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Knowledge can not be the property of Individuals. It is a
Universal Principle. It is the true side of all things seen or unseen,
perceived by the enlightened. Do not therefore strive to possess it,
for this is impossible, but endeavour only to be a vehicle by which
it may be carried to your fellowmen.

TWO OPTIMISTS.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century has brought to the front two Russians, both great optimists: Tolstoi and Mechnikoff. It matters not that the one writes and dreams in the seclusion and privacy of his own lonely green fields and that the other works and dreams in the crowded hospitals of work a day, up to date Paris. It matters not that they approached the riddle of life from diametrically opposed directions. It matters not that neither thinks highly of the methods of the other: in his last very remarkable book "*Etude sur la Nature Humaine: essai de philosophie optimiste*," Mechnikoff does all he can, though preserving a deferential tone, to oppose Tolstoi's attitude toward science; and as to Tolstoi, on receiving Mechnikoff's work, he exclaimed in his usual pettish way:

"I shan't read this! Whatever he says, Mechnikoff can tell me nothing new. Oh yes! I grant you, he is a very learned man. But the man's one idea is to dissect aged people's corpses, in order to find out how we are to live at least a hundred years. A great boon, indeed!"

But in spite of this apparent antagonism the two men are much nearer, much more akin to each other, than either would dream.

Let us go into particulars. True enough, Mechnikoff examines hundreds of corpses of aged people, but it is because he believes that by so doing he can learn all about making human life purposeful, dignified and therefore happy. His great efforts are directed against age and debility. Our physical body he thinks very imperfect, very poorly fitted to live the life, as we made it. In his eyes it is but a sorry relic of prehistoric times, a cumbersome, aggravating dead weight on our flights towards happiness.

In different places of his book, Mechnikoff speaks of age in very graphic terms. Old age, as we know it, is a humiliation, it is a malady, an isolation in the midst of the busy world. And the condition of aged people is only the sadder because we of our day and generation grow old much before our time, so that many grey-headed, life worn people, preserve in their hearts all their thirst of life, all the power of their passions and instincts. Viewed in this light, the problem of our early old age grows only the more sinister. No one wants a helpless old man; he is a burden on those who care

for him the most. If he is poor, he will suffer from hunger and cold, if he is rich, he will suffer from sicknesses, which science is not competent to relieve.

In the opinion of Mechnikoff there are three causes leading to untimely old age: the too severe conditions of the struggle for life, blood poisoning sexual excesses and alcoholism.

Yet universal as these three causes are, Mechnikoff readily steps forward to do battle against them.

He is a dreamer, no less a dreamer, in his own sphere, than Tolstoi is in his. And in his dreams no less, than in the dreams of Tolstoi, the future promises to old men a dignified and a useful place. He assigns to them the first place in the life of society and government. Like Plato, he thinks that an old man is best fitted for the part of a ruler. Free from the despotism of sex, passionless in every other respect, the old men of the future will be healthy and strong, age being for them no humiliating decrepitude, but a new physiological condition, perfectly natural and as welcome as any other. And it should be only natural that such a man should stand at the head of his country, giving to it his undivided attention and the wisdom of his long experience. One would almost be inclined to think that this *geroncracy* of the future is the pet expectation of the learned physiologist, as he comes back to it frequently throughout his big work.

Mechnikoff thinks that nature positively destines us to live up to a hundred and more. And that, moreover, in spite of the cumbersomeness of our present bodies, most of the organs of which are entirely injurious, as for instance the *appendix*, in spite of all the obstacles in and without our bodies, there will be a time, when we shall live up to a hundred and more.

“The victory over scrofula alone, and then over alcoholism will considerably lengthen the life of men,” says Mechnikoff.

A thinker, however, a man who is in the habit of trying to see behind the screen, could not linger very long over the scientific views of Mechnikoff, over his sincere, almost personal hatred of the *appendix*, or of the “wild” (that is the uncultured) microbe, for whose teeming millions, the happiest hunting grounds are the many useless or even injurious organs of our bodies. More than in all this, however learned and true, the readers of the Theosophical

Forum will be interested in the theories of this incessant and indefatigable, though be it only superficial worker for the good of humanity. And still more we shall be interested in the buoyancy of his faith in the powers of human mind, of which science is but the natural outcome. The human mind, in his opinion, can overcome all difficulties, all natural and acquired disadvantages, destroying the "wild" and the "cultured" microbes and modifying or even getting entirely rid of all such organs in our luckless bodies, as interfere with our comforts, happiness and dignity.

Happiness, in Mechnikoff's idea, is the one thing naturally destined for man, the one thing to which man has an unquestionable and indubitable right, and, moreover, a thing which man certainly shall have, if he only entrusts science with the management of his affairs. This faith, this enthusiasm of a man, whose mind never had anything to do with any aspect of life except the physiological, the grossest, is certainly very inspiring and ought to be a reproof to people who, though dealing with finer aspects of nature, aspects in which the workings of will are more directly manifest, go about life in a listless, half-hearted attitude, having faith neither in themselves, nor in life. And such a reproof many of us, who read the Theosophical Forum and write encouraging letters to the editor, have certainly amply deserved.

To all this an inquisitive person may very rightfully say: And what about death? Even if it is true, that science can so regulate our bodily disadvantages, as to make earthly man happy forever after, could it regulate death also, or at least the horror, the abhorrence of death?

Why, answers the learned dreamer, it certainly can. The death we know in our day and generation is a painful death. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, modern man dies what can be called a *violent* death, coming as it does much before its time. Almost always it is a result of unnatural conditions, organic disorders, which nature never intended for us, of overwork, of too much care, an accident, a murder and so on. So it forces itself into our existence like an enemy to smash, to mangle and to destroy all we have constructed with so much care and labour. So it looks to us the greatest evil, without truce or mercy. We stand helpless and perplexed before the question why should a man die who was still so much

needed by everybody around him, who still wanted to live? And to this *why* earthly man can find no possible satisfying answer. The horror of it, the cruelty of it, the utter senselessness of it will haunt us, even through such fortitude and hopefulness, as the most sincere religious beliefs can offer us.

Yet Mechnikoff, confirmed naturalist as he is, solves the question quite easily. It is so, he says, but it need not be so, nature does not mean it to be so. *Natural death* will do away with all these horrors and perplexities. Natural death ought to come when man has gone through all the cycle of his life. And it must be preceded by the acquirement of the *instinct of death*. And this instinct of death Mechnikoff deems to be as natural and as necessary as the instinct of life. Potentially we are all endowed with it, but few of us live up to its complete growth and manifestation. We die much before it possibly could get manifest. The crystalline serenity of Mechnikoff's philosophy is such that whilst under the influence of his argument, death looses its horror for you and you think of it musing gently as of something you can understand, you can explain and desire.

Day's activity over we think of sleep with much pleasant anticipation. Life's activity over we shall think of death with the same pleasant anticipation.

Mechnikoff's arguments lead you to the greatest optimism, as he himself was led to it by his faith into the progressiveness of man and of science. His book insistently promises to humanity a life, free from sickness, a healthy and active old age and a death, which all men without exception will seek as a delicious rest.

Naturally enough all this can not happen the day after to-morrow. Mechnikoff may be a dreamer, but he also is a true man of science, who is well aware what incredibly long periods of time were necessary to transform the bulky, ugly, clumsy *archeopterix* into the birds of the air as we know them now. His chief enemy the *appendix* will take a long time to go, with all the poisonous 128,000,000,000 microbes it contains, yet go it must. And this *must* in the mouth of Mechnikoff takes the same assurance and authoritative-ness as Tolstoi's promise that human beings will win universal happiness as soon as they abstain from evil doing or any participation in it.

The two thinkers apparently disagree. Mechnikoff's belief in science is absolute; to his mind, there is no hope for humanity without science, but, with science to back him up, there is no limits to the power of man. Tolstoi has no faith whatever in science. He seems to be greatly irritated by Mechnikoff's assurance and to take manifest pleasure in running him down. It really is one of the great puzzles of our day to see this great soul growling and grunting against anything and anybody of whom he disapproves, with all the pettish vehemence of unreasonable old age. Yet so far as Mechnikoff is concerned, just listen to the way Tolstoi speaks *against* him.

According to one of the latest interviewers, Count Tolstoi said: "It does not matter that we live but a short time, but it matters that we live in the wrong way, that we live against ourselves, against our conscience. We fill our lives with deeds, which we ought not to have done, or else we spend it in a rattle of noisy words. One thing is necessary that the heart of man should awaken, that the thought of God should shine in it. That this thought should be acknowledged by man to be his only guide, the only authority over him, and that he should live as it commands him."

This would seem to be very far removed from Mechnikoff's physiological basis for man's possible welfare. Yet no unprejudiced person could go through the latter's book without noticing, that, for the author, man is above all a "sociable animal." Once our body gets cured, patched up and trained so that to be entirely renovated (probably out of sight or recognition), Mechnikoff sees no more pain ahead of us, no more suffering, nothing but intelligent labour and intelligent enjoyment. And this pleasant future is builded by him on the foundation of the universal solidarity of man, on the instinct of sociability, never on selfishness or disregard for others of the survival of the fittest kind.

And it strikes me that Tolstoi's "not living against ourselves, against our consciences" is closely related to Mechnikoff's "instinct of sociability," free from all egotism.

Listen further. The same interviewer reports that Count Tolstoi spoke as follows:

"Death frightens only him, who has never felt truth in his soul. To such a one it really does appear monstrous and horrible,

because it interrupts in the middle all the most important pursuits of man. But these most important pursuits of man are nothing but an illusion. The acquirement of truth alone is not an illusion. And as soon as this true object of man is accomplished, the man is ready for death at any time."

This again looks very much akin to Mechnikoff's statements, that as soon as all his work is accomplished a man will begin developing the instinct of death.

Both Tolstoi and Mechnikoff have evolved an optimistical system, both, though entirely opposed in their points of departure and their methods reach, the same result, promising to mankind a completeness of happiness, a completeness of life.

It certainly must be a rare and a gratifying sight to watch Count Tolstoi, who, after all the doubts, hesitations, despairs and blank negations of his life, has now reached such perfect peace and happiness of dispassion and serenity, that even chance visitors say that merely to be near him is to feel oneself on a height of moral power and superiority, comparable only to climbing snow-clad mountains. He is seventy-five, and is far from strong in his body, every spring putting him in the danger of death. Death he saw face to face, during his last sickness, and freed himself forever of the fear of death. He has acquired the freedom, which comes of the knowledge of self and the delight he takes in this freedom is so great, that he is never tired telling of it to all who come and go.

There is no more fear in Tolstoi's heart.

Neither is there any fear in the heart of Mechnikoff. He calmly looks forward to the coming death. Yet he has no belief in any kind of continuous life—death is complete annihilation for him. But he trusts and believes that through almighty science this annihilation will be made desirable and welcome.

The religion of science has lit up and purified his life, as the religion of human love has lit up and purified the life of Count Tolstoi.

The resemblance, almost the identity of all the chief points in the lives of these two men, who are so altogether different in every outward detail, seems to point to the fact that besides their two minds, their two hearts, separate for ever, there is a third factor in what they have achieved. This third factor is as essential to them

both, as the air they breath. This third factor smoothes down all the differences, due to the limitations and exaggerations of a personal nature, and enhances and strengthens all that is of universal significance and value in all they have thought and done. This third factor is a bridge on which their two minds could not help meeting in the common ground of their two souls, for it is the spiritual, the other-worldly atmosphere of the nation they both come from.

Both Tolstoi and Mechnikoff have labored in a titanic way, both have achieved great results. Yet the views and hopes of both are erroneous, or at least somewhat erroneous. Why and how—would be a good thing to define in their own minds for the readers of the Theosophical Forum to while away the long leisures of the coming summer.

MUSIC AND THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Here comes a matter of largest value: If we read the history of annals and chronicles, with its red record of destruction, we shall find that no cause has been so prolific in killing, in cruelty and all evil, as the difference of race; the barrier which separated the French from the Germans, the Huns from the Austrians, the Italians from the French, the Teutons from the Slavs, has ever been the cause of war. Speech has not sufficed to pass this barrier, because speech has to be translated, in passing from one people to another, and, in the translation, the whole essence and aroma are changed; the common understanding is often lost, and the result is a heightening of the barrier which it was sought to take away. But song is a common speech which needs no translation; and there is no such revelation of the differences of races, and of the meaning of these differences, as the folk-songs of the peoples; take a good and faithful collection of folk-songs of Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Spain, and you have the warp and woof of all European history, through a dozen centuries; you have something that the translated literatures cannot give you, since the savor evaporates from the translated word. Therefore, for those who hold dear the ideal of universal brotherhood, there is no record so precious as the folk-songs of the nations, unless it be the record of religions. But whereas religions give us ultimately the assurance of the oneness of all mankind, since at heart and in their highest inspiration all religions are one, folk-songs give us something more, and in some ways more needful; they give us a sense of the inherent differences of races, and show us why these differences exist. They justify to our hearts and understandings the fact that the Hun is a Hun, that the Russian is a Russian, that the German is a German, that the Frenchman is French. They show in each one of these races a certain quality, a certain color or aroma, a certain essence, which is in no other race, and which, but for the race which possesses it, would leave a blank in the whole chord of human life; and, side by side with this manifestation of the divine purpose of race-difference, they show us that, underneath the difference, all races are one; for, while there are many folk-songs, there is but one music; while there are many men, there is but one mankind.

One might write long of the folk-songs of the nations, taking

them up one by one, and expatiating of their qualities, did space and time lend themselves to the work. But enough has been said for all who are so inclined, to take the matter up, and work it out for themselves. There is one thing more to be said: We find great Nature speaking in folk-songs, and in them telling of the human heart, its sorrows and its exultations; just as Nature speaks in the lesser humanity of the skylark and the nightingale. To the childhood of every race, this period of song belongs. Then comes self-consciousness and with self-consciousness comes silence. The more matured races grow mute. The mid-world takes us away from Nature, without yet bringing us to divinity, and we must pass through the desert, a desert of the heart, as well as of faith and joy and inspiration. It is true that the instinct of song remains, and that specially endowed natures try to carry on the tradition, not merely by taking the folk-songs and developing them into larger works, and by imitating their form and manner, but adding also a new element, the result of a dim groping after the Beyond.

Between the child and the sage, there is no peace. So it is with music. When the child-spirit ceases in a nation, there is silence, until there comes the ripening of genius. To that great ripening, some of our best music, like some painting and poetry, belongs.

So we have, on the one hand, folk-music, which came into being as spontaneously as the birds sing, and whose authors it is almost always impossible to determine; and, on the other, composed music, which has been created consciously, and of which we can say: this is by Bach, this is by Beethoven, this is by Wagner. Folk-music speaks to us of diversity, of the difference of races, and of the spiritual meaning of those differences. Composed music, in so far as it is real, brings us back toward unity, toward the spiritual oneness of the human race.

Among folk-songs, there are the greatest differences of quality and worth. Some are quite trivial; some are full of mere gaiety, but go no deeper; some touch the profoundest depths of human life. There are all shades of human feeling in the folk-songs of the races, from the passion of patriotic war to the crooning of a mother over her infant; and indeed these cradle-songs, these songs of maternity, are among the richest and finest of all departments of the peoples' songs. Then there are, of course, love-songs innumerable, of every

shade of passion and emotion; and one might make a collection, showing exactly how the different nations fall in love: the south-erns passionately, the north-erns in melancholy, and with many sighs, the people of central nations gaily and with a cheerful heart.

All this belongs to the world from which come the songs of birds: the world of spontaneous feeling. Every shade of human emotion, every feeling of human life, is expressed and made immortal in some of these songs. If we have not lost the natural sense of song, and of openness to song, we can learn the whole world of human feeling from the collected songs of the people who have not yet fallen into the muteness of self-consciousness, when they grow ashamed of feeling, and lose the power to give it expression.

After muteness come the beginnings of a new and self-conscious speech; awkward and tentative, like the gestures of the shy young person. Much of our composed music is full of this awkwardness, and has none of the assured accomplishment which belongs to the song of birds, and of races in the bird-period of song. The singing faculty has awakened, but it has awakened in the midst of a host of other faculties, which have grown up during the muteness of growing self-consciousness. The bird awakes as a human being, with mental faculties, reflection, imitation, memory, fancy, imagination; and the song-power has to struggle into being from among these other faculties, which surround it and hem it in. It has many trials and afflictions, before it regains the sureness and naturalness that it possessed before the fall.

This song power, more or less developed, more or less thwarted and twisted awry, is in all of us. In virtue of it, we all like to listen to music; for the music we hear sets the song-power singing within us by a kind of reflected influence, and we feel that something is going on in us, which is good and satisfactory, and which belongs to a real and natural part of our life. So we listen to music, with varying degrees of enjoyment, with varying fineness of appreciation; but in some way or other we all listen.

The composers of music are simply those in whom the song-power is more awake. It is alive in all of us, but much more alive in these. In the same way, speech is alive in all of us, but eloquence only in some; the reading power is alive in all of us, so that millions of cheap and commonplace sheets find their readers day by day; but

in a few only does the reading power come to the boil, so to speak, and, passing through the transformation into driving force, become the writing power, the power which makes that which it is worth while to read. So it is with the power to compose music. It is simply a faculty we all possess, and which all races enjoyed in the time of their innocence; and which now comes forth in a heightened and representative way in a few, and produces compositions which find their echo in the many.

Growing up amid the forest of our mental powers, the song-power gets more or less tinged and colored by the powers that surround it. Just as eloquence passes through rhetoric into bombast, and finally degenerates into twaddle, so is it with music. Just as there is great and worthy writing, as there is also fine and effective writing, which nevertheless, falls short of being great, and as there are vast masses of writing which have no particular value of any kind, so is it with music. It does not at all follow that, because it is music, it is therefore good; it may, indeed, be unconsciously bad.

But that is a vice of imitation, and in no way detracts from the worth of what is imitated. The thing to keep clear about is, that, in spite of the futility of much composed music, the thing itself is a very real and eternal thing. The music-power is real and universal, and comes out of the very depths of the Oversoul of humanity. For, as in all our arts and sciences, in all our religions and the works of our hearts and souls, there comes a height at which it is no longer the separate man who speaks, but the Oversoul which speaks through him; so is it with Music. There is the tangled forest of the mid-world, to which most composed music belongs. But above this there are heights, there are clear summits that reach up into the blue. There is the Oversoul which begins to speak through mortal lips; as in acts of heroism and devotion, the divine will shines through the human will of weak mankind.

The music-power must do its work in the midst of the stirring and echoing mind. From the mind, it receives many hindrances and acquires many drawbacks. Much of the music even of the greatest composers is of this quality, just as the poets say that sometimes even good Homer nods and drowns off to sleep. It would be interesting, were it not for the peril which lurks in snapshot judgments, to speak of a few of the greatest composers of music, and

to seek to discern what part of the Oversoul, of the collective soul of humanity, they are spokesmen of. Bach would thus stand for reverence; Beethoven for struggling and often thwarted aspiration; Wagner for the heroic valor and passion of the primeval world, gradually passing into the sense of immortality. In the same way, Tschaikowsky stands for human misery and pathos, for songs of woe and lamentations; Liszt for passion too often falling away into mere wordiness, and utterly losing the clear sense of feeling in a flood of indeterminate resonance; Rubenstein, for cold and carefully thought out emotion, artificial, pretentious, insincere.

But far better than such judgments is the awakening of the music-power within ourselves, which will soon enable us to form dozens of judgments just as good and better for ourselves; or, since it is not really the aim of the music-power to form judgments at all, will enable us to feel in ourselves, through music, the reverence expressed by one, the struggling aspiration of another, the heroism of a third; and so enrich our hearts, and draw them closer to the hearts of others, and to that primeval heart, whence all humanity came forth.

(To be Continued).

FORTITUDE.

I stood among the gods. One said to me:

“You may rest here in peace if so you will. But you have cried out to us, that you wish to serve. Yet, ere that service can be accepted you must know for yourself its full cost. After knowing which, if your desire still holds strong, you may seek its fulfilment. Look into the abyss below, into the nether world of earth. And not only seek through the powers of mind to understand its darkness, its degradation, its miseries, its despair; but realize, as with an earthly body’s acutely sensitive nerves, every pain and torture known to flesh. Knowledge complete and true, won from your own heart’s agony, in measure full and overflowing; added to which a realization of the whole world’s burden and sorrow, must be your portion ere you can serve and have that service count a gain to man, ere your hands grow strong enough to lift and hold back a little the heavy Karma of the world, ere you have wisdom to pluck from out the soiled, ill-woven woof of human life, a tiny knotted thread replacing therewith a silver strand to lighten its heavy sombreness. Behold! and through our power feel and know. In few short moments that knowledge may be yours. Thus test your power to endure for an unknown period an experience which now is yours for a moment’s flash of time.”

And lo! I sank unto the nether world. And all its agony supreme of body, mind and soul were mine. Each nerve was knit into the nerves of all the rest. Each heart-throb found its answering pulse in mine. The pull and strain of all the waywardness, the evil impulse in man, likewise drew me with the rest. For now I had full consciousness of being bound-up with the whole. Yet knowing I must hold against and counteract the evil in the minds and hearts of men; nor once give way under the torturing strain. I was as if in the ocean’s undertow, being fully caught in which will draw under the most powerful of swimmers.

No words can tell the bitterness of the cup I drank. But greater than suffering of body or mind was my soul’s agony and despair in knowing the darkness within the souls of men. And above all my tortures of mind and body, supreme, compelling a vast compassion arose within me and dominated my being.

And from out the darksome depths I cried :

“Ye gods! it is my will to know no peace, no rest, no bliss while I have strength and courage to give my labour in these noisome fields; to uproot their poisoned growths, and to plant the seeds that shall redeem some parts, giving in time promise of a fairer harvest. Oh Mighty One, that I faint not in the task! Lend me of Thy power to endure and hold! Flood full my inmost heart with Thy light divine, helping me never to forget 'tis in Thy service that I toil! In that blessed work, in the hope of some fairer destiny for my fellow-creatures shall I find my happiness, my reward!”

Then the divine Ones, veiling their faces, looked below; answering back :

“Courage to thee! Thou mayest try.”

THE OUTLINE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

VI.

SUMMARY.

The Four Lower Planes. The Planetary Chain.

At the dawn of a new Universal Day the sevenfold powers of objectivity begin gradually to unfold. These powers are the offspring of Will, the twin-power with Consciousness, of each and all units of Life, of each and all facets of the eternal luminous diamond, by which we have represented the One Infinite Life. Will is as it were, the luminous ray of each facet; as Consciousness is the facet's power of perceiving the ray; and as the facets are bound together in septenary groups of units, humanities, hierarchies, and higher divine septenaries, so the luminous rays of formative Will are bound together into sevenfold streams, pouring forth from each group of units, humanities and hierarchies. Each ray as we have seen, each formative potentiality, contains within it seven forms or modes by which its objectivity can be manifested. By the operation of the first of these modes, that of incipient differentiation, Consciousness and Will, still almost blended together, tend to stand apart into subjectivity and objectivity, but do not yet actually stand apart. Subjectivity, Consciousness, still includes within itself all possible modes of cognition, and is therefore, just one step removed from the divine infinite Consciousness of Eternity. Objectivity, likewise, still contains within itself all possible modes of manifestation, and is therefore, just one step short of divine absolute Unity.

This highest range of being contains all the potencies of Consciousness and all the potencies of manifestation that we can conceive; and contains besides this, something more, for this highest range is overshadowed by the near presence of the One Divine Infinite Life, not yet veiled by the illusion of differentiation, not yet hidden by the bright phantoms and images of universal day.

In the second range of life the separation is complete. Consciousness is limited to one mode, that of direct cognition. Objectivity is also limited to one mode, that of direct presentation to consciousness; and as all objectivity is thus directly present to perfect cognition, this is the range of omniscience. The higher range is something more than omniscience, because the omniscient knower

not only confronts, but is blended with, the infinite known. These two highest ranges of life, which reflect the near presence and radiance of the Infinite One, may properly be called divine.

The third range is the link between these two and the fully manifested, fully differentiated objectivity. This third range contains as we have seen, the germ of varying intensity, when the luminous beam from each facet of the infinite diamond ceases to be homogeneous and thrills into separate rays. Though infinitely varied like the rays of the spectrum, these luminous rays are gathered together into closely related groups, the types of which are sound, colour, taste, and the other elements of perception, each in its turn infinitely various.

These innumerable rays, that thrill forth from each facet of the infinite luminous diamond, react as it were, on each facet, and establish groups of centers of perception; these nascent centers of specialized perception coalescing together to form the first ethereal vesture or body of each unit of life.

This third range of life contains within it the first germs and undeveloped elements of all forms of perception and objectivity, the types and potencies which are afterwards to be unfolded; these still are limited to one form of manifestation, that of increasing and decreasing intensity.

The bundles of luminous beams and rays which issue from each facet of the One Life are bound together, as we have seen, in septenary streams; and as the formative rays become more defined and developed, they are focused into united groups, related to each facet and each group of facets—to each unit of life, that is, and each group of units, humanities, hierarchies and higher groups.

The rays thus focused, form specialized objectivities for each facet, and for each group of facets—special objectivities, that is, for each unit of life, each humanity, and each hierarchy. These separate activities exist in germ in the third range of life, to be gradually unfolded and developed into fully formed bodies and worlds and systems of suns and stars, in the lower, more external ranges of life.

From this point—the formation of specialized objectivities for each unit, humanity and hierarchy—it is no longer possible to describe the gradual process of manifestation in general terms, appli-

cable to all life. We must henceforth, therefore, confine ourselves to the consideration of one group of units, one humanity or hierarchy; and restrict ourselves to the development of the specialized objectivities, whether bodies or worlds, related to it. The process for all other humanities in the universe is, presumably, the same; and the specialized objectivities related to them are, by analogy, subject to similar developments.

After this third stage—the common field of objective worlds—the specialized objectivities of each hierarchy and humanity gain colour and form, capacity and solidity, expanding through the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh ranges of life. It is only to the last four that the name of “planes” can, with propriety, be applied, and it is to development in these four lower planes that our attention will henceforth be directed. The highest of these four, in which perceptions are spread out into spaces and masses, as we see colour spread out, is the first to reach full development at the beginning of Universal Day. This colour or Fire plane at first is nothing but a glowing sea of intermingling forms and objectivities; through these throbs the rhythmic ebb and flow which is the detailed repetition of the universal ebb and flow of manifestation and dissolution. Under this ebb and flow, this continual circulation and gyration, the glowing sea of forms is gradually moulded into circular vortexes; the specialized objectivity of each hierarchy forming one vortex; and the lesser objectivities related to each humanity are swept into lesser vortexes. As the united consciousness and will of each humanity becomes more definite and individual, these vortexes contract and harden; and from the larger vortexes are formed solar systems; while the lesser become separate planets or worlds; each planet and solar system being, it must be clearly understood, still wholly within the highest external plane, the plane of Fire.

On the planet thus generated by the formative wills of one humanity, the units of that humanity go through a long series of formative, educatory, processes; each unit of Conscious Will forming for itself an ethereal vesture or body, by the reaction of perceptions which we have already described. If a name be thought necessary for this first world, it may be called the incipient Fire Planet, the first ethereal mould of future more material worlds.

When the possibilities of development which it contains are

temporarily exhausted, the formative will of humanity enters another stage by the addition of the element of capacity, and the unfolding of the potencies it contains, a new plane is formed—the fifth, which we have agreed to call the plane of air. Again, the same process of “circumgyratory motion” is generated by the formative Will of humanity, acting in harmony with the eternal ebb and flow; and the fluid sea of forms and objectivities is swept into contracting vortexes, which gradually harden into a second planetary world. To it we may give the name of the incipient Air Planet, the second of the gradually forming chain.

Yet another plane is entered on, when the educatory possibilities of this second world are for the time exhausted; this new plane adding the element of internal change or growth. Again the flowing sea of images is moulded into vortexes; and of these, coalescing, the third world of the chain, the incipient Water Planet, is formed.

Again the same exhaustion of its potentialities takes place; and the tide of formative wills advances to another stage; again the whirling images are wrought together, as the potter moulds the clay on his swiftly-moving wheel, and the most external world of the chain, the planet of solidity, or Earth, is formed.

From this point the tide of formative wills flows back again through the same four planes. The Earth Planet—the first rough pattern of our Earth—is left for the time exhausted, and denuded of its powers, and the life-tide flows back to the plane above.

Here, by the same formative circular force of collective wills, a second Water Planet is formed, different from the first, because more akin to the Earth-world, and enriched with the fruit of earth-life which humanity has gained on the world just left. To this planet, the fifth in the chain, we may give for convenience, the name of final Water Planet, to distinguish it from the first formed image-world, on the same plane.

Once more the wave of humanity flows back to the plane above, by the same vortical forces the final Air-world is formed, the sixth in the chain, differentiated from the former Air Planet by the riches added to it from the lower worlds of the chain.

The seventh, the final Fire-world, is formed in the same way, and the planetary chain is complete. Nothing now remains but to

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trace the detailed development of humanity on each planet, and the story of man's birth and growth will be complete.

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* * *

Be patient in your trials for there is but one harmony through the whole.

Observe: Calamities are forces for development, transforming agencies, bearers and carriers of new possibilities.

Observe: Death, the calamity feared most, helps but to accentuate the meaning of life.

So also may failure develop humility, and personal misfortune become the source and fount, from which compassion springs.

Be patient: Sorrow develops resignation, and that in turn submission to the law, through the contemplation of which its wisdom is revealed.

So be patient. For only because we are fettered by the limitations of personal grief, the truth and significance of our trials are unseen to our comprehension.

Be patient then; though too long and too winding may seem the path we have to traverse.

Our experience will be the richer and our strength will increase. Be serene: and accept everything that comes into your life, for each incident adds a missing fragment to your character.

So be patient, and not too proud to accept all your life has allotted to you, do not disdain to accept the small things. For there is no great or small. In nature things simply *are*. And only a fanciful sense of utility arranges them according to grades and orders.

Look forward to the future, and regard all incidents in your life as steps to the Heights. If the rays of the sun chance not to fall on some of the steps, look to the next one above, and if they be not even there fix your attention on the next and next, until you find light.

For that light will serve as a bridge spanning over the dark abysses we must cross.

Pray not to be delivered from temptations but simplify your heart, that they may not appear as such.

And above all seek the unity the whole creation so eloquently preaches, if we but stop to hear and interpret its language.

MUSIC AND THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE.

From what we have said, it follows that there is a necessary meaning in music; that it is really something far more than "a concord of sweet sounds," as Shakespeare calls it; that it is a most direct and meaning speech, saying things truly, simply, essentially. It is because of this essential meaning that folk-songs are so true to that undefined and elusive thing, national feeling, which nevertheless defines itself so sharply in them. They are as much subject to structural law as the lily; and if we wisely consider the lily, we shall learn much more from it than the lesson of beauty. It is subject to law, before it is subject to beauty. It rises straight from the earth, under the stress of vital power, which soars as a flame soars, and is, indeed, a kind of flame. It is held firmly in place by the myriad threads of gravitation; and only in virtue of their incessant downward pull does the lily stand upright. Then again the lily is full of architecture, as defined as that of a Gothic arch, and with not dissimilar curves; showing that these art forms, as we think of them, are really life's necessities, part of the necessity that all structural things are under, of being beautiful. The five petals, with their pure symmetry, show that law is beauty, and that beauty is law. The color, if there be color, is as strictly ordered; if there be whiteness, law is present also in its sheen.

So with music. It is in no sense, nor at any part, a matter of convention, of human agreement, or our making. It lies under law, the law of necessary beauty. There are defects in human music, but they are the defects of the copyist; of the untrained ear, the faltering hand, the uncertain spirit, which lends too much of its own bewilderment and self-will to the inspiration it receives. But music itself is essential and lasting. It is no poet's fancy that every orb like an angel sings

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim . . .

Nor is it a poet's dream that such harmony is in immortal souls. Music is indeed inherent, a part of the structure of things, one of the elements of which, and through which, the worlds are built. The ancients fabled wisely that, as Appollo sang, Ilium like a mist rose into towers; and not Ilium only but greater buildings, like this most

excellent canopy of the heavens, this proud overhanging firmament fretted with golden fire.

Our human music is but the echo and resonance of an older music, that sings itself through the hidden worlds; and all the best music goes close to that, and carries us back to that. We have heard it in the recesses of the heart, and we recognize its apparition, just as we recognize loving-kindness and tender mercy. It is true that there are fashions in music, as there are in the other arts, in painting and poetry and architecture. But it is not always true that new fashions are really so much better than old. The Great Pyramid is one of the oldest of all fashions in architecture; yet the Great Pyramid has still certain things to say, and says them with deep eloquence. We can imagine a great, deep music, world-old like the pyramids, simple as they, severe and eloquent as they, which would make many of our modern fashions look casual and tawdry. The very finest passages of modern music, like a certain chord sequence in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, or the Walhalla motive in the Ring Cycle of Wagner have something of that great simplicity, something large and deep, something Egyptian in their grandeur and majesty.

Take the comparison of architecture again. We had, after the pyramids, the simplicity of the oldest temples; a beam laid across two pillars. That is the principle of the white shrine of the Acropolis, of all the older shrines in India and China, of the great temples of mystery in Egypt. Then came the arch, the beam no longer straight, but bent into a half-circle, as in the Coliseum of Rome; and this arch, with a semi-circle curve, runs through our Christian churches until the first thousand years of the faith of Gallilee are completed. Then the arch is broken in the middle, the two ends of the semi-circle of arc are drawn closer together, and we have the pointed beauty of the Gothic arches. But this is only a new beginning. The decoration becomes more elaborate. To the original arch upholding the roof, outer arches are added, in buttresses and flying buttresses. A second range of arches is added above the first. The windows become more and more complicated. The spires are fretted into a hundred delicate forms. Finally the decoration becomes flamboyant, every spire and summit breaking out into a bun-

dle of flames carved in stiff stone, and complexity reigns supreme. Yet the pyramid, in its great simplicity, has still something to say, which the highly elaborated church fails to say, though it is eloquent, nay, garrulous of things of which the pyramid remains silent.

So in music. The most complex is not the best. There are refinements of structure and harmony that are mere psychic phantasy, with no deep structural need. Take the song-form in its simplicity; a mood, then a contrasted mood, then the same mood as at first. As simple as a set of three companion pictures, or even simpler. From this comes the true structure of the sonata; a mood, then a contrasted mood; then the first mood repeated, no longer as at first, but tinged and colored by the second. It may be that the first mood is despair, vocal and heart-rending; the second mood may be resignation, full of deep religious awe; the third is again despair, yet tempered now by resignation, and finally conquered by a deeper faith. But contrast with this ideal simplicity some of the sonatas that fill our music books, such, for instance as some of Rubinstein's. Until we firmly grasp the fact that the composer has lost himself, and is trying to cover up the fact in a snow-storm of sounds, we are fairly bewildered by the flow of sound, of harmonies flowing into discord, of discords resolved in harmony. Here is a complexness that is altogether false and futile. It is time to go back to the pure lines of the pyramid.

There is much music that is bad because it is meaningless, a mere jargon, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is put forth by doctors and professors of music, who yet are no musicians in the true sense, and who, by their authority, impose their tissues of bubbles on a believing world. There is much music which is bad, because, though speaking intelligible words in orderly sequence, it is merely gossiping and babbling, in no sense the worthy speech of human souls. Such is most of the "popular music" which finds its way to the cylinders of hand-organs. It says abundantly what is little worth saying; just as the evening papers say in ten special editions what is not worth saying at all. Both find their audience, and among much the same sort of minds. Yet the most frivolous of this popular music is less bad than some that passes for classical, with a

formal perfection of workmanship, and an elaborate concealment of meaninglessness which almost deceives the elect. The psychism of the head is worse than the psychism of the heart, and deceives professors of music, just as it deceives many natural philosophers, agnostics, rationalists, materialists and the like. All their creeds and productions are equally psychic; and when people condemn something as "merely intellectual," they really mean the psychism of the head, for true intellect is as divine as it is rare, and ever a revealer of divine things. This psychism of the head is the worst of all things in music, and the cause and generator of the very worst productions. Then there is the psychism of the heart, from which such an overwhelming amount of our somewhat better music comes. It begins with things altogether cheap and insignificant, with the representation of mere excitement, as in the commoner dance-music; or with feelings, trivial and cheap, like the more catchy love-songs. From these small beginnings, it runs up into the heights of tragical emotion, the dithyrambics of eloquent despair, culminating, perhaps, in the eloquent pessimism of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, which thrills and trembles with feeling, with passionate emotion and sensibility, and yet has no faintest intuition of the divine life of man.

In truth, if we consider the matter, our eloquent modern music is very perplexed and halting on the high theme of death. Perhaps the only compositions which, as a class, are equally bad, are the wedding-marches, such as that in Lohengrin, which, nevertheless, has its admirers. But if one takes what the musicians have written of death, up to, and including Beethoven's famous Requiem, we are constrained to ask in wonder how they ventured so eloquently to express their blind ignorance. ¶ Is this Death, the great Mystery, who looks at us with kind, luminous eyes out of the darkness? Death, the great healer, bringer of rest and peace of which the sweetest sleep is but the faint prophesy and shadow? Death, the reconciler, who smoothes all creases from the brow, who calms the sorrow of the heart; who takes the tired children by the hand and draws them into the silence, to forget, to rest, to drink deep of peace, to gain new power from the deep life of the Beyond? ¶ Would that some musician could unbind the bondage from his human eyes, and look

bravely into the darkness, until he met the gaze of those dark, kindly eyes, and read the secret of death, and, reading, repeated it to our human ears, thus dispelling the terror, and reconciling us with peace. Such a one might lift one of the heaviest burdens from the shoulders of mankind; for of Death it might well be said: My yoke is easy, my burden is light; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

But instead of this eloquent healer of human woe, the musicians convey to us grim and ghostly things which they have dreamed of death; they give us black plumes nodding lugubriously in the wind; they give us sepulchral shadows, even the falling of earth upon the coffin-lid; but little enough of the extasy that floods the soul, tingling with its new liberation, and rising exultant as a bird rises through the empyrean.

Psychical subtleties, whether of deftly interwoven melody, or of subtly compounded harmony, do not, make up for the lack of spiritual reality. If you wish for the distinction between the psychic and the spiritual, it is simple enough. The spiritual ever recognizes radiant immortality, and is full of the sheen of the eternal. The psychic doubts and yearns, agonizes and longs, at the very best, hopes and fears. The spiritual sees and knows the secret of everlastingness, the divine eternity of the soul. Why is it that musicians seem so confined to psychic things? Is it because they lose themselves in the emotional richness of the psychic world, which they reflect in gorgeous variegation throughout their music; is it because this party-colored light blinds and confuses their eyes, and dulls their ears, leading them astray through the psychic desire of sensation, so that they bury the end in the means; so that they dread to lose for awhile their conglomerate of sounds, that they may listen to the silence, from beyond which the greater music of the spirit alone comes? Is there a psychic intoxication from which musicians suffer, which hides from them the simple sanity of eternal things? Do they become so saturated with the strumming and ringing of innumerable melodies, that they can no more do without them than a tippler can do without his dram? Is fear, unconscious perhaps, in-

stinctive like the fear of children in the darkness, the real cause of their deep confusion?

The truth seems to be, that one can only penetrate into the deeps of spiritual life, by stilling for awhile all the throbbing insistence of sensation; and, even more, the sensationalism of the mind, the thirst of sensations; and it seems that very few mortals have the courage to do this, to invite the deep silence and the darkness. If there were more courageous hearts who, in a kind of vicarious atonement, dared to draw down on themselves the darkness and the silence, our poor humanity would not be so lacking in elementary knowledge of death; and, for lack of this knowledge, be harrassed and driven by the terror that goeth alike by night and at noon-tide.

Here, then, is one truth about most of our modern musicians: they restrict themselves far too much to the psychic zone, the zone of emotionalism, whether it be excitement or despair. Their very complexity shows this, and mirrors the complexity of a life which, without the deep courage to penetrate the spiritual things in the darkness, yet seeks perpetually new and unprecedented impressions; a consciousness which will ever be extending and expanding itself, feverishly fretting after the novel and unknown, yet shunning, as a child shuns a fancy-haunted room, the real home of mystery, of the new which is the everlasting. The generation which seeks sensationalism in ever new elaboration and hectic variety might well be classed, in epithet, with the older generation which sought a sign, but had no sign given but that of the prophet Jonas.

When our musicians pluck up heart, and grow a little more familiar with the darkness and with what is beyond, they will learn to drop a vast amount of their trappings and elaborations, and to return to the simple things, which are yet so eloquent. The very notes of the scale are full of mysteries, which go down into the hidden heart of things. We have musicians writing, with infinite elaboration, in this scale or that, and with some dim feeling of the significance of what they are doing, but are far yet from feeling the deeply simple language which lies in the separate notes, both singly and related to each other. Instead of going back to these simple things, and learning the deep lessons hidden in their simplicity, the musi-

cians heap Ossa on Pelion, add instrument to instrument, woodwind to brass, and brass to strings, until, as in one modern composition, there are no less than eighty instruments employed to tell a story which is only half in earnest, and is, at best, a mere tissue of dreams.

Let us begin, therefore, after this somewhat elaborate prelude, with the notes of the scale, and the attempt made by a thoughtful person, a good many years ago, to express their real significance by comparing them with the colors of the rainbow. This is but to interpret one symbolism by another; nevertheless even this is a great advance, for it brings us at least to admit that our symbolism is capable of interpretation, that it has a significance, a defined meaning to be interpreted.

THE ONE RELIGION.

The following article forms a preface to several more, which will treat more extensively of the subject of the One Religion underlying many religious forms. If in the course of the Summer, as the articles appear a sufficient number of the readers of the Theosophical Forum express the wish to have the series in pamphlet form, I shall be happy to attend to this.

EDITOR.

I

I have long believed that the origin of all religions was Divine, and that all of them taught truth; but I have also felt so strong a preference for this or that formulation or expression of religious ideas that it seemed to me necessary to assume a name, to fight behind certain ramparts, under the banners of certain leaders, in order to be thoroughly certain of where one stood, to know precisely what one was contending for, and in order to make an adequate impression upon the world.

But it has been gradually borne in upon my mind that, while all religions are Divine in origin, all, also, have imbibed in their development more or less of a human element; and that since all, moreover, are expressed in terms of the mind, all are necessarily more or less untrue; for, as a Sage has said, everything that can be thought by the mind is false—that is, absolute truth cannot be reached by it. All religious dogmas, doctrines and formulated statements have, therefore, lost for me such conclusive significance as they may once have had.

Moreover, I have had the good fortune during the past few years to meet with several experiences which have tended powerfully to broaden my religious horizon. About a year and a half ago I visited Akka, and there met that great man who is the present leader of the Bahai faith. I witnessed his magnificent liberality—seeing God equally in every religion—himself the head of a great faith, and yet extending the hand of fellowship and approval to all others, regarding it as his mission, not to spread a new doctrine, but to unify ex-

isting doctrines, recommending his disciples to teach the truth under the name of Buddha or of Christ Jesus where the idea of a new religion, or rather a new name, might give offense, dispensing a princely charity among all the needy, without distinction, because of nationality or faith.

Then I spent a year in the Far East, and I found that the Sages of India teach the same doctrine, are animated by the same spirit—a spirit which might find expression in the very words of Abbas Effendi.

Witnessing all these things made a very deep impression upon me.

But then there was another thing. I have spoken of visible, external things. I refer now to something invisible, spiritual, and therefore, most important of all. I perceived both in Akka and India—I felt even within me the influence of—the fervent *love* for God and for all men which accompanied those teachings—which was, indeed, their basis and inseparable from them. I saw that these God-like men, such as Abbas Effendi in Akka, such as the Sages of India, were not only teachers of men, but also channels of Divine Grace, of God's Love, which flowed out through them and touched and vivified the hearts of men; that such men had the marvelous power of enkindling, by mere association and personal proximity, the hearts of those about them, lighting a flame which spread from one to another until great masses of men were changed from worldliness to Godliness, their flames all lit from a single bright and steady flame, radiating the Illumination of God; that the presence of such God-like men in a religion gives it life, makes it vital, potent, living; while if they are not there nothing remains but a shell, an empty formalism, a corpse deserted by the vital spark. This love, I came to see, is the one thing necessary in all true religion. If it is absent, religion is also absent. If it is present, all follows in its train.

Thus I came to feel as I had not done before the absolute essential unity of all religion, the immense significance and importance of the conception of religious unity, the necessity of realizing it as

a fact in life and action, if the universal charity and love, which I think we all consider a part of our ideal, is to be attained.

So I have gradually reached the position for myself, of attaching no importance at all to religious names and forms, of seeking for the truth, without partiality or prejudice, in the utterances of Sages of all times and nations, and of passing on to others that which I may find simply as truth, without advocating the recognition of any names or forms as better than, or preferable to any others.

I am mentioning these things in order that my readers may clearly understand the spirit in which I undertake what I regard as a very responsible task. The ideal which I hold before myself is to do something, be it ever so little, towards spreading the recognition of the great fact that our one and only Lord is He who is worshipped under all names and forms; and that however worship is addressed it is received and accepted by *Him*. As the Bhagavan says in the Gita :

“In whatsoever way men seek Me, in that way do I grant them grace;” and as Abbas Effendi said to me almost in the same words: “The spirit is the same everywhere. Under whatsoever name men address Him, He will respond to their call.”

Thus will be extended, in some degree at least, the charity for others which is the only soil on which can flourish that love for God and men which is the essence and the motive power of all true religion.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

There was a builder, and his building material was that stuff which dreams are made of. For he had his ideal of beauty and wrought it into all he saw and did. Wrong, evil, ugliness, sorrow, the fret and jar of human motive and the long decay of matter, these things he saw by a light he made his own, and into each he read a new and a beautiful meaning until everything shone to his sight glorified by his adopted light.

And this light was that which never was on sea or land.

Little by little he came to love it so deeply that he could not see save by its rays, so that from a lover he became a slave. He must see Life beautiful, or see it not at all. He must feel Life happily or abandon the action which brought to him a sense of discord or pain. Wrapped in a conviction of beauty, of love and joy, as in a mantle, he rebuilt the Life about him into a glorious dream.

Now it chanced that one night he awoke and heard an Angel of the Lord calling him by his mystery name. Shaken by a great joy he rose, trembling yet confident, and cried:

“Art come to call me, Mizrah, to the presence of God?”

“Come if thou art able, to the presence Divine. Yet know that the presence is not a god.”

“Yea, he is God, for I have seen him in my dreams,” the man answered.

Then this Angel, who had never yet wept, in the darkness let fall a tear. It trembled down through space which softly fretted it until it flashed forth into a star, and in that star, one age, a mighty soul was born, so divinely strong is an Angel’s first tear for human suffering.

Then he who had shed this tear withdrew to a greater distance, as he had been commanded by the Power to do, and called again upon the man by his mystery name, saying:

“Come if thou art able. Arise and follow me.”

The dreamer answered:

“I am risen, but I am unable to follow. Something holds me back.”

"Thy body indeed is risen," replied the Angel; "but what of thy mind? Does it withhold thee from me?"

"Surely not," said the man. "My mind is filled with beauty and love alone. Even into wrong and sin I have dreamed loveliness of some order, and my mind is commanded always to see the happy side of Life alone."

"Dreamers must awake when the hour of fate is come," the Angel thundered back.

And he smote the air with his star staff, saying: "Awake, thou dreamer, and see!"

The man felt a penetrative light pervading his heart and his brain. A mighty spasm shook him; his mind awoke. He stood in a castle of granite, impenetrable, dark, beyond power of speech to describe, more cold than death itself, for it was living death. In no direction was a movement possible. He was builded into a tower of stone.

When he realized this, amazement first filled his mind, and then a righteous indignation, so that he called out to his God Himself, asking how such a thing could be, what this stone barrier was, and how he came to be builded into it? But it was the Angel that again answered him, seeing there was not in earth or heaven, nor in illimitable space itself, any such god as the dreamer had dreamed for himself. And the Angel, who was indeed an Angel of the Presence, spoke as he was commanded by the Power Divine.

"This castle wherein thou standest, oh man, is that which thou has builded about thyself. These granite walls, in them behold thy dreams."

"How can that be?" the wakened dreamer exclaimed. "How can it be, seeing that I have always imagined goodness and beauty alone, and have woven some beauty or happiness into the most common life?"

"It is true," answered the Angel; "but this joy and this beauty which thou hast interwoven into life were of thine own mind alone. They were not the Truth. That Truth indeed underlies everything in Life, but it is not perceived by the mind of man. *Joy there was not; as thou understandest joy. Beauty there is not; as thou seeest*

beauty. The reality is a silence; yet not as thou understandest silence. There where the reality should be sought, thou hast seen but the material life, and shrinking from its discord and its pain, thou hast cast over it the hues of thine own mind, and loving these, hast worshipped that mind alone, not the Presence before which the Lords of Life eternally bow themselves in silence. Pain, sin, and all the hideous shapes of flesh and matter and mind, are not so powerful to shut thee from the Presence as are the beloved dreams thou dreamest so beautiful, but which in truth are barriers of stone. For what hast thou sought? The One Truth? Nay, but thine own mind. The Presence? Nay; but that *thou* callest beauty. The Soul? Not so, but happiness. Behold, oh builder, the work of thy mind. It is this impenetrable fortress which shuts thee from the Eternal."

After an interval the man spoke again.

"Is there no hope for me?"

"There is hope," replied the Angel. "Because of a clean motive and many deeds of human kindness, the Law Divine has permitted to thee the great opportunity of this awakening. Thou hast seen thy dreams as in truth they are. Now is the moment of choice. Destroy this fortress of stone."

"With what instrument shall I destroy it?"

"The mind that fashioned it, that alone can abolish it, stone by stone in weary toil, as each dream, one by one, is seen for what it is and is renounced in turn. Thus, and thus only, shalt thou silence that building mind whose tireless erections shut out the Eternal. Only when it is silenced, when the building has foregone the building and when his illusive light has gone out shalt thou await the Light. It will not fail thee. Thou hast heard."

Down the silences of the starry ways died the stir of the Angel's passing. A birth tremor thrilled through the mind of the man. A great resolve trembled towards life in his heart. And then a thought flashed through his brain, a thought so brilliant it dazed him with joy, so that he shouted aloud:

"Why all this weary labour, this heart searing endeavour, when with one effort of my mind I can clothe these stony walls with life and beauty, making them to sing as the spheres? I have but to *will*,

and here is Life Triumphant; yea, here is the Presence of God."

Then the builder willed, and the stony walls seemed to fall away, and illusions more beautiful than any dreamed before, a keener joy, a higher beauty, a nobler happiness pressed close about the dreamer who dreamed on.

But the Angels saw how he added breadth after breadth to the immeasurable thickness of the barriers which hemmed him in. For no sense of sin or evil, no vision of horror has the power so to bind the dreamer, so to hold him back from the Eternal Vision, as has the enslaving and beloved sense of the beautiful born from the deeps of his own mind.

THE OUTLINE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

VII.

SUMMARY.

The Seven Rounds of the Planetary Chain.

We have seen how the activity of the united formative Wills of humanity passed through seven modes or phases, and thereby generated the seven worlds of our Planetary Chain; the initial Fire, Air, and Water Planets, the Earth Planet, and the final Water, Air, and Fire Planets.

After these seven phases of activity comes a period of repose; and this is followed by new periods of activity and repose.

Before detailing the phases of these new periods, certain explanations may be entered into here.

When Humanity is spoken of here, it does not necessarily mean an aggregate of human beings, as we know them, with a certain definite organism and certain definite powers; for the human race that we know is only one phase, one brief day, in the whole life of Humanity. What is meant (in the first paragraph of this paper) by the word Humanity is an aggregate of souls, still hardly separated from the One Divine Life; an aggregate of units of life, of facets of the One Infinite Life. Each of these units contains an almost infinite number of units of an inferior category, just as each sunbeam contains an almost infinite number of rays, harmoniously adjusted to each other and each in no way interfering with the perfection of the other. And as each ray of light, if traced backwards, is a golden pathway to the life and perfection of the sun, so each thrilling ray of life is a pathway to the One Infinite Life, and is, in reality, one with the One Life and an entrance to the entirety of the One Life.

Each unit of life, therefore, of whatever category, is in itself perfect and is potentially one with the One Life. The process of seven-formed activity which we are considering, and which finds its expression in the seven worlds of the Planetary Chain, is concerned not only with the perfecting of those particular units of life which, it must be remembered, are not really isolated and distinct, but are rather indivisible facets of One Divine Life, and are ultimately one with that One Divine Life.

Again, it must be remembered that when we speak of a Fire Planet, the word fire does not mean the combustion with which we are acquainted, but rather the essence of all fire, the pure potency of all colours and all forms of perception in the same phase of manifestation as colour. The initial Fire Planet is, therefore, a shadowy form of hardly developed potencies, and the other planets of the chain are also shadowy forms, the first dim manifestations of the various powers of objectivity.

As we have seen that the first phase of every potency of objectivity is that phase of its manifestation which corresponds to "Fire" or surface-perception of spaces of objectivity, it will be evident that all the planets in their first phase of activity partake of the quality of "Fire." Consequently, while the wave of united Formative Wills sweeps round the dimly formed chain of planets for the first time the quality of "Fire" or surface-perception predominates on each world of the chain; so that, as it has been agreed to call this sweeping of the Formative Wills round the chain a Planetary Round, it may be well to fix the first Round in our minds by giving it the name of initial Fire Round, to signify that the phase or quality of Fire predominates in each of the aggregates of different activities represented by the seven worlds of the Planetary Chain.

It must be remembered that, as night follows day, as winter follows summer, as death follows life, so each period of activity, whether the activity of a single world of the chain, or the activity of a Round of the seven worlds, is followed by a corresponding period of rest; and thus activity and rest alternate in every phase and manifestation of life. And as midnight follows midday, not directly, but through the gradually gathering shades of twilight, so activity passes to rest, and rest passes to activity, by gradual shades, harmoniously gliding into each other.

So that each world of the chain has its dawn, its morn, and midday, passing again to the quiet of evening; and then comes a period of night between it and the succeeding world. This night is darkness as regards manifestation, and rest as regards differentiation; it is therefore light for the unmanifested, and life for the undivided nature of the units of being.

Thus, the initial Fire Planet has its dawn, its noontide, and its

evening; then there is a period of night, before the activity of life passes to the phase of the next planet; then this, the initial Air-Planet, has its dawn, its midday, and its evening, followed by a new period of night.

Then activity passes to the phase of the initial Water Planet, which has its dawn, its midday, and its evening, merging into a period of night. So with all the worlds of the chain; and then comes a period of night for the whole chain, bringing repose after the activities of the initial Fire Round.

To this period of night follows the Second Round, in which the quality of "air," or capacity and depth, follows for each of the planets of the chain; this Round, which we may call the initial Air Round, is divided also by spaces of night; and, when it is finished, a greater period of night follows for the whole chain.

Then follows the third, the initial Water Round, which brings to each planet the quality of internal or molecular growth; divided also by its periods of rest; and having a period of rest which divides it from the fourth, the Earth Round, which gives to each planet the quality of solidness or substance, and rigidity.

To the Earth Round succeeds a period of rest, when the fifth, the Water Round, restores the fluidity of internal growth, but with the added potencies gleaned from the preceding Round.

After a period of planetary night, the sixth, or final Air Round follows, which renews the depth and expansiveness of the potencies harvested in the preceding Round; and to this, after a period of rest, succeeds the seventh, which finally crowns the work of development by adding the quality of "Fire" or divine activity to the potencies already gleaned. Thus finishes the great week of activity, divided into seven days, or Planetary Rounds; and the Humanities and hierarchies have reached the perfection they worked for, and, once more at one with each other and with the divine, they rest in the fruition of perfect peace.

This rest lasts as long as the full period of Planetary Rounds lasted; and after it the Humanities and hierarchies dawn again into manifestation, to seek the expression of new potencies, to advance one step more on the ladder of infinite perfection.

Then, when these periods are ended, they mingle, perhaps, with

the Humanities of other spheres, and thus re-united, pass on over to higher unity, drawing ever nearer and nearer to the Infinite One, which is, potentially, themselves.

As far as our limited vision can pierce, however, our period of activity closes with the seventh Round, after which all the units of our Humanity will be united in one divine inseparable brotherhood, in full possession of almost infinite life; or, to speak more truly, will realize that they have ever been thus united, though the union may have been hidden under the veils and illusions of day.

As the united Formative Will of Humanity, working together in seven modes, formed the seven worlds of the chain as a vehicle for themselves; so each minor unit forms for itself a lesser vehicle or body, passing, like the planets, through many phases of activity and rest, of life and death and renovation.

Thus, through this sevenfold and varied aggregate activity, the latent powers of unmanifested divine life become manifested; the hidden potencies become realized, and the work of perfection goes on.

At this point our general survey of the universal processes, as pictured in the *Secret Doctrine* must cease; from this point we will be concerned, not with general activities and forces, but with the special activities manifested in one Round—the fourth—and on one planet only of that Round, the fourth, or outermost.

We shall see the processes which we have sketched broadly, worked out in minute detail; while the wide, and perhaps rather indefinite forces which we have dealt with will be focussed and embodied in the incidents of our own present life. By reducing the world-processes thus to familiar details, we gain a sense of reality and vividness of perception, which will enable us to pass more easily from the mere words and figures of a metaphysical conception to the ever-present and inscrutable mysteries of the universe and its life. Thus realizing the manifold activities indicated, we shall come to learn that we are actually in the presence of divine realities that have been described, and actually in the company of the divine powers that have been indicated; and with this knowledge, we shall be able consciously to enter into our own heritage of the ineffable mystery of being.

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I watched the mighty mass of souls sweep onward without ceasing. A roaring filled my ears as of endless torrents, rent by sharp shrieks and curses. A sulphurous smoke arose. An awful stench. Across the darkness, black and terrible, shot now and then a lurid gleam that made the moving horror plainly visible. My brain reeled. Sick and faint, I cried: "Lo Master, what is this thou showest me!"

He of the radiant face and anguished eyes replied: "This is the strain of human life; study it well."

I caught the faces swiftly passing. Pain and sorrow on each one I read, an awful tragedy. But heart breaking as these suffering ones appeared, I found a deeper sorrow in the ones that spoke of joy.

“This is the maelstrom of man’s life,” the Master said, “in which he lives, from which he fears to die. Here lies our task: to show a way out of this hell; to make men wish to walk in it when shown.”

“Appalling is the task,” I cried aghast.

“Yea, verily,” the clear voice answered me, “but verily it must be done.”

I looked above to the deep vault of heaven, gemmed with its myriad stars. A cool air blew as from some snow-clad mountain summit, laden with fragrance and with peace. But knowing what must be and nerved by the Master’s smile of tenderest compassion, I plunged into the maelstrom far below.

CAVÉ.

THE ANTIQUITY OF INDIA.

In previous articles on Primeval Man, we have tried to outline and develop a view of the unfolding of history, in the light of our present knowledge of man's enormous antiquity. The great law of Continuity—which all recent scientific knowledge and philosophic thought have united to establish and enthrone above every minor by-way of cosmic working—emphatically demanded our adherence to the belief that the development of humanity, throughout enormous ages, comparable in vastness and import to the geologic periods, must have been broadly uniform, and that the total wealth of humanity to-day, in power, knowledge, moral and spiritual force, must have been broadly the same, five thousand, ten thousand, or even a hundred thousand years ago. We have tried also to show that within the lines of this broad uniform development through enormous ages, a subsidiary law is at work by no means warring with the law of Continuity, but rather embodying it, and giving it effect. In accordance with this cyclic law, the development of humanity proceeded not in a straight line but by a vast series of wave-like advances, which thus harmonize the working of the forces of humanity with the other great cosmic forces of light, or sound or gravity, and so bear testimony to a uniform process of wave-advance throughout the whole cosmos. While we recognized in the later waves of the rhythmic development of races such high crests as our own civilization, and the civilization of medieval Europe—Venice, Florence and Byzantium; of Greece and Rome, of the Aztecs, Toltecs and Peruvians—we saw the earlier wave-crests rising, in ancient China, in Assyria and Egypt and India, and the older American civilizations, and we were gradually led to believe that still earlier waves may be represented in now fallen races like the Negro, the Carib and the flat-headed aborigines of Australia. Two conclusions may be drawn from this: that in this graded unfolding of humanity all parts were essential to the great design of perfection; that in each wave-crest was the opening flower of some new faculty, some hitherto untried power, which for the first time came into being. And as all faculties are necessary to perfection, we cannot say that the fruitage of any one wave-crest in the long procession of humanity is essentially superior to any other, though all

are different, as each is partial and has only turned to the light one facet of the gem which will be perfected humanity.

It must be admitted that if this view of man's slow unfolding be just and true, our own material civilization, with its mastery over Nature's external powers, is in no way more important to the total wealth of human life than the civilization of Greece, with its matchless sense of beauty, or the civilization of old Egypt, with its grand enunciation of the stately dignity and seriousness of life, or the civilization of antique India, with its single-hearted devotion to the inward powers of the soul, and its unequalled appreciation of the unswerving rectitude of moral law. If there be any purpose at all in the unfolding of human history; if there be any meaning in this grand advance of rhythmic waves, each one bearing on its crest some new promise of perfection, we must admit that we are as closely concerned in the meaning of Egypt and Greece and ancient India as in the meaning of the material civilization of to-day. Thereby is restored to the study of man something of the dignity and profound importance which a flippant materialism would rob it of—for the knowledge of ancient India is really the concern, not only of the pedant and the philologist, and the seekers after curious information, but of everyone who prizes the rounded development of humanity, and holds dear the total perfection of man. The recognition that ancient India's unique devotion to the inward powers of the soul, and unparalleled appreciation of the unswerving rectitude of the moral law, really marked a high tide in human life will give to the study of old India a new and serious meaning, and tinge it with something of that almost religious enthusiasm without which no real work is possible, and no noble endeavour can have life. Signs are not wanting to show that this truer valuation of ancient India's meaning, with its unique devotion to the inward powers of the soul, embodied in the Upanishads and the Vedanta, and its profound appreciation of the unswerving rectitude of moral law, most adequately expressed in the religion of Buddha, is beginning to pierce through and shine beyond the circle of professional scholars and to find some echo in the minds of all who think most deeply and most wisely. We may dimly foresee, even now, that in its ultimate result, this wider and deeper *renaissance* of Indian studies may not fall short of the achievement of the Hellenic

Revival of Learning in the Middle Ages, with its love of the outward beauty of nature, but may rather excel it, in bringing a new value and meaning to life. On a future occasion we may follow up and examine each of the two branches of India's message, the devotion to the inward powers of the soul in the Upanishads and Vedanta, and the profound appreciation of the unswerving rectitude of moral law. Meanwhile, the new earnest spirit which is infusing itself into Oriental studies, and especially into the study of the twofold method and secret of India may be illustrated.

The first illustration is from a work of Professor Max Muller—his last word, as he says himself, on the deepest problems which can concern the intellect of man—with the title "Theosophy, or Psychological Religion," the very heart of which is the devotion to the inward powers of the soul embodied in the Upanishads and Vedanta. Professor Max Muller writes:—

"What we can study nowhere but in India is the all absorbing influence which religion and philosophy may exercise on the human mind. So far as we can judge, a large clan of people in India, not only the priestly class, but the nobility also, not only men, but women also, never looked upon their life on earth as something real. What was real to them was the invisible, the life to come. What formed the theme of their conversations, what formed the subject of their meditations, was the real that alone lent some kind of reality to this unreal phenomenal world. Whoever was supposed to have caught a new ray of truth was visited by young and old, was honoured by Princes and Kings, nay, was looked upon as holding a position far above that of Kings and Princes. That is the side of the life of ancient India which deserves our study, because there has been nothing like it in the whole world, not even in Greece or in Palestine. . . Was it so very unnatural in them, endowed as they were with a transcendent intellect, to look upon this life, not as an arena for gladiatorial strife, or as a market for cheating and huckstering, but as a resting place, a mere waiting room at a station on a journey from the known to the unknown, but exciting for that very reason their utmost curiosity as to whence they came and whither they were going?"

This feeling of the deep human importance of Oriental studies, which almost turns the professorial chair into a pulpit of religious

propaganda, is as strikingly manifested in a recent letter from M. Leon De Rosny, the greatest of French Orientalists, who is chiefly concerned with the religion of Buddha. M. De Rosny writes:

“For the last few years, the critical spirit of Europe has been studying the Buddhist philosophy, and I have founded a large school, which comprises disciples in many lands, who have undertaken the mission of establishing on a solid basis the science of destiny, or in other terms, the science that M. Berthelot calls the Ideal Science. I have a powerful enemy to struggle against, one that I will struggle against to the last day of my life, namely the indifference of those that wilfully ignore the possibility of Science, and that are considered by Buddhism as criminal as the assassin. Science and Love are the essential factors of Buddhism, but must not be considered as one and the same thing. The legend of the Bodhisattva, which represents the early Buddhism, furnished a most touching example. The Buddha, before arriving at the summit of knowledge, was the son of a King, brought up in the lap of luxury. The suffering of humanity caused the band which covered his eyes to be withdrawn, and he saw the needs of his fellow men. He abandons his venerable father, his beautiful wife, leaves his palace, dresses himself in the rags of a beggar, and begins his work. After having imposed on himself the modification of the flesh, he obtained the knowledge of the ineffable law, which saves mankind and opens the doors of Nirvan.”

THE FAIRY GIFT.

There was once a maiden who came into this earth world upon an adverse day. The planetary rays warred one with another; winter lay thick upon the land; it rained; winds blew; the sun could not shine. Not a fairy attended the birth. The small maid lay and wailed in her cradle while preparations were made for the christening. Consternation fluttered the attendants. King-Father was cross. Only Queen-Mother asked for the wee wailing maiden to be put upon her arm, and then she lay quite still and hoped.

Just as the christening hour struck, and while all listened for the sound of fairy wheels which came not, a low rustle was heard in the outer hall, as if one dry leaf rubbed against another and sighed.

"That is no christening sound," said King-Father, and he swore his Great Oath.

"Unbar the door," said Queen Mother; "all sounds are God's sounds and the least that is his is fit for christening day."

The wise men, consulted by King-Father's nod, said: "Great is the wisdom of the wise, but Mother-Love is very holy. Let the door be unbarred by the hand of a Mother, Oh King." The Mother-Queen herself unbarred the door, which was called "The Gate of Destiny," and as she slid the bolts, in her heart she breathed this prayer:

"Come weal, come woe to crown my child, all is welcome which comes from God. Whate'er betide, may her heart be pure, her life clean, and her spiritual insight unveiled."

And the bolts slid back to a chord of music.

Then a half drowned fairy entered the hall, her robes of dulled purple, wet and dripping, her golden mantle sodden and browned. Out of clinging garments and dripping, unfeathered wings her small pale face shone with the white light of stars.

"I am the fairy who lives at the root of the heartease," said she. "It is the wild heartease which rambles through the garden. A weed, the court gardeners called it; but Mother-Queen forbade it to be destroyed; she ordered that its roots be ever uplifted from stony places and preserved and watered wherever they would live. Hence, when all other fairies have foregone this christening and not

a gift is here for storm and wind and loud weather, here am I with my small gift."

Then the King and the Queen looked at one another. A smile slipped under his eyebrows and her hand stole into his waiting hand. For only the King knew that the Queen cared for the wild heartease because it was *his* childhood's flower, because he always loved it and saw her girlhood's face, the face of his dear and ever young love in the bright face of the wild heartease.

"You brought love and ease to my wild heart," he was used to whisper, "when first you stole into it to dwell there always."

Seeing that the King's face softened as he bent towards her, and that Mother-Queen smiled amid the listening attendants, the fairy went towards the child. Bending over it, she uttered this wish and gave this gift:

"One thing only have I to give thee, one thing alone of my own. Through storm and shine, in the absence of every gift of fortune, this flower be thine. Whatever thou lookest upon, whatever thing thou shalt touch; what thou meetest by the way or passes by, that thing shall *shine*. Yea: the bitterest sorrow, be it even the blackest hour, in thy presence it shall shine, if thine eye be turned upon it. That gift I give thee."

Then King-Father uprose on his throne and nodded a third great nod. It caused the palace to be filled with great lights, with dancing and music.

"It is well done," said he, "and may the God of my fathers bless the heartease fairy."

At this the fairy shone like the sun, for she had obtained that which the whole fairy world longs for and only sees once in centuries—a mortal blessing in the name of the God of Humanity. And the christening was a happy one.

When the little maiden grew up, her human lot was crossed by many disasters. But the face of the deepest sorrow brightened as she looked steadfastly upon it. The dark hours smiled despite themselves as she moved among them. All that she looked upon was touched as if by some inner radiance. When she shone, all things shone after her. She had the gift of wild heartease.

THE ONE RELIGION.

II.

The special subject which I propose for this paper is:

Is there an essential unity in Religious systems, and if so, what is the simplest term which will express it?

Before considering the analyses and comparisons which should lead us to an answer to this question, I wish to direct your attention to a salient fact of almost all religious history, most difficult of explanation, but which our theory of religions must explain if it is to stand, and which we may therefore bear in mind as a sort of touchstone of the validity of our conclusions. I mean the fact of voluntary martyrdom for religious convictions. What is the significance of martyrdoms—what has sustained these great numbers of human beings in going, usually of their free will and with joyous bearing, to so terrible and ignominious a death? The answer to these questions must lie very near to the heart of the subject which we are investigating.

We speak of religious enthusiasm and fanaticism; but these are mere names, explaining nothing. Have any facts come within our own experience in every day life which will explain this phenomenon? Is there, do you think, any considerable section of the American public at the present time who can by any stretch of imagination be seriously thought of as singing and dancing on the road to martyrdom for *religious conviction*?

I think that you will agree with me that there is not.

And if this intensity of religious life is not to be found in America, then certainly not in the Western world; for there is little doubt, I think, but that America possesses more real religion to-day than any other Western land—which, unhappily, however, is not necessarily saying very much.

Yet it is only a few months since you read in your journals the astounding news of how a hundred Persians had been cruelly massacred for their faith, and we know if we have inquired that during the past sixty years at least ten thousand human beings—some say thirty thousand—have perished in that country in the same way; and we read that they have gone to their death with joyous faces, with song and dance. Prof. Browne of Cambridge, in his deeply

interesting and scholarly works on the subject of the religion of the Babis, tells us of Sulayman Khan who, his body "pierced with deep wounds, in each of which burned a lighted wick, hastened, as a bridegroom to his bride, to the place of execution, singing with exultation :

"Grasping in one hand the wine cup, clinging to my Darling's hair, Gaily dancing, thus would I confront the scaffold in the square."

And he tells us of Mirza Kurban Ali whom, when brought to the foot of the execution pole, the headsman smote with a sword from behind. The blow only wounded the old man's neck and cast his turban upon the ground. He raised his head and exclaimed :

"O happy that intoxicated lover who, at the feet of his Beloved, knoweth not whether it be his head or his turban which he casteth."

And he and Gobineau tells us that these were no exceptional cases—that this was the spirit in which these martyrs usually went to execution. So enamored are they of the coveted cup of martyrdom, so devoted are they to their brothers in the faith, that it has more than once happened, it is said, that a believer arrested by mistake for another has gone to his death without a murmur, though a protest would have procured his release.

Now I submit to you, that martyrdom of this sort—fully paralleled too, no doubt, in the history of Christianity and other faiths,—however familiar we may be with it as matter of history and so callous to its significance,—is in reality a very wonderful thing, little short of a miracle, considering men and women and religious faith as a factor controlling action as we know them in our every-day life. It is the most prominent and striking external fact connected with religions. If we are not able to explain it, our theories will go for naught ; but if we do solve its meaning we may be sure that we have gone far towards penetrating the mystery of religions.

Returning now to our immediate subject, let us see what answer to our question is indicated by analysis and comparison of religious systems.

The searching examination of the religions of the world which has been going on now for many years has revealed in all of them one, and in most of them two, points of identity. We notice, first, that however far religions may be apart in that which relates to such matters as cosmogony, philosophy, or psychology, there is no sub-

stantial difference between them in the broad features of their ethical codes. The great virtues, probity, truthfulness, filialty, respect for the life and rights of others and the like, are commanded or encouraged by them all. This agreement on broad lines was of course to be expected if religions have, as they assert, a Divine origin; but on the other hand, the divergencies which we find in other matters need not cause our confidence to be impaired. For these divergencies will be found, as the study of the subject proceeds, to be more apparent than real. Moreover, the special matter—in fact, so far as concerns the masses of mankind, the only matter—with which religions must necessarily deal, is the conduct of life; and it is also the simplest subject which religious leaders have occasion to consider, most others having great complexity and difficulty of exposition. This is therefore the field in which, on account of its importance, the true doctrine is most likely to be expounded in full, and on account of its simplicity is least likely to be misunderstood.

The second feature to which I have referred as common to most religions, is that they inculcate and seemed based upon Love as at once the highest duty of man and the profoundest element of human and Divine character.

The Great Upanishads, probably the most ancient as well as the grandest of sacred books known to us, tell us of the oneness of all beings, teach us to look in them for ourselves and for God, teach us, that is, that the first and the last guide-post for the aspiring soul is to the path of kindness, compassion and love for all that lives.

The Bhagavad Gita, the lineal descendant of the Great Upanishads, handing down their lessons in sublime celestial song, pulsating with the life and warmth and vigor of the Good Law, which has perhaps been venerated by more millions of human beings than any other sacred work, begins and culminates in the declaration—"He who sees Me in all beings and all beings in Me, who, firm in the perception of the oneness of all, loves me dwelling in all beings, he who sees the same life in all things as in himself, he it is, O Arjuna, who seeks Me by the highest path."

The follower of Zoroaster begins each day with a supplication

that he may be kept pure in thought, word and deed, and think of his neighbor as himself.

And hear the Buddha, that mighty man, the most majestic figure of ancient days, who trod the plains of India for nigh to half a century uttering words of Peace and Love :

“And he (the follower of the Path) lets his mind pervade one quarter of the globe with thoughts of love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with thoughts of love, far reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

“Just, Vasetha, as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard, and that without difficulty, towards all the four directions; even so, of all things that have shape or form, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with heart set free and deep-felt love.”¹

And here are two of the meditations which he prescribed :

“The first meditation is the meditation of love, in which you must so adjust your heart that you long for the weal and welfare of all beings, including the happiness of your enemies.

“The second meditation is the meditation of pity, in which you think of all beings in distress, vividly representing in your imagination their sorrows and anxieties, so as to arouse a deep compassion for them in your soul.”²

The great Christian Master declared :

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, this is the first commandment.

“And the second is like, namely thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

“There is none other commandment greater than these.”

Paul said :

“The greatest of these is love.”

Peter said :

¹.—Translation of Prof. Rhys Davids.

².—Rhys Davids “Buddhism.”

“Above all have fervent love among yourselves.”

John said:

“God is love.”

Said Baha Ullah:

“The most glorious attainment is the understanding of this great saying: ‘All beings are the fruits of one tree, the leaves of one branch, the drops of one sea. Honor is for him who loveth men, not for him who loveth his own.’”

“O Son of Man!

“Because thy creation rejoiced Me, therefore I created thee. Love me, that I may acknowledge thee and in the Spirit of Life confirm thee.

“O Son of Existence!

“Love Me, that thou mayest know My love for thee. If thou lovest Me not, My love can never reach thee.

“Know this, O servant.

“O Son of Existence!

“Thy rose garden is My Love, thy paradise is My Nearness. Therefore enter in and tarry not.

“In My Supreme Majesty, in My Highest Kingdom, it is this which has been ordained for thee.

“O Son of Existence!

“My love is My Kingdom. Whosoever enters it is safe; whosoever seeks it not is led astray and perishes.

“O Son of Spirit!

“Lay not upon any man what thou wouldst not have placed against thyself.

“O Children of men!

“Know ye why I created ye from one dust? That no one should glorify himself over the other, that ye shall always bear in mind the manner of your creation. Since I have created ye of one substance, it behooves ye to be as one, walking with common feet, eating with one mouth, living in one land; until in your natures and your deeds the signs of the Unity and the essence of the Oneness shall appear.”

“The essence of the nature of God is love,” says Abbas Effendi; and he has also said:

“Have thou full assurance that love is the mystery of the appearance of God; that love is the Divine aspect of God; that Love is spiritual grace; that love is the light of the Kingdom; that love is the breath of the Holy Spirit in the spirit of men. Love is the cause of the manifestation of truth in the material world.

“Love is the highest law in this great universe of God. Love is the law of order betwixt simple essences, whereby they are apportioned and united into compound substances in this world of matter. Love is the essential and magnetic power that organizes the planets and the stars which shine in infinite space. Love supplies the impulse to that intense and unceasing meditation which reveals the hidden mysteries of the universe.

“Love is the highest honour for all the nations of men. To that people in whom God causes love to appear the Supreme Concourse, the angels of heaven and the hosts of the Kingdom of the Glorious One make salutation.

“O friends of God! be ye manifestations of the love of God and lamps of guidance in all the horizons, shining by the light of love and harmony.

“How beautiful is the shining of this shining!”¹

And the words of our own Emerson are well worthy to stand with those of the other great Masters:

“Love reduces all inequalities as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of ‘I’ and ‘Mine’ ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel over-shadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive, and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur that he loves.”

Nor will I pass on without quoting the literature of Theosophy, a movement much misunderstood and misrepresented, but to which we of the West owe a great debt, since it has made known to us, more than any other movement of the last century, with the possible exception of Bahâism, the real nature of religion, and the underlying unity of all religions. I read from H. P. Blavatsky’s “Voice of the Silence.”

¹.—Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi. Phelps, pp. 235 et seq. Putnams, New York and London.

“Armed with the key of Charity, of Love and tender Mercy, thou art secure before the gate which standeth at the entrance to the Path.

“Sow kindly acts, and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

“Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thou thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer’s eye. Let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.”

These two features of identity in religion—Law and Love—are very closely united with each other. If you love, you do not need the law. Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity and other religions tell us to treat our neighbors thus and thus. But if we love our neighbors, we will not need to be told this. Henry Drummond has put it strongly as follows: “If a man love his fellow men, you will never require to tell him to honor his father and mother. He will do that without thinking about it. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. He would never dream of it. It would be absurd to tell him not to steal. He would never steal from those he loved. He would rather they possessed the goods than that he should possess them. It would be absurd to tell him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. If he loved him it would be the last thing he would do. And you would never have to tell him not to covet what his neighbor had. He would be rejoicing in his neighbor’s possessions. So you will see that as Paul truly said, ‘Love is the fulfilling of the law.’” And Mr. Drummond is very right in calling love the *“the greatest thing in the world.”*

This indicates very clearly the *purpose for which law was enacted*. Evidently it is the Lord’s *instrument for the development of love*. Act, says the law, *as you would* if you loved your neighbor. Thus it becomes habitual in you so to act and that trait of character is developed in you.

But, it may be urged, this insistence upon love does not seem to be universal in all religions. This is perhaps true; e. g., ancient Judaism does not, so far as I am aware, possess that element. If

this be true—I do not assert that it is so—it only means that those religions which do not speak of love are concerned with the training of men who have not yet reached the point at which love is developed in them. They are still wholly under the law. Their relation to God is that of servant to master. Later in their development will come the stage where the relation is that of son to father, and later still that where love is perfectly developed, and the relation that of fellowship.

The three stages are well illustrated in the case of Judaism and Christianity. The Mosaic code seems to deal exclusively with law and punishment for its violation. The Prophets introduced a doctrine much less harsh, referring to God as a loving father, who desired mercy and not sacrifice; and later Christ Jesus taught the fatherhood of God.

The third stage, that of fellowship with God, that wherein neighborly love has expanded into Infinite Love—not love which considers others *as* self, but love which *only* considers others, ignoring self—was attained by Christ himself and some of his disciples.

Law, therefore, the ethical and moral codes common to all religions, is only a means for attaining love, for developing in men the capacity to love.

Ultimately, then, it seems that religion is nothing more nor less than the practice of love, and that if perfect love be attained, all will be attained.

Are there any flaws in this argument? It would seem not. That which is common to all religions, Law, tends to produce the capacity to love and is superfluous in the presence of Love. Clearly Love is the essence of religion.

This is the way the matter looks theoretically. But will the theory explain all the facts: will it, for instance, account for the fact of martyrdoms, by which we proposed to test our conclusions?

Speaking as an exponent of American thought, American views, American beliefs, I must say that it will not. I have seen nothing, known nothing, experienced nothing in American life which would influence me to believe that religion can develop a love which would lead men in large numbers to the giving up of life.

And so the things which I have been saying about love as the vital part of religion, while familiar to me as words for years, long

remained mere words without convincing power, without presenting themselves to me as living realities able to take hold of my life and shape it. But within a comparatively short time they have acquired a meaning for me which they did not have before. It may interest you and perhaps instruct you if I tell you how that came about.

It was first in the summer of 1902 that my attention was drawn to the religion of Bahâism. I studied its history carefully, reading of the amazing spectacle (amazing certainly for this age) to which I have referred, of thousands going joyously to martyrdom. I became so interested in the subject that in the fall of that year I went to Akka. There I saw that wonderful man who calls himself the servant of the servants of God, living a life of pure unselfishness, loving all and beloved by all, hardly less by his fellow-citizens of other faiths than by those of the faith which he leads, inculcating the highest moral and ethical doctrines, leading his people with high purpose and strong hand, and first and last and above all fostering the love of God and man in their hearts.

I saw there another, a most remarkable thing; that this man had *the power of awakening love*, not merely for himself—indeed, no one can know him and not love him,—but for *God and men* in those about him; so that the band of some ninety believers who live in Akka are like a single family, showing in their faces, their speech, their deeds, hearts full of love to God, to their Master and to their fellowmen.

Professor Browne, who visited Akka in 1889, received a somewhat similar impression. He says, in describing the visit: "The spirit which pervades the Babis is such that it can hardly fail to affect most powerfully all subjected to its influence. Let those who have not seen disbelieve me if they will, but should that spirit once reveal itself to them, they will experience an emotion they are not likely to forget."¹ As I have said elsewhere, nothing could be more true. In the presence of a number of them, aglow, as they all are, with the fire of love, conviction and determination, one feels, however he may believe, that scepticism about the reality of spiritual

¹.—A Traveller's Narrative, p. xxxix.

existence is a trifle absurd, and that things unseen must be at least as certain as things seen.

While seeing all this in the fall of 1902, I yet did not at that time grasp its full significance. I am satisfied that this was due to my inability to speak to Abbas Effendi directly, in any common language.

Then I went to India. A kind Providence led me at once to another, an Indian, Sage, of profound spiritual insight. He also was a fervent lover of the Lord, and he also was one who had the power of communicating the fire of love which pervaded his being to those about him. With him I studied for a year. Many, many things he taught me; but chiefly and always of the kindness, the tenderness, the watchfulness, the beneficence, the personal and direct care, of the Lord; that it is our duty and our highest privilege to draw near to Him, to love Him, and finally to attain to Him, to know Him.

The God both of the Master of Akka and of the Sages of India is one whose love is selfless and limitless, but also penetrating and searching; so irresistible in its power that it holds all things living in its tender embrace and adjusts every condition of their existence according to their highest needs; to whose estimation nothing is great and nothing small; who displays the same infinite care for the blade of grass, the microscopic insect and the highly evolved and intellectual human being; upon whose Infinite Love every atom, every tiny infusoria, rests in that absolute security which only Infinite Tenderness and Infinite Power can insure; who, infinitely watchful and infinitely solicitous, provides for every existing thing the conditions for its most rapid advancement and leads it with entire certainty and safety to the highest fruition of its nature, and ultimately to its assured heritage of absolute knowledge and bliss; who never afflicts His children except as affliction is *necessary to lead them higher*, and as soon as they are able, shows them the way to union with Himself; and who, therefore, merits all the gratitude, devotion and love which the heart of man can conceive. And they tell us that if by due meditation upon His Universe and His Law, we convince ourselves of the indubitable fact that such a God as this is indeed our Gracious Lord, we may hope to feel that love for Him spring up in our hearts which has furnished in all ages the most powerful mainspring to human action.

By the aid of my Indian Teacher, I also came to penetrate below the surface of Indian life and to see that the spirit which really dominates it is that of devotion, of love, of assiduous service to the Lord. Visit one of the great temples on a festival, like that, for instance, of Rameshvarani on the festival of Shivarâtri, the night of Shiva; see the throngs of eager worshipers gathered from the length and breadth of India pressing upon each other in this vast temple; the earnest crowds lining the streets and dragging in triumphant progress the effigies of the World-Powers, enthroned in state on enormous cars and garlanded with flowers; the bands of yellow-robed Sanyasins rushing singing through the streets and majestic temple corridors to prostrate themselves before these altars; the troops of pilgrims bringing the water of the Ganges a thousand miles to lave these shrines,—and whatever you may think of the way in which it is expressed, you cannot doubt the fervour, the intensity of the devotion.

These two experiences—what I have seen and learned in Akka and in India—have unlocked for me the secret of religions; have convinced me, have more than intellectually convinced me, have rather caused me to realize as a fact that I have witnessed, that Love of God and of man is the true and ultimate basis of all religion. Under its influence, when it flows forth from God or God-like men, human nature becomes transformed, as iron under the influence of heat. “Human nature,” says Abbas Effendi, “is like iron, of which the characteristics in its normal state are to be black, cold and solid. The grace of the Holy Spirit (love) is like fire which glows upon the iron and changes its blackness to redness, its coldness to heat, its solidity to fluidity. The iron has received the rays of the fire; its characteristics have been changed by the heat of the fire. In the same way, the spirit of man, when it shall receive the rays of the Holy Spirit, will become endowed with the attributes of the Holy Spirit.” (Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi, p. 180).

This is indeed the power which has made possible the martyrdoms of the Bahâis. This is the “wine,” whose “intoxication” they court, and of which they sing as they go gaily to death.

“When, says Abbas Effendi, he (the Believer) has reached this stage he receives assurances and confirmations, he attains stead-

fastness and constancy. His faith becomes unalterable, firmly established as a mountain. If the seas of superstition roll their waves over him, they move him no more than would a drop of water. If all tests and temptations assault him in unison, they have no influence upon him. He is so sure, so firm, so joyful, so steeped in faith, so intent upon the kingdom of God, so strong in his spiritual life, that he sings and dances under the sword of the foe. Though all the men of the world were gathered together, wishing to move him from his faith, they could not. Why? Because he receives light from the Source of All Gifts." (Ib. p. 187).

It is this which makes Bahâism a great power, a youthful giant, among religions. It is this which accounts for the extraordinary success of its missionaries, both in Mohamedan and Western lands, a success which has caused amazement to many a Christian minister and missionary board.

This, likewise, explains the great vitality and strength displayed by Christianity in the earlier centuries of this era. It is equally the power of the one, the only, the universal Divine Love which has sustained the Christian and the Bahâi martyrs, and which supplies the living, vital, consuming spiritual fire, which he, who knows how to seek, may find anywhere among the two hundred and fifty millions of the people of the *Jnana Bhumi*—the land of spiritual knowledge—the India of to-day—very much the same, I fancy, as the India of three, or even five, thousand years ago.

We have thus resolved the most important part of practical religion into the practice of love; and have also seen reason to believe that the spiritual power which leads to the practice of love comes to man, or at least requires a stimulus, as of a teacher or leader, from without him, that is, without his ordinary everyday nature. We are thus confronted with the profoundly interesting questions: What is the cause of the migrations of spiritual force? Why is it most powerfully manifested, now in Christianity, now in Mohammedanism, now in Bahâism? How is it that Hinduism, the most ancient of the religions of the earth, has not, like some other old religions, lost its power, that it still retains all the fire and energy of its prime?

In the next paper we shall consider whether an answer to these questions can be found.

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RESOLUTION.

During the period of our gradual return to Real Life, our activities consist of a series of Resolutions.

When we feel that the time is ripe for a certain course of action we should resolve with all our strength to follow that course unflinchingly, or discard it entirely; for half-hearted, wavering resolutions are worse than useless.

If we resolve to do anything or to pursue any course of action, let that Resolution be strong enough to carry us right to the end, for if we stop half way we invite reaction and the strength of the reaction will be measured by the seriousness of the resolution.

The things which pertain to Real Life may not be tampered with. They should be approached with strength and courage, or left alone entirely; for action on the unseen planes is more intense and produces greater results either way.

Let our resolutions be well chosen; with the full acquiescence of our hearts; let them be carried out with patient endurance, unstained by self-interest. Thus may we be fully prepared and well armed when the time comes for us to step forward and make the Great Resolution.

“IT IS NOT *WHAT* IS DONE, BUT THE SPIRIT, IN WHICH THE LEAST THING IS DONE FOR *THEM*, WHO ARE ALL, THAT IS COUNTED.”

ASCETICISM AND PASSION.

CHRISTIAN READING, one of the organs of the Russian Church, publishes an article on the "Significance of the passions in spiritual life." The author of the article is not only a profound scholar, but also a very sound thinker, with a sound and wholesome attitude towards problems, the discussion of which is well calculated to entertain and profit the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. Foot notes, if numerous, overtax the attention of the reader and also spoil the look of the page. Consequently to avoid both I give beforehand, at least, some of the sources from which the author quotes very copiously and adequately: Ancient writers such as the apostles in their epistles, Clement of Alexandria, St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom, about whom most theosophical readers have probably heard, and such writers as Isaac and Ephraim of Syria, as Gregory the Nyssean, Mark the Worker, John of Damascus, Nilus of Sinai and literally dozens of others, just as edifying and important, about whom most theosophical readers have probably never heard at all; modern German writers such as Otto Zockler in his "Askese und Monchtum," and as Kurz in his "Geschichte des Alten Bundes," Berlin, 1848; modern Russian writers on philosophic and psychological subjects, like Vvedensky, Professor Vladimir Solovioff and Nesmeloff. I not only omit the footnotes, I also considerably condense the article, giving only its salient features. I hope that this article will be given the attention it deserves.

EDITOR.

I.

According to the doctrine of the Russian Church a man can attain life eternal only through moral perfection. Moral perfection, therefore, should be the object of our constant, strenuous labors in all directions or, in other words, of our ascetic achievement. Yet in the present phase of human life, moral perfection cannot be an unimpeded gradual and spontaneous development of natural latent possibilities: for our present human nature is distorted by lust. It is not merely that human nature at present is in a state of insuffi-

cient development,—it is perverted ; it is moving along a wrong path or at least, it constantly tends to start on this wrong path. In short, our real task is not education along the lines we would spontaneously follow ; it is, to a very large extent, a change of the lines we are to follow.

A Christian's life at present is a succession of moral eruptions, so to speak ; a constant casting out of undesirable, unwholesome elements which have come to be a part of our nature and personality. Therefore we can clothe ourselves "into a new man, made in the likeness of God, in the righteousness and holiness of truth," only by means of a double process : on the one hand, a positive process of gradual and unceasing unfolding, on the other hand an unceasing and a gradual process of casting out.

In order to become a positive power, virtue must be the result of not only growth and strength, but also of struggle. There are two currents in human evolution, the one the acquisition of good, the other the rejection of evil.

The purification of the putrid remnants of the old Adam in us must necessarily pass through all the spheres of our activity and during our *whole* lives. And in order to succeed in ascetic discipline we must have a perfectly clear idea of both our ideal of moral perfection and of the actual distortion of our natural powers.

The struggle with the passions and a victory over them are unconditionally the duty of every Christian, and *of every one who firmly desires to make his moral life wholesome and normal.* Every religious and philosophical system in the world refers to our struggle against passion, though the nature of the struggle and of the passions is not always understood in the same way. Consequently the specific features of Christian ascetic doctrine cannot be understood without a precise analysis of the ascetic idea of the nature of the passions. According to the Fathers of the Church, "human nature, at its very source, is marked with the stamp of perfection, and naturally gravitates toward union with God ; human nature is meant for this union, and was in the beginning essentially adapted thereto in its very being." Here are a few more quotations from the Fathers of the Eastern Christendom :

"The visible passions are an obstacle to the beholding of the invisible virtues of the soul."

“The passions are a door concealing the face of purity.”

“When the passions are banished, human nature enters into the divine perfection which was preordained for it.”

“The human soul cannot be separated from God, except by passionate inclinations,” and so on.

Consequently the very object of the ascetic life must be to rid ourselves of the passions:

“We should seek most insistently to rid ourselves of the diseases of the soul.”

“The life of an ascetic and his labors are directed toward the overthrowing of sin, which is alien and repulsive to human nature,” and so on. There is no need of further quotations to establish the fact, that the passions for ever stand in the very focus of an ascetic’s vision, that he deals with them directly and unremittingly. And so it is not to be wondered at, that in ascetic literature the *genus* “passion” has received such a complete and many sided treatment, forming a perfect manual of scientific psychology to this day.

Ascetic writers wrote with the object of instructing and helping their disciples. So from the theoretical point of view, as well as with the practical object of achievement, their treatment of the subject had to be very complete and exhaustive, theory and practice being bound together in this region more strongly than in any other. And it is self-evident that the theoretical mastery of the subject depended on practical mastery over passion; such a practical mastery as would enable one to deal with passion not as its slave, but as its master; observing it, so to speak, at a distance, objectively.

Obedience to passion, being “ensnared” or “fascinated” by it, is the commonest attitude which we take towards passion. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, it is far from expressing all the tremendous power sin may have in its action. The power of any passion is revealed to the consciousness of man in a more clear, more complete and definite way only when man begins to struggle against it. The greater the resistance of man’s will the more striking and palpable becomes the domineering power of evil in human nature. This is why the bitterest force of temptation is experienced by the ascetic who struggles, and not by the sensualist

whose habitual atmosphere is the atmosphere of self indulgence and lust.

There is no human being in the world who has not in one form or another struggled against passion. But this struggle is in most cases only partial and incomplete, so that the psychic phenomenon to which we give the name of passion, has no chance to manifest all its characteristics and specific peculiarities. In the view of an ordinary man, this struggle seems to take place between two tendencies, which, though opposed to each other, are both natural and have an equal right to demand satisfaction, though he may be temporarily placed in a position, in which he is able to satisfy either the one or the other. For instance, a man who is saving money can not give way to gluttony.

In such a case, the struggle can be neither complete nor decisive, for the simple reason that the will of the man is divided against itself, being drawn this way and that, alternately. We have to face the necessity of a real struggle only when a real repulsion towards passion has grown within us, when our reason, instinct and predilections alike see in passion an artificial growth of our psychic nature, something which is alien and hostile to our original constitution.

The Christian workers of antiquity actually and effectively lived through all the phases of the struggle, in all its complications and aspects, beginning with the mere fascination of lust and going on to the poignant grief and bitter humiliation (unknown to the good man of the world) of still being able to hear the voice of passion, though without answering it. Otto Zockler says: "Our modern way of thinking and living, so entirely removed from religious experiences, cannot but look on the pictures of ascetic temptations as something strange, something distant and unintelligible; yet they contain a striking psychological truth; they allow us a glimpse into profound regions of the interior experience and life of the monks and recluses; they help us to understand the extreme severity of this struggle in its profound historical significance." Besides their historical significance, the pictures which the ancient ascetics have left us of their temptations and struggles have this psychological value, that they establish the foundations of the doctrine of asceticism in

its relation to religion, morality and anthropology, as understood in the Eastern Church.

What this doctrine is the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM will learn in the following number.

(To be continued.)

THE SAINTS OF IRELAND.

I

At the end of the fourth century of our era, Ireland was still a pagan land ruled by restless chiefs, whose people had reached a point where a strong humanizing influence was needed. Without this influence the very perfection of the time would have been a danger, like the ripeness which comes before decay. This renovating power came in the Message of Galilee, the teaching of loving kindness and tender mercy that had been given by the shores of Genesareth. The Messenger was Succat, son of Calpurn, surnamed the Patrician, or Patricius, the title given to Roman citizens of noble birth. This Messenger is known to us as Saint Patrick. In all probability his home was in Scotland, near the river Clyde, the northern limit of the Roman province of Britain. The territory north of the Clyde was held in part by the Caledonian Picts, and in part by Scotian colonists from Ireland, who brought with them their civilization and language, the Gaelic of Scotland, which takes its present name from these Irish colonists. In one of the feuds among these rival tribes, a raid was made into the territory of the Roman province south of the Clyde, and the boy Succat was taken prisoner and carried away captive to Ireland. The language of the Roman province was Latin, and the Christian religion had been brought thither from Rome. In the church of the Roman colony both the father and grand-father of Succat had held official rank, but Succat himself, though familiar with the teaching of the Gospel, had not taken that teaching to heart. It came back to him, however, in the days of his captivity, when, as a slave he tended cattle among the woods of Sliemish, a mountain in what is now County Antrim, half way between Lough Neagh and the sea. From the hillside of Slieve Mish, the exile could see the blue headlands of his native Scotland, and it is easy to believe that the teachings of his childhood came back to him with double force, as he gazed wistfully over the sea towards his early home. The story of Saint Patrick's mission can best be told by quoting his own words as written in the long letter called the "Confession," and preserved in the "Book of Armagh," our manuscript of which was written in 807 A. D.

"I, Patricius, a sinner, and most unlearned of believers, looked

down upon by many, had for my father the deacon Calpurn, son of the elder Potitus, of a place called Bannova in Tabernia, near to which was his country home. There I was taken captive, when not quite sixteen, I knew not the Eternal. Being led into captivity with thousands of others, I was brought to Ireland—a fate well deserved. For we had turned from the Eternal, nor kept the laws of the Eternal. Nor had we heeded the teachers, who urged us to seek safety. Therefore the Eternal, justly wrath, scattered us among unbelievers, to the uttermost parts of the earth; here, where my poor worth is now seen among strangers, where the Eternal liberated the power hid in my unenkindled heart, that even though late, I should recognize my error, and turn with all my heart to the Eternal.

“I have long had it in mind to write, but until now have hesitated; for I feared blame, because I had not studied the law and the sacred writings,—as have others, who have never changed their language, but gone on to perfection in it; but my speech is translated into another tongue, and the weakness of my writing shows how little I have been taught. As the Sage says, ‘Show by thy speech thy wisdom and knowledge and learning.’ But what profits this my excuse?—since all can see how in my old age I struggle after what I should have learned as a boy. For then my wilfulness hindered me. I was but a beardless boy when I was taken captive, not knowing what to do and what to avoid; therefore I feel ashamed to show my ignorance now, because I never learned to express great matters succinctly and well;—great matters like the moving of the soul and mind by the Divine Breath. . . Nor indeed was I worthy that the Master should so greatly favor me, after all my hard labor and heavy toil, and the years of captivity amongst this people—that the Masters should show me such graciousness as I never knew, nor hoped for, till I came to Ireland.

“But herding cattle here, and lifting up my heart in aspiration many times a day, the fear of the Eternal grew daily in me. A divine awe and aspiration grew in me, so that I often prayed a hundred times a day, and as many times in the night. I often remained in the woods and on the hills, rising to prayer while it was yet dark, in snow or frost or rain; yet I took no harm. The breath of the Divine burned within me, so that nothing remained in me unenkindled.

“One night, while I was sleeping, I heard a voice saying to me: ‘You have fasted well, and soon you shall see your home and your native land.’ Soon after, I heard the voice again saying: ‘The ship is ready for you.’ But the ship was not near, but two hundred miles off, in a district I had never visited, and where I knew no one. Therefore I fled, leaving the master I had served for six years, and found the ship by divine guidance, going without fear. . . .

“We reached land after three days’ sail; then, for twenty-eight days we wandered through a wilderness. . . . Once more, after years of exile, I was at home again with my kindred among the Britons. All welcomed me like a son, earnestly begging me that, after the great dangers I had passed through, I would never again leave my home.

“While I was at home, in a vision of the night I saw one who seemed to come from Ireland, bringing innumerable letters. He gave me one of the letters, in which I read: ‘The voice of the Irish . . . ,’ and while I read, it seemed to me that I heard the cry of the dwellers by the forest of Foclut, by the Western ocean, calling with one voice to me: ‘Come and dwell with us!’ My heart was so moved that I awoke, and I give thanks to my God who, after many years, has given to them according to their petition.

“On another night, whether within me or without me, I know not, God knows, one prayed with very wonderful words, that I could not comprehend, till at last he said: ‘It is He who gave his soul for you, that speaks!’ I awoke for joy, and once, in a vision I saw Him praying within me, as it were; I saw myself, as it were, within myself, and I heard Him praying urgently and strongly over the inner man; I being meanwhile astonished, and wondering who thus prayed within me, till at the end He declared that I should be an overseer for Him. . . .

“I had not believed in the living Divine from childhood but had remained in the realm of death, until hunger and nakedness and daily servitude in Ireland—for I came there as a captive—had so afflicted me, that I almost broke down. Yet these things brought good, for through that suffering day by day I work and toil now for the well being of others, I, who formerly took no care even for myself. . . .

“Therefore I thank Him who kept me faithful in the day of

trial, that I live to offer myself daily as a living offering to Him who saves and guards me. Well may I say: 'Master, what am I, what is my calling, that such grace and divine help are given to me—that I am every day raised to greater power among these unbelievers, while I everywhere praise thy name? Whatever comes to me, whether happiness or misery, whether good or evil fortune, I hold it all the same; giving Thee equal thanks for it, because Thou hast unveiled for me the One, sure and unchanging, in whom I may for ever believe. So that in these latter days, even though I am ignorant, I may dare to undertake so righteous a work, and so wonderful, that makes me like those who, according to His promise, should carry His message to all people, before the end of the world.

"It were long, in whole or even in part, to tell of my labors, or how the All-powerful One many times set me free from bondage, and from twelve perils, wherein my life was in danger, and from nameless pitfalls. It were ill to try my reader too far, when I have within me the Author himself, who knows all things even before they happen, as He knows me, His poor disciple. The Voice that so often guides me, is divine; and thence it is that wisdom has come to me, who had no wisdom, knowing not Him, nor the number of my days; thence comes my knowledge, and heart's joy, in His great and healing gift, for the sake of which I willingly left my home and kindred, though they offered me many gifts, with tears and sorrow.

"Many of the older people also disapproved; but, through divine help, I would not give way. It was no grace of mine, but the divine power in me stood out against all, so that I came to bear the Message here, among the people of Ireland, suffering the scorn of those who believed not, and bearing derision, and many persecutions, and even chains. Nay, I even lost my rank as a Patrician (Patricius) for the good of others. But, if I be worthy to do something for the Divine, I am ready with all my heart to yield service, even to the death, since it has been permitted that, through me, many might be reborn through the Divine, and that others might be appointed to teach them. . . .

"The people of Ireland, who formerly had only their idols and pagan ritual, not knowing the Master, now became His children, the sons of the Scoti and their kings' daughters are now become sons of the Master and hand-maidens of the Anointed. And one

nobly-born lady among them, a beautiful woman whom I haptised myself, came soon after to tell me that she was divinely admonished to life in maidenhood, drawing nearer to Him. Six days later, she entered the grade that all the hand-maidens of the Anointed desire, though their fathers and mothers would hinder them, reproaching and afflicting them; nevertheless, they grow in number, so that I know not how many they are, besides widows and continent women, who suffer most from those who hold them in bondage. Yet they stand firm, and God grants grace to many of them worthily to follow Him.

“Therefore I might even leave them, to go among the Britons—for willingly would I see my own kindred and my native land again, or even go so far as Gaul, to visit my brothers, and see the faces of my Master’s holy men. But I am bound in the Spirit, and would be unfaithful if I went. Nor would I willingly risk the fruit of all my work. Yet it is not I who decide, but the Master, who bid me come hither, to spend my whole life in serving, as indeed I think I shall. . .

“Therefore I should ever thank Him who was so tolerant of my ignorance and sluggishness so many times; treating me not in anger but as a fellow-worker, though I was slow to learn the work set for me by the spirit. He pitied me amongst many thousands, for he saw that I was very willing, but did not know how to offer my testimony. For they all opposed my mission, and talked behind my back, saying: ‘He wishes to risk his life among enemies who know nothing of the Master’; not speaking maliciously, but opposing me because I was so ignorant. Nor did I myself at once perceive the power that was in me. . .

“Thus simply, brothers and fellow-workers for the Master, who with me have believed, I have told you how it happened that I preached and still preach, to strengthen and confirm you in aspiration, hoping that we may all rise yet higher. Let that be my reward, as ‘the wise son is the glory of his father.’ You know, and the Master knows, how, from my youth I have lived among you, in aspiration and truth, and with single heart; that I have declared the faith to those among whom I dwell, and still declare it. The Master knows that I have deceived no man in anything, nor ever shall, for His sake, and His people’s. Nor shall I ever arouse un-

charity in them or in any, lest His name should be spoken evil of. . .

“I have striven in my poor way to help my brothers, and the hand-maidens of the Anointed, and the holy women, who often volunteered to give me presents, and to lay their jewels on my altar; but these I always gave back to them, even though they were hurt by it; and I have so lived my life, for the hope of the life eternal, that none may find the least cause of offence in my ministry; that my least act might not tarnish my good name, so that unbelievers might speak evil of me. . .

“If I have asked of any as much as the value of a shoe, tell me. I will repay it and more. I rather spent my own wealth on you and among you, wherever I went, for your sakes, through many dangers, to regions where no believer had ever come to baptise, to ordain teachers, or to confirm the flock. With the divine help, I very willingly and lovingly paid all. Some times I gave presents to the kings,—in giving presents to their sons who convoyed us, to guard us against being taken captive. Once they sought to kill me, but my time was not yet come. But they took away all that was possessed, and kept me bound, till the Master liberated me on the fourteenth day, and all our goods were given back, because of the Master and of those who convoyed us. You yourselves know what gifts I gave to those who administer the law, through the districts I visited oftenest. I think I spent not less than the fine of fifteen men among them, in order that I might come among you. Nor do I regret it, nor count it enough, for I still spend and shall ever spend, happy if the Master allows me to spend my soul for you. . . For I know certainly that poverty and plain living are better for me than riches and luxury. The Anointed, our Master, was poor for us. I am poorer still, for I could not have wealth if I wished it. Nor do I now judge myself, for I look forward daily to a violent death, or to be taken captive, and sold into slavery, or some like end. But I fear none of these. . . But let me not leave the flock I feed for him, here in the uttermost parts of the earth. I am willing for his sake to shed my blood, to go without burial, even though my body be torn by dogs and wild beasts, and the fowls of the air; for I know that thus I should through my body enrich my soul. And I know that in that day we shall arise in brightness as the sun, in the glory of the Anointed Master, as sons of the Divine, and co-heirs with

Him, made in his likeness. For the sun we see rises daily by divine ordinance; but it is not ordained to rise for ever, nor shall its light last for ever. The sun of this world shall fade, with those that worship it; but we bow to the spiritual Sun the Anointed, that shall never perish, nor they that do His will, that shall endure for ever, like the Anointed Himself, who reigns with the Father and the Divine Spirit, now and ever. . .

“This I beg, that no believer, or servant of the Master, who reads or receives this writing, which, I, Patricius, a sinner, and very unlearned, wrote in Ireland,—I beg that none may say that whatever is good in it was dictated by my ignorance, but rather that it came from Him. This is my Confession before I die.”

(To be continued.)

A PHASE OF AMERICAN MYSTICISM.

It happened that a small group of theosophical students met last summer in a mountain boarding house, situated right in the heart of a Shaker community. "Contempt, prior to examination, bars information." The very sound of the word "shaker" suggests to most of us something rather incongruous, odd, somewhat grotesque, not to say undignified. Yet the aforesaid students of theosophy found the people, who call themselves Shakers, so far from deserving all the above adjectives that, for the sake of elementary justice, THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM feels it a duty to give its readers a chance to judge for themselves. The following article is a reprint of a pamphlet, called by its author, "Synopsis of Doctrine taught by believers in Christ's Second Appearing." This title being too long for a magazine's cover, I had to omit it. THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM offers the article to its readers as a material worthy of study, thought and discussion, abstaining from editorial comments. The author of the pamphlet is A. G. Hollister, Mount Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

EDITOR.

Shakers when asked, What is your creed? have ever protested that we have no creed in the sense of a formal declaration of belief, for a test of fellowship. Our test of fellowship is what a person does or is willing to do. If he is honest, or wishes to be honest (and unless he does he cannot succeed) his belief will conform to the evidence appearing to his understanding. Nor will he refuse to entertain evidence from a credible source, merely because not agreeable to his previous notion. On the contrary, if he is in a living, growing state of advance toward higher conditions, he will earnestly seek light regarding those conditions he wishes to obtain. Even Teachers, if wise and qualified for that office, ever maintain an attitude of childlike teachableness and receptivity to truth that is beyond them. "I want Instructors, God's greatest gift is a Teacher," writes a well known author, who was himself a Teacher of profound, illuminating and universal ideas. Jesus taught from spirit influx, for he says, "I can do nothing of myself, but as I hear I judge." "The words which I speak to you, I speak not from myself but the Father in me

abiding, He doeth the works." He bade his disciples not to meditate beforehand what they should say, when arraigned before judges and kings, for in that same hour it would be given them and the Father would speak in them.

We labor to present evidence that will produce the one faith and one baptism, essential to harmonize all the followers of Christ in one spirit and purpose, of which the first work is to conquer sin and selfishness within, and to become a new creature on the spiritual plane of life. Faith is belief, but belief in error is not true faith. "True faith is a saving grace. True faith is to believe a thing to be what it really is." Truth is the eternal substance of being. Faith in the truth, as "evidence of things unseen," is the beginning of all knowledge. Doing the truth yields experience and converts faith into knowledge and truth into life. Hence doing enlarges being, increases knowledge, deepens and clarifies the understanding, strengthens faith, and is the final test of both knowledge and truth. If practice be not joined to faith, though faith be ever so true, life will be barren of faith's fruit, and knowledge received upon trust will remain incipient or rudimentary, if it does not entirely vanish. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," spoken by His Messengers.

Principles do not change, but to the advancing pilgrim they present various aspects of mutually sustaining relationships. Utterances of people may vary in dealing with the same, or with different aspects, without necessarily involving a conflict of ideas. Our system is in its infancy, but its principles attribute unlimited advance to mind in the discovery and practice of truth. Mother Ann taught, "You should make the way of God your occupation. The way of God is to be learned as much as any trade. You learn to have faith, learn to believe. A man that has a trade, is industrious to work at it to get a living. You ought to be as industrious, and as much engaged in the way of God."

Our gospel relates what God has done, and is doing for us and our fellow beings. Spell means to relate, as a story, or history. It also means a magic charm. Gospel is equivalent to "go tell, or relate what you have found." Gospel is also a euphemistic contraction of God's spell, or charm, in contradistinction to man's spell, the world's spell, the spell of passion, of appetite, or of any unworthy

object. God being the center and support of life, and Source of all needed supplies, can have no other than a beneficent influence, and when true relations are established, must exert a wholesome and wise control, and promote a harmonious and perfect development of all our faculties.

The following Synoptic View, arranged by request, outlines some of the leading doctrines of Shaker faith according to present attainments in knowledge of one who has been fifty years a practicing student thereof. Some things we know, having proved them. We know that in keeping Christ's commandments there is peace, love, union, and joy in a holy spirit.

WE BELIEVE BEST THINGS ARE HARDEST WON.

1. We believe in God, the Almighty Creator of Heaven and earth. That "God is a fountain of perfect light, love, and goodness, and no soul can truly know God, but that will love Him." (Ann Lee.) That God is One in Essence, as is a perfect seed, but is dual in His highest, clearest, complete, and perfect manifestation, as when His character is produced in man and in woman. That God is Father and Mother of all virtuous Intelligences, and the Primal Source of all happiness. Gen. i; 27. Prov. viii; 22-30. Mat. xi; 19; Isa. lxvi; 13; Rom. i; 20.

2. We believe in the Holy Spirit, which emanates from the Divine Unity, and conveys a knowledge of the Divine Will and Wisdom of God, with power to keep all His commandments, to whomsoever will receive and retain it in their hearts, to be their Guide and Teacher,—that it is an assimilating, transforming energy, to change all such into its own Divine likeness. Luke xi; 13. Rom. xii; 2. Philip iii; 21, I, Cor. ii; 10. Jon. xiv; 16, 17, 26, II. Cor. iii; 18.

3. We believe in Jesus Anointed, the true and faithful Witness of God, and first-born from the dead into the New Creation. That he denied his own will, crucified his carnal propensities, overcame the world, spent his strength in serving others, gave his life a ransom for many, (Mat. xx, 28,) opened the way of eternal life to mortals, brought the reign of the heavens down to earth, left us an example that we should follow in his steps, was taken by wicked hands and cruelly slain, tarried awhile after his return from Hades to teach and comfort his disciples, and before he left them, promised

to come again and receive them to himself. Col. i; 18. Heb. iv; 15. Phil. ii; 7 to 11. Eph. i; 20 to 22.

4. We believe that in what has been called the Christian church there was a total apostasy of its heads from the faith which Christ planted in his first appearing. II. Thess. ii. Rev. xi. The power of the Holy People were scattered, Christ's Witnesses were killed in the sacred name of religion, (John xvi, 2,) the Man of Sin desolated the temple of God, and the Holy City of Christian principles was trod by aliens, 1,260 years and more, till the Spirit from God again descended and entered into the Witnesses. The Witnesses arose and stood upon their feet—i. e., upon the first principles of understanding or axiomatic truth, and not on any foundation of Anti-christ, nor creed of man's devising. Dan. xii; 7. Rev. xi; 3 to 11.

5. We believe that Christ, the Spirit of truth, has appeared as promised, a second time, without sin, unto salvation, because by obedience to the Witnesses of that appearing we are saved from all sin in our knowledge. We are also freed from bondage to the world and from all lusts of the flesh and mind, and are able to keep the commandments of Christ and bear witness to the truths he taught by living as he lived, and walking in his steps of self-sacrifice and spiritual consecration. In so doing we find that peace, love, union and joy which satisfies our home feelings beyond anything the world can give or take away. Heb. ix; 28. Mat. xxiv; 31. Angels are Messengers, whether spirits or mortals. Jon. xiv; 21, 23. Rev. xi; 11. I. Jon. ii; 3. Rom. xiv; 17.

6. We believe in community of interest, in things spiritual and temporal, as a result of that love one for another, which the baptism of the Holy Spirit confers and which Jesus announced as the criterion by which all men should know his disciples. Jon. xiii; 35. Acts iv; 32. Ch. ii; 44, 45.

7. We believe in confessing and forsaking sin, and in righting every wrong, and in making restitution if we have injured or defrauded any in person, property or character. That confession should be made before a Witness or Witnesses of God, both as a testimony against the sin, and to strip off the covering of hypocrisy whereby one is made to appear better in his own esteem and in the eyes of others than he secretly knows himself to be; also to mortify the nature of sin, which by concealing actions from the light which

manifest their turpitude, preserves its strength for further assaults. Luke xii ; 2, 3. Prov. xxviii ; 13. Jam. v ; 16. R. V. I. Jon. i ; 9.

8. We believe in loosing our attachment from everything that we can be deprived of by death, and in consecrating all our time, talents, strength and possessions, unreservedly to serve God in humanity forever. First, by mutually serving one another in the family of Christ, and then whosoever needs, as far as strength and means will go. That is the genuine religious service for all who worship the Father and Mother in spirit and in truth. Matt. vi ; 19, 20. Mark x ; 45. I. Pet. ii ; 21. Matt. xiii ; 44, 46.

9. We believe in a continent, virgin life, in deed, word and thought. For in no other way can we keep a clean conscience and self-respect, or preserve our hearts pure from adultery and fornication. We can look out of chaste eyes and love one another unselfishly and purely, and give our hearts undivided to God and Eternal Wisdom, to obey the commandments, only by following the rule of continence and hating all unclean desires with utter detestation. Matt. v ; 28. Rev. xiv ; 4. Rom. viii ; 7, 8. I. Cor. vii ; 34. Matt. vi ; 24. Titus i ; 15.

10. We believe that the children of God, those who are led by the Spirit of God and are "the children of the resurrection, neither marry nor are given in marriage," and that all who make that compact previous to hearing the call of Christ, must forsake it and all the relationships growing out of it, in order to become Christ's disciples and to follow him in the narrow way to eternal life. Luke xiv ; 20, 26, 33. Ch. xx ; 35. I. Cor. vii ; 1, 29. Mark x ; 28, 29.

Note.—It is a fundamental law of progressive order, engraved in geologic strata, that inferior organizations shall give way to superior, as fast as the creation and growth of the latter require it. Hence we regard it as perfectly normal, legitimate and righteous, that the natural family on which the world relies for social order and continuance, and which, however good in its place, provides home comforts for only a small circle, and is extremely limited in its benefactions toward that large class whom death, disease, poverty, incapacity, or untoward circumstances have deprived of home, should be dissolved and pass away before the family of Christ, which is the basis of social order in the everlasting kingdom of God. The family of Christ, organized on the principle of universal love, capable of

indefinite expansion, to provide a home for souls emancipated from selfish thrall, excludes none who will conform to its laws, however unfortunate or forlorn, or destitute may have been their previous condition. Dan. ii ; 44. Matt. x ; 35-39. Ch. xii ; 25.

11. We believe in practical peace with all people, but not with hypocritical vices in ourselves, nor in others,—and in overcoming evil with good. To return evil for evil and hate for hate, is to be overcome with evil and to increase hate which eats like fire. Matt. v ; 39. Jam. iv ; 7. Ch. iii ; 16, 17.

12. We believe in the absolute and eternal distinction and final separation in the judgment established in Christ's people, between good and evil, right and wrong, truth and falsehood,—that these are not convertible one to the other, and never can be. Jon. iii ; 19-21. Rev. xxi ; 27. Matt. xiii ; 41.

13. We believe in separation from the world, that we may establish environments adapted to the requirements of life from above. And because we "are not of the world," we take no part in its politics other than to advise and to pray for just Rulers. Let potsherders strive with potsherders, and let the earthly man muzzle or slay the wild beasts of his own raising. Yet we desire that Rulers be just, ruling in the fear and love of the Most High God, and striving for the best good of all the people. That kind of religion which consists in obedience to moral, intellectual and spiritual laws, should reign in politics, as in all else that concerns human conduct. The absence of this, characterizes the dominion of the "beast." Jon. xv ; 19. I. Jon. ii ; 15. Ch. v ; 4. Jam. i ; 27. Ch. iv ; 4. Rev. xiii.

14. We believe in the equality of the sexes in all honors, duties, rights and privileges.

15. We believe in mental and manual industry, for "godliness doth not lead to idleness," but "the hand of the diligent shall bear rule." By work we learn, and improve our faculties. Work clarifies and invigorates mind and body. It disperses clouds, banishes fear, and supplies the elements of life, health and cheer. The true worker is a creator. II. Thes. iii ; x. Matt. v ; 16. I. Thess. iv ; 11. Eph. ii ; 10.

16. We believe in an ever present revelation in the church of Christ, proceeding from the heavens of eternal life. That by revelation God has established an Order in earthen vessels, to be head of

the visible church, for judgment, for reproof and correction, for blessing, protection and direction, to whose decisions we are in duty bound to submit, as to the oracles of God. "God is submission" to His own Order and laws. Obedience cements our union to the head, through which we receive life, and to one another, and seals our membership in Christ's body, the church, Lo! the tabernacle of God is with men. He dwells in His people. They know His voice and they follow Him of choice. A stranger's voice they will not mind. Matt. xviii; 20. Jon. xvi; 13. I. Jon. ii; 27. I. Cor. xii; 3-13, 28.

17. We believe that Mother Ann Lee, Father William Lee, Father James Whitaker, Father Joseph Meacham, Mother Lucy Wright, and others who labored with them, and many who have succeeded them, were and are true Witnesses of God, and of Christ in his second appearing, and Ministers of eternal life to all obeyers of the testimony which they bore in word and work against evil and for good. Matt. vii; 16-20. Ch. xiii; 39-41. He shall send forth his Messengers. The Reapers are the Messengers. Jon. xiii; 20. Ch. xiv; 19. Acts x; 41. Only Witnesses chosen of God saw Jesus after his exit from the body. And none but they, and those who believed their testimony could ever know of his return from Hades and ascent into heaven. He has come again in the same manner, to Witnesses, chosen of God, who have both seen and conversed with him. We believe their testimony, because of their works, and effect of obedience in our lives.

18. We believe in the practice of industry, order, economy, cleanliness, prudence, patience, steadfastness, perseverance, gentleness, kindness, meekness, forgiving injuries, and in charity for all who are seeking reformation of character by repentance and good works. Matt. vii; 21. James i; 23 to 25. II. Peter i; 5-10.

(To be Continued).

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THE MESSENGERS OF THE GODS.

There are tidal hours in which the messengers of the gods descend earthwards, bearing gifts upon their lances of light. They gather about the human threshold; they wait, mutely attentive, in a silence which is itself a prayer. They ask but to be seen; their whole purpose and being is in this—to bear to man the gifts of the gods.

The hour is rare and brief: not often does the Divine Law admit of the descent of the powers: man must have called long and often.

Amidst the unseen messengers, man comes and goes over his threshold, his eyes—mayhap his heart—entangled in the glittering web of human life and human endeavour which spins itself out before his gaze. While he delays, the rare hour expends itself: the divine messengers take up their gifts and return to the inner heavens.

Thus human life is again beggared of those sacred possessions it longed for and might in steadfastness have made its own: not again do the messengers descend. And although it is true that the holy gifts exist always in the heaven worlds, stored there for the man who can seek them and make them his own, yet not often is there such rejoicing in heaven as that which arises, exultant, when the strong man ascends to the gods and claims his inheritance. He who has not learned to avail himself of the operations of the laws

of over-nature; he who has not watched for the descent of the messengers; who gives them no welcome at his door, no entreaty to cross his threshold and to quicken the fires of his dwelling—that man has perhaps missed the single sunrise of his present life-time: his heart and his hearth remain cold, bereft of the true flame of life.

And what of the rejected messengers? It is said that denial leaves them passionless and calm; as they came, so they depart. But some among them have seen acceptance, recognition; they have lingered awhile at the hearth they have re-allumined; they have had touch with that human heart whose call had shaken the heavens and called them down. Returning they bear with them somewhat of that strange human essence which has power to compel the high gods at the propitious moment: there is a want felt thereafter in the heavens; and when they have run their course time after, drawn down by that mysterious essence, an hour strikes when they return no more: an awe struck whisper circles among the stars that a messenger has won his humanity.

A WORD ON SCHOPENHAUER.

I remember once attending a drawing-room lecture on Schopenhauer and his philosophy of pessimism, where the audience, as is very often the case when these high themes are treated, consisted almost entirely of ladies.

As the graceful young philosopher, whose outline was clearly marked against a window leading into a charming garden, gradually unfolded his theme, and, bringing one after another joys of life to the balance, found them altogether wanting, his fair and philosophic audience fell deeper and deeper into hopeless depression and melancholy. If the expression were not so hopelessly coarse, I should be tempted to say that you could see those ladies' jaws drop as the philosophy of pessimism was unfolded; but undeniably coarse this expression is, so I had better say that the light died out of their eyes.

I had come in rather late, as one should do to see the lecturer at his best and thoroughly warmed up to his subject, and I could see he had gone so far that his fair audience was ready to renounce the will-to-live on the spot. I shall never forget the thrill of relief that throbbed through the room, when, the lecture ended, I ventured to say that Schopenhauer seemed to me very much misunderstood; for I always thought him a great humorist, only he had not yet been found out. So genuine and visible was the pleasure that my remark called forth, so re-animated became those erstwhile down-cast faces, that the eloquent lecturer never had the heart to ask me to justify my opinion; and the turned tide of feeling carried the whole party gaily in to supper.

And my remark was, I think, not altogether unjustified, not altogether insincere, though perhaps I should have said that Schopenhauer seems to me misunderstood because I find him to be an optimist and no pessimist at all.

In sober truth, Schopenhauer's great achievement in philosophy

has hardly anything to do with pessimism at all, or, indeed with optimism either. In connecting his name with pessimism, the general opinion has made one of those mistakes, due to the heresy of insufficient knowledge, which make one doubt the validity of popular fame. To understand what Schopenhauer really did, one must consider for a moment what point philosophy had reached when he began his work.

We may remember that the starting point of Shankara's philosophy was that the whole of the outward world is a series of phenomena, appearances, things objective to our consciousness, and that this consciousness of ours is the only primary reality we can have knowledge of. This is exactly the conclusion reached by the best philosophers of Europe, from Descartes and Berkeley to Kant. Our certain knowledge does not extend beyond our states of consciousness; this is the conclusion established by Descartes and Berkeley, by arguments which, as Professor Huxley says, are simply unshakable; and "all materialists who have tried to bite this file have simply broken their teeth."

This was the position of the question when Kant took it up, with that depth and lucidity of thought which make him the greatest philosopher of modern Europe. As the phenomena, the appearances present to consciousness, are not stable, or at best but subject to continual change and variation, Kant felt drawn to postulate some hypothetical outward thing, some external stimulus, which gave rise to these appearances, or, at any rate, which provoke their ceaseless variations; and postulating this outward something, Kant further went on to define what part of the phenomena,—the appearances present to consciousness,—might be assigned to ourselves, the observers, and what part might be assigned to the hypothetical outward something, which he imagined as provoking the sense of change and variation in the phenomena.

It is hardly necessary to repeat Kant's arguments, though they are entirely admirable as an instance of close and lucid reasoning, consistently carried out. It will be enough to state his conclusions. He felt compelled to assign to us, the observers, or rather "intellect"

by which he typified our faculty of observation, three parts in the drama of perception, while one part he assigned to the hypothetical outward something which provoked the variation in our states of consciousness, in the appearances which are present to our consciousness. The three parts he assigned to the observer's share in the drama of perception were time, space, and causality. In other words, Kant said we contributed to the world-drama the sense of duration, of present, past, and future; the sense of space, the great empty, outer void, in which the varied appearances of the world-drama present themselves; and, thirdly, the sense of the arrangement of these appearances into causal series, or chains of causation, through which each appearance, each phenomenon, is seen as the effect of the appearances which have gone before and as the cause of the appearances which shall follow after. Time, space and causality, Kant said, were the observer's share in the world-drama, and the mysterious outward something which provoked appearances continually appeared to us, not simply and nakedly, as itself, but as distorted and viewed through a triple veil, a veil of time, of space, of causality. And on account of the triple veil of space, causality and time, which perpetually distorted the outer something and broke it up into appearances as we see them, Kant said that we could never know this outer something simply and nakedly, as itself, but must perpetually view it through the threefold veil of causality, time and space. The thing-in-itself, he said, must remain for us perpetually unknowable. We can never know the reality behind appearances, because the distortion of this reality into appearances is an inherent function of our observing power, a three-sided prism, which always breaks up the simple light, a "dome of many-coloured glass that stains the white radiance of eternity."

So far Kant.

Then came Schopenhauer. The great achievement of Schopenhauer was the perception of the fact that this hypothetical outer something, this force that provoked the changing appearances, was not so hopelessly unknowable. Schopenhauer found the outer something, the "thing-in-itself," a hopeless exile in the eternal void. Taking this exile, he brought it home, like a returned prodigal, and made it as one of the household. Kant had cast the blame of three

parts of the world-drama on ourselves, the observers, and left the fourth part, the outer something, the "thing-in-itself," hopelessly unknowable, and out of reach of us, the observers, for ever. Schopenhauer threw on us, the observers, the blame of the fourth part also.

This outer something, this mysterious "force," was, he said, not unknowable to us at all; it was, on the contrary, very familiar and a part of every one of us. For it was none other than that Will which every one of us is conscious of within ourselves. Hence the title of Schopenhauer's greater work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, "the world-drama, as Will and Representation". The Will being the mysterious outer something, the thing-in-itself, of Kant, and the representation being the three-fold distortion into time, space, and causality, which broke up the one Will into myriad appearances.

This identification of the thing-in-itself with the Will has nothing whatever to do with pessimism, and it is on this great achievement that Schopenhauer's lasting fame will rest. In so far, I think, I was justified in saying that, by speaking of him as, in the first place, a pessimist, Schopenhauer was very much misunderstood. Where, then, does the pessimism come in? Rightly speaking, I think, the pessimism does not come in at all; but, on the contrary, Schopenhauer teaches only optimism, as does also the old philosophy of India. Yet it is easy enough to see where the belief in Schopenhauer's pessimism came in, where the general opinion found its pretext for dubbing Schopenhauer a pessimist.

The world-drama, he said, is made up of the Will and a perverse tendency to break the Will up into myriad fleeting shadows; or life is made up of the white radiance of eternity, and the dome of many-coloured glass that stains this white radiance. Clearly, then, the ideal condition is the white radiance and not the many-coloured stain; clearly the ideal condition is the Will, in its unity and simplicity, and not the myriad forms into which it is distorted by the veils that we weave ourselves. If then, this is the ideal condi-

tion, the practical aim of every one must be to realize this ideal condition, to free the Will of its myriad distortions, to blend the many-coloured stain of world-life once more into the eternal radiance. And in comparison with the pure Will, eternally self-balanced, the myriad forms that it is distorted into must seem hopelessly inferior, the many-coloured stain must seem hopelessly inferior to the pure radiance. And these myriad forms, this many-coloured stain, are nothing but our outward life, the life that concerns us so nearly and so perpetually. But the ideal condition, the white radiance, the pure undistorted balanced Will is the real life "at the back of the heavens", as the Upanishads and Plato both call it, the life of the freed self dwelling in the Eternal.

In comparison with this ideal life, the outward life is hopelessly inferior; and the only sane aim of any man is to change the myriad distortions back to their ideal rest as soon as possible, to turn the Will back from illusory outward life to real inward life without delay. This, then, is the "pessimism" of Schopenhauer, as the general opinion describes it; but I can only see in it the most exultant optimism.

For is it not the assertion of a life of reality that we are all perpetually craving for in this life of never-ending phantasy? Is it not the assertion of a life eternal, above this life of ours, with its perpetual, inexorable change; a life eternal, not needing to be won by the funeral passage through the tomb, nor indeed to be won by that passage, but a life eternal, perpetually present and existent, as the natural and normal order of things, the natural and normal order that we ourselves have perverted and broken up, and to restore which to its white radiance as of old depends only upon ourselves. A "Kingdom in the Heavens" altogether within our power and yet altogether beyond us, for our power served only to distort it and then to remove the distortion, but never to create the Kingdom that is the white radiance of the Eternal.

Such is Schopenhauer's optimist pessimism; and one could not wish us better than that we should become such pessimists ourselves.

I think, then, that I was justified in dispelling, in some sort, the black cloud of despondency that had settled down over the fair audience I have described, even though the means I used were rather effectual than candid.

BREAD TURNED TO STONE.

A philosopher, travelling a certain road, came upon a man sitting amid a pile of stones crying aloud in tones of anguish: "Bread—give bread lest I die of starvation!"

And about him stood many who were handing him loaves of bread in varied form. Some of the loaves offered him were shaped as crosses, some as crescents, some bore the imprint of many thumbs and many were sprinkled with blood. But as fast as the hungry man laid hold of them they each turned to a stone.

"How now!" cried the philosopher, "why is this poor man allowed to hunger?" Then those about him answered: "He hath a devil! We have given him many loaves of good bread, such as we eat and thrive on, but, behold—the devil which possesses him turns each loaf to stone ere he hath eaten, yea—at his very touch."

"Ye poor foolish ones!" exclaimed the philosopher, scornfully. "You do not understand his case. He hath no devil, the fault is with your bread. Let me, then, prepare him a loaf suited to him and he will no longer grieve of hunger."

Then they who stood by answered sullenly: "He hath a devil!" And they departed, leaving the philosopher alone with the hungry man.

Then did the philosopher gather the stones which had been bread and build an oven therewith, and he used sunshine for fire to heat it. Then he called upon the earth, the air and the water for his substance which he leavened with the lark's song. Then he carefully counted the degrees of heat that his oven became not overheated and he placed the loaf therein, saying: "Oh, starving one! Bless this day which gave you such a friend as I. The loaf which I now prepare contains the potent principles of which these poor stones offered thee are but symbols. It will feed thee and thou will forever praise the giver!"

And when the loaf was baked, he gave it to the hungry one and it immediately became a stone.

"Alas, alas!" cried the astonished philosopher, "thou hast a devil, indeed." And he withdrew to a sheltered place to think over night.

Then when the morning had come he returned again to the

starving man expecting to find him dead. But lo—he who hungered was standing in the sunlight singing a morning song.

“How art thou, oh starving one?” asked the philosopher.

“I am no longer hungry,” replied the man, “I have eaten.”

“Whence came the bread?” asked the philosopher, amazed.

“I made it myself,” said the man.

“Tut, tut!” said the philosopher. “Thou *hast* no devil—thou *art* a devil!” And he strode away indignantly.

ASCETICISM AND PASSION.

II.

The fall of the first of the human race is understood by the Russian church as a sin against a fundamental law of life: the will of God is or ought to be the one driving central power in all human life and activity, yet Adam and Eve deliberately placed in the center not God's will but their own. Man refused to see in God the beginning and the end of all that is, and proclaimed himself to be autonomous, to have being outside of divinity.

The author of the present article sees in this and this alone the cause of every sinful circumstance man can place himself in.

Original sin has both a negative and a positive side: Man denied the authority of the divine will and by so doing he created a new positive power which we call egotism. The first two of the human race wilfully placed themselves in the center of creation, taking the sole purpose of the latter to be the ministering to their comforts and desires. If man acknowledged himself to be a *creature*, a limited and non-autonomous being, whose one security was his union with God, such an act would be equal to a complete self-sacrifice, which would be but another word for a refusal to lead a separate existence, to have plans and works of his own. In the self-sacrifice lay the possibilities of all his future growth and development, but he chose an autonomous self assertive existence, placing the center of it in the created side of himself, in that side which was limited and empirical. This negative attitude towards God must be considered as the substance and foundation of all sin.

The following quotation gives a comprehensive definition of what this attitude was: "Man desired to be a god, without God." In other words, original sin was against religion, against the relation between man and God, the moral consequence of sin following in its wake. Blinding lusts could be born and become manifest only after man has proclaimed his self assertive autonomy, rising against obligations God's will imposed on him. "When man fell the harmonious working relations within himself and his true relation to the world outside were all upset."

First of all his love of God grew weak and dim. God was no longer a loving and just father to him, but either a stern pitiless

avenger, or, still worth, nothing but a jealous fellow creature, mighty in keeping all that is worth having away from man. Communion with God was no longer a joyful satisfying of a natural craving, but a loathsome, fearful duty, lest the Outside Power, God had become for man, grew offended and took its revenge. Egotism towards God led to egotism towards everything that grew or lived. By having tasted of the forbidden fruit in the distinct hope of becoming through it "as God is," the first man immediately placed himself in false relation to nature: instead of being a self-supporting free worker incessantly contributing to the accomplishment of the ultimate end, man turned for help towards the material universe, demanding from the latter that it should use its mechanical powers to achieve the end, which was the ultimate destination of man, but which man ought to have achieved through his love and trust of God. By this irrational action man lowered himself to the level of a mere inanimate thing of this world, distorting the meaning of the works of the whole creation.

Man, the being on earth, destined to achieve conscious immortality putting his trust in the temporal, the mechanical, the material—this is the impulse which pushes the whole universe of the visible and the invisible into an abnormal position, destroying the natural order of all things.

When the sense of God became dim in the first human beings, their attitude towards the natural world also grew false. It was man's duty to further the existence of such conditions, as were the best adopted for Nature manifesting her creative power at their best. But man chose, instead, an attitude of animal egotism towards nature, of greed, of lust and often of senseless destruction. Thus instead of supplying to nature principles of harmony and growth, man brings to her nothing but dissonance and ruin.

To quote one of the Church Fathers: "Nature, by an inborn motion, always ascends through the less perfect to the more perfect." The oriental church considers the world to be a harmonious ascent of phenomena, of forces, of things and of creatures on the ladder of strict gradation, which alone makes the world an indivisible organic whole—truly a *Cosmos*.

The chemical and organic biology of all that exists, is to be ruled over, in man, by a new faculty, not possessed by the rest of

the visible creation, a faculty which the Fathers of the Church designate by the term *nous* or *mens*. All the forces of the material irrational nature focussed in man and subjected to this new rational power make of man a *microcosm*.

It is the *spirit* that makes a man a human being. Animals also have a *soul*, and the soul of a man in itself is in no wise different from the soul of an animal. Left to itself the soul will turn exclusively to physical comforts and temporal well being. The soul's cognition is built of empirical observations, its activity is bounded by the instincts of reproduction and self preservation.

But the organic union with the spirit imparts to it some important characteristics, which raise it above the soul of an animal and which are expressed in aspirations, yearnings and faculties. An introspective man can not help observing in his own inner world phenomena belonging entirely to the domain of the animal soul, phenomena belonging to the domain of the animal soul *united to the spirit*, and also phenomena which solely belong to the domain of the pure godlike spirit.

It is the influence of the spirit that imparts to the *cognizing activity* of man a tendency towards perceiving in an ideal light all such ever unsolved and ever fearsome questions as: what is man in his essence, whence does he come, whither does he travel, what is beyond the regions of the starlit heavens? This ideal tendency of man's cognition expresses itself in metaphysics, in all branches of philosophy in general.

The *creative activity* of man in junction with the godlike spirit stops concerning itself with self preservation and reproduction alone and finds expression in a tendency towards a rational mode of life, in seeking the highest good and in adopting to it his whole life. The result of this activity is law.

The *emotional activity* of man's soul, influenced by the godlike spirit in him finds expression in the tendency to seek and realize an ideal of beauty. Hence, besides the pleasant or unpleasant sensations a man experiences in connection with physico—psychic well-being, a set of sensations of a perfectly different order, which the author of the article defines by the term *disinterested* and which are produced by the inborn profound satisfaction a man, in all stages of his development, will find in the harmonious embodiment of the

true and the good in a material form. The result of this activity is art.

But the highest expression, the truly specific characteristic of the godlike spirit in man is in man's inner self-consciousness and self-control, as well as in the tendency for ever to seek that which can have no end and in constant dissatisfaction with everything temporary, everything created. The outcome of this tendency is religion, an inborn yearning to feel God and to please him.

To quote a Father of the Church: "The natural elements of the spirit are the fear of God, conscience, and the thirst of God, which can not be satisfied by anything created." In the innocent man, before the fall, all his needs, tendencies and powers were blended in perfect harmony, the lower serving the higher, the higher regulating the lower, the godlike spirit being master over all. Being concentrated in one undivided individuality, the composing elements of man emanated from the spirit in a harmonious and pliable mutual relation and so all were able to carry out their allotted work. The *spirit* established communion with God; the *body* was a docile and well adapted instrument serving to transmit the will of the spirit into the outer material world, perfecting it in accordance with the ideal, and so in a sense *spiritualizing* matter; as to the *soul* it stood between the spirit and the body, serving as a channel between the two, growing more perfect, in its turn, in the measure of its service and obedience to the spirit. But when, as a result of the fall, man's activity became egotistical, the living bond of love between man and God was broken, and the original order of things was totally upset.

Man placed the center of his life in himself, and not in God. He deluded himself into the belief that the satisfying of his needs and desires was the only object of his life. Hence the transformation of the natural needs, of the faculty to form desires, of all the great variety of human powers which formerly, one and all, were but servants and tools, into something self-subsisting, self-governed and autonomous. It could not be any other way, since they all got into the habit of referring, leading and catering to nothing higher but the personal consciousness of man, which, in its turn, but increased their power by considering them as principles, valuable in themselves, apart from the function they originally were meant to

fulfil. Hence, since the yearning of the godlike spirit for God grew weaker, since its ideal tendencies grew dim and its energising vitalizing faculty grew slack, it could not any more maintain its position of master and controller of the soul and, through the soul, of the body, but, on the contrary, it was dragged down to the level of an instrumental, subsidiary power itself.

To quote a Father of the Church: "Nowadays almost the whole of the man's being is wide awake only for the material; all his cares and eagerness are directed towards it; it forms the object of both his memory and his hope."

(To be Continued.)

A PHASE OF AMERICAN MYSTICISM.

(Continued.)

19. Yea, we believe good works are the foundation of all moral and spiritual progress and virtuous achievement—for without good works, love would fail, and belief and knowledge would be of no avail. Good works are our passport and title deed to the heavenly inheritance. Faith without works is dead, and next to nothing. Works are the fruit and test of faith. No one can have too many of the righteous kind, nor can any one be saved without them. “He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do, and greater also.” “Work out your salvation.” “He shall reward every one according to his works.” Character, nor works, are not transferable; both unfold from within. No one can be saved by proxy. Titus ii; 14. Ch. iii; 8. James ii; 24. Col. i; 10.

20. We believe in self-abasement, but not in debasement; in self-denial and self-sacrifice to the full extent commanded,—in patient continuance in well doing, whatever be the trials, afflictions, opposition or hardships we may have to encounter. The terms are equal and alike to all. Without the cross of Christ, and the loss of all things dear to the carnal mind, no power over sin, and no victory over the world. Gal. vi; 14. Matt. xvi; 24-26. Phil. ii; 3. Jon. xvi; 33.

21. We believe God accepts not faces but character. Those who seek will find; to those who knock it shall be opened. God’s mercy is infinite as well as His justice, and in the end all wrongs will be righted and justice be done in mercy to every creature that will hold itself in condition to receive mercy. II. Peter iii; 9. James v; 11. I. Tim. ii; 4. Luke xv; 10, 20.

22. We believe that the spirit world is within and around every one of us, and that we make our own conditions there, happy or miserable, according as we obey or disobey the moral and spiritual light shed upon our pathway here. Like gathers to like there, as here, and states and conditions there, and degree of elevation, are determined solely by moral quality. We build and furnish our own habitation in the spirit world, and shall find there precisely what we put into life here. We reap in the present the fruits of past actions continually, but not a full harvest till we go there.

23. We believe that the Gospel is preached to the dead in Hades, or the invisible world, in the season of judgment: Rev. xiv; 6, 7, "that they may be judged according to men in flesh, but live according to God in spirit," as taught by Jesus and Peter, and by the Founders and Seers of our Order. I. Peter iii; 19; iv; 6, and John v; 25-29. Consequently that in the excarnate state, opportunity is given to all for repentance and change of character, by turning from evil to good, and to improve by advance from good to better, and from lower to higher conditions. No one will be denied a fair chance to become a new creation in the heavens of eternal life. But the change is easier made here than there, by such as have sufficient foresight, and the gain is greater, even as it is easier in the end to live free from debt and lay up a little day by day, than it is to live upon borrowing, and then have to make treble exertion to pay it all back at last,—or as it is easier to change the direction of a rill at its source than that of a river at its mouth. And inasmuch as the excarnate spirit is far more active and sensitive than the incarnate, it costs far greater suffering there to become purged from the nature and effects of sins not repented of here.

24. We believe there is some good in all religious denominations, also in people of no religious profession. But that any system of belief which promises mankind happiness without doing righteously and abstaining from known evil, is a cheat, a delusion and a snare. Also that any system of belief, which does not take away sin from the heart and purify the soul and set it free to obey all commandments of God, is but tentative and temporary, and must pass away before the perfect work, which frees the creature from the service of self and the world here and now, purifies and redeems from error, and makes it a new creation in Christ. II. Cor. v; 17, 18. Jon. viii; 32, 34. I. Jon. iii; 6-10.

25. We believe it is right to own God where we find Him, in man, woman or child. He that receiveth a little child in my name, says a Divine Teacher, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me. In every nation under heaven, he that reveres God, abstains from all known evil, and works righteousness, is accepted of Him. And though in duty bound to expose error according to wisdom given us, both in doctrine and practice, we respect every man's sincerity and good intentions, and we cordially approve of every good work. Acts x; 35. Jon. vii; 7.

26. We believe that as God is light, and in Him is no darkness, to be in Him we must keep in the light by having all our works known to His Witnesses, and abstain from works of darkness. I. Jon. i; 5-7. Eph. v; 13.

27. The writer of the foregoing Synopsis believes that the physical body, in addition to being a habitation for the soul, is both a tool or machine for the mind to do its earthly work with, and a chemical laboratory carried on by the vital principle without taxing thought or volition, to elaborate from food, drink and air, the ethereal essences of matter which compose the psychic body to succeed this visible frame, and form the spirit's dwelling till prepared to receive the true spiritual and resurrection body, which is altogether celestial, clear transparency, without mar or defect, on the higher, boundless, perfect and completely emancipated plane of eternal life. The psychic body, by some called the astral, by others mistaken for the spiritual, in which are stored all the fruits of earth life, is still natural, and common to all human natural creatures. But as we rise by spiritual progression from plane to planes higher, we cast off the external coating of the plane we leave and have no more use for it than has the physical body for its worn-out material, which is being constantly thrust aside by fresh supplies of new material moulded to meet the requirements of new uses and new environments. The celestial and eternal body is, at least in part, product of the Divine eternal life, of which it is the instrument. We have heard from the resurrection heavens, that there is no end to advance in eternal life. "For the faithful, God will be creating new heavens for their enjoyment through all eternity." (Mother Ann Lee.) That is, new environments for new evolutions of the inner consciousness. I. Cor. xv; 44. Ch. ii; 9-15. II. Cor. v; 1.

28. We believe the resurrection has no reference to dead matter, but is wholly spiritual, wrought in the soul, and is consummated by walking in newness of life. Rom. vi; 4. I. Cor. xv; 37, 50. Jon. xi; 25. Rev. xx; 4-5. Shall not they know, who have arisen?

29. Though for reasons apparent in the record, the Bible is esteemed superior to most books, we believe that Divine inspiration and revelation are not confined to any book, climate, age, nor race of people, but are given wherever and whenever needed to accomplish a Divine purpose. Acts ii; 17. Isa. lv; 10, 11. Ch. lxi; 11. I be-

lieve the Bible is a record of the purpose and dealings of the Eternal Spirit, to raise a selected branch of the human family (Gen. xviii; 18, 19,) into higher and purer degrees of moral and religious development, till it could produce the perfect man and model Teacher in the person of Jesus, the Nazarene. Isa. xi. Ch. lx; 21. Zach. iii; 8. Jer. xxiii; 5. Ch. xxxiii; 15. Luke xxiv; 27, 47. Thence onward to the formation of a Royal Priesthood, a nation of spiritual Teachers, Saviors, like Jesus, their Elder Brother and Leader. That by their ministrations in both worlds, all families of the earth shall be blessed Oba. 21. Rev. v; 9, 10. Peter ii; 9. Jer. iii; 15. Isa. xxx; 20. Ch. lxi; 6, 9, 10-11. Mal. ii; 7. Jon. xx; 17. Rom. viii; 29. Who are Christ's Elect, the few who enter the straight gate and narrow way, and are chosen from the many called, to be one with him as he is one with the Father, and to sit down with him in his throne, if they be not those Prophets, Teachers and Saviors who follow his example of crucifying unto death, their carnal mind? Phil. ii; 8. Who are the 144,000 virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, the twelve times 12,000 sealed out of all the tribes of Israel, who are given authority over the nations, Rev. ii; 26, if they are not these same people, constituting the general Assembly of the Church of the first-born in heaven and on earth? Ho, all ye Teachers and people who wish to know the uplifting, conquering power of the true Christ, and to prosper his cause in the earth for the redemption of human minds from error; come join this Order and live the life that Jesus lived! The Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and whosoever will, let him take of the fountain of the water of life freely.

30. We believe that Christ is the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God. That he is "The Lord from heaven, a life giving Spirit," with which every true disciple is anointed. That he is the image of the invisible God, and Son of His love. (Gr.) That he is the effulgence of the Father's glory, and the character of His substance. (Gr.) I. Cor. i; 24. Ch. xv; 45, 47. Col. i; 13, 15; Heb. i; 2, 3. That Jesus was the chosen vessel, in and by whom the Anointing Spirit was manifested to the world as the spiritual Bridegroom. Jesus was the first in our knowledge, that surrendered his own will so completely as to be cut off from, and crucified to the life of the world, till this Anointing Holy Spirit became his life, and enabled

him to say, "I and my Father are one. The Son can do nothing but what he sees the Father do. I do always those things that please Him." In this also he is our pattern. Ann Lee was the first woman that to our knowledge, followed this pattern so closely, as to become the manifestor of SOPHIA, the Wisdom of God, in the character of the Spiritual Bride in Christ our Helper. The spiritual Bridegroom and the Bride, we regard as the Father and Mother of all children of the New Creation. Jon. xiv; 16, 18, marg., Ch. i; 33. Prov. viii; 20 to 30. Isa. liv. Jer. xxxi; 22. Ch. xxxiii; 15, 16. Mica. iv; 8 to 13. Rev. xii; 1.

31. We do not believe in mysteries that admit of no rational explanation. We do believe in using our reason and unbiased judgment to test all spirits and spirit manifestations claiming our attention; also all doctrines and revelations represented to us as coming from a Divine source. I believe that the New Testament contains more Divine truth and less mixture of human error, than any book of its size written by mortal hands. I. Jon. iv; 1. Luke xii; 57. I. Cor. ii; 15. Ch. vi; 2. Matt. xiii; 11-16-23. Isa. i; 18. "Reason together," not to oppose and confute, but to learn and communicate the truth of life.

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* * *

Why persist in living in bondage?

Why make loopholes for our lower nature?

Truly, all is vanity and formalism is an insistence on the personal consciousness. The supreme importance of the race consciousness overrides our notion of propriety. The economy of Nature does not permit the superfluous. She regards it as an excrescence, a malady, which, in time, must be cured by her healthy instincts. The laws of Nature are simple because economy of energy is essential in the building of great purposes.

Yet, we surround ourselves with forms so that we may con-

tinue in our own personal, limited, selfish sphere. We call it protection!—protection from what? A monster of our own creation.

We build a fort,—a sign that we want to fight, not to live.

The laws of growth are not complied with by making shells, but by breaking through them. The kernel breaks through the strong covering, and the roots spread out in all directions. But beware, if they grow on any side more than on another: a storm will soon come and uproot the tree.

THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.

The keynote of the Indian Renaissance of to-day, is the great and increasing attention paid to the Vedanta Philosophy; and especially to the thought and philosophy of Shankaracharya. In the first days of Orientalism, and in the work of the Calcutta school, the significance of the Vedanta was hardly even guessed at.

Sir William Jones and his colleagues, full of the traditions of western and classical literature, sought in India chiefly for new developments of the literary forms that they were already familiar with. The Calcutta school looked for an Indian Iliad, an Indian Thucydides, an Indian Shakespeare; they placed the highest valuation on Shakuntala, and Manu's Code.

Working along these lines, seeking in India for an echo of Greece and Rome, they gradually arrived at an estimation of India's literature and thought which was distinctly unfavorable. Their attitude towards India became one almost of disappointment; they found that the "Indian Iliad" was less full of epic force, fresh, natural power, and heroic emotion than the Iliad of Greece. They found that the Indian Shakespeare had not the many-sided majesty of the bard of Avon; that Shakuntala, though full of beauty, and enamelled perfection, was not dramatic like Julius Cæsar, or Hamlet or Lear. And the Indian Thucydides they looked for in vain.

One may find a score of times in the work of the early Orientalists, the oft-repeated common-place that India has no history. But you will hardly find a hint at all that India has a philosophy: a philosophy second to none in the whole history of human thought. But the world is gradually waking to the recognition of this truth; gradually coming to see that Indian literature finds its singular value not in dramas like Shakuntala, however full of artistic perfection they may be; not in law books like Manu, however full of sociologic interest; not even in the epics, the Ramayana and Mahabharata, which are after all inferior in epic power to Homer; but in something else, different from all these; something that is hardly to be found in Europe at all, and for which the first Orientalists never thought of looking; in the philosophy of the Vedanta, with Shankara as its most lucid teacher.

It would be easy to prove this from a dozen recent works on

India and Indian Orientalism. One of Professor Max Muller's latest work—to mention only one instance—is almost throughout inspired by the Vedanta philosophy, and kindled by the spirit of Shankara. The very title of this book, "Theosophy of Psychological Religion," and the idea that underlies the title, are suggested by Indian thought, which above all lays stress on the interior light of the soul, on inner enlightenment and perception as the last and highest touchstone of religion and philosophy.

From no other source could have come the title "Psychological Religion"—religion, that is, based on the interior light of the soul, on the soul's own power of understanding—than from Indian thought. It is the very echo of the Indian *Jnana Marga*, the 'Way of Wisdom' that lies at the root of the Vedanta Philosophy. And the whole of Professor Max Muller's book carries out the prophecy of the title. It is the author's "last word on the highest subjects that can engage the mind of man"; and from first to last the solutions of these weighty problems, the highest that can engage the attention of man, are the solutions of India, the solutions of Vedanta, the solutions of Shankara. Yet another witness to the profound hold which Indian philosophy is gaining over Europe, is Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy in Kiel University.

Professor Deussen has won a very high reputation for careful research, sound philosophic method, and lucidity of thought; a reputation which extends beyond Germany, and is rapidly becoming European. I hope at some future time to touch more fully on Professor Deussen's studies in the Vedanta; at present I shall only quote one passage from his "Essay on the Philosophy of the Vedanta, in its relation to the Occidental Metaphysics," to illustrate the high value which he gives to this most perfect fruit of Indian thought.

"On my journey through India," writes Professor Deussen, "I have noticed with satisfaction, that in philosophy till now our brothers in the East have maintained a very good tradition, better perhaps than the more active but less contemplative branches of the great Indo-Aryan family in Europe, where Empirism, Realism, and their natural consequence, Materialism, grow from day to day, more exuberantly, whilst metaphysics, the very centre and heart of serious philosophy are supported only by a few who have learned to brave

the spirit of the age. In India, the influence of this perverted and perverse spirit of our age has not yet overthrown in religion and philosophy the good traditions of the great ancient time . . . The Vedanta is now, as in the ancient time, living in the mind and heart of every thoughtful Hindoo. It is true that even here in the sanctuary of Vedantic metaphysics, the realistic tendencies, natural to man, have penetrated, producing the misinterpreting variations of Shankara's Advaita, known under the names of Vishishtadvaita, Dvaita, Shuddhadvaita, of Ramanuja, Madhava, Vallabha, but India till now has not been seduced by their voices; and of a hundred Vedantias (I have it from a well informed man, who is himself a zealous adversary of Shankara, and follower of Hamanuja) fifteen perhaps adhere to Ramanuja, five to Madhava, five to Vallabha, and seventy-five to Shankaracharya. This fact may be for poor India in so many misfortunes a great consolation; for the eternal interests are higher than the temporary ones; and *the system of the Vedanta*, as founded on the Upanishads and the Vedanta Sutras, and accomplished by Shankara's commentaries on them, *equal in rank to Plato and Kant*, --*is one of the most valuable products of the genius of mankind* in his researches of the eternal truth."

Here we must leave Professor Deussen's admirable essay, to turn to two other thoughts suggested by it.

The first of these two thoughts is, that it is hardly to our own credit, hardly to the credit of the English in India, that the richest of all Indian products should be brought to the Western world almost entirely by others, that India's singular contribution to the wealth of nations should be perfectly estimated and truly valued by everyone but ourselves. It almost looks as if the last verdict of history would be that the English in their long sojourn in India had been blind to the most valuable thing India possesses. That we have been busy with temporal interests, and have neglected eternal ones, that we have spent our time in shaking the pagoda-tree while others have been carrying to Europe the secret of the pagodas, the sound, lucid and vivifying philosophy of India, which is a lasting contribution to the real wealth of the spirit of man.

It almost looks as if history must record that the English rulers of India were so completely the victims of "Empirism, Realism, and their natural consequence, Materialism," that they allowed Germany

to win the honor of bringing to Europe India's best gift,—a sane and coherent philosophy which is the best cure for the malady of materialism. Let us look to our laurels; let us make up for the time we have lost; an take advantage of our uniquely favorable position to collect and elucidate the documents of this great philosophy, as valuable as the best work of the West, equal in rank to Plato or Kant. A quite unequalled opportunity is enjoyed by Englishmen resident in the Deccan, the headquarters of the Vedanta, the stronghold of Shankara's school. Let us look to our laurels, for in two or three more years it will certainly be too late; the mines of the Vedanta will be appropriated by German workers; and we shall have lost a unique opportunity.

The second thought suggested by Professor Deussen's essay applies rather to the Brahmans than to ourselves. If Shankara's philosophy be really "one of the most valuable products of the genius of mankind," how is it that we know so little about Shankara himself? If Shankara be the spiritual equal of Plato, how is it that we are not as well-informed of the events of Shankara's life as we are of the events of Plato's? How is it, for instance, that we are altogether at sea as to the date of Shankara's birth; and are left to weave hypotheses on the chance words of Chinese pilgrims, hypotheses which may be several centuries wrong, and the subject of which is not an obscure poet of the long-gone golden age, nor a mythical hero of hardly less mythical past, but a philosopher equal in rank to Plato and Kant, the best teacher of a system which is one of the most valuable products of the genius of mankind, and whose date is certainly recent, compared with the vast bulk of Indian literature?

I am convinced that materials for establishing Shankara's date with certainty exist; that the year of his birth can be as surely decided as the year of Plato's or even Kant's; and this not by the chance remarks of Chinese pilgrims, but by the records of the schools which Shankara himself founded. The Shringiri *matham*, the chief school of Shankara's disciples, has been presided over by an unbroken chain of his spiritual descendants, from Shankara's life time till the present day. A record of these spiritual heads of Shringiri, of the Guruparampara chain of the great Paramahansa Paridrajaka, almost certainly exists at Shringiri *matham*; and most probably at the other *mathams* which claim Shankara as their founder. And

the record of the chain of teachers, with the time during which each held the position of chief, would settle Shankara's date completely, and give a firm historic basis to the study of his grand philosophy.

It would be a fitting response to the enthusiasm which is bursting forth in Europe for Shankara and his philosophy, if the Brahmans, whose greatest honor it is to be Shankara's faithful pupils, were to obtain a properly verified list of the *Gurus* of each of Shankara's *mathams*, a comparison of which would probably settle the great teacher's date once for all.

Let us quote one more sentence from Professor Deussen: "The Vedanta, in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death,—Indians, keep to it!"

ASCETICISM AND PASSION.

III.

As St. Augustine says, "those, who think that all moral evil comes from the body, are mistaken; it is not the perishable flesh which made the soul sinful, it is the sinful soul, which made the flesh perishable."

And the further the spirit separated itself from God, having broken through the bond of living love, the more antagonistic to the spirit grew man's sensuality, emancipating itself from the control of reason. Removing itself from God, the reason of man lost its point of support, and its power decreased. The harmony of man's life was destroyed, as God is the only true and normal atmosphere of the spirit, and the source of its strength and of its dominion over sensuality.

Every simple and natural function may multiply itself into many acquired functions by means of habits and preferences in satisfying this function. A past experience may become the object of desire every time a function is set in motion, and if repeated *ad libitum* it may become a function in its turn. The wrong tendencies of the body did not cause original sin, but came, as a great weight on the soul, as a consequence of original sin. When the dominion of the spirit decreased, all the lower psychic and the purely physiological functions of man spread themselves on all sides, increased and multiplied, having no governing principle to check and control them. And growing in intensity, they acquired the character of measurelessness. This last quality is especially remarkable if we compare the functions of a man to the functions of an animal. Man, whose object is pleasure alone, knows no bound in his desire, and the frequent satisfaction of some bodily function in man alone does not quiet desire, but on the contrary only excites it. Man alone crosses the boundary of a natural function, and becomes *unnatural*.

In the words of Basilus the Great: "those who have stepped over the boundary of necessity, as if carried down a steep incline, find nothing to detain them in their rush forward, but, on the contrary, the further they go the more certain it becomes that, in order to satisfy some need they will have to use as strong means as the preceding time, nay—stronger." And in the words of W. Wundt,

a modern German physiologist: "all the senses, developed in us, demand a greater and greater amount of irritation every time we want them to act, because a *psycho-physical law insists that the degree of irritation must grow in a geometrical progression, if we want our sensation to grow in an arithmetical progression*, in other words sensation grows in proportion to the logarithm of irritation."

As a consequence of man's faculties spreading away from the center of his life, their disjointed action became a possibility. No unifying principle, no harmonious interaction. Hence, the personal tendencies of a man influencing his reason, detracting from the power of the active will, and so producing moral cripples, all mind and no heart, or all sentiment and no reason, barren bookworms, fanatics, cranks, not to mention the insane.

But the most vivid expression of the disorganization and the one-sided activity of man's faculties is to be found in passions.

Passion always is an indication of the lack of harmony and of freedom in the condition of man's faculties, from which both his objective dignity and his subjective welfare suffer. The Greek word *patos*, so greatly in use amongst the early Christian writers, includes all and every suffering. Hunger and thirst, fatigue and decay itself are passions. And don't we talk about our Lord's passion, just in the same sense?

The one-pointed narrow concentrated interest, that we are only able to feel when under the influence of some passion, can not fail to affect the will, and so in the long run a passion can not fail to become a disease of the will. Preëminently so, though it does not mean that our other faculties also are not affected by it to their detriment. St. Augustine is especially eloquent on this subject, but there are many Church Fathers beside him, who deserve to be quoted. One of them for instance, defines passions as "evil moods of the will." Another says: "in the whole range of creation there is no evil at all, which is independent of the will and has an autonomous existence."

In short, a passion may be defined as an intense and prolonged desire, which despotically rules over a rational creature and can become manifest only in cases of the weakness of the will. Says Gregory of Nicea: "if the reason (*mens* or *nous*) weakens its hold on the inclinations and longings, which it has in common with all the creatures in the world, these inclinations become a passion."

All the endless variety of passions are classed by the early Christian writers in eight chief divisions, which are divided into *bodily* and *psychic*. Yet this division does not indicate that these writers claimed any passion to be purely bodily; on the contrary the bodily passions are regarded by them as the results of psycho-physical conditions. More than this. The author of the article definitely states, that the center of gravity in either case is to be found in the *soul*.

Desire before it has become a passion is composed of three elements: first, an unsatisfied inclination, generally accompanied by a feeling of depression; second, the imagining of an object, which could satisfy this inclination; third, the recollection of the pleasurable sensation the satisfying of this inclination gave on previous occasions.

The pleasure, a man can experience by merely *imagining* the satisfying object, may reach such a high degree of intensity, as to almost become equal to the real pleasure of the real satisfaction. But the thing is normal only in such cases, when the intensity of this feeling is well proportioned to the *reality of the need*, which aroused the inclination. In such a case the sensation itself is nothing but an accompanying moment of secondary importance.

Yet our self-observation will soon inform us that the elements, which constitute the desire, are hardly ever so well and regularly proportioned. Quite the contrary, we all know, that the imagining of the object, which is able to satisfy the inclination, and the anticipating of the pleasurable sensation which will accompany the act of its satisfaction, can and do awaken in us the inclination itself. And in such cases the satisfaction of an appetite is undertaken only for the sake of the pleasant accompanying sensation, and the nervous system related to this or that function of man's life becomes abnormally irritable, always demanding a satisfaction far in advance of the real bodily need.

In short, the center of the so-called bodily passion decidedly lies in the psychic region, and ought to be subservient to the will. This idea is frequently expressed by the ancient Church writers.

They say, for instance, that "the normal condition of the body is to be the servant, not the master of the will"; that "flesh is sane only, when the will knows how to keep the bounds of impulse within

control"; that "overeating can occur not through any demand of the flesh, but because of the inattentiveness of the soul: the body needs food, not overeating; everything beyond the necessary needs of the body belongs to the psychic nature"; that "it is right that man should seek woman, when offspring is his only and exclusive object, otherwise he will be committing sin"; and that "in all things wrong use becomes a sin."

According to the Fathers of the Church, the psychic man is always the real culprit and the responsible party, whether we consider his psychic distortions and irregularities in themselves, or in the slackness of the hold the will of man has over his lower and irrational faculties. " 'Evil moods of the will,' 'irregular action of the reason,' "—these expressions constantly occur in the writings of the Church Fathers. According to them "from the irregular action of the reason spring all the passions," for "if a passion is deprived of the support of the reason, the irritability of the bodily function will always be something unlasting and impotent."

And now we come to the most important point, which ecclesiastical psychology has given us.

The fundamental, the central, the formative element in the formation of passion is no normal or even abnormal desire in itself, but *the action of the thought*, the pleasure the thought takes in it, the thought itself. Ascetic literature is full of such expressions as "evil thought," "irregular thought," "impure thought," "shameful thought," "intemperate thought." The seat of the evil for all these authors is in the thought, as will can only communicate with the flesh through thought.

A man can not be enslaved by one-sided predilections, weaknesses and passions, unless his thought complies with it. The essence of all moral evil lies precisely in the fact of the man having gone away from the *regular way of thinking*. This going away was caused by Adam's crime, which tore the thoughts of the soul from the love of God, confounding them with the thoughts of the matter, of the earth.

From this point of view, all the object of an ascetic's life is the acquiring of the true control of his reason, so that a man may "rule his mind in his thoughts." The achievement consists in learning to

resist "crooked thoughts." The Holy Spirit guides the man by means of "worthy thoughts."

The great task of a Christian, therefore, is to educate his thoughts, to enlarge the field of their action, to uplift them and by constant unremitting exercise to learn to correlate them to the will of God. Ascetic or lay, all possible human progress lies, according to the Eastern Church, precisely in the proper subjugation and regularity of thought, in the power the will of the man has over his thoughts.

And, to quote a Father of the Church for the last time "Some are ever watchful over their thoughts, and so accomplish the whole great task within themselves."

A REVIEW.

Gilman, Lawrence. PHASES OF MODERN MUSIC.
16 mo. Ornamented cloth, uncut edges, gilt top. \$1.25 net.

The author decidedly has the observant eye and the listening ear turned inwards. This is a ground fact, which can not fail to appeal to the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. Varied are the informations of the author, and carefully chosen—perhaps, too carefully—the wording. Yet what attracts and holds the attention is a certain spontaneous wistfulness of thought, which permeates Mr. Gilman's writings. Once or twice, in former years, the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM had a chance to judge for themselves by articles printed therein. And "Phases of Modern Music" is but a farther proof of it. Here are samples:

" . . . Is it seeing very far into the dramatic substance of the play to find in it nothing more vital, more immediate, more important, than the symbolization of facile asceticism? . . .

"It is not the redemption of Amfortas through the conscious compassion of a guileless simpleton that is the essential fact. The stage of the drama is in the heart of Parsifal himself: it is *his* redemption, *his* regeneration that is accomplished. There is the vital lesson: that none may look upon the Grail and know it in the splendid moment of its illumination until he has first become aware of the vivid reality of other lives and of the common life—until, in his brother, he has found himself. That is the awakening, the enlightenment: the realizing of our common humanity, our common destiny. With that intuition and knowledge, and not without,—we are to understand,—is regeneration attained. Only so (is the message) can we discover our own selves; and only so may we sense divine and dæmonic things.

"Redemption—objective redemption—is not, then, the key-note of this searching spiritual fable, as we are so commonly told. It is Parsifal, not Amfortas, who is redeemed: he is the real beneficiary. It is undeniable, of course, that Wagner was obsessed by the motive of objective redemption—particularly the gracious, but spiritually invalid, ideal which conceives of woman's self-sacrificing love as an instrument of salvation—the informing principle of "Der Fliegende

Holländer," "Tannhäuser," and, in part, of "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

As "Siegfried" could have been achieved only by a genius whose heart was swept by the sudden tides of youth, so "Parsifal" could have been achieved only by one whose heart had come to know the dreaming wisdom of the seers. That there are many who "would rather be with Cathal of the Woods" than gain the remoter paradise is scarcely surprising; but it is not so, as they have maintained, that in that gain would be heard no more "the earth-sweet ancient song of the blood that is in the veins of youth."

"We hear much of the decadence of Wagner's creative powers as evidenced in this final legacy of his inspiration. Recent commentators deplore the evil days upon which the magician of Bayreuth had fallen before his death, and eager scalpels have laid bare the supposed defects of his terminal score. Something, indeed, may be conceded them. It is undeniable that in "Parsifal" Wagner has not written with the torrential energy, the superbly prodigal invention, which went to the creation of his earlier works: he is not here, unquestionably, so compelling and forceful, so overwhelming in vitality and climacteric power, as in the exuberant masterpieces of his artistic prime. But never before, on the other hand, had this master of illusions shaped such haunting and subtle symbols of suffering and lamentation, of sadness and terror, of pity and aspiration. He has written with a more flaming intensity, a more continual inspiration, in "Tristan," in "Götterdämmerung," in "Siegfried," in "Meistersinger"—in the first he is more impassioned, in the second more tragically puissant, lovelier in the third, more immediately human in the fourth. But in no other work are to be found those qualities of grave and poignant tenderness, of august beauty, of essential exaltation, that make the score of "Parsifal" the great and moving thing it is. Not elsewhere in Wagner's writing is there such a theme as that which the commentators have chosen to identify as the "second Herzeleid motive," which appears for the first time when Kundry, in the garden scene of the second act, tells Parsifal of his mother's anguish after he had left her; nor has he equalled the portentous impressiveness of the chromatic passages of the "changing-scene" in the last act; and how piercing are the phrases with which the "Good Friday" scene closes! Above all, how in-

effably lovely is the benign and transfiguring music of the final scene, wherein one may discern a signal of that purification through pity and terror whereby we are put in touch with immortal things.”

SAINTS OF IRELAND.

Saint Patrick and his immediate followers founded many churches, monasteries and schools. We can judge of the spread of his teaching, if we remember that these churches were generally sixty feet long, thus giving room for many worshippers. They seem to have been built of stone, almost the first use of that material, since the building of the archaic De Dannan pyramids. One of the most ancient churches in Ireland is in fact within a few miles of the pyramids of Brugh on the Boyne. It is at Donaghpatrick on the Blackwater, its name being modernized from Demnach-Padraig, "the church of Patrick." The church was founded by the apostle on land given him by King Laegaire and was erected by the order of the King's brother Conall. Other churches were founded by Saint Patrick at Saul, Armagh and other places, and in the century following a series of religious buildings were constructed in many parts of Ireland, a number of which have been more or less perfectly preserved to the present day.

One of these groups of religious buildings is on an island on lower Lough Erne, about two miles north of Enniskillen. The island is called Devenish, a name modernized from Daim-inis, "the island of the oxen." The first religious settlement was made there under the guidance of Molaise about the year 530 A. D. The House of Saint Molaise, an oblong building with a very high roof was perfect only a hundred years ago, but has since fallen into ruin.

At Clonmacnoise, a name modernized from Cluain-maccu-Nos, "the meadow of the sons of Nos," is another very ancient foundation, begun in 548 by St. Ciaran of Kieran, on ground given by Diarmuid the High King. It is on the bank of the great river Shannon, nine miles below Athlone; and the school which grew up here gained a reputation throughout the whole of western Europe. It became the chief seminary for the sons of the princes and nobles of Connacht.

It will be remembered that Saint Patrick landed at Strangford Lough in County Down. At the north end of this great inlet of the sea were two famous schools. The first was founded at Magbile, or Merville, by Saint Finnian, in the year 555 and had Colum of the Church as its most famous pupil. Five miles to the north, close to

the seashore, was the famous college of Beanncor, or Bangor, a name derived from Beann, "a pointed hill," founded by Saint Comgall in 555.

About the same time Saint Coemgen, "the fair born," popularly known as Saint Kevin, founded a church and school at Glendalough, the "vale of the two lakes" in Wicklow, and during the centuries which followed this was one of the best known and most frequented centers of religious learning in Ireland. Saint Kevin's House is one of those high roofed buildings which we learned to recognize as the oldest form of religious architecture in Ireland. It is slightly larger than the House of Saint Molaise at Innismurray, on the Sligo coast, but very similar.

Druimcliab is the site of another early school. This name meaning the "Ridge of baskets," has been modernized into Drumcliff. It is five miles north of Sligo and is the scene of a very famous incident in Irish church history, connected with *The Third Patron Saint of Ireland*, Saint Columban or Saint Columba, the most famous saint of Irish birth.

Colum, to give this great man the familiar form of his name, was born at Gartan in Donegal, about 521. His father was Fedlimid, one of the chiefs of Irish Dalriada, while his mother belonged to the royal family of Leinster. Colum was thus a great-great-grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages. He was educated first at the school of Clonard, "the meadow of Erard," founded by Saint Finnian about the year 520, in the southwest of Meath; and later continued his studies under the same teacher, at Movice, in County Down. His other teachers were Saint Ciaran at Clonmacnoise, and several other famous abbots and bishops. Colum was later called "the preceptor of the Twelve Apostles of Ireland." In 553, he founded the monastery of Durrow, in the north of what is now the King's County. Colum had early gained the title of "Colum of the Church," from his piety as a child, and his later history gave a new meaning to this name, which is, in Irish, Colum-kill. In 550, he founded a monastery at Kells in Meath, and his house, very similar to the dwellings of Saint Kevin at Glendalough, and Saint Molaise at Innismurray, is still to be seen there. These were only a few among many churches which he founded between 546 and 562, the year before his exile.

The cause of his exile was as follows: A dispute arose over a copy of the Book of Psalm, which Colum made, from a manuscript belonging to Saint Finnian, his teacher at Clonard and Moville. Finnian claimed the copy. Colum refused to give it. The dispute was referred to King Dermot. The king, following the principle laid down in the Brehon law: "to every cow belongs its calf," decided that "to every book belongs its copy," the earliest decision on copyright recorded in our history. He therefore awarded the book to Finnian. Colum refused to accept the decision, and appealed for aid to his tribe. A fierce dispute arose, culminating in a great battle, at Cooldrumán, near Drumcliff, a few miles north of Sligo. This battle was fought in 561, and the partisans of Colum were completely victorious. Tradition says that three thousand of their opponents were slain. The evil which Colum had thus brought about, drew down on him the reprimand of the entire Irish church, and he was advised to seek voluntary exile, which he did shortly after the battle.

Saint Columba, as Colum of the Church is generally called, went forth from his native land in 563, with twelve companions, on his mission of expiation. He was then forty-two years old, and has the lasting honor of being the first of the Irish disciples to carry the Message to other lands. Colum and his followers went to the little island of Iona, off the west coast of Scotland, which was then part of the Scottish Dalriada, that is, the colony of Ireland established in "Alban." Here Colum founded his world-famed monastery, which became a center of missionary work among the wild Picts of the Scottish mainland. Colum adopted the same methods which Patrick had used in Ireland, with results almost as wonderful. Soon churches and schools sprang up through the dominions of the Picts, the schools which he built being counted by hundreds.

This work of expiation thus splendidly begun and carried forward, Colum deemed himself entitled to return to his beloved native-land. He visited Ireland several times, going from one of his early schools to another, and took part in the famous synod of Drum-Ceatt, held in the year 575. Here he gained two noteworthy victories. The first was the securing of Home Rule for the Irish colonies in Scotland, the Scottish Dalriada which we have already twice spoken of. The second was the revocation of a decree against

the ancient order of bards, whose poetry Colum himself ardently admired and diligently studied. While still a deacon he had been instructed by the famous bard Gemman. In the same year he founded the religious school of Drumcliff, close to the battlefield of Cooldrumman, a work of expiation for the great wrong-doing of his early life.

Speaking of the wonderful powers possessed by Saint Columba, his biographer Adamnan says: "To return to the point in hand: among the miracles which this same man of the Lord, while dwelling in mortal flesh, performed by the gift of God, was his foretelling the future by the spirit of prophecy, with which he was highly favored from his early years, and making known to those who were present what was happening in other places: for, though absent in body he was present in spirit, and could look on things that were widely apart, according to the words of Saint Paul, 'He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.'

"Hence this same man of the Lord, Saint Columba, when a few of the brethren would sometimes inquire into the matter, did not deny that by some divine intuition, and through a wonderful expansion of his inner soul, he beheld the whole universe drawn together and laid open to his sight, as in one ray of the sun."

Amongst many instances of this spiritual clairvoyance or divine intuition, the following is, perhaps, the most striking: "Another time also," says Adamnan, "Lugbe of the tribe of Mocumin, of whom I spoke already, came to the saint one day after the grinding of the corn, but the saint's countenance shone with such wonderful brilliancy that he could not look upon it, and quickly fled in great terror. The saint gently clapped his hands and called him back; then on his return the saint asked him why he fled so quickly. 'I fled,' he replied, 'because I was very much alarmed.' Then becoming more confident, after a while, he ventured to ask the saint, 'Hath any awful vision been shown to thee just now?' The saint answered, 'A very fearful vengeance hath just now been executed in a distant corner of the world.' 'What vengeance?' says the youth, 'and where hath it taken place?' The saint then addressed him thus: 'A sulphurous fire hath been poured down from heaven this moment on a city which is subject to Rome, and within the Italian territory, and about three thousand men, besides women and chil-

dren, have perished. Before the end of this year Gallican sailors shall come here from the provinces of Gaul, and tell thee these same things.' His words proved true in a few months; for the same Lugbe, happening to accompany the saint to the Head of the Land (Cantyre), inquired of the captain and crew of a bark that had just arrived, and received from them all the news regarding the city and its inhabitants, exactly as it was foretold by the illustrious man."

(To be Continued.)

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The Yellow Emperor was once journeying round the north of the Red Sea, and he climbed to the summit of the Kuenlün mountains. On his return to the southward, he lost his magic pearl. He besought his wits to find it, but in vain. He besought his eloquence to find it, but that was also in vain. At last, he besought Nothing, and Nothing recovered it. "How extraordinary!" exclaimed the Yellow Emperor, "that Nothing should be able to recover it! Dost thou understand me, young man?"

WU WEI.

THE NOBLE TRUTH CONCERNING SORROW.

There are hours sometimes in late springtime, when, after rain, the sky clears and one can see for immense distances over the luminous and newly adorned world. All things have a transparent beauty, and tell of another life more divine, more blest than ours.

In the life of our passionate wills and longing, too, there are such springtime hours, when all things are lit up with an unearthly light, and we can see far and deep, to the inner realities so long hid among the mists. Let me take such an hour to record something of the deep conviction that I hold, deeper and surer than life itself, that all this wonderful world, with its beauty and its terror, its longings and its deprivations, its suffering and death, is deep founded on law and love. The world is full of sorrow, yet I am convinced that sorrow comes not from the world, but from the heart of man: that we are the creators of sorrow, which, without us, would have no being at all.

This seems to me the pedigree of sorrow; with a persistence which one day we shall purify and turn to our divine life, we seek certain things that seem our dearest good. But the things we seek would often offend the best part of ourselves, or would offend and hurt and touch with deprivation our other selves. We are therefore seeking something that is wrong for us, and would do wrong for them, and the good law of love lays upon us the burden of sorrow, until the lesson is learned.

We are hardly willing to admit, we strayed children of divinity, how strongly our affections are sat on material things. Not on rocks and trees and mountains, rivers and the unresting sea, or other like things properly called material; but on things far less beautiful than these, on the desires and longings of our own bodies. We will hardly admit, even to ourselves, how large a part of all our unrated longings refers directly to the surfaces of our bodies. Strayed children of divinity that we are, we should really have quite other hopes and aims; we should be concerned with the real things of our real life. But we do not see or recognize this. We are sincere dupes. Our longings present themselves as genuine natural wants, and we are deceived and allured by them to our unending sorrow. Yet deep within the heart there is the voice admonishing

us that we of divine ancestry should look elsewhere for our well-being, and if we heeded that quiet voice at first, we should escape from many pains.

There is something blinding in passionate desire, something which, as we yield to it, grows to a slow frenzy, and surely hides deeper and deeper the things of our nobler life. It is the smoke that enwraps the flame, confusing, deadening and fouling the light, so that, instead of clear radiance, there is a lurid glow, throwing gigantic shadows about us, which we take for malignant powers of the outer world, but which are shadows cast from within ourselves. Then, as there is much power in us, heritage of our life, which is divine even when submerged, we begin to create a little world of misery about us, which gradually shuts out from us the great real world of quietness and joy. Passionate desire for strong indulgence through the senses is a kind of poison. At first it deludes and fills us with phantasm. And even when we conquer, we are destined to long periods of pallid convalescence, before we shall once more taste real joy, the glad delight of the immortals.

Taken in large draughts, this passionate longing for indulgence makes great and conspicuous suffering, deep and far-reaching pain. But merely sipped, as most of the children of men take it, it carries only the numbness and half-blindness of materialism; of the millions whom we see all around us everywhere, leading dumb, slow lives full of want and deprivation. At first sight it would appear that there are purely material causes for the vast material misery so abundant among the most advanced races. Progress and poverty are linked together, yet not at all by economic causes. It is just the blind holding to material desires, material life, material resources and refuges, on the part of the numb and half-articulate millions, which makes all this misery. It is like a theatre panic where there is no fire; the surging together, the crowding of people in fear of death, creates a real danger, a real disaster, where no danger was. So our deprived and scanted masses are a panic driven mob, pushing half-blindly, half-unconsciously, yet very persistently, towards their material goal, and so crowding against each other, that they build the whole fabric of material pain and want.

The hideousness of the poor quarter in a great city is the visible expression of the forces of dull desire that bring it about. It

is created by tens of thousands of deluded hearts, full of dull material desires, very tenaciously held, though rarely breaking out into hot passion; and, for this very slowness, bringing a sorrow which is equally numb and slow. Yet the desire for material indulgence is just the same here, as in the most passionate tragedy, though less conspicuous and dramatic. And the illusion of materialism wrought by this desire is not less complete, though it lacks the wildness and lurid light of more fiercely passionate natures. The multitudes are blinded by dull desires; blinded to the laws of love and divinity that are everywhere around them. They are so certain of the good of material life, that they clutch at it with convinced, tenacious fingers, drawn together into an even denser crowd, and bringing the slow constriction which expresses itself in poverty and want.

Great responsibility for this blindness dwells with those, who by their very profession and calling, should be teaching the way of life and declaring the law of the divine world. If the teachers were less heartily set on just such a worldly life as is the ideal of their congregations, they would be better able to show the path out of the labyrinth; out for the most part, instead of leading the crowd to the open doorways, they are first in the panic, as eager and ardent after the goods of material life as the least of those whom they profess to teach. The truth is that they become blinded by all this worldliness. Having eyes, they see not. They gradually obscure the divine faculty, the inner spiritual eye which keeps watch over immortal things, and, with growing blindness, they increasingly fail to see their unfitness to lead and guide; they become blind leaders of the blind, and the small old path is utterly forgotten. All this, in good faith, in sincere conviction that they are right. For it is part of the evil of desire, that it blinds us even to our blindness.

This is the first secret of sorrow. It is the fruit of desire for bodily indulgence, a desire purely psychical, and therefore blinding in the psychic world. And it is absolutely true, that the monitor is perpetually present within us, warning us of the real nature of desire, and of great danger. Yet so complete is our delusion, that we go deeper and deeper along the way of pain.

The second cause of sorrow is uncharity. This is a graver evil than the first, and does keener and sharper and deeper harm. Yet

this evil also springs from a delusion, no less gross than the desire for material and bodily indulgence. There dwells in us a certain divine sympathy, a willingness to let our hearts go out to each other, a willingness to open them to the divine life which is everywhere around us, calling us out of ourselves, as the sun calls the flowers forth from the buds. Side by side with this high and excellent power, there dwells another, less amiable, less worthy. It prompts us to assert our separate selves, as against the self in others, as against the great all wrapping divine life. Here also, however, the element of sincere delusion is strong, almost universal. Few, very few deliberately say: "I will injure my neighbor, to gratify myself." Still fewer say, or would dare to say: "I will shut out the great divine light, to nourish the self-importance of my own narrow and mean heart." But these things they do, none the less surely because unconsciously. It appears to them, to us, indeed, for we are all sinners in this regard, that we are in each case only seeking our own legitimate good, against envious or hostile people around us; or in the face of hard, inhospitable fate, which torments and threatens us. So we hug ourselves and harden our hearts. Thus we create the second cause of sorrow, one far keener, more piercing, more blinding than the first.

We are really born to largeness and generosity of feeling, for these are a part of divine nature, of which we are heirs. We even applaud with genuine, sincere approval the large and generous quality in others. Yet watch the immediate workings of our hearts, far from large and generous, for the most part. Everyone of us is, to speak, tarred with this brush of ungenerous thought and ungenerous speech. I have been watching the movement of my own thought and the speech of my mind for the last few days, in this very manner, with illumining results. Certain things, entirely through faults of mine, became entangled and confused, bringing much superficial irritation, and some deeper suffering with them, as my merited fruit, sown and grown solely by myself. In the disentangling of it all, I got some help, as much as I would allow, from one good friend, in the way of keen counsel, giving things their true value, though I at first refused to admit this value. Well, even now that I see the matter clearly, in the quiet after-light of a fully gained experience, I find my mind doing what? Genuinely grateful for

good counsel and sincere help? Anything but that. On the contrary still keeping up a dull, persistent nagging, addressed to my friend, accusing that friend of all ungenerous and unamiable qualities; which do, indeed, exist between us, but not on my friend's side.

Suppose the large wrongs of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness to be dwarfed and stunted, covered with smoke and grime and in other ways rendered mean and small, they would fairly represent the furniture of my mind, for days at a time. A perpetual diminishing of the good qualities of others, a readiness to find fault, to indulge in the mean inner evil speaking, which is often the silent running accompaniment to outward politeness; a perpetual tendency to make mean little comparisons in my own favor and to the other's detriment, a most generous description to myself of great virtues of heart and mind, with a wonderment that the world at large is not more struck by the magnificence thereof. But a stubbornly rooted determination to hold my own, the fortress of my insignificant personality, against my neighbors and against the gods, which is a bad enough thing to account for half the sorrow of the world, and indeed does account for it.

One last self-rendered compliment. I do not believe that in this habit of mental evil speaking and evil judging I am quite exceptional, though I do believe that, with a highly active mind, with more than the ordinary psychic energy, I may do more active harm thereby, than most of my neighbors. But I am firmly convinced that here also it is exactly the same as with the great tragedies of passion, which are rare and exceptional outbursts of a very common quality. This inner comparison, self-complimentary, deprecating others, is a thing spread far and wide among the brethren and sisters, who have only to look a little closely to see it in themselves, as clearly as each one of us can already, with *yogi* insight, perceive it in our neighbors. In the vast mass, it is dull and numb, generally taking the form of envy directed against the exceptional and gifted nature, or the class which, through long sacrifices and tried courage, has risen to a higher level in the great world of life. But present it is, as a perpetual whispering and humming, in the wide expanses of our minds, and the degree to which all life, day in and day out, is embittered by this running commentary, will only be realized when

we give it up, cease from inner evil-speaking, and learn to give others, without exception, that large and generous measure which, also without exception, we have from the beginning been dealing out to ourselves. And this should be kept in mind: it is not the tree of evil-speaking and evil-judging which is our chief danger and cause of sorrow, it is the root of the tree that must be cut. That root is egotism, self-centeredness, self-seeking, the setting of ourselves always first, as against others, as against the great circumambient divine life. This is the seed of sorrow, the root of all evil. We really do not matter in the portentous way we think we do; and in any case the good law, minister of boundless divine love, is there to take care of us. But even if we do portentously matter, we are only making it hard and ever harder for ourselves by our self-centered hardness and self-seeking. For if we do matter, it is because we can be of service to others, of use to the divine law of life and love. And these ends we do by no means serve by hugging ourselves together, and brooding over what are really our self-inflicted wounds.

If there be the noble truth concerning sorrow, there is not less the law of sorrow's ceasing. Here is a path, easy and gentle enough for the tired feet of our poor humanity. Do not try passionately to drive yourself into bitter asceticism, as a cure for bodily indulgence. But try instead to feel more and more the great powers of the divine and the immortal that are bending close over us. Let your weary heart be more pre-occupied with these high and lasting things, and with the great longing for them, and, guided by this golden clew, you will soon find the ways of life's labyrinth becoming a little more clear. Then try a little to soften your heart. Seek not your own. Try not to put yourself first even in thought; but seek rather what is due to your neighbor, and how your neighbor's need may be served. Think generously of others. The golden seed is in them all, and you may presently find it. But most of all, open your frightened and sore heart to the quiet beneficence which is the heart of immortal life, and in which we do in very deed rest, as in everlasting arms. There will be a long, slow convalescence, but what else could come after so long an illness? But with every day there will also be a great and increasing delight, rising finally to the bliss of the immortals; no private benefit, but available for all the world.

"RESIST NOT EVIL."

"Resist not evil." By attacking evil or evil-doers we only increase their force. So with hypocrisy, hatred, pretension and all the other symptoms of a sick humanity: do not seek to repress them; build for health.

Here is the pitiable and abject spectacle of a man who has made a little throne for himself and sits aloft, gazing down upon his fellows. Yes, he says, they are good people, but he, he has a very special gift, an almost unique faculty of advising others, or of foreseeing the future, or what not: and he waves his gift before you.

Now comes the devil, urging—"knock him off his perch." And the devil argues: "He will mislead others; will deceive them. You must save them. Open their eyes to the fact that he is pretentious." Beware of that devil! Leave the manikin on his perch; do not dispute his possession of that extra filament connecting him with wisdom. Leave him alone. But when the next inquirer, trembling, approaches him, down on your knees to that inquirer, and tell him how divine a thing *he* is. Take his little, inquisitive, fearful heart in both your hands, and knead it till it is big, as big and as light as the sun in space.

Going on your knees will alarm him. No matter. It will catch his eye. "O most adorable and God-like Man, I salute you!" (After this you may arise). Then talk to him.

What! he thinks he cannot "hear," cannot "fore-see," does not know what to do! God in Heaven—what is he? Is he not a Man? Does he not know that he has lived and "heard" and "fore-seen" for innumerable millions of years; that he is greater than time and death and the angels? (If he dares to think at all, he will now think you quite mad. But again no matter. You will catch his ear.)

He doubts what you say? Why, what did he do but ten minutes ago? Was he not given by mistake a piece of gold for silver, and did he not chase the giver and restore that to which he *felt* he had no right? He did. And does he realize that this was wisdom, as great in essence as that of Solomon? And last night, did he not dream of a song he had never known? Why say he cannot "hear", when he can catch the songs of the Immortals? And what are these

fires (these rather timid fires) that burn in him? Lust and wrath! Good. For the fires in themselves are pure. He has merely lighted them in hell instead of in heaven. The same fires, blazing with love and power, soaring upward instead of earthward, will light up the darkness of the worlds. (Just see how his heart begins to glow).

Now say to him: come forth from thine unutterable insignificance. Gaze toward the Ancient of Days and fear not, but claim him as thine own, as thy Lover, as thy very Self. Say it ten thousand times if there be need: That thou art; that glory, that bliss unspeakable, that Something which knoweth nothing because it is all and everything. There is naught thou canst not do; there is naught thou canst not be. That Will—yesterday did it not magically restrain thy fear?—that same Will, linked with the universal, can build pathways for the stars. Surely it can raise thee, even thee, to majesty. O heaven-born, eternal man, how wonderful thou art!

And now that thou knowest it—what art thou to do? See yonder image on his self-made perch—the oracle. Scorn him not. Go to him; kiss his feet; whisper to him: “O dreamer of dreams, I know thee. Thou thinkest thyself different from others; more favored. Thou art not different,—but so infinitely greater than thou thinkest. And I worship thee because in spite of thyself thou art a Man. Come with me and be my brother and climb with me to where that Light shines of which we are the distant flashes. Or, better still, sit with me; we will open our hearts and the Light will find its own.”

Evil vanishes when we evoke the best.

SAINTS OF IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Colum was not only a lover of the bards: he was himself a bard, and several of his poems, in ancient Gaelic, have come down to us. One records his first departure from Ireland, when he was exiled by the synod of Tailtin. Ben Edar, mentioned in it, is the Hill of Howth, close to which Colum had spent many months in study.

Delightful it is on Ben Edar to rest,
 Before going over the white, white sea,
 The dash of the wave as it launches its crest
 On the wind-beaten shore is delight to me.
 Delightful it is on Ben Edar to rest
 When one has come over the white sea foam
 His coracle cleaving her way to the west,
 Through the sport of the waves as she beats for home.
 How swiftly we travel! there is a grey eye
 Looks back upon Erin, but it no more
 Shall see while the stars shall endure in the sky,
 Her women, her men, or her stainless shore.
 From the plank of the oak where in sorrow I lie
 I am straining my sight through the water and wind,
 And large is the tear from the soft grey eye
 Looking back on the land that it leaves behind:

Besides founding schools and churches in many parts of Ireland and planting out posts of Christianity and learning amongst the pagans of Scotland, first at Iona and then at many places on the mainland, Columba was an indefatigable literary worker. He wrote both in Latin and in Gaelic. In the latter time he composed the Irish poems, a part of which we have quoted. He used his knowledge of the former chiefly in the preparation of copies of the Latin Gospels. He is said to have transcribed three hundred copies of the Gospels. So great was his renown for beautiful penmanship that tradition has ascribed to him the writing of the famous Book of Kells. It is true that this wonderful manuscript comes from one of the monasteries founded by Columba, but it was probably written in the century after his death.

Adaman thus records the Saint's departure: "Colum Cille, son of Feidlimid, apostle of Scotland, head of the piety of the most part of Ireland and Scotland after Patrick, died in his own church in

Iona in Scotland after the thirty-fifth year of his pilgrimage, on Sunday night, the ninth of June. Seventy-seven years was his whole age when he resigned his spirit to heaven." This event belongs to the year 596 A. D.

Let us try to give a picture of the foundling of one of these schools and the life led by its inhabitants. At the heart of each one of these undertakings we find some man of fine character and strong personality, a born leader. Such a man had already gathered round him a group of disciples and followers, men as devoted as himself, yet recognizing his superior genius. Such a community of master and disciples gained the sympathy of a tribal chief or provincial king, who made a grant of land for local habitation and probably added a gift of cattle. The chiefs had for centuries been accustomed thus to grant land and cattle to their adherents and the old practice was continued with a new purpose. The land thus given to the teacher and his disciples always consisted of forest, pasture and arable land. It was generally chosen on the bank of a stream which supplied pure water and fish. This was the raw material from which the monastic settlement presently arose. The teacher and his pupils went with their axes to the woods to cut down trees to build their dwellings. Others herded the cattle, or yoked the oxen to plough up the new fields, and later quarried the stone to build their church. They themselves made all the furniture for their church and their houses. Besides carrying on all the industrial activities thus suggested, the pupils studied indefatigably with their master, learning to read and write both Irish and Latin. Their most important work was the preparation of parchment from the skins of goats and sheep to be used in making the finely written manuscripts of the Gospels and other works. The schools took the place of printing houses, and as the missionary work spread, not only in Ireland itself, but in Britain and among many nations on the continent, there was a great and increasing demand for these Irish-made books. Numbers of them are still found in places as remote from Ireland as Milan and Schaffhausen.

These schools in time received many gifts in jewelry and gold from native chieftains and those who attended the services in their churches. The gold and jewelry were used to make beautiful church vessels, chalices, crosses and croziers, all decorated in the

native style, with embossed tracery marvellously interlaced, the same patterns that were used for the initials and head-pieces of their illuminated manuscripts.

The schools were also places of refuge and rest for weary travellers who received hospitality, kindness and care, until they were ready to continue on their way. It was the custom at such a school that each student should build a hut for his own use, and as some of these early schools had as many as three thousand pupils, they were more like towns than monasteries.

The schools founded by Columba and his successors in many parts of Scotland follow the same model; and in the next century the same system was extended through the north of England. The pagan Saxons and Danes of Northumbria were the first to receive these Irish schools which brought them a knowledge of reading and writing as well as the rudiments of the Christian faith. The Monastery of Lindisfarne on an island off the coast of Northumberland was founded by the Irish monk Aedan in 634 A. D.; Finan and Colman, the two next heads of the Monastery were also Irishmen.

Thirty years after the founding of Lindisfarne the English historian Bede makes an entry which sheds some lights on the position of the Irish schools. Speaking of an epidemic of sickness which ravaged England in 664 A. D., he says: "This pestilence did no less harm in the island of Ireland. Many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation were there at that time: and some of them devoted themselves to the monastic life: others chose to apply themselves to study. The Scots (Irish) willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with food, as also to furnish them with books to read, and their teaching, all free."

It was about this time that Alfred, King of the Northumbrian Saxons, spent a period of exile in study in the Irish schools. He began of course by learning the Irish language. When he left Ireland some years later he recorded his impression of the land which had so hospitably received him, in a Gaelic poem which has come down to our days:

"I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel and food for all.

Gold and silver I found and money,
 Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
 I found God's people rich in pity;
 Found many a feast and many a city . . .
 I found in each great church, moreover,
 Whether on island or on shore,
 Piety, learning, fond affection,
 Holy welcome and kind protection . . .
 I found in Munster unfettered of any
 Kings and Queens and poets a many,
 Poets well skilled in music and measure;
 Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.
 I found in Connacht the just redundancy
 Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
 Hospitality, vigor, fame,
 In Cruacan's land of heroic name . .
 I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
 Hardy warriors, resolute men.
 Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
 And strength transmitted from sire to son . . .
 I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
 From Dublin to Slewmary's peak,
 Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
 Song-loving worthies, commerce, wealth . . .
 I found in Meath's fair principality
 Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
 Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity—
 Ireland's bulwark and security.
 I found strict morals in age and youth,
 I found historians recording truth."

As a general picture of Ireland, in the seventh century, this poem is of singular interest, none the less that it comes from an English King.

THE ONE RELIGION.

Several months were allowed to pass between the publication of the second and third parts of this series, owing to the impossibility of the author and the editor coming together to discuss certain points, concerning which the editor was in doubt. At a recent meeting between the two it was arranged, however, that the rest of the series should go in as they were originally prepared by the author for a course of lectures at Green Acre, Maine, in the summer of 1904. In this way, they hope, the author will have a better chance to do justice to his subject, in the eyes of the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. The Editor, however, reserves the right to inform the readers that in this series the very justifiable enthusiasm of the author gives, perhaps, rather an undue preponderance to the Babi faith or Baháism, as compared to other faiths. Not that the editor finds fault with the *Bab* or his followers, but simply that there are other founders and other faiths, which deserve just as much gratitude and veneration, on our part.

EDITOR.

III.

In the last paper the result at which we arrived was that, broadly speaking, the common element of religions are ethical codes and the inculcation of the practice of love to God and to man; that obedience to the former leads to the latter, so that the rules of conduct seem to have been promulgated in order to develop the capacity to love in the character; and that, therefore, the practical portion of all religion may be resolved into the practice of love. We concluded that the power which explained religious martyrdoms, as in the early days of Christianity and more recently in the history of Baháism—which prompted the victims of persecution to sing and dance in the midst of tortures and as they went to death—was a fervent love for God and man, intense, eager, vibrant, unconquerable; that this accounts also for the rapid spread of true Baháism and for the fervor of spiritual fire and devotion to be found all over India to-day. We saw that in developing this capacity to love, external aid and stimulus, as of a teacher or leader, seemed necessary, and the question was suggested: Why is not this external influence uniform?

Why do we see variations among the several peoples of the earth, from age to age, in the manifestation of religious force? Why is it most signally manifested, now, for instance, in Christianity, now in Mohammedanism now in Bahâism? Why is it that the very ancient religion of India has not lost its former vigor, as is the case with some other old religions, but still abounds in spiritual fervour, as though in its prime?

These are the questions which we proposed for consideration in this paper.

Sociology has no doubt attempted to explain these phenomena; but as sociology ignores the most important element in the problem, the element of Divine influence, its conclusions have, I think, little present interest for us.

It is my purpose rather to offer you the explanation which one meets in India; in which, we may be sure, nothing relating to the Divine will be omitted. I remember to have called on a Superintendent of Police in South India, a vigorous man of about fifty years of age, and to have heard him remark, in the course of a short conversation, that he was very desirous to retire, and hoped to do so soon; and that he would then live so that he could spend all his time in thinking of God. What indeed must be the spiritual *status* of a country where policemen are devoted to the Lord!

Let me remark, by way of preface, that while what I have to say to you merges upon the transcendental, it is not a speculation of my own or of any other isolated individuals; but that it is the actual belief to-day prevailing among the intelligent portion of the two hundred and fifty millions of the Hindu population of India, or at least so many of these as have preserved their respect for the traditions and institutions of their own land, and their confidence in them, against the materializing influence of Western ideas and education. As a national belief, therefore, it is certainly entitled to our respectful consideration.

It is also probable that what I am about to say will uncover to you a phase of Indian life which is new to you, and you will wonder why, if true, these facts have not come to you before. The currents of Indian life run very deep, and are well concealed from the casual investigator. The average tourist, or, indeed, the ordinary scientific investigator of social customs, would not be apt to obtain the

slightest inkling of the deep-seated beliefs to which I am about to refer. I shall tell you only what I have learned through a year's residence in the country, under circumstances very exceptionally favorable for obtaining reliable information on these subjects.

The extreme difficulty encountered by Westerners in learning about these matters is such that I am not aware that I can refer to any publication in support of my statements with the exception of Mr. Carpenter's "*From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*," which deals intelligently and entertainingly with some phases of this interesting and, in the West, little understood subject. With regard to this work, a distinguished Hindu has said in the Westminster Review for September, 1902: "It is the only Western account of India which shows a knowledge of the great under-currents of Indian Life."*

I have found that there is widely recognized among the more intelligent of the natives of India a science of spiritual things, called *Jnânâ*, Wisdom. This science is said to deal with the principles which underlie both the visible and invisible and spiritual worlds, and to be based upon actual and immediate perception of spiritual things and of God. It answers the questions which Western science has either confessed itself unable to answer or has answered unsatisfactorily to most persons, as, for instance, the purpose of human life, the reasons for the performance of duty, the nature and limitations of the mind, the existence or non-existence of a soul in man, of God, of a future life. And in answering these questions, this science necessarily indicates the true relations of man to the external world, and the attitude towards it, and the conduct of life in it, which are best for him to observe.

The masters of the Science of Wisdom are called *Jnânîs* or Knowers of God. They are men who are reputed to have attained to that stage of development where they directly perceive God and spiritual things. It is said by them that the soul (*âtma*), the consciousness (*sakshi*) or the true *ego* of man, terms which they use convertibly, is a thing apart from both the physical body and the *manas* or mind, these latter being only its instruments. The ordinary man does not distinguish between the consciousness which knows and the mind which thinks, because the two are so involved with

* P. Arunochalam, District Judge in Kwinnegale, Ceylon.

each other as to seem inseparable. Thought succeeds thought without cessation except in deep sleep, and the ordinary man not unnaturally concludes that the thinker is no other than the knower, otherwise called the soul or the Self.

The common view, therefore, is that thinking and sleep embrace the whole range of human experience. But the *Jnânis* affirm that if all thought is forced to run down to a perfect calm and sleep is kept off, a new world of experience opens out. When the soul is in association with the mind and is engaged in witnessing the operation of the mind, the materiality of the mind and its worldly nature are reflected on the soul and intensify its original obscurity, so that in wakeful moments it sees nothing but the world, and in sleep unmitigated darkness. If the energy of the soul is withdrawn, as it may be by proper training, from the planes of sense and thought, the soul attains knowledge unconditioned by time, place or other divided existence, and such knowledge is knowledge of God, knowledge of the Infinite, as distinguished from knowledge of the finite or the world.

A writer of whose work I shall have much to say further on, discusses this subject as follows: "We know as a fact that we see, hear, touch, taste and smell; we know also that we think. The expressions 'I know that I feel,' 'I know that I desire,' 'I know that I think,' mean only that one is conscious of those states of being, namely, the states of feeling, of desiring, of thinking. *Consciousness*, therefore, is the Being which knows and must not be confounded with the states or sensibilities induced in consciousness through the excitation of the senses and thoughts. When such sensibilities are discarded, what remains is consciousness pure; though such is the constitution of the human mind that men wanting in powers of clear introspection confound the consciousness with thought. So rapidly do the senses strike on the consciousness, and so constantly do thoughts present themselves from the very moment consciousness wakes from sleep to the moment it falls asleep again, that it is cheated with the blar illusion that it is identical with thought and the senses, even as thought is cheated with the blar illusion that it is identical with the body. The truth, however, *as experienced by saintly men*, is that consciousness or the true Self is wholly distinct from thought and the senses, just as the latter are

distinct from the tangible body. But men of the world, men who have not become sanctified in spirit, do not know this truth. In one of the oldest and most sacred songs of the East it is well stated that, "separate from all thought and the senses, yet reflecting the qualities of them all, it is the Lord and Ruler of all" (Svetasvatara Upanishad, ii, 117). Consciousness, or the true self, or the *soul*, or the *spirit*—for these are all synonymous terms—knows the senses and thoughts, but the senses and thoughts are not subtle enough to know the Soul, their "Lord and Ruler. When consciousness stands isolated or freed from the senses and thoughts, it will *know itself*. Nothing *else can know it, except God*. The soul thus freed is called the sanctified spirit."¹

The attainment of this spiritual knowledge or *Jnānam* is not, it is said, open to everyone who chooses to apply himself to its acquisition, since instruction and training are not the only requisites for reaching it. A certain ripeness of nature, full development of neighborly love and other high virtues must be present as a foundation. Without these, instruction and training would be ineffective, nor would they be given by these competent to impart them.

The distinguishing characteristics of *Jnānis* are said to be kindness, compassion, love for all that lives, patience, forbearance, resignation and contentment under all circumstances whatsoever, non-resentment of injury, unwillingness to exact retribution from those who have harmed them. It is said that they are incapable of hatred or other evil passion, that they are unwilling to judge others, that they are utterly indifferent to worldly power of every kind, whether it be wealth, office, rank, or social position; that they have no concern about providing for their future, having perfect confidence in the infinite Power and Mercy of the Lord, but spend their lives in laboring for others as ministers of God. In brief, the character commonly assigned to them is the same as that associated in the West with Jesus of Nazareth.

It is said that the *Jnānis* live in all parts of India, and that there has never been a time when they were not to be found there. They are not, however, numerous; probably, I am told, not more than one

¹.—Commentary on St. Matthew, by Sri Parānanda, p. 96; Kegan Paul, London; H. W. Percival, 244 Lenox Avenue, New York City.

in ten millions of the population. They live for the most part retired lives; but some times they travel much from place to place, teaching and preaching. They are usually without property, and are cared for by their disciples, or by the people with whom they happen to come in contact. The people of India as a whole are most anxious to serve holy men, and no one who is thought to be devoted to the service of religion will be allowed to want. There are also some *Jnânis* who live in towns and cities engaged in the usual occupations of life, generally looked upon as ordinary men, their spiritual *status* being known only to those few persons, who have been drawn to them as disciples. These men are regarded be the most exemplary of citizens, the best and kindest of husbands, fathers, brothers; in short, they are esteemed to fulfill most perfectly all the duties of life. Yet while in the world they never forget that they are not of the world, and in all their actions are performed, not with the object of profiting by their fruits, but as service to the Lord. The following lines by one of them, who long occupied a high post in one of the states of Southern India, indicate the attitude which they observe towards worldly enjoyments.

While I live in shady groves, fragrant with fresh-blown flowers;
 While I drink cool and limpid water, and disport myself therein;
 While I find enjoyment in sandal-scented breezes, which move
 through the court like gentle maids;
 While I revel in the day-like light of the glorious full moon;
 While I feast on dishes of various flavors, seeming tempered with
 ambrosia;
 While I am passing off into sleep, after much merriment, bedecked
 with garlands and perfumed with scent,
 Grant me, O Shiva, who art true, spiritual and blessed, all-filling,
 indivisible and substrate of all, grant me the boon of never
 forgetting Thy grace, that I may avoid the perils of the pleas-
 ures of the world.—(Tayumanavar Saccidânanda Shivâm, II).

The *Jnânis* stand for the highest and most sacred ideas of the Indian civilization, for all that is finest, noblest and purest in it. They are the offlorescence of the life of the nation; and of the life of the nation as a whole, not of any sect, creed or division of it. To them all external religious forms are alike. The Brahman, the

Buddhist, the Christian, the Mohammedan or the Agnostic are the same to them. Development of character and aptitude for receiving spiritual instruction are the only credentials which they regard. The most enlightened men of India have always gone and still go to the *Jnânis* when seeking spiritual light; for, it is said, they can always be found by earnest seekers for truth. Still, as of old, their prayer is:

“O Saint, teach us, for thou art the way, and there is no other for us.

“O Saint, thou art the way, thou art the way.”

(Maitrayana Upanishad).

I am the way, said Christ Jesus (John XIV, 6). I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.—(ib X, 9).

The founder of the Babi faith called himself *Bab*, that is, door or gate.

The retirement in which *Jnânis* live may seem extraordinary to Western minds. Why, we are inclined to ask, do they not proclaim themselves and make their knowledge as widely as possible known and available to men? The answer is that religion must be adapted to the needs and capacities of the people; that religious or spiritual knowledge must be graduated like worldly knowledge; and that while the exoteric religions of India are well suited for the masses, the higher aspects of truth cannot be assimilated by them. Were the teachings of the *Jnânis* widely disseminated among the people, the effect would not be helpful, but rather confusing and disturbing to those minds which delight in ritual and other forms of concrete thought. Further, it is said that it is not necessary that they should publicly proclaim themselves in order that those who are fit to receive their instruction may learn of them, since he who is prepared for such knowledge always finds them. If one inquires how the *Jnâni* is discovered, one is told that the Lord of the Universe draws the seeker to the Teacher. Such is the infinite solicitude with which He watches over men, that whoever *needs* a spiritual teacher is certain to be led to one.

(To be Continued.)

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No one is in the least sense useless. Everything, from the speck of dust, to man, from man to God, has its own special, indisputable place in the vast scheme. If one single thing were utterly useless, it would be out of the scheme, separate from the One Life; which is unthinkable.

The human race consists of entities who are beginning to take conscious part in the project of nature, and, in a sense, may be said to be of more definite importance, for the time being, than the animal and lower kingdoms.

To condemn anyone as useless is to revile against God. Whatever our superior judgment may lay down, there are no drones. If our associates are apparently idle,—perhaps they need rest. In all cases peace and rest are reactions from strife and labour.

Everything, everyone, has a work to perform: to garner experience for the Great Brahm.

SIMPLICITY.

It has long been a hobby of mine that spiritual truths were so simple, so trite and obvious, that that was the very reason we overlooked them. We hear many expressions of exalted facts in big words of three or four syllables. They sound fine and we puzzle our brains to extract the meaning and often, I hope, do intellectually grasp the author's idea. But too often the spiritual essence of the truth is missed because it required brain effort to understand it. A learned man tells us that the two greatest weapons nature has with which to fight the neophyte are sexual instinct and the idea of separateness. That sounds very grand and we begin to wonder what it really means. First of all we are offended at the idea that nature should be opposed to the neophyte at all. We thought that spiritual evolution was in accord with nature. Then we remember having read somewhere that nature does oppose the efforts of anyone to master her secrets, and that it isn't until the mastery is accomplished that she turns round and is the willing and obedient slave of the aspirant. So we guess that nature must have been referred to in this sense, and then we go on with our analysis and speculate as to what is meant by the sexual instinct and the idea of separateness. Doubtless we would each come to a different conclusion. However, when we do reach a conclusion, and get an idea out of the sentence, the idea it conveys to us, we think how it applies to us, or how we should alter our conduct to accord with it. If very devoted we may register a resolve to henceforth begin a fight against the sexual instinct and the idea of separateness without really knowing what either of these two battles means. Perhaps before we fairly begin the battle we read something else that appeals to us just as much or more. We are told to cultivate the "higher carelessness," or that if we meditate on Atma or throw ourselves on the Higher Self that we can ignore all other rules, as they include everything else. We think to ourselves "That's just what I wanted. One solid rule that I can keep always before me and follow blindly and stop bothering about the plethora of confusing and conflicting advice that reaches me from all sides." And when we have this firmly settled in our minds, we find to our dismay that meditating on Atma and throwing ourselves on the Higher Self do not mean anything definite enough for a working hypothesis, and so we are at sea again.

I fancy that most of us have had such experiences, maybe are having them, and it is to these latter I especially address myself.

At the last analysis all spiritual rules, principles and precepts, are simple to the last degree. So simple that any child can understand them. The important ones have been phrased for us over and over again by the great spiritual teachers. Many of the most famous of these were described in a series of articles in this magazine, published about a year ago. It may be worth while to refer to them in this connection. It will be seen that just plain everyday "goodness", of the most commonplace sort, is what we, together with Christians, Buddhists and all other religious denominations, are striving for. Did you think Occultism or Theosophy meant something more than this? That we left these virtues behind and worked at higher and more recondite and more difficult tasks? If you did, you had better get the idea out of your head and begin all over again and try to be just plain "good." The very greatest need for most of us, our quickest and shortest route to Heaven or Nirvana or Reunion, or whatever word we use to express our goal, is to cultivate the homely virtues; the doing of our plain duty, patience, gentleness, unselfishness, the kind that gives his dinner to someone who needs it more than he does, not the kind who refuses Nirvana for the sake of Humanity. There will be lots of time to cultivate this latter kind after we have acquired a fair stock of its simpler prototype! Abstemiousness, control of all organs, faculties and senses, chastity, truthfulness, charity, mental, moral and physical tolerance. What we want to avoid is not the idea of separateness, or the becoming a *Prayeka Buddha*, but such simple things as selfishness, jealousy, backbiting, slander and evil speaking, gluttony, lust, lying, envy, malice and uncharitableness.

If we took the Sermon on the Mount or The Noble Eightfold Path as our only guide, and lived up to their simple teachings, and threw away all our occult books, I believe we would be better off at the end of our incarnation than if we continued to ignore and overlook simple things in a vain effort to live up to elaborate and mystically expressed occult standards of conduct, thought and life.

Now two words of warning.

First, I do not mean to detract in anyway from the devotional books we have in our Theosophical literature. I believe them to be the clearest and most elaborate expressions of spiritual truths the

world has ever received. They have been the chief comfort and solace of many minds and souls for years. But just because they are so mystical, so thorough and so elaborate, I find them not suited for all natures, and make this plea for simplicity.

Second, one must not gather from what I have said that I believe any religion teaching a simple system of ethics as good as Theosophy. I do not. I believe Theosophy has one supreme, paramount advantage over all other systems, and that is that it gives us a *basis* for ethics. It explains *why* we should be good. Not because God commands it, or because we will go to Hell if we don't or because a priest tells us to, but because to be good is a law of nature, which like all other natural laws punishes those who break it, and will keep on doing so forever if necessary until the lesson is learned and the disobedience ceases. Because sooner or later we must be good, and the sooner we are the better for us. This law, the Theosophic basis for ethics, can be phrased in countless different ways, each of which will appeal to certain understandings. Each of us can work out his own.

To sum up therefore, let us not forget the simple virtues, taught us as children, and really underlying all the mystical books and beautiful phrases we read so much. Let us turn occasionally from our contemplation of the Absolute, from our efforts towards union with the Supreme, and give a thought or two to whether or not we are cheerful at home, patient at the office, generous and truthful to our friends, indulgent and tolerant to the faults of others and ruthless when dealing with our own.

In other words let us be *good*, for we must be before we can be occultists.

THE UNFINISHED TALE.

At an oasis in the desert two caravans met. After the travellers had washed and refreshed themselves, they threw themselves down under the palms by the spring for repose and for thought, each according to his own nature and after the fashion of his kind. While the soldier planned further action, and the poet dreamed his song; while the sluggard dozed at intervals in his thoughts of luxurious repose and the lover thought of the world's desire mingled, with scorn for the man of affairs hard by who made calculations in a small worn pocket book amid the fumes of his pipe, there came to them a new voyager, an old man from the desert, accompanied only by a youth and these but craved water from the spring. But one of the attendants presently came forward and whispered his soldier master that the old man was an Arabian teacher whose fame was spread throughout the confines of Arabia, and that now he travelled to Mecca with one of his pupils.

Rousing himself the soldier approached this venerable man, and asked him to be seated amongst them, whereat the Arabian, assenting, asked if it would be agreeable for the company that his pupil should make music for them, which the youth presently did, most pleasantly, singing to a small instrument, not unlike a mandolin, which he carried.

After this, one of the company sang a ballad, and another told the unpublished facts of a famous episode, and, each contributing while the sluggard had their cups filled with a rare wine he carried with him, it befell at last that the venerable Arabian was the only member present who had contributed nothing to the cheer of the company.

Remarking this, and seeing also that because of his age they did not press him while their attitude showed respect towards him, the Arabian, turning to the soldier, who had, as it were, naturally, and by common consent taken control of the proceedings, proposed that he should in his turn tell a tale. At this, much satisfaction was evinced by all present, and even the attendants and camel drivers edged gradually near the group permitted at first, at last unnoticed, forgotten, as they themselves forgot all else in the absorbing interest of the tale. For in his own land the Arabian bore a name which

signified "Master-of-the-heart," as if the human heart were a lute on which he played at will, which was no less than the truth.

It was a simple tale, he told, the tale of a youth who longed to taste life to the full, to feel and see and know and love and hate and fail and conquer and—without more words—to touch, one by one, each note of life's octaves and to compel the music from them.

Whether the sound were sad or sweet, he longed to produce it himself and to taste the power of the sound. So with a great effort this youth freed himself from confining circumstances and set forth upon the first stage of his journey. And as the Arabian told these things, the little breeze which heralds the dawn arose; the palms shivered; the low sigh of the desert awaking to life, the faint hum of insect life of the oasis and the grunt of the camels anticipating the start, mingled and deepened, attracting the attention of the Arabian, who with apologies for so long holding their attention, broke off his tale with these words.

"So now behold the youth, alert, vigilant, nerved to all endeavor and sure of himself, confronting his first great adventure. Will he conquer?—or will he fail?"

Reluctantly the travellers resumed their journey, and for a time their routes lay together. All day each hearer thought of the tale of the Arabian, imagining the state of the youth and the next chapter of his adventure, for the tale was one which knocked mightily at the heart of every man. But at nightfall, when a halt was called and all prepared eagerly to hear what next befell the youth in his great adventure, the Arabian was found to have disappeared from the company, not one of whom ever saw him again. And loud and prolonged was their regret. Far to the Southward rode he whom they missed, and when at nightfall his pupil begged of him that he might continue the tale, the teacher, indulgently smiling said:

"Nay; but thou shalt thyself live that tale. The years will tell it as I cannot."

On their separate paths through life went the hearers of the Arabian. But still the tale had its hold upon their minds and went with each on his way. Remembering its power and pathos, each told it, when the hour for tales came round, in his own fashion, and as the years passed, each half unconsciously added to the tale; each carried the fabled youth past the threshold of his first great adven-

ture. The soldier read into the story war, action and a soldier's trial; his temptations, his defeats—which were many—his triumph—final and complete. The man of affairs, the poet, the sluggard and every other invested it with a colour and a meaning typical of each. Even the poorest camel driver, much sought amongst his fellows in caravans because he knew the wonderful tale, wove into its final stages the possession of two camels, some date trees and a young beauty of an alien tribe won to wife. Each man had an audience of his own type, wherever he went, and as each (whether from truth, loyalty, or a shy shrinking from himself as mirrored in it) always attributed the tale to the Arabian, the fame of the story grew and his fame with it. At last, in the dull season, a daily journal published a version of it, calling it "An Arabian tale." Learned pundits disputed concerning its source. Literary students praised or dissected or copied it. Even the smart set yawned over it for an entire quarter of an hour and some went so far as to coin a new word from it, a word descriptive of the gait of the last Ascot winner. In one or another way, all these and every hearer felt the power of the humanity of the story and thus at last its fame reached back to the confines of the desert, and all Arabia knew at last that Master-of-the-heart was a supreme teller of tales, one known in all lands, even the land of the masterful Anglo-Saxon barbarian. Concealed but very great was then the pride of the Arabian.

One day the renown of the great tale came to the ears of that young singer, the pupil of the Arabian, now a man of middle age. Long had he pondered the wonderful tale, and now he thought once again, and then took his camel and travelled to the village where the master in his great age abode. Here, amid the restrained but deep joy of the master's household, the pupil told of the fame of the story and the maker, even showing it to them in the strange, uncouth lettering of the English barbarians' "day book," whose tales are known in Arabia to be lies of wondrous inventive ability but no basis of truth in them. Hence it was doubtless a day of much rejoicing in that far English land, when their day book printed a new and true tale.

When the household at length retired, and each lay dreaming of his share in the renown of the Master, that Master and his pupil looked one another in the eyes. The Master was first to speak, as is fitting.

“That which is to be read in the eyes of man, oh my pupil, is at times well confided to the hearts of the faithful.”

“A truth told to the Wise is as a drop of pure water returned to the spring, oh Master! What thy pupil meditates upon is the real meaning of the wonderous tale.”

“And what meaning givest thou?”

“Without guile and without offense, oh thou, Master-of-the-heart?”

“As thou sayest.”

“Then the meaning discerned by thy pupil is this: Fame is to the truly wise what the perfume is to the Rose. An attribute to the giver of God and springing from the very nature of the Rose. Yet is not the consciousness of the sweetness there a part of the consciousness of the Rose?”

The Master smiled.

“Truly thy speech shows thee to be still my pupil, and at this mine aged heart must rejoice,” he said gravely and courteously. “And, as thou sayest, a well earned fame is sweet to the human mind and, being well earned and justly due, may please the wise man well. But, think again, my pupil. Were it true fame and just due if the Master-of-the-heart were to play upon that heart, only in order that fame might accrue to himself?”

The pupil meditated but a moment ere he answered:

“Master, who art ever more my Master, tell me the true meaning and ending of that unfinished tale.”

“Man, my pupil, is its meaning. Life, pupil of mine, were its ending, could life ever end. Perchance some one among the hearers of my unfinished story, which so many have finished for themselves, each reading himself into it and loving himself as he so read—perchance some one may at length discern that man himself is the tale and its meaning, a tale which is the object of all knowledge, the truth at the bottom of Life’s well. Desiring that the memory of my tale should dwell with men until some among them, knowing its history, should discern the meaning, I gave it forth without an ending. For well I knew that that which is never reached, that which is unattainable, dwells longest in the changeful mind of man. Also that every man must, in his human nature, read himself into the tale of Life. And so, my pupil, thy Master hoped that were it but one reflective mind among the many minds, that one might glimpse the

meaning of my unfinished story. That meaning is: Man, know thyself."

The pupil touched his forehead with the hem of the teacher's robe.

"Truly thou art wise amongst the wisest;" he said.

"Not so, my pupil. For not one mind, not even thine, has understood my tale. This thou callest fame is to me the failure of my teaching. And, I am old, too old to teach again. I pass—I am myself an unfinished tale."

SLEEP.

“ . . . A great portion of our lives passes in the unconsciousness of sleep, and perhaps no part is more usefully spent. It not only brings with it the restoration of our physical energies, but it also gives a true and healthy tone to our moral nature.

“Of all earthly things sleep does the most to place things in their true proportions, calming excited nerves and dispelling exaggerated cares. How many suicides have been averted, how many rash enterprises and decisions have been prevented, how many dangerous quarrels have been allayed, by the soothing influence of a few hours of steady sleep!

“ . . . Its healing and restorative power is as much felt in the sickness of the mind as in those of the body, and, in spite of the authority of Solomon, it is probably a wise thing for men to take the full measure of it, which undoctored nature demands.

“ . . . Some men have claimed for sleep even more than this. The night time of the body, an ancient writer has said, is the day time of the soul, and some who do not absolutely hold the old belief, that it is in the dreams of the night that the Divine Spirit most communicates with man, have, nevertheless, believed that the complete withdrawal of our minds from those worldly cares which haunt our waking hours and do so much to materialize and harden our natures is one of the first conditions of a higher life. In proportion, said Swedenborg, as the mind is capable of being withdrawn from things sensual and corporal, in the same proportion it is elevated into things celestial and spiritual.

“It has been noticed that often thoughts and judgments, scattered and entangled in our evening hours, seem sifted, clarified and arranged in sleep; that problems which seem hopelessly confused when we lay down are at once and easily solved when we awake, as though a reason more perfect than reason had been at work when we were in our beds.

“Something analogous to this, it has been contended, takes place in our moral natures. A process is going on in us during those hours, which is not, and can not be, brought so effectually, if at all, at any other time, and we are spiritually growing, developing, ripening more continually while thus shielded from the distracting in-

fluences of the phenomenal world than during the hours in which we are absorbed in them. . . .

“Is it not precisely the function of sleep to give us for a portion of every day in our lives a respite from worldly influences which, uninterrupted, would deprive us of the instruction, of the spiritual reinforcements, necessary to qualify us to turn our waking experiences of the world to the best account without being overcome by them.

“It is in these hours that the plans and ambitions of our external worldly life cease to interfere with or obstruct the flow of the Divine life into the will.”

Lecky’s *Map of Life*. Compare the above questions with the following passage of Charles Johnston’s *Song of Life*:

“ . . . Every day we wage our warfare with the world. Every night, when the throb of desire and the whirl of the senses grow still, we sink, as we call it, to sleep. We might more truly say we arise to our awakening. The shadows of our desires hover awhile around us, haunting us as we linger in the borderland of dreams. As our desires were, so are our dreams: things fair or hideous, grim or radiant with lovely light.

“But dreams soon fade and desires cease, and we enter into our rest. We pass from the world of the senses to the realm of immortal will. We enter in through the golden portal, far better than the fabled gates of ivory or horn, and for awhile we are immortal in power, immortal in peace. For without power there is no peace.”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling's success is chiefly due to two things: intensity and movement. If we think of his work as a whole, we pay immediate tribute to his intensity. We call up vivid spaces of gorgeous colour, full of rich tones and strong contrasts, and with a plentiful admixture of gilding, like a Byzantine mosaic. The broad and magnificent effect is gained by the accumulation of numberless small spaces of vivid colouring, all of the utmost definiteness, all highly burnished, and mingling in our imagination in rich, metallic luxuriance.

While we watch this highly tinted mosaic, with its broad gold spaces, figures begin to detach themselves from the general mass of colour; elephants, brown men, dogs, red-coats, horses, all running, furiously running. They are excited, and they carry us along with them, in their excitement. This is his power of movement. The two together are as stimulating and overpowering to the nerves as surf-bathing; and, in the dash of the spray and the swish of the water, no wonder if we forget that there are other things in the world besides surf; that there are shadowy forests, and mountains ribbed with snow.

It is only when we come to make an inventory of sense-impressions, that we realize how great is the difference in faculty between man and man; not so much between the less and the greatest, as among men admittedly of the first rank. Let me give an instance. Mark Twain will write a description of Spring which makes one's mouth water, so full is it of the luscious sense of young growth and budding freshness; yet from beginning to end he never uses the word green. He tells you, instead, that everything was so solemn, it seemed as though everybody you had loved were dead and gone, and you almost wished you were dead and gone too, and done with it all. He gains an intensely vivid effect, but it is altogether an effect of emotion, not of sensation. We feel what he is describing; we do not see it.

Again, Mark Twain will write of an evening when the moon was swelling up out of the ground, big and round and bright, behind a comb of trees, like a face looking through prison bars, and the black shadows began to creep around, and it was miserably quiet and still and night-breezy and grave-yardy and scary. And he will

probably complete the picture by saying that all the sounds were late sounds and solemn, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell too. Here you have a train of emotions, not sense-impressions at all.

Rudyard Kipling's vividness is the very opposite. It is wholly a matter of sensations, of sense-impressions, appealing equally to eye and ear and nose. There is no emotion or sentiment at all. The sense-impression is transferred to us complete, and then he leaves it to us to call up whatever emotion his picture produces. Mark Twain, on the other hand, transfers to us the emotions direct. Here is a moon scene to compare with the other. Rudyard Kipling is describing Delhi, on a hot and breathless night. He sees everything; the moonlight striping the mosque's high front of coloured enamel work in broad diagonal bands; each separate dreaming pigeon in the niches and corners of the masonry throwing a squat little shadow. If you gaze intently at the multitude, you can see that they are almost as uneasy as a day-light crowd; but the tumult is subdued. Everywhere in the strong light, you can watch the sleepers turning to and fro; shifting their beds and again re-settling them. In the pit-like courtyards of the houses there is the same movement. The pitiless moonlight shows it all. And the writer, with as little emotion as the moon, paints it all, in vivid impressions on our senses.

His ears are as alert as his eyes. They note how a drove of buffaloes lay their ponderous muzzles against the closed shutters of a grain-dealer's shop, and blow like grampuses. A stringed instrument is just, and only just, audible; high overhead, someone throws open a window, and the rattle of the wood-work echoes down the empty street; on one of the roofs, a hookah is in full blast, and the men are talking softly, as the pipe gutters. Every sound is delicately heard, and accurately rendered. The sense of smell is not forgotten: "from obscure gullies fetid breezes eddy that ought to poison a buffalo."

All this vivid detail is to gain the same effect which Mark Twain reached by saying that the sounds were late sounds; high up and solemn, and the smells were late smells, too. And against Mark Twain's mere white and black, Kipling has a whole range of moonlight colours, ebony, brown gray, ash colour, yellow, silver, and steel-white. When he paints the morning, Iris dips the woof: the witchery of the dawn turned the gray river-reaches to purple, gold,

and opal; it was as though the lumbering *dhoni* crept across the splendour of a new heaven.

Take another piece of vivid colouring, in a wholly different field; the description of Jan Chinn's tiger: "lazily as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave, and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. Never had he seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was staringly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dappled like a child's rocking-horse, in richest shades of smoky black on red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange, and his tail and paws were black."

We could almost draw a picture of the tiger, after reading this. Yet, oddly enough, the artist who illustrated the story, leaves out all these distinctive marks. Perhaps he had not the nerve to draw a tiger dappled like a rocking-horse, just as the artist of another picture leaves two ships half a mile apart, when Kipling tells us only fifty yards separated them. Again, why draw an American locomotive with a cow-catcher on the Ganges bridge? These are mistakes of a type which Kipling himself religiously or perhaps we should say, intuitively, avoids. It is noteworthy, on the other hand, that we take his tiger very quietly; it does not give us creeps and thrills and chills, as it would if Mark Twain were the showman. Kipling is all sensation, with hardly any emotion at all.

(To be Continued.)

THE ONE RELIGION.

III.

(Continued.)

On the other hand, the quest of one who seeks to discover a *Inâni* from mere motives of curiosity will end in naught. A person may, it is said, be in daily association with one for years, even though knowing of the existence of such men and being desirous of meeting them, without suspecting his spiritual *status*. Several instances of this sort have been related to me, which happened to natives of the country; and it is well understood that *Inânîs* will not disclose themselves except to those who seek them for their spiritual guidance and are fitted to profit by it.

Such then are the men who are reputed in India to guard the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. Greater than all priests, above all formal religion, they furnish the goal, the incentive, but for which formal religion would cease to exist, or, as in many other parts of the world, would degenerate into mere empty ceremonial.

Filled with fervent love for that Supreme Lord whom they have actually known, with whom they are in constant fellowship, they have the gift of communicating that fire of love to others, or rather, perhaps, it flows *through* them from the Lord, "the Source of all Gifts," and this stream of Divine Grace, handed down from spiritual father to spiritual son, spreading abroad from one to another by virtue of simple association and contact, is that which makes of the religion of India a living, vital force, and which has preserved its vigor through the countless ages of its history.

That these men are channels for the direct manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Lord Himself is the common belief in India. It is also the belief of the Bahâis. Says Abbas Effendi:

"In this estate he becomes a center for receiving the power of the Holy Spirit. In this estate his spirit bears to the Holy Spirit the relation which before his body bore to his spirit. He becomes like a polished mirror. When he speaks, he gives forth the rays of the Sun of Reality. All the light which is reflected from this mirror is the light of the Holy Spirit." (Life and Teachings, p. 188).

And again:

“A stone reflects but slightly the rays of the sun ; but if a mirror be held up, though it be small, the whole of the sun will be reflected in it, because the mirror is clear and bright. Just so is it with the minds of men and the Sun of Reality. The great Masters and Teachers so purified their minds by the love of God and of men that they became like polished mirrors, reflecting faithfully the Glory of God.” (ib. p. 173).

Said Bahâ Ullah :

“O Son of Existence! Thy heart is My house ; sanctify it, that I may come and dwell in it. Thy spirit is an aspect of My Essence ; purify it for My Appearance.” (ib. p. 247).

Being in union with the Lord, representing both God and man, the *Jnânis* of India are said to speak sometimes as one, sometimes as the other. Such also was the habit of Isaiah, Hosea, and other prophets of the Old Testament, and in the same way Bahâ Ullah frequently speaks as the Lord ; and when on one occasion he had summoned two of his followers before him because of a quarrel between them which threatened to divide the church, one contending that Bahâ Ullah was God Himself, the other that he was but the reflection of God, he declared to them that both were right.

There are said to be notable differences between *Jnânis*. Thus some have far greater powers of exposition than others. This is a matter pertaining to the intellect, not the spirit, and depends upon inherited and acquired mental capacity. Again, some are said to be *Avatars*, or direct incarnations of the Deity. I need not, however, dwell on these differences, for they are not relevant to our present inquiry. All *Jnânis* are said to be alike in these respects—that they have had the same *spiritual* experience, have the *same knowledge* as to *spiritual things*, and are filled with like fervent love for the Lord.

It is said that it is impossible to hand down spiritual knowledge by means of books. It must be orally imparted ; the sacred writings must be orally interpreted by a Teacher who knows from his own spiritual experience the true interpretation. If the chain of spiritual succession be broken, the oral tradition will be lost, and religion will

lapse from a spiritual interpretation of scripture to an interpretation based upon the letter. The intellect of men now asserts itself, and man-made dogmas are heaped one upon another until the plain and simple lessons of the religion in its purity are hidden by a maze of intellectual fabrications. The living spirit has fled, and but a shell, a corpse, is left.

Bahâism is no less insistent than Hinduism upon the necessity of a living Teacher who shall apply the spirit, without which religions are dead. This is the avowed purpose of the Bahâi Dispensation. Says Abbas Effendi:

“The spirit has passed away from the bodies of the old religions. All the teachings of the great Manifestations are sublime, their lives stand out as brilliant stars; but time changes all things, and while the form of their doctrines remains, the spirit has fled; but the same spirit is born in a new body that is the Body of the Law contained in the utterances of Bahâ Ullah. As the teachers of old, he came not to destroy, but to renew; and that which is true in all religions will stand, for truth cannot die. By the New Dispensation new spirit is infused into these teachings and they will be understood by men; and when they are understood there will no longer be room for contention.” (Life and Teachings, p. 144).

“All things have qualities which are created with them—which are innate in them. The brilliance of the stars, the beauty of the trees, the brightness of the ocean, the fragrance of the flowers—all these qualities are innate in the objects to which they pertain. Man, also, has innate qualities; but there is in addition a perfection, not innate, which may be acquired by him. *Therefore man needs a Teacher*; for, in order that he may acquire this perfection, some one must aid him in bringing it forth. The gaining of Wisdom requires a Teacher.” (Lib. p. 217).

“The Divine Messengers are like gardeners. They are sent that the trees of mankind may be trained and refreshed until they reach their perfect growth, and that when this is attained, they may bring forth their perfect fruit. If mankind come under the training of these real Teachers and be directed to true understanding and knowledge, all will be manifested and made known.” (Lib. p. 223).

These quotations from Abbas Effendi are more explicit on the point than any texts I know of in the New Testament. We may notice, however, that Paul refers to the oral tradition in 2 Thess.

II, 15:—"Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have been taught, *whether by word or our epistle.*" And Peter has probably in view the danger of merely intellectual interpretation when he speaks of those who "wrest the scriptures to their own destruction." (2 Pet. iii, 16).

It is no doubt because of the necessity of genuine spiritual leadership in a living church that the institution of the priesthood arose. The priests of every religion are the nominal successors of those Illuminated men who were its founders and first spiritual leaders, and as such their function is to orally interpret the Holy Writ. So long as they themselves have the spiritual light, or seek instruction from those who possess it, they are real guides; but as soon as they lose touch with that living light, they become blind leaders of the blind.

If we accept these postulates and apply them to the history of Christianity, and compare the doctrines of the New Testament with those of the Sages of India, we are brought to the conclusion that the founders of Christianity, Jesus, John, Paul and probably Peter at least, were *Jnânis*, Christs, or Enlightened men; that as long as the spiritual succession was maintained, and the oral tradition which must always supplement the written scriptures was held intact, the doctrines of the faith were understood as they were taught; but that there came a time when, through lack of ripe material for attaining Christhood, the oral tradition was lost and the Western Christian Church fell into the state of division, uncertainty and empty formalism which largely prevail in it to-day. However, the present wide prevalence in this church, especially, I believe, in America, of genuine spiritual aspiration and broad-minded and charitable readiness to acknowledge and profit by light wherever it may be found, justifies the hope that this eclipse may not be permanent.

Applied to Bahâism, these postulates indicate that the presence of spiritual love and fervor which have characterized the life of the movement, the amazing spirit of courage and devotion which so many thousands of its Believers have displayed even to the death, the vital power which is causing such rapid expansion of the religion throughout the world, is all due to the spiritual influence, communicated to their followers and from one to another among them, of that group of *Jnânis* or Christs which have been its soul; three of whom, Abbas Effendi the third, have succeeded each other

in the leadership of the faith. Interpreted by these principles, it seems probable that when Bahâ Ullah fixed upon that one of his sons, Abbas Effendi, out of the number of sons he had, to succeed him and launch the religion, he did so because he knew that Abbas Effendi had attained, or would attain, the knowledge of God, and therefore would be competent to direct its course wisely; and it may now be expected that its purity and its vital force will continue so long as the material of its membership is sufficiently refined to maintain the spiritual succession.

The question naturally arises, Why has India rather than other lands been blessed through so many ages with the succession of saints which has guarded the purity and nourished the vigor of her religion? Natives of India believe that India was originally ordained to be the *Inâna-Bhumi*, the land of spiritual knowledge, as long as the world should last, other lands being ordained to be *Bhoga-Bhumi*, lands of enjoyment.

However that may be, it is at once apparent that the climate of India is far more favorable to the contemplation, meditation and abstraction from worldly affairs, essential for emancipation, than most other countries.

We are indeed quite familiar with the recitals of the advantages of the temperate zones for the promotion of "civilization" and "progress;" and if real progress be towards the multiplication of wants and the invention of means to satisfy them, these advantages no doubt exist; while if progress be advancement towards the understanding of things of the spirit and of God, it is probable that the balance of advantages lies as much the other way.

The enormous population of India, the possession of these climatic advantages and perhaps others also which we are not in a position to understand, have favored the accumulation of an immense body of sacred writings, increased from age to age by the succession of Sages, known as *Inâna-shastras* or guide books to spiritual living, which is an inexhaustible mine of wisdom as to spiritual things, giving to those who inherit its influence a natural bias towards spiritual rather than material living, and supplying a constant stimulus towards the maintenance of that uninterrupted series of Sages upon which the vitality and integrity of religion depends.

Such is the explanation which India gives us of the real origin and cause of those fluctuations of religious vitality and spiritual



power among the various people of the earth which are observed to occur in the course of history; and *per contra* of the persistence of those qualities which we observe in India herself. To me there is in this explanation great persuasive force, especially as I have myself met two men, Abbas Effendi and the Indian Sage to whom I have referred, whom I know to have the power of developing in others, by mere proximity and association, the fire of Divine love.

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“All work done in the Masters’ Spirit
is sure to come right.”

The Masters are the embodiments of Truth.

Their nature is Love.

Their work is to fulfill the Divine Law.

All work, then, in the Masters’ Spirit is performed in the spirit of Truth, of Love and of Divine Law. What cause can man find, greater than this?

A man may not have heard of Masters, but he may be a lover of Truth; or he may be an altruist, loving his fellow men; or he may be fixed in faith in the Divine Rightness of things. If he is any of these, he is working for the Masters.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND HEREDITY.

Beginning with the physical, tangible things which we recognize as all that makes up our external environments, we have found that everything—even the apparently ultimate unit—is an invariable trinity, composed of Matter, Motion and Force. This trinity must be taken as the unit of all existence, the basis of all physical manifestation. Motion is inconceivable apart from Matter and Force; and we can define neither except in terms of the other two.

Matter which is not the result of Motion, is unthinkable, Motion implies the existence of something which moves and both necessitate a mover. Matter is conceded universally to be indestructible; Motion is equally eternal and Force must be persistent through all.

As Matter appears to us under innumerable aspects or conditions, depending apparently upon the different character of molecular motion set up—or, as Motion determines the qualities of Matter, it would follow that the source of the motion must be anterior to both Matter and Motion—that Force or Energy must have been existent previous to any manifestation of itself. But, as Matter and Motion are both indestructible, they must be eternal; if they are to exist indefinitely in the future, they must have existed indefinitely in the past, for what can not be destroyed can have had no beginning. So, as we know Force is also indestructible it can not be said to have precedence over Motion or Matter, or indeed, to even act in a causative relation to either.

If we could go back to the beginnings of Matter we should find that it depended then as now, upon Motion and Force; but there we should have to stop, for, in the absence of a medium through which to manifest itself, Force would be non-existent. This is as purely a materialistic conception as it is possible to entertain in spite of the very apparent fact that neither Motion nor Force are material entities and are not even demonstrable except as the cause of Matter. From this dilemma, physical science offers no relief except such as we may obtain by speculation based upon observed facts.

Spencer defines Matter as “simply a localized manifestation of Force, with Motion as the medium by which Force may be mani-

fested as Matter." In so far as this definition makes Force the permanent thing with Motion and Matter varying according to the conditions of manifestation, it must be accepted as of course, correct; but unfortunately, as an explanation it explains nothing, for it postulates a beginning for what is indestructible and therefore eternal.

If, however, we look at the question from the point of view of the Ancient Wisdom, we shall find that the whole problem is carried back much farther and a logical solution is at once supplied.

According to this teaching, "Spirit—or Consciousness—and Matter are but the two symbols or aspects of the Absolute and constitute the basis of all conditioned being, whether subjective or objective."

As all evolution, according to both the ancient and the modern philosophy, is an emanation from the Absolute, and is the gradual unfolding from the purely subjective—the internal and causative—to the objective or manifested, it is seen at once that the cause of evolution is the persistence of the moving force, or Spirit.

This Force, or Spirit can not disappear, but can only change its forms of manifestation, and in its persistence, as Spencer puts it, lies "the deepest knowable cause of those modifications which constitute all physiological development, as it is the deepest knowable cause of all other evolution."

If persistence of Force is the cause of all evolution, Force must pervade and be inherent in all things subject to evolution.

If Force is an emanation of or from the Absolute, and if the Absolute contains or is All-Consciousness, then nothing emanating from the Absolute can be unconscious; therefore all things must be possessed of and actuated by Consciousness. Now Consciousness is the capacity of perception and if it is present in all Matter, it must exist in as many aspects as there are states of Matter. If we accept the general classification of the Ancient teaching, which declares that the conditions of Matter are seven, we must conclude that there are seven forms of Force or seven aspects of Consciousness; but as "the gulf between the subjective and objective, the internal or causative and the objective or manifested, is traversed in seven steps," we are obliged to infer that every material manifestation, no matter how simple or elementary, must have come into ex-

istence as the result of the co-operation of seven forms or rather, sub-forms of Force. In other words, no one of the forces in nature is able to work alone, but is always manifested in conjunction with all the other forces. From this it may be readily surmised that without this correlation of forces, there could be no progress through evolution and a special creation of each form of Matter would be a necessity.

That this is not mere surmise and speculation, is proved by the now demonstrated law underlying the genesis of the elements, under which law the elements fall naturally into a cyclic classification of groups, each group composed of seven elements arranged in the order of progressively increasing atomicities. In other words if the elements are grouped in the order of their atomic weights, it will be found that the same general properties recur periodically throughout the entire series. Hence the whole of the elements may be arranged in a number of groups, each group consisting of members of the same natural family following each other in the same order. Thus in a progressive spiral it is possible to trace by physical and chemical means the exact correspondence with the beginning and evolution of all things—of the entire Cosmos—as taught by Occult Science. And thus is seen in the fundamental elements of this plane of Matter, the beginning of the manifestations of Consciousness which is to pervade all things, enlarging at each stage of progression, but retaining the distinctive characteristics of each cycle, throughout the entire evolutionary period.

As in all evolution the process of development is always from the simple to the complex, so as Consciousness develops or acquires new phases or aspects, we see the strictly automatic expression of Consciousness—or Life-Force—inherent in the elements of the mineral world, manifesting itself in the simplest and most elementary forms, as cohesion, chemical affinity &c., enlarging in a new cycle, to the Consciousness of the vegetable kingdom, seeking and profiting by favorable outlets for its growth—the best possible environment of light, air and sunshine, in order that it may bring about in itself and in future forms which it may inherit, its highest possible development.

It is here that we find the first physical evidence of heredity as an attribute or quality of Consciousness, and here we find also,

the complexity of molecular structure which is so essential to the exhibition of the phenomena of organic life. It is, however, hardly correct to say that heredity is a quality of Consciousness. It is rather a quality of Matter by or through which Consciousness is enabled to receive impressions of external experiences and to transmit them to subsequent forms of life. We see, also, that the expression of Consciousness in the forms of organic life as shown in the vegetable world has been enlarged by the addition of some aspect or quality which was not manifested in the mineral kingdom. The minerals and elements are retained and utilized in the structure of vegetable tissues, their properties as minerals and elements have not been lost, but their scope and functions have been increased to such a degree as to call for an entirely new classification. In this new kingdom of Nature, thus instituted, we find that, under the influence which gave it birth, each individual member is endowed with the power of growth, cell by cell, of initiating new individuals of its own species and of transmitting to such offsprings its own inherited characteristics, as well as those acquired. It is seen, further, that the manifestations of Consciousness, under the enlarged aspect of its added life-force is not so automatic in action as formerly, but lends itself more readily to superior directing agencies and even adapts itself to wide variations in environment. It is by virtue of this higher aspect or principle of Consciousness, that variations in type are possible, and its action is recognized as the "survival of the fittest," "natural selection" &c., of evolutionary philosophy.

It is impossible to say where automatic action of the life-force ends and the volitional begins. For, while it is true that in every grade of existence, even to the most highly organized, the manifestation of the mineral Consciousness is as automatic as when limited to the mineral kingdom, as in the structure of bone in the animal body, it seems beyond question that, even in the lower forms of organic life, there is a gradual merging of the lower into the higher principles, very closely analogous to the phenomena of the cyclic grouping of the elements occurring in the mineral kingdom.

If this merging of the lower into the higher principles does not take place on every plane of being, the ray of Consciousness could not acquire the experience of every plane preliminary to pass-

ing on to the next, and a progressive evolution would be an impossibility, for the highest principle on any plane is the combined attributes or principles of all planes below.

Just how far, then, Consciousness is the gainer through physical heredity, can only be determined by the grade of being in which life or Consciousness is manifested.

Spencer defines Life as the "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations. And when we so define it we discover that the physical and psychical life are equally comprehended by the definition. We perceive that this, which we call Intelligence, shows itself when the external relations to which the internal ones are adjusted, begin to be numerous and complex; that every advance in Intelligence essentially consists in the establishment of more varied, more complete and more involved adjustments and that the highest achievements of science are resolvable into mental relations of co-existence and sequence so co-ordinated as to exactly tally with certain relations of co-existence and sequence that occur externally."

Thus, as the ray of Consciousness traverses the cycle of evolution in the vegetable kingdom, it is seen to be the gainer by the number and complexity of the experiences it is able to adjust from the exterior to the interior; and here we see the first dawning of Intelligence, manifested as the vegetable instinct.

(To be Continued.)

THE ONE RELIGION.

III

(Continued.)

The Editor in a preliminary note to this address, in the December issue of THEOSOPHICAL FORUM called attention to what seemed an undue prominence given to the Bahai faith, however, "finding no fault with the Bab or his followers."

To be thus classed as a follower of the Bab the writer is quite willing to regard as a compliment, which, however, he feels bound to disclaim, being, so far as he knows, neither a follower of the Bab nor of any other person or cult; and as to the suggestion of undue prominence, he reminds the Editor that, as stated at the close of this address, this series of addresses was expressly limited to the three religious systems of Hinduism, Christianity and Bahaism; and further that, as to this matter, the series of six addresses should be considered as a whole, the first three affording insufficient basis for an opinion, when it will be seen, it is believed, that Bahaism receives in fact a relatively small amount of attention.

AUTHOR.

In previous papers I have proposed to you the thesis that the essence of religions is the practice of love; that the existence of a Divine fervor of love for God and man accounts for the exhibition of spiritual force which we witness in them from time to time; that this Divine fervor is communicated to men through a sanctified human spirit, or one who has attained to Christhood or knowledge of God; and that the fluctuating manifestations of spiritual force in various religions at various times depends chiefly upon the presence in them or absence from them of these sanctified spirits. Further, I have endeavored to show you that, according to the sages of India, confirmed by the teachings of Bahaism, correct religious teaching requires that written scriptures be supplemented by oral tradition—the latter, the living interpretation, furnishing the key to the former. If this key be lost—if, that is, there are no longer to be found those who have attained to *Inanam* or Christhood and who can therefore declare from their own spiritual experience the

true meaning of the scriptures, the latter become a sealed book which the intellect of man is unable to unlock; for the things of the spirit are not those of the mind, and the latter has of itself no data from which to draw reliable inferences with regard to them.

I propose now to consider whether the views which have been presented, and, in fact, the salient features of the Indian doctrine taken as a whole, are, or are not, in harmony with the scriptures with which we are most familiar, namely, the teachings of Christ Jesus. But before taking up that subject I wish for a moment to consider this question: What is the present position of the Christian Church as viewed from the standpoint which we have reached?

It is apparently something like this:

The Christian Church was founded by Masters or Knowers of God, who left it scriptural writings of the first authority which expound much of the true doctrine and perfectly agree with the teachings of those who are known to have had the highest spiritual experience, when they are interpreted by one who has had that experience. But the Christian Church has lost the oral tradition and no longer has in its ranks, or at least in positions of authority, those capable of restoring it. This has been the case for many ages, during which time the speculative minds of its leaders, seeking to interpret its scriptures by the unaided light of reason, have read into them divers meanings, almost as numerous as the minds which have applied themselves to the task. As Peter says in his second epistle, III, 16, "They have wrested the scriptures to their own destruction."

On these various interpretations numerous schools of religious thought—sectarian and denomination churches—have arisen, each with its peculiar variation of the written doctrine, all stray, all substantially alike wandering in the dark, because all alike are without true spiritual guides.

Is there a possible remedy? It would seem that there is one, and but one:—to find a true Master—to leave the worship of the past, of "dead bones" and find a living Christ, whether among the Hindus, the Moslems, the Bahais, or those of other faith, and re-established the lost oral tradition of the church by the aid of the Master's spiritual experience. No false pride should forbid this. No master is a sectarian. He is neither Hindu, nor Bahai, nor Moslem, nor

Christian, but each and all of these and more; for even the savage who bows in reverent worship before a stone is, in his view, a true worshipper of the Lord, and accepted by the Lord as such.

The position of the sectarian who insists on following a leadership after life has left it and it is no longer but a figurehead, has been beautifully and aptly described by Abbas Effendi:—

“For the Sun of Reality there was a rising out of the point of Moses. But when the Sun of Reality had moved to the point of Jesus, those who were holding to the point instead of holding to the Sun, did not turn their faces to the point of Jesus. Therefore they were veiled. As the Sun of Reality moved on to the point of Mahomet, again were men veiled, for they were worshippers of names, not of the reality; lovers of the word ‘Moses’ not of its meaning; lovers of the word ‘Jesus,’ not of its significance. The true lover of the Sun turns his face towards the Sun at each point of His appearance. Whether he shines from the point of Moses, or of Jesus, or of Mahomet; for it is the Sun which he loves.

“The shining of the Sun of which we are now speaking is the shining of the Perfections of God. As that Sun seems to change His position, one must himself move. Instead of keeping his eye fixed upon the mirrors, one should worship the Sun himself, from whatever mirror He shines. But human nature is not so. All men are lovers of the *mirrors*. If the light of the Sun leaves one mirror and goes to another, they are left in darkness. Just as when one looks in a mirror near which there is a light, he sees all the objects within range of the mirror, but if the light be extinguished, he sees nothing.”

(Life and Teachings, p. 212 *et seq.*)

Let us now draw briefly a parallel between the teachings of the *Jnanis* of India and that of the New Testament, in order to determine whether the two do, or do not, harmonize—whether the Indian view can or cannot be accepted by those who hold the New Testament as their guide in life.

As I have before said, I hope at some future time to extend the parallel to the other great religions, where, I think, we would find the examination equally profitable with that which I now propose. Owing to limited time for preparation the scope of these papers has been restricted to the lines I have indicated; but as I

have been writing, a few apt quotations have occurred to me from Buddhism and more from Baháism, to which I shall refer in the proper places.

In this, as indeed in regard to all the views of the Christian scriptures which I am placing before you, I claim no originality, but am endeavoring to expound to you an interpretation harmonizing them with the Hindu teaching—to use a term very familiar here, with the Vedānta—which has become known to me through my studies of the past year in India; and I will here mention the fact that my Indian teacher, Sri Parananda, has embodied his interpretation of two of the Christian gospels in these two large volumes (*Note) before me; in which most of the points I touch upon will be found expounded at greater length than that at which I am able to consider them.

These books are, in my opinion, in many ways very remarkable and are well entitled to the prominence I shall give them—books which, in fact, cannot, in aid of the liberality and tolerance which the discussions we are here holding represent, be too widely known and considered. For it is, I think, a most noteworthy and impressive fact that a native of India—and one, too, thoroughly imbued with and faithful to the religious and philosophical idea of his country—not only here displays a spirit of the highest reverence for the Christian Bible, but also goes to great labor and incurs large expense in preparing and publishing these works in order to make his views widely accessible to the world; efforts which have been so successful that, since this interpretation appeared, orthodox pundits of India have, for the first time in history, undertaken the translation, following this interpretation, of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, as books worthy of being carefully read and studied by the people of India.

I may further say, by way of introduction Sri Paránanda to you, that he is a representative of the highest religious and philosophical culture of India; and that he is regarded by many of the most intelligent and spiritually-minded of his countrymen as a pow-

* (Note) Sri Parananda's Commentary on St. Matthew and an Eastern Exposition of St. John, published respectively by Kegan Paul and Wm. Hutchinson; for sale by H. W. Percival, 244 Lenox avenue, New York City.

erful religious teacher, whose teachings embody the most cherished ideas of her people.

According to Sri Paránanda's view, there is clear evidence from the writings which they have left that two of the apostles of Jesus were, as well as Jesus himself, Masters or Christs,—namely, John and Paul; and a probability that Peter also was one. Statements at variance with spiritual experience are found in Matthew, Mark and Luke, which they would not have made had they attained that status. Matthew, however, is notwithstanding a most faithful reporter, and his narrative is apparently very accurate. But the Gospel of John surpasses the other writings of the New Testament in lucidity, terseness and freedom from error.

According to the Vedanta, as you are no doubt aware, the soul of man is a reflection of the Lord, who is infinite Love and Light, upon Avidyâ, which may be literally translated as ignorance or nescience. These words suggest to us a quality rather than a substance, and the conception, therefore, requires correction, since Avidyâ is a phase of that root-nature out of which the universe with its infinity of gross and subtle forms has been created. This dense substance which is, as it were, the matrix of the soul, permeates the soul with *desire* for worldly experience. From this impurity it must be freed before it can seek its supreme destiny of union with the Lord Himself.

The Lord, says the Indian teaching, finds the soul immersed in Avidyâ, worldliness, darkness, and sends forth His power called Vak (word) or Parâshakti (Supreme Power) which brings the universe into existence, endows the soul with that complex mechanism of powers by which the five sense-impressions are received, the five classes of action are performed, and breathing, digesting, voiding excrement, procreating, thinking, reasoning and willing are carried on, in order that the soul may be brought into contact with the world, and by witnessing the activities of these powers or instruments, gain that experience and knowledge which shall free it from its worldly desire and release and bring into expression its natural capacity for love, and so enable it to unite itself with that Being of infinite Love and Light who is tenderly watching over its progress and guiding it to that goal. All this experience of life is but a course of instruction in which the Lord himself is the great

Teacher—first through contact with the material things of the world and through the Law which He has prescribed for the guidance of men, and ultimately through a Sanctified Teacher or Christ, by whose instrumentality the final lessons to the soul approaching the goal are always imparted.

(To be Continued).

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Continued.)

Rudyard Kipling's colour-sense comes out strongest just where the pencils of other writers begin to grow indefinite and dim. For example, he tells a story of a wicked ship in a mysterious sea, whose position on the map he keeps carefully concealed, and he paints that ship half-a-dozen times, each time in different colours. In one case, she turns up painted a dull slate-colour, with pure saffron funnel, and boats of robin's egg-blue. That, by the way, is as much a Shibolet as "Worcestershire sauce." It is American, not English. For the English robin, the original bird, lays white eggs with pink specks while its American namesake, who is really a thrush, does, as Kipling says, lay blue eggs. We may safely trace that touch to a Spring spent in Vermont. To return to the wicked ship; the crew sat on the empty decks, and the green harbour-water chuckled at them overside. Then they began to dig about in the hull; the engine-room stores were unearthed, and "Mr. Wardrop's face, red with the filth of the bilges, and the exertion of travelling on his stomach, lit with joy." The excavations and colour-touches continue: "the skipper unearthed some stale, ropy paint of the loathsome green that they use for the galleys of sailing-ships." These things happened "in a semi-inland sea, warm, still, and blue, which is, perhaps, the most strictly preserved water in the world." Where it is, he will not tell; but from the details, the color and smell of it, we gather that it is the Arafura sea, under New Guinea. The deep water is blue, the shoal harbour is green, and all the various shades of paint are recorded with convincing exactness.

That is characteristic of Kipling, all along. He never misses a point of colour. Take this, for instance: "The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass-tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea-poppy nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of the mud-flats and the milk-white sea beyond." We shall remember that lonely yellow poppy for a life-time; even though we are told that it grew beside a 'smelly' sea.

Kipling uses these colour-touches to gain the effect of what theology used to call undesigned coincidences; details, such as no one could conceivably have invented. For example, when McPhee

says: "I was with him on the bridge, watchin' the '*Grotkau*' sport light. You canna see green so far as red, or we' ha'd kept to leeward"; that really has the force of a revelation. We believe the whole wonderful yarn on the strength of that one piece of colour; we all had made that observation in a dim, half-conscious way; so are able to verify it at once; but we could never have invented it; therefore we believe.

When a Scotchman begins to talk of matters transcendental, of the soul, and the illimitable vast, and the halls of echoing eternity, we at once suspect that he has been drinking. When Mr. Kipling begins to positively sparkle with dazzlingly true details, we know that he is going to tell an unusually big one. For instance, what could beat the circumstantial evidence and the minute observation of this: "some six or seven feet above the port bulwarks, framed in fog, and as utterly unsupported as the full moon, hung a Face. It was not human, and it was certainly not an animal, for it did not belong to this earth, as known to man. The mouth was open, revealing a ridiculously tiny tongue—as absurd as the tongue of an elephant; there were tense wrinkles of white skin at the angles of the drawn lips; white feelers like those of a barbel sprang from the lower jaw, there was no sign of teeth within the mouth. But the horror of the face lay in the eyes, for those were sightless—white, in sockets as white as scraped bone, and blind. Yet for all this, the face, wrinkled as the mask of a lion is drawn in Assyrian sculpture, was alive with rage and terror. One long white feeler touched our bulwarks. The face disappeared with the swiftness of a blindworm popping into its burrow.' No one who reads that matchless yarn, will ever quite forget that Face in the Fog. I never hear a steam siren without remembering it. More than that, I have still a lurking, involuntary doubt whether, after all, the story may not be true,—it seems impossible that fancy should carry that verisimilitude.

Kipling himself is keenly alive to the convincing power of these undesigned coincidences. In the story of the bank-clerk's former lives, he twice shows his hand. Thus, the clerk says: "Can't you imagine the sunlight just squeezing through between the handle and the hole, and wobbling about as the ship rolls?" "I can," answers Kipling, "but—I can't imagine your imagining it." That is our po-

sition, exactly: and therefore we believe. He says much the same thing, a second time: "Then her nose caught us nearly in the middle, and we tilted sideways, and the fellows in the right-hand galley unhitched their hooks and ropes, and threw things on to our upper deck—arrows, and hot pitch or something that stung, and we went up and up on the left side, and the right side dipped, and I twisted my head round and saw the water stand still as it topped the bulwarks; and then it curled over and crashed down on the whole lot of us on the right side, and I felt it hit my back, and I woke."

"One minute, Charlie. When the sea topped the bulwarks, what did it look like?" I had reasons for asking. A man of my acquaintance had once gone down with a leaking ship in still sea, and had seen the water-level pause for an instant ere it fell on the deck.

"It looked just like a banjo-string drawn tight, and it seemed to stay there for years," said Charlie.

"Exactly." The other man had said: "It looked like a silver wire laid down along the bulwarks, and I thought it was never going to break."

There is an undesigned coincidence in the making, and his writings are full of them. What a witness he would be in an Indian murder case! Rudyard Kipling uses another expedient to float a new loan on our credulity, an expedient which has never been used so powerfully in the whole range of literature. It is in the story of Fleete, who got drunk and insulted god Hanuman, and of the silver man who avenged the insult by casting wolf-glamour over Fleete. The wolfishness came out in Fleete gradually; first, it was a longing for raw meat, and a way of tearing it, with his head on one side; then it was a disposition to roll in the fresh earth of the flower-beds: "Fleete came, and when the lamps were brought, we saw that he was literally plastered with dirt from head to foot. He must have been rolling in the garden. He shrank from the light and went to his room. His eyes were horrible to look at. There was a green light behind them, not in them, if you understand, and the man's lower lip hung down." As the wolf-spirit got hold of him he went to the window, to howl to the wolves in the darkness, and the howling fit gathered strength, till his friends bound and gagged him. Then comes the new expedient to establish the undesigned coincid-

ence: "any one entering the room would have believed that we were curing a wolf's pelt. That was the most loathsome accessory of all." This is enlarged on, later: "On the next day one other curious thing happened which frightened me as much as anything in all the night's work. When Fleete was dressed he came into the dining-room and sniffed. He had a quaint way of moving his nose when he sniffed. "Horrid doggy smell, here," said he. "You should really keep those terriers in better order. Try sulphur, Strick."

This extraordinary and wholly unexpected appeal to the sense of smell gives the thing an earthly reality that is simply unrivalled. We cannot imagine any one imagining a detail like that, so we accept the rest of the tale. As Kipling says: "The smell was entirely real." In reality, we all remember smells with astonishing accuracy and vividness. Bulwer Lytton speaks of the scent of lily-of-the-valley calling up a whole scene of by-gone years; Turgenieff tells how the odour of a particular field flower, when he came across it abroad, used to send him home to his Russian woods; and Hardy carries something of the perfume of the meadows into his books. But nowhere is there anything to compare for a moment with Kipling's marvellous sense of smell, and he always uses it to bring the last degree of material embodiment to his most impossible fictions. Thus he made his sea-monster announce its presence by a "poisonous rank smell in the cold air," like the odour of musk, or the breath of a crocodile. And he makes the great alligator in the pool of the Cow's Mouth declare itself in the same way. This does not make for pretty writing; but it does make for the material presence of the thing described. Mark Twain knows the value of smells as evidence of reality, but he writes of them like an impressionist and a mystic; while Rudyard Kipling is a realist of the school of earth-to-earth.

Kipling uses smells to support his toughest yarns. But he also uses them, with marvellous effect, to bring out his true pictures. Thus he writes: "It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks, the little lotus-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk trees were white with the dust of weeks." Almost all the reality of this, and its convincing power, comes from that touch of the smell of the newly watered dust.

Again: "The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast and the many-coloured mudbanks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed." The reality and effect come from the same cause.

One might pursue this inventory through all the senses, adding stroke after stroke of marvellous vividness and power. I shall give only one instance more, this time, of the fineness of his ear: "If you lay your ear to the side of the cabin, the next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking, exactly like a telephone in a thunder-storm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and thousands of rivets." This minute and accurate registering of sounds keeps him in all his ways; and he is perfectly conscious about it, and uses it consistently to make evidence, to heighten realism.

Rudyard Kipling never by any chance drifts into impressionism or generalities. He is true to the senses throughout, always absolutely definite and precise. A general impression is the fine essence distilled by the intellect from many sense-impressions; it has no outward reality. The senses receive no general impression; everything they record is individual, single, personal. And in this Kipling is the man of the senses. He speaks, not of a troopship in general—because there are no ships in general; each one is some particular ship—but of "the troopship Malabar;" a concrete fact. So his sea-monster had a voice, not like a siren in general, but "like the siren on the City of Paris."

He supplements this perfect definiteness by a curious expedient, which one may describe as gilding refined gold and painting the lily. He has already described something with perfectly stark and glaring definition. Then he takes it, turns it over, and describes it once more, from the other side. Let us take a few instances. In the story of a sick child, he has told us that sheets soaked in disinfectants were hung about the house. Most authors would be satisfied with that, and leave the matter there. Not so Kipling; he goes over the ground again, in this wise: "The house reeked with the smell of Condy's fluid, chlorine-water, and carbolic acid washes." Not disinfectants in the abstract, but these particular,

definite, concrete, individual disinfectants. And note once more, the realism of the nose.

Here is another instance of the same thing, from the tale of the horrible sand crater, inhabited by the living dead: "The crew actually laughed at me—such laughter I hope I may never hear again." That is really complete, and almost any writer would let it stand. But Rudyard Kipling instantly lays on another coat of paint: "they cackled, yelled, whistled, and howled as I walked in their midst." A few lines further on, he writes: "I gave him all the money in my possession"—here most novelists would stop, but he goes on,—“Rs. 9-8-5—nine rupees, eight annas, and five pie—for I always keep small change as *bakshish* when I am in camp.”

Immediately afterwards, the same thing occurs again: "I fell to thinking that a man does not carry exploded cartridge cases, especially browns, which will not bear loading twice, about with him when shooting." Thus he gives the screw an extra turn. And it is with this expedient, just as it was with the sense of smell; he brings it in with the greatest force when he has something particularly impossible to bolster up. For instance, in the tale of the werewolf spell that was cast on Fleete, he doubles his work in the same way. He has already told us that Fleete was very drunk indeed. But that is not enough. He goes on to present us with Fleete's liquor-bill for the evening: "Fleete began the night with sherry and bitters, drank Champagne steadily up to dessert, then raw, rasping Capri with all the strength of whiskey, took Benedictine to his coffee, four or five whiskies and sodas to improve his pool strokes, beer and bones at half-past two, winding up with old brandy." That is throwing a perfume on the violet, without a doubt. The result of it is, that when we are told, later on, that Fleete indulged in some very wild buffoonery, we are thoroughly prepared to believe it, and the solid, definite, concrete air of fact comes under us like a prop, when we begin to stagger at the witch-like doings in the sequel.

VIEW OF REINCARNATION.

The following are passages from an article on "Human Preexistence," written for "The International Journal of Ethics," Philadelphia, by J. Ellis McTaggart, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

EDITOR.

"The value of memory is that by its means the past may serve the wisdom, the virtue, and the love of the present. If the past could help the present in a like manner without the aid of memory, the absence of memory need not remove the value from a succession of lives.

"Let us consider wisdom first. Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can. Wisdom is not merely, or chiefly, amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind competent to deal with facts and to form judgments. Now the acquisition of knowledge and experience, if wisely conducted, may strengthen the mind. Of that we have sufficient evidence in this life. And so a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived, indeed, of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first. Progress, therefore, has not perished with memory.....

"So, again, the virtue. And here the point is perhaps clearer. For it is obvious that the memory of moral vicissitudes is of no moral value except in so far as it helps to form the moral character, and that, if this is done, the memory could be discarded without loss. Now we can not doubt that a character may remain determined by an event which has been forgotten. I have forgotten the greater number of the good and evil acts which I have done in this life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so, if a man carries over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, the value of those contests has not been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

"There remains love. And here the problem is, I admit, more difficult. Firstly, because it is more important, for it is here, and

not in wisdom or virtue, that I think we find, not only the supreme value of life, but also the sole reality of life, and, indeed, of the universe. And then particular loves do not submit to be taken as means, in the same way as particular cases of cognition or volition do. . . . It would be better to look forward to annihilation for both of us than to be forced into a view which would add squalor to misery.

“But if we look farther, we shall find, I think, that. . . people who love one another can not be dependent for their proximity to each other—and consequently for the possibility of their love—on some chance or mechanical arrangement whose recurrence we could have no reason to expect. Their love is not the effect of proximity, but its cause. For their love is the expression of the ultimate fact that each of them is more closely connected with the other than he is with people in general. And proximity in a particular life, like everything else, is the effect—or, rather, the manifestation under particular circumstances—of those relations which make up the eternal nature of the universe.

“If, therefore, two people love one another in this life, we have, on the assumption that they are immortal, good reason for believing that their lives are bound up with one another, not for one life only, but forever. This would not involve their meeting in every life, any more than it would involve that they should meet every day of each life. Love can survive occasional absences, and is often even stronger for them. And the universe is on a large scale, and might admit or require long absences. What we are entitled to believe is that, while time remains, their eternal nearness must continually find its temporal expression in proximity.

“Death is thus the most perfect example of the ‘collapse into immediacy’—that mysterious phrase of Hegel’s—where all that was before a mass of hard-won acquisitions has been merged in the unity of a developed character. . . . And surely death acquires a new and deeper significance when we regard it no longer as a single and unexplained break in an unending life, but as part of the continually recurring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep. We have only left youth behind us as we have left, this evening, the sunrise. They will both come back, and they do not grow old.”

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Behind all striving and seeming, behind all laughter and tears, behind our failures and the successes which are often more disheartening, lie the eternal verities of existence. And by and by, like children weary of playing, we rise and put away our toys. There falls then a hush, a silence, and to many a sense of blank. Suddenly it seems the great tide of life has rushed past us and left us alone. The world which had been so teeming with interests, so crowded with occupations and enjoyments, has, in a flashing turn of consciousness, become a world of shadows; the hands we held so warmly in our own have slipped away; the flowers we were weaving fall faded and unheeded. Why this has come about and how, is part of the mystery, but come it has, and life is no more the same forever.

This is the critical moment, when the weak soul faints and falters and succumbs. But the strong soul crying—At least *I* am! struggles forward, and struggling, finds that he plunges deeper and

deeper in the silence and the dark. Still move he must, live he must, terror of unconsciousness goading him, faith in that one knowledge of his own existence the dim rush light by whose faltering flicker he must seek his way. Since I am, then God must be! his agony wrings from him, and lo! his rush light has grown brighter and the path more clear.

The turmoil of the world lies far behind. Wars may be raging there and nations rise and fall. He heeds it not, the darkness has enveloped him, and the giant conflict of the universe is nothing to him who is struggling madly for his life and freedom swallowed in its awful gloom.

On, on, oh struggle on. These are the birth throes of the living soul. The toys are put away, the flowers are faded. Yea, but God has other flowers that do not fade, and He has gifts worthy the soul of man.

Out on the sunlit plain the warrior stands, and ministering angels bear to him the blessings of the gods. He finds a new heaven and a new earth, dew dipped in morning freshness. Men of shining mien and eyes of understanding, meet him there. Here is no jar nor fret, but a serene stillness full of rhythmic cadences. A Soul is born. Through darkness and through pain and a wild conflict hand to hand with death, he has entered into life. The Path is found.

A long road lies before him full of steep ascents, but the Companions often are beside him, and in the dazzling mountain distances he knows Who dwells.

CAVÉ.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND HEREDITY.

(Continued.)

While the expression of this instinct or intelligence is of the most general character and very largely wholly automatic, there is still evidence of its existence in the ability the plant has of selecting material which is nutritive and rejecting that which is not; of sending its roots long distances or through stone walls in search of needed moisture, etc. Biologists are now endeavoring to demonstrate the existence of a nervous system in the higher plants, whose apparent intelligent ability to "adjust external relations" continuously" for the acquirement and transmission by heredity of special peculiarities could only be accounted for by the possession of some physical means by which psychical impressions could be stored up for future manifestations.

As the internal adjustment to external environment, which constitute life and Consciousness, ceases, more and more to be automatic, we shall find that memory begins to make its appearance, to gradually enlarge to intelligence, or the power of relating past experiences to present conduct.

The possession of such an aspect of Consciousness as is implied in the power of memory or rather reminiscence, calls for a physical organ in which past experiences may be registered and stored up. This necessity calls into existence a cycle of evolution, higher than the vegetable, and we find Consciousness expressing itself in the animal as instinct.

Instinct, as shown in the animal, has been defined as being "a natural or spontaneous impulse or propensity especially in the lower animals, that moves them without reasoning towards the actions that are essential to their existence, preservation and development, and that reason would approve as tending to their welfare or to some useful end."

It is claimed also, to be "unlike reason in pushing unintelligently towards its ends, in attaining at once to perfection in its work, and so being incapable of development and progress."

To a Theosophist, this definition sounds more like a description of the manifestation of Consciousness as expressed in the

vegetable than when shown in the animal, where the lower psychic qualities are added.

Much has been written by philosophers and scientific observers upon the manifestation of this aspect of Consciousness as belonging to the lower forms of animal life and upon its possible mode or modes of origin and, while there is practical unanimity of opinion that instinct is and should be distinguished from reason, even in the lower forms of rational intelligence, it must be admitted that the conception of instinctive action wholly apart from any manifestation of judgment is practically inconceivable. The existence of the Animal Soul, as taught in Theosophy, obviates all difficulty. As the Fourth Principle, it is the highest possible expression of Consciousness in the animal, but with the co-existence of the three preceding Principles, thus keeping intact the entire result of evolution up to this point.

As proof that the animal instinct is not under the control of judgment, or modified by individual intelligence, and that it is a purely automatic function and "incapable of development," the nest building of wild birds is often cited, with the assertion that the nests are built in the same materials as all other nests of the same species since the beginning.

While this is probably true, it must not be forgotten that the building of nests is not a vital phenomenon. A nest is built but once a year and then for only temporary purposes. On the other hand, where really vital processes are involved, we have abundant evidence that the intelligence of animals is not "incapable of development" and that this development once acquired by the parent, is transmitted by direct heredity to offspring.

Thus grazing animals, removed to new pasturage, sicken or die, from eating unknown poisonous plants, but the offspring of those that recover never after repeat the same error. Beasts of prey also, have been known to modify their tactics according to the habits of unaccustomed animals upon which they may feed, and transmit to their descendents the knowledge they have thus acquired.

Numerous instances might be cited to show that the psychic qualities which are characteristic of the animal soul are capable of development by natural growth and by education, and that such enlarged acquirements are reflected, as it were, back upon the sub-

conscious individual, or re-incarnating ray, as the means by which its evolutionary progress is accomplished.

As to the source or mode of origin of the psychic or animal soul, they must be sought for in that universal store-house of all evolutionary possibilities—the Absolute which must contain, according to Spencer, the ultimate units of all things to be evolved. That the unfolding of the animal soul does not of necessity, keep pace with the forms of physical evolution, is a matter of such well-known observation as to call for little comment. The intelligence of the honey bee has served for ages as an example; the military genius, the architectural skill and the general thrift and providence of the ant are also well-known illustrations.

All these facts have puzzled mankind since modern observation began, dating back even to the Proverbs of Solomon. And in more recent times speculation as well as observation has been active, as witness the following quotation from a poem by Matthew Prior, published in 1720:—

“Tell me why the ant
Midst Summer’s plenty thinks of Winter’s want;
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction doth she bite the grain,
Lest hid in Earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the fore-sight of her care?”

Thus showing that we are not the first to appreciate the importance of the germ-plasm.

The difference between the highest development of intelligence in the animal and the intelligence shown in the most primitive types of the human family, would seem to be, not so much in the automatic character of the former as in the fact that it is reminiscent in its operations and not constructive, as is the human intelligence. The past experiences of the animal soul have left their record, it is true and by that record the animal must govern itself or be governed.

The animal has not the power of initiating an idea or concept; its mental processes are purely inductive and lead to no advance, and can postulate no new proposition; the greatest knowledge possible to one, is approximately the same as that belonging to all. In

man, however, even the least evolved, we find the reminiscent powers of his intelligence gradually giving way to the advancing constructive qualities which characterize intellect and distinguish it from instinct. Imagination—the image making power of the mind—is seen to be the first requisite of intelligent action and, while the reminiscence of instinct is still a prominent trait of the lower order of mankind, it gradually ceases to be active as the constructive or imaginative character of dawning intellect supersedes it.

The animal knows, by induction from past experiences, that a cave or a hollow log, or, wanting both, the lee side of a rock will afford him shelter from the storm, but he has no power of deducing from this fact, a method of providing a house as a future or permanent protection; and while he is aware of the warmth and comfort of a fire, his powers of deduction will not lead him to devise methods of producing the fire. Man, however, in his most primitive state, although his powers of deductive reasoning are of the most limited character, is able to add something to the knowledge he has gained by induction, and thus to make use of that knowledge for future conduct or for its improvement and welfare. His imagination is of the crudest, although most vivid, and his ability to relate causes to effects and effects to causes so limited as to give rise to the most absurd and distorted perceptions and inferences.

Where his inductions are correct in their relations, when, in other words, they result in “correct cognition,” his deductions are as unerring as those of his civilized brother. In common with his animal neighbor, he knows where to look for the largest and ripest fruits and where to dig for the most succulent roots, but by deduction, he knows when and where to plant, that he may provide his own harvest. He knows by the instinct, which he has brought over from his animal condition, how to waylay or overtake his prey, but, basing his deductive reasoning power upon these inductive facts, he is able to devise the more swiftly acting spear or bow and arrow, by which he may accomplish the desired end more certainly and with less danger to himself.

If, therefore, imagination—the power of deductive reasoning—is the first requisite of intelligent action, it must follow that the power of constructive imagination, fully developed, is the perfection of intelligence. Now, development is in exact proportion to the

ability of the individual to relate consecutively, the outward experiences to the inner perceptions, and the acquirement of this power is the object of heredity. Consciousness, being the true, inner or causative Force, the various incarnations of Consciousness are the external experiences, and the lessons learned in each incarnation must be related to and assimilated by the true Individuality—the Soul.

Now, the Soul is the highest possible attainment of expression of Consciousness on any plane of evolution. If we trace the manifestations of Consciousness through each kingdom of Nature, and from one kingdom to the next higher, we shall find that as Consciousness evolves or acquires enlarged powers of expression, the qualities belonging to each consecutive higher plane or form of life, begin to be made apparent in proportion as perfection is reached in the next lower. Thus the Consciousness of the higher forms of plant life is seen to become instinctual, while in the animal it gradually becomes intelligent. The relation of effects to causes are seen to be purely automatic only on the lowest planes, whether expressed solely as the lowest, or as taking part in the construction and integrity of the highest—as, for instance, in the crystalization of minerals and salts in bone and tissue formations, or in the purely vegetative functions inseparable from all organic life.

Every thing is seen to be relative and nothing can exist apart from relativity; mineral forms and affinities are as inseparable from the highest forms of physical evolution as in their own kingdom. Conversely, if Consciousness is one and both Consciousness and form are inherent in and proceed from the Absolute, then the mineral Consciousness must co-exist with the Consciousness of all forms, and even with the utmost possibility of spiritual development. No form of being can exist except in relation to all other forms; and no structure can maintain its life or integrity except by virtue of the continuity of life and integrity in all its antecedents. So also with Consciousness; even its lowest or most primitive and elemental manifestations can persist only by virtue of the possibilities entailed in its expression, and its highest exhibition can be given only by virtue of what it has passed through—in short, the sum total of all evolutionary experiences.

If we picture to ourselves the cycle of evolution as divided into

seven stages or planes, to correspond with the seven states of Matter, we find the evolving ray of Consciousness proceeding from the Absolute outward to the middle of the cycle, the "mid-point" of the fourth plane, when the return journey is begun and involution begins.

According to the Ancient Teaching, "Spiritual and psychic evolution proceeds on parallel lines with physical evolution—that is, the inner senses, innate in the first human races, atrophy during racial growth and the development of the outer senses." * If man is correctly placed in the cycle of evolution just imagine, he is now making the turn at the middle of the fourth plane of the cycle—"evolution has reached the acme of physiological development" * * and from this point onward, each stage must be retraced on a higher level, but in reverse order.

As in this general cycle, so throughout all evolution, the process is a double one—the same process, rather, but with two aspects, the one the direct antithesis of the other, characterized, as before stated, by the continuous assimilation of outward experiences to internal perceptions, whose perfection on any plane is the result of all experiences on all preceding planes.

These two aspects persist throughout, but in their relative position that is reversed. Thus, in the evolution of the physical aspect, matter passes from a diffused or elementary, to a more concentrated or definite state, in the process of differentiation.

This is true of all objective evolution, but we see a true reversal of this in the growth of the subjective and causative. The definiteness of the limitations of matter and the indefiniteness of the limitations of mind or thought are facts so fundamentally inseparable from any conception of growth or advance, as to have become axiomatic. Matter proceeds from its primary state—whether atomic or pre-atomic—to become molecular, thence on by successive steps to complete integration. Intelligence, which we may adopt as the highest type of Consciousness on any plane, reverses this process on every plane, beginning as an impulse merely, and developing by suc-

* Secret Doctrine, Vol. II, pp. 307-308.

* * Secret Doctrine, Vol. II, p. 253

cessive additions of powers or aspects, until finally the entire universe may be embraced in the thought.

It is thus seen that Consciousness, no matter under what aspect or aggregation of aspects it may be expressed, is the one permanent thing whose expansion through evolution necessitates the contraction of the medium through which it evolves—as one increases, the other must decrease. This was seen to be true of the expansion of Consciousness in each of the kingdoms of Nature, and it is equally true when applied to the life history of any individual. The world over, sage counsel and advice are sought from the aged, although the physical frame is near dissolution.

In this double line of evolution, it is through this incessant relation of the constant re-adjustment of external conditions to internal perceptions that Consciousness has its connection with heredity; heredity supplying, under the action of the law of causative reaction or Karma, a proper vehicle through which it may gain experience from the external conditions. As all light is by reflection—as the sun's ray is rendered visible only by the dust or other matter which gives it form and body, so the divine ray may prove fruitful only by its reflection in, and its passage through matter. "The Spiritual Dhyannis may become intellectual only through contact with matter because they had already reached during previous cycles of incarnation, that degree of intellect which enables them to become independent and self-conscious entities *on this plane of matter.*" * * * And again: "The highest sees through the eyes of the lowest in the manifested world; Spirit remains blind without the help of Matter in the material sphere; and so does Atma-Buddhi without Manas." * * * *

Now Manas is the Fifth Principle, and if the deduction is correct that the Principles belonging to any plane are completely expressed only in conjunction with the earliest appearance of the Principle next in the order of development, we should expect to find Lower Manas the controlling Principle at this stage of evolution; and this is the teaching. We should also expect to find that physical evolution has reached its highest possible development as a vehicle

* * * Secret Doctrine, Vol II, p. 176.

* * * * Secret Doctrine, Vol. II, p. 130.

for the expression of all the preceding Principles; and this, also is the teaching. We shall also expect that as man nears the turning or balance-point in the cycle employed above as a diagram, his subjective self—Manas—will become more and more the dominant Principle of his future evolution—which, from this point on, is involution—while his objective self, his physical energies and body, will retrace, on the ascending arc of the cycle, the stages through which he has evolved.

(To be Continued.)

THE ONE RELIGION.

III.

(Continued.)

Turning now to the Bible.

“God is light,” said St. John, “and in Him there is no darkness at all” (I John 1, 5), and “God is love” (ib. iv. 8). (“Infinite light,” said Abbas Effendi).

“In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God” (John I, 1). “All things were made by him” (ib. 3).

“In the beginning” is at the commencement of evolution, or the putting forth of the visible from the invisible Divine substrate.

“Praise the Lord with harp—sing unto Him a new song—for the *Word of the Lord* is right—by the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made. And all the host of them by the breath of *His mouth*.” (Thirty-third Psalm.)

Elsewhere the active power of God is called the Holy Spirit; as in the fifty-first Psalm and Isaiah, LXIII.

These words of Abbas Effendi are very apposite:—

“As touching the Spirit of God—which we call the Holy Spirit—this is Eternal. . . . It influences the essence of all things. It is that which infuses life into the soul. It is the Teacher of minds. It is the creative power. It gives eternal life. It is the educator of men. It is the center of the graces of the merciful God. It is the pure effulgence which dissipates the darkness of the world of men.” (Life and Teachings, p. 190).

The “Word” or Logos of John and David is identical with the Sanskrit Vak, voice, or Parâshakti, the Supreme Power; that is, the Divine Being in *action* which became the instrumental cause of the universe and all activities therein, including those of men. “The term: vak” says Sri Parananda (p. 2 of Eastern Exposition of St. John) “word or voice, is used by the Sages of India to denote that most spiritual, and as yet inaudible, Voice or Sound, which, preparatory to evolution, arose in the Being of God—not as a note or succession of notes, but as an overspreading power which may be called *The power that makes itself heard*, because sentient and non-sentient beings alike, when evolved, “hear” it, or are regulated

by it. This all-prevading Power of Direction is the great *Informer of the Universe*, the Power that *forms or shapes* every entity, mental or material, and everything in that entity, according to its needs. It is the Power that vibrates in all things for purposes of regulation; conscious beings feel its direction, others unconsciously obey it."

As God is light, the Word or Holy Spirit is the Illuminating Power. "It is the bodiless or still voice of God that speaks in, or directs, the spirits of men. It is the Teacher of the Universe" says Sri Paránanda; "It is the Teacher of minds, the Educator of men" says Abbas Effendi.

The material world in which spirits are immersed is referred to in the New Testament as Darkness, as in Sanskrit it is called Avidyâ or ignorance.

"The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not" (John 1, 5). It is called Corruption in Psalms, XVI, 10 and Gal. VI, 8); The Spirit of Error in I John IV, 6; the spirit of the world or worldliness in I John V. 19: Flesh and carnal-mindedness, and death as opposed to the Life of the spirit, in Rom. VIII, 5-7, "They that are after *flesh* do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the *spirit*, the things of the *spirit*; for to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace."

"Those souls," says Abbas Effendi, "who are most vivified and attracted by the Holy Spirit are accounted among the dead, because they are deprived of the breath of the Holy Spirit. From it the soul destitute of spirit, and therefore dead, receives everlasting life." *

And again:—

"The spirit of faith endows man with the capacity to love God and to know God. If the spirit of man, his perceiving soul, be confirmed by the spirit of faith, so that it loves and knows God, and if it be guided by the guidance of God, and if the Divine attributes be manifested in it, then there is a living soul which attains to eternal life. Otherwise it may be considered to be dead.

That is why Jesus said, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' One who is born of the flesh is flesh; one who is born of the spirit is

* (Note)—From an unpublished Tablet.

spirit. Those men who have not been delivered from the darkness of the human estate and who have not been illumined by the effulgence of God, although they are in human form, are in reality but animals. Though they are living as regards the body, as regards the spirit they are dead.

"The lamp which is extinguished and gives forth no light may be considered as dead. When it has been relighted it is again alive. The spirit of faith is as the radiance of the lamp; and therefore those whose souls have not been led to the shadow of the wings of God, are as though dead." (Life and Teachings p. 178).

"The thoughtless are as though dead." (Buddha in the Dhammapada).

Quoting Sri Paránanda (St. John, p. 16), "By Darkness St. John means that which obscures the spirit, namely, ignorance, worldliness, carnality, evil, falsity. These are all synonymous terms. The possession of the Soul by Darkness, before the world was created, is known as the *captivity* (Eph. IV, 8) or bondage (Rom. VII. 21) of the soul. When this darkness is purged from the soul (I Cor. 5:7) by the Grace of the Lord, even as water may be cleansed of its mud, the soul is said to be 'free' (John VIII, 32) or to 'overcome' Darkness (John XVI, 33) or 'lead captivity captive.'" (Eph. IV, 8).

"The vagaries of Darkness are referred to by saints as the doings of the *old man* (Col. II, 9), the ways of the *son of perdition* (John XVII, 12), or the cravings (Gal. V, 16) of the *flesh*. Out of this craving, commonly known as the *sense of want*, were developed different manifestations of it, such as greed, hate, strife, jealousy, intolerance, envy, lust, uncleanness, vainglory, etc., as explained by St. Paul (Gal. V:19-26)."

Here I may interrupt the quotation to remark that this figurative language of John, Paul and other writers of the Bible, seems to be the origin of the common Christian belief in a personal "devil." The intention apparently was merely a poetical personification of the characteristics of Flesh, Darkness, or the material world (including, of course, under that term, man's tangible body and his instruments of thought, sense, action, etc., or subtle body).

Bahaism perfectly agrees with this view. The influence of man's lower nature is the only "devil" which it knows. Thus, com-

menting upon the passage in the New Testament where Jesus is said to have been taken to a high mountain by Satan and shown all the kingdoms of the earth, Abbas Effendi said:—

“This narrative cannot be literally true, as the earth is round and not to be surveyed from any mountain. The meaning is this: Man has two natures—a higher nature, which is Divine, and a lower nature which is human. The higher nature is the inspiration of God within us; the lower nature is the slave of sensuous pleasure, desire, attachment, and ignorance. The struggle which Jesus experienced was that between the higher and lower selves. In this struggle he perceived that the things of the senses and the world are impermanent and futile. He conquered his lower nature, and his higher self—that which was of God—became ascendant. Then it was that he said ‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’” (Life and Teachings, p. 137).

To continue our quotation from Sri Paránanda:—

“Originally, before evolution began, the soul, without body or limb, was under the dominion of Darkness, in an utterly stupid and avid state. Through pity for the soul, which knew not itself or the Darkness which held it captive, the Holy Spirit of God evolved, out of the very corruption called Darkness, this universe, and vested the soul with instruments of knowledge and action, in order that it might awake from its stupifying slumber and seek the Light (Eccles. I, 13) ‘Awake, thou that sleepest,’ saith the Lord, ‘and arise from the dead.’” (Eph. V, 14; Isa. LX, 1-2).

The soul, endowed with a body and an environment, awoke from its gloom of indefinable craving, and saw through its senses something after its own worldly nature. Joyfully it went forth into the world; seeking objects of gratification for each of its senses of sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch. When fruition or fatigue came, the soul slid back from wakefulness to the gloom of sleep, its pristine condition, and woke again for ‘the travail which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it’ (Eccles. III, 10). It believes during all the days of the flesh (Heb. V, 7)—during all the time that it is gratifying the senses and leading a life of self-indulgence—that it is walking in Light, ye, in the noonday sun; but ‘the fool walketh in darkness’ (Eccles. II, 14), for he mis-

takes the flesh-begotten world, which is a thing of darkness and a 'vanity of vanities' (Eccles. XII, 8), for Light and Truth."

Now the soul having been found by the Lord in its environment of darkness and ignorance, having been furnished by the Lord with powers or instruments of sense and action and thought, and with the universe as a theatre for the activity of its powers, what is to be its course of redemption? The Wise men of India tell us that a primary and essential part of the plan is the development in human character of *love*, of love for others—of love for the neighbor, as preparatory to the development of the higher and all-embracing Infinite Love. For man is to become one with God, and, since fellowship or companionship can exist only between those who are alike, his nature must be purified so as to be essentially like that of God. This is brought about by means of *law*.

Jesus many times insists upon the necessity of love. I have already quoted the two great commandments which he substituted for the ten of Moses. He is nowhere more forcible on the subject than in the 25th Chapter of Matthew, where he declares that only by those who practice love, by feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, sheltering the stranger, visiting the sick and imprisoned, can the Grace of the Lord be invoked; and many passages of the Bible bear upon the relation of the development of love to law; as John I, 17:—"The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ; Rom. X, 4:—"Christ is the end of the law"; Matt. V, 17:—"I am the end of the law"; Rom. XIII, 10:—"Love is the fulfillment of the law;" and the like.

I have already outlined this matter in a former paper. It is necessary to here resume and amplify what was there said:—

In the Pentateuch God is described as an angry ruler who jealously watched over the affairs of the Jews, and who was to be conciliated through the High Priest by offerings of various kinds. This is the relation of Master to servant. In latter times, the prophets declared that offerings and cakes and sacrifices of oxen were unnecessary, and that only a loving heart and conduct worthy of acceptance by God were essential.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord," said Micah, "and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves a year old? Will the Lord be pleased

with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" (VI, 6-8).

"I desired mercy and not sacrifice," sang Hosea, "and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." (VI, 6).

Such also were the teachings of Jesus.

This is the relation of father to son. During these two stages man is under the dominion of law and subject to sin and punishment for sin. In these stages, the predominating motive of human action is selfish love, the nature of which is to ignore and disregard the claims of others.

It is by means of Love that God, the great Teacher of men, brings about in them the suppression of selfish love and worldly attachments, by the development of the sense of justice, which expresses itself as Neighborly Love. This is begun by Law and perfected by Religion. When Neighborly Love is developed in man, law is no longer an aid for his improvement. It has accomplished its purpose.

Quoting from Sri Paránanda's Exposition of St. John:—"God the Teacher taught the Jews the right way of living in worldly life by the laws of Moses; and many centuries afterwards, the Lord taught the Jews through Jesus that *Law* was not intended to rule the thoughts of men perpetually, as if it were a guide for all times and conditions of men, but that it was intended only as a provisional instrument for raising men from love of self to love of others (p. 39). By providing different methods of punishment, the Law is able to develop in man a willing disposition to give each man his due—to cause to rise in him a desire to be just. Selfishness is thus changed into a *sense of justice*. Self-love is transformed into spontaneous *neighborly love* (p. 169). Hence St. Paul says 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' that is, the Law fulfills its object when it begets Neighborly Love in men. 'All the law is fulfilled in one word—love—Love thy neighbor as thyself,' (Gal. V, 14); 'Christ is the end of the law.'" (Rom. X, 4), (p. 39).

With the fulfillment of the function of law, the sense of sin, which was raised by the law and was dependent upon it, also passes away.

“When the Law compels the man who loves to push forward his own interests to think tenderly of others also, it sets before him a standard or ideal up to which he must live. By bearing in mind that there is such an ideal, one is able to say whether one’s conduct is ‘right’ or ‘wrong,’ ‘good’ or ‘bad,’ according as the conduct is at one, or at variance, with such standard or ideal. The knowledge that it is at variance with the standard of the Law is commonly called the *sense of sin* in man. Hence it is that St. Paul said: ‘by the Law came the sense of sin.’ (Rom. III, 20). The sense of sin is the consciousness of non-conformity to Law. (ib. p. 49).

“When man is depleted of his worldly desires, and so has dropped his Selfish Love, he perceives, as a matter of fact—he feels in truth—that the Law is no longer an instrument of improvement for him, because while the Law, in its endeavor to harmonize the interests of one person with those of others, attaches importance to Self, or to the selves of each person, the man who has become poor in spirit thinks very little of his own self. It is to such a person that the Teacher of Truth appears, and expounds, among many other Truths, the great truth that ‘*till the Law is, sin is in the world.*’ (Rom. V, 13). That is to say, so long as Law operates in one’s mind as a standard of right and wrong, so long will one retain a sense of sinfulness, owing to obligations left undone, or imperfectly done. ‘Now we have been *discharged* from the Law,’ says St. Paul, ‘having died to that wherein we were holden.’ (Rom. VII, 6); that is, having passed from the dominion of Law, in which we were bred, to the dominion of Love.”

“By learning of the Sanctified Teacher these and other principles of Truth, and by actually practicing the exercises of Godliness enjoined by him, sinhood is lifted out of one’s consciousness and put an end to. ‘Ye are washed, ye are sanctified—ye are made righteous by the Spirit of our God,’ said St. Paul. (I Cor. VI, 11). See also Eph. II, 14-15.

“Referring to the same real and practical fact of the ‘taking away,’ or removal, of the feeling of sinfulness by means of the

Teacher of Truth, John the Baptist said tersely: 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.'" (ib. p. 51).

So much for the development of *Love* by the temporary expedient of *Law*, which falls away and the sense of which vanishes when love is developed. We will pass now to another primary and essential part of the Divine plan of Salvation—the weaning of the soul from its attachment to the things of the world. This we will consider next month.

(To be Continued.)

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Continued.)

The Man who would be King furnishes two or three touches of double verisimilitude, of the same character. To begin with, Rudyard Kipling tells us that "there had been a deficit in the budget, which necessitated travelling, not second class, which is only half as dear as first class, but by Intermediate, which is very awful indeed." In this sentence, he conveys three precise pieces of information; first, the ratio between first and second-class fares on Indian railroads; then, the fact that, between second and third class, there is an intermediate class; and, lastly, that this was the class he travelled by. All this produces an atmosphere of railway-station, which makes a solid starting point of realized fact, to set out from; and if we get started on the firm ground of fact, we follow much more confidently across the morass of fiction. In the same tale, instead of telling us that he took down a volume of an encyclopædia to look up Kafiristan for the Man who would be King, he says: "I hauled down the volume *INF-KAN* of the Encyclopædia Britannica,"—because there are neither encyclopædias in general, nor volumes in general; it is always some particular volume of some particular work; and Kipling is true to the sensuous fact.

This absolute definiteness is simply another indication that he writes for the senses, not the emotions or sentiments; sentiments may be general; sensations are always particular and concrete. Thus he will not say that a woman had a voice like a creaking wheel, but: "that woman's voice always reminds me of an Underground train coming into Earl's Court with brakes on." And he will not say, "he murdered his father's widow in cold blood," but "he filled her up with red pepper and slipped her to death as she hung from a beam." Again, he will not say "a list of his lady's charms," but "an auctioneer's catalogue of Miss Blandyre's charms." He will not talk of a mummy in the abstract, but will write thus: "The dry sand had turned the corpse entrusted to its keeping into a yellow-brown mummy;" from which was missing—not a tooth—but "the left canine of the upper jaw."

The result of all this gilding of gold is that he attains to a material and concrete solidity of fact which has never been equalled:

add this, entirely without regard to whether he is telling the truth or inventing wild chimeras; and indeed, he pulls himself together for all his finest efforts, when he enters the Barony of Munchhausen, and walks arm in arm with Ananias. The stiffer the jump, the better he rises to it.

So that, when we talk about Rudyard Kipling's intensity, his power of receiving and transferring to us sense impressions of the utmost vividness, we mean a perfectly definite thing, which can be exactly measured and described, and is susceptible of accurate analysis. But it must not for a moment be supposed that he came by his results by any process of calculation or analysis; with him, this power is innate, instinctive, a matter of intuition. He could never have reached it by taking thought. Rudyard Kiplings are born, not made.

Now that we have settled in our minds what we mean by his intensity, we may turn to his other signal gift, his marvellous power of movement. We all feel the charm of rapid motion; a gallop on horseback, a racing eight, a toboggan on a long snow-slope, have a certain high and potent fascination. And even to look on at these things, is to be enthralled: a cavalry charge, the rush of a rocket, the scrimmage of a dog-fight, a hurdle-race, a prize-ring, attract us by their mere rapidity of movement, quite apart from our interest in the result. The swift movement is itself a power. And of this power, Rudyard Kipling's books are full. His men, dogs, and elephants are ever rushing somewhither. He covers miles of ocean or plain, in a single story of a dozen pages, always at full speed, excitedly, and exciting us. In all his stories, something gets done. Situations develop rapidly, and are transformed before our eyes. People go out for a gallop, or charge up a ravine, or chase tigers, or cross oceans, or climb mountains,—on horseback, by preference. And we follow with rapt attention, and bated breath.

(To be Continued.)

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“Do not speak ill or judge ill of others. The putting of the best construction on another’s acts is the way to practice love; to put the worst construction upon them is to practice hate. In the one case you are rising—in the other sinking.

“The evil qualities of others are no concern of yours; let them alone. It will do you harm to give your attention to those qualities, for thus you practice not love, but differentiation. But attend to their good qualities.

“Evil qualities are like a cloud of darkness, good qualities like a lamp. Were you in the dark with a few lamps about you, you would attend to the lamps—you would seek the light. Did you attend to the darkness, you would stumble and fall.”

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS: AN ENQUIRY.

(Concluded.)

The author of "Ancient and Modern Physics" suggests that there are four kinds of substances connected with our visible universe. The first and coarsest he calls prakritic, taking the name from the Sanskrit word for Nature. The globe of the earth, including the atmosphere, represents this prakritic substance, as do also the globes of the other planets. The solid earth is only nucleus of this prakritic globe, and semi-gaseous planet like Jupiter and Saturn, some ten times greater in diameter than the earth, are probably examples of the earth's earlier states.

The etheric substance comes next. The author of "Ancient and Modern Physics" conceives the Sun to be the nucleus of an immense etheric globe, which has, as it were, an etheric atmosphere stretching far beyond the limits of the solar system as we understand it, that is, beyond the orbit of the planet Neptune.

Then comes pranic substance, with the star Alcyone in the Pleiades as the center of an immense pranic globe, as much finer than the etheric globe as the latter is finer than gross matter.

Finally, we have manasic substance, which is the last and highest realm of the outer universe; all higher planes are subjective and spiritual. The author of "Ancient and Modern Physics" conceives the visible universe to be a vast globe of manasic substance, infinitely more tenuous and subtle, infinitely more alive than the pranic globe already mentioned; and containing within it many pranic globes, just as the pranic globe of Alcyone contains within it many etheric sun-globes.

This is, I believe, a faithful account of that most interesting occult monograph, from one point of view. The author has much to say about forces, but he nowhere takes in hand to classify them according to his ideas of substance; and it seemed to me that to do this would be at once very interesting and very useful. In a preceding article, I tried to suggest that we have, in the molecular and atomic forces of which chemistry makes us aware, the group of forces belonging to prakritic substance, or gross matter, and I pointed out certain general characteristics of these forces, the most noteworthy of which is the fact that, practically speaking, they act

on the spot, through direct contact, and do not convey their influence over any appreciable extent of space. An acid will only act on a metal it is actually touching; chemical substances, such as oxygen and hydrogen, must be in immediate contact, if they are to unite; and so on. Action on the spot is, therefore, the characteristic of these atomic and molecular forces, which thus form a defined class by themselves.

It seemed to me that we have, as our next group of forces, the kind of vibratory wave-movement of which sound is the type. This wave-movement travels through gases, according to a fixed law, going more rapidly in lighter gases. Thus sound travels some eight hundred feet per second in heavy carbonic acid gas; it travels some ten or eleven hundred feet per second in air; and some four thousand feet per second in hydrogen, the lightest of the gases. As warm air is lighter than cold air, sounds travels more quickly in the former, and so with the other gases. Sound, or the vibration which causes sound, travels at different rates in different liquids and solids; more rapidly in liquids than in gases; more rapidly in solids than in liquids. But it is probable that five thousand feet per second would be a fair average for this class of vibration, taking all substances into the average. As sound travels through all substances, solid, liquid or gas, it would seem that its medium must be something common to all these substances; and it seems to me that this medium may well be the etheric substance of our friend the author of "Ancient and Modern Physics." The largest manifestations of this class of forces, we have in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The noise of volcanic outbursts has been heard for thousands of miles; that of the Sunda Straits volcano being heard as far as Madagascar in the one direction and Japan in the other. But the delicate mechanism of the seismograph shows that these vibrations go right round the globe, and may be recorded at distances of many thousand miles from their point of departure. They all approximate to the average velocity given above, say, some five thousand feet per second.

Next comes a great group of forces, of which light, heat, and magnetic or electric induction are types. These forces also stick within pretty close limits of velocity, but it is immensely greater than that of the forces already described. The light of the sun

takes only eight minutes to reach the earth, a distance of some ninety million miles. This is known, because we have a very delicate measuring instrument in the satellites of Jupiter, which travel swiftly around that big planet, and get themselves eclipsed at regular intervals of only a few hours. When we are on the same side of the sun as Jupiter, the eclipses occur on time. When we are on the opposite side of the sun, the eclipses are all sixteen minutes late. The reason is, that the light, which carries the story of the eclipse, has to travel one hundred and eighty million miles further; in other words, right across the earth's orbit, and a process of simple division shows us that this light travels at the rate of about 190,000 or 200,000 miles a second, more or less. We can check this result, by measuring the time light takes to travel between two distant points on the earth, say, two mountain peaks, as was shown by Fizeau; and the result is about the same. This, by the way, shows us that our measurements of interplanetary space are about right too.

Heat and light come to us in the same bunch of rays from the sun. Chemical action, as for instance photographing power, goes in the same rays. It is merely a question of differing numbers of wave-crests, and not really a difference in kind. The waves all travel forward through space at the same rate. It is probable that the Hertzian waves of the wireless telegraph form one end of the series; that the heat rays come next; then the light rays; then the actinic or chemical rays; and then the so-called X-rays. Magnetic induction travels at the same rate. There is one pretty illustration of this on record. It is known that violent changes in the sun, such as sun-spots upheavals, affect the magnetic condition of the earth, and throw our telegraphic instruments into fits. Once an astronomer saw a violent flash of light at a certain point on the sun, due, he thought, to a cometic body or meteor swarm rushing into the luminary. At the same instant, the delicate magnetic instrument at the Kew Observatory had mild convulsions. This showed that the light reached the astronomer's eye just at the moment the magnetic disturbance reached the magnetic indicator; both traveled at the same rate, taking some eight minutes to pass over the ninety million miles that separate us from the sun.

What a contrast with the sound group of waves. A mile a second as the average for the latter, as against 200,000 miles a

second for the light group. Here seems to be a definite difference of class, and I suggest that we have here the pranic group of forces. A learned friend objects to this. He says that the light group is the etheric group, and not the pranic. He also says that the sound group is the prakritic group, and not the etheric. This pushes the atomic and molecular forces over the border into the elemental kingdoms, where, indeed, they may very well belong. But then we are at a loss for our pranic group. It is up to my learned friend to define them.

If, as I have suggested, we have the pranic forces in our light-group, traveling on an average 200,000 miles a second, what about our fourth group, the manasic forces? Let us lead up to the matter this way. Light takes eight minutes to reach us from the sun. It takes three and a half years to reach us from the nearest fixed star, the brightest star in the constellation of the Centaur. No other star is within five years of us, so to speak; that is, the light from any other star, which enters our eyes to-night, left that star five years or more ago. The light from distant stars has been traveling for a thousand years or more, at the rate of 200,000 miles a second. In just the same way, the light from the earth will take a thousand years to reach such a star, and anyone on that star, with a strong enough telescope, could watch the coronation of Charlemagne to-day, though it took place more than a thousand years ago. The inhabitant of a star still further away could to-day watch the Buddha teaching in the Bamboo garden. The wave recording that event has only to-day reached these stars.

Now we know of a force which travels over these same distances in something less than a second. A second as against a thousand years. That is the force of gravitation. We cannot say positively that it takes no time at all; but we can say that, if it took the hundredth part of a second to travel over the space between the sun and the earth, the orbit of the latter would be different; the length of the year would be affected, and a whole train of other consequences would follow. So that gravitation travels practically as swiftly as thought, practically instantaneously. I use the phrase "as swiftly as thought" intentionally. I wish to suggest that gravitation is the type of the manasic forces, and that there may be other

forces linked with it, just as heat, magnetism, light, Hertzian waves, and X-rays are linked together.

So here we have, it seems to me, four classes of forces, which just fit the fourfold division of substances given in "Ancient and Modern Physics." First, the atomic forces, which act only where they are, in direct contact, and cannot be said to travel at all. These seem to me to be the forces of gross or prakritic substance.

Next, we have the group of forces, averaging, say, some five thousand feet per second, or say a mile a second when solids, liquids and gases are all taken into account. This I am inclined to call the etheric group, taking etheric in the sense of the work under discussion.

Thirdly, we have the light group, traveling about 200,000 miles a second, beginning with the rays used in wireless telegraphy, and going on through heat, light, actinic rays, and so on up to the X-rays, which pass through solids as though they were transparent. These rays suggest clairvoyance, just as the wireless rays suggest telepathy. Who will try to solve this particular enigma?

Fourthly, the group of forces of which gravitation is the type, and which do not take seconds to cover the spaces which light requires years to cross. I believe they do literally go "as quick as thought," and that they are the manasic group. Any further information on this subject will be gratefully received by the present enquirer. It is evident that, in a sense, our scale is complete. We have at one end the forces which do not travel at all; then we have forces which travel a mile a second; then forces which travel 200,000 miles a second; then a force or forces which cover boundless spaces in no time at all, or which act instantaneously over infinite distances. There may be other divisions between; but there is no room for other forces at either end. We have exhausted that realm of nature, and our next step will carry us into the spiritual world.

MAN AND HIS RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE.

“If thou wouldst know the things invisible, open wide thine eyes upon the visible.”
TALMUD.

There is *nothing* supernatural and nothing above Law in the entire Universe, and there are no mysteries which man may not fathom and understand—nay, must fathom and understand—by the application of his inherent knowledge concerning the nature of this Law; in this way only, may he comprehend even the smallest detail of the properties of matter, of which the physical universe is composed, or of the forces back of their manifestation.

This Law is the Law of Harmony, and may be summed up as the absolute necessity for harmonious action between the “pairs of opposites”—the forces of attraction and repulsion—seen in one aspect or another throughout the entire Cosmos, and applicable alike to solar systems and to atoms and molecules. Disturb this harmony to even the slightest degree and reaction, equal to the disturbance, is at once brought about in an effort to restore it.

This fact is recognized as fundamental, not only in physics but in every department of human knowledge or experiment, whether physical or metaphysical. Do we try to develop any form of energy, as heat, electricity, chemical action &c? We may only do so by overcoming equilibrium or by substituting one form of unstable equilibrium for another of greater or less stability. Do we assume that this Law holds good only as to mass, great or small?

Investigators in the field of molecular physics have proved that the same law applies as well to the molecules making up the mass as to the mass itself; and it is found that even in the apparently most inert substance, the particles of which it is composed, even the atoms themselves, are in constant motion in the eternal endeavor to return to a state of absolute rest.

This incessant motion known as vibration, pervades all things and may be studied in its various modifications which we call the forces of Nature, and we at once see that what we thought to be stability and equilibrium is the fundamental harmonious vibration upon which depends the existence of the Universe as a whole and in every part. By the attractive force known as cohesion, atoms

become molecules and molecules become mass, while by the repulsive force density and variety are possible; chemical affinity determines the character of compounds and gravity supplies the bond by which all things are held in relation.

From this point, then, we are forced to the further conclusion that not only the forces belonging to and inherent in matter but that matter itself, are all equally modes of motion, but motion of what? If there is motion, there must be something that moves, and if matter exists by virtue of motion, there must be some source of motion and some channel by which it may be communicated, back of and beyond, although continuous with, the visibly material.

We see, handle and investigate the material forms, analyze structure and function and classify all according to the laws of resemblance or difference, but the real things—the forces underlying all form—are hidden from our physical eyes, made only to see physical and transitory things, by their very permanence—their immortality.

If we would trace sequence of effects we must search for the causes, and in the realm of causes, and it will help us not a whit to stop on the frontier and cry, "Ah! this is a mystery" and retire in awe from further seeking. Real knowledge is not thus acquired; it is not thus that mountains are climbed or strange seas explored.

Do we observe facts of constant occurrence in plant life? Patient investigation shows the same facts are equally true of all forms of organic life and the science of biology is born.

Do we dread the mysterious thunderbolt as an avenging missile from the hand of an angry God? A Franklin dares capture and study the fearful thing and a new servant is given for man's welfare.

Does man worship the supernatural and eternal fires at Baku? Knowledge of their cause confers upon the world the benefit of petroleum and petroleum gas.

Are the frightful monsters inhabiting an unknown sea to be feared and avoided? The daring of a Columbus makes possible the birth of a new nation.

Do we question the source of the energy locked up in coal and all other carbon bearing compounds? The twin sciences of chemistry and physics combine to solve the mystery and a new and broader

light is shed upon geology and in fact upon the entire field of human knowledge.

It is often said that knowledge is gained by experience, but experience is, after all, an interior action, and the value of knowledge so gained depends entirely upon the individual ability to assimilate the lesson; in other words, upon the ability of the individual to relate his experience to each other and to his own nature in future conduct.

On the other hand, while it may be possible that some facts have been discovered purely by accident, apparently, it will be found that in every such case, the discovery has been made possible only by previous training on the part of the observer.

Whether this statement be accepted or not, it may be stated as a broad, fundamental proposition, that the world's store of knowledge of today, is the result of patient investigation of the relation of cause to effect, with the physical properties of matter as the vehicle or medium through which experience and knowledge is gained; and the corollary to this, that increase of knowledge can come only through the enlarged and enlarging powers of perception of the real and permanent soul back of and superior to physical man. This, to my mind, embodies the entire conception of evolution re-incarnation and karma, as a physical necessity.

Ultimate cause and ultimate effect can never be relegated to the purely material, but are inseparable from the metaphysical. Even the granite of the "everlasting hills" is gradually brought into solution, preparatory to the transference of its life energies into those of organic forms of life—first as vegetation, later in higher forms. The piece of hornblende of centuries ago, may be to-day supplying stability to the frame or acting as a carrier of phosphorus to the brain of the world's greatest philosopher or philanthropist.

It would seem, certainly, to require no great wealth of illustration to prove that the real world is, after all, the world of causes. The strict materialist could have no physical science but for metaphysics and, if there is a metaphysical back of the physical, there must be metachemistry back of chemistry, and so on.

Now, metaphysics has been aptly, and I believe, correctly, defined as "the persistent attempt to think clearly"; but I would add to this, that clear thinking must be founded upon well established

and definite data or bases. We must fly our kite from this end of the string, but the information transmitted to us from the other end—the string being unbroken—is more accurate than if we should ascend with the kite. Accurate perception demands as a medium of transmission, a focus of exact dimensions, just as in the transference of a correct picture to the interior of a camera; the rays must converge to a point at the correct angle in order that the picture may be impressed clearly or at all.

Materialism calls for mathematical exactness—accurate weighings and measurements—and this is as it should be, but after all, mathematics, the so-called “only exact science,” is found, in the last analysis, to be “metaphysics working through methods of precision.” If we trace the rebirth of a plant from one generation to another, we find that we can foretell with mathematical accuracy, what will be the general character of future plants, the time of appearance of leaf, bud, flower and fruit—even the equality and merchantable percentage of the perfume—none of which properties we know with equal certainty, by microscopic and chemical tests, exist as such in the minute speck of matter which we recognize as the germ. If the environment is unfavorable and the growth imperfect, we must still take the result as an attempt, at least, to give outward expression to the inner possibilities.

The germ may be measured and weighed and so may all the physical properties belonging to the plant—and even their definite chemical composition be accurately determined—but the forces through which these results are brought about, elude our most patient search. We have no mathematical standards by which these forces may be measured, no chemical reactions by which they may be gauged, but we do not doubt their existence, for we have constantly before us their physical manifestations which can be expressed in terms of the most exact precision. If it is said that the germ “contains the promise and potency” not only of the future organic structure, but of all past and future forms from the beginning to the end of time, it would follow, if these properties reside in the germ itself, that in the constantly increasing complexity inseparable from a progressive evolution, there would be a corresponding increase in size of the germ cell.

Now this is notoriously not true, for the germ cells of the most

highly evolved beings are much smaller than are those belonging lower in the scale. Many facts and illustrations might easily be brought forward to prove that the germ cell is not the physical abode of the forces which constitute life, but simply the material basis for its manifestation and continuity, a focus or meeting point to which converge the lines of force generated in past existences, and from which radiate these same forces to new physical manifestation.

This, of course, implies belief in the immortality of these forces, and, if we are willing to believe that life, simply, is all there is to be so transmitted, we find ourselves at once in full accord with the inductions of modern science: For as Prof. Jordan says in his presidential address: "Each living being is a link in a continuous chain of life, going back in the past to the unknown beginnings of life. Into this chain of life, as far as we know, Death has never entered, because only in life has the ancestor the power of casting off the germ cells by which life is continued. Each individual is in a sense the guardian of the life-chain in which it forms a link. Each link is tested as to its fitness to the conditions external to itself in which it carries on its functions. Those creatures unadapted to the environment, whatever it may be, are destroyed, as well as those not adaptable; and this environment by which each is tested is the objective universe. It is not the world as man knows it. It is not the world as the creature may imagine it. It is the world as it is."

If we should substitute for the world life, Individuality, Ego or Divine Monad, using life or the vital principle simply as one of its vehicles for external or objective manifestation, this quotation might readily be taken as coming from a Theosophical instead of a scientific lecture. Certainly something must be added to make the quotation theosophical or even logical, for we cannot conceive of life, simply as life, being able to carry with it, through successive generations, such special characters and qualities as size, color, methods of thought or power of aspiration &c. The transformations of life are too many; what is one form of animal life to-day may be divided up to-morrow, among many other forms, or may be distributed widely throughout the vegetable kingdom. There could be no definite or progressive evolution, for if life is the one

permanent, indestructible thing, then it is life which evolves, which is palpably not true; life undergoes innumerable changes and, like other forces in nature, is indestructible, but in no instance can it be said to evolve, in the sense of progression. Now the dominant idea of modern science is evolution, the progressive change from the simple to the complex. This implies the fundamental unity of all life and of all matter, or as stated by Haeckel, "the essential unity of organic and inorganic Nature, the former having been evolved from the latter only at a relatively recent period."

This distinctly monistic conception ignores anything back of matter and life, through whose agency matter and life can come into being and whose progressive growth is the sole reason of being. This something back of all forms of physical manifestation, back of structure, back of the germ, back of the elements composing the germ and back of the life animating the whole, but focussing through each, is the re-incarnating Ego, the Individuality, which confers character upon personality, the Soul—in short, Consciousness.

If asked to define Consciousness in terms of human experience or mathematical exactness, we find ourselves obliged to admit that it is impossible, and we must resort to the methods employed in defining other forms of energy. We recognize them by their physical phenomena, and know they exist. We establish purely arbitrary units of measurement and weight, based wholly upon conditions that are not permanent, until at last we come to the inevitable conclusion that force can only be defined in terms of matter and matter in terms of force; and that our only sources of knowledge lie within ourselves.

And thus it is with Consciousness. We know, without defining our meaning in exact detail, that we are conscious of ourselves and conscious of our relations with others and our environment. We know with equal positiveness, that we are possessed of Consciousness which is free from such relations and which may be called abstract Consciousness.

If we accept evolution, we must, as before stated, accept the fundamental unity of all things. If evolution is true, there must be something which evolves, and whatever it is that evolves must be permanent throughout the entire evolutionary cycle. It is evi-

dent that matter, therefore, does not evolve, for in its innumerable manifestations and frequent changes of state, it can only be taken, as Spencer says, as the symbol of the real and permanent force acting through it.

Now, if we accept the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, which happen to be identical with those of modern evolutionary philosophy, that the Universe is an emanation from the Absolute—the Unconditioned, the Unknowable—and that the end of all evolution is the return to the Absolute, we must conclude that whatever of Law governs the evolution, must govern in no less degree, all things evolved. This we shall find to be absolutely true and without exception, whether we accept evolution as being the unfolding of the ultimate homogeneous units inherent in the Absolute, as postulated by Spencer, or as being the progressive acquirement of the different aspects of Consciousness as taught by the Ancient Wisdom.

Man, although in the front rank in the scale of evolutionary development, is not above, but part of Nature, and must come under the same Law which governs all things. He can be no exception. Being at the head of the class, he must have passed through every phase of existence up to the present and must embody in his own Consciousness all the knowledge gained through all previous experiences. In his very complexity he is still one with the universe. In this complexity and harmony lies the key by which he may—nay must unlock the mysteries of all knowledge.

This is the riddle of the Sphinx; this is the Wisdom of the Ages.

By studying himself as a physical being, in his relation to his environment; by studying the cyclic activity of his life processes, the beginning, growth, life history and death of the cells which are the builders, preservers and destroyers of his body, all as the symbols merely, of the reality, man may know himself as the miniature of the universe, the Microcosm of the Macrocosm.

He will know that if the lesson of any existence is not well learned, and the experiences of any life are not added to “the harvest of the Soul,” he must come back and back again and still again until he learns that as he sows, so he must reap; that causes set in operation on the physical plane, will surely have their effects and must be worked out on the physical plane; that degradation

must be expiated in degradation and that in the fulfilment of perfect Law, there is no room and no chance for injustice.

He will know that he is the maker of his own destiny under this Law ; that he is admitted to no privileges or special gifts, except those won by himself—his higher Ego—through a long series of incarnations ; that for him, having acquired intelligent Consciousness, there can be no vicarious atonement or suffering, that in the true sense, he does not reap what his parents have sown, nor sow that his children may reap.

He will know this by studying the life history and processes open to him throughout all Nature, of which he is part, and, by the Divine right of superior knowledge, King ; and, being a part of the whole, his efforts to raise himself will necessarily result in a corresponding elevation of the whole.

MUSIC.

(Concluded.)

In the articles which preceded, under this title, we tried to show in a general way what music is, and how it may be used to reveal the hidden life and the hidden world. For this should ever be kept in mind, that music is invisible, and deals with the invisibles; that music is alive, and deals with powers that live. It was a wise old saying of the Chinese, that music is the language by which man communicates with the gods; it might be added that by music the gods communicate with us, and that through music the gods in us should communicate with each other.

In the present article, we have a more particular aim: to show why it is that music can produce the same effects as other arts, notably painting, the art of color and form; and we wish also to draw attention to two old books, which have wise things to say on this very subject. The reason why music can say the same things which are said by painting is this: that sound and color are both emanations of the same divine spirit; and that, therefore, there are certain defined relations of quality and significance between them. The precise nature of these relations is a matter somewhat abstruse. An attempt is made to solve the riddle in one of the two books of which we have spoken: namely, in the "Analogy of Sound and Color," written by Dr. John Denis Macdonald, of the British Navy, and published in London some thirty-six years ago. The Preface begins thus:

"It has long impressed the Author, that, if the undulatory theory were applicable to Light and Sound, in all their bearings, the seven colors of the rainbow and the seven notes in the musical scale might prove to be perfectly analogous in their relative properties and effects, either in single sequence or in combination. Thus, the law of interference, which so fully explains the nature of consonance and dissonance in music, if it be alike applicable to colors, will enable us to make practicable use of the principles of Musical Harmony in Painting, or the association of colors in matters of dress or decorations. It will be perceived however, that unless the particular number of vibrations producing the musical scale can be shewn to hold an exact relation to the ratio of vibrations calculated in the

intervals of the prismatic series, there would be no premiss from which an inference like the above could be drawn. To this desideratum special attention has been given in the first chapter, and it is presumed that the arguments there adduced, are sufficiently conclusive to warrant the further development of the subject in succeeding chapters.

“Painting as an Art, may be at least on a par with Music; but Music as a Science, is certainly in advance of the fine Arts, its most essential principles admitting mathematical expression. This last remark, however, has special reference to harmony, for we are still almost quite ignorant of the philosophy of the representative or allegorical power of music; and design and drawing in the arts, as regulated by precedent and principle, are much more intelligible than the essential nature of subject and theme in music.

“Coincidentally with the reception of Painting and Music, as sister arts, their votaries have intuitively felt the existence of a striking analogy between them, an analogy which is more particularly traceable in the phenomena of sound and color. Since the time of Newton various systems have been advanced in elucidation of this analogy, each assuming a colorific scale of its own, but, with the exception of the remarkable results obtained by Newton himself, with the prism and monochord, no purely scientific application of the principles of Musical Harmony to Painting appears to have been made. A reliable theory of harmonious coloring is therefore most desirable in the Arts, as there exists at present no rule to guide the Painter in his selection of colors, but a certain notion of a beau ideal, gained from the example of others, or originating in his own taste, fancy, or caprice.”

The author goes on to say that the phenomena of Light and Sound mutually illustrate each other, and the more they are studied and compared, the more it becomes manifest that both are obedient to the same essential laws and governing principles, though the vibrations of the one may be represented as infinitely more minute and subtle than those of the other. A great interval, therefore, may be said to exist between the smallest sonorous and the largest colorific vibration. Moreover, the vibrations of the colorific scale are within very narrow limits, embracing but a single octave, whilst musical vibrations, extending over numerous octaves, take a much

wider range. Nevertheless, the internal constitution of the eight intervals of a diatonic scale, founded upon any note, will be seen, on close investigation to be represented in striking analogy by the prismatic series.

Our author then goes on to make the comparison between the tone scale and the color scale. He takes, on the one hand, the natural gamut, as determined by the monochord, a single taut string, which can be stopped at various parts, and thus made to give different notes, just as a violin string, stopped by the fingers of the player, gives various notes; and on the other, the numbers of light-vibrations corresponding to the various colors, according to the determinations of Sir John Herschell, from the data of Sir Isaac Newton. Herschell determined the number of light-vibrations corresponding to Red to be 477 followed by twelve cyphers, per second.

In his next table, the author arranges the notes and the colors in parallel series, the note C corresponding to Red; D corresponding to Orange; E corresponding to Yellow; F corresponding to Green; G corresponding to Blue; A corresponding to Indigo; B corresponding to Violet. At this point, we must reluctantly leave him, as, to make the rest of his book intelligible, we should have to use illustrations with musical notation and colors, which is impracticable. His study of the colors of the fundamental chords in harmony is admirable and most suggestive, as he prints the chords in musical notation, and actually colors the notes with the colors of the prism, and, if it were possible, we should like nothing better than to transfer the whole study to our pages.

The other book of which we have spoken, "An Essay on Musical Expressions," was published as long ago as 1775, also in London. Its author is Charles Avison. It also has a fine chapter on the analogies between Music and Painting. From this chapter, we can only quote a few paragraphs:

"The chief analogies or resemblances that I have observed between these two noble arts are as follows:

"First, they are both founded on geometry, and have proportion for their subject. And though the undulations of air, which are the immediate cause of sound, be of so subtle a nature, as to escape our examination; yet the vibration of musical strings or chords, from whence these undulations proceed, are as capable of mensura-

tion, as any of those visible objects about which painting is conversant.

“Secondly, as the excellence of a picture depends on three circumstances, design, coloring and expression; so in Music, the perfection of composition arises from melody, harmony and expression. Melody, or air, is the work of invention, and therefore the foundation of the other two, and directly analogous to design in painting. Harmony gives beauty and strength to the established melodies, in the same manner as coloring adds life to a just design. And, in both cases, the expression arises from a combination of the other two, and is more than a strong and proper application of them to the intended subject.”

We must skip from Thirdly to Seventhly, and begin quoting again at:

“Lastly, the various styles in Painting—the grand—the terrible—the graceful—the tender—the passionate—the joyous—have all their respective analogies in music. And we may add, in consequence of this, that as the manner of handling differs in Painting, according as the subject varies; so, in Music, there are various instruments suited to the different kinds of musical compositions, and particularly adapted to, and expressive of, its several varieties. Thus, as the rough handling is proper for battles, sieges, and whatever is great or terrible, and, on the contrary, the softer handling, and more finished touches, are expressive of love, tenderness or beauty. . . .”

So we have a fourfold correspondence, between Emotions, Tones, Colors and Numbers; a correspondence not accidental or whimsical, but springing out of the very nature of things, and depending for validity on the underlying One. Thus by different lines do we come back to the single Being, whose essential nature is Everlastingness, Consciousness, Bliss.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Concluded.)

Watch how this energy actually works out, in any of his books. Take *The Day's Work*, for example. In the first story, we have all the stir and hustle of building a great bridge; then floods on the Ramgunga; then a mighty wave coming down the Ganges, with "hailstones and coals of fire" so to speak; the hero is swept "seven koss down stream" in a twinkling; and carried up again in a steam launch. And, to help the sense of movement, the artist has brought a locomotive all the way from America to the torrid Indian plains. But for that, the author is not responsible. In the next tale, a herd of horses roam over all the North American continent, or at any rate, tell about their roamings. And they are followed by *The Ship that Found Herself*, which seethes with energy from beginning to end, making the passage from Liverpool to New York, and feeling every mile of the way. Kipling gleefully ends:—"Next month we'll do it all over again." Then come the Chinn family, who travel a great many thousand miles between England and India, go forth to hunt tigers, and roam among aboriginal hills. The wicked steamer, who, or which, was always being re-painted, carries us to all the seven seas; Magellan and Drake are dead, or they would die of envy. William the Conqueror and his brother travel hundreds of miles by rail, from the Punjab to Madras, then hundreds of miles in bullock-carts and on horseback, or even on foot; then back again to the distant north. There is a tale of steam-engines, where Kipling "lays the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board." After that, a fast game of polo, full of the rattle and trample and patter of hoofs. More steamers strip the laurels from the great navigators' brows. A rich American crosses and recrosses the Atlantic, and gets mixed up with an express train. Then another railroad story, a rapid emetic, and the smashing of many lamps. Finally, the *Brushwood Boy*, like the Chinnns, threads the Continent, slips over the blue Mediterranean, through the Canal, down the Red Sea, past Aden, across the Indian Ocean, up-country to his regiment, and then back again, to the house of his home.

If Kipling had only geared a pedometer to his pen, when he began to write, what a record he would have! We are spell-bound

with admiration at the splendid and tireless energy which goes into it all, and we are fascinated and enthralled by the swift kaleidoscope-whirling of his pictures. For sheer vigour of movement, as for intensity of sense-impression, he has no equal. He always writes with his coat off, and there is a horse saddled at the door, to take him galloping across country even before his ink is dry.

This quality of rapid movement, in a purely material and literal sense, is distributed through all his books. They teem with the trampling of elephants, the marching of troops, the rattle of regiments charging, and all things that stir and seethe. In the derived sense, the same quality or movement is equally strong. He never lingers over moods or tries to convey one definite and steady tone of feeling; it is change everywhere. All things flow. Something is perpetually going on. We are kept moving forward, with great rapidity. And it may be said that whatever movement the eye can see, or the ear hear, or the senses feel, Rudyard Kipling can paint so that we shall see it and hear it also. He never falters. His hand is firm throughout; and the faster the movement, or the more fugitive, the better he conveys it.

It is to be noted that he gets his very best effects of realism from pictures of moving objects. Take the incomparable vividness of Bagheera, the black panther: "inky black all over, but with the panther-markings showing up certain lights like the pattern of watered silk." One can see the glossy hide glinting, as the light ripples along it. Or take a touch like this: "He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red-hot, all because the lamp glare is reflected red from the twirling metal." Or later in the same story: "Oh, I forgot to say that she would lie down, an' fill her forward deck green, an' snore away into a twenty knot gale forty-five to the minute, three an' a half knots an hour, the engines runnin' sweet an' true as a bairn breathin'." One can only note the movement of all this, and its vividness and truth, with boundless admiration. And he keeps it up, page after page, story after story, book after book, with energy unabated, unflagging, and glorying in its surplus power.