightless, he saw things moving in the darkness, great forms, shapes of all the beasts of the woods and fields, and all the fowls of the desert and the forest, one with man. And he saw man mating with the beasts, dwelling in low earthen caves, or on the borders of great woods; man, half beast, half man, with his matted hide, and his legs bent with much running, and great pads of thickened tissue on elbow and knee.

Then he saw, too, with his blinded sight, that one took him by the hand and led him down to the shores of an endless sea. And on the sand played the figure of a child; skin-clad, with ruddy hair bound round his head, and a chain of iridescent shells about his throat. And he bent to the coming wave, dipping his crooked fingers in the tide. And the wave welcomed the beast-born child, and leaped on him, and swallowed him from sight. The man watched still with his blinded eyes the child sink through the green waves to the land that lies below the sea. And he saw him at rest in the cradle of a shell, pink-lipped, and ribbed on its outer surface, and stuck with spines. The child lay there at rest, and from his sea-swung cradle rippled up through the thick weeds, and running water, a tiny spiral form of fire. And the man saw the fire leap as it drew to the surface, and fly like a winged angel upward to the sun. And the glory of the fire was like the glory of some godhead, past man's understanding.

Then his blind eyes showed him, far hung in some distant spaces, a long procession of life. He watched a great brown rock, veined as pink quartz is veined, but all in heavy brown. And he saw its solidity give place to transparency through the form of light, like a winged seed that shone through its darkness. He watched the seed increase, and with it the light within the heart of the stone, and it seemed to him that the seed took the shape of some unknown flower, pulsing with life, expanding and contracting, but ever awake and alive. Threaded to the rock was a lowly flower, just a bit of common weed, joined and yet separate from the stone, with a tiny gossamer filament of light connecting the two. And in the heart of the flower glowed the same flame; brighter than in the rock, coloured with rose

and blue, throwing out and gathering to itself threads of living light. To the man's eyes it seemed as if the light-threads formed the shape of some strange beast, alive but asleep in the prison of the flower. To the man it seemed that both flower and stone were one, for each changed to the other, and yet he could see the shapes and properties of each distinct and separate. His blinded eyes seemed to have acquired a new sight; he wondered how it could be described, just as he wondered how he came to see. For at the same moment, he dissected the flower with his eyes, naming each part of its structure for his pedantry, smelling its raw smell, noting its growth, and the length of its roots in the ground, while he broke up the stone and classified it, recollecting the period of time to which its place was due, seeing its vicissitudes, and adventures, as well as knowing its worth; stranger still, seeing it all the while one with the little flowering weed.

And the soul in the little weed glowed like some distant flame, flinging out a wavering limb toward its brother the beast. And the beast linked up with the flower, even as the man saw man link with the beast. And to his eyes the whole great procession of life was one ring, flinging out the fire of its heart but to draw in again, feeding on itself, giving from itself in rhythmical order. So that flower and beast, stone and man were one, living each in the other in the fire that burnt within.

Then, even as he looked, the sun drew in its flame again, and the rock and the weed, the plant and the beast were gone. And his eyesight came back to him, while he stood giddy with all that he had seen and learned, and could not hold within his mind. For it seemed to him that with the gift of eyesight went the withdrawal of his understanding; that, as he turned to right and left, using his eyes as men use them in the land of his home, the shapes around him shifted, sights of wonder giving place to common things. He looked at the sun through blackened glasses; he drew a drop of the sea and searched it with a microscope; and though he measured the one, and analysed the other, he felt that knowledge had fled from him with the wings of the flaming sun.

"I will win back," he told himself, and thrust himself toward the place where he had seen the light. Space broke at his coming, parting like mists before the dawn-wind, and he felt

himself free to go where he listed like the wind. Only he saw nothing. Just a brown rock or two, a grey and shaggy cliff, with the waves tossing at its weary feet, and the light-heeled wind rippling the sun-dried bents.

He ran along the cliff, and saw nothing beyond the flowers and weeds that grow in his own land; saw, but saw not quite as men see at the foot of the stairway, so that he knew he had not yet crossed the stair-top, and left the Land of Nowhere. For the flowers grew on the cliffs unplucked, untrodden, the cushions of coronella sweet with their spice and the salt of the sea; and from their tinted lips he heard a little song rising with the breath of the breeze, and the salt of the waves, and the murmur of the great hairy-limbed colts-foot, and the thin chaunt of the rushes, higher up in the air toward the sun.

He saw a caterpillar in his path, a thing on earth maybe an inch long, beset with ruddy hairs, and striped with scarlet; but in this cliff-world measuring a league, each hair as thick as a thousand years old yew, each stripe a river of blood, each eye a sea of sight. The man gave place to the caterpillar, where on earth he might have trodden it beneath his feet. It coiled and hunched and drew its huge length leisurely along the path. Each lift of its body was as the moving of a chain of mountains; each time it raised a foot the earth trembled and was still. Yet the thing was but a caterpillar who should in due time become a tiger-moth. "But heavens!" thought the man, "what a tiger-moth, a roc among butterflies," and would have turned to avoid it.

"You can't go back," said the caterpillar, lifting a paw. The man stood in the shade of that paw, under a limb like the spur of a mountain fringed with forest, with a great chasm at the foot. He slipped between the trunks of the hairs, and lost his way. He never knew how he got back to earth, but woke to find himself in a pine and heather wood, where the shafts of sunlight fell between the reddened pine-boles, and the little pools of light lay hot to his hand.

Next time he went up the Back-stairs he found the imp and the book awaiting him. The imp thrust the book into his willing hands, turning over page after page with his flowing

fingers. The man watched them move, and he saw, without time-sequence, the doings of men, his fellow-folk upon the earth at the stair-foot.

He ran with the mummers up a whitened village street at Yuletide, wrapping his hands from the cold in the amplitude of his manchet sleeves. Overhead shone the yule-moon, white against the lantern he carried slung on a pole. He sang of the birth in a manger, he ate of the cheese and oat-cake given him, then turned himself without doors to run along a sun-burnt desert, fleet as an ostrich, with a lion at his heels. He plucked the sacred berries from the tree of the Hawaiians; he flung himself into the jaws of Pele with the rest of the devil crowd; he prayed to a squat, obscene clay deity in Mexico, prayed with all his soul; while at the same time he went out with Cortez to kill the heathen Caciques.

Over flew the pages in a whirl of flame, faster leapt the eyes and the thought of the man in their pursuit. He seemed to rush through unknown heights, up endless snows, till he reached a clear and delicate air, thin with the frosts of a thousand years or more. That is, as they count time at the foot of the stairway. The shrill air blew through him, whistling like whips around his ribs; he looked on himself mirrored, so it seemed, in ice on every side. He stood naked of his flesh, for the air stripped him; devoid of bones, for they fled on the wind; soulless, for the soul of him was gone, and nothing but a little flame shone from the icy mirrors all around.

He watched the light flit over the ice-beds, an unwavering light, clear and bright like a flame of ice; saw it mount higher up the mountain side, and quiver for an instant like a bird bent on flight on the cloven summit. It was written in the book whose pages the imp turned with his dripping hands.

The next page showed him a mighty sea, still on the surface as oil, but vexed below with cross-drifts and under-currents. Above, rocked at distinct intervals, a fleet of boats; at each mast burned a lantern, with another at the bows. The lamps at the bows burned vigorously, inimically bright, with a concentrated gleam, each throwing its flare at different measures across the water. No boat approached another, none hailed another; they

rocked, and threw out their lights as far as they could, their men feeding the lamps and polishing the glasses. Red, blue, green and yellow, in all shades they flung their rays across the spaces of that sea.

But looking at the water rather than at the lamps, the man saw that each was fed from the great under-current of the sea, and that each tiny trifling wick was plaited indissolubly beneath the surface into one vast cable. The imp with the book smiled, and his smile lit up the waters, so that the man cried: "Thou art known to me, thou son of Lir," and for an instant it seemed that the reason of all things was made plain to him. But he lost it with the turning of the page.

Then he was conscious in himself of struggling, jostling and pushing toward a door in the wall before him. He had not seen the wall before, nor the door, nor was he certain of their fashion now. Beyond the door there seemed a room like a waiting-room in a hospital, where men, women and children waited their turn of inspection. The man found himself among them, waiting too.

Men, women and children were drafted off through another doorway, but the man himself was set on one side. He watched the slow swing of the door, and the passage through it of the people. Then his eyes were opened to see that the door was held by some mighty force, gathered like a great bunch of nerves and tendons to a living door of flesh and blood. Within himself he knew that the life essence held that door, ajar or open, at the contraction or expansion of his will. He himself stood, yet in the body, waiting on the threshold of the room. Suddenly he saw a man spring at the door-way, thrusting at the door with all the strength of his muscles, till it yielded slowly for a shade of time, and the man leapt through it, back to life. For the swinging door divided birth and death. So read the man.

Then came a time of waiting, for the way to the staircase was shut. But one day the man stood in the window of his room, looking over a long garden in the springtime, and the door opened to him once again. He thought of the mystery of things, and felt the answer lay ready to his hand. He thought of the weary round of the wheel; of birth and death, of harmony

and discord. Then he looked out of the open window, where the low small bough of a sapling swung across his sight. On the branch sat a sparrow, and rocked the branch with its little weight. Down, up, swung the branch, and rested in its place. And the man felt he knew the rhythm of the spheres, the law of life, the use of death, through the swinging of that branch. He cannot explain it, for he who goes to Nowhere naturally sees Nothing, and could not tell his vision if he tried.

Meanwhile, Nowhere is open, its spaces surely worth the tracking, even its outskirts, perhaps, a little worth the journey, waiting beyond the level twilight for whosoever likes to come and see.

M. U. GREEN.

OUR LADY OF PEACE

LADY of Peace, sweet Mother mild!
Sing softly to Thy little child.
Guard us in play, in work, in sleep,
Dear Shepherdess who know'st Thy sheep.
Thou dost Thy silly lambkins bear,
Through thorns and briers with loving care.

Mother of mirth, Thy robe's soft fold
Wraps Thy weak babes from winter's cold;
Mother of tenderness and joy,
Thou givest to us each trifling toy,
With which Thy little babes do play
From dawning light to close of day.

Mother, when darkness comes apace,
Bear me unto my resting place;
Sing me to sleep, dear Mother mild,
Cradle and soothe Thy naughty child;
And grant when night is gone, I may
Be wakëd by Thy tender lay.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION

III.

Prenatal Influences

It has been shewn that the influences which act on the embryo through the mother during the prenatal period are part of the environment, and that those characteristics which are generally called inborn are really in existence prior to that period. The germ from the first moment of its existence has a certain nature, partly inherited from the parents and partly from some other source at present unknown. Then begins the interaction between the innate potentialities of the embryo and the surroundings by means of which these potentialities are developed into actualities.

It is the first stage of the contact of the self, as yet unself-conscious, with the environment, the stage which slowly prepares the germ for that entrance into the outer world which must precede the awakening of the sense-organs into action. This is the period in which the body, including the brain and nervous system, is built up as an instrument of the Self. Any particular type of brain and nervous system is not an inborn characteristic, but one of the results of the contact of a certain set of inborn characteristics with their earliest environment. The prenatal influences cannot change the inborn characteristics; their work is to aid the development of these; a germ endowed with the highest intellectual possibilities can never realise these except by means of a highly organised brain.

What then are the most important points to be considered with regard to this earliest stage in the development of the future human being? What are the most important conditions to be provided? So far as the general conditions are concerned, the

object is to build a body, healthy and complete in all its parts, and a well-balanced nervous system. This, broadly speaking, is the first aim in all cases; the cultivation of health and balance, at this stage, is more important to the race than that of any special characteristics, such as physical strength, power or sensitiveness of brain, or genius in any particular direction.

The ideal condition of the mother is one of cheerfulness and contentment, in which healthy exercise is provided for the body, the feelings, and the mind, without any undue strain in any direction. Inactivity of body, or a dull and inert condition of desire and thought, are perhaps nearly as harmful as undue stimulus. Overwork and underwork of the faculties are both injurious, and it is difficult to say which is the more so. As a general rule, a woman inclined to over-activity in any direction should restrain this tendency a little, and one inclined to be inert in body and mind should endeavour to rouse herself. Violent excitement of all kinds is harmful, perhaps more so than dullness and laziness; the harm in the first case is more of a positive, and in the latter more of a negative character. Hurricanes and thunderstorms do not provide favourable conditions for the growth of seeds.

It may be taken for granted that, if more attention were given to the provision of harmonious conditions during the pre-natal period, the effectiveness of the later stages of education would be enormously increased; this is a matter which goes to the very root of the evolution of the race; if the brain and body themselves are so built that they are unable to express the soul in any adequate fashion, no later training can counterbalance this fundamental defect; the foundation of education for good or ill is inevitably laid before birth, and this foundation cannot be altered at any later stage; no possible training can develop into a useful citizen a child born with a very defective brain, or can remove any other serious bodily defect.

Our object, however, is to do more than avoid serious defects. It is to build the best body and brain which are possible under the circumstances, to give each soul as perfect an opportunity of expressing itself as can be supplied, so that it may begin its contact with the outer world under the most favourable con-

ditions which can be provided. It is obvious that the required conditions are by no means the same in all cases, and it is not a good plan to lay down any hard and fast line as to the occupations a mother should pursue or avoid during the prenatal period.

The means by which harmonious surroundings may be provided are as various as individual character; it is not the nature of the mother's occupation which is most important, but the manner in which it is pursued; the prime element in this first environment of the soul is the mother herself, not her work, and above all her attitude of mind towards the coming child; for it is this attitude which determines the conditions, either making them as favourable as they can be made in her individual case, or by carelessness and absence of interest making healthy growth impossible. Any mother, however ignorant, who sincerely loves the child to be, will find means to supply the most important conditions which it needs, and will discover in what direction effort should be made, for true sympathy is a powerful stimulus to the intellect.

On the other hand, no amount of knowledge is of any avail where unselfish love is absent, or is overpowered by some stronger feeling; for it is desire, not intellect, which supplies energy and motive force. A woman whose love abounds, but whose knowledge is small, must inevitably increase the latter, while she who knows, but does not care, is indeed in a parlous state, all the more so because she is generally unaware that there is anything lacking.

The prime obstacle to the establishment of reasonably healthy conditions is the carelessness or indifference of those parents who take no interest in the true welfare of their offspring; no theories or rules can take the place of a steady intention on the part of the mother to bring into the world a healthy and well-developed child; this intention has a power not to be found in theories and rules, to check unwise conduct, and to stimulate the effort to lead a wholesome and well-balanced life. So important from the point of view of the welfare of the race is this intention, that one would wish to encourage, rather than repress, the natural tendency of some parents to regard their own offspring

as exceedingly interesting and important specimens of mankind. This is a comparatively harmless delusion, which temporarily quickens and stimulates the interest of the father and mother, and secures care and attention to the child at the time when they are most needed.

The Environment in Infancy

We now come to the stage when the body is fully formed, so that it can be used by the soul as its means of communication with the outer world. The sense-organs and the nervous system have been built up, and are ready to be trained to perform their work of transmitting knowledge to the consciousness. The self has not yet realised its own existence, it "has never thought that this is I"; this realisation comes gradually with the coming of knowledge and experience. The infant at birth is endowed with the potentialities which mark the character of the original germ, plus the material instrument built up by means of the mother; it has its "inborn characteristics," and in addition a body, brain and nervous system more or less fitted for the realisation of those possibilities; it has a certain character, and means, suitable or not as the case may be, for realising the same; but it has no self-consciousness and no knowledge. These are now to be slowly acquired by means of sensation and the nervous system.

The same environment will produce widely different effects in different cases according to the nature of each child, but there are certain requirements that are necessary in all cases for healthy growth of the germinal mind and character. The nervous system of the child is no longer intimately connected with that of the mother, sharing with the latter the results of any disturbed feeling or violent strain; it now receives impacts directly instead of indirectly; but the fact remains that the presence in its surroundings of any discordant emotion, such as anger, hatred, greed, or sensuality, is exceedingly harmful.

It is almost unnecessary to point out in the present stage of psychological science that the part of our surroundings which we consciously notice is far from being the only part by which we are influenced. The thoughts and feelings which constitute

the immediate environment of an infant feed its mind and character as truly as the mother's milk feeds its body. A child will sometimes begin to cry on seeing two people in angry dispute, not because it understands anything of the matter in hand, but because a discordant effect has been produced on its nervous system.

It is unfortunately not possible at the present stage in the evolution of the race, to protect all young children from discord in their immediate environment, but there is no reason why it should not be done in a large number of cases if its importance were once realised. The coming of a child into the family circle should be a stimulus to the higher life of all its members, rousing them to self-control, consideration for others, and the cultivation of a cheerful and contented life. In an ideal system of education no one suffering from anxiety, impatience, or depression would be allowed to come near or tend an infant; a gloomy or irritable disposition would be considered a final disqualification for the position of a nurse.

Harmonious surroundings, then, are the most important element in the moral training of an infant. Next to these comes a steady suggestion of right conduct from those around him, dating from the time when he first begins to discriminate between right and wrong. This element in training attains its greatest importance in the stage succeeding infancy, when the conscience is more fully developed, but it can be applied with advantage to a very young child, and even at an early stage is an important subject to be considered. The harmonious surroundings in themselves constitute the first stage of suggestion, appealing to the imitative tendencies of the child; the second stage begins when he first makes a conscious choice between one action and another.

The most important point in the training of the germinal mind is that the infant should be provided with a sufficient number of objects of interest, but should not have his attention distracted and strained by the possession at any one time of a too exciting and miscellaneous collection. Violent joy and wild delight are to be avoided for a sensitive child; they are apt to produce a serious reaction. It is never a good plan that a child'

attention should be hurried rapidly from one thing to another without any opportunity of giving careful attention to any. Enough is as good as a feast, in fact much better than a feast, and a too anxious desire to please or to rouse interest defeats its own object. If a child turns over a picture book too rapidly he derives from it neither pleasure nor profit.

In the earliest as well as in the later stages of mental development, the root of all progress is concentration of mind, or the act of fixing the attention on one element in the environment, disregarding the rest. The mind is awakened into action by means of impacts from without; this is accomplished through sensation; the infant looks forth on a vague world, a confused collection of objects which have no interest and no meaning, and none of which attracts special attention. A sensation of pleasure or pain then forces the germ of mind to occupy itself with some object exclusively; and as these sensations are repeated, the object gradually becomes distinguished from other objects, and we have the beginning of knowledge, or in nursery language the baby begins to take notice.

There is an important point in practical training, which is due to the fact that evolution of mind from the germinal condition to the fully developed state is owing to concentration in some form, or the selection of one particular object of attention, separating it from the rest. This point is the importance of refraining from unnecessarily interrupting a child, whose mind is already satisfactorily occupied, by constantly thrusting upon his attention new objects in order to give him pleasure. The time to interrupt him is when he is *not* satisfactorily occupied, when he is dull, or discontented, or fractious, or irritable, or when he is engaged in some occupation, however enjoyable to himself, which does not happen to be conducive to the general welfare. It is an important element in education to know when to let a child alone.

The infant's instincts, desires, and cravings are to be used as they develop, as a means of training both mind and character. It is desire which prompts to effort, and the right method of training is to arrange the environment in such a way that desire will stimulate effort of a satisfactory kind. The different needs

of the child, as they arise from week to week, must be met with sympathetic insight; the tendency to make the baby the centre of interest in the family life, which is at times somewhat annoying to friends and visitors, is a useful provision of nature which we must bear with patience; for the mother-love, even in its least intelligent forms, and the natural affection of the elder children of the same family, often contain an element of the needed sympathetic insight. It would be a serious loss to the race if the majority of infants were not, as at present, surrounded by a crowd of admiring and sympathetic friends and relations. Even when the crowd in question is particularly ignorant and uncultured, it may be able to provide elements suited to the development of that particular child. Every infant requires a different environment, according to its inborn characteristics, and a mother who would be suitable for one would not necessarily be suited to another. There is no such thing as a good parent in the abstract; a parent is good or the contrary in relation to a particular child.

SARAH CORBETT.

BAHAISM, OR A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

9

I.

IT is a gratifying tendency of the age in which we are living that enlightened men no longer confine themselves to their iron-bound creeds but are willing to look out and beyond their own range of vision and see what truth and light their neighbours may perchance have.

The subject I wish to present in this paper is Bahaism—a universal religion.

Doubtless some of my readers have heard little, if anything,

of this new religion, and therefore the title, a universal religion, may seem to them somewhat boastful. Nevertheless, although its existence covers but little more than half a century, Bahaism has already gained an important place in different parts of the world; and therefore by the student of religious thought it can no longer be ignored.

There are several reasons why this religion is worthy of our attention; one is that it is distinctively a new religion.

There are only seven great world-religions which have come down to us through the ages, while there are innumerable sects and societies continually multiplying before our eyes.

But these all draw their power from the previous religions from which they spring, and the reason of their existence is nearly always due to the different interpretations of a prophet's words or of a sacred book.

Bahaism, on the contrary, announces itself as a new revelation of divine truth, brought by a new manifestation or prophet and possessing its own sacred books and laws.

If then we are privileged to be living in an epoch when a great world-religion is being born, surely it is worthy of our study and investigation.

Another fact of this religion which merits our consideration is that, whatever we may think of its claims, some thousands of our fellow men have given up their lives and submitted to the worst of tortures for its sake.

This great religious and social movement now known in the world as Bahaism had its birth in Persia toward the middle of the last century, and soon after spread and increased with a rapidity for which we have no example in history.

I have not the time to enter into the details of the metaphysics, the ethics, and theology of the new religion; my object is simply to give you as briefly as possible a history of the movement and to state its aims and ideals and what it stands for in the world to-day.

In the year 1844 (1260 A.H.) in Persia, that ancient country of Zoroaster, there arose a young man, Mirza Ali Mohammed by name, who announced that he was the Bâb, which in Persian means the Door, signifying by that that he was the Door by

which men could come to a knowledge of God, the Intermediary between them and that supreme Essence endowed with all perfections, which is inaccessible to our understanding.

It was not long before the Bâb attracted to him a noble band of men fired with zeal and enthusiasm by his words and eager to spread throughout Persia the new teachings of justice and liberty.

It must be remembered that Persia is a Mohammedan country and that the devout Mohammedans there have been in constant expectation of the Mâhdi, whom the Bâb declared himself to be, showing that the signs and the very time of his coming had been predicted in the Korân and the Mohammedan traditions called Hâdis.

Of the early disciples of the Bâb, I would mention one in particular, a woman, the famous Kurratul-Ayn, who has taken her place in the ranks of the noblest of the world's heroines.

Endowed with great beauty of character and possessing a rare spirit of knowledge and culture, Kurratul-Ayn was the daughter of one of the leading Ullemas of Islâm and was well known as a poetess, philosopher, linguist and theologian.

One can understand the attraction that the new doctrines of the Bâb would have on so cultivated a nature, for the Bâb preached, besides other reforms, the emancipation of women from the great seclusion in which they had been kept.

Kurratul-Ayn abandoning wealth, comfort, family, and everything that the world most prizes, went from place to place preaching with tremendous fervour and eloquence the cause of the Bâb, and finally suffering martyrdom for her faith.

The Persian Government became alarmed at the rapid spread all over Persia of the new religion, then known as Bâbism, and at the instigation of the Mullas, began to try to check its triumphal course by persecution of the Bâbîs. Orders were issued by the Prime Minister to seize and plunder the Bâbîs, and on their refusing to deny their faith they were put to death.

Then began a series of the most terrible and most heroic martyrdoms that the world has perhaps ever seen; thousands upon thousands gave up their lives gladly for their cause, not

one denying his convictions but blessing his persecutors to the end. In this age, which has been characterised as especially selfish and unheroic, to read of the glorious unselfishness and heroism of the Bâbîs makes our heart glow and raises our thought to the possible heights which human nature can reach.

As an example of the spirit of self-forgetting love and devotion with which the Bâbîs met their death, I will quote the martyrdom of Mirza Kurbân Ali, a dervish and one of the most learned, respected and beloved men of Persia.

When asked to deny his faith he said: "This drop of blood, this poor life is nought. Were I possessed of the lordship of the world and had I a thousand lives, I would freely cast them before the feet of His friends."

Thereupon the order was given for his execution. The first blow of the headsman's sword only wounded the old man's neck, sweeping his turban to the ground. He raised his head and exclaimed: "Oh happy that intoxicated lover who at the feet of the Friend knoweth not whether it be his head or his turban which he casteth."

Another case was that of Hâji Mulla Ismail. On the way to his execution through the crowded streets of Teheran, the mob were pelting him with stones and heaping abuse upon him. "These are Bâbîs and madmen," they cried.

Thereupon Hâji Mulla Ismail turned toward them and said: "Yes, we are Bâbîs, but mad we are not. By God, O people, it is for your awakening and your enlightenment that we have foregone life, wealth, wife and child and have shut our eyes to the world, that perchance ye may be warned and may escape from uncertainty and error, that ye may fall to making enquiry, that ye may recognise the Truth as is meet, and that ye may no longer be veiled therefrom."

There is another incident in connection with the Bâbî martyrdoms I would mention, which took place quite recently in Persia, to show that the heroism of the Bâbî women is no less than that of the men.

The husband of a certain woman was torn from her arms by a fanatic mob and cruelly cut to pieces. I will describe the sequel in verse:

Alone, within she stood; the crowd without,
With horrid taunting jeer and mocking shout,
Were making out of death a ghastly feast,
As human food is banquet for the beast.
She knew, alas! too well who was their prey;
In one brief hour the crowd had snatched away,
From out her arms, her own, her well-beloved.
Ah, for this crime was heaven itself not moved!
Why should her love, a tree of strength and truth,
Be struck down in the beauty of his youth?
Why should the wicked triumph o'er the good,—
The lamb be given to the wolves for food?
Yet often he to her this warning gave,
"Know thou, man cannot soul and body save.
My soul I give to God; if others lust
For Bâbî blood, then bravely die I must."
The wife remembered; strength came to her heart.
"O God," she prayed, "grant unto me a part
Of this day's sacrifice to Thee. I know
That I so weak can little do to show
My love for Thee; yet willingly I give
My all. Now grant me strength to live."
So from the altar of that woman's love,
Like incense rose the martyr's soul above.
Just then the crowd drew near with hideous yell,
Threw something through the window; down it fell,
Close to her feet. She gazed at it in dread;
And saw in shapeless mass her loved one's head.
Then by God's help she took that head so dear,
A prayer breathed o'er it, kissed it with a tear;
Back to the bloodhounds cast it with her might;
E'en their base souls were troubled at the sight.
Triumphant rang her voice though from the rack:
"That which to God we give we take not back!"

What especially distinguishes the martyrs of Bahaism is this, that while in many religions men have given their lives for their cause, it has often been for the hope of attaining some Paradise or escaping some hell. But the Bâbîs have given their lives through their great love for their friends, their brother men, for all humanity, that Heaven or Paradise might be realised upon this earth.

Alas that it is necessary to state that the persecutions of the Bâbîs in Persia, though they have greatly diminished, have not

altogether disappeared; for only two years ago some 300 were put to death in Yezd.

Finding itself powerless to check the Bâbî movement, the Persian Government at last decided to execute the Bâb himself. So he was seized, imprisoned and ordered to be shot in one of the public squares of Tabriz.

The manner of his death was as follows. The Bâb, together with one of his disciples, was hung by ropes against the side of a wall and the order given to a regiment of Armenian soldiers to fire. This they did in three successive volleys; but when the smoke cleared away it was found that the Bâb was uninjured, the bullets having simply cut the ropes which bound him. He uttered some words to the crowd which for the great uproar were not heard. Again he was hung up, but this time the regiment of Armenian soldiers refused to fire; so another one of Mohammedans was called.

They fired and the Bâb's body fell riddled with bullets. Thus ended his short mission.

The anticipations of the Government, however, were by no means realised by this martyrdom, for though the persecution of the Bâbîs increased daily, so did they also increase daily in number and strength.

For the comprehension of what is to follow, it is very necessary to understand what was the principal teaching of the Bâb. It was this: that he was simply the announcer, the forerunner of a great Manifestation of God, which was to follow him. He said that his whole work and teachings meant this; that he had appeared to announce the glad tidings to the world and prepare the people for "him whom God shall manifest," who, he said, would be greater than he as the sun is greater than the dawn.

An English journal has remarked that perhaps the most remarkable thing in the religion of Bahaism is the fact that one actually did come after the Bâb, as he predicted, and was also greater than he, for in 1852, exactly at the time prophesied by the Bâb, there arose another great Light, known to-day under the name of Baha Ullah, meaning the Glory of God.

Who was Baha Ullah? He was the son of a very wealthy and noble family of Persia of the purest Aryan stock, a family

which could trace its lineage to the earliest days of Persia before the Mohammedan conquest.

Although of such a learned family, which had constantly supplied ministers to the Government, Baha Ullah himself had little or no education, for, when a young man, he started forth to spread the teachings of the Bâb. We read accounts of the wonderful power of speech he possessed and of his superhuman wisdom, which coming from the lips of one so young confounded the greatest sages of Islâm, and caused many to abandon all and follow him.

Shortly after the Bâb's martyrdom Baha Ullah was seized by the Persian Government, and ordered to be killed. He was confined in a dungeon with several of his followers, chained together, so that one could not make a movement without affecting the others. Each day one of them was carried out to be executed, until at last Baha Ullah alone was left. It is recounted that his jailer came to him and said: "To-morrow you must die." "You do not know," replied Baha Ullah. "God knows."

That very day the representatives of the English and Russian Governments in Teheran had an audience with the Shah. They represented to him that they were tired of the sickening amount of blood that was being shed in his country, and if it continued their Governments would interfere. The Shah hastily promised that it should at once stop, and gave orders for the prisoners to be released. Baha Ullah, his life thus spared, was exiled with his family and some of his followers to the Turkish dominions. There in Bâghdâd he declared to his followers, what they had already suspected, that he was the Promised One, foretold by the Bâb, the great Manifestation of God come for all the religions of the world.

For twelve years, Baha Ullah taught in Bâghdâd. As this city is on the way to the shrines of Kerbela and Mecca, large numbers of pilgrims, hearing of his great wisdom and holiness, came to see him and became his devoted followers, so that the religion now known as Bahaism spread rapidly through the surrounding countries.

The Turkish Government, perceiving this, decided to have

Baba Ullah brought to Constantinople; from there they transferred him to Adrianople.

While in this latter city Baha Ullah wrote those famous letters to the Kings of Europe and the Pope at Rome, announcing that he was the great Manifestation of God which the Christians as well as other people were expecting, and calling upon them to abandon their injustice, their thoughts of warfare, and to assist in establishing Unity and the Brotherhood of man upon earth. These letters also contained prophetical utterances which were soon after fulfilled.

The late revered Queen of England is said to have replied with these wise words: "If this is from God it will stand, if it is not it will soon pass away." Napoleon III., then Emperor of France, replied with ridicule. Baha Ullah warned him that unless he changed his ways and took hold of this "strong rope" which had been thrown out to him, he would be humiliated and his kingdom depart from his hands.

Two years later the Franco-Prussian war broke out; Napoleon lost his throne and died miserably in exile.

The Turkish Government, wishing to restrict altogether the influence of Baha Ullah, decided to send him to the prison town of Akka or Acre, one of the Turkish fortresses in Syria, at the foot of Mt. Carmel. Acre was noted as being one of the most unhealthy spots on earth. There was a saying, if a bird flew over Acre it would die; the plain around Acre was called the most desolate of countries. Doubtless the Turkish Government hoped that Baha Ullah, after so many imprisonments and hardships, would soon succumb to the rigours of the climate; but such was not the case.

The followers of Baha Ullah who went with him discovered springs of water in the arid desert about Acre, irrigated the soil and planted orange groves and flower gardens; the desert blossomed as the rose, the insanitary condition of the city also began to change.

By letters surreptitiously sent out from Acre the Bahaîs in other parts of the world became informed of the whereabouts of their leader, and many made the long journey on foot simply to get a glimpse of their Beloved from his prison window.

Here, in Acre, Baha Ullah established the basis of his religion, setting forth his laws and doctrines in many books and innumerable letters sent to believers in different parts of the world.

He enjoined on his followers the acquiring of knowledge, education for every man and woman; for truly until ignorance is uprooted there can be no true progress. I have not the space to enter into details regarding the laws and regulations laid down by Baha Ullah; suffice it to say that they are very broad and generous, in full keeping with the spirit of the times. The questions and problems which are agitating the modern mind are anticipated and provided for by Baha Ullah.

As a well-known barrister of New York has written: "The social regulations which Bahaism advocates are certainly more enlightened than those which have generally been put forward in the name of religion."

Before his departure from this world in 1892, Baha Ullah announced this event in a special book called *The Book of the Covenant*, in which he bade his followers, after his departure, to turn to his eldest son, Abbas Effendi, as their spiritual guide and teacher, the one who should explain and interpret the teachings of Bahaism to the world and continue the great work laid down by the father.

Abbas Effendi, who calls himself Abdul Baha, the Servant of Baha, is still living in the prison town of Acre; the same love and devotion that the Bahaîs had for Baha Ullah is now accorded to his son, and the same power, beauty of life and wisdom which shone forth from his father are also manifest in him.

It was my great privilege and blessing some two years ago to visit Abbas Effendi in Acre.

While there I was one of a number of pilgrims who had come from America, England, France, Russia, Egypt, Turkey, Persia and India, men who had before been Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, Buddhists and Zoroastrians, drawn from all parts of the world to sit at the feet of the Master, as they call him, and listen to his wise and holy words. The barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding which had formerly separated

these different people one from the other were broken down. They met in that city as brothers, and a bond of love and unity cemented them. Of my own impressions of the wonderful personality of Abbas Effendi, the Master, I despair of giving any adequate description.

I saw in him the type of a perfect man; love and kindness seemed to radiate from him. His daily life is an expression of service to man. No one in the presence of such a man could doubt his greatness.

SYDNEY SPRAGUE.

A VISION

SHE first saw all sorts of green grasses, and was conscious that vegetation had a soul which she saw in the form of golden filaments holding it together and pulsing through it. She saw jewels in the matrix and opals living and pulsing; animals with attendant spirits, each with its immaterial counterpart. In the lower animals the counterpart developes like a flame; in the higher it is a form, not a figure—that is to say it is chaotic, verging on form like a half-moulded clay statue.

In an incoherent place a strange light differentiated into floating forms; they gathered something from the atmosphere and became curious vague human forms. The land was a field of ice. Human buildings appeared as huge rude stones thrown together. People worshipped the sun, and in the night golden spirits passed close to them.

These come from the reserve world, "where the spirits are before incarnation. They chant a strange scale, a sound with no words. The human forms understand through the top of the head, which is open, with a little circle of light round it; it breathes, and they understand its breaths, and so communicate with the golden spirits and with each other."

She then saw a ladder with a great eye hovering above it. "The people are much denser, and are climbing and rushing up

the ladder; they are not so rude and savage as the former people, they are all crowned with gold; their heads have closed and they have intellect, but have lost the spirit. The golden spirits are still with them. The worship is that of a woman goddess, seated on a red, black, and white-striped throne. She holds a great paddle in her hand; one end is red and the other yellow. She wears a white mitre and a *nemmes* cloth hanging from her breasts. Her name is Gnesor (which appears to mean Law or Truth). She wears two rampant green serpents round her brow. Her twin is on the other side of the world and was a goddess of fertility on the earth." She was surrounded by great masses of attendant soldiers.

The people are bound together by the golden spirits that wind in and out among them though they do not see them.

She next saw a collection of dwellings in a wild place full of despair. There was a river with the human beings on one side and the golden presenees on the other. There was a bridge; but when one of the golden presences tried to get over—" all these people rushed in a mob to prevent him. They look ignoble, and are hateful and without light."

A great flood of water came down for the purification of the world, which was whirled round in it like a ball. The golden presences stood apart looking on.

She then saw—in a kind of vision of the invisible world—superhuman beings in an oriental building with a garden and lake. They were in white, and one or two of the golden presences were in communication with them. They seemed to be holding a conclave.

"They are consulting about a seething mob of people. The golden ones go down among them; one holds the symbol of the sun; another a cross; another a star. They are armed with all sorts of symbols. The people are blind and deaf, a compact mass of undifferentiated humanity. They cut it up and it forms into individuals who see the symbols; some cling to one and some to another."

The scene now changed to some most lovely eastern Moorish buildings, pavements, tiles, fountains and a number of people holding new moons like sickles in their hands.

"They are like children and seem to understand the golden ones. It is a sunny, lovely, happy place, full of sheaves of corn and garlands of roses. They are all children and look transparent as they dance wonderful dances."

The next change was to a land of giants. The people were moving about like bronze statues; they were beautiful and were working convulsively at tremendous works miles high; they wore great crowns of vine-leaves and grapes.

"The golden ones are directing their labours. All seem to be serving. One is hammering; one is smiting a mountain. The golden presences look like little strips of light among them. They take splendid attitudes like Greek statues. A colossal woman towers against the sky."

The scene then changed to another ancient rite described under another heading and ended with the vision of San Marco in Venice.

F. F.

INITIATION

INITIATION! What diverse thoughts and feelings are aroused by this word of many meanings! Few terms of deeper import occur in our literature, few words of more pregnant significance are uttered in our assemblies. And yet when we are asked what we mean precisely by this utterance how difficult is it to answer with any precision. The word is used in so many senses that it seems almost impossible to discover its root meaning, and therewith the beginning of a right understanding of the living conception that ensouls the heart of the matter. It is, therefore, with much hesitation that I hazard a suggestion on so great a theme, with many apologies to those of my readers who may be better informed, if, perchance, I should unwittingly say anything unworthy of their holy things, and yet with a fair confidence that the gods like us to guess at what is beyond us, and smile when we try to find out their secrets.

Historically, the idea of initiation is always connected with the institution of secret rites, rites performed apart (*secrete*), either in the *adyta* or shrines of the temples, or in some place guarded from the eyes of the uninitiated, those who were outside the fane (*pro-fani*). These secret rites were generally known as mysteries, sacred ceremonies and acts on which the initiated were to keep silence on penalty of death, and so-called from μύειν—to close the mouth.

Philologically the term "initiation" is derived from the Latin *initiatio*, a participation in the secret religious rites. In its root significance, however, *initiatio* is to be referred to the simple idea of "entering into," or "entrance into" (*initium*, *ineo*), hence "beginning." How the term came to bear its later precise technical meaning we do not know, unless it connoted the "entrance into" the only things that were really worth entering into; even the Latins themselves had to confect a connection. Thus Cicero (*Leg.*, II. xiv. 36) writes: "Nothing is better than these mysteries by which we are refined and softened from a rude and savage life to a love of our fellows (*humanitatem*), and by which we have been taught the *initia*, as they are called, that is to say the true principles [*principia=initia*, foundations or beginnings] of life."

We must therefore suppose that to Latin ears, and among those who believed in the high moral worth of the mysteries, the meaning conveyed was that a man had entered the ranks of the humanists, had made a beginning of true philanthropy. The Latin Father Tertullian uses *initiare* as a synonym of "to baptise" (*Monog.*, viii.).

But it is not in Latin that we can hope to track out the true meaning of the idea; it is in Greek that we shall find the stronger traces. The most general term for initiation is τελετή, and "to be initiated," is, as Plutarch tells us, τελεῖσθαι. The idea conveyed by these terms is that of "perfecting, completing, accomplishing, operating." The initiated were thus the perfected, in Latin *perfecti* and *adepti;* in Sanskrit they are the *sâdhu's* or *sâdhaka's*, from the root *sâdh*, to perfect.

But the most general term in Sanskrit for initiation is *dîkshâ*, meaning originally "preparation" or "consecration for a

religious rite," from *dîksh*, meaning literally "to wish to make oneself fit or competent," a desiderative form of the root *daksh*, "to be competent, able, strong, or powerful." In the Veda *daksha* and *kratu*, "energy" and "intelligence," are often found together as the two chief faculties of the mind.

But enough of philology. It is now quite evident that the root idea of initiation is connected with religious rites and with a man's perfectioning by their means, or making himself fit in order that he may accomplish such rites.

Now religious rites are in general rites whereby man is brought into contact with powers other than himself, with the invisibles; this has been always the general persuasion of mankind. But initiation has not only to do with religious rites in general, which are performed publicly for all to see, but with secret rites which are reserved for those only who have been prepared. Initiation to mean anything must always be connected with the idea of secrecy. Thus we have the *rahasya* or "secret" of the Aupaniṣhad schools, and the *disciplina secreti* of Christian mystic tradition.

So far, our thoughts have been verging towards what is good and holy and pure, and keeping in the background the obverse of these things. The tragical history of mankind, however, is replete with records of secret rites of almost unimaginable foulness, and no period of the worlds' history is known when evil is not found co-existing with good. Indeed it is almost not too bold a thing to say that the great passion of mankind is so conditioned that action and reaction are equal and opposite; so that whenever we remark in history an epoch of great spiritual enlightenment we find it accompanied with detestable practices, the very antipodes of the higher impulses.

It is, however, not the purpose of this paper to dwell on the dark side, but rather to seek some solution of the question: What do we Theosophists to-day mean by initiation?

Now it is very evident that we who believe in the brotherhood of man can seek initiation only into such mysteries as those which can perfect us in humanity or true philanthropy, as Cicero says. It matters not what allurements of gaining knowledge for the sake of knowledge may be held out to us, we must ever

refuse entrance into such circles if they are not founded upon the purpose of pure thinking and good doing, in brief, if they are not ethically sound.

But I believe most of us will go further than this and enquire more deeply into the matter; for we are already fortunate enough in having had made accessible to us the treasures of many of the theosophies of the past, that is to say of the inner teachings of the great world-religions which have been given by the Providence of God for the spiritual education of mankind.

Initiation thus begins to have for us a very deep significance. We have already learned, or we could have learned if we had taken any real trouble in the matter, what is the nature of theosophy, and what are the boundary marks of the Path that leads us from ignorance into Gnosis, from man to the Divine.

We have already learned, or at any rate we have had ample opportunity of learning if we would only take the trouble to read, what are held by the greatest benefactors of humanity to be the means of self-purification in preparing ourselves for the holy rite whereby we shall be received into the order of true manhood.

We have already learned, if we have had attentive ears, that the mystery-rites of human institution are at best but shadows of greater things, and that a man may never have been initiated into such rites, and yet have passed on to truly higher things.

And why is it that many of us are so persuaded? Because we are utterly confident that true initiation is a *natural* process. No man can give or withhold it. It is the fulfilment of a covenant that man has with his God, and none can say yea or nay but that God alone.

It is very true that there are many rites that instruct us concerning the nature of this mystery, and that are designed to quicken our intuition of the nature of the consummation, whereby we shall be united with our greater self and so reach unto true manhood; but these rites cannot of themselves perfect us. They may, if they are performed by fit and knowing hierophants and brethren, draw us towards the veil of the holy of holies, but that veil we must raise ourselves, and then only when the voice of the Beloved calls us from within.

There are still, I believe, the holiest of rites performed on

earth by true knowers of the real mysteries, that is to say by those who have themselves attained the grade of spiritual manhood, and perchance higher grades still, and who have authority in holy things conferred by Nature and by Nature's Lord. But even such rites I would fain believe are ancillary; they are the true liturgical co-operation of the Servants of the Lord, but not the actual begetting, or bringing to birth, the *Fiat* or true *Efficacia*.

Indeed it is said that he who has been prepared and purified, or rather who *has made himself ready* and freed himself from the "world-illusion," so stripping himself naked of opinion, is not made gnostic here on earth by those in body, but that, loosed from the trammels of the flesh, he passes to other inward rites of greater efficacy, where the mystery is consummated in the peace of perfect harmony, amid the unwearied liturgy of Nature's purest elements, and with the wise co-operation of the all-knowing intelligences of Mind, the Great Initiator.

But seeing that this initiation, the true conscious beginning of the new birth, is a *natural* thing, we can hardly believe that it is *dependent* upon any earthly rites. When the disciple is ready, it is said, the Master is ready—has indeed been always there though unrecognised by the disciple; and when the candidate is duly prepared by self-purification and the discipline of self-knowledge, the Initiator is there—has indeed been always there preparing the receptive nature for the implanting of the spiritual seed of gnostic potency.

But some will say: This is all so very vague and we have heard of it before; there is nothing secret about it. Initiation must be a definite thing, given in definite terms, that could be distinctly stated, were it permissible to speak of such matters.

Let it, however, be remembered that here we are not speaking of the thousand and one formal initiatory rites that in greater or less measure symbolise the *natural* fact that constitutes the conscious spiritual new birth. We are rather endeavouring to evaluate in some small measure the "*secretum secretorum*," the "secret" of the "secret rites," the spiritual mystery that no earthly or psychic ceremonies can *reveal*. These do but *veil* the mystery; it is the man himself who must raise the veil, for the mystery is

that of self-revelation, and that self-revelation is operated by the inworking of the natural energy of his innate Divinity.

This energising of his spiritual nature can manifest itself to his "waking" or "dreaming" consciousness in manifold modes; every man viewed from the standpoint of procession in space and time, every man considered as a "procession of Fate" that gyrates in the circles of ever-becoming and re-becoming, for the ages of the many lives of separated existence which constitute the moments of the intrauterine life of the true man, has presumably in the store-house of his greater memory picture on picture of initiatory rites that he has passed through, either while incarnate in some earth-life, or excarnate in soul-life. And at the moment of his great conversion, which is the beginning of his knowing conversation with his greater self, these pictures can, it is permissible to believe, live again a life of new meaning, and things that had previously for the carnal mind been of the nature of shadows and shows, tantalisations and insufficiencies, nay, not unfrequently had led to corruption and debasement, become intelligible in the light of the new dawn of the purified intelligence.

But the memory of such ancillary experiences, the bringing them through into the physical consciousness, is not by any means invariable, — so I have heard and so it seems most natural to conclude. On the other hand, the re-seeing of these and similar pictures may be the lot of many who are still without the mystery, and is by no means in itself to be taken as any proof of spiritual knowledge; for the bringing of the pictures through to physical consciousness is dependent solely upon psychic susceptibility, which in itself has nothing to do with the development of the moral nature.

The fact of spiritual initiation is rather, one may believe, conditioned by the ability to understand, interpret and evaluate such subjective phenomena and happenings. The true initiate is he who stands in the light of knowledge, and who thus understands. This or that picture, this or that happening, is of no importance to him; it matters not whether this or that appearance of himself proceeded or proceeds through this or that experience, or whether other processions moved or move through other appearances; what is of moment is meaning, and

the intuition of meaning alone is the only knowledge that makes for wisdom.

And this being so, the reminiscence of certain selected pictures either of the past or present experience, is a matter of no great moment; seeing that the memory that is restored by this spiritual initiation is that of understanding, understanding in present consciousness—no matter in what direction this consciousness be turned. It is the faculty of appreciating the true value of action, of happenings; it is the correct reading of "history" and the true use of "logic."

There are doubtless all kinds of what may be called minor initiations into knowledges of infinite variety of psychic states, as there are initiations into every variety of physical knowledge, and perhaps no few of my readers may think that many of such knowledges are well worth the straining of every nerve to acquire them. I for my part, however, have ever been buoyed up with the hope that there is a more immediate Path to true Gnosis; and it is to the treading of that Path alone in order to reach and pass through the Gate of the Gnosis, and so become that Gate for others, a true Bâb, that I believe a man should dare to consecrate his real Will, and give his whole Being.

This does not mean to say that we should foolishly think little of formal sciences and knowledges and arts, but only that it is difficult to avoid the persuasion that if it were intended these should be acquired by temporal means by all who would attain to wisdom, then the process would be endless, and hope of consummation would be infinitely deferred. I would, therefore, rather believe that there is ever open for all men an immediate Path between them and their God, and that it is only in respect to how far any knowledge can be held to throw light on this Path that it can in any true sense be called initiatory.

We may add science to science, and knowledge to knowledge, but no process of addition of sciences, or knowledges, will ever equate with wisdom; and the understanding and gnosis of which I have been speaking is of the nature of wisdom. Wisdom is eternal and immediate; it is not logical, it is not historical or evolutional; it does not interpret one plane by another plane: it recognises itself in all things. And it is this *knowing contact*

with this Wisdom, I believe, that constitutes the *entrance* into Life, or the first great natural Initiation.

This does not mean to say that the consciousness of this contact is continuous; the contact remains, for it is the permanent transformation of the deepest nature in man, but the retaining of such transcendent consciousness in the impermanent natures of the mixture is as yet beyond the power of the new-born child. That power has to be gradually developed, and the "growth in spirit," or the development of the power to retain the "holy breath" or âtmic consciousness on earth, marks the stages of perfection whereby the Man-child grows into the stature of the Heavenly Man.

And here I would break off though there is much more that one might venture to suggest, for the subject opens out infinitely, as do all the fundamental concepts of Theosophy. I know that it is greatly daring to venture on the treatment of such high themes, and that one risks to be accused of presumption for so doing; but my sole object has been to suggest how wondrous a prospect lies before us when we dare to contemplate the nature of the meaning of that word of power "Initiation." The dim imagining of what may perchance be a minute portion of that meaning is, I confess it whole-heartedly, presumption; but as this glorious ideal is one of the fundamental presuppositions of our whole Theosophy, as "Initiation" is a word that occurs so frequently in our literature, it is not entirely improper to say: "I think it may be somewhat of this or that nature,"—basing ourselves on the highest thoughts and holiest feelings that have been awakened in our better selves by the study of the Scriptures of the world.

To me, Initiation, in its theosophical meaning, denotes a transcendent reality; it must be the necessary and inevitable consummation of my present studies and struggles. There is no higher satisfaction that I can at present imagine; for it must in its very nature transcend all that I can imagine and desire and aspire to, otherwise it would be no consummation or fulfilment. It is to be the natural end of life in natural ignorance, and the equally natural beginning of life in natural gnosis. Its nature is to be immediate and not mediate. It is not to be a progress

through other planes simply, but a unitary realisation of the meaning of action on all planes.

Whatever is less than this, I would believe that it pertains to some *form of initiation* that still veils the reality of the real thing and not to Initiation itself; these veilings are doubtless frequently most beautiful and reveal infinitely more than any individual's guesses can hope to reach, but they cannot really satisfy. And I believe that true Initiation is satisfaction.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE IDEAL: A DREAM

A WOMAN paced restlessly up one and down another of the straight garden paths with their tall bordering hedges, and as each new vista opened up before her eager unsatisfied eyes she hurried forward, only to find that at the end lay ever the same obstacle—a high blank wall.

To her there came at last a man, thin-lipped and quiet-eyed, and over his face the peace that is born, not of knowledge, but of acquiescence.

"What is it?" he questioned.

"It is not here," she made answer. "I am cramped and starved, and something within me cries out bidding me go forth and seek for what I would find."

"There is nought to find, daughter," came his swift reply "since God is here."

"God cannot live in a garden," she flashed back. "How shall the finite confine the infinite? He needs must be everywhere."

"Ay, but it is not everywhere that poor humanity can draw nigh to Him. Here we teach the path by which all men must reach Him."

She shook her head in troubled denial.

"I think that cannot be. For how shall all reach Him in

the same way? You cannot generalise about souls, whose very essence is their individuality. It may be the path for you, it is not the path for me."

He turned a grave scrutinising glance upon her.

"Is it more than the mere craving for change and novelty?" he asked. "For remember, my daughter, you have visited all parts of the garden."

"Yes," she admitted, a little shamefacedly. "I have been east and west, and north and south; have been where weeds and flowers grow up unchecked together; have been where the gardeners seem not able to distinguish between them, and so destroy sometimes the weeds and sometimes the flowers; and have been here where . . . . ."

"We tend our flowers here," he asserted quickly.

"Yes," she said gently, "but they are all stunted. How indeed should aught save a weed come to its full perfection shadowed by hedges that shut out the sunlight? Is it my fault that I have searched in vain through your garden for the Ideal my spirit craves to find? For, indeed, I have sought it with a humble heart, dreaming always that it lay within your walls. Only now at last I know that I must go forth, not even, I think of my own free will, but because of the power within that bids me seek until I die, that drives me despite myself, the power that is above thought, above heart, above soul, the power that is perchance the golden cord drawing us forth from the darkness of the finite into the Light of the Infinite. I have no learning such as you. I may not argue when it speaks. I may do naught save obey.

"Ah! father," she lifted her shining eyes to his, "surely you can understand, understand how, though I know not what the Ideal may prove, I yet must seek it? Did you too never feel the imperfection and the limitations of this garden of yours? Did you too never yearn for the Ideal, for beauty and perfection and knowledge?"

A shadow flickered across his face.

"I have learned to be content, and I know that within the garden safety lies."

"But," she cried, "safety may be bought too dearly, and I

don't want to learn to be content—with this. Your walls hem me in like a nightmare, your atmosphere stifles me so that I cannot breathe, your hedges shut in the view so that I may not see what lies beyond, and I hear nothing for the quarrels of your gardeners. Neither Love nor Light are born of disputations. But perchance out yonder on the summit of some mountain height with God's blue dome above and God's everlasting snows beneath, somewhere where the Great Silence lies, where neither men nor men's thoughts jangle the music of the stars, perchance there I may listen and learn. There are no such places in your garden, but out beyond the walls . . ."

"Beyond there are deserts," he finished, "barren, illimitable deserts strewn with the bones of those who, like you, have kicked against restraint, have counted freedom a better thing than obedience, and self a higher guide than authority."

"Ah! but beyond the deserts?" she questioned. "Suppose that beyond them lies the Ideal? What matter then the heart-hunger and the soul-thirst? What matter then the weariness and the darkness and the despair? Will they not all be but as a puff of smoke in the wind? Who could remember the path when he reaches the goal? Who find his hell when it is merged in heaven? Who picture his darkness when the Light has dispersed it?"

"And suppose you should not find the Light?"

She paused, looking back, her hand on the door in the great blank wall. "Even then I still must seek it."

Across the face of the man there swept a sudden pitying despair.

"My daughter," he entreated, "the way out is easy to find, but the way back is sometimes hard and sometimes beyond our strength. And it is home you are forsaking."

A certain tender regretfulness crept into her voice.

"It may be home to you, father," she answered very gently, "but to me it is prison. Though maybe"—the door was ajar now and her eyes came back from the barren wastes it revealed to the quiet beauty of the garden, with its safeguarded walks and its many-hued blossoms—"though maybe out yonder times will come when I shall long that it *might* have been home to me

too, long that I might have felt as you feel. But that will not make it possible."

"Perchance you will come back?" he asked, and the pain in his voice hurt her as few things had power to hurt her now.

"No, father," she made answer, "I shall not come back. If I may not reach the Ideal, I shall at least cross some part of the way thither. Yet"—she hesitated and stretched out her hands to him in an appeal that though humble yet somehow suggested to him utter finality—"yet will you not wish me well?"

"I can but pray for your return, my daughter."

The unbidden tears welled up in her eyes, and a stifled sob choked her utterance, for good-byes are ever hard to say and the lesson of self-reliance is ever hard to learn. And the clang of the door as it closed behind her rang like a knell in her ears. Yet she knew that it was but the outer symbol of an inner truth, knew that, however hard the path, it was one she needs must tread.

* * * * *

So she set forth upon her journey, and youth and courage and high hopes were hers, but as the long, slow days dragged by, as the bleaching bones of those who had perished by the way grew scarcer, and still the desert held the horizon, as she too grew footsore and wearied, sick at heart and faint of soul, one by one they each deserted her. Yet still she struggled on, the limitless leaden sky above and the limitless arid earth beneath, till at last heart and brain and soul seemed swamped in their dreary greyness.

"It is the Abomination of Desolation," she cried aloud. "The Ideal is but a dream and Reality a nightmare!"

And all the night long she cowered down homeless, forsaken, alone, while the thunders of despair, the lightnings of revolt, and the storms of unavailing aspiration raged and flashed and swept around her. But when the dull morning broke she staggered to her feet once more, weak and faint, yet with her purpose again renewed.

"If the power to suffer still is mine," she whispered, "then the power to be happy must be mine too. It is the Law of

Duality. And God Himself may not break His Law. For happiness must lie within the Ideal."

Even as she spoke, far, far away on the distant shadowed horizon, behind the lowering clouds, beyond the barren wastes, she seemed to catch for one brief instant the glimmer of a light, and folding her hands across her breast she sank to her knees.

"It is the Light!" she breathed. "It is the Light of the Ideal!"

Then with newborn courage she rose and moved swiftly onwards, forgetful of her weariness, forgetful of the past, of the days of struggle and the nights of despair, forgetful of all save that the end of her quest was perchance at hand. But when as the shades of evening gathered in the west she reached the boundary of the desert, it was but to find that a yawning chasm lay across her path, with a myriad tumultuous waterfalls tearing headlong down its steep precipitous sides, while in its dark and ugly depths there surged and eddied a raging whirlpool whose waters were blacker than night, black as the cloud that fell upon her soul as she crouched at the edge of the ravine, knowing herself defeated, and facing that direst of all evils—Failure.

Till at last upon her bowed head there came a touch soft as the falling twilight, but that yet seemed in some strange mysterious way to reach her very soul and lie like balm upon its anguished wounds, so that it appeared to her in no way strange, on looking up, to see a Radiant Figure standing by her side while all around it lay shimmering clouds of luminous opalescent glory.

"Have you learned yet what is the Ideal?" he questioned.

And she answered with all the pain of her weariness and her despair fresh upon her:

"Rest!"

"Nay," he corrected. "It is Truth. Yet in a sense you are right, since Rest is only possible to those who have found it."

"And how may I find it?" she implored.

"You must tread the Path of Faith."

"But I have trodden it," she cried, "already I have trodden it!"

"Not so, my child," came the gentle answer. "Intuition

has led you out of the Garden of Creeds and across the Deserts of Agnosticism. Only Faith can lead you to the Mountain Heights of Knowledge."

She stood before him, her hands clasped upon her breast, her breath coming and going in quick, uneven gasps, trembling and half afraid, yet conscious deep down within her soul of the birth of a strange new hope.

"And the road—the Road of Faith—where is it?" she asked him eagerly.

He pointed down into the abyss below. "It is there."

The woman shuddered and drew back, then stole to the edge of the precipice and looked again down into the inky swirling waters beneath, with their horrible suggestion of a bottomless pit from which no exit might be possible.

"Ah no!" she moaned. "It is terrible, terrible and—triumphant! What is it that it hides?"

"Failures," he answered.

"Those who trusted to their own strength?" she questioned,

He smiled on her, the tender encouraging smile one bestows on learning childhood, childhood reaching up little ineffectual hands to open the Gate of Knowledge.

"Nay, those who failed to trust in it, those who failed to realise that only by means of the God Within may they reach the God Without."

She threw out her hands with a little gesture of despair, for it seemed that the lessons of a lifetime must all be unlearned. And she was very weary.

"What then *is* Faith?" she asked, and there was a sobbing catch in her voice.

"It is Will, my child, the Will to know."

With a cry she sank at his feet.

"My strength is all gone," she wept, "and my courage is dead. I too have failed. I meant to do so much, and I have done nothing. And now I can learn no more."

Then once again that magic touch fell on her bowed humiliated head.

"Look up, child of earth and sorrow, look beyond the chasm and tell me what you see."

She strained her wearied eyes across the darkness.

"I see everywhere only black impenetrable mists, but beyond, far, far beyond, I seem to catch again the glimmer of the Light that brought me hither."

"Watch!" he commanded; and at the word the mists began to grow thin as it were, and then to break and rise, and before her wondering eyes there dawned a Light unnameable, and round it billowed a rainbow cloud, wave upon wave of colours unknown to earth, colours translucent, ethereal, luminous, that seemed in some mysterious, inexplicable way to hold within their depths all aspiration and all love.

Then from out among them there shot forth towards her a rain of stars, and each star was a thought. And she knew them to be the thoughts she had groped for in vain and stretched up into the darkness to find, so that now she sprang to her feet, flinging out her arms towards them and crying in gladdest welcome, "Ah, come! come! come!"

But in one swift instant the mists rolled together once more and only the old impenetrable darkness lay before her.

Yet some of that reflected radiance lingered still upon her face as she whispered:

"I will go!"

"It is well, my child," and into his voice some new tone seemed to have penetrated, the tone of a great gladness. "Yet hearken," he went on, "that I may warn you of the dangers that beset the Road of Faith, lest you too should perish in the Pit of Doubt. For when its waters shall engulf you no power in Heaven or Earth can help you. Alone the Soul comes into being, and alone by virtue of its own divine origin must it forge and fix the link that binds it to Divinity. The part must ever seek the whole. Wherefore when the waters suck you down and ever down, when the darkness that is unspeakable shall wrap you about, cling ever to the memory of the Light. Kill utterly the thought that it is but a dream. Know it eternally for the One Reality, so shall the powers that hold you back fade into annihilation; so shall your freed soul begin its upward journey. And when the first step is taken, then know, child, that all the powers of Heaven and Earth are at your service, that they do but wait

your command, the command of that one upward step, to gather round and bear you up and up and ever up until you are, not lost, but merged in the Divine Ineffable Whole, until your Soul shall have reached its Home, and you yourself shall be at one with Truth."

Slowly, as though in some half-waking dream, the woman moved forward, her face uplifted to where the Light had been, and in her heart that mystic exaltation which cloaks all terrors, and which alone may make possible entry upon the Path. A moment later she was caught in one of the tumultuous waterfalls and swept, a mere speck on its stormy surface, down into the eddying whirlpool below. At first the memory of the Light clung like a shining glory about her, but as the swirl of the waters drew her relentlessly down and down into the depths of a darkness in which night would have seemed as day, a darkness that penetrated into the very innermost recesses of her soul, it grew dimmer and dimmer, while every despairing thought she had ever harboured seemed suddenly to surge around her, each one increased a hundredfold in strength, and to drag her deeper and ever deeper, until she knew that the nethermost hell was hers, that for her it was indeed the end. She had struggled, as thousands before her had struggled, and she had failed as they too had failed. She recognised it clearly now, realised that she stood face to face with uttermost despair, heard once again that bitterest of all judgments pronounced against her—"Failure!" and acquiesced.

"I know it!" she cried aloud, "I have failed. And yet—there *is* a Light!"

And then—what was it? Where was she? For as though in the flash of a thought the darkness all was gone and around her lay an ocean of light and colour and sound, while beneath her were the Everlasting Arms bearing her up and up, and ever up, to the Land where she knew the Light still shone.

NORA ALEXANDER.

IN life beauty perishes, not in art.—DA VINCI.

AGNOSTIC THEOSOPHY

I.

SOME interesting papers by Mr. Orage in recent numbers of this REVIEW have raised so many questions for the discussion of which the time seems ripe, that I make no apology for an attempt at their further treatment.

It is always a pleasure to read a paper by Mr. Orage, for not only does he think for himself, but he has the courage of what he thinks, and much wit in its expression. And of this saving grace of humour how little has our latter-day literature to show? We may be wise—is not ours the Wisdom Religion?—but we are seldom witty, or if we are, we are careful to conceal it. We preach, we instruct, we edify (at least I trust we do), but how seldom do we amuse. Doubtless the subjects which most occupy us do not lend themselves readily to humorous treatment. Occultism and mysticism no sooner come in at the door than wit flies out at the window. It seems easier to speak disrespectfully of the Equator than humorously of the Astral Plane. Take Swedenborg as a solemn example. Could anything more dull than his so-called "revelations" be conceived? As Emerson said of them: "No bird sings in all that garden of the dead." Upon how much of the literature of Astralism might not that epitaph be written!

So that we should all be grateful to Mr. Orage for his recent attempts to enliven our discussions, and to prove that we Theosophists are not necessarily the dull dogs we too often seem. And if I venture to criticise some of his deliverances it is with this feeling of gratitude uppermost in my mind. And I trust there will be nothing in what I say to offend against those canons of "brotherhood" which he himself has laid down. Perhaps a few preliminary words may even be permitted me on this subject.

Mr. Orage has told us, and very amusingly, just what he

thinks about brotherhood. He hints, not obscurely, that it tends largely to the development of insincerity and the Superior Person, especially at the lodge-meetings of the average Branch. (Was it a wise prescience that has hitherto kept me away?) Like him I dislike a brotherhood of Superior Persons. One Superior Person may be necessary to a Branch, just as a chairman is necessary to a political meeting, but each of us likes to feel he is competent for the post. But the bore and the Superior Person find it hard to fraternise. No doubt the Brotherhood of Humanity is a fine thing—in the abstract—and as long as one need not ask Humanity to tea. But a brotherhood of bores!—is it possible or even desirable that such should exist? Individual bores, I suppose, there must be in the world, untheosophical as the statement may sound, and far as I am from suggesting that any such could possibly be members of the Theosophical Society. And the question for us, as Theosophists, is how we are to meet the fact, if fact it be. Mr. Orage's method is simple and very human, but seems rather to beg the question. "The pupil of wisdom," he tells us, "runs from boredom as from the plague."[1] But does he? or rather, should he? That is just the point. For another "pupil of wisdom," we know, commanded his followers "to suffer fools gladly, seeing that ye yourselves are wise."[2] Who knows whether this is not after all the proof of a higher wisdom? It is possible that it may take "ten years," or even a lifetime, of Theosophical study before we find this out, and even then we may not have courage to act upon it. Yet "even a little of this Dharma frees from great fear."[3]

But it was not to comment upon Mr. Orage's views of brotherhood, for which, indeed, I have no aptitude or authority (the "old man" in me sympathises with them too honestly for that), that I first put pen to paper, but to discuss certain questions which he raises in his three articles, "Halt! What goes there?" "After Ten Years," and "What is Man?" In these papers Mr. Orage comes to conclusions, and, in his opinion, Theosophical conclusions too, which are so foreign to what I fancy most of us have regarded as Theosophical teaching (if I may for the moment be allowed the word) that it seems not unfit-

[1] *T.R.*, xxxvii., p. 254. [2] II. *Corinth.*, xi. 19. [3] *Bhagavad Gitâ*.

ting to raise once more the old, old question: What is Theosophy? and see whether the march of events during recent years has thrown no new light upon it. Mr. Orage has been at some pains to tell us what his own attitude is to this question, and the "Theosophical point of view" generally, and he is far too able a man for his views to be treated inadequately, or lightly dismissed. Yet if Mr. Orage's views represent all he has learnt from a ten years' study of Theosophy (or is it only Theosophical literature?) it is time for some of us, myself included, to reconsider seriously our position. For if his conclusions are sound, it seems to me that I, for one, whose acquaintance with Theosophy is of about the same length as Mr. Orage's, have largely wasted my time.

Mr. Orage has told us, with that frankness which is not his least charm, that all Theosophy has taught him during the period aforesaid has but confirmed him in a universal agnosticism, or, should I rather say? Pyrrhonism. Let us hear him speak for himself.

"At least I will say for myself, that for all my evidences and plausibilities, for all my reasonings and unanswerable (*sic*) arguments, there is no single opinion on any subject which I am honestly prepared to affirm; and no single opinion I have ever heard expressed which I am not prepared honestly to deny. Reason as I may, reason as others may, I am convinced in the long run of nothing at all" (October No., p. 146).

He confesses, indeed, to have formed certain "opinions," Theosophical opinions among others, but so far is he from regarding them as "truths," that his "brute of a mind" (the expression is Mr. Orage's) is "cheerfully doubtful" as to whether they are even prophecies of "a certainty yet to come." "All opinions are illusions" (p. 147), and the only value of Mr. Orage's present opinions is that, being Theosophical, they may "last longer than others"; though what particular advantage this relative durability confers upon an "illusion," even a Theosophical illusion, is hard to discover. The advantage would seem to lie all the other way. But Mr. Orage is not content with stigmatising opinions only as illusory. He goes further even than "jesting Pilate," and brings Truth itself under the same category.

"In the long run," he says, "the only truth is that there is no truth" (p. 147). It is like the mirage in the desert, which tantalises the weary traveller's thirst with its seductive promises only to melt into thin air on his approach.

It adds little to our peace of mind after this tremendous indictment to learn that Mr. Orage has found Theosophy *interesting*. In a delightful paragraph he has told us what he thinks of *The Secret Doctrine*, and how direct for him is its romantic appeal. But we feel that we cannot be put off in this way. As serious students of Theosophy, the great question for us is, not, "Is it interesting?" but "Is it true?" "No," answers Mr. Orage, "it is not true; there is no truth; but it is very interesting." So confident is he of his position, that he repeats it even more emphatically in his last paper.

"Just as the Truth is that there is no truth, and the truth about the Ego is that there is no ego" [is there some hidden meaning or mystery in the capital letters?—M. L.], so, perhaps, the Theosophical view of man is just that no view is possible . . . . So I am always secretly amused when one of my fellow members talks reassuringly of the comfort and light of Theosophical views, and of their balm for intellectual wounds. Personally, I have got no other comfort from them than the realisation that there is no comfort, nor any other definite and rational view than that there is no definite and rational view." (November No., p. 239.)

And this is Theosophy, or rather it is to this that a ten-years' study of Theosophical literature has brought Mr. Orage! The result seems hardly worth the trouble. No wonder he is uneasy at the thought of being one day "discovered by *Punch*," especially when he recalls those "synopses of the world's cosmogonies" with a description of which he was wont to flatter the "blue-eyed ignorance" of himself and his fellow-members of the Lodge. Only when one reads assertions now so confident and dogmatic, one can but admire the pace at which this "blue-eyed youngster" has grown up.

But seriously, and putting banter aside (and even banter, I trust, may be "brotherly"), is it not time that we, and all sober-minded Theosophists, should take ourselves to task, and ask our-

selves not only what our attitude is to Theosophy, but also what Theosophy means for us. The two questions are not exactly similar, for the meaning of Theosophy for us will largely depend upon the attitude we take towards it. This is often ignored, and by no one more than Mr. Orage, as his own admissions imply. He has told us that "doubtless like many others in the Society" he is "neither religious, psychic, scientific, nor even ethical" (p. 541). But since Theosophy, if it is anything at all, is obviously all of these things, it seems evident that between Theosophy and Mr. Orage there is little or nothing in common. So that it is not to be wondered at that if Mr. Orage approaches Theosophy from an attitude at once non-religious, non-psychic, non-scientific, and non-ethical, it has few, and these misleading, answers to give him. In fact, his whole attitude of mind in these articles is so antithetical to Theosophy that one can only wonder why he calls himself a Theosophist. No one can have any quarrel with Mr. Orage's Agnosticism or Pyrrhonism, or whatever else he may call it, so long as he does not impose it upon the world at large; but as Theosophists we have every right to protest against its identification with Theosophy or the "Theosophical point of view." To be convinced that the riddle of existence is insoluble is an attitude familiar and rational enough; but to call this attitude by a name the chief implication of which is that this riddle is not only soluble, but has already been partially solved, is hardly what schoolboys call "playing the game." For whatever else Theosophy is, its first and foremost claim is to be "Divine Wisdom"—*Gnosis* as opposed to *Agnosia*, knowledge as opposed to nescience, truth as opposed to error, and whatever the "Theosophical point of view" may be it at least includes a recognition of the fact that this Wisdom exists and is attainable. Otherwise Theosophy is a vulgar pretence, and the Theosophical Society an absurdity[1].

But Mr. Orage's agnostic theosophy or theosophical agnosticism, cleverly expressed as it is, would not perhaps be of

[1] A good deal of light is thrown for me upon Mr. Orage's attitude to Theosophy by a fact of which I was unaware, though I might have suspected it, when I wrote this article; *viz.*, that Mr. Orage is an admirer and follower of Nietzsche. To this source may be attributed many of the faults and virtues of his style; for it is not every disciple who can afford to "philosophise with the hammer" of his master.

much importance were there not indications that an attitude is gradually growing up in certain quarters of the Theosophical Society that is at least tolerant of, if not actually favourable to, a similar standpoint. As a Theosophist of some twelve years' standing, and a subscriber to this REVIEW for the last three or four years, I have been struck with the change that is passing over certain prominent members of the Society in this regard. So fearful do they seem of tying down Theosophy to any particular meaning that they are like to evacuate it of any meaning at all. Sooner, apparently, than identify themselves with any definite doctrine or belief, they would prefer an attitude rigidly non-committal and agnostic. I might quote scores of statements from various authors in the *Vâhan* and this REVIEW during the last few years which go to show that the one fear of the writers is lest they should unhappily be convicted of some definite Theosophical "belief."

Now, personally, I share to the full the writers' dislike of *ne plus ultra* definitions and cast-iron creeds. Such obviously have no place in the formularies of a Society with objects like ours. But it is one thing not to fence round entrance to the Society with a ring of shibboleths and creeds, and another to dissociate Theosophy from any definite possession of esoteric truth. To present this truth in the form of a creed would be unwise, and with our present knowledge impossible. I am no believer in a "faith once for all delivered unto the Saints," not because I believe there is no body of truth which could be thus delivered, but because the recognition of truth is a matter of personal growth and attainment, and not until we are ripe for wisdom will wisdom reveal itself to our gaze. We must climb the Mount before we can see the Vision. In other words, we must *recognise* before we know, and we cannot recognise a truth without having known it before, or without having *within ourselves* the means for its verification. Unless truth is the native element of the soul it could not breathe in that rare atmosphere. How indeed do we *know* anything—the truths of mathematics, for example—except by an ἀνάμνησις or memory of the soul, which is in itself the proof and earnest of our spiritual kinship with the source of all knowledge and wisdom? And if we are asked when

this knowledge was ours, what other answer can we give than in the words of the poet :

'Twas when the Heavenly House we trod,
And lay upon the breast of God ?

All knowledge thus being essentially recognition or reminiscence, it follows not only that knowledge exists, but that the Self is the only Knower. Truth is not something outside us, it is the very woof and texture of the soul. In the language of the Upaniṣhads : "Thou art That." So far from "the truth being that there is no truth," as Mr. Orage would tell us, Theosophy exists but to proclaim the very opposite, *viz.*, that nothing truly *is* but Truth and the Self as Knower. In the last analysis all else is illusion but that. As Augustine nobly says : "We were created for Thee, and our souls are restless till they find rest in Thee."

MONTAGU LOMAX.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Too late I loved thee, Beauty so old and yet so new,
Too late I loved thee.
Thou wert within and I without. I sought thee everywhere,
Long, long I sought thee.
Hurrying in sin amidst the Beauty thou hadst made,
Thou wert with me.
Always thou wert with me, but I was not with thee.
I fled from thee.
All thou hadst given life held me apart from thee.
Thou callst to me.
My deafness thou didst shatter with thy calls and cries.
Thy light shone forth !
And bathed in it at last my blindness ceased ;
Like Arab spice thy fragrance filled the wind I breathed.
And then, ah then, thy peace was there.
My soul in thirst and hunger burned then for thy peace,
Thy peace and mine !

S. AUGUSTINE.

THE FALLACY OF THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT

ACCORDING to our fundamental intuition the external world is not radically different from us, but is our own Being. In wishing to understand its phenomena, we really only wish to remove the semblance of foreignness which is characteristic of their immediacy. Such in any case is the rational goal of our search for Truth.

The man of science may object to an antecedent view of Reality; but after all even he assumes unity of purpose in all phenomena as the principle of his faculty of judgment. As he, however, does not stop to think out the full meaning of his postulate, he at once endeavours to correlate phenomena without going so far as to declare from the very first that their foreignness to his own Being is merely a semblance. This is also why his pursuit of knowledge remains unensouled. It is the fruitless looking for spectacles all over the room when they are all the time safely on your nose.

The undulatory theory of light has been applauded so much that it seems heterodox to doubt the correctness of its passport for free circulation. Yet as a matter of fact there could not be anything more grotesque from the standpoint of even ordinary common-sense.

When as a student I endeavoured to enlighten my rustic grandfather as to the tremendous number of vibrations which were impinging on his eye in every act of seeing, he felt somewhat amused at the strangeness of my assertions. But when I proceeded to talk even of the soul in terms of vibration, he felt horrified.

This is how the unsophisticated mind views at first sight scientific theories. Unfortunately the "uncultured" man cannot meet the man of science on his own ground; and, as yet imbued

with that charming self-deprecation which betokens his spontaneous piety, he at last succumbs to the weight of plausible arguments which undeniably convince him of his lack of intellectual efficiency.

Now this may be quite conformable to the nature of mental growth. Before resurrection comes the burial. It would, however, be mistaken to think that *therefore* the man of science should not be combated in his onslaught on healthy common-sense. Let the mass of people who are just waking from their intellectual inertia listen to him; but there are also those who have fed on the scientific *curriculum* with such thoroughness that it is beginning to fill them with *nausea*. These are becoming conscious of the inability of science to sustain the whole man. It is for the benefit of these that I propose to expose the fallacy of the undulatory theory of light.

Professor Tyndall, in his *Six Lectures on Light*, is at great pains to make clear that a theory "simply consists in a transference of conceptions, born in the world of the senses, to a subsensible world." This means that the man of science "furthers" his knowledge by means of reasoning from analogy. It is, however, easy to show that such reasoning only moves in a vicious circle.

To infer means to mediate two premises into a conclusion. For instance, if (1) matter is heavy, and (2) objects are material, then (3) they are also heavy. This conclusion has the notion of matter for its *medius terminus*.

It is clear that unless the *medius terminus* implies the whole nature of the subject of the conclusion, this is not reliable. In asserting that Africa is likely to be inhabited, because (1) it is a continent, and (2) a continent is as a rule inhabited, I am safe; the middle term (continent) implies here the whole of Africa. If, however, I argue that the Sahara is inhabitable; because (1) it is in Africa, and (2) Africa is inhabitable, I am wrong. In this case the middle term has been used in two different connotations, once generally, and another time specially, *i.e.*, as restricted to the Sahara.

As a matter of fact, it is this ambiguity of connotation which inevitably attaches to the middle terms of intellectual

arguments that makes them rationally insufficient. Either the ambiguity can be easily guarded against, or it cannot be removed at first glance. In the former case the form of an argument becomes an unnecessary luxury to be used only by a learned exponent of syllogistic wisdom. In the latter case there are two possibilities:

(i.) If the subject of the conclusion is a directly observable fact, the ambiguity can be checked by analysis or further observation. For instance, a savage may argue at first glance that a ship must be an animal, on the strength of the following premises: (1) capacity for controlled movement is characteristic of an animal, and (2) the ship has a capacity for controlled movement. It is clear that he uses his middle term—once as implying also the rest of animal features and another time as singled out or *per se*. For this very reason he does not stop at the first impression, but continues to observe the ship until he finds out the inaccuracy of his immediate conclusion.[1]

(ii.) The subject of the conclusion may be only hypothetical. So it must needs remain when "conceptions born in the world of the senses are transferred to a *subsensible* world." In this case it is clear that the ambiguity cannot be checked. Tyndall meets the difficulty as follows:

"Laying the theoretic conception at the root of matters, we determine by deduction what are the phenomena which must of necessity grow out of this root. If the phenomena thus deduced agree with those of the actual world, it is a presumption in favour of the theory. If, as new classes of phenomena arise, they also are found to harmonise with theoretic deduction, the presumption becomes still stronger. If, finally, the theory confers prophetic vision upon the investigator, enabling him to predict the occurrence of phenomena which have never yet been seen, and if those predictions be found on trial to be rigidly correct, the persuasion of the truth of the theory becomes overpowering."

[1] This obvious and spontaneously arising need for verification of any conclusion based on mere similarity is what G. H. Lewes elevated to the rank of a profoundly philosophical *objective method*, as against the stopping short at the mere labelling of fresh objects at first sight, which even a savage finds unsatisfactory, but which he yet was simple enough to impute to philosophers *à la* Plato or Hegel under the name of the *subjective method*.

Dr. Cyrus R. Teed (*alias* Koresh) predicted the concavity of the earth's surface several years before a practical experiment at Florida Bay apparently fully substantiated his prediction and —Kepler's laws are rationally provable as true! The "prophetic vision of the investigator" only shows that a theory may coincide with some aspect of true thinking. For instance, if a psycho-physiologist had predicted that an injury of a brain-centre involved paralysis of some faculty, he would have done so only because his theory was an aspect of the larger view that mind and brain are in reciprocal relation. Our consideration of Tyndall's reply to the second difficulty only mediates the first impression that the ambiguity of a conclusion with a hypothetical subject cannot be removed. But this amounts to the self-evident statement that an argument which begins with a blind assumption leads nowhere. In so far as a theory is the conclusion of such an argument, it is at best only a mediated prejudice.

A closer consideration of the undulatory theory of light must bear this out. What made it rise on Thomas Young's mental horizon appears to have been the statement of an Italian philosopher Grimaldi that "*under certain circumstances* two *thin* beams of light, each of which, acting singly, produced a luminous spot upon a white wall, when caused to act together, partially quenched each other and darkened the spot."

The italicised words are meant to draw attention to the specific nature of this experiment. Under certain circumstances even that which is impossible under certain other circumstances, becomes possible. To elevate either of these alternatives to a basis of a *general* theory is, to say the least, one-sided. Yet blunders of this kind are committed by the man of science with astonishing frequency. As we proceed, we shall satisfy ourselves that Grimaldi's experiment cannot have any bearing whatever on the nature of light as such. The same applies, in fact, to all experimenting with light in the past and future.

According to Tyndall, it required the genius of Young to give meaning to Grimaldi's statement. He praises Young up to the skies for having committed the very blunder which I have just remarked, *i.e.*, for having proclaimed, on the strength of

Grimaldi's statement, an analogy between water, sound and light.

"When, for example, you throw two stones into still water, the ring-waves proceeding from the two centres of disturbance intersect each other. Now, no matter how numerous these waves may be, the law holds good that the motion of every particle of the water is the algebraic sum of all the motions imparted to it. If crest coincide with crest and furrow with furrow, the wave is lifted to a double height above its sinus; if furrow coincide with crest, the motions are in opposition and their sum is zero. We have then *still* water. This action of wave upon wave is technically called *interference*."

Analogously "the air through which the sound is passing is parcelled out into spaces in which the air is condensed, followed by other spaces in which the air is rarefied. These condensations and rarefactions constitute what we call *waves* of sound," and which show forth the same principle of interference as water-waves. "Thus by adding sound to sound we produce silence, as Grimaldi, in his experiment, produced darkness by adding light to light."

That the propagation of sound has the nature of airy waves is an observed fact and philosophy has no quarrel with facts. That, however, light should have the same character is a gratuitous assumption, the *raison d'être* of which lies only in the uncritical reflection of the intellectual consciousness.

In so far as mind moves only in the sphere of external reflection, it remains under the sway of the logical determination of difference. The notion of an existing at-one-ment is as yet beyond its grasp. Consequently it only *presupposes* even in its largest generalities—Matter, World, God, etc. In other words, it does not as yet even dream of denying the reality of their foreignness to its own Being. And the fundamental assumption of this dualism leads necessarily to an essential distinction between what a manifestable is either in itself or in appearance. *Tertium* presumably *non datur*.

Now, the essential dualism of substrate and form has its place in the system of pure logic; only there its value is that of a passing phase of the dialectic nature of essence. And in so far

as Nature is the externalisation of the logical movement, it must record all its phases. Consequently the logical *prius* of every dualism must also have its counterpart. And this it has in light —the manifested pure reflection or essence.

If the unsophisticated mind rebels at an effort to conceive the materiality of light, it does so because it has not yet managed to slay the first impression of essence as pure reflection.

The advance on the first impression, however, goes hand in hand with juggling with empty words or logical ghosts. The luminiferous ether is only a corollary to Mr. Hinton's tessaract— a metaphysical non-entity, a mental hallucination, the *Fata Morgana* of external reflection.

We can see light only as determined by darkness, or, which is the same, by matter. The primary subject of the undulatory theory of light is light as such. This, however, cannot be seen at all; it could be seen only by means of light as such. This means that directly we wish to make it objective to ourselves, we have already made it at one with our seeing. If it, then, has a substratum, this is identical with the substratum of our sight, which is *We*. And *We* are immaterial. Our fundamental intuition is that *We* are the basis of all that is. Is not light the primary condition of manifested life? It is *We* as the manifested principle of self-activity.

This ought to be a sufficiently lucid argument against the rationality of the postulate of a material substratum of light. To complete my criticism I must save the rest of my space for a hasty consideration of the method employed in the measurement of the length of a wave of light.

"In the experiment now to be described a vertical slit of variable width is placed in front of the electric lamp, and this slit is looked at from a distance through another vertical slit, also of variable aperture, and held in the hand.

"The light of the lamp being, in the first place, rendered monochromatic by placing a pure red glass in front of the slit, when the eye is placed in the straight line drawn through both slits an extraordinary appearance is observed. Firstly, the slit in front of the lamp is seen as a vivid rectangle of light; but right and left is a long series of rectangles, decreasing in vivid-

ness, and separated from each other by intervals of absolute darkness."

To cut short the quotation, let me add that the breadth of these bands varies not only with the width of the slit held before the eye, but also with the colour of the medium which is placed in the path of the light. The interpretation of the fact is irrelevant to my present task. What matters now is to show how the man of science utilises it for his purpose.

In Tyndall's words: "The principle of interference, as just stated, applies to the waves of light as it does to the waves of water and the waves of sound. And the conditions of interference are the same in all three." So it comes to pass that the light or dark bands are accounted for as being due to a difference either of an odd or even number of semi-undulations between the paths of their marginal waves.

"If the paths of the marginal waves be three semi-undulations different from each other, and if the whole beam be divided into three equal parts, two of these parts will, for the reasons just given, completely neutralise each other, the third only being effective. Corresponding, therefore, to an obliquity which produces a difference of three semi-undulations in the marginal waves, we have a luminous band, but one of considerably less intensity than the undiffracted central band.

"With a marginal difference of path of four semi-undulations we have a second extinction of the entire beam, because here the beam can be divided into four equal parts, every two of which quench each other."

In order, then, to determine the length of a wave of light, the man of science measures the angular distance of the dark bands from the centre, *i.e.*, the angle of their obliquity, and uses it in the construction of a right-angled triangle which has for its given hypotenuse the width of the slit before the light. In short, the length of a wave is calculated from the *sinus* of the angular distance used when the width of the slit before the light is taken as the unit.

Of course, seeing that the analogy between light and sound is a pure assumption, the dark bands are not due to a difference of length between the marginal paths of the corresponding

beam of light, and the subject of the calculations is purely hypothetical. Indeed, the whole operation is at best only an exercise in trigonometrical measurement, having no further significance whatever.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

OCCULT ARTS AND OCCULT FACULTY

TEN years ago such a title as the above in the pages of this REVIEW would have caught the eye of every reader. I see myself in those remote days impatiently cutting the pages, and turning the leaves to find the article itself. I see myself greedily, credulously and uncritically gulping down the rigmarole and abracadabras, the slovenly sentences and the unlovely terminologies. With tiptoe expectation I should be peering between the lines and under the words, reading the mystic names backwards and forwards, suspecting blinds and shutters in every innocent misnomer, trying numerical, allegorical, cabalistic, mythological keys and listening for the click of the mysterious bolts. And, pray, what for? For the great secret; for the solution of the problem; for the answer to the Sphinx-riddle,—for the easy, certain, simple and royal road to the whole cosmic conundrum.

Yes, we all felt there were secrets about to be revealed in those days. We all sat and watched for the sign in the heavens. We all expected miracles.

But, as Matthew Arnold had already told us, *miracles do not happen!* As a matter of prosaic fact, miracles did not happen. And as one by one the mares rose from their mysterious nests, flapped their mystic wings and disappeared into the ridiculous void, the impression began to grow upon us that there were no secrets hatching at all, that the cosmic keys were not going to turn in their locks, and that our shut eyes and open mouths would never be rewarded with the gifts of miracles.

The appearance of this title now is therefore powerless to raise a thrill. The cry of Wolf, Wolf, has been heard so often,

and we have put on our weapons of war so often only to find a silly boy minding still more silly sheep, that at last—confess it, dear reader—we prefer to lie in the sun and sleep. In other words, nobody but myself is interested in this article at all.

Decidedly, however, I am not about to cry Wolf, Wolf. The beast I observe prowling about in search of prey is not a wolf at all, but a much more dangerous monster,—long-eared, with a loud voice. . . . My meaning is understood.

* * * *

It becomes necessary from time to time—it is really necessary all the time—to discriminate among the hundred things that call themselves by a single name. Every noble name, like every noble thing or every noble man or woman, is surrounded in a very short while after its appearance with a host of imitations. And these are often so dexterous in their devices of resemblance, so skilful in the art of simulation, that the genuine thing itself is sometimes mistaken for one of its own imitations. All the more reason, therefore, in our philosophising concerning noble names and noble things, that we should do so "with a hammer." Violence has never yet done harm to truth; rough usage at the hands of its friends has never made it complain. It is the mimics and counterfeits of truth that deprecate violence and rough usage. The very suggestion of criticism makes their blood run cold.

* * * *

In attempting to discriminate between Occult Arts and Occult Faculty it is inevitable that something should be hurt. In the certainty, however, that what is hurt will be not the truth but something else, I proceed with my task.

The simplest distinction between an art and a faculty is perhaps this: that an art can be taught but a faculty must be acquired. Almost the whole modern system of what is called education is, strictly speaking, no more than instruction, and for the simple reason that it makes ample provision for subjects of instruction but none for methods of education. Children are instructed in knowledges, but they are not educated in wisdom. They acquire facts and facilities but not faculties and motives. In the glaring example of modern education we may therefore

see writ very large the outcome of the failure to distinguish between an art and a faculty.

Again, the difference between an art and a faculty may be compared with the difference between a craft and a fine art. Hundreds of men may learn a craft, but the spirit that bloweth in secret places is needed to make an artist. To a craft we may serve an apprenticeship, but apprenticeship is no guarantee of success in art.

Lastly, the distinction may be made that the Occult Arts in general are occult not because they cannot be taught, but because either they ought not to be taught or because there are no masters; but of Occult Faculties it may be said that they never can be taught, though all the masters should be willing and anxious to teach them. In other words, the occult arts may or may not be concealed, but the occult faculties are always ineffable and incommunicable.

Now it appears to me that a clear line of division must be made between the occultism for which the Theosophical Society stands, and the occultism for which the undiscriminating public stands; and that clear line, I believe, is to be found in this distinction between the occult arts and the occult faculties. The Society, I believe, stands for education in occult faculty.

Among the occult arts I include the whole list of magical, superstitious, mystery-making devices from astrology to zoomancy. Note I do not deny the reality of these arts. I do not even deny the existence of masters of these arts. I simply deny their value to students of occult faculty.

Among the genuine occult faculties I place in a prominent place these three, Intuition, Insight and Imagination. And I say again that *my* occultism, *my* Theosophical Society, *my* personal concern, are with these things and not with the occult arts.

Further, it is obvious on reflection that as human beings, and particularly as human beings who believe in Brotherhood, the majority of us do really prefer these things. Misled as we often are, self-deceived as we generally are, we nevertheless at bottom are desirous of one thing only, namely, to become more perfectly human, more profoundly human, more in the long run divinely human.

But the relation between our present faculties and the occult faculties of Intuition, Insight and Imagination is precisely the relation between a less and a greater humanity. Even supposing, what is not the case, that I had never met a disciple of occult arts, I can easily conceive that a master of occult arts may be a very inferior human being. Master of such arts he may be, and yet be less than a man. But the possession of intuition, of insight and imagination, while it may not and probably will not involve a single occult art, yet does involve and necessitate a degree of humanity which is superior and not inferior to the common standard. Occult arts may make a magician, but occult faculties alone make a man.

But it is the incredible simplicity of these things that baffles our modern intelligence. The tortuous subtlety of our minds conceals from us the simple things, the obvious things. We stretch out our hands to the stars that are really as near to us as the buttons on our coat. We go on distant journeyings in search of the things that lie at home.

The essence of the occultism of these faculties lies, however, in the simple fact that they are our present faculties raised to another dimension. And it is the raising of our present faculties to another dimension that constitutes the business of the occult student.

The difference, for example, between Thought and Intuition is not a difference of kind, nor is it even a difference of degree. It is a difference of mode of progression. Our present mode of thought is pedestrian; it leaves its tracks on the sensible earth; we can follow the trail from start to finish. But intuition is winged thought. In an act of intuition the rational mind flies; it leaves no more tracks than a bird in the air; yet like pedestrian thought it moves from premise to conclusion, only more rapidly and without touching earth.

So, too, of the occult faculty of Insight. If our common intellectual judgments are slow in their formation, move cautiously step by step, groping, testing, trying, and assaying at every turn, what is this but a pedestrian movement? But insight is a winged judgment. In insight, the laborious acts involved in intellectual judgment are performed in a flash and at once. The

verdict of insight is also the verdict of judgment, but it is a verdict arrived at by a process infinitely more rapid, free, and beautiful. And of Imagination I need say no more than that it is winged sympathy.

Thus my conception of the occult faculties as distinct from the occult arts is that they are simply our present faculties endowed with wings. And it is the development of our wing-power that I regard as occult training, *my* occult training.

If the pursuit of the occult arts results in magical powers, it is quite open to us to suppose that the older magic is now obsolete, and that a new magic is possible, the magic of mind, or intellectual magic. After the first flush of expectation I find myself turning away from the older magic, the magic of the occult arts, with something like loathing. If to be wise I must know these things, then blessed be ignorance. For I know that what has been learned may be forgotten, but what is acquired as a faculty can never pass away. The arts may be learned, therefore they can be forgotten. Faculties must be acquired, therefore they are an imperishable possession. Is not that the meaning of the thirteenth chapter of the First Book of Corinthians?

Thus I conclude that the aim of the Theosophical Society is not to promulgate or propagate magical arts, but to develop in its members magical faculties; not to restore to the world the belief in the older sympathetic magic of formulas and correspondences, but to create in the world the reality of a new magic, the magic of the winged powers of the mind. And I shall reverence that occultist only, who in the occult faculties of intuition, insight, and imagination, confounds by his divine simplicity the laboriously sought-out "many inventions" of the mechanical magician.

A. R. ORAGE.

THERE are moments when the soul takes wing: what it has to remember, it remembers: what it loves, it loves still more: what it longs for, to that it flies.—FIONA MACLEOD.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT AND ITS ASSAILANTS

II.

GENERALISATION, search for unity, and development of consciousness, these are the three aims by which the Theosophical Society has hitherto distinguished itself. In the requirements to be fulfilled by the leaders of the Movement these aims are expressed somewhat more sharply. They give the meaning of the Theosophical Movement. In the very same measure in which they meet these requirements will they fulfil their duty, to make Theosophical thought the ruling factor in the soul's life of our civilisation.

It is this inner meaning of the Movement which draws upon it many assailants. Amongst these the best known in Germany is the judgment of it published by Houston Stewart Chamberlain in his *Principles of the 19th Century* (second edition, Munich, 1900). Avoiding the use of the word "Theosophical," he speaks (vol. i., p. 29) of "the pseudo-buddhistic pastime of half-educated idlers." In this expression the word "pastime" is specially inappropriate. Even if the majority of those who at present take part in the Movement are insufficiently equipped for the task, it is profoundly false to say that they treat it as a "pastime," an amusement. Rather might one reproach many of them with taking it too seriously, from *one* side only, for want of the power to see it all round.

But here we have more particularly to do with the attacks from time to time made on the personal character of its leaders. The manner in which these have been formulated itself shows clearly how little the assailants have understood the real meaning and scope of the Movement, even granting there may be truth in their assertions.

As far back as the year 1885 the "Society for Psychical Research" published in London a Report by Dr. Richard Hodgson (lately deceased) against Mme. Blavatsky, in which she was signalised as "the greatest swindler of the century." Against his so-called facts and conclusions many other persons have published distinct contradictions; and fair-minded critics have judged that Dr. Hodgson's Report itself is rendered doubtful by its self-contradictions and failures in judgment. At all events it is not a fair summing up, as would be made by a Judge or one qualified by superior knowledge of the subject, but the speech of an advocate for the other side.[1] The defence against it has never received an impartial hearing.

Ten years later, in 1895, came forward a Russian, named Solovieff, who had been from 1884 a devoted adherent of Mme. Blavatsky, and declared that he had since then altered his opinion of her. But he did not supply any conclusive reason for his change of mind; and was, indeed, a man of a poetic nature, ruled by his feelings rather than his intellect.

Another ten years later, in 1905, attacks have been made upon Mme. Blavatsky from four different quarters, in which Hodgson's Report has been made full use of, but which are themselves mutually contradictory. Again these are contradicted by other persons, whose recollection of the circumstances is quite otherwise; and thus for unprejudiced judges it is equally possible that the assailants are mistaken in their reminiscences or faulty in their conclusions, as that her defenders are in the wrong. On this question we may refer our readers especially to the statement of the case by Judge Khandalvala, which will be found in the August number of *Psychischen Studien.*

The point on which all these attacks lay greatest stress is the unquestioned fact that Mme. Blavatsky, a Russian, had other conceptions of the requirements of confidence between man and man from those of us Germans and English. Often, also, as a woman, she failed in the sense for Objectivity. But

[1] No one at the present time should venture to give an opinion upon Mme. Blavatsky without having read the deliberate opinions of her immediate companions. These may be found in G. R. S. Mead's "Stray Thoughts on Theosophy, II.: Concerning H. P. B.," in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, No. 200, April, 1904, p. 130; and Annie Besant's "Discipleship" in the same REVIEW, No. 227, July, 1906, p. 393, and elsewhere.

whoever would know her essence, her own individuality, the soul and spirit of her labours, should read Chapters iv. and xii. of her *Key to Theosophy*. Everyone who is capable of being stirred to great, lofty, noble aims will find there his desires gratified. That superficial, small-minded souls are still farther degraded by association with "mediums" all know; but nothing of the kind has ever been proved against Mme. Blavatsky in my opinion. Her ethical influence has ever been purely altruistic.

Her great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, have been accused of working up the ideas and views of various learned authors without in every case making the customary acknowledgment of their origin. But Mme. Blavatsky has constantly reminded us that she herself was an uneducated woman; that she was only the writer of the books, but that the composers or spiritual originators were invariably other Individualities of higher nature, and she simply their tool. That her education actually was of the scantiest, the learned men with whom she came into contact had abundant evidence; and this is even made a reproach to her by her assailants. But that the originators of her works were Powers altogether different from the writer whose thoughts were thus worked in is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in her works not only on single points her judgment of the popular views was an *independent* one (though not always uninfluenced by her woman's nature); but chiefly that they also furnish entirely new guiding principles, and that in them is comprised a system of the world in a form marked by no less than genius, and a picture of the development of the cosmos and of mankind such as is not to be found in similar shape in any other writings.

From another side Mme. Blavatsky has been reproached for having thought it necessary to introduce so serious and purely spiritual a movement to the great world with *signs* and *wonders*. For my own part I confess that I myself would have had it otherwise; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that had Mme. Blavatsky *not* resorted to such means, in all probability neither I nor hundreds of thousands more would ever have heard anything of Theosophy—the one system which has given a meaning to my life. The Theosophical Movement would never have existed.

But, suppose we grant that there *is* some foundation for a charge of unworthy proceedings against Mme. Blavatsky; what business is that of anyone who does not belong to the Theosophical Society? He, at least, has received no harm from her. And what is the meaning of these attacks, repeated fifteen years after her death? What are the personal motives of these writers who thus, quite uncalled for, make themselves public judges of her conduct? It seems to me that it can only be enmity to the Theosophical Society, whose meaning and aim they either mistake or intentionally misrepresent.

Finally, there is one thing more to be said in regard to the Society. If Mme. Blavatsky *were* as blameworthy as her assailants represent her, how could this affect the value and meaning of this Society? We have been told that Bismarck had many unworthy traits in his character. Be it so; does that any way affect the existence and the value of the German Empire? The German Empire has also its share in spreading spiritual culture. In precisely the same way Mme. Blavatsky has "hoisted us into the saddle"; whether we are able to *ride* is our concern, not hers.

Lately Mrs. Besant has come in for her share of animadversion. A recent pamphlet calls her "a queer saint." Due recognition is given to her high qualities, but at the same time all kinds of unproved accusations are heaped upon her, all sufficiently characterised by the obvious desire to injure her work. We may sum up shortly all that is said against her in this, that she judges the world, men, and life, like a woman. Well, she cannot fairly be reproached for *being* a woman; as the saying goes, "Not even the almighty power of the British Parliament can make a man out of a woman!" But opinions are divided as to whether the Theosophical Movement *suffers* because Mrs. Besant thinks as a woman, not as a man. To my mind this is, in the present state of the Movement, her greatest service.

Equally unreasonable appear to me to be the attacks lately directed against the President of the Society, Colonel Olcott, a man I have known and trusted for more than twenty years. One thing I must say; no one is entitled to form a judgment

upon these statements who has not read at least the first volume of the Colonel's *Old Diary Leaves*. Is it possible for anyone, in face of the contents and character of this book, to give credence to the bitter enemies who represent him as a "frivolous materialist"? And most inconceivable to me is how anyone can represent this masterly organiser as "stupid"! This abuse seems to me pure absurdity, and all its credibility destroyed by the evident personal hatred of its writers. Let us only consider the objects and prospects of the Society, and then remember that its survival until now is almost exclusively the work of its President!

And here it must not be forgotten that it is mainly to be ascribed to the energetic action of Colonel Olcott that the Society has been able to remove from its membership some who have endangered its reputation. It was chiefly he who, in 1895, stirred the Society to take a decided stand against the wrong-doing then going on in the American Section. Similarly, in May of this year, under the Colonel's direction, a very distinguished member of the Society has been dismissed, in consequence of his employing and defending methods seriously injurious to those who practise them.

It may here be remarked that the leaders of the Society have always discouraged any attempt to awaken the inner consciousness except in the normal way of ethical and mental progress. It is a serious mistake to try artificially to force the development of clairvoyance, and especially when the pupils have not attained to moral ripeness and unselfishness, and are wanting in mental independence and power of judgment. Such "pupils" cannot even rightly judge of what they perceive with their five senses, much less what their "clairvoyance" shows them. As they are mostly of passionate nature—whether they are selfish or fanatic, or irritable and hasty, or mischievous and revengeful, perhaps even somewhat jealous and envious, the increase of their emotional (so-called "astral") powers enables them to do more harm than they would otherwise have done in ordinary life. Their desire to be "clairvoyant" is not purely to be able to help others, but to "get on" themselves, to be able to see, to enjoy, to "have powers" beyond others. But in regard to spiritual

development, let us (for example) enquire which was most developed, the prophet Balaam or his ass, which saw the Angel by "astral" sight!

The development of such clairvoyance is an unhealthy disturbance of normal development. It may, indeed, assist the spiritual progress of mankind, but never the progress of the seer. Indirectly the spiritualisation of our present civilisation may be favoured, if in the course of the centuries objective-mental means of observation are placed at the disposal of science, means which render possible a direct, objective, cognisance of the inner, spiritual world. This might well help forward, spiritualise, our present culture; but the mischievous artificial development of such "means" (mediums) remains, notwithstanding, a serious error. The Society does not set itself up as judge over the personalities of its members, but it suffers no dishonourable conduct for which the Society and its great aims risk to be held responsible.

With regard to all the attacks upon the Society founded on a presumed idol-worship of a particular person, I wonder greatly that the assailants do not perceive the obvious parallelism of the "For" and "Against." It seems to me that attacks upon a person, and the worship of a person, are equally out of place. Both are concerned with a low, even childish, level; and one who thinks only of *facts*, troubles himself with one as little as the other. He gives credit to the exertions of all persons to the extent to which, in his opinion, they serve the Cause; their errors and faults he leaves to their Karma. To occupy themselves with the failures of others will ever be the way of the childish rabble who cry at one moment "Hosanna" and the next day "Crucify Him!"

Even the idea that the supposed faults of others are to be set right by stirring up the feelings of the multitude against them, shows in the assailants a want of judgment, even if it be not personal hatred which provokes them to action. The cry "Crucify!" seldom reaches the real offender. But even the offender himself is not bettered by the outcry of the unintelligent masses; only by the silent goodwill of the few who are competent judges. And, generally, to all those who blame and contradict

persons, such as Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, or Colonel Olcott, we have a right to reply: "Do it better yourselves; or at least make the effort to give and perform something better! Spare your strength for this purpose, and do not waste it in fruitless negations! Let everyone do what he thinks the best, and if you are not willing to *help*, leave him to his own Karma. A man is only hindered in his striving to do good, his actual work, his following his own path, by the attacks and reproaches of others. For all time the counsel of Gamaliel: 'If the work is of man, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; see, lest haply ye be found striving against God.'"

In this connection we must note another thought which lies in the background of all these attacks. It is the claim which the Society has always made, that through it certain special Powers from the higher world are able to come into manifestation; and that these Powers are individuals in so lofty a stage of development that they may be rightly likened to "the Christ."

This "Fellowship of Saints" or "The Masters" stands behind the Theosophical Movement, just as for countless ages back They have stood behind and helped forward *every* true spiritual stirring. They work through the Theosophical Society in so far as this serves Their objects and is true to Their aims; and, of course, so long only as this is the case. They would *not* work through it if it stiffened into dogmatic decisions of Revelations; nor would They if it fell into anything dishonest or unworthy. Only so far as the Society remains Their organ can it profit the spiritual evolution of mankind.

That this is, in itself, possible is not questioned by any of our enemies. They only call into question whether the Society has in fact the guidance of such Beings, but admit that "Adepts" of the highest rank there *are*. One of the most violent of our assailants claims to have himself been in the company of such Adepts, in Kashmir.

I do not intend to discuss his description of them, nor to dispute the possibility that the Adepts of Kashmir may be on the high level of spiritual development he attributes to them. But this much I must say, that it is extremely difficult—almost

impossible—for us to judge of the precise grade of spiritual development of Beings so far exalted above ourselves. Anyway, the signs which have been given, seem to me quite insufficient for the purpose. It is proposed to measure their spiritual importance by their ability to produce magical, especially hypnotic, impressions upon others. This is, indeed, a token of developed will-power. But will-power and magic are no proof of *Wisdom*. Quite on the contrary, the unnecessary manifestation of such powers appears to me a strong presumption of *lack* of Wisdom. That anyone has attained such powers seems to me a matter of no greater consequence than that a man has a bicycle with which to visit his friends, instead of walking on foot. And if he rides his bicycle only to show off, and make others think more of him, I should take that as a proof of Unwisdom. But the possession of his bicycle *does* save him time and strength; and this is all we can say for a so-called Adept who uses his powers to make people stare. We should speak very differently if it were for a useful purpose.

In the meantime it appears to me that we already possess a scale by which we may make some attempt to measure the value of another's personality. This scale is given us, in my opinion, by Plato, the highest genius amongst Western philosophers, under the title of "The Good." The more completely a man is able in himself and others to bring into manifestation "The Good," the higher must we place him in worth and spirituality. And the measure for "The Good" itself is this,—the degree in which it succeeds in setting forth ever higher and higher ideals in the solitary individual, in the nations, and in mankind at large.

This is the standard of value which is ever recognised as the highest in the Theosophical Society. Accordingly, it has laid down for its own guidance the one aim, to serve. It strives to teach its members to find their highest enjoyment in unselfish work, and to enable them to help their fellow-men in ever enlarging circles to realise their highest ideals.

This Will is to be clearly traced throughout the movement initiated by the Theosophical Society. Of this Will have the leaders of the movement ever been conscious. This Will "to live faithful to our highest ideals" is the Will in which all the

active participators in the Movement are at one; and this only is the true Spirit of the whole.

HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN.

(The German of the above has appeared in *Psychischen Studien*.)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

RACE AS AN INTELLECTUAL PREJUDICE

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. (London: Archibald Constable; 1906. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

MEMBERS of the Theosophical Society should give a hearty welcome to this profoundly interesting and suggestive work. Dealing as it does with the main problem of the Society, members will find in it an armoury of facts and arguments in support of their contention that the brotherhood of man is a fact in nature.

Briefly M. Finot's thesis is that our distinctions of race are imaginary; they are the outcome of the formal mind and its specific habit of classifying and naming. Man is a single species, consisting of individuals. Superficial differences only exist between one group and another; and these are due to *milieu* and heredity.

In his criticism of the attempts which have been made by sociologists to find ineradicable and specific differences between race and race M. Finot has some excellent sport. Every test that has been applied sooner or later breaks down in hopeless self-contradiction. The result of craniology, for example, is to equate Bushmen and Frenchmen. By the method of cubature the African Negroes are proved superior to the Americans. By prognathism the Guanches come out at the very top of humanity. If we measure value by facial angles the Papuans are the equals of the Jews and the Hottentots of the Parisians; if by height then the Patagonians are superior to the English.

Psychologic distinctions are no less impossible to make, where the standard is necessarily personal. Thus Renan declared of the ancient Greeks that they were the least religious people the world has

ever seen. De Coulanges on the other hand sees in them the religious people *par excellence*. The usual picture of the Celtic race presents us with scenes of love and war; but Fouillée regards the Celts as emphatically domestic and peaceable. England, according to some sociologists, is at this moment at the height of her power; according to others she has been decadent for some centuries. Germany, say some, has rapidly degenerated since 1870; others say exactly the reverse. Russia is young and futurous, or again old and effete, according to the idiosyncrasy of the observer. None of the ordinary tests of species reveal any specific differences between one race of man and another race. The evidences of blood, colour, sterility, physiology, function, etc., all go to prove unity rather than diversity. Even regarding the Negroes, whom many have complacently catalogued as half way between man and animal, there are evidences that a changed *milieu* transforms them. "In the space of 150 years," writes E. Reclus of the American Negro, "the Negro has surmounted a good fourth of the distance which separates him from the Whites." In fact, under the same *milieu* both Negroes and Americans tend to become red!

The conclusion arrived at after many lines of impartial investigation is to endorse the profound remark of Lamarck: "The classifications (of man) are artificial, for nature has created neither classes nor orders nor families nor kinds nor permanent species, but only *individuals*."

We are grateful to M. Finot for his useful and timely work; and heartily recommend it to librarians of our Lodges.

A. R. O.

A Summary of Pythagorean Ethics

Commentary of Hierocles on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras. From the French of André Dacier. Done into English by N. Rowe. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

This is a reprint of Rowe's translation, which was published in 1707; Dacier himself translated from a Latin version. It is, then, not to be expected that we should have a very faithful rendering at two removes from the original. We have compared the English with the Greek and find that it is often paraphrastic, and not unfrequently at fault. Nevertheless it gives a very good general impression, is in good

English and reads well. It will serve till someone undertakes a version from the Greek.

The Commentary of Hierocles, who probably flourished about the middle of the fifth century A.D. (though there is much dispute as to which Hierocles our author was) is the work of a later Platonist in explanation of a collection of verses which contain the ethical dogmas of the Pythagorean tradition. They are of course not to be attributed to Pythagoras himself, but conveniently sum up the instructions of many teachers of the tradition. The comments of Hierocles are of great value, for they constitute a sort of synopsis of Pythagorean moral philosophy, at least as it was understood nearly a thousand years after the founding of the School. Of the theology, psychology, and cosmogony of the *Mathesis* we learn little from this short treatise; there is, however, some valuable information as to the grades of being superior to man and concerning the *augoeides* or luminous body that coexists with the soul.

It must be confessed that it is a disgrace to English scholarship that while classical works of comparatively no importance are translated and retranslated *ad nauseam*, the theosophical and religio-philosophical writings of Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus, Syrianus, Damascius, Hierocles, and Proclus are without translation, except in the crabbed renderings of that delightful old Pagan, Thomas Taylor.

We notice as a curiosity that the Theosophical Publishing Society does not give its own address, but that of its City agents; this is very generous, not to say quixotic.

G. R. S. M.

The Gospel of the Gnosis

The Gnosis of the Mind. Being Vol. I. of "Echoes from the Gnosis." By G. R. S. Mead. (London & Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1906. Price 1s. net.)

This is the first of a series of little volumes bearing the descriptive title of "Echoes from the Gnosis." We learn from the Preface that they are partly intended to serve as introduction to the more difficult literature of the subject. For every student, however, who will be led from them to the first-hand examination of the more difficult literature, there will be, it is to be hoped, a hundred who are inspired to the first-hand examination of the nature of their own minds as well. And it is this second intention quite as much as the first that Mr. Mead has kept very clearly in view.

Readers of this REVIEW will not need to be recommended to procure this volume, and in fact the whole series, which will include, we are told, volumes bearing such fascinating titles as "The Hymns of Hermes," "The Chaldæan Oracles," "A Mithriac Liturgy," "The Gnostic Hymn of the Prodigal Son." We have been waiting for such a series from Mr. Mead for a long time, and now that at last they have begun to appear they are sure of an eager welcome.

A. R. O.

A USEFUL BOOK ON REINCARNATION

Life after Life, or the Theory of Reincarnation. By Eustace Miles, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1906. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THIS useful little book of 180 pp. is split up conveniently into thirty-two short chapters, which deal in a popular and straightforward fashion with what is indubitably the most intelligible theory of life that has as yet been vouchsafed to the world. Mr. Eustace Miles has the courage of his convictions, but he refrains from dogmatism, and his main preoccupation in setting forth the doctrine is to point out its application to life and the excellent moral results that should follow on its intelligent adoption. We have much pleasure in recommending the book to our readers as a useful outline of the main features of a belief that most of them already hold; it does not, of course, profess to deal with the matter in any detail, but sets forth the subjects in a way that will appeal to the common sense of the general reader.

We regret somewhat that Mr. Miles has followed Walker too closely in some of his statements. We appreciate highly the good work that Walker's book has done, but he was a journalist and not a scholar, and we should very much like to see his quotations thoroughly verified.

The great mistake he made was to confound the theories of pre-existence and reincarnation, and to attribute a belief in reincarnation to Christian Fathers who believed solely in pre-existence. This latter belief was, of course, an immense step in advance of general Christian notions, but it did not amount to the definite belief in reincarnation. I have repeatedly asked for any passage from a Church Father which asserts a belief in reincarnation, and so far I have never seen one. Mr. Miles, in two footnotes, states that I have proved that neither Justin Martyr nor Origen believed in the doctrine, but I must

repeat again, though I may perchance weary some of my readers, that *no* Church Father has, so far, been *proved* to believe in it.

G. R. S. M.

Some Unpublished Letters of William Blake

The Letters of William Blake, together with his Life. By F. Tatham, Edited by A. G. B. Russell. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1906. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

One of the signs of the times is the growing interest in Blake and all that pertains to him, which of late years has been very marked. It is now close on eighty years since the great mystic poet, painter, nd seer passed out of his "vegetative body," and, as he lived fully a century before his time, we may hope, during the next decade or so, to see much light thrown on his work, and an ever-increasing number of readers who understand and cherish his "wild and whirling words."

A year ago students of Blake welcomed eagerly the scholarly edition of his poems, issued by the Clarendon Press and edited by Mr. Sampson, the first correct, reliable, and complete text ever printed. Since then have appeared the smaller edition of selections, a reprint of Mr. Swinburne's glowing essay, a cheaper re-issue of Gilchrist's invaluable Life, an edition of the poems and prophetic books by Mr. Ellis, and now, in the volume under review, Blake's Letters, with the Life by Tatham, which latter is here printed for the first time.

Mr. Russell is doing good work in Blake's service. He is, jointly with Mr. Maclagan, responsible for an edition of the prophetic book *Jerusalem*, and he is preparing an edition of the Paintings and Drawings, which ought to help to make Blake's artistic work more widely known and appreciated. In the meantime, we are indebted to him for collecting and publishing the Letters.

Tatham's essay, together with Dr. Malkin's sketch, are the two principal contemporary documents from which biographers of Blake have drawn their materials. Tatham, himself a sculptor and miniature painter, was only a youth of 20 when he first made the poet's acquaintance, which was but two or three years before the death of the latter. During those years he saw a great deal of Blake, intensely admired him, and was later a staunch friend to his widow. Lovers of Blake cannot, however, easily forgive Tatham for his wholesale destruction, on religious grounds, of the mass of valuable MS.

material which passed into his hands on the death of Mrs. Blake. Among this must have been a part at least of the mystical paraphrase of the Bible, which would undoubtedly have thrown light on Blake's great myth. Yet it is evident to any reader of the Life, that Tatham not only loved and reverenced Blake, but, what is more curious in a man of such narrow views, to some extent understood him. The account he gives us of his character is admirable :

> His disposition was cheerful and lively, and was never depressed by any cares but those springing out of his art. He was the attached friend of all who knew him, and a favourite with everyone but those who oppressed him, and against such his noble and impetuous spirit boiled, and fell upon the aggressor like a water-spout from the troubled deep. Yet, like Moses, he was one of the meekest of men. His patience was almost incredible: he could be the lamb; he could plod as a camel; he could roar as a lion. He was everything but subtle; the serpent had no share in his nature; secrecy was unknown to him.

And to those—and there are still some such "in England's green and pleasant land"—who hold that at best Blake was but an inspired madman, unbalanced and incoherent in speech, we would commend the following:

> He was possessed of a peculiar obstinacy, that always bristled up when he was either unnecessarily opposed or invited out to show like a lion or a bear. Many anecdotes could be related in which there is sufficient evidence to prove that many of his eccentric speeches were thrown forth more as a piece of sarcasm upon the inquirer than from his real opinion. If he thought a question were put merely for a desire to learn, no man could give advice more reasonably and more kindly; but if that same question were put for idle curiosity, he retaliated by such an eccentric answer as left the inquirer more afield than ever. He then made an enigma of a plain question: hence arose many vague reports of his oddities. He was particularly so upon religion.

The most important and interesting of the letters, those to his two friends and patrons Hayley and Butts, are already familiar to readers of the second edition of Gilchrist's *Life*. About a dozen letters not previously published are now included by Mr. Russell, five of which are to Cumberland, two to Flaxman, and three to Hayley.

But of those which are new to us in this collection, by far the most interesting are the two written to Dr. Trusler, in August, 1799. Dr. Trusler had evidently furnished Blake with some ideas of his own, and commissioned him to draw a picture illustrating these. The result was not happy, although Blake struggled manfully to accom-

plish his task, and writes that he attempted every morning for a fortnight to follow his patron's dictate but in vain.

Dr. Trusler, who considered that Blake's work compared unfavourably with Rowlandson's caricatures, wrote back evidently ill-pleased with the painter's independent design, and we can guess the general tenor of his letter by the following sentence quoted from it by Blake when writing to Cumberland:

Your fancy, from what I have seen of it, and I have seen a variety of Mr. Cumberland's, seems to be in the other world, or the world of spirits, which accords not with my intentions, which, whilst living in this world, wish to follow *the nature of it*.

Needless to say, this roused Blake's wrath, and incidentally led him to express in his answer the pith of his views on Life, Nature Imagination and Art.

Revd. Sir (he writes) I really am sorry that you are fallen out with the spiritual world, especially if I should have to answer for it. I feel very sorry that your ideas and mine on moral painting differ so much as to have made you angry with my method of study. . . . You say that I want somebody to elucidate my ideas. But you ought to know that what is grand is necessarily obscure to weak men. That which can be made explicit to the idiot is not worth my care. The wisest of the ancients considered what is not too explicit as the fittest for instruction, because it rouses the faculties to act. I name Moses, Solomon, Esop, Homer, Plato. . . . I know that this world is a world of imagination and vision. I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eyes of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. . . . As a man is so he sees. As the eye is formed, such are its powers. You certainly mistake, when you say that the visions of fancy are not to be found in this world. To me this world is all one continued vision of fancy or imagination, and I feel flattered when I am told so. What is it sets Homer, Virgil, and Milton in so high a rank of art? Why is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book? Is it not because they are addressed to the imagination, which is spiritual sensation, and but mediately to the understanding or reason? Such is true painting.

We could scarcely have a more striking corroboration of the truth of the first part of Blake's remarks than the note written on this letter by its recipient: "Blake, dim'd with superstition." But who would expect the author of *The Way to be Rich and Respectable* to understand the author of *Jerusalem?*

A great number of the letters are purely business notes touching Blake's works and plans, and the remainder, charming and spon-

taneous as they are, do not, we think, quite justify the claim of "intensity of passion" and "self-revelation" which Mr. Russell makes for them. This is not the fault of the writer, but of those to whom he writes. The truth is that Blake had no correspondent really worthy of him, for good and kind as were those respectable 18th century gentlemen the "Hermit of Felpham" and Mr. Butts, they were not calculated to call out the highest in him. Indeed, one of the proofs of the poet's sanity and practical wisdom lies in the fact that he so obviously always remembers his correspondent when he is writing, the result of which is, as a rule, distinctly damping to his spiritual ardour and imaginative flights.

Nevertheless there are occasional flashes of intense feeling and passionate self-revelation, such as are to be found for instance in the letters of November 22nd, 1802, and April 25th, 1803, to Mr. Butts, in both of which his heart is very full.

The first contains the characteristic verses describing the nature of his visions, and in the latter he makes the remarkable statement as to his manner of writing *Milton*, "from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation and even against my will."

Or there is the charming note of sympathy to Hayley in May, 1800, in which Blake tells him of his daily converse with his brother Robert, who had died thirteen years previously; and the well-known letter, written after his visit to the Truchsessian Gallery, where he received an outpouring of spiritual light and direction as to his work which seems to have resulted in his living for some time afterwards in a condition of almost inexpressible ecstatic joy. So uplifted is he, that he is forced to apologise to Hayley for his zeal: "Dear Sir, excuse my enthusiasm or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision."

The illustrations are good and well chosen—specially interesting are the reproductions of "Jacob's Dream," one of the most charming and delicate both in colour and drawing of all Blake's pictures, and that of the "Vision of the Last Judgment," which is, in drawing and composition, the most elaborate water-colour of his in existence.

C. F. E. S.

A Useful Lecture in Italian

Teosofia Moderna. By Dr. J. R. Spensley. (Milano: Ars Regia. Libraria-Editrice del Dr. G. Sulli Rao; 1907. Price L.0.50.)

Our colleagues Drs. Spensley and Sulli Rao are to be congratulated

on their maiden efforts as author and publisher. *Teosofia Moderna* is a lecture delivered at the Università Populare of Genoa, and deals with the three objects of the Society treated in a refreshingly independent spirit and with special reference to Ladd's recent work, *The Philosophy of Religion*. It is artistically produced by Dr. Sulli Rao, whose "Ars Regia" has been founded to procure and supply all new and second-hand books dealing with Theosophy, Symbolism, Eastern and Western Religions and Philosophy, Gnosticism, Egyptology, Mysticism, Esotericism, Kabalah, Psychic Science, Occultism, etc. The lecture will serve very usefully as a booklet of "*vulgarisation*," as the French say, and we heartily wish every success to Dr. Sulli Rao's new venture.

G. R. S. M.

A Food Book

Dyspepsia and Costiveness, their Cause and Cure. By R. J. Ebbard. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1906. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

There is much in this book which fairly represents the saner views of medical science held by the more progressive members of the profession.

The author dwells strongly on the undoubted fact that pure blood is the basis of all good health, and that nine-tenths of all medicines do far more harm than good. In emphasising the importance of food salts in the dietary, he lays down the sound principle that the human body is incapable of assimilating any mineral substance in its crude form; and therefore such things as iron and phosphorus, to be of any service at all, must be taken in the *organised* form in which they are found in plant life. This, be it noted, should apply even to what we call common salt.

Again, he lays stress on the vital necessity of keeping the nervous system in good order, as the whole health depends so much on this; and he considers that dyspepsia itself is nearly always essentially a nervous complaint. We cannot, however, endorse his high approval of Schroth's "Dry Diet" Cure.

After paying due tribute to the valuable researches of Dr. Haig, and supporting the latter's views as to the harmfulness of foods containing purin, it is somewhat surprising to find, in his specimen dietaries for a fortnight, that fish and flesh are included in almost every one of the meals, apparently on the weak plea that small

quantities of an injurious substance can do no harm. One is also surprised to find our author trotting out the old fallacy that those who leave off flesh must consume large quantities of vegetarian food to make up the necessary nutriment. Although he has a good word to say for nuts and manufactured nut foods, which have been so strangely neglected until recently, he falls into the usual error of mentioning nuts, one of the most solid of all foods, as a mere dessert, *after* dinner. No wonder people fancy nuts indigestible if that is the way they are regarded!

B. G. T.

Mystic Fancies

Behind the Veil. Written by Ethel Rolt Wheeler. Illustrated by Austin O. Spare. (London: David Nutt; at the Sign of the Phœnix; 1906. Price 6*s*. net.)

The letterpress of this artistically produced and interestingly illustrated volume consists of a series of tragical scenes under the heading "Past Incarnations," and five well-written and strikingly conceived sketches, "Through the Mystic Doors." Miss Rolt Wheeler knows well how to create an atmosphere; she has the gift of word-painting, and a fertile imagination. She writes powerfully, but knows the art of light and shade, how to suggest a thought and a picture, and how to veil in mystic reticence what would lose by being dragged into a garish light. Mr. Spare's illustrations (somewhat *à la* Aubrey Beardsley) and the head, tail and side pieces are well suited to the text and always interesting.

G. R. S. M.

Sodom and Gomorrah

The Girl and the Gods. By Charlotte Mansfield. (London: The Hermes Press; 1906. Price 6*s*.)

This book impresses upon one the wickedness, ugliness, and above all, the smelliness of this world. Picking their immaculate ways through it all, interminably the characters talk, hitting at us right and left. When the author cannot put her shrewd slaps into the conversation of her characters, she herself emerges, with reams of comment, epigram, description and harrowing rhetoric that leave nothing more to be said. But these solemn folk keep on saying it.

Nothing, it seems, can save us but a woman who comprehends

the ancient worship of beauty. And the woman, Psyche, appears,—materialises, in fact. She is very nice-looking and has heaps of expensive frocks—crêpe-de-chine, silk muslin, velvet, lace, no end. But in the last page her only covering is a robe of opal gauze, to be worn in the garden.

She does her level best with Society. But "How absurdly those two idiots behave," remarks Lady Muriel. "Haffectation, I calls it," says the fat Jewess with parrots on her head. "Damned prig," says Lady Dinks. "No," says Psyche's one convert. "She is perfection, we are perverted." In fact, as the soldier's mother said: "The whole regiment's out o' step but our Bill."

So Psyche gives them up as a bad job and builds large technical schools in the East End, where the Religion of Beauty is taught to an admiring and docile proletariat.

"In vain the wasters of the West applied for admission, which was by ticket."

J. O.

Eucken's Philosophy

Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life. By W. R. Boyce Gibson, Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of London. (London: Adam and Charles Black; 1906. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Life ceases to be a problem only when one realises the principle of all that is in the *We*. Indeed, this realisation is forced on our attention from the very infancy of self-knowledge in the sense of proprietorship with which we regard the universe. Even the most ignorant man bears witness in his selfishness that we are the lords of creation.

We are not, however, inert, but self-active; our nature is the *perpetuum mobile* between the Everlasting Yea and the Everlasting Nay. Therefore Selfishness is for ever opposed to Altruism; therefore we are surrounded with no end of contradictions, and, in fact, *are* a living contradiction. We at once are and are not the world. This stands firm on the impregnable rock of pure insight.

But it must be further realised that the *We* is not a *We compositionis*, but stands for *It*, as the subject of eternal Karma. In truth, *viribus unitis* means in the name of the One. In order, then, to avoid committing the blunder of crediting each "I" with absolute *per-se-ness*, but on the contrary to realise in men the expression of Its nature as a ceaseless Self-begetting with an ever fresh appearance of subjectivity, one must have reached the *full* Memory.

Now, Eucken talks much of the Eternal; and the emphasis which he lays on the necessity of a constant battle against spiritual lethargy and slovenliness, is most invigorating and altogether praiseworthy; but in spite of all the sterling value of his work in this regard, his insight is not pure. He commits a blunder similar to those who conceive Reincarnation in the image of their moving from one lodging to another. The truly cosmic consciousness which inspired his famous predecessor at Jena of a hundred years ago is not his. How else could he, or his English exponent, quarrel with the assertion that "The final purpose of the world is accomplished no less than ever accomplishing itself," on the ground that "No subtlety of apologetics can avoid the fatalistic moral here implied." Hegel expounds Kṛishṇa's teaching, and, as every student of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* knows, or ought to know, the alternative to non-attachment to action is far from fatalistic *far niente*.

Eucken's message that the world of our present experience is not a finished world, and that consequently we are still "privileged" to play our part in its more satisfactory reconstruction, is no *philosophical* solution of the life problem. No doubt it is flattering to those who credit themselves with an ability to lighten to some extent the weary task of our long-suffering Logos in giving him a hand, but—such sentiments are alien to those who *sense* the Eternal.

Freedom is not a matter of action so long as Smith and Jones believe that they are the doers; Freedom is a matter of casting away the fetters of Ignorance. Considering that Eucken preaches an attachment to action, he is not a philosopher of Freedom; but he deserves to be admired as a fearless advocate of Virtue.

F. S.

The Poet of the Atlas

The Songs of Sidi Hammo. Rendered into English for the First Time by R. L. N. Johnston. Edited with a Preface by S. L. Bensusan. (London: Elkin Matthews; 1907. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Few Europeans have ever heard the name of Sidi Hammo, the greatest of all poets for many generations in Berberland. The little volume before us is thus instructive in many ways concerning the mind of a race whose tradition is that they were cast out of Canaan by Joshua son of Nun. The main interest lies in the verses in praise of Fadma, concerning whom Mr. Johnston writes:

While all Berber students of Sidi Hammo regard the whole of his work as a veiled tribute to womanhood, it is in his verses addressed to Fadma that the great secret is more nearly revealed. Although there is every reason to believe that Fadma really lived, and was the object of the poet's passionate devotion, it appears no less certain that in her he materialises the ancient Berber belief in a female creator, a veritable Earth Queen. . . In the tongue of the Berber, the sun—the most potent generative force in existence—is feminine. Ayor, the moon, is her son, and mankind are, in a sense, truly, the children, but far more emphatically the thralls of the universal mother, the supreme mistress of joy and suffering, the all-pervading dispenser of pleasure and of pain.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Bensusan have done their work excellently, and the little volume is artistically produced.

G. R. S. M.

Woman Leading On

The Cosmic Procession. By Frances Swiney. (London: Ernest Bell; 1906. Price 4*s*. 6*d*. net.)

We are glad to see that the modern Woman's Movement is being deepened in many ways. The relation between Woman's Suffrage and the Feminine Principle in Nature and Mind is not at first sight apparent; and it is certainly not obvious in most of the political propaganda. Mrs. Frances Swiney, however, is doing excellent work for both causes, and chiefly because she sees plainly that at bottom they are one and the same cause. *The Cosmic Procession* contains nothing of a directly political nature. It is a full, lucid, and painstaking exposition of the reality and importance of the feminine principle in creation. Mrs. Swiney believes that in the great planetary procession mankind is about to enter on a new phase. A portentous change is imminent, amounting to a racial crisis. This is the step between the present mode of sex and the long-promised, oft-prophesied next mode, wherein the two become one, where is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and the within is as the without, and the without is as the within. The ultimate fate of this step will depend upon the degree of understanding with which the various forces at work to-day are directed. It is certain that superficiality on the one hand, and impracticability on the other, are enemies equally of thorough understanding. The cause of Woman's Suffrage is in reality bound up with the philosophic problem of the feminine mode of mind: and the two are as one. Mrs. Swiney will be doing good

service if by such books as this she can succeed in impressing modern reformers of both the political and philosophic schools with their essential unity of aim. To deepen politics and to make philosophy practical is surely the task of the wise.

A. R. O.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. From this month's "Old Diary Leaves" we take a useful hint for our lecturers. The Colonel says: "Despite the apparent obstacles offered by materialistic critics, it is really not so difficult a task to carry the amateur scientist step by step from his fixed standpoint to the borderland of science and thence move onwards along the line of a flawless evolution, the most majestic conceivable in the sweep of its comprehensiveness, until we reach the domain of Hindu philosophical conceptions. The great mistake made by beginners is to take a violent issue at the start with a materialist, and make no concessions to his natural inclination to secure firm footing before proceeding to the next step. The middle path between the extremes of belief and feeling shown by the materialist on the one hand and the spiritualist on the other can always be found, with proper care and by keeping under strict control all impulses and prejudices." Mr. Alderman gives a very thoughtful paper to show that the true working out of Theosophical principles lands us in an enlightened Socialism. Personally, we agree; and yet it seems to us that for Theosophy to be popularly identified with Socialism would be even more mischievous at present, than to identify it with Vegetarianism or Christianity. We fear that "the Society has no creed" extends to social systems, as well as to religious ones. "The Great Pyramid" is continued. We do not quote from "Seeker's" "Sacred War," simply because we would press on our readers to study carefully every word of it. "Theosophy in N.E. Australia" is an interesting series of letters; and the more specially Eastern portion of the number, Râma Prasâd's "Self Culture," "Buddhist rules for the Laity," "Bâlabodhinî," and Mr. Bilimoria's "Metempsychosis and Reincarnation in Pahlavi Books" have much that is also of value to Western readers.

Theosophy in India, November, opens with notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant upon Mr. Mead's recent publication *Thrice-Greatest Hermes*, treating it, of course from the Hindu point of view. Miss Edger's "Studies in the Pedigree of Man" are continued, and "Seeker's"

"The Necessity of the Guru for Spiritual Life,"—a valuable paper upon a subject on which there still remains a great deal to be said, is the most important of the remaining contents of a good number.

Central Hindu College Magazine, November. Here Mr. Geo. Arundale gives an interesting diary of the events of a collecting tour made by the Deputation Committee during the Durgâ Pûjâ holidays. Govinda Dâs' "Hindu Catechism" grows even more interesting as it goes on; and A. Mitra, M.D., contributes a very outspoken denunciation of the ruinous physical effects of the present examination system.

Theosophic Gleaner, November. In the Editorial Notes a defence is attempted against an article in the *Pioneer* throwing doubt upon the superior spirituality of the Eastern mind. If we may venture a criticism it is that the editor has missed the real point. No one questions that the heredity and the circumstances in India are more *favourable* to spirituality than those of the West; the doubt is whether the West is not doing as much or more with its inferior materials than, as a matter of fact, the East is doing with its better aids; and this is a serious question which *The Gleaner* does not touch. The mere enumeration of the Hindu advantages over the Western is not a glory but a shame unless they are put to use. The articles, including Mr. Sutcliffe's "What is the Physical Ether?" and R. P. Masani's "The Divine Idea in Tennyson" are well up to the level of the magazine. Pierre Loti's experiences at Benares are somewhat beyond our matter-of-fact English mind, but we are glad to find that Mrs. Besant has, somehow, given him the satisfaction he had hitherto failed to obtain.

The Vâhan, December. Here the interesting correspondence as to the best way of making Lodge meetings useful and attractive is continued. We are glad to see that on all sides the question is recognised to be, not so much of *learning* as of drawing down the Divine Life into ourselves and our meetings. The "Enquirer" has questions as to the Gospels and Paul's Epistles, and a long and valuable answer by J. I. W. to "What relation has the second Mosaic Commandment to symbolism?"

Lotus Journal, December. In this number we have the first portion of notes of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "The Meaning and Method of the Spiritual Life" given during her visit in 1905. So far as we have it here, we could not wish for a better statement of the case to put before the world; it is the Mrs. Besant who, for the moment, has ceased to give "to India what was meant for mankind,"

—would we had more of it! Miss Piffard's "Personal Testimony of the Helpfulness of Theosophy" must not pass without our recognition; anyone who, instead of writing lectures, will tell us precisely what he or she has been made to *feel* by the new light, has a claim to our gratitude.

Bulletin Théosophique, December, is the first to inform us of a proposed Religious Congress to be held in 1907 at Bijapûr, under Col. Olcott's Presidency, with a request for contributions to meet the expenses of an estimated assemblage of five thousand people.

Revue Théosophique, November. The only original paper is a short study entitled "The Monad, Individuality and Personality," by H. Deblais. One almost unique fact stated in the "Echo" must be noted. A Protestant journal, *Faith and Life*, having unfavourably critised M. Pierre Bernard's "Soul of India," actually inserted his letter of reply! All honour to it!

Also received with thanks: *Theosophia*, November, translates Mr. Long's paper on "Islâmitic Theosophy" from our April number. "Concerning Thought and Consciousness," "Esperanto," and the controversies over the papers of M. B. de Roock and M. M. W. Mook fill up the remainder. *Théosophie*, December; *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Omatunto*, with an Editorial on the proposed formation of a Finnish Section; *Theosoficke Revue* (Prague), whose Editor reports that "the movement in our land continues to grow, and we have enough to do to satisfy all the enquiries and the needs of our people for Theosophical ideas"; *Theosophic Messenger*, whose leading article "Virtue and Truth" touches delicately on a sore place; *Theosophy in Australasia*, in which "Man in the Making," by W. G. John, and J. Lester's "Karma" are papers which deserve a wider circulation; *Theosofisch Maandblad; La Verdad.*

Broad Views, December. We are glad to find that the Editor sees his way, though with some hesitation, to continue this publication, and we hope that his many friends will be able to obtain sufficient new subscriptions to put it on a permanent basis. The Editor's own contribution is "A Forecast of the World's Progress." We think that nearly all his readers will agree with him that this progress will probably include much better systems, both of government and of religion, than *any* now existing. Mrs. Sinnett's "Scope and Limitations of Astrology" and the "Clairvoyant's" criticism of the *Story of Ahrinziman* will both be interesting to our readers. *Occult Review*, December, is mainly occupied with the probable relation of Jesus to modern

Christianity, upon which David Christie Murray has a good deal which is valuable to say, but there are also other views. "Maori Magic" and "The Ghosts of Willington Mill" are interesting, but Lady A. Campbell's "Only Wisdom" is rising to heights altogether beyond our poor prosaic mind; *The Astrologer's Annual* (the Christmas number of *Modern Astrology*) has a most marvellous horoscope of the King, which surely deserves for its author the decoration of the Victorian Order, and Mrs. Leo is interesting, as usual, upon "Composite Horoscopes"; *Siddhanta Deepika; Les Nouveaux Horizons*, with a very sweeping denunciation by Dr. Rouby of the good faith of Dr. Richet's well-known "Bien-Boa," the "spirit" who materialises at the Villa Carmen; *Il Veltro; Notes and Queries*, accompanied this time by a new publication of its indefatigable editor, *The Rosicrucian Brotherhood; Herald of the Cross; Psycho-therapeutic Journal.*

Theosophy and Modern Science, by Edith Ward. (T.P.S., price 2*d.*) Since the views of Science have been completely revolutionised (if that respectable fossil, Prof. Ray Lankester, will permit us the expression), by the discovery of Radium and the far-reaching consequences which men of science have drawn from its characteristics, all previous works on this subject are wholly out of date. In this lecture Miss Ward has undertaken, not indeed a treatise on the general subject, which as things are now moving would itself be out of date in another year or two, but the more useful task of extracting from the most recent utterances of Science a confirmation of many things in Mme. Blavatsky's writings which at the time were deemed utterly "unscientific." The keynote of her view was that the Universe is still in process of *becoming*—a stirring *Life*, not a dead framework to stand so many thousand years and then decay and fall. And to this very view our scientists are moving with unexpected rapidity, as Miss Ward's extracts are themselves sufficient to show. The little pamphlet is well expressed and put together, and we recommend it to all our readers who have any interest in a question far more important to the world than all politics,—if I venture to say, than all religions, there will be some of my readers who will not take offence.

W.

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