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THE SPIRIT OF THE HIMALAYAS.

“It always seems to me that it is only in the heart of the great mountains, thousands of feet above the last trace of human habitation, when you lie by some time-worn rock, lulled by a silence which can be felt, and gazing at the eternal snows, that the real voice of Nature speaks to you. Then truly do the heavens declare the glory of God; you feel the pulse of the All-pervading Presence, the beauty and sublimity of Nature sink into your soul, and for a moment the mysterious veil which falls between us and the light wavers and half fades away.”

A. DURAND: *“The Making of a Frontier.”*

A UNIVERSAL TRADITION.

(Continued.)

The greater part of the description of the building of the ark is lost. In the latter part of the account which is preserved, there is mention of the trial of the vessel by launching it into the sea, when defects being found which admitted the water, the outside and inside were coated with bitumen. These details have no parallel in the Bible. The description of the filling of the ark agrees in general with the other account, but it differs from Genesis in not mentioning the sevens of clean animals and in including others beside the family of the builder.

The month and day when the Deluge commenced, which are given in the Bible, are not mentioned in the text, unless the 5 day, mentioned in a mutilated passage, is part of this date.

The description of the Flood in the Inscription is very vivid, it is said to have been so terrible that the gods fearing it, ascended to the heaven of Anu, that is the highest and furthest heaven, the destruction of the human race is recorded, and the corpses of the wicked are said to have floated on the surface of the Flood.

With regard to the mountain on which the ark rested there is a serious difference between the Bible and the Inscription. According to the account in the Book of Genesis, the Flood commenced on the 17 day of the 2 month, the ark rested on Ararat after 150 days on the 17 day of the 7 month, and the complete drying up of the Flood was not until the 27 day of the 2 month in the following year. The Inscription, on the other hand, states that the Flood abated on the 7 day, and that the ship remained 7 days on the mountain before the sending out of the birds.

On this point it must be remarked that some Biblical critics consider that there are two versions of the Flood story in Genesis itself, and that these two differ as to the duration of the Flood.

With regard to the mountain on which the ark rested there is a difference between the Bible and the Inscription, which is more apparent than real. The Book of Genesis states that the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat. According to the popular notion this refers to the mountain of Ararat, in Armenia; but these mountains

may have been anywhere within the ancient territory of Ararat. The Inscription states that the ship rested on the mountain of Nizir. Now, the position of Nizir can be determined from the Inscription of Assur-nazir-pal, king of Assyria. He made an expedition to this region, and starting from an Assyrian city, near Arbela, crossed the Lower Zab, and marching eastward between latitude 35 and 36, arrived at the mountain of Nizir. These mountains of Nizir thus lay east of Assyria, but they form part of a series of mountain chains extending to the northwest into Armenia.

The vessel being stranded on the mountain, the Bible and the Inscription agree that trial was made by birds in order to ascertain if the Flood had subsided; but in the details of these trials there are curious differences in the two narratives. According to the Book of Genesis, a raven was sent out first, which did not return; a dove was sent next, which, finding no resting place, returned to Noah. Seven days later the dove was sent out again, and returned with an olive leaf; and 7 days after, on the dove being sent out again, it returned no more.

The Inscription states that, first, a dove was sent out, which finding no resting place, returned. On the second occasion a swallow was sent out, which also returned. The third time a raven was sent out, which, feeding on the corpses floating on the water, wandered away and did not return. Thus, the Inscription agrees with the Bible, as to the sending out of the raven and the dove, but adds to these the trial of the swallow, which is not in Genesis. On the other hand, there is no mention of the dove returning with an olive leaf as in Genesis.

In the statement of the building of the altar, and offering sacrifice after leaving the ark, the accounts agree; but in the subsequent matter there is an important difference between the Bible and the Inscription, for while the Bible represents Noah as living for many years after the Flood, the Inscription, on the other hand, causes Sisit to be translated like the gods. This translation is in the Bible recorded of Enoch, the ancestor of Noah.

On reviewing the evidence it is apparent that the events of the Flood narrated in the Bible and the Inscription are the same, and occur in the same order; but the minor differences in the details

show that the Inscription embodies a distinct and independent tradition.

The student of Theosophy, of course, relates all these stories of the Flood to the sinking of Atlantis, and probably the best external evidence which exists to prove the truth of the legend is the universality of these accounts of the Deluge. It is almost unthinkable that there could be such a widespread tradition that was not based upon some stupendous fact. If these accounts could be traced to some common origin, or if they existed only among the various offshoots of some one race it would be conceivable that they had for their basis a local flood or deluge. But such is not the fact. The same tradition is found all over the world and when it is reinforced by actual accounts of the lost continent such as are found in Plato and other ancient writers the probabilities of its truth become overwhelming.

It is interesting to observe that Mr. Smith places the date of the Flood at some 30,000 B. C. This of course is a mere guess, but is important, because it is not often that a western scholar is willing to place events so far back beyond the beginnings of biblical chronology. It is probable that he has overdone it, for Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine* says that the last island of Atlantis sank about 12,000 years ago. We know, however, that this process of submergence went on for a very long period, and it is probable that many of the legends derived their origin from the sinking of different parts of the surface of the earth, which must have occurred at widely different times.

STRUGGLING UPWARDS.

How often, in fighting along life's pathway, do we hear the criticism: "He does not practice what he preaches;" "He does not live up to his ideal."

No one can live up to his ideal; for as fast as we succeed in actualizing a part of it, new ideal possibilities are opened up to us.

Life is a constant struggle to reconcile our practice and our theories: an earnest effort to live up to our ideals. One's ideals may not be great, moral, or very elevated, but even so, we are each striving to realize them.

Yet it never can be done. And this should be a source of great joy to us. For as we look upon the pathway, it recedes upward through an endless vista of thought, power, and possibility.

I walk slowly across the country. My objective point is a magnificent range of hills which I see on the horizon. After a tedious journey, many stumbles, and much hard climbing, I succeed in attaining the summit of the hills. Far before me stretches a beautiful country, with hills on the horizon, much higher than those on which I now stand. I so long to cross the plain and begin the ascent of these higher hills that I can think of nothing else. But what a distance to them; how far away from where I stand. Yet, when, after infinite toil and struggle, I undertake and fulfill the journey, and at length stand upon the summit of the second range of hills, it is but to see a higher, yet grander range on the ever distant horizon.

Is this discouraging? To me it is inspiring. That we can never get so far but we can go further: never so high but we can go higher. And we have no choice. Having attained to a glimpse of the possible, we must struggle to attain it, and as we attain it, new and more glorious possibilities are opened up to us.

Therefore between one's ideal and one's practice there must ever exist a disagreement if we would continue to progress.

Could we for any length of time reconcile our ideal and our practice, from that time our death would begin.

The effect of our ideals on our practice is to constantly change our practice. We drop certain actions in order that we may take certain ideals of ours and *put them into practice*. And when we

have taken the larger part of our ideals and put them into practice, we stand upon a higher vantage ground from which we can see yet higher ideals towards which we *must* strive.

So while the effort of our lives is to live up to our ideals, we have the glorious certainty that this can never be done. For the more ideals we succeed in actualizing, the more ideals do we see beckoning us on.

A VOICE FROM PERSIA.

Many are the just and the unjust, the wise and the foolish comments the so-called Behaist movement has given rise to amongst the thinking people of America. But the true thought of the originator of the movement Beha-Ullah and of his successor Abbas Effendi, is still comparatively little known either to the Western or the Eastern world. I offer no comment on the following three fragments, sent by a friend the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM has in Eastern lands. But I eagerly take the chance of acquainting my readers with the thought of Abbas Effendi, a spiritual leader, whose influence is already considerable and still growing. Let them judge for themselves.—EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

The world of existence has two estates. One is the unconditioned, the causal, the divine; the other is that of limitation, of submission to God. That is to say, there is the estate of God and the estate of created beings. When we speak of Truth or God, we mean absolute perfection, and when we speak of created beings we mean utter imperfection. The one is eternal—the other temporal. The one is rich—the other poor. The one is powerful—the other impotent. The one is all knowledge—the other ignorance. The one is holy and pure—the other limited (subject to God). But the eternal flows out to, permeates and envelopes all things which are temporal. God, or Truth, which is the essence of God, gives life to manhood.

The earth in its inherent condition is dark, while the sun is bright. But the sun shines over the earth, and the earth becomes bright by reason of the shining of the sun; so God has given his light to men. God is a perfection which permeates and envelopes the world; from which it follows that mankind should reflect the perfections of God as the moon reflects the rays of the sun. The grace which is between the Creator and the created is Love. The intermediary of that grace is the Holy Spirit. If there were no love there would be no communication between God and created

beings; as, if there were no light, there would be no communication between the sun and the moon. When the mirror is exposed to the sun, the rays of the sun show forth from it, although the mirror itself is dark. The light which we see in the mirror is but the power of the grace of the sun. Just so the conditioned world is quite imperfect; all the virtues and all the perfections which appear in it are the rays of the perfections of God. The endeavor of all the Divine Teachers has been that men should be educated to the end that their souls should attain the capacity of reflecting in their essence the rays sent forth from God—that the light of the Sun of Reality should shine in the mirror of their hearts, and that light be given forth. The intermediary of these graces and blessings is the Holy Spirit.

Although the beings of the conditioned world are endowed with the capacity of voluntary activity and of producing effects through their activities; that is, although all these beings have powers and faculties (since for every power there is a corresponding faculty), yet the powers of material beings are exercised under the law of nature. Conditioned beings are like mirrors which have shape and form, and of which the faculty is to reflect. That is to say, the faculties of conditioned beings are in accordance with their character, because they are subject to the law of nature. But the power of the Holy Spirit transcends the law of nature. It is eternal life, infinite light and unconditioned power. It changes darkness into light. It changes the hater into the lover. It changes imperfections into perfections. It changes poverty into wealth. It changes unwisdom into wisdom. It changes weakness into strength. It changes blindness into sight. It changes deafness into hearing. It changes dullness into speech. From it the soul destitute of spirit and therefore dead, receives everlasting life. Therefore Jesus said that men have eyes, yet they see not, ears, yet they hear not, tongues, yet they speak not; and that to them he brought healing. By this he meant that although men have the physical organs of sense, they lack the powers of spiritual perception—they perceive not the kingdom of God. The extraordinary power of the Holy Spirit is the means of putting these spiritual faculties into operation.

I hope that the perfumed fragrance of the Holy Spirit may breathe upon you all.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

There are two sources of enjoyment, a physical and a spiritual. That which is physical is shared by both animals and men. That which is spiritual is the peculiar possession of holy men. Physical pleasure is but transitory: due to an adventitious and temporary condition of the nerves. But spiritual joy is Divine, comes from God and is eternal. Both the ignorant man who lacks wisdom and he who possesses it have enjoyments: but that of the one is dependent upon eating or drinking or other gratification of the senses; while that of the other is drawn from exploring the mysteries of the universe, from the revelation of the hidden things of the kingdom. The former is transitory; the latter is unpassing and eternal. The joy of the Messenger of God endures to this day, and so also the joy of those saints and holy persons who have been under the care and training of those Divine Teachers.

The material kingdom is of time—affliction and calamity follow it; it is the source of great pain. But the spiritual kingdom is everlasting, is beyond danger and fear, is exalted day by day, its sun is shining ever more, the voice of its grandeur ever ascends. All that belongs to this conditioned world is corruptible, mortal; all that belongs to the divine world is immortal. This is why holy and perfect men try to find the other world. They are attracted by the beauty of God, they have drunken of the cup of God. This cup,—the cup of the material world,—is followed by pain; but the Divine cup, the cup of the love of God, has an everlasting intoxication and pain follows it not. Happy are those who are intoxicated by that intoxication! May it please God that those who believe may have that cup of joy, a joy which is everlasting, a joy after which there is no sorrow, a life after which there is no birth, a light after which there is no darkness, a grandeur from which there is no littleness.

THE PERCEPTION OF TRUTH.

There are two states of existence—the temporal and the eternal—the conditioned and the unconditioned—the estate of im-

potence and the primeval power. We may compare them to utter poverty and abundant wealth. The eternal state has all the perfections; the temporal has all the imperfections. The eternal state has no changes, no transformations; the temporal has no permanency. It is not possible that that which is temporal should have a constant state, because transformation and change inhere essentially in its nature.

Helping grace is from that state which is eternal. This grace flows continuously to the temporal. If it should fail, that which is temporal would perish. Therefore the grace of the perfections of God flows forth continuously to the beings of the conditioned world.

In its ultimate reality the nature of man has two conditions. One condition is spiritual, the other is material. It has a Divine condition and a satanic condition,—an angelic condition and a demoniac condition, a condition of radiance ruled by mind and a condition of darkness ruled by desire. If either of these conditions predominate, its opposite will disappear. If the Divine condition predominate, the satanic will disappear. If the angelic condition predominate, the demoniac will disappear. If the illumined condition predominate, that which is dark will disappear. Therefore God sends Divine Messengers and reveals holy doctrines and causes Divine teachings to be spread abroad, that the spirit of man may be educated, to the end that by Divine inspiration the grace of God may be made to appear in the essential nature of man. This grace, which is the Divine perfections, appears without interruption in the material world. Although the influx of grace is always continuous, yet in order that it may be efficient there must be capacity to receive it. The sun may shine for a thousand years upon a stone, but the beauty of the sun cannot be perfectly reflected from the stone unless the stone be refined, cleansed, and changed into a mirror. Then the beauty of the sun, with its form, its rays and its heat, will be manifested and declared by the mirror.

A blind man is confounded, but a man with eyes sees clearly. A man with eyes decides because of that which he has himself seen, not contenting himself with that which is seen by others. We may see clearly the perfections of God and the radiance of his illumination. To behold this suffices us; we need not the traditions of men.

Thus the Jews had traditions about Jesus, and the Christians

exalt him much. But we should look to the personality of Jesus as we ourselves see it. If we find that the perfections of God, the graces and inspirations of God, appear in him and in his teachings,—that these are clearly shown forth—this should suffice us. Now we perceive that Jesus was a world-educator; therefore we acknowledge his greatness.

And then as to Mahomet. We do not consider diverse traditions, either for him or against him. We consider what has been shown forth by him. Thus we perceive that the Koran is full of knowledge and wisdom. In the Arabian deserts, where the lamp of enlightenment was thoroughly extinguished, a man appeared; he educated the Arabian nation, then in the last degree of savagery, and he improved it in all its conditions until in five hundred years it became superior to other nations. It is clear that such a man was a world-educator. In this case we do not give weight to traditions. Our conclusion is determined by the wisdom of the Koran. In it he even treats some mathematical questions which in his time had not been correctly solved by civilized nations. He, who had been a simple, unlearned man, contradicted the mathematicians of his time. But after the researches and astronomical discoveries of a thousand years it transpires that what he said was right, and that what the ancient men of learning had declared was wrong.

From these things it may be known that this man was great. We have seen in this case with our own eyes, have perceived with our own minds. Traditions and superstitions have not served us.

We are the lovers of light. When we see the light, we worship it, however lowly the source from which it comes; whether its source be Israelite, or Arabic, or Persian, or Kurdish, or Indian, matters not to us. We love not the lamp, but the light. It is for the light that we search.

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

(Continued.)

In the cosmogony of Genesis the Divine Underlying Reality is called GOD. The expansive power by which, after the period of cosmic rest, the phenomenal universe was formed is thus described:—

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”

This “in the beginning,” marks off from eternity the point at which the present period of cosmic activity, or *day of Brahma*, began; when the Universe proceeded from “the everlasting bosom of God” to which it must return when this period comes to an end. Modern scientists are not without some dim perception of this process of emanation and absorption, as may be seen from the speculations in the “Unseen Universe,”¹ though the authors of this work confine themselves chiefly to the last emanation, that of physical matter from the emanation which preceded it. Whence the universe emerged, thither also must it return; a truth clear to the pure insight of Shakespeare—

“ . . . Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

God, the eternal Parabrahm, remains unchanged; with God remains the Logos, the first and eternal emanation—

“The spirit of God. . .”

which, “dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss.”

This “vast abyss,” or, as it is styled in the cosmogony of Genesis—

“The face of the waters,”

is what we have called the elemental Ether, the “Akâsa” of the Upanishads. It is of ethereal nature, and is the plane of sound, answering to the sense of hearing; that it is the plane of sound has been taught by the Brahmans and the cabalists, and may be inferred from various considerations, amongst others from the difficulty of locating sounds in their immediate material sources (they

¹ “The Unseen Universe,” by Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait.

having, as it were, an immaterial character), and from their spiritual, ethereal nature.

This element of ether has within it the possibility of innumerable sounds and changes of sound; according to the cabalists the sound becomes apparent to our senses only when it strikes against a material object, such as a vibrating violin-string, which becomes merely a point of reflection for the all-prevailing element of sound; just as a beam of sunlight becomes apparent only by reflection from particles of dust floating in the air.¹

Next in order after the emanation of ether, the matrix of sound, comes the elemental Light, the "fire-element" of the cabalists. It corresponds to the plane of colour and the sense of sight, which should rightly be called the "colour-sense." For colour is really the only quality perceived by the eye. "All objects," says Ruskin, "appear to the human eye simply as masses of colour. Take a crocus, and put it on a green cloth. You will see it detach itself as a mere space of yellow from the green behind it, as it does from the grass. Hold it up against the window, you will see it detach itself as a dark space against the white or blue behind it. In either case its outline is the limit of the space of colour by which it expresses itself to your sight. The fact is that all nature is seen as a mosaic composed of graduated portions of different colours."² This light, or colour-element, is a pure element containing within itself the possibility of all varieties of colour. After its formation, we find the words—

"The evening and the morning were the first day,"

introducing the element of time first with this emanation. The Logos is, as we have seen, eternal; and the immaterial, semi-physical element of Ether is, as it were, the borderland between the subjective eternal Logos and the objective elements of *fire, air, water and earth*.

After this light-emanation comes the element called by the

¹ While taking this view of sound, we are, of course, perfectly acquainted with modern researches and speculations on the subject. Our standpoint, however, is so widely different from that of modern science that no comparison with its teachings is possible.

² Ruskin, "Lectures on Art," p. 125.

cabalists "Air." Its formation in the cosmogony of Genesis is marked by the words—

"The Elohim said, Let there be an Expanse."

This word, for a long time wrongly translated "firmament," is chosen to express the air-element, because from this element we derive the idea of the extension or expansiveness of a body—its ability to fill a certain quantity of space. The air-element corresponds to the sense of touch, so far as this sense conveys the idea of "expansiveness" or "extension." The sense of touch differs from the senses of sound and sight, in that it is distributed all over the surface of the skin, while they are confined to definite sense-organs, or spaces of localised sensitiveness, and, in proportion as the eye and ear have gained in sensitiveness to light and sound, the rest of the skin has lost its power of responding to these sensations. The whole surface of the body is, on the contrary, still sensitive to touch, as also to the sensation of heat.¹ There is reason to believe that at one time the body's whole surface could respond equally to all sensations;² the specialised organs of sense not being then developed, just as the whole surface of the jelly fish still responds to the stimulus of light. An analogy to this condition of unspecialised sensitiveness is furnished by modern experiments in thought transference, from which it appears that the sensations of sound, colour, taste, touch, and smell are all transferred from one mind to another with equal ease. There are some grounds for the belief that when an organ is specialised for some particular sensation it loses the power of responding to other sensations; that the retina, for instance, will be insensible to heat.³ The sensations of heat and touch are, as we have seen, distributed over the whole surface of the skin; and from this fact, among others, we are led to consider heat as well as touch an attribute of the element "air."

¹ For speculations on a specialised heat sense we may refer to Mr. R. A. Proctor's ideal visit to Saturn's Satellites.

² Readers will remember the translations which appeared in the *Path* some time ago giving the German Mystic Kerning's teachings hereupon. [W. Q. J.]

³ *Vide* some experiments with thermal rays in Tyndall's "Heat a Mode of Motion."

Another reason for this conclusion is the fact that we find heat always associated with expansiveness, or extension. As elucidating this point we may quote the researches in the solidification of gases, and speculations on "absolute zero" in temperature, though want of space precludes us from more than merely referring to them. After air comes the element of water, marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words:—

"The Elohim said, Let the waters be gathered together."

This elemental water corresponds to the sense of taste, and in part to the idea of molecular motion; the motion of masses being one of the ideas attached to the Air-element. It might be thought that the sensation of taste might also be derived from solid bodies; but that this is not so may be inferred from recent scientific researches, which have demonstrated that all bodies, even the mentals, and ice far below zero, are covered with a thin layer of liquid, and it is from this liquid layer that we get the sensation of taste from solids. In this element of water are the potentialities of innumerable tastes, every organic body, and even minerals and metals, having a distinctive taste; zinc and steel among the metals for instance, and sugar, vinegar, and wine in the organic world.

This element is followed by the last emanation, the Earth-element of the cabalists, marked in the Cosmogony of Genesis by the words,

"The Elohim said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so, and the Elohim called the dry land Earth."

This emanation corresponds to the extreme of materiality, solidity, and amongst the senses, to smell. A piece of camphor, for example, throws off small solid particles in every direction, and these, coming in contact with the nerves specialised to this sense, produce the sensation of smell. This Earth-element is the last emanation strictly so-called. To this point the outward expansion of *Parabrahm* has been tending, and from this point the wave of spirit must again recede.

It must be here stated that these elements, fire, air, water, and earth, are not what we ordinarily mean by these terms, but are, so to speak, the pure elemental or spiritual counterparts of these. Down to this point, Form has been gradually developing, being de-

stined to combine with each of the elements in turn, in the ascending scale.

Form exists on an ideal plane, as a purely abstract conception; into this region, and the similar one of Number, pure mathematics have penetrated.¹ Modern speculations,² as well as the ancient cabalists, have asserted that every geometrical form, as well as every number, has a definite, innate relation to some particular entity on the other planes, to some colour or tone, for instance; and there is good reason to believe that this holds true of all the planes, that the entities on each of them are bound to the entities on all the others by certain spiritual relations which run like threads of gold through the different planes, binding them all together in one Divine Unity.³ From the standpoint of the terrestrial Globe, the first

1 It is through the power to see and use these "abstract" forms that the Adept is able to evolve before our eyes any object desired—a miracle to the Christian, a fraud for the materialist. Countless myriads of forms are in that ideal sphere, and matter exists in the astral light, or even in the atmosphere, that has passed through all forms possible for us to conceive of. All that the Adept has to do is to select the "abstract form" desired, then to hold it before him with a force and intensity unknown to the men of this hurried age, while he draws into its boundaries the matter required to make it visible. How easy this to state, how difficult to believe, yet quite true, as many a theosophist very well knows. The oftener this is done with any one form, the easier it becomes. And so it is with nature: her ease of production grows like a habit.—[H. P. B.]

2 "Geometrical Psychology," Miss Louisa Cook.

3 Here is the key so much desired by enterprising—indeed all—students. It is by means of these correlations of color, sound, form, number, and substance—that the trained will of the Initiate rules and uses the denizens of the elemental world. Many theosophists have had slight conscious relations with elementals, but always without their will acting, and, upon trying to make elementals see, hear, or act for them, a total indifference on the part of the nature spirit is all they have got in return. These failures are due to the fact that the elemental cannot understand the thought of the person; it can only be reached when the exact scale of being to which it belongs is vibrated, whether it be that of color, form, sound, or whatever else.—[H. P. B.]

modification of the last emanation, Primordial Earth, is the mineral kingdom, in which the primal earthy matter is modified by the element of Form. There is every reason to believe that, if any existing mineral or metal could be reduced to the condition of "primordial earth," it could be re-formed into any other mineral or metal. The specialization of the minerals, or "formation of the mineral kingdom," is perhaps marked in the Genesis-Cosmogony by the words,—

"The Elohim called the dry land Earth,"

Name and Form being cognate attributes of a specialized entity. As we have seen the gradual evolution of form in the descent from spirit to matter, so the gradual dissipation of form will be seen in the ascent from matter to spirit. The crystal, for example, retains its form always unchanged, and the form of the tree is more lasting than that of the bird or animal. The second modification of the Earth element, still from the standpoint of the world, is the vegetable kingdom, in which to form and substance is added molecular motion, or vitality, called in Brahman cosmologies *Jiva*.

This vitality, or capacity for molecular change, corresponds, as we have seen, to the water element; one of the elements, in ascending order of spirituality, being picked up by each of the successive kingdoms of ascending evolution. The formation of the vegetable kingdom is marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words—

"The earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed, and tree bearing fruit,"

words which point to a perfectly natural evolutionary process under the energizing power of spirit—the physical aspect of which is the "Tendency to Evolution" of the Scientists,—and not that violent and unnatural process termed a "creative act."

We may remark, by the way, that the three divisions of the vegetable kingdom in this cosmogony correspond to three perfectly well defined geological epochs, that of the Cryptogams, of the Phænogams, and of the Fruit-trees, examples of which are respectively ferns, pines, and orange-trees.¹

These two changes of matter are looked at, as we have said,

¹ For further information on this point readers are referred to "The Color-Sense" by Grant Allen.

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This curve marks the downward evolution of man's spiritual nature, the development of the soul.¹

As we should expect from the Oriental character and high antiquity of the cosmogony of Genesis,—dating as it does from a time when the “downward evolution of the soul” had not progressed so far as it now has, and when man had not yet lost his spiritual insight,—we find this doctrine of man's divine progenitors clearly visible. In the case of the plants, animals, and marine creatures, we found terms applied which could only be used of a regular, unbroken process. When we reach Man, a new and striking expression is introduced—

“The Elohim created man in their image, in the image of the Elohim. created they man.”

1 There is an important point in the teachings of the *Secret Doctrine* which has been continually neglected. The above described evolution—the spiritual falling into the physical, or from mineral up to man, takes place only during the 1st and the two subsequent Rounds. At the beginning of the fourth “Round” in the middle of which begins the turning point upward—*i. e.* from the physical up to the spiritual, man is said to appear before anything else on earth, the vegetation which covered the earth belonging to the 3d Round, and being quite etherial, transparent. The first man (Humanity) is Etherial too, for he is but the shadow (*Chhaya*) “in the image” of his progenitors, because he is the “astral body” or image of his *Pitar* (father). This is why in India gods are said to have no shadows. After which and from this primeval race, evolution supplies man with a “coat of skin” from the terrestrial elements and kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal.—[H. P. B.]

(*To be Continued.*)

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“Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed up with sentiency? Atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? Air that has never been cry or speech? Drop that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; and much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. Deity also it has been,—the Sun-god of worlds that circled and worshipped in other aeons. Remember, Dust, Thou hast been Sun, and Sun Thou shall become again. . . . Thou hast been Light, Life, Love! And into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, Thou shalt many times be turned again!”

“The giving up not only of one life, but of countless lives,—not only of one world, but of innumerable worlds,—not only of natural, but of supernatural pleasures,—not only of selfhood, but of godhood,—is certainly not for the miserable pleasure of ceasing to be, but for a privilege infinitely out-weighting all that even paradise can give. It means only the passing of conditioned being into unconditioned being,—the fading of all mental and physical phantoms into the light of Formless Omnipotence, and Omniscience. But the Buddhist hypothesis holds some suggestion of the persistence of that which has once been able to remember all births and states of limited being,—the persistence of the identity in Nirvana, notwithstanding the teaching that all Buddhas are one.”

“*Gleanings in Buddha-fields*” by LAFCADIO HEARN.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

Have you ever thought how much the educational outlook has to do with the acceptance or non-acceptance of reincarnation?

On one hand you have a being created and launched into the material world. It possesses a soul—a kind of latent something which is to be used some day when material life is ended and the being passes out into heaven, where souls belong. It can keep in touch with the maker of souls if it wishes, by means of prayer, and even if the prayers remain unnoticed, there is the maker's "Will."

It is obvious, then, that the first business of humans is to live successfully in the material world, and get all they can out of it. Certain ethics are propounded because of an innate sense of fairness.

The whole business of education then, should be to train the child to "meet the world." He shall tarry not in childhood's golden realms longer than he can help. He must not spend his first years in learning all about himself. That is a waste of time. His real self he will not need until he passes out. His material needs are provided for, but he must hurry for he is expected to provide for himself as soon as he can. He shall not learn things. He shall learn only to write the names of things. He shall have Life at second hand from those "older and wiser" than himself. He is not to learn self-control in those first years—oh no. He must go to school where he will be taught to write self-control. He must not learn all about cat and dog, and fire and clay, and incidentally much else. No. He can learn to write these words at school, and when he can read a newspaper—the doings of a world he should not yet be in—he will be his parents' pride.

Take the other view—that of re-incarnation. A soul comes into the material world, for certain experiences and developments. A soul that has been in the world many times before. A long past it has had, tho' its human self remembers not. Its very environment is its own—because related to it by the immutable law of attraction. It *is* a Soul. It has a body in order to be more in touch with matter.

It is obvious, then, that the humans should live from the soul,

and that all education should be with that aim; the child by himself obeys this law—for play is the highest expression of man—at the child stage. Froebel truly says: “The spontaneous play of the child shows the future, inner life of the man.”

We shall, with this view of re-incarnation governing us, keep our hands off the child, standing as it were in an active-passive relation to him. For in his self-activity the child goes according to the law of his own development. Those who would educate the child, should be to him the interpreters of his own life. They cannot insist upon the form his life shall take. One soul may need to make certain mistakes over and over again in order to get certain reactions. If we could get at the law governing that soul's development, we should see that the mistakes were more lawful than any seeming virtues. The child should always be held up to his true self—in matters of vital importance. He should be left judiciously alone in other matters.

For if the child is a soul, be sure that it will speak to the personality and more forcibly, too, than any other can, knowing better its needs.

The first way—get all you can out of the material world. If you have made mistakes, or have done wrong, you can settle that all with God when the time comes for going to God's world.

The other way—Live from the Self and it will nourish and sustain you. You are always living—either in the causal or in the material world. See to it that the sequence of that Life is known to you. Study Life that you may interpret it to the child.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

AN APPLICATION OF THEOSOPHY.

Atonement, At-One-Ment, we are told sometimes, means at one with the Over-Soul, but the popular image conjured up by this term is "expiation," vicarious atonement meaning expiation by proxy. However pernicious this may appear to dissenters in its doctrinal form, it covers essentially a truth.

The story of any great religious teacher is a story of miracles; I use the word miracles because it is a term designating the numerous and apparently inexplicable acts, related of a Master, in which he heals the sick and cures the afflicted. It is not necessary that reference should be made to specific instances; such reference preventing, in a degree, an apprehension of the principles when the attention is fixed on the form in which they manifest. Whether this one was so or that one does not matter; I admit the possibility.

In regard to miracles; the everyday person is likely to either doubt their authenticity, or, believing them, suppose the cause to proceed primarily from an extra-cosmic deity. But students of the law of cause and effect view it differently. It is contended that not only in particular cases, but as regards all mortals, causes had been generated in previous lives which bore fruits of physical, mental and moral infirmities. That they are reaping as they had sown, and, viewed from one aspect, were deserving of their lot.

How then can their Master relieve them of their just deserts? By voluntarily becoming responsible for the unpaid debts of the beneficiary, in so doing exercising a discrimination born, not of cold mental logic, nor unreasoning, emotional compassion, but of the refined and united spirit of both.

These statements will hardly surprise anybody, but there are some phases of the subject interesting to consider. It is entirely possible to arrive at the above conclusion by approaching the question from the standpoint of the law of cause and effect. Further, the most important, why do these miracles not happen daily instead of occurring only on particular occasions. Surely it is not because of lack of sincere faith.

No; it is because the conditions and circumstances are different. While physically before the world a Teacher does wonders with

physical things. All who approach Him, firmly believing in Him, are the recipients of benefits corresponding with the nature of the contact. The bodily afflicted, having no clearer idea of happiness than good health, are restored to health; and the philosopher, desiring spiritual illumination, is shown the light. He is the channel for unlimited regenerating and purifying influences, shed upon the human life around Him; all the burdens of their souls that the multitude can give up, He takes upon Himself, and thus the cumulative effect of these acts of self-sacrifice becomes physically unbearable.

Always the Master stands ready to help those who aspire to reach Him, but the aspirant must go to the place of the Master. He cannot come to us except at the end, or beginning, of cyclic periods. The only condition now permitting conscious communion between Master and disciple is the desire on the part of the disciple to unify his tendencies and merge them into the one purpose in which the Master's intent and will is centered; to completely understand the fundamental principles and purpose of human evolution and work in harmony therewith.

It follows then that conscious communion between the aspiring student and the spirit of his Master implies a spiritual development so unusual and extraordinary, though not impossible, that, the ideal condition existing, it is a matter of little concern to the aspirant what his worldly condition may be.

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

(Concluded.)

The pressure of the descending evolution of the Planetary Spirits or Elohim—seeking for objective, physical existence—upon the previously formed animal kingdom, caused the evolution of a fitting physical vehicle from the highest representatives of that kingdom. Hence we get physical man as we know him, descended on the one side from the animal kingdom, and on the other from his divine progenitors, the Planetary Spirits. We have compared this dual evolution to two converging curves. A too great attraction towards the material, physical side of man's nature keeps the modern materialist from seeing more than one of these curves. The modern Scientist is colour-blind to spirit, to him man is merely—

“A quintessence of dust.”

But to intuitional minds at the present day, as to our more spiritual ancestors, both curves are visible; besides the physical man they could see the spiritual man

“In action like an angel; in apprehension like a God.”

To return to the standpoint from which we viewed the previous kingdoms, we perceive that the introduction of this new factor in evolution corresponds to the addition from above of a new element in the series of ascending spirituality. With man is added the Fire-Element, in its aspect of the divine light or reason. It corresponds to *manas* in Eastern systems. Another aspect of *manas*, considered idealistically this time, by virtue of which it “creates for itself an external world of delight,”¹ would correspond to the quality of colour in the fire element. Of the earliest races of men we learn that they were purely frugivorous and perhaps androgyne.

With the formation of man the cosmogony of Genesis closes. We are justified in supposing that, as the union of form with the elements of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire produced the objective Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Human kingdoms, so these elements, divorced from Form, should have their appropriate kingdoms of beings, or forms of life, if we can use this term for something so widely different from all ordinary forms of life. These

1 Vide Sankaracharya's "*Viveka Chudamani*."

subjective kingdoms of the four elements would correspond to the Rosicrucian conceptions of "primordial earth" and the "Fire, Air, and Water Elementals."

We may go further than this, and, carrying on our inference, postulate for the spiritual ether, and even for the divine Logos, their appropriate qualities of being. To a conception somewhat similar to what the last of these would involve, the Gnostics gave the name of Æons; for the first—the ether-beings—we have the Indian titles of *gandharva*,—celestial musician,—or *Deva*. But having gone thus far, we are driven a step further. We have already seen all the links in the chain of elements in ascending spirituality picked up one by one by the ascending tide of Evolution, up to the elemental fire; let us advance a step, and postulate that the other two emanations or planes—the Ether-Spirit and the Logos—should ultimately be picked up by the Evolutionary tide. With the resumption of the first, instead of a human being we should have a "Spiritual Man," and form a re-union with the Logos we should have a "Divine Man, Perfected and Eternal," or, giving to these conceptions the names already appropriated to them in the East, we should have in the first case a *Mahatma*, in the second a perfect *Buddha*.

It is now time to point out that the pure elements of Ether, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth are not these bodies as we know them. The five classes of objects (corresponding to these five elements) known to us, being all on the physical plane, all belong properly to a single category, and may be called for the sake of distinction the Mundane Elements. To make this clearer, let us suppose that Mundane Earth—the mineral kingdom in its various forms—is composed of five parts of the element earth, while Mundane Water (everything cognized by the sense of taste) is composed of four parts of the element of earth added to one part of the element of water. Similarly the Air-element known to us on the physical plane (corresponding, as we have seen, to the sense of touch) is composed of four parts of the earth elements, with one part of the pure elemental air added; and the Fire and Ether elements as known to our physical or waking consciousness are each composed of four parts—with one part of fire and ether respectively added.

These considerations will prepare us to believe that the real elements are purer and more spiritual than their representatives on

the physical plane¹, and that they will be represented by different compounds on each plane (or as it is called in some works, *planet*) on the water plane (or planet), for instance, what we may for convenience term Undine Earth will be represented by four parts of the earth element; Undine part will be five parts elemental water; while Undine air will be composed of four parts elemental water, added to one part elemental air, and so on.

The composition elements as present on each plane or planet, may similarly be deduced by observing carefully the principle which governs these combinations. We should warn our readers that these examples are given by way of illustration, and not as representing accurately and numerically the combined elements as they actually occur; they are really formed on a much more complex principle.²

In our illustrations we have, for convenience sake, confined ourselves to the five objective elements, though of course it must not be forgotten that the energising spirit runs through the whole series on every plane.

The pure spiritual or elemental ether is the macrocosmic counterpart of that principle of the microcosm termed *Buddhi* by eastern mystics.³

The Logos corresponds to the *Atma* in the same speculations.

We have seen that to the four principles—Form or *Linga*, vitality or *Jiva*, substance or *Sthula Sarira*, motion under desire or Kama—of the animal, man has added a fifth,—corresponding to the macrocosmic elemental Fire,—human reason or *Manas*.

Our speculations as to the two superhuman Kingdoms are also

1 This is one reason for calling the objective phenomenal world an "illusion." It is an illusion and ever impermanent because the matter of which the objects are composed continually returns to the primordial condition of matter, where it is invisible to mortal eyes. The earth, water, air and fire that we think we see are respectively only the effects produced on our senses by the primordial matter held in either of the combinations that bring about the vibration properly belonging to those classes: the moment the combination is entirely broken, the phenomena cease and we see the objects no more.—[H. P. B.]

2 Vide "*Man; Fragments of Forgotten History*," p. 13, note.

3 Vide "*Esoteric Buddhism*."

in harmony with these eastern theories; the element of *Buddhi* being added to form the *Mahatma*; and *Atma* completing the *Buddha*, perfected and divine.

The perfect Buddha, though not possessing a physical body, or, indeed, being united to principles on any of the objective planes, will still retain the spiritual counterparts of these principles, corresponding to groups of experiences gained on each plane. It is by these spiritual principles that the *Buddha* is richer than the *Aeon*; it is in virtue of them that the *Ascending* excels the *Descending Planetary Spirit*, or *Dhyan Chohan*. These spiritual principles constitute the end and aim of evolution, and justify the cosmic expansion and involution.

The evolutionary tide, in generating the higher kingdoms, has flowed, as we have seen, from the earth element towards pure Spirit. In obedience to this tendency, man in achieving his apotheosis must, gradually losing his hold on the world of matter, add to his treasure in the world's divine; until humanity becomes ever freer, stronger and more perfect, and returns at last, refreshed, to his home in the bosom of the perfect God.

DAUDET'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Now that his admiring countrymen have determined to erect a monument to Alphonse Daudet, we, though mere foreigners, who yet have found in him delight and solace, may well try to render ourselves some account of him, to show that we too know why he is admitted to the temple of fame.

I am the more willing to weave my own wreath of laurel for the adorning of his pedestal, because I came to know him under such happy auspices,—the man invisible, not the outer man; reading his masterpiece in his own *Midi*, close to that Tarascon, which he has made beloved of the world, though losing its own love, and following that adventurous voyage in phantasy while threading the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the holiday sea of a land of carnival.

Coming fresh from Gibraltar with its swarthy faces and Moorish battlements, its outlandish Maugrabins and Almohades rubbing shoulders with degenerate Dons and Hidalgos; under the shadow of the secular Rock, where Africa shakes hands with Europa, and pours out a tribute of gorgeous-colored fruit in the cloistered market-place; where fezes and crimson sashes glow in the golden haze, and eyes like black velvet flowers gleam through veils of lace, my mind was well attuned to follow with love and sympathy the prodigious adventures of the Man from Tarascon. Therefore I tender the more gladly my wreath of bays.

Tartarin remains Daudet's best creation, the standard and measure of all the rest, a new organic type added to literature, the Meridional, the typical Man of the South. The fervent fancy, the fickle will, the tumultuous energy, and that mirage of golden sunshine which, bathing his favored land, overflows the natural world, and flooding inward through his eyes and mind, tinges his whole world supernatural,—this complex and self-contradicting psychology, Tartarin of Tarascon embodies it all.

Yet for all the mirage and phantasy, with what perfect definiteness of realisation, with what Gallic lucidity of detail, with what infinite art and artifice Daudet attains his effect. In comparison with these skillful Frenchmen, all our writers of prose are mere apprentices. Note how Daudet approaches his theme. We come to Tartarin our Meridional, through a colored haze, the mirage of

his sunlit land. Daudet does not flash his hero on our haze at once, performing some act of valor, for this would be to risk a discordant mood in us; he rather leads us, very daintily and courteously, to the bank of his beautiful Rhone, with its bronzed olive-gardens swimming in the sunshine, its ruddy clusters of Muscat grapes amid autumn-tinted leaves, its blue wavelets rippled to the Southern air; then over the Beaucaire bridge, he leads us across the river, and into Tarascon itself, while we vent our wonder and delight at the scene's enchantment in such eloquent interjections as *zut* and *pecairé*. So the mirage gathers round us, as we come to Tartarin's garden-gate; that sturdy structure barred and bossed with iron, which the hero swung open before him, till its clang disturbed the echoes, and waked from their slumbers the brown-eyed shoeblacks from Savoy among the mountains.

In his snug retreat, at the bottom of that garden wherein are none but African or Oriental growths, though the cocoa-nut palms are but as big as beet-roots, and the baobab (*arbos gigantea*) finds a roomy dwelling in a mignonette-pot, we find the hero himself, with a medley of foreign weapons, from the flint arrows of the Indian, the poisonous barb of the Amazon savage, and the treacherous Malay kriss to the latest rifle and many-chambered revolver, adorning his walls. On the table are the work of all travelers, pioneers, explorers, adventurers, from the Chronicles of Mungo Park to the hardly less authentic histories of Fenimore Cooper. Armed with a huge pipe, encircled with wreaths of smoke, the Man of Tarascon reads, shouting to himself as the guns flash and the bullets fly, and brandishing his hairy fist, as he sticks out that terrible underlip which accentuates the fierceness of his stubby beard. In this heroic atmosphere, we overlook, or note only to forget, the checked silk handkerchief bound round his brow, the flannel shirt and drawers, and the feet slip-shod. The hero looms large through a golden haze, short, stout, sturdy, hairy, ruddy-faced, and with terrible gleaming eye,—for as he looks up, he is tracking the Sioux through the pathless forest, and the smell of blood is in his nostrils.

All this is an authentic embodiment of the magic of fancy; not imagination, which is in reality very different, but fancy; and, when we rightly understand him, Daudet's Man of the South, *l'homme du Midi*, the *Meridional*, is the Man of Fancy, in whom will and

action flow neither from intuition nor from reason, neither from religious enthusiasm nor even from sensual imaginings, but direct from half-faeric, half-demoniac phantasy, whose creations have charm, color, richness, or even grim and formidable terror, all things, in a word, except reality.

This is why Daudet has heaped up such lavish decoration, and skillfully intertwined so much of artifice; this is the secret of that luxuriance which he breaks forth in, and which, in trying to indicate him, we have reproduced; he is singing the hymn of Fancy, most fascinating and most elusive of the Muses. And before we go further, let us try to make quite clear in our own minds what we mean by fancy, and why and wherein we hold it to differ from imagination. For the two, while popularly intermixed, are really polar opposites, as different as wit and humor, as far from each other as is regenerate from unregenerate man.

Let us begin by an example. Take one of the loveliest things on earth, a Gothic cathedral. There both imagination and fancy run riot, and we can visibly apprehend their difference. The upright lines of the pillars, the walls, the buttresses, the fine curve of every arch, are works of imagination; the corbels carved grotesque and grim, the gargoyles, those hideous faces with lolling tongues or wierdly grimacing, even the puffy cherubs, are works of fancy, things of a different order, of a different world. For the lines of pillar and buttress are a part of nature, of reality, being no other than upward growths of the axis of our venerable mother the earth, leading to her very heart; and on their so leading, depends the very life of the cathedral. And the delicate yet infinitely firm and definite curves of every arch are derivative from these, no more subject to caprice than are the orbits of the stars; lines of force made visible, as are the lines of filings which, in curves quite analogous, span the void between pole and pole of a powerful magnet. We may truly say that every line of the cathedral was there beforehand, nay, from the very beginning of things, and all the builders have done, is to have followed the invisible plan, traced out by immemorial reality.

But the corbels, the grinning faces, the wreaths of acanthus,—these have no necessity in nature; violate every line of the human face, every structural detail of the leaf or flower, and the corbels

will still hold together; nay, we shall find a certain delight in this very wantonness, a sense of liberation from the tyranny of the actual. Yet it is of the essence of fancy that, though leaving the actual, we have not attained to the real; while imagination has led us to that very thing, for in leaving the actual surface of the earth, in our building, we have revealed and made visible the venerable laws that hold the earth together, and hold it in its place amongst the infinite multitudes of the heavenly host.

So that we reach this tentative definition: imagination is the power to embody in images an invisible reality; fancy is the power to embody in images an invisible unreality. And so back again to the man of Tarascon.

Tartarin is full of energy, yet he accomplishes nothing. His mind seethes with unbridled ambitions, he has read every book of adventure, followed the footsteps of every traveler to remotest corners of the globe; yet in reality he has never left his native village,—for Tarascon is hardly more. He has not even crossed that lace-like strip of bridge which spans the Rhone, to visit the smiling twin-townlet of Beaucaire, for the bridge looks so frail, the hero is heavy, the river is broad, *et autrement qué voulez-vous?* a man must take care of himself.

Daudet, working unconsciously, and therefore the more surely, leads us to his hero through an atmosphere of mirage, thereby putting us out of focus for reality, and preparing our minds for phantasmagoria. Take the “garden of the baobab” with its tiny palm-trees as big as beets, and its *arbos gigantea* in a mignonette-pot. Think of the whole of that corner of France, and let the palm-trees of the Corniche come back to your memory, and the heavy-scented magnolias, and the richly-clustering oleanders. Tartarin might easily have grown palms thirty feet high. But then their use as symbolism would have been destroyed. And he could, not improbably, have raised a baobab at least to the height of his own modest roof, in that land of glowing sunlight, but then as an index of his mood, its occupation would be gone.

With equal sureness of touch, Daudet fixes on his hero's occupation. In fact, Tartarin has none. He is a rentier, living on dividends, living on his country's taxes, living, to be quite strict, on the toil of others and the sweat of other's brows. For if we

touch on the real and unreal, and their contrast, we must come to this: there are but two classes of men,—those who work themselves, and those who, by a thousand artifices and fictions, work others; and to these latter, Tartarin belongs. He is in the air, not on firm earth, as befits the genius of fancy. He is eating other folks' bread. And so with his environment. With endless art Daudet paints it, using delicious hyperbole himself, while painting that hyperbolic world that surrounds his hero. The head of Tarascon is Tartarin, and to what does he owe his uncrowned kingship? To his skill as a hunter—of caps! For by misfortune, while the men of Tarascon are enraged hunters, game is lacking round their city, absolutely lacking. Not a rabbit, not a quail, neither feather nor fur, if we except that wily veteran hare, "the Express," who by arts almost of enchantment has ever evaded the Nimrods of Tarascon, and will ever evade them. Even the wild-ducks, flying down the Rhone valley in long triangles towards Camargue, when they see its steeples on the horizon, swerve aside, their leader hoarsely quacking: "Tarascon! beware!" So Tartarin's fellow-citizens every Sunday and feast-day betake themselves to the fields and woods, and after a jolly collation, sprinkled with one of those Provençal wines that carries mirth and gladness, toss their caps in the air, and shoot at them; every Sunday morning, Tartarin goes forth with a new hunting-cap, and returns with a mere rag, battered out of human semblance, and poised triumphantly on the point of his shouldered gun.

And the romances that delight their susceptible hearts! Here, too, is the inevitable mirage. Tartarin's own duet of Robert the Devil, sung with Mme. Bézuquet the mother, wherein the hero's part consists in fiercely intoning a thrice-repeated "No!" is typical of it all. And the very powers are fictitious; the "army" is for Tartarin; the army is represented by "Commandant" Bravida, a retired military tailor! Thus does Daudet weave the mirage round his hero, and having bound the spell upon our eyes, carries him forth to do doughty deeds. Tartarin after heroic hesitation and more heroic determination, at last starts for Africa, to hunt the lions of Atlas. He arrives in the perfectly domesticated port of Algiers, after a tempestuous voyage, and, when the negro porters swarm aboard the ship, he takes them for pirates, and rushes on them

with drawn cutlass, grasping his revolver. The danger is fantastic, but his valor is real. And so with his next adventure, the first shot of his campaign,—which, aimed at a lion, as he devoutly believed, slew a diminutive donkey; the “arrival of the female,” which all the hunting books had prepared him for, degenerating into an attack by a gaunt Alsatian woman, the owner of the martyred donkey, who belabors him over the head with a stout umbrella.

So the mirage goes on; real will, real energy, real courage, even real romance, but all flowing from unreal fancies, ending in futility, suspended in the air. The pursuit of the veiled beauty, whose velvet eyes enchanted him, while her little foot caressed his big hunting boot, pattering over it like a little red mouse, her gift of a chaplet of jasmin, her sudden departure; then the providential intervention of Prince Gregory of Montenegro, who discovers the lost charmer and weaves an Oriental romance for Tartarin, to the great detriment of the hero's pocket-book; the languorous ease and slothful days in the house of Baïa, lulled by her songs and caresses; the return to duty, and the departure to the South,—all is delicately yet with perfect firmness woven from the web of fancy, where the will moves from springs of unreality, and therefore leaves Tartarin ever with a handful of air as sole trophy. Finally the climax. Tartarin shoots his lion, with as valiant trepidation as any hunter of them all, only to find that he has put to death a blind pensioner, the tame begging lion of a pair of Ethiopians. Even for Tartarin himself, the mirage suddenly breaks, and he is left face to face with bitter, humiliating reality. But not for long. The perfidy of Prince Gregory, the treachery of Baïa, the days of waiting on the law, the hundred deceptions, all are forgotten, and when we see the last of Tartarin, as he re-enters Tarascon escorted by his faithful camel, and preceded by the skin of the blind lion, the faeric demonic phantasy which is his evil genius has resumed its sway; Tarascon has fallen under its power, with Commandant Bravida, the retired military tailor, at its head, and the illusion steals insiduous into Tartarin's own eyes and floods his soul. Arm in arm with the brave Comandant he re-enters the city, calling up tremendous memories of his hunts in darkest Africa: “Imagine a certain evening, in the heart of the Sahara. . . .” and the curtain falls.

When we come to the summing up, although there is abundant

wit in Daudet's masterpiece, and luxuriant fancy, with a style that, for pure grace and color, stands unrivaled, yet we cannot say that the total impression is a cheering one, or such as better fits us to fight the battle of life. On the contrary, when the smile dies away from our faces, as we lay down the book, when the sun sets over Tarascon, and the dust of the Avignon road which had hung as a golden haze in the air, grows to a dark cloud, and night closes over the valley, we are conscious of an inward feeling of misgiving, a sense of weakness, a depression, and haunting unreality, anything but comforting or re-assuring.

In perfect justice, we are compelled to say that something of the same kind may be laid to the charge of all that Daudet has done; it is very bright and very charming at first glance, but the heart within it is bitter. And in this very bitterness, quite unknown to himself, perhaps, lies Daudet's permanent value. For he is true to his text, and he has painted truly a great organic type, embodying powers of our souls which do assuredly lead us astray, and do assuredly end in bitterness.

The next great portrait which Daudet has drawn, taking the moral rather than the chronologic order of his work, is the Nabab. It is hardly necessary to say that he uses the title, not in its strict sense, as a Mussulman viceroy, but rather in the Anglo-Indian way, as a "Nabob,"—one who has made a fortune in the East. The field in which the Nabab plays his part, is very like the environment of the Tarascon hero; we are carried from the Midi, the sunny land of Provence, to the glaring sunlight, the white dust, the skies of glittering blue across the Mediterranean; we have, rather suggested than described, the same breathless, gaudy, corrupt life of northern Africa, and finally, when the character and fortunes of the Nabab are formed in these shining lands, he is carried to Paris, where his destiny works itself out.

We have here hardly any effort to conceal the tragedy, the root of bitterness, which has already begun to show itself in the gay and careless life of Tarascon. The story of the Nabab is one long tale of deceit, of false pretences, of unreal values. There is the same abundant virility in the Nabab as in Tartarin; he is sturdy, red-faced, explosive, enthusiastic, full of human sympathy and soft-heartedness, and full of very real power and courage. If his will

were founded in the real, he might do wonderful things, but he is cursed with the same infirmity which is the undoing of Tartarin; he is carried away by a too exuberant fancy, a power of building images not based in truth; a fatal lack of the sense of reality, which leads him into wholly misleading and grotesque estimates of men and things, into over-confidence, into unsound speculation and final ruin.

There was a certain pleasure in following Tartarin in his adventures, his loves, his illusions; there is no pleasure in following the fortunes of the Nabab; it is all too sordid, too heartless. We feel beforehand the deception which is to be played upon him in the Corsican election, the failure of all the artful "combinazioni" of the speculator who is his undoing, the heartless defection of his friends; and at the end the Nabab stands before us pitiful, discredited, dishonored, a very monument and warning of human frailty.

But herein lies Daudet's power: the Nabab never loses our sympathy; never for a moment do we lose the sense of his humanity, of his nearness to ourselves and our own weakness; nay, it is this very nearness which makes us shudder and leaves us chilled with apprehension lest a like fate befall ourselves. The Nabab is a very real figure, very strong and human, even far above the common stature of our humanity; he is in a sense a hero, as was Tartarin, fighting with real valor, real power, but fighting quite in vain, because his powers were founded in falseness, and could give birth only to futility.

In Mephistopheles, Goethe has painted, not a demon, but a human being whose will flows directly from the material reason; and all the tragedy of Faust follows from that one thing. Goethe did not intend to moralise. He simply painted life. But life itself moralises, and brings us ever face to face with eternal law. And the law of our humanity we find to be this: there are in us two poles, two tendencies; the one is individual; the other, universal. The one leads us to ever-growing egotism, to increasing hardness, to perpetually deepening illusion, hiding the real life of others from us, hiding the fair light of heaven, finally hiding us from ourselves. The other leads us away from the center of egotism, towards the one soul of universal man. Between the two, there is a point of equal balance, a turning point; it is the line dividing unregenerate

from regenerate man. It is easy to set a test. When a point comes, as it comes to all, where one must choose between the sense of his own selfish purpose and the sense of the soul in another demanding equal justice, equal mercy; if he chooses to sacrifice his own desire, and to do justice to the other, he is regenerate. If he sacrifices the other to his desire and egotism, he is still under the ban. It is a question of realising each others' souls. All morality comes from that. And as a man acts, so he will believe; for the will in reality precedes the understanding, and it is well and truly said that we must do the will, if we would understand the doctrine. Act opens or closes the door to understanding. If the door be opened, then the man who lives according to the common soul, realising the soul in others as of equal reality and validity with his own, will move ever towards the universal in himself, and it will be easy, nay, it will be inevitable for him to believe in immortality and everlasting good. But if he has closed the door, and shut out the sense of his neighbor's soul, sacrificing his neighbor to himself, then he will find it impossible to believe; corrupt act has corrupted understanding and heart, and he is forced even against his will to become "the spirit which evermore denies."

This is the immemorial moral of life itself; they are the great painters of life, who follow and realise this law, and embody it in their work. All others are ephemera, mere mountebanks of literature, mummery, collecting pence that are thrown to them in the dust.

To regenerate man belongs the sense of the universal human soul. With it follow what we may call the new fruits of the spirit: understanding, humor, imagination. Understanding, the power of perceiving the invisible real; imagination, the power of imaging the invisible real; humor, the power of realising, under all weakness, our lasting strength, with the joyousness and gaiety which comes of that realisation.

To unregenerate man belongs an increasing sense of, and reverence for, his own egotism, with all the pains that follow after vanity, self-consciousness, hostility, isolation, final induration and death. He has not understanding, but reasoning, which, the further it goes, the more it misleads him; not imagination but fancy, the power, working even against his will, and to his own destruction, of imaging invisible unrealities; and wit, the desire to laugh at others, in-

stead of laughing with them, to score off them, to sharpen his wit on them, careless of wounds and humiliation inflicted.

In Mephistopheles, Goethe has painted no cosmic devil, but the demonic intellect of unregenerate man, for the unregenerate intellect is necessarily demonic; in Faust, he has painted the moral weakness, the readiness to sacrifice others, which is the seed-bed of that intellect. In the Walpurgis Night, he has painted the wild and unclean fancy which flows from both, leading the victim ever deeper into the blackness of the void. Yet throughout Goethe's work, he shows action as flowing from reasoning; from the analytic power of the lower mind. What Daudet has done, is to show the same tragedy, as flowing from the fancy, the power of imaging the unreal, which, first a servant, soon becomes a master, and, like some Oriental Djinn, drags its evoker to destruction.

Daudet has added a third great figure to his studies of the Meridional, in Numa Roumestan. What Tartarin was in the world of adventure, what the Nabab was in the world of finance, Numa Roumestan is in the world of politics. With Tartarin, as his undertakings were not very serious, touching no one but himself, and himself only lightly and without tragic result, we can sympathise, even with a certain sense of humor and enjoyment. But when we come to the Nabab, and, even more, to Numa Roumestan, and find the same faculty or frailty in them involving those around them in common ruin, we have only that enjoyment which ever comes from a sense of truth, but of pleasure strictly speaking, none at all.

Numa Roumestan is, in person, much the same as the other two: sturdy, red-faced, full of magnetism and vital energy, a very virile and forcible type of humanity. Fancy, in Tartarin, led to a harmless habit of enthusiastic romance, a most eloquent relation of things that might have happened, and therefore might as well be accepted for fact. In the Nabab, the same eloquence is present, but he most of all deceives himself. He is his own worst victim. Numa Roumestan, equally eloquent, exercises the same spell of magnetic speech, on those around him, on his own life, his secretary, his friends, his protégés, his colleagues; the result is not less disastrous. We have all through the sense of handling counterfeit coin, of dealing with false measures, of looking at paste diamonds, the sense of being cheated, even of cheating ourselves.

Numa's eloquent tongue, his myth-making faculty, lead him onward step by step, to what the world would call, and did call, a great achievement, a highly successful career. He rises to be the leading local politician, the popular deputy, the minister, and is overtaken by no open or conspicuous disaster. The disaster is rather in his continuance in the horrible unreality he spreads round him, in the devastation which is worked by him in the lives of others, as for example that poor minstrel whom he entices from the sunny South to the Paris music halls; where his fantasia on the flute, that famous melody which "came to him one evening, as he listened to the nightingale," provokes nothing but mockery and derision; but the flutist is never convinced of his own failure; he goes on, believing himself the victim of jealous machinations, till all under his influence are involved with him in common chaos. This very glamor in which the minstrel lives is but a minor outcome of Numa's power, of that universal atmosphere of lying which everywhere surrounds him. For Daudet here casts aside cap and bells, and comes forth as a homilist, even a prophet; there is no pretence of amusing us, as there was in *Tartarin*, but simply a stern drawing of the truth, of the inevitable fruit of false dealing, which would not be out of place in the *Inferno*.

(To be Continued.)

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I understand the main tenet of materialism to be that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. This I heartily disbelieve. in the first place, as I have already hinted, it seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit: consciousness, which, in the hardness of my heart or head, I can not see to be matter or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestations of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter and force.

"Science and Morals": by THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

AMERICAN RELIGION.

“...I have never regretted the day that I espoused his cause. I have not been ill a day since. Before that, while I went to the Presbyterian Church, I was troubled with rheumatism, and required the constant attention of a doctor, having no appetite, and sleeping poorly. Since joining his church, I have gained twenty pounds in flesh and have never had a pain.”
New York Herald.

There is the flat truth at last: the American ideal of a good religion. Since joining his church “I have gained twenty pounds in flesh, and have never had a pain.” We have waited years, to have that plainly said, to get a sincere expression of what our fellow-citizens desire in a religion. Precisely the same tendency, only less outspoken, because less clearly realised, perhaps, underlies most of the mystical and “metaphysical” sects which cover the country at the present day. Precisely this ideal is catered to, very openly and frankly in many cases, by the professors of vibrations, who, for a consideration, offer to teach the secret of “health, happiness, and success in all legitimate enterprises.” Read the Sunday journals, and you can easily find a score of these offers, made very often in perfect good faith. Take up the various periodicals which reflect the most modern phases of co-called spiritual thought in these regions, and you will find everywhere the same conviction cropping out, or thinly hiding beneath the surface. That is something like a religion, which enables its founder to lay by millions, and of which its votaries can claim that it cures the rheumatism, and enables them to add twenty pounds of flesh.

In all this, there is not the faintest shadow of misgiving; no sign of apprehension that perhaps religion or spirituality may exist for quite other ends, and may often bring sorrows rather than remove them; may often break up the quiet course of a humdrum life, and lead forth into the wilderness those who follow after it. There is a finely optimistic conviction that the real purpose of religion is first to bring bodily health, and after that to bring wealth and success; that religion exists for the well-being of the natural man, to make him a sleek and prosperous animal, and to fill him with good things, and remove his pains. The bait set for proselytes is this: a promise of health, a restoration of bodily vigor and animal pros-

perity, and the sense of well-being and success that flows from these. One might state the same thought in a dozen different ways, without arousing the smallest doubt or misgiving in the minds of the hundreds of thousands, or even millions, who follow this American religion; nor does it seem to be thinkable to them that, far from being on the pure path of spirit, they may merely have fallen into one of the traps of materiality, and a trap peculiarly gross and obvious, an error that evidences a naive ignorance almost sublime.

Underlying this cheerful creed is the belief, which would no doubt be frankly admitted in most cases, that bodily life is the finest thing conceivable; and that, if we could only secure it against all those ills to which flesh is said to be heir, we should have something so good, that nobody could desire anything finer. The conviction that the life of the flesh is excellent, and equal to fulfilling our highest wishes, the sincere delight in animal life, is what is present in the hearts of so many millions in our country; the great, strong primal instinct to which so many of these founders of new forms of faith appeal, and on which the more astute of them rely, for a constant stream of victims. Very few of them carry this thought to its logical conclusion; but, were they to do so, they would reach some such result as this:

We are here in animal bodies, and most of our sorrows and sufferings come from the various sicknesses and ailings which afflict these bodies. These sufferings must be the result of disharmony; therefore, when I establish harmony with the law, I shall know it by the cessation of my bodily ills; and, thereafter, all I shall have to do, in order to walk in the good path, is to continue in harmony with the law, and follow out the natural tendencies of my body, which, having been put there by the divine law, must necessarily be good and wholesome, and therefore spiritual and holy. This conviction will lead to an acceptance and acquiescence in all the bodily tendencies, to a regard for them, as something altogether right and worthy of honor, and this attitude will in time limit the thought and imagination within the bounds of the bodily consciousness, which will come to be recognised as the one reality, the one thing worth striving for, the satisfaction of which fulfills the law and the prophets.

Such a whole-hearted acceptance of the body and its appetites,

as the final measure of good, will presently lead to a kind of self-deification; to a view of one's own bodily welfare as something of paramount worth; and to the belief that whatever interferes with one's bodily comfort must be wrong, out of harmony with the law, and therefore evil. A fine brand of unconscious and wholly naive selfishness will thus be produced, which will begin to narrow the sympathies, bringing a kind of cowardice and sluggishness and grossness of wit, which will lessen and presently atrophy altogether the power of the will to undertake ideal enterprises, to follow after high aspirations. In order to minister to the well-beloved body, the possessor of this new spiritual secret will be tempted to pass on the glad news to others,—for value received; value in this case being something tangible, something appealing to the practical sense of a practical people, something a sensible, matter-of-fact American man or woman can understand; in a word, something that will buy things to eat. The glad news will be purveyed in measured doses, at so much a dose; and the great throng of equally material-minded, equally sensual persons who are yet in darkness, will accept the glad news with joy, and willingly pay for it with hard-earned and realistic money. And both purchasers and sellers will hold the belief that they are promoting spirituality, that they are fulfilling the law, and embodying the divine.

A further result of this coddling of the animal man will soon appear. The animal man has certain other desires, which are wont at times to make themselves passionately felt. These also will be accepted as divine and altogether good, and their gratification will come to be regarded as a fine and pious act. Moreover, such is the persuasiveness of the human beast, it will presently come to be believed that, as these desires are so fine, so consonant with the law, a failure to acquiesce in the them on the part of another is a manifest sign of lack of grace, an evidence that in that other there is no obedience to the law, which we ourselves are so faithfully keeping. Many interesting developments will be reached along this path, whose nature and tendency are easily to be imagined, until finally the authentic law delivers its decision, and the long pampered and worshipped body feels the cold hand of death.

Among the followers of this cheerful modern faith, there is at this point a schism. On the one side, it is maintained that this cold

visitant is but the doorkeeper of a happy land, in which just such bodily delights will be repeated, on a finer and larger scale, so that we shall have boundless opportunities of making pigs of ourselves in subsequent worlds, in successively finer bodies, with ever richer powers of self-indulgence. On the other hand, it is held that bodily death is a mere mistake, a sort of oversight, a mishap which we shall presently be able to correct; in fact, that this animal vesture of ours may be and should be immortal, that there need be no bodily death. There are among us numbers of professors of bodily immortality, who have the foresight to collect payment in advance. In parenthesis, is it not strange that these compellers of divine powers, who have ransacked the secrets of the heavens, seem so perpetually in need of money, like common mortals, who have seen no divine doors opened, and who have nothing to guide them but their natural wit, working to supply their natural necessities. This wonderful belief that the animal body can escape altogether from the bonds of death, is one which can well be left for that grim potentate himself to argue with; the power of self-deception can only be carried a certain length. After that, the old man with the hour-glass will have his most convincing say.

It is often said, and said with great show of reason, that this worship of the body has authentic warrant in organic law, in the law of the animal world of which we are a part. Let us admit that, as animals, we have the same tendencies as all other animals: the instinct of the search for food, and the instinct of reproduction. Supposing we were adequately to follow these two instincts, should we be fulfilling the ideal, and obeying the whole law of righteousness? Let us for a moment forget that, in both these directions, man is the most morbid of the animals, eating and drinking vast quantities of things which are of no earthly good to him, when he is not hungry at all, and just for the mere pleasure of eating. Let us also forget that the same sensuality clings to him in the other great direction of natural instinct, the direction of race-continuity and reproduction. No animal has in this region so bad a record; a record so full of morbid and unnatural elements. All this, by the way, might suggest grave misgivings to those who deify their bodies; if so many of our bodily desires are manifestly unnatural and morbid, from the mere point of biology, they cannot very well

be altogether wholesome and divine. But let us for a moment forget the morbid elements, in both appetite and sex. Let us suppose our human beings as mild and orderly as a herd of wild cattle, in no degree infringing the law in either regard. What would such a life be worth? What would an infinite multitude of such lives be worth? Would not this humanity of ours, living under the conditions we have imagined, be subject to death like the beasts of the field, his flesh being but as grass, in the phrase of the gloomy materialist of old. Would there be anything to draw these wonderful hearts of ours, with their infinite aspirations and longings, their perpetual searchings after the eternal and the immortal, in such a cattle-life as this?

Yet again, the cult of the flesh notoriously does not lead to a fine and adequate development even of the animal man and the animal functions. The finest bodily development is never found among the sleek and self-loving peoples, who are over-tender to themselves, who shirk difficulties and dangers and pain. Nor is pure and wholesome reproduction of the race arrived at by the way of self-indulgence and acceptance of bodily appetite as a worthy guide. On the contrary, the sense of comfort thereby fostered will bring an incapacity for self-sacrifice, which will presently lead to a defeating of nature, and a resorting to expedients which will in due course lead not to reproduction, but to extinction. For if there is one thing quite clear about animal life, it is that reproduction means sacrifice, and demands a capacity for sacrifice; which capacity is steadily diminished, and ultimately destroyed by that brooding on the body and the body's well-being, which lies at the heart of the modern religion of America. In human life, as elsewhere in nature, the finest individual growth and the finest race-reproduction demand a constant willingness for self-sacrifice, constant forgetting of oneself and one's own comfort, exactly the contrary of that mood of bodily complacency which is fostered by this modern faith. Such a faith will breed a race of sluggards and cowards, but such a race will, under natural law, soon cease to trouble the earth.

This is where we are brought to, by the religion of body-worship: inevitable death for the individual; inevitable death for the race. And here history supplies endless corroboration. Whatever race has adopted this creed, and it has been held times without num-

ber, has presently fallen back, degenerated, sunk into somnolence, to be outstripped by a race fuller of virility, fuller of courage, and which has still in ample measure that capacity for self-sacrifice and self-subordination, without which there is no greatness, human or divine.

To even outline the real conditions of life, so grossly parodied and misrepresented by this pseudo-religion, would demand too much space. But some suggestion of the real law can easily be made. To begin with, the body-worship we have described has one invariable result in the moral life: it causes the formation of a psychical image of the body, on which all thought and feeling is centered, and which presently comes to be regarded as the real self. This psychic self, which is a mere shadow of the body, shares its limitations of consciousness and moral feeling. It soon becomes self-centered, and antagonistic to like sensual selves in others, and little by little crowds out all genuinely human sympathy, all pure feeling for other human beings, who may not minister at all to our own satisfaction. Its evidence will be a general and growing indifference to the welfare of all except the few on whom we are speculating as sources of money, flattery or consideration, or, perhaps, sources of direct bodily sensation. This shrinking of the human moral nature will almost always be accompanied with an obstinate conviction of being in the right, and a growing hostility towards all who differ from us, or refuse to minister to our desires. And this deterioration can go on to an almost unlimited extent, with an ever-increasing self-importance and harshness towards others.

The same shrinking of our natures will presently shut us out, not only from the hearts of other human beings, but also from all that is above the animal in ourselves. Limited to the waking consciousness of the body, we shall gradually lose hold on all the deeper regions of our own lives, and finally fail to feel that part of us which is really immortal and divine. Losing our hold on our immortality, we shall yet retain the sense of being altogether in the right, and shall always be ready to dogmatise and assert a doctrine of mere materialism, and wholly unable to understand that the consciousness of others may not be so limited as our own.

The truth is, that this psychic worship of our bodies, this egotism, must be sacrificed before any true spiritual life can begin; before anything at all can be known about true spiritual life. Deep

in all our hearts is the intuition that this sacrifice is expected and demanded of us; and until we respond to that intuition, though we may speak of spirituality and spiritual things, the true world of spirit will remain closed to us. This is what, as a nation, we must learn: that there is no rebirth without sacrifice: the sacrifice of our self-seeking, sensual, self-complacent personalities. Without this sacrifice, we cannot reach even the beginning of the way.

SCIENTIFIC NECESSITY OF REINCARNATION.

The clearer understanding of the subject will be made easier by our first stating the principles of man's constitution as adopted in Theosophical literature.

The physical body can not be a principle, because in its totality it is but a vehicle of consciousness, containing basic cosmic essences, built and upheld by them. It is these cosmic essences that we regard as man's principles, the man being related to his cosmos, as electric power or light are related to the dynamo that supplies them. In its relation to man this power has different aspects as well as uses, and different grades of power are given different names, though their real difference exists only in the different rates of vibratory energy.

Each octave or scale manifests distinctly as such. and functions upon corresponding planes of being or states of matter, and the physical body is the product of the lowest as well as the slowest note of this vibratory energy. It is suited to the most concrete molecular constitution of the physical body. The instant this note is raised, the molecular density and condition is correspondingly raised to a less dense condition. Even within concrete nature, we find almost infinite grades of matter, from the metal to the gases, which are all molecular, as also the astral matter of which astral bodies consist.

Yet these bodies, though composed of molecular substance, are beyond the cognition of physical sense organs, like the eye, for instance, which, unless man develops within himself a corresponding vibration, sees only on the physical vibrating plane.

It may now be clear that the so-called concrete plane of matter contains grades of matter representing the two extreme poles, from the solid, to the lowest grade of the ether, which, as stated, is the lowest astral plane.

The relation existing between the different planes is equally applicable to the octaves of the respective notes of vibrations pertaining to each of the so-called principles, and this may serve to illustrate the fact that each principle or plane is an actual note of vibration, so that, when any individual enters into the same note of vibration he enters into a corresponding state of consciousness or of

realization. The power of man to realize may be expanded along the entire scale of the sevens of each principle. Indeed, man, in his cycling journey, began by experiencing the conditions of a vehicle or body consisting of only one principle, *i. e.*, the first in manifestation, the highest for him—the apex of the triangle.

From this his consciousness gradually descended down the octave until it reached its lowest, and then gradually entered the second principle and its attending experience, developing the power to realize the conditions of that plane. And from thence onward, until he has passed through the five intermediate states, and entered into the seventh, the lowest and most concrete material plane of existence. There he learned to vibrate to a complete individual and personal self existence in his corresponding physical bodies.

Three periods of incomprehensibly long duration were thus necessary to furnish man with the condition required before his evolution began to be self-conscious, and before his vehicle of consciousness or body, had become sufficiently dense, so that he was able to realize himself to be absolutely separated from all other bodies or forms around him.

The planes through which he thus descended into the concrete material state, and in which he is now fully merged, are the following:

1 The Atmic plane. The highest note of vibratory energy, symbolized as super-spiritual, the soul of the spiritual soul, a formless, not separated state of consciousness, a center of evolving energy, still fully identified with absolute Unity and consciousness.

2 The Buddhic plane. When this center has detached itself from the absolute Unity it begins its descent into manifestation; it surrounds itself with the highest Kinetic ether, which absorbs and reflects the light from the Atmic plane; this plane is the plane of the purpose, of the idea without the form; but it already contains the ideal plane for the accomplishment of the purpose of Being, through the incoming period of manifestation.

3 The plane of Manas. The mind is the second vehicle of the reflection of the First One, but counts as the third principle. Here the note of vibration are again lowered another entire octave from the Buddhi plane. The mind plane is the noetic force, that of the human soul and still more dense than its predecessor. Yet

it is far beyond and more subtle than the astral plane of which invisible astral bodies are made.

This mind plane corresponds to the ideal world, because it is where the ideal thought, previously held in privation or reservation, can now find its first substantial expression, or state of existence in form, and as ideas are the basis for thought, so is thought the basis for intellect, which is the power of mind cogitation; but this relates to thought or ideas pure and simple, relating either to cosmic principles, planes or facts, without the element of individual or personal consciousness, which is ever mixed with personal motive, desire and selfishness. Thus, this manasic plane is not the plane upon which the man of to-day functions, thinks or lives. Now, instead of following the usual and regular order of the descent of spirit into matter, which would require us to consider the "Kama manasic" plane, that is the mind mixed with selfishness as just stated; we will consider the principle "Kama"—that is the Sanskrit word for desire, passion, attachment, cohesion and all their opposite poles. This principle may be considered first; as it is that which combines with the pure mind. Then when we shall have studied the elements which compose "Kama manas," the selfish mind, it will help to make matters more clear.

"Kama" is the plane, principle or energy, wherein the vibrations have lowered immensely from the mind plane, governing cosmic attraction; cohesion and repulsion. It may be said to be that force which holds the stars in their orbits and position. It is manifested in man, and beside holding his body together, has the power of pulling or pushing; hence man's selfishness is made possible through it; for it is desire and aversion, as well as the lower will of man, which creates his intense wants, longing or yearnings.

"Kama Manas" may now be in order.

The principle and plane whereon physical man lives; all that his mind contemplates is mixed with the desire—aversion.

More than this, his mind is active only, as it is tainted with some want, some desire, some love or their opposites. It is this force or energy which pushes him on, both in his natural evolution, as well as in his own effort to advance. It is the force which culminates his complete separation from the One Spirit, hence it produces self-consciousness, therefore it is the Key that furnishes the

turning point from his downward course into matter, and up again into the finer realms of the Spirit, but plus self-consciousness. The sixth stage of descent is the lowering notes of vibratory energy, propelled by nature in its purpose to reach the extreme pole of density, and this is called the astral plane, already referred to. Its vibrations precipitate and become molecular. The same that concrete matter has reached, which is the lowest note of vibration of that octave, and is the step which nature has required in order to manifest its own extreme negative pole of being.

The seventh enters now fully into the existing conditions; evident all about us, fully manifesting the Life power or principle which permeates the entire vibratory realm from one extreme to the other.

To recapitulate for convenience of reference, we then have:

- 1 The physical body symbolizing the complete life energy of the Universe in all its manifestations.
- 2 The astral, the double of all nature and its prototype or model.
- 3 The life energy as related to a full and complete life on all planes.
- 4 The separated thinking man of the desire plane, wholly selfish.
- 5 The plane of pure mind or thought or ideality.
- 6 The spiritual soul plane of man.
- 7 The super-spiritual plane. The One of absolute non-separateness.

This eternal continuance of conscious existence through all the planes of evolution is only possible through reincarnation.

This side of the subject science has yet to learn. And now we are ready to consider the subject of this article, that is, "The Scientific Necessity of Reincarnation."

The monads (the mind Soul) of man descend from the highest note of vibratory Being and consciousness, through the various octaves or planes, until they reach complete separateness and self-conscious existence, possible and complete only in the most concrete form or body.

This long journey through the many planes and sub-planes of evolution, culminates in the physical body. Universal action or

motion of manifestation has now reached its limit, and completes its downward cycle of evolution; evolving the ideal through evolving man. The law of nature everywhere present, demands reaction after every action. This law of action and reaction demands the return of that, which went out. The great vibratory energy or force (The Great Breath), having reached its limit in matter, now must return to its source. The involved must in its turn evolve. All this vibratory motion has occurred in Space. This Space is motion in duration, and presents three incontrovertible, indestructible aspects of being, ever present with man the monad. And so all that is contained in this motion in Space, is eternal and hence also indestructible. Therefore reincarnation is a Scientific necessity under the law of cause and effect, or action and reaction, as man is part of this Space, this duration and this motion.

Scientific research has demonstrated that the physical body of man entirely renews all its physical molecular structure, during every period of seven years.

Man thus completely changes the substance of his body, and yet notwithstanding, that during such complete transformation, his body appears as the same, even to the most minute marks or scars. Every man knows, that his body shows some slight changes while growing older, but that he himself is absolutely not aware of any of the physical transformations, stated by science. Man realizes himself to be positively the same, identical person, even at the age of many times seven, especially when he recalls the earliest memories of his childhood. The claims of science, in this matter, he simply accepts, because he is willing to concede that science knows or ought to know.

The Theosophical student of the philosophy of life, not only joins the scientist in this claim, but is anxious to go much deeper than the mere acceptance of physical evidence based upon physical experiments, which at best are not reliable enough to be able to prove causes from within. The Theosophical student, on meeting any fact in nature, wants to know the cause which produced this effect, wants to realize, why such things occur, as well as what is the object or purpose of nature in any of her wonderful, if not mysterious, manifestations.

Therefore he inquires, first among other things: What takes

place? and in what manner? and under what law of nature does this or that transformation occur?

He therefore seeks other similar things and occurrences, by which an analogy can be drawn, and a correspondence established, thereby he soon discerns an analogy in reincarnation.

(To be Continued.)

DAUDET'S PSYCHOLOGY.

(*Continued.*)

The triumph of Daudet's art consists in this, that he does not paint merely vicious or weak men, in Tartarin, the Nabab and Numa. On the contrary, all three are above the common stature in endowment, and, most of all, in will, in executive power. But the will in them flows, not from true insight, not from the sense of real human life and the powers of the human soul, that immemorial soul common to all men, which tells itself in all our history, but from fancy, from the power of myth-making, from something altogether false and unreal.

The three types are one, the Meridional is a single type, a new organic figure added to literature. Had Daudet possessed the strength and insight to weld the three in one, and fitly choosing for that one an environment, had shown his acts and fate, and the fate of those around him, dependent on him, and under his influence, as flowing from this frailty and marred thereby, we should have had an organic figure as great as Mephistophiles, as great as Don Quixote. But even without doing this, Daudet has indicated it; he has, indeed, drawn the one type in three different garments, and his success is great enough to put his work amongst the permanent treasures of the human race.

In Faust, we see the moral causation quite clearly; but Daudet has not enough of Teutonic abstractness, of metaphysical power, to do as much. He rather siezes the symptoms of a malady of the will with Gallic lucidity, with Provençal richness of color, and leaves us to find the law for ourselves. But he is a great artist because his picture is true enough for us to do this; he takes life seriously, and does not play with it, after the manner of English novelists; he holds the mirror to nature and man. And if he does not consciously realise what we have said, as to the dividing line between unregenerate and regenerate man, his testimony is the more valuable for that, for he is a disinterested witness, with no theories to support. And his testimony is terribly clear. St. Paul, the descendant of a sensual nation, finds the heart of evil, the type of what is to be condemned, in the flesh; the mood of the flesh, he says, is death. Daudet finds the heart of evil in a false sense of value,

which blinds us to the true relation between thought and act, between ourselves and others; he shows that, when we lose moral touch of reality we are in danger, are, indeed, already lost. And his evangel is a true one. But to find the wider law, we must go deeper than a false sense of value, deeper even than the mood of the flesh; we must see clearly that the cult of the false self in us is the root of harm, and the realisation of each others' souls the doorway to all good.

Had Daudet set himself to argue this, he might well have failed, as many moralist has; but he does far better. He sets himself to persuade, not our reason, which is perverse and full of crafty evasion, but our imaginations, which ever lead us in spite of ourselves. And it is this appeal to the imagination which makes real art; but, if our definition be valid, we must remember clearly what imagination is,—the imaging of unseen realities. Therefore insight, vision, inspiration must ever come before art; there must be in us a real grasp of the enduring law of man, of that common soul which weaves our life; without this, there can be only artifice, the mummery, the charlatanism of art, a thing too common, and too often passing for sterling coin.

There can be little doubt that these three figures, Tartarin, the Nabab and Numa Roumestan, which are indeed but the one Meridional in three costumes, are the head and center of Daudet's accomplishment, the work which he must stand or fall by, when all is said. Yet there is much that is of the greatest value in his other work, though not, perhaps, in the sense in which Daudet himself would have valued it. A patriotic Jew and enthusiastic Zionist, himself a novelist of some excellence, has claimed Daudet as only half Provençal and half Jew, as a Davidet, a son of David. We may accept this as giving a clue to much in his work, and particularly as enabling us to divide it into two classes,—the one Provençal the other, Jewish in color.

Without injustice, one may say that certain characteristics mark all Jewish literature; first, a firm materialism, a terribly steadfast grip on this present world, a realism which, when applied to finances, makes the Jew, with his keenness and moral energy, the very king of usurers, the ideal banker of the world. From this materialism flow two other qualities; a narrow personal view, which leads to

isolation, to hostility, to cynicism; and a sensuality, which leads to a habit of saying bitter things about women, as the ensnarer of man, as the root of all calamity. The typical Jewish heroine is Delilah, and more or less clearly the view of Delilah as the typical woman runs through all Jewish literature. We may trace all these characteristics in the works of famous Jewish writers like D'Israeli, Nordau and Zola. We may find clear indications of them all in one division of Alphonse Daudet's work.

If we set aside the *Tartarin-Nabab-Numa-Roumestan* series, and consider the rest of Daudet's work, we shall indeed be struck with the cynicism, the bitterness, the sensuality of it all, none the less that cynicism and sensuality are hidden under the veil of a style always graceful and delicate, and often very beautiful. We have all had our attention drawn rather forcibly to one book of his recently, to *Sappho*; and it is to be feared that, for the general understanding, Daudet is regarded as the author of *Sappho*, and nothing else. And it cannot be denied that, even though Daudet wrote this book as a warning, as an awful example, and in particular, as a warning to his own sons, in spite of this, the allurements, the corruption, the enslaving of the will by sensuality stand out far clearer than the moral purpose, the avowed end of edification. The truth is, that Daudet is too good an artist consciously to moralise. He is ensnared by his own creation; he enters into *Sappho's* point of view, and makes us enter into it, with the result that we have a picture, very real and very convincing, of a modern Magdalen, and our sympathies are entirely with her when she deserts the weak youth whom Daudet means us to pity for her robust and warm-blooded convict, whose forged because he loved her, and who, when he had served his term, asked nothing better than to give her whatever remained to him of life.

If we gain any moral from *Sappho*, it is in *Sappho's* favor, so earnestly does Daudet enter into her sensual, yet very human life. One side of his nature sympathises too heartily with Delilah to allow him to make her really repellent. And so his moral misses fire. Not less, but rather more insiduously corrupt is *Froment the Younger* and *Risler the Elder*. *Sidonie* is *Sappho* over again, but *Sappho* with far less excuse, and with far more disastrous consequences. Once more, it is Delilah as the type of womanhood, and

the blinding of the strong man Risler the Elder is the blinding of Samson in modern story. In spite of all his skill, in spite of his charm and fascination, Daudet has produced a work which is repulsive, the victims pitiable, the culpable persons quite beyond our sympathy, in their heartless treachery. We are not repaid by—we resent rather—the admirable pictures of Parisian life, drawn with such living skill as so great an artist could not fail to show. The final result is one of repellent bitterness, with not a particle of that wide and salutary sense of truth which we draw from *Tartarin* and the *Nabab* and *Numa*.

Rose and Ninette comes under much the same condemnation, though the sensuality and breach of faith are covered up more delicately, and hidden, so to say, in a setting of flowers. Yet the sense of morbid futility is not less, but only greater, as more subtle and less avowed. And finally we have but one feeling: indignation that so great a writer should waste himself on such unworthy themes. It seems that we are forced to believe that, as there is a demand for stories of degeneration, Daudet was weak enough to comply with it, and a certain natural asceticism in him left him cold, so that his stories have not even the flow of animal spirits which, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. It is weak pandering to a depraved taste, and no amount of moralising can disguise the fact. With a bodily coldness, there is a mental relish for themes of degeneration; and this is the real motive for so many crusades against "vice," much more than any regard for sound morals. There is undoubtedly this relish of degeneration in Zola and Nordau, as well as in Daudet, and no assurances of their pious intentions will convince us of the contrary. The mixed motive in their work, the hidden relish underneath the verbal disapproval, give them that tone of bitter cynicism which is so characteristically Jewish, from the days of the *Ecclesiast*, even until now.

We are not more drawn to that element in Daudet's work which one may call the "homely pathetic," and which has probably been the cause of his comparison with Dickens. Take the pitiable Joyeuse family, Desirée Délobelle, the broken-down clerk whose one occupation is the manufacture of paper shirt-fronts for himself, even much that Daudet has written of himself, and we find it marred with an ineffectual sentimentalism, rather than illuminated with any

saving sense of how these ills are to be righted. or of that larger and profounder law which works in poverty as in wealth, in pain and sickness as in well-being, in death as in life. Here is a failure of insight, of penetration, of apprehension of the real, not less definite than the flaw which misled Tartarin and Numa Roumestan and the Nabab.

Of the Immortal, it is probably the matured opinion of all who admire Daudet, that it might better be left unwritten, and that, having been written, it may well be forgotten. The cult of Delilah, the bitterness, the materialism in it, only exhibit once more the less attractive side of Daudet's character which we are inclined to call his Jewish realism.

As we believe that this materialism is the grossest of all illusions, that the cynicism which springs from it is a disease of the heart, that the constant attacks against woman as the deceiver are marks of a sensual, not a moral mood, we cannot but think that all Daudet's work which builds on this triple basis is rooted in delusion, based in delusion, founded in delusion. It comes under that very head of action flowing from the fancy, that fancy which consists of false image-making and false vision, which Daudet has himself painted with such masterly skill in Tartarin, the Nabab and Numa Roumestan. Perhaps he could not have written of them so well, unless something of their own nature had been in himself, for great as he is, Daudet never rises to that perfect vision of genius to which all forms of character are equal, because all are but outgrowths of the common soul. There must have been in Daudet something of that infirmity which he paints in his threefold Meridional; and from this weakness flows the hidden pessimism which touches all his works.

This hidden stain does not detract from its artistic value; it rather adds to it; for it gives that last touch of sincerity, which breathes the breath of life into his great organic type; Daudet painted so well because he painted himself.

Daudet has himself challenged comparison between his Tartarin and the hero of Cervantes. But there is really no parallel. Don Quixote is not, as Daudet's Meridional is, a type of unregenerate man, an example of impending doom. Don Quixote is a hero, on the side of every true and worthy cause, yet lacking the

sovereign sense of humor which is needed before the fruits of the spirit are complete. His apparent futility, yet real heroism, is the effect of a changed point of view, of the fading of the glamor of medievalism. May we show as clear in the enduring sunlight, when the glamor of modernity as surely fades! It is Daudet's lasting achievement that he has shown us whither that modernity leads, with its egotism, its vanity, its blindness to the souls of other men. Daudet has shewn, and shewn with profound truth and piercing reality, that when we have once crossed the line from the universal and human soul within us to the self of egotism and indulgence, we are in a worse plight than the herd of Gadara, for the abyss before us is unfathomable.

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The one road open to those who long for spiritual growth is the road of aspiration.

It is in fact the Path; and the reason for this is obvious. Aspiration is always possible: if we think long and intently upon any subject the way is often blocked by fatigue; the brain is tired or exhausted, as we say, and no longer acts or responds readily to our efforts. But when we aspire there is no brain fatigue.

The soul or higher Ego expresses itself on and through desire, and desire is longing which we might call the interior process of aspiration.

No soul is ever quite incapable of aspiring—for all souls have desires and longings for something better than they know. The highest expression of the full born soul is found in aspiration—and in flight upwards from the world of material limitation to the boundless plane of immaterial hope no obstacle interposes, no exists.

Every one can long for goodness, every one can desire purity, every one can hope to become unselfish—every one can *desire* “that which is beyond knowledge.”

And through aspiration the path to higher experience will inevitably open up, that which the soul gives out in longing for the best, will come back to it in full measure, “pressed down and running over,” as happiness, as joy, as bliss.

HABIT OF MIND.

In the phenomenal world, acts habitually repeated tend to perpetuate themselves, thus forming types.

Each single act, the impression of which is sufficiently clear, forms a basis for its objectivation. In the beginning its recurrence is brought about by the use of memory, and later on by memory and its own impetus added to memory, through which repetition becomes more frequent, coming, as it were, of itself, without effort on our part.

The same law is true in the domain of thought, but there it is more intense, more precise and more potent and its scope is larger, because we are able to recall a thought at will and with an unlimited frequency.

How often do we despair about a fancied impotence of ours in one direction or another, saying: It is impossible for me to do this or that, my mind is so constituted as not to allow of any other expression than the one familiar to me at present. We do not realize or want to realize that this expression is wholly within our control and direction. The thought is ever the stimulus of the act and the habit of directing it into a definite channel will ultimately incite a corresponding act.

Therefore it is wholly within our power to acquire control and learn to direct our desires as well as to create the foundation for a proper course of action.

Few of us realize that when we become slaves to some dominant thought, it is an indication that we have fostered in our hearts an undue amount of energy, tending towards our personal interest.

What is so often called natural impulse is generally instinct perverted by the habitual wrong thought of a fanciful mind. We must ever remember that the mind, as well as any other organ, can not be taken for an absolute guide, being subject to making mistakes and going into abuses, which are very potent in their reactions.

Now, we are subject to habits of thought and act only in that degree in which we are willing to stimulate them and give them impetus.

Therefore it is of the highest importance that we analyze,

check and direct the mind through the will. Through the persistence of fanciful images, which our thought has made strong by indulgence, good instincts are as it were transposed and made to lend their energy to the wrong powers in us. Therefore I repeat once more, if we must act from habit, let us acquire such tendencies and dispositions, which will tend to accumulate a force gravitating towards the greater, the universal. But let us not act wholly from habit, but ever from moral incentive, at the same time keeping our minds flexible, so as to be able to encompass that, which may yet be known and which is not as yet within our tenets.

And throughout all our labor, let discrimination and sympathy be ever our guide.

SHANKARA'S PHILOSOPHY.

It is very remarkable that we still know nothing for certain of the date of so striking a personality, so great a man as Shankaracharya. In all the later ages of India, there are only two men whose work is of universal significance, Gautama Buddha, and Shankaracharya; and of these two it is hardly to be doubted that Shankara has had a far deeper influence on Indian thought and life. And besides this, whatever doubts we have of Shankara's date, we are quite certain that he lived somewhat later than Buddha; so that the events of his life should be far more certain and easily ascertained, and yet quite the contrary is the case. Buddha's date can be fixed by several independent lines of evidence; his life has been written in many of the languages of Asia, and the great events of his wonderful career stand out clear and sharp, almost free from the mists of historical uncertainty. But of Shankara, what can we tell for certain? And yet Shankara was not a man to pass unnoticed by his contemporaries; his work was not such as to remain hidden for a time, or cherished only among an obscure, uninfluential band of faithful followers; to be made known only by the gradual recognition of later ages.

Had Shankara been only the commentator on the Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Vedanta Sutras, it would be credible that his life might have been lived in seclusion, and that only the lapse of time would have revealed the excellence of his work; and in this way we could understand that the outward events of his life might have passed unnoticed until the time had gone by when they could be ascertained exactly. But Shankara was a great deal more than this, a great deal more than an excellent commentator on the most valuable books of Ancient India. He was the founder of a philosophy which, for lucidity, profundity, self-evident truth, and beauty of illustration, can match anything the great masters of the world have produced; and, lastly, he was a practical reformer, who achieved, as far as we can judge, entire success, and whose influence on the most learned and powerful section of the Indian peoples has been so deep and lasting that he has simply overshadowed every one else for a series of centuries, and is to-day absolutely predominant in Indian thought.

Here then is the perplexing element in the matter: that of a man of this magnitude we should have to say his influence has been predominant for a "series of centuries"; and that we should not be able to say, with any certainty at all, how many these centuries are. Even learned natives of India, excellent Sanskritists, Vedantins, who have "sworn into the words of this master," have to fix his date by the chance, uncertain remark of a Chinese traveller. The thing is absolutely without a parallel in the history of the modern world. It is as if those in Europe had to fix Julius Caesar's date by a chance notice of some Ethiopian chronicler, although Caesar's influence on modern Europe is so great that his family name has been made the proudest title of all our living Emperors.

The thing is incomprehensible; or would be, in any land except India, among any people except the Brahmins, Shankara did not appear among an illiterate people, for we have seen recently that it is morally certain that the people of India were familiar with writing three thousand years ago, long before Buddha's day, and therefore still longer before Shankara's. There was, therefore, every opportunity for Shankara's life to be put on record. His influence was great during his life-time. He founded three great centres of philosophy, with Shringeri in Mysore at their head; and his successors have been uninterrupted till the present day. It is quite certain that the Brhadaranyaka Uanishad is one of the oldest of the theosophic treatises in India; and yet we find in this ancient book several lists of spiritual successions, "Guru-parampara chains," which show us that the practice of recording the spiritual succession of teachers was known in India from very early times. Is it, then, possible that the Guru-parampara chain, the list of spiritual successors, of Shankara could have failed to be preserved, from the year of his reforms, in the schools of philosophy which he founded himself? It is almost certain that the chain of Gurus must have been preserved, not only at Shringeri, but also in the other *maths*. True, we have already obtained from Brahmins several lists which claim to be true copies of the Shankara chains; but even they are not quite satisfactory. They do not all perfectly agree. And several have assigned to an immediate successor of Shankara a chiefship of eight hundred years. They cannot, therefore, be authentic copies of an authentic con-

temporary record; and although it is incredible that lists of Shankara's successors should not exist, it is certain that they are not genuinely represented in the lists we have seen. We must, therefore, satisfy ourselves with hoping that a genuine list of the Gurus of each of Shankara's *maths* may some day be published by the authorities of the *maths* themselves; for only thus can the date of one of the greatest men in the History of India, or, indeed, in the history of the world, be finally and satisfactorily established. Till this is done, Shankara's followers must reconcile themselves to the date of their splendid patron being fixed on the most empirical grounds, by a series of airy hypotheses; or on the chance remark of some travelling Chinaman. Now that the transcendent value of Shankara's philosophy is recognised as clearly in the West as in the East, it would be an act of wisdom as well as of grace for the best of his followers in India to establish his date once for all on irrefutable evidence.

But the value of Shankara's philosophy does not in any way depend on his date. Its value is exactly the same, whether Shankara lived only yesterday or two thousand years ago. The progress of the centuries and ages makes little difference to the great problems of Being which Shankara set himself to solve. The only influence of time seems to be the alteration of periods of lucidity and periods of stupidity, which succeed each other like the white and black fortnights of the moon. It was certainly a black fortnight when the great Church Council declared that the earth was flat; a "black fortnight," which lingered till the burning of Giordano Bruno ushered in the seventeenth century of our era. We have issued from the blackness of that period of stupidity in some measure to-day; but in many things we are a long way behind the period of lucidity of Periclean Greece, and Greece was, in many things, the inferior of older Egypt; while Egypt might happily have had much to learn from still older India.

So that it matters very little when Shankara worked, as far as the intrinsic excellence of his philosophy is concerned. Many have many a time insisted on the enormous antiquity of man in these columns, and we may do so once again by saying that, as far as philosophy is concerned, the fundamental problems of knowledge hardly altered at all in the last million

years; and that our means of solving them have altered about as little. We stand face to face with the same old universe, the same pictures of river and mountain, of the sleepless sea, and the silent stars unfolding themselves. We appear in the midst of the great picture gallery; gaze a while, and then disappear.

Before all things, Shankara was an Idealist. The universe has, he says, only a dependent reality; it is like the snake which a man thinks he sees, where there is no snake at all, but a coil of rope. It is like a dream, very coherent and convincing while it lasts; but we shall presently wake, and then it will wear another face. An idealist cannot be made by argument; a man is a "naïve realist" as the Germans say, until he reaches insight; until he realises for himself that he has no evidence, and never can have any evidence, of the existence of outer things, beyond the mere fact that he perceives them; that they are objects of his perception. In this way, by insight, the "naïve realist" becomes an idealist, and not by argument. The arguments of the realist are utterly convincing to himself. He cannot understand how any one can have misgivings as to the reality of this solid-seeming world. Then, some day, he wakes up to an altered universe; insight has come to him; he perceives that outer things have only a secondary, a dependent reality; he has become an idealist. A materialist may become an idealist, as Emerson says; but no idealist ever became a materialist. *Neque ulla retrorsum!* When we are awake, no one can convince us by argument that we are still asleep. But the awakening must come by insight, and not by argument; and this Shankara always recognises, and states again and again, with admirable lucidity. What is the first qualification for a profitable study of my idealism? he asks; and then answers himself; the first and indispensable qualification is insight; insight into the secondariness; the dependent reality of the world.

This is his famous and oft-repeated *atma-anatma-viveka*; the discerning between the primary reality of the Self, the perceiver; and the secondary reality of the not-Self, the perceived. The reality of the Self depends on the consciousness that I am I; and this consciousness does not depend on anything, but is self-dependent, self-existent, self-sufficient, and self-poised. To this primary reality, "I am I," we add the secondary reality, "I perceive outer

things;” so that the reality of outer things is, at best, a second rate, dependent reality. Or perhaps it is also primary? Perhaps outer things that have also the consciousness of I am I? If so, then they are also consciousness; they are also self; and nothing exists but consciousness.

„Problems like these are the starting point of Shankara’s philosophy. With a starting point like this, where shall we expect the teacher to lead us? His conclusion is Thyself is the Eternal; and nothing is but the Eternal. But the last conclusions and even the first step to these conclusions can only be taken on the conditions Shankara himself lays down, the first condition being insight: the insight into the dependent reality of the world.

At the present moment, some of the foremost thinkers of the West are finding their way to this condition. They are already growing out of materialism; out of the “naïve realism” of the materialist school. And with their growth, the due appreciation of Shankara is becoming for the first time possible to them.

HEART'S DESIRE.

The Angels of the four Quarters met and conferred concerning Man. The great Archangel Michael had given them a charge concerning him; they had gone upon their errand, each to his own quarter of the earth, and each had failed in his mission.

Said the Angel of the North:

"When Michael told us that the Power Divine commanded that we should discover the heart's desire of man, I, as ye know, went Northward. For when all is said and done, when the result of all action is burned to an ash, it is the mind which governs Man. Even in animal man it is instinctive mind. Hence, working in that Northern region of Nature which, as ye know, exists in every point of space and is not a point of the compass, I, the Northern Power, endeavoured to satisfy man with the things of mind. Religions, gave I to him; philosophies; the clear light of science, penetrating through great spaces of time. Ever as man asked more, I gave more; as he explored, I revealed. His every demand has been met. Man has wearied, not I. He has turned him again and again, from the things of the Mind. In the Northern quarter his heart's desire cannot be found."

The Angel of the North paused, proudly defiant, and his eyes sought the Angel of the Southern quarter with a passive expectancy in their look as of one who again sees defeat coming from a point already forseen.

But the Angel of the South smiled; it was a warm sweet smile which made the summer seem at hand, and he said:

"I too, have failed, as our brother of the North has failed—if indeed he will not still succeed. But I—I have given to man the things of the heart, those which most men so readily pursue. Love, passion, affection; the emotions and the emotional forms of music, Religion and the Arts; love of country too, the fire of patriotism; the fevered fret of the senses and the sweet satisfactions of the affectional nature. All these lures have I spread, and man has followed after, eagerly, keenly pursuing as a child pursues one winged thing after another. Yet always he wearies. Always he turns from me to you, my Brothers. True, he returns again to

me, but again, in a flash of reaction, he is gone. His heart's desire is not with me. I confess it. In the all pervading Southern plane of human nature there is no permanent satisfaction. Never once have I quenched the desire fire; I only excite it. For me it burns higher, higher, still higher and reacts in leaps and bounds towards the North, that still fine coolness from which I am forever expelled." And regret was in the sweet look which he turned upon the Northern Angel, who gazed back with eyes lit by a swift and shining spark.

Then arose the Angel whose charge was the Western Quarter.

"I went, as you know, to that place which is mine, thinking easily to discover the heart's desire of Man. For, as I see him, an intense activity is his, a bland of brain and feeling which causes him to desire and discover, to know, to invent, to excel. Man feels nearer the gods when he creates. These faculties have I stimulated. The inventions of man are marvels. His brain activity is prodigious. Just when he seems most insatiable, just when I ask myself if my own resources will be overtaxed and will fail, man drops the pursuit as a bird folds its wings in mid air and falls. His heart's desire is never with me. I never remotely touch it. I too have failed." And he ranged himself at the side of the Southern and Northern Angels, and all three looked steadfastly upon the Angel of the Eastern Quarter.

The Eastern Angel did not return their gaze. Unlike them, he had been seated, and he continued to sit, his eyes downcast, his finger tracing strange characters upon the rock. They had never understood him, and no one ever knew if he understood them at all: his ways were silent ways; his eyelids were rarely lifted. Yet his Brothers knew that at any moment a sudden light might break from his speech, or his least movement. Among themselves they called him the Wonder Worker, for the Eastern Angel knew the things of the Soul.

He did not now raise his eyes, however, but spoke as one who speaks in a dream.

"As ye know, I went to mine own place. The things which happen there, it is not lawful to utter. Nor are they reflected in any speech. It must thus suffice that I say I too have failed. Men of all Lands have I approached, in their millions, and some held

converse with me, but none have I held or retained. The Heart's Desire is not with me. I have said."

And he folded his pinions above his bent head, plunging again into meditation within their shadow.

His brother Angels looked at one another with something like a wondering consternation in their eyes. The Divine Mandate was not obeyed. But before they had regained self-possession, a rainbow halo shone upon them and Michael stood in their midst answering their salutations with the salute of his drawn sword.

"I heard," he gravely said. "Yet this state cannot last. From the Power Divine itself went forth the Mandate that the Heart's Desire of Humanity should become known to the Angels of the four Quarters."

"Cans't thou not tell it us, Michael, thou who wert once human, as we were never?" asked the Southern Angel.

"It is not known to me or to my Brother Archangels," Michael gravely said. "For see, we are as gods and our consciousness has passed on upwards and inward to the god state, forgetting the human. Hence there has arisen a want in the Spiritual World, where the Angels know no longer the deepest need of Man and cannot truly keep him until that basic need is known."

Again the consternation dawning in their eyes!

"What's to be done?" the three exclaimed.

Michael looked at the contemplative Angel of the East and he, still folded in the shadow of his wings, with a gesture pointed earthwards. Michael bent himself over the rim of the heavens and the others listening likewise, became aware of a silvery note rising sweetly, steadily from the world of men. It was a mother praying to the god of her people for her son, her only child. He was a great King, a Captain among Captains, but to her he was ever her little one for whom she trembled, and so through the nights she besought her god for him; ever more anxious, ever more tender, thus she prayed:

"Thy last, best gift give to my child, oh Lord our God! Teach him to know his own heart."

Michael raised himself, triumphant, and his voice boomed like the sea.

"It is true. Man's deepest need, his innermost desire, that

which he really seeks through every form of action is what the Mother yonder prays for—to know his own heart, and the hidden mystery there.”

.. SCIENTIFIC NECESSITY OF REINCARNATION.

(Continued.)

The ego incarnated in a physical body wears out this body with age, if not with abuse. And this same fact is true everywhere, whether in man, animal, or plant. All these wear out with old age: even the rocks crumble with time. Yet all these, having existed for ages past, still continue to exist, from age to age. This is evidence of the persistence of the plan, the idea of the form, from which the particular character or nature is not eliminated. These then, the form and the character, re-appears, reincarnates, with only such changes, as would be naturally expected under the impulse of evolution and eternal progress.

There cannot be one law of nature operating upon man's body; but what that same identical law is equally operative upon any other plane sphere or body.

The student of Theosophy therefore concludes that the reason why the body of man remains the same during many times seven years, is the idea, the plan, which decide the form the physical molecules are to be grouped into, are far more lasting than the molecule itself; in other words, that the inner astral-psyhic man is more permanent and more real than the visible man. That the worn-out physical molecules, becoming useless to the real man, renew their substance in order to afford this inner man the full measure of years which is due to him. So it is with the earth also. But before we go on with our argument, we must grant that the body of a man, as a whole, corresponds to the body of the earth, that the various kinds of molecules in man's body correspond to men, animals, plants, etc., which are to the earth as the physical molecules are to a man's body. This granted, we may proceed to state, that earth also has a period of life with which every one of her molecules, the men, the animals and the plants, are identified, and which will reincarnate upon the earth, as long as this particular period of earth's life shall last. The same imperishable, or at least indefinitely lasting purpose, idea or plan, worked through long series of perishable forms. Such is the process and the law of nature, within all her domain. Hence, we say, reincarnation *is* a scientific necessity!

Once more. Reincarnation is a scientific necessity, though possibly not quite as self-evident, as the two former propositions.

Science postulates the idea of Cycles, that is, the securing periods of events. Science foretells, or rather tries to calculate, the return of a planet, or a comet. It prognosticates many things relative to the stars, all of which are based upon the fact or facts of the return, accepted as absolute truth. Science relies upon the return of the solar years, and the eclipses of sun, moon, planet or star. All is based upon the recognized fact that nature works in recurring, returning periods, otherwise, in Cycles.

Myriads of minor cycles are not noted, by reason of either their insignificance or shortness of duration.

Some of them are noticed by us, many we neither see nor recognize, nor do we think about the things affected by them. Yet we all note the yearly cycle of the sun. The four-weeked cycle of the moon, or the daily cycle of the earth's revolution. The entire cosmos operates on the plan of recurrence, of returning periods. This again is a fact in nature which can not be but true in all her Kingdoms and planes.

I repeat once more, that nature can not possibly change methods or modes on different planes. The law of recurring periods, true for the physical universe, must be true as well for the now fully admitted interior planes, the etheric fields of vibratory energy. These interior planes include, 1) the astral, 2) the cohesive (Desire) plane, as well as 3) the still finer realms of the noetic force or energy of the mind, or human soul plane.

Then comes the plane of Spirit, which exceeds the noetic with the Kinetic force. These different planes represent only different notes of the great vibratory energy, stored in cosmos, the feeders of all existences. The different degrees of ether or substance in them correspond with the degree of the achieved evolutionary progress. This difference is merely in the rate of vibrations, and therefore cannot involve an entirely different law. That which proves itself to be the law in nature upon its physical plane, must also be the inevitable law upon each and all other planes, whether we may, or may not be able to recognize or comprehend it.

If the earth as a planet, with all the beings upon it now, performs a cycle every 24 hours, this one fact demonstrates the truth of

the return of events, equal for all things and beings involved in that particular cycle. So the inhabitants, the humanity of the earth, observe the days, which succeed the nights, and all upon the earth is regulated by that cycle. That is every one is subject to this cycle as well as to every other great or small cycle. So is the earth itself, as a cosmic body, affected and regulated and controlled by the still larger cycle of the sun and the sun's sister planets in the sphere of our solar system. Further, our solar system is again controlled and dependent upon the still larger Universe and its sublime law and order. Let us now consider the cause of all this orderly material manifestation. If this physical manifestation is the result of universal law (and it cannot be anything else), that governs by the recurrence of events, and its conditions, can we imagine that the cause underlying any manifestation operates under any other law? No! the entire universe is governed and upheld by the same cause, and this cause is as effective and true with the smallest of the small as with the greatest universe of all universes.

The cause which occasions the recurring or reincarnating of events is also the cause of the recurring or reincarnating of the solar systems, of the planets and of man, who by his own acts, thoughts and will is indissolubly tied to all the events constituting the Cycles of the planets, of which man forms an inseparable part. This link between man and his solar system cannot be complete if its duration is measured only by the span of any one life of man. His existence must agree in all its relations with the life of the planet of which he forms an inseparable part. For example: The same, as the molecules of his body are linked with his life, though they physically excarnate and reincarnate into his body many times, so man in his relation with his planet, must excarnate to throw off the old worn-out matter, and reincarnate to bring in combinations of matter able to renew the vigor of the life of his planet. Now the inner purpose of his body is permanent, it must endure as long as the life of his planet endures. And so when his earth changes its substantial body for a more etherial one, man will have to do the same.

To sum up my argument. It amounts to the statement that man is an inseparable part of the earth's body, and consequently his cycle of life must also be an inseparable part of the earth's cycle of

life. He is linked with the earth's entire history, from its beginning to its end, and in order to partake of the earth's progress and evolution during its own long pilgrimage, man reincarnates again and again, throughout that long journey of the earth. That is, man does for the earth what the physical molecules do for him. The universe is absolutely complete. That is, not one atom can be added to its completeness, neither can a single atom be taken away, without involving its destruction. Hence the substance in it is eternal, and ever present in some form or condition somewhere.

The same is true with regard to force or energy in this vast universe. It is also eternal, neither can any force be added or taken away. This absoluteness is complete. This force and its vehicle substance, must be in union or manifestation according to the cycle of cause and effect, which governs in duration. Energy cannot manifest unless it has substance to move, and substance to be in motion must evolve some kind of form developed by evolution, the law of eternal progress. When we witness, as we continually do, that matter appears in any new or changed form, we muse recognize that this form is a vehicle of energy, that this energy is adequate in proportion to the form and nature with which it is identified, whether that form be a molecule, a man or a planet. Therefore when energy has exhausted the endurance of the matter in which it is incarnated, this energy must obtain renewed matter, and a new form, in order to manifest. The association with a new form constitutes reincarnation, and the complete rehabilitation must be the law.

Reincarnation is the one important fact, or law, in nature, throughout the eternities of material manifestation. It is the universal law which allows no escapes or exceptions, in the case of the great Kosmos, as in the case of a planet, a man, or a molecule.

It is the great necessity relating to the Universe manifesting in Space during the eternities.

RICHARD STRAUSS, TSCHAIKOWSKY,
AND THE IDEA OF DEATH.

(Reprinted, by permission, from "The Musical World.")

I have still a vivid remembrance of the last performance in New York, by Mr. Gericke and his amazing band, of Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklärung;" and as, from time to time, that poignant and haunting score has vibrated again within my brain, it has seemed to me as if the idea of death, and that terror and despair and sadness which are its human ministers, could have no more complete and wonderful an expression than they have here. I thought, too, of that other marvelous canticle of mortality: the Pathetic Symphony of Tschaikowski; and then I realised that Strauss, in his terrible and splendid voicing of the supreme achievement, has completed that message in whose deliverance the voice of the elder master faltered and broke—that here, in the profound and entire contrast of these two great works, is, if one chooses to discern it, the pointing of a spiritual moral.

Tschaikowski's matchless threnody has been compared with Shelley's *Adonais*, which is its counterpart in literature: for as time, writes Shelley, 'like a many-colored dome of glass, stains the white radiance of eternity,' even so, Tschaikowski in this symphony has "stained eternity's radiance: he has captured the years and bound them into a momentary emotional pang." What Shelley, no doubt, would have said in the utterance of his great grief, had Shelley been a musician, Tschaikowski says in his most grievous swan-song. Here is music passionately avid of life for life's own sake—music filled, from beginning to end, "with the utter and complete darkness of the grave." The finality of death—the irrevocable oblivion of the grave—an inappeasable and hopeless grieving: that, indisputably, is the emotional substance of Tschaikowski's tone-poem: that, beyond question, is what it says, and all that it says. One hears in it the despairful cry of that bravest optimist of them all, in one of those "downcast hours" which at times afflicted even his most valorous and steadfast spirit: "Matter is conqueror—matter, triumphant only, continues onward." Tschaikowski reveals himself in this, his authentic masterpiece, the perfect materialist, the perfect spiritual craven. That stupendous

adagio lamentoso is a sable "garment of untruth," dyed with the hues that are gathered out of cowardice, and despair, and ignoble and supine grief. His was a mind "held ever earthward on the trail of earthly things;" his was the point of view, the spiritual outlook, of the essential barbarian. He has given, in this most intimate of his disclosures, a superlatively beautiful and puissant expression to that in himself, and in us, which is most unreclaimably and grossly earth-bound—to the animal, to the vestige of the savage in us: to that lamentation over the precious things of the sensual life which, communicating its panic and despair to all who hear, diverts the eyes from the vision of those immutable things by virtue of whose perception alone do we approach the gods. For those of us to whom this world seems not wholly ill-designed: who find no shuddering horror in the thought of death, but rather a surety of promotion and fulfillment—for those of us, I say, who so incline, this music overwhelms with the sense of an immense and futile pathos, and a tragic falsity as maleficent as it is complete.

And let me now turn to a consideration, from the spiritual side, of that magnificent elegy in which I have found so vital and suggestive a contrast with the work of the Slavonic master.

When Richard Strauss set down the last note of his "Tod und Verklärung" he brought to a superb completion a score which is, I am convinced, the most momentous and significant achievement in post-Wagnerian music. It is, throughout, greatly conceived and greatly accomplished. There is not, from beginning to end, the slightest dependence upon mere theatricalism of effect—no sensation contrived simply for sensation's sake: but rather a stupendously eloquent enunciation of the terror, the awe, the pathos, of the essential episode of death, and, finally, of the majesty and perfection of an ultimate fulfillment, a triumphant spiritual survival.

I am fully aware that this is praise of a work which has been comfortably disposed of by some as "charnel-house" music, the unwholesome issue of a disordered imagination—what excess of morbidly realistic imagery has not been discovered in Strauss' score by certain critical intelligences! And yet I prefer rather to agree with another and juster view, that here is music "in which there is no morbid taint, in which there is the full justification of death."

And how wonderful a justification! What a solemn and haunting tenderness, what a continuity of sheer loveliness, in the brooding passages of the opening—and how keenly the authentic mood, the atmosphere of the thing, pierces one from the start; what an immensity of passion in the phases of revolt and aspiration, and how appalling is the moment of translation! But—and here is the significant point—Strauss does not stop at that portentous episode, that heart-chilling crisis of extreme dismay: dissolution is not for him, as for Tschaikowsky, an inexorable conclusion, an irretrievable exit: he confronts us, as we are confronted in the "*Pathétique*, with the very gates of death, but, unlike Tschaikowsky, he does not leave us there, overwhelmed and shuddering in the darkness. Out of that terrible quietude emerges an increasing chant, a gradual and suffusing radiance. Note by note the transfiguration is accomplished—"and when he is wrapt by the radiance, the bright one no longer sees dreams: then within him the bliss arises"—so may one point the moral of a tone-poem of to-day with the immemorial wisdom of the East!

If I can find so luminous and high a message in "Tod und Verklärung," I shall scarcely assume to regard Richard Strauss as a deliberate and conscious seer; and I doubt if he would care, or that he deserves, to be called a mystic. Great musician and poet that he is, he is neither so deep nor so wide as the *Upanishads*. But I shall insist, nevertheless, upon claiming for him that he has, after some manner of his own, "beheld the indwelling spirit;" and that he has chosen, "knowing that knowable spirit," to say to us, with the incomparable prophet of the Orient: "Let not death disturb you."

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FRAGMENTS.

I.

If you have patience and devotion you will understand these things, especially if you think much of them and meditate on them, for you have no conception of the *power of meditation*.

II.

Beware of anger, beware of vanity, beware too of self-depreciation; these are all lions in your path. Live each day, and each moment in the day, by the light within, fixing your gaze upon it with faith and love. When the hours of darkness come and you see it not, wait in patience and contentment, knowing it still burns and that when morning dawns, if your watch has been constant, you will see it burning, perchance more brightly than before. "The darkest hour is before the dawn;" grieve not therefore nor feel one moment's disquietude. Your lamp is lit, tend it faithfully, it matters not that the outer eyes do not behold it. Those who know and love you can always see it, and it may also be shining in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own. * * *

The Lodge waits and watches ever, and ever, ever works—think you not we have patience?—and those who serve us must do the same. You are right, no detail is overlooked. Life is made up of details, each a step in the ladder, therefore who shall dare say they are "small!" * * *

We are closer than you know, and love and thought bring us still nearer.

Kill out doubt which rises within; that is not yourself, *you know!* The doubt is a *maya*, cast it aside, listen not to its voice which whispers low, working on your lack of self-confidence. Therefore I say have neither vanity nor self-depreciation. If you are the Higher Self, you are all that is great, but since your daily consciousness is far, far below, look at the matter frankly and impartially. * * * Vex yourself not with contradictions. You know that you must stand alone; *stand* therefore! * * *

Keep yourself *high*, and strengthen your faith. * * *

By your own supreme act of faith, you must claim and hold these things.

III.

Let not Humility, that tender presence, become a stumbling block. In so doing you sin against the Higher Self.

IV.

Closer insight gives heavier responsibility—do not forget that—and a responsibility which affects others more than it does yourself. See to it then that the outer does not obscure the inner, for your lamp must be carried aloft for others to see, or not seeing it, to continually feel. * * *

Do not confuse the outer with the inner therefore. Though the outer be full and rich remember it is so because of the inner *shining through*, and look ever back to that which shines. No sorrow, no disappointment lie there, but a fullness of realization of which you have no conception and a power and strength which shall lift you above these confusions to a sure place of your own. You have been too harsh with your lower nature, that leads to dangerous reactions. Quiet, steady effort is far better, casting aside all thought of results. Treat your mind as a child, lead it firmly but gently and in all ways and at all times strengthen your faith.

V.

Your instrument must not be like another's instrument—no need to duplicate these. It is your special kind which is needed and wherein you differ from others is not where you fail, but where, if perfected, you may do your own special work which they cannot do.

VI.

Through these tears of blood you will learn; through this suffering you will gain the power to aid your fellows. What to you is the approbation or disapprobation of any one? Work and wait on and all will be well.

VII.

Sink into the very depths of your being, you will find all there. Be a follower of no man, follow the inner voice.

CAVÉ.

LEO AND SERAPHIM.

The following is a translation from the Russian of M. Menshikoff, a writer on mystical and philosophic subjects of growing renown. Saint Savva of Sarovo, apropos of whom the article was written, was a man of great holiness, whose life offers all the characteristics of Yoga, or if you like it better, of saintship. A humble monk of humble origin, he led a life of entire seclusion for many years, in the midst of an almost virgin forest, having added to the usual monastic vows of chastity, poverty, and abstinence, the vow of silence. He wore holes in the stone on which he knelt down to pray, during many years. His food was the roots and the berries of the forest. He is said to have remained in the same position, his arms stretched upwards, during several months. The monastic tradition ascribes to him the power of levitation and of taming the most ferocious bears and wolves by a mere kind word. Having achieved the "union with God" in his wilderness, he returned to the Sarovo monastery, and ever since, in his life time as after his death, Russians from all parts of the land sought his help in their troubles. Miracles worked at his grave and cures performed in his name made him known all over Russia, a fame which was never shaken, but always increased all the seventy years since his death—he died 2 January, 1833. The voice of the people is the voice of God in matters of this kind pre-eminently. Yet no preparations were made for the canonization of Savva of Sarovo until the completion of very strict investigations made by an especially appointed Committee which was to verify the authenticity of miracles. Every man his trade, and the trade of Saint Savva seemingly is to cheer people up, the very thought of him bringing into the hearts of his devotees an atmosphere of gentle childlike cheerfulness. The readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM are especially invited to give their attention to the speculations of M. Menshikoff concerning the bodies of saints and of common mortals. In a way, they may be not altogether right, but they are wonderfully suggestive.—EDITOR.

The burial of Leo XIII coincided with the uncovering of the remains of Seraphim of Sarovo. And standing over the remains of the "Most Holy" and the holy, the Christendom of the West and the East, has a good opportunity to ponder once more over the destiny of man and the eternal problems of our vain and sad existence, which, if we so will, is our grand, our blissful existence.

It seems that the West and the East have disagreed in their

definition of holiness. Taking a living priest, the West has clad him in a snow white attire, and surrounded him with royal honors, placing him on the one "universal" throne, crowning him with the triple superhuman crown; and trusting his hands with the keys of the kingdom of heaven, it has assigned to him the title of the Most Holy, the infallible. Yet the result of all this is a fiction, which has some reality only so long as the faithful are not quite sincere with themselves. In reality, no Catholic, except the very humblest, has any serious belief in the papal throne, the papal tiara or the papal keys, nor in the infallibility of the venerable old gentleman, who by birth is merely a poor nobleman of Tuscany, as so many others. Eastern Christianity acted exactly the opposite way: it assigned nothing at all to its saint during his life time. The son of a tradesman, also as many others, he showed indifference towards the world, which measures greatness by titles and crowns. These, it is true, never were offered to him, but he resigned even such good things of this world as are within the reach of most people: wealth, renown, influential position, the joys of home and society. The Russian saint gave up everything, obeying the injunction: give up everything and you will get everything. He gave up his freedom and civilized existence and went into seclusion to lead a primitive life.

Like a courageous explorer on his progress towards the North Pole, Savva of Sarovo moved forwards in search of a great object, of a certain point, as immutable as the North Pole and serving for a point around which turns the world. He walked forward, but in reality he was going back. He was going away from human society smothered by vanities and falsehoods and returning back into the natural condition of elementary purity and eternal holiness, in which, according to the faith of our Church, we are all born.

The walks of the "Most Holy" and the holy were quite different. And lo! in the very days when Leo was dying once for all, Seraphim was born once more and also once for all. The bodiless image of the Saint became more real for numberless believers, than it ever was in his life time. Then he was reached by a few, now he is reached by everybody. Then his holiness was only supposed, now it is acknowledged, and it is exactly his holiness that is of interest and of value for everybody. The living man is no more,

but there remains something more lasting, the undying memory of the man. Seen through the eyes within, he not only lives, but takes part in the lives of many: he teaches, he warns, he consoles. You may deny his existence if you wish: his influence *is* felt, and there can be no influence without some real power being present.

No doubt, Leo XIII also will live in his deeds. But both the deeds and the mortal image of the Pope will grow more pale and more useless with every day. We admit that in his day Leo XIII was the highest type of delicate tactfulness and diplomatic talent. We admit that both the welfare and the dignity of the Catholic Church have gained tremendously whilst he was Pope, but what is all this in sight of eternity, of true human life?.....

A saint, like a genius, like a hero, is to be born, not made. Whole series of generations* have to work, consciously or unconsciously, for the development of the blissful soul, endowed with the extreme refinement, tenderness and beauty, which nature so often gives to her elementary works. Having entered the world of "sorrow and tears," perchance the horrible surroundings of vice, a child of this kind necessarily must long to get out of the imperfect world, all his instinct propelling him towards the prenatal conditions he well remembers. Why should the son of a tradesman—though his parents be as pious as can be—enter the monastic order? Simply because he wished for it and could not get over the desire. Yet you may be sure that the world did everything to ensnare him.But his desire went towards holiness as another man's desire goes towards vice. A sceptically inclined person may object: "he became a monk for vanity's sake, he wanted adoration." But this is not true. A vain man enters a clerical academy that some day he may become the wearer of a mitre and of many stars and decorations. He may become an author, an actor, an officer of the general staff, but he will not go to the wilderness, or if once there he will hurry out of it again. Only sensitive souls, in raptures before nature and harmonies inaudible for us, before the poetry of sunrise and sunset and heavenly contemplations, go into the wilderness, the "beautiful mother wilderness." The wilderness attracts only people, whom we may call artists of prayer, en-

* Or births?—*Editor.*

dowed with the rare talent of religious inspiration. When all is said and done, we all seek but that which constitutes the secret of our being, the secret of happiness?

First the monastery, then the wilderness, then complete seclusion. And lastly, when the noble soul had fifteen or twenty years of concentrated preparation, the door of the cell was opened. And instead of the expected darkness, people saw light and joy, salubrious and salutary love streaming through it. The man who laboured so long has reached the longed-for condition, the condition of holiness. He distinctly hears the voice of heaven and is consumed with the desire to impart it to other men.

Holiness is a state of the soul, known in the remotest antiquity and among all nations. Of all the states, it always was considered the most perfect. And the means of reaching holiness were practically the same everywhere. In India and in Egypt monasticism flourished a thousand years before our era. Traces of mental moods inimitable in their loftiness are to be found in the Buddhist sacred books: the few Suttas I have read are simply superb. Brahmanical India still practices the ancient custom of men dedicating themselves to religious seclusion, after they have reached a certain age. Towards the end every well-bred man must give himself to this superior state, giving up the world. Family cares are his lot till he is forty, after which he is to manage society and state affairs, but when he has reached sixty, every Hindu, whatever his condition, puts on the mendicant's garb and takes the cup in which to collect alms. He seeks the wilderness, seclusion, and profound contemplation. He builds up his soul outside of space and time, outside of the binding conditions of the vanities of civilization. Remember Rudyard Kipling's Purun Bhagat.

All great recluses like Buddha, leave asceticism, having gone through it. Born with a noble soul, they are able to reach a condition in which the flesh is subdued and the serene and blissful mastery of the spirit is established for ever. Why should one repress a body as modest and as inexacting as the body of saints? A body which no more wishes for anything, which is well content with a cupful of water and a handful of rice to keep up existence?

It is different if the flesh was forced into the state of a beast, and of a greedy and irritable beast, at that, who is forever torn up

by passions. I am inclined to think that the struggle with a beast of that kind is rarely successfully ended, and can hardly ever be complete. A continued asceticism in such case may have its use. But as there is such a thing as a hopelessly depressed soul, there also is such a thing as a holy body. The body of a saint is equal to a new creation, perfectly balanced, perfectly peaceful, altogether obedient to the spirit. It is free from any inclinations and preferences, free from anything which it would be difficult to give up the moment the higher consciousness demands it. This gentle "holy flesh" is the personification of health. It is possessed by truly righteous people, and, it seems to me, only by them. A recluse, with a cave in the side of a mountain for a home, with a piece of bread for his daily food, lives up to eighty and even to a hundred, knowing nothing whatever about either doctor or medicine. A great spirit, spreading like a majestic crown of leaves above the trunk of a palm, seems to forget this dry trunk of life, leaving it to feed the best it can on the arid soil of a desert—and it appears that there always is food enough.

There is no doubt that the exterior achievement of a saint chiefly consists in preparing the flesh to the new condition of the soul, in the "mortification" of the flesh. But what is this mortification? As a sailor, going out to sea, carefully examines his craft, stopping all the chinks, so a man who is seeking holiness. He actually has need of a different, of a stronger body. A body strengthened not through gymnastics which is the upsetting of natural balance, being a process of growing coarser tissues at the expense of tenderer ones, but by a more natural method, by abstinence. Abstinence is a gymnastic of the spirit. The enlarged organs are trained by the lack of exercise and nutrition until they are atrophied to what they normally were meant to be. The object of a sculptor is the gradual removal of all the unnecessary parts of a rock, until this rock is transformed into a beautiful piece of sculpture. The object of a worker for righteousness is the same: he gradually removes from his body all the unnecessary flesh and fat until even physically he grows to be a perfect figure, perfect in the sense of something which preserves only the truly necessary.

The veneration for the undecayed remains of holy men seems to me to be founded exactly on this relation between spirit and

flesh. The bodies of saints are not altogether what ours are, in the physiological sense. A well-tuned instrument is not the same as an instrument out of tune. The whole order of the body of a saint is well balanced and adapted to the fundamental object of being the servant of his thought. Once the passions, lusts and abuses of a man are absent, once he has brought to the minimum both what is received and what is spent by his body, it can not any more be identical with the body of a glutton, a drunkard, a gambling sportsman or an indolent idler. The body made pure becomes the material root of the soul, and as such it is worthy of our veneration, like any other perfect thing we wish to acquire ourselves.

The ancients worshipped beautiful statues. They were the marble undecayed remains of the heathen world, which were to remind the people of godlike humanity. I am no theologian and do not judge from a theological point of view. But it seems to me that the asceticism of the righteous is eminently the return of the body to pristine innocence and purity. And the first natural result of this is a pristine health. Consequently the object of true asceticism is not the "killing" of the flesh, but the killing of the monstrosities, of the diseases of the flesh, not the mortification, but the return to the original bliss. In my eyes, this position is sufficiently proved by the excellent health of the people whose life is truly holy. Of course I know, that most excellent people sometimes ail, but, in their case also, sickness is a sign of some wrong, either personal or hereditary. Sickness, like deformity and ugliness, bears witness to a partial inertia of the soul: a blameless soul must have a perfect incarnation. Holy men can bring themselves back to the freshness of early years. Like infants who know nothing about sexual love, narcotics, intoxication, satiety, the holy feel light and serene. Being content with very little, they reach the most important. Like infants, they do not feel their bodies, and so can give themselves to the labour of the spirit. Is not their holiness but a new infancy, begun in the same life, a second blossoming in the same summer? Who can tell? But as they do not lose the acquired consciousness, their second infancy is lit up by the experience of a long life. It is about such that it was said, that their's is the kingdom of heaven.

But what intelligence is finally brought by this blissful condition?—Love for everything.

(To be Continued.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

AN INQUIRY, II.

Readers whose memory goes back to a paper with this title, which appeared some months ago, will remember that we started with the division of the outer and material, or at least, objective, universe, into four layers, according to the doctrine so brilliantly and suggestively set forth, in that thought-producing work, *Ancient and Modern Physics*. These four layers of the universe are what the author of that work calls: first, the prakritic, or grossly material; second, the etheric; third, the pranic; and fourth, the manasic.

It seemed to us that there must be certain forces or groups of forces, belonging to each of these layers or strata of outward existence; and, while we were certainly not in a position to catch and classify all of these forces, or even the bigger part of them, still we thought it probable that we might at least catch some of them, perhaps one of each kind, just as a specimen, and to show what the other members of its family might possibly be like, could we also catch and classify them.

So looking in this way for four classes or kinds of objective forces, to correspond to the four layers of substance described in *Ancient and Modern Physics*, we began by laying hold of one class of forces, which, in our humble opinion, decidedly belonged to the prakritic, or grossly material, layer of substance. This group of forces we called atomic, because it seemed to us that they inhered in the atoms, and that in virtue of this inherence an atom of gold was always an atom of gold, an atom of lead always lead, and so on with the other material substances. We know, of course, that you can intermingle or interlock different kinds of atoms, with surprising results: thus, silver atoms interlinked with those of nitrogen make the white sugar-like substance called lunar caustic, which is not the least like silver, nor the least like nitrogen. So of black carbon and yellow sulphur, you can make a liquid as clear as water and with surprising powers of refraction and an even more surprising perfume. Quite true; but you can take these things apart again, and you will have exactly the same amounts of silver, nitrogen, carbon and sulphur you had to start with; neither more nor less. And the silver, the sulphur, and so on, will be exactly the same character, quality, and so forth, as before. They will

have exactly the same atomic nature; or, to put it in another way, they represent groups of atomic forces which are constant in quality and nature. Moreover, it is pretty clear that the total of these atomic forces, for any big lumps of mixed materials, is a constant; and this applies to our earth, which, from one point of view, is a big lump of mixed materials; and, from another point of view, is a constant quantity of atomic forces.

Finally, as our gold is always gold in the end, our silver always silver, and our lead always lead, it is quite clear that these atomic forces do not, under any circumstances whatever, change into anything else. Otherwise they could never turn up, their very own selves, in the last act; they would be in perpetual danger of turning into something else, and forgetting what they were at the start, and so getting hopelessly mixed up. So atomic forces of each kind go on being atomic forces of that kind, to the end of the chapter. There are probably other chapters, but we are at this particular one; so that does not concern us. Moreover, there are many very perplexing things about these atomic forces; but we are going to leave them boldly out of the story, just at present. Otherwise, we shall never get any farther forward,—never come to the other groups of force, which are nevertheless formed with a certain clearness in our minds. So we shall bid farewell to the atomic forces of the prakritic layer to things, for the time being. Perhaps we shall come back to them, but that we cannot promise just at present.

For the etheric world of *Ancient and Modern Physics*, we must own that we are in some doubt. It seems to us most probable that *sound* is the force which most clearly belongs to this group; but at the very outset we are met with a difficulty. It is not so much *sound*, or the audible, that which strikes the ear and stirs the sense of hearing, that we mean; but rather the external wave-motion which is the cause of the sound. Let us say, a gun is fired a mile off. The sound comes to our ears, some five seconds later, and we hear it. But there was a certain something, which stretched from the gun to the ear, and was a mile long, so to speak, and this something is what we think should be classed with the etheric layer, to use the phrase of *Ancient and Modern Physics*.

And now, let us frankly confess it, we begin to get into deep water. We saw, to begin with, that the atomic forces are abso-

lutely constant, barring alchemy or other like accidents. Can we say that the sound-force is equally constant? But it is evident that when we speak of atomic force as being constant, we are weighing atomic force against atomic force. And when we ask whether sound is constant, we unconsciously think of weighing it also against atomic force. But we have no warrant for this. We should weigh it against itself, and, if we do, we shall find a certain constancy. That is, the same rate of vibration will always produce the same note; and sound will always travel at the same rate through the same medium in the same condition. But how about sound being a fixed quantity?—a certain definite total of force?

To consider this, we must go back a moment. Our atomic forces have one supreme characteristic. They always work exactly where they are, and they obstinately refuse to act anywhere else. A piece of gold here is a piece of gold here, and not in the next room; it can exert its properties only where it is, and is rigidly and for all time confined to that. But a piano in the next room can make itself heard not only in the next room, but in this room; a street organ can spread its melodious sphere throughout a whole region, making hearts glad where it is not, as well as where it is. Here is something the atomic forces could not boast of. They are hopelessly outclassed in this. Yes; but it will be said, the sound waves can only act where they are, and cannot act where they are not. And we get an idea of sounds as a series of waves in the air, and as air-waves most of our books of physics chiefly treat of them. But they are not necessarily air-waves at all, nor have they necessarily anything to do with air. They will go just as well,—much better, in fact,—in water, and better still in steel. In truth sound will go at all kind of rates, from some eight hundred feet a second, through heavy carbonic acid gas, to some four thousand in hydrogen, and eight or ten thousand in steel.

Now there is no element common to carbonic acid gas, hydrogen and steel, in the material sense. Yet there must be something common to them, something present in them all, which carries sound; and this something must be continuous, throughout our world at any rate, since sound will pass through all kinds of continuations of things; as, for instance, through the air, a brick wall, and a glass window. And it is evident that these material things

exercise some kind of pressure or stress on the sound-carrying medium, in virtue of which sound goes slower through certain things, like carbonic acid gas and air, and quicker through others, like hydrogen and steel. Nor in its passage has sound any effect on the atomic character of the thing it passes through: thus glass will remain glass, in spite of a thousand organ-grinders outside the window, though I am conscious of the fact that the sound is pouring through the glass in a steady stream. It is evident, therefore, that, while there is a relation between the atomic forces of materials and the sound forces which pass through them, it is evident that this relation does not amount to an interchange, by which the one becomes the other, but is rather a kind of pressure or stress exercised by the one on the other, but leaving each unchanged. Not only is the glass, as glass, not changed by the sound, but also the note of the sound is not changed by passing through the glass. Each note is still the same note as it was, before passing through the glass.

Moreover, there seems to be no limit to sound, so far as our earth is concerned. It seems incredible that a sound should carry a thousand miles, but the thing does actually happen. If we could shout loud enough, the sound could travel from London to New York, and we should have no need of long distance telephones, or wireless telegraphy. It is true that, at the rate of five seconds per mile, it would take some fifteen thousand seconds, or let us say four hours, for the word uttered in New York to reach London, and four hours more for the answer to come. Happily, perhaps, we cannot talk loud enough to be heard across the ocean.

But a volcano can, when it really tries. The great explosion between Java and Sumatra, which blew the top off Krakatau volcano, was heard a good deal more than a thousand miles; if our memory is correct, it was heard in Madagascar, on the one side, and in Japan on the other. Therefore sound-waves can travel pretty far. More than that, it is on record that the shock of the wave motion, of this same volcano outburst, traveled right around the earth, and registered itself as so traveling. The ear was at fault, not the sound-wave, and mechanisms more delicate than the ear heard it and marked it down.

Here comes the suggestion that seismic waves, or waves of

earth-quake shock, traveling through the earth, are probably correlated to sound, and belong to the same class of forces. There are, doubtless, others in the same family, but we cannot even guess about their nature or character.

Further, no sound, as a sound, reaches us from outside the earth, though it cannot be that our planet has a monopoly of noise. There must be some limit, some kind of etheric and sound-carrying envelope, stretching from the center of our globe to the confines of our atmosphere, but no further. *

(To be Continued.)

THE FAR STAR.

A fellah lived at Al Kantarah, "the bridge" of the Suez Canal, where the Canal intersects the caravan track between Syria and Egypt. Back of the place, in front and to the westward, spread the desert, where now the rosy flamingo wings tipped the sands as with flying fire souls, and now, in the moonlight, the hyena laughed, or the jackal or the fox lurked in its shadowy hollows, or a lion roared from the crest of a sand billow. To the East, towards Port Said, the mirage laden waters of Lake Manzalah spread their shallows to the sun. Caravans on their way to Mecca passed the flying bridge. The strong camels of the Camel Corps, grunting no less under their smart equipment and neat bear skin covered saddle; the occasional sportsman after the snipe, quail or ducks of the region; the passengers idle, curious and gossiping, hanging over the rails of the various ocean liners; or soldiery, laughing, betting, smoking on the troop ships—all these made a sufficiently varied kaleidoscope—a mirage, as it were, of the life of other climes cast upon the shifting desert sands and blended to a unity by the pervasive haze peculiar to the East.

But the young fellah saw none of these things. At least, his mind saw them not, or saw them meaningless and devoid of reality as the mirage of the desert. They came and went, panorama of days and nights, devoid of actuality to the mind which never considered them at all. To unsaddle a camel, to repair the bridge, to carry out the orders of the head of the Canal station, these were the pressing, real things, those which he had engaged to do and for which his wage was paid. Young, inexperienced, a fatalist, a dreamer by nature, he was indeed too young as yet to feel any need to know the life which, day by day, pulsed beneath his vacant eyes, those eyes which turned their sight inward, looking there upon a far star, a mirage in its turn, an image of the fancy weaving brain. This star, shining from afar, shone upon all his ways; other thought he had none, except for his round of duty. He was indeed a haunted man; he was haunted by a shape of exceeding sweetness, a great, far shining star. He remembered when he had first seen it, reflected in the well whence he was drawing water, the first night he spent at the station whither he had come on his quest for work. An omen it was to him, at first an omen of selection, a token that his

abiding place was here: later on he saw it in a deeper significance and became to his own thought, the selected of the star. It burned down the distance, not from the heavens, for it was set too low, set nearer the worshipper. Not from the earth, else it had not shone into the well. Remote—yet not too far; high spanned—yet perhaps not inaccessible—this was the dear loveliness of that star, that a boy's fancy, a fellah's longing might reach up and up to it and yet believe, or at least hope, in some dazzling flight of hope, to attain. So ever by day in his mind, and ever at night before his eyes, the far star called to the fellah and became the Mecca of his thought. With Eastern leisureliness he dwelt at El Kantarah and dreamed of the Star which had guided his life into pleasant lines of usefulness; and for the time he dwelt content.

Contentment, in human lives, is a condition which breaks up of a sudden, at a chance touch, when circumstance and time are ripe, as the clouds dissolve into rain at a breath of the East wind. So here, in the mid-East, a touch of Western unrest and Western activity was the dissolvent which broke up the fellah's dream. A missionary passed that way and told the tale of the Nativity and of the wise men who followed a Star. He went again that evening, cheered beyond his wont in his labours by the remembrance of one pair of enkindled eyes shining over by the well. He could not know that what he took for the spirit of diviner things was but the desire fires of the West lit in those Eastern eyes, or that he had introduced a fever of unrest into the quiet dream of the lad. For now, as the boy went about his work, a new thought, a question, fermented on his brain, hitherto unquestioning, passively acquiescent, a point of life scintillating in the mental darkness. Should he too follow a Star?

I know not, for he never told, for how many diurnal rounds this thought abode with him. From a question, a point of half light surrounded by the shadows of doubt, it became an assertion, a demand; then an urgency, at last a despair. The far Star called—and he longed to go. The Star willed—and go he must. Only one point of opposition arose in his mind—that point, his duty to the work he had promised to do. And he had promised to fulfil this obligation by that which the Egyptian fellah holds most sacred. Yet did not the call of the Star absolve him? All his longing melted

to pain and struggle until reason was swept away, and, as it were, his body, a lithe, active, tireless animal propelled by elementary forces, set out one dark night towards the great promontory of Al Fardanah, whereon hung that far Star.

In the hard darkness of the Southern night the Star hung resplendant. Now and again a throb shook and deepened its glowing surface, from which shot out expanding arms which reached, and shone and fiercely contracted, only to dazzle out and shine opalescent and shimmering, yet again. There was a time when from that hot point in the lad's brain question and answer, doubt and hope had come and gone, flickering, blazing, stabbing turn by turn through his brain shaken with the birth throes of a mind. Such thoughts as "Mine oath or the Will of God?" Such questions as: "What shall I find beneath the star and why does it call me?" A doubt: "Is it a mirage or indeed a star?"

A desire: "What have I to gain if I obey?" A hope: "Shall I worship and become as the Star?" All these and all the uncounted host of fancies unleashed in the brain of the lad of the South had been with him. But that was days ago—it seemed a time and times and again times ago. That was all over. The wearied brain was still. The heart seemed to sleep. It was but a young creature fresh and strong in limb and without mental action of any kind which set out towards Al Fardanah, travelling, as it seemed, along a ray of the Star, a ray shot from the Star which ended in his own brain back of the eyes. So the Star drew the lad, drew his heart up and out through his eyes, the eyes fixed upon the great glow of white light high upon Al Fardanah. There were some fourteen miles to traverse, and at first he set out walking, then running, and then a Camel Corps rider left his beast at a station for a moment, and the lad took the temptation in his stride, vaulted on the camel and pushed on Starward, scarcely knowing what he did, and yet conscious too, that a choice had been offered, had been made to the beat of an idea now many moons old, the pulse of "Mine oath or the Will of the Star," intermittently beating in his brain. A hyena laughed—he heard it not, not was he aware of a crouched, pulsating heap upon a sand hillock which was a waiting lion; he shared the fright of his camel no more than he shared its grunts or the reluctance of its gait under the unknown rider. His heart and

brain hung upon his eyes and—these, the seeing essence of all three indeed—these were stationed there at Al Fardanah beating in the core of a pulsating Star.

Al Fardanah—high sand promontory, canal—cut and grim, rose close at last, upon its crest the Star, now of great size, its broad arms outreaching, calmly shining. They boy's heart leapt up, he raised his head as a sweet exultance flooded his being and as he urged his camel over the final intervening space, the voiceless eternal oath which passes between a man and his own soul sprang into silent utterance in the deeps of his nature. With a low cry of joy he heralded his arrival, he sprang from his camel and knelt, his head bent, his trembling lips thrilling the desert sand with human touch and human promise. He lifted that head—and *where was now the Star?* Stunned at first, then dazed, then his brain one tumult of rage, despair and misery, the lad knew that his Star had gone forever. Before him, on the top of the promontory was a small, bare, brown hut, from whose single squat window shone a lamp with its reflector used to light up the great bend of the canal, a lamp extinguished even as he looked. In that instant of swift and awful revulsion that lad felt himself changing, as it were, to a devil, a devil whose motive power was the sense of betrayal by fate, a Fate Divine, yet devilish. It all befell so quickly that words give no idea of it, but concurrently with the birth of this devil mind in him, a new sight met the lad's eyes and startled his brain. Framed by a clump of trees, and, as it were, between the silver horns of the young and newly risen moon, was a dark face, the face of a woman. The liquid eyes and the gold at her ears softly gleamed as she leaned nearer the kneeling lad. She threw to him the red flower at her bosom and laughed as she whispered: "Why comest thou to Al Fardanah?" When he answered hoarsely: "I followed the Star," she laughed again; a laugh of conscious power, the old, old laugh, ages old, of the beautiful woman. "Aye—men have said it; I am she they call the star," she said, stealing down to where he knelt. "I watched thee at the well-side to-day as the caravan passed; and thou—didst thou not mark me when I fled, and follow on to find me and aid my flight? But be quick now."

The woman tugged at his shoulder and he found himself on his feet.

Her glance fell on the camel, she ran to it, searched the saddle

pouch, and turned to him with a new respect in her eyes. She had not thought him capable of *this*. She measured him, a mere slim stripling, weighing him against a young camel with gold and papers in its saddle pouches, and found in him, all at once, those sources of strength which elemental woman worships. That he should have stolen this? and for love of her! It was indeed the heady Venus wine she quaffed. "Be quick! Be quick!" she cried, urging him on. "We must away! We shall be followed!" She ran to fetch a small bundle from behind a palm where she had hidden it. This gave the lad a breathing pause, for a moment; no more. While that newly born strong devil ramped in his brain, from his heart seemed to gush and to flood a sweet pity for the boy that he was, for the ruin of a pure dream. He threw himself upon the sand, crying out in misery, looking up in vain to the remorseless skies. But were they remorseless utterly? In the remote blue there soared, calm and pure in its withdrawn splendour, Venus-Lucifer, the Morning Star. Half unconscious, he cried out to it in his heart—that heart which so long had followed a Star. Surely there was response? Did not the Star throb? Or was it his own heart? As in a vision there passed before his inner mental gaze the picture of a lad and a woman all too beautiful, hurrying Southward with a camel and stolen gold. It went to his head like new wine, but also it lightened those secret nerves which the soul hides somewhere in our mortal form. Once again he vowed a vow, but this was a silent oath which passed between a fellah of Egypt and the Morning Star. In the midst of his bewilderment and the upheaval of his nature, that quiet light enthroned above laid a cool touch upon his fevered mind. Lithe and wary, the woman came behind him. Her arm lay on his shoulder, her lips sought his. "Once and away," she laughed, and bade the camel kneel. Then a strange arm swung her aside, a strange voice bade her begone; surely that was a stranger youth who sprang upon the beast, urging it back to El Kantarah, to its master, towards a fellah's duty! Whatever aspect resolve had caused that face to wear; whatever being new born to the dignity of self restraint and noble purpose now hurried toward El Kantarah on a camel eager to rejoin its master, one thing is sure. Once again the Morning star, rising in the East, looked down upon a birth, the Birth of that Christ Light

shining within the human Soul, though it were only enshrined within the breast of a sorely stricken fellah who still returned to his duty.

Under the ray of the Far Star the Christ soul was *once again* born into the world of Humanity. For "when the half gods go, the gods arrive."

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“Count it all joy, my brethren;” there is no room for regret, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor fear, nor hate, and such as these; these disagreeable emotions belong to the lower mind, not to the Luminous Blissful Self; not to the Higher Self; nor to *our* Self.

Just as we are not to kill out *all* desire, but only personal and selfish desires, and to preserve and increase the desire for the life of the Soul, so, we are not to kill out perfect love, rejoicing, exultation and bliss, for these do not belong to that mind at all, but to the Self within, whose own nature is Bliss, just as much as it is everlasting life and all-wisdom.

“Perfect love casts out fear,” this love is “the fulfilment of the law.” This love arises when we realize our oneness with our real Self which is also the real Self in our neighbor.

Verily, “the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, endurance, goodness, kindness, faithfulness and moderation; against such there is no law.”

Then let us not hesitate to rejoice; rejoice as we did in times long past, for true aspiration is always accompanied by true rejoicing; is in fact the very essence of joy; and this rejoicing will penetrate the realm of the immortal singers and be caught up by them and re-enforced until the very heavens shall vibrate with ineffable joy.

“Count it all joy, my brethren.” Partless Bliss.

AMERICAN MUSIC.*

It is a critical moment for music in America. For we must open our eyes at last to the fact that there is a clearly defined and all-embracing division of our whole musical world into two distinct groups,—of our whole musical progress into two divergent paths. And with the first clear realization of this division, there comes to us the responsibility of choosing one path or the other if we have a goal to reach—if we are not to join the dreamers by the way-side. The division consists in this, that whether one is born or lives in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, musically considered he is European,—or he is universal. And this is the distinguishing mark: the European accepts only that which comes directly from Europe or is the immediate fruit (on American soil) of European tradition, while the universal accepts any real music without respect to continent, tradition, or race. The latter, therefore, accepts in large measure what the former does, but welcomes one thing which the former never accepts,—music of universal significance, independent of traditional models, produced in America. These are not in reality opposing positions; the latter merely has a wider circumference and includes the former.

Now by a very natural development of culture-history the Europeans have what we may regard as the official voice concerning music in America. But the universals have a voice which, though newer and at present less far-reaching, is nearer the truth because it more completely reveals the existing situation. The official voice proclaims what the Europeans are doing, and the universal ear lends its respectful attention. The universal voice is a still, small voice telling of human aspiration and achievement anywhere, but the official ear is apt to be otherwise engaged. The official voice chants pride in ancient tradition. The universal sings joy in new life for the present moment. The official sometimes presents the spectacle of lauding inert works built in this country in impotent imitation of great European models. The universal retains the dignity of accepting only the best from any source. The official, the European-American, is exclusive, partial, detached;

* Throughout this article the adjective *Indian* relates to the Red Indians of America, and not to East India, as it does in so many other articles published in the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. EDITOR.

the universal is inclusive, complete, integral with life itself, though having less understanding of itself, since there is so much more of itself to be understood. The former injures the possibility of its own growth by forbidding itself, in advance, to accept any but works based upon certain traditional models, and tends to become dry, hard, pedantic. The latter opens its mind to the floods of beauty and life coming from any source and in any shape, however unofficial, and becomes warm, glad, and magnetic.

These are the two great divisions in the musical world of America to-day. One stands with a strong grip upon the mass of our official musical machinery. The other, alert, and happy in the growing power within its own spirit, is living its life of joyous creative work, or creative appreciation, until the moment of opportunity shall give the signal for broader action. If we are to advance music, either by creation or appreciation, the results of our efforts must find their way at last to one or the other of these great divisions. It is not a choice between two parties, but between a party on one hand, and a universal cause on the other. If we do not lend to one or the other the powers of creation or appreciation with which we are gifted, but stand off to loot the field for our own pleasure when the fight is over, we find ourselves in the limbo of undecided souls, rejected and ignored of all, deprived of the power and privilege of exerting an atom of influence, either for good or evil.

Let it not be supposed that the universal is to accept all the alleged serious products of American composition,—that were a cross to crush before it could save. The essence of his prerogative and his power lies in his ability to designate and his gladness to welcome the excellent composition, the perfect bar, the worthy underlying spirit, with equal grace, whether it bubbles up from the Rhine or bears down in the blasts from the Rockies. He will be the severest critic of American composition, for he will have its real interests deepest at heart. The wholesale condemner of American composition is no critic at all, but a butcher. We can never estimate justly by comparison with past models, but only by comparison with the present living ideal models in our own heart, mind, and will. What do *they* say of the new work,—is it alive, or is it dead? Is it telling the eternal truths of thought, feeling,

and deed,—or does it lie and sentimentalize about them?

The European and the universal must frequently come in contact with each other; and when the types are well defined there will be a concussion of some kind, especially upon the subject of Indian music, which touches the very heart of the discrepancy. Let us, then, for the clearer understanding of our own views, present certain pertinent questions which have been raised, and answer them by stating a few articles of faith. Especially now that others are taking up Indian music, it is well to clear up a little the ground on which workers in this field must stand.

Here are some queries and comments from various sources. First: Are not incursions into the realm of Indian and Negro music more interesting as a study than for the gathering of actual material for American music? Second: Genuine art is not gained by closing our eyes to the past, nor by clever adaptation. Third: We must draw our inspiration and need of artistic expression directly from the life immediately about us. Fourth: A music drawn from Indian sources is interesting and might well be inspiring, but after all it cannot be the basis of a true national music. It was a product of conditions we may never realize. Fifth: We are not Indians; what have we in common with them?

A broad response to these questions must frame itself somewhat as follows:—

1. In so far as Indian music and Indian thought is exotic, just so far as it is perishable in the atmosphere of modern art and thought.
2. In so far as it is germane and vital to modern art and thought, just so far must it be permanently absorbed into our art and life.
3. Ultimate American composition will not be consciously and artificially based on Indian music.
4. Nevertheless, Indian music remains a great source of inspiration and a significant point of departure for the American composer who understands it in connection with its underlying wealth of mythical lore. For it springs from, and interprets in new colors, the "great mystery," the eternal miracle of natural and human phenomena, to which refreshing source American life is leading us back from the artificialities and technicalities which have latterly beset European culture.

5. It is entirely possible, in fact necessary, that ultimate American composition can (but by no means must) be achieved without the knowledge of Indian music.

6. Ultimate American composition can be approached in a certain degree through the knowledge of Indian music, just as a traveller can help himself to reach the top of a mountain by means of a staff.

7. Indian music may serve merely as a study of characteristic motives and rhythms, or as actual thematic material, as the case may be. The greater the composer, the greater the use he will make of it upon occasion, and the greater will be his power to depart from it.

8. Henceforth there will be two distinct channels of development for music suggested by Indian life. The first will employ actual Indian themes; the second will not, but will derive its creative impulse from the inexhaustible world of Indian mythos, to which we are now gaining access.

9. The world of Indian life concerns us because the truth and splendors of Indian mythology, philosophy, and psychology are among the eternal verities and beauties, and the golden opportunity to revivify art at these springs is now.

In regard to article eight, second classification, such music will not, properly speaking, be Indian music, although it would never have had birth but for the inspiration of Indian life. Did it not sound too pedantic it might be called with accuracy, "Music born of Indian spirit." For we are not speaking of works born of that strange anomaly, the Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, or Latin view of Indian life, but of a very different thing,—works which are the outcome of a final and intimate penetration into the realities of the Indian world-view. And such is the universality and humanity of that world-view that the incursion leads us not merely to a greater knowledge of the Indian, but of ourselves as well.

With whatever detail, whatever special province of the whole musical problem we may be occupying ourselves to-day, let us stop for a moment and look beyond, that we may not lose a sense of the relative proportion which the parts must bear to the whole work to be accomplished. Therefore, let us say definitely, once for all, that whatever the immediate purpose of this or that day's

work, it is, in the end, universal music that we want,—music that shall make a human appeal the world over. But the universal can be approached only through the particular. It is only by giving vital meaning to this particular moment's work, here and now, that it will become universal,—that is, interesting, valuable, life-giving to humanity, now and hereafter. And if the moment's particular work be with the Indian spirit in the very air about us, clamoring in this day of reckoning for justice and appreciation through faithful expression in art, then the proper devotion to that work will bring about universal results. What is it in classic art that gives it universal meaning for us? The particular, critical moment in the life of a particular, typical individual, Antigone, Ædipus, expressed in a concrete picture for all time; or a particular artist's conception of an abstract quantity,—triumph or beauty,—in a sculptured Venus, or winged Victory (essentially particular, or else the whole mass of stupid Greek sculpture in the Louvre would be equally vital to us, which it distinctly is not.) And so if we are just awaking to the dazzling moments of life that have been lived on the very ground we are treading, and if we find in those moments a heroic expression of our own ideal of courage, beauty, freedom, optimism, and succeed in giving it true and living expression for others, we are creating a thing of universal meaning and worth. It matters not what is the name of the race that lived that life.

If the vast spirit of the Indian race, which developed unknown to the rest of the world, is to blossom and live again in the consciousness of living races, we cannot deplore the fact that it is not the spirit of some race other than the Indian, some nameless race, which, being unnamed, will no longer arouse the ire of the philistine. Shall we take down the statues of Lincoln and replace them by tablets saying, "To the memory of abstract heroism," in order not to offend certain individuals. If not, then why should we withhold tribute from Metacomet or Inketunga, even if the task of expressing what they achieved or lived falls upon others? Naturally, we first ask ourselves if theirs is a worthy deed, having a vital meaning for living people to-day.

As a guaranty that those vagaries, abnormalities, or superstitions which must in some degree ally themselves to all life, wild or civilized, are not to be tyrannically saddled upon the realities of

latter-day enlightenment, we refer the critical and doubting to articles of faith, one and two. For only where Indian life and American life meet at the shrine of the universal, will living art be born. And we do not yet dream how significant that meeting is to be. We are describing the achievements of the future. The essays of the present bear to the works of the future the same relation that youthful bears to mature thought. They necessarily exhibit lack of perspective, imperfections in the relation of form to matter, imperfect understanding of the forces at play, and many limitations which only time and the right workers can dispel.

No, clever interpretation is not the question. Any work answering to that description must certainly die the death. Let the composer stand on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi. Let him ask himself, an intruder, what those men must have felt, who through generations inherited that wonderland and the freedom of it. Let him study and learn what they thought and felt and sung. Then let him look for himself—and sing. Let him drink the cup of inspiration to the dregs, until his soul reels at the vision of undreamed-of splendors, the mingling of retrospect and present emotion.

Who cares any longer if his song be Indian or American?

If the truth is to be known, in that song, which the future is reserving for us, the Indian, the American, the European, the African, all, will live again in a universal expression which will be the collective voice of America's world-wide humanity.

"IRISH GENRE."

One of the most vivid, most firmly outlined images in the storehouse of my memory, is old Tim. Timothy Haverty, in full. Not that his name and surname were either much known, or much used, around him. No, they were almost an unnecessary luxury for Timothy, written down in good square, legible, old-fashioned clerical handwriting, in the books of the old chapel, which stands right where land ends, and ocean begins, weather-beaten, eaten up by the salt breath of the sea, but refusing to give way, before either time, wind or rain.

In this chapel, Tim was baptised; before its altar, he also stood, when united in holy matrimony to Judy Regan. But both events took place so very, very long ago, that it almost seemed that they never took place at all; in fact, that there never was a beginning to old Tim; that he always was, in a kind of a way; neither that he had ever any other name but Tim; or from kindly lips, Timmy.

I also ought to mention that the name of Timothy Haverty also stood in full in a diploma, assigned to him, along with a silver medal, by the Lifeboat Association, for the extremely gallant and effective part he once took in the rescue of some ship-wrecked mariners. But that also took place, very many years ago, long before my time.

When our respective destinies brought me and Tim face to face, he was already a very ancient man, wiry enough, and muscular, but with a face from which Time had rubbed off all the too rude marks of masculinity. In fact, when, in the midst of unpacking, and dusting and tidying a tumble-down old place, we had taken for the summer, on the west coast of Ireland, I heard a knock—neither too loud, nor too timid, a knock characteristic of old Tim, as I learned afterwards, respectful, and yet dignified, so to say, a demure knock—and said "Come in!" with my eyes on the opening door, I beheld a face and figure which it would be difficult to class, either among manhood or womanhood. A round face, rather fleshy, with cheeks of that peculiar pink, which is the privilege of healthy old age, a pair of extremely cheerful and very blue eyes,

which always seemed to be on the verge of a knowing wink, and a small nose, of no particular shape, but then so very highly colored. And yet, goodness knows, this rich color was not deserved; in fact, it was pure atavism, the "law of the transmutation of peculiarities from ancestry to posterity," to use the expression of a certain learned pamphletist. But about this later on.

The strange apparition stood in the doorway, adding to my bewilderment, by displaying a clean apron—a man's apron, true, but still an apron—and a distinct, though tiny pigtail of white hair, carefully plaited and folded on the top of its head.

"Will you be wantin' a charwoman, mam?" the apparition spoke; "or maybe you will be wantin' carpets bet?"

When, after a short consultation, my visitor departed, I rang for Mrs. MacDonnell, our cook, and general manager, who was a native, and one of the best informed, at that.

"Who was that man?" I asked.

"What man, mam? Oh, yes to be sure, mam, you mean old Timmy."

"Can he really do charring?"

"Oh yes, mam; Mrs. Lagrange and Mrs. O'Grady, and all the ladies in the neighborhood often gives him all kinds of odd jobs; he is very good at scrubbing, and washing floors, and the gentry are fond of him."

Accordingly, the most extraordinary of all the charwomen that I ever had to do with, was engaged by us, and soon managed to become not only an unattached member of the household, in a way, but also a considerable assistance and help in the researches we all were engaged in, that summer, in the regions of local folklore.

His acquaintance with popular stories and legends, comical and grave, grotesque and pathetic, was extremely intimate, and varied. His language was quite pleasant, softened, as it was, with just enough of sing-song intonation to make it only the more attractive; and brimful of catchy little words that seemed to wink at you, and brought their meaning home to you, admirably well. These little words had their source in the very soul of Tim's being, that essentially Irish soul of his, a wonderful mixture of irritating slipshodness, and silent, pathetic patience; of irreverent laughter,

and most profound, fiery mysticism. In great part, these words were strictly personal to him, and, were I to record some of them now, they would sound false and stale, and devoid of true significance. His Gaelic also, was far from being dead; and the most learned of our party always said his Irish recitals were a perfect treat. He also said they were to be treasured, as fast disappearing local versions of some of our great world-old epics.

We were young, and extremely zealous; our excursions into the magic regions of the old Gael, were very spirited, but, alas, as I look back on them now, they were equally amateurish. In fact, we lacked a guiding hand,—and no wonder that it soon became quite a common occurrence for one of us to say, when in trouble or doubt:

“I wonder what Tim would have to say to that? Don’t you think Tim could shed some light on the subject?”

And we would troop off, down to the sea-shore, where there stood in those days a small cottage, with walls of rough stones, and a thatched roof. Sweet-Williams, snapdragons, and climbing nasturtiums were in the small front garden, and Tim himself sat on the step, watching a pair of grey goats, always tied together, so that they shouldn’t wander too far from home. For a wonder, these goats gave abundant milk though what sort of food they could possibly find on the almost bare sand banks along the shore, was more than one could tell. Watching the goats, I said, but I often suspected that Tim sat so, hour after hour, watching nothing at all, but simply blinking at the shining sea before him, his old face expressing full contentment, as near to beatitude as is possible, in this troublesome world of ours.

Tim’s wants were exceedingly small; a few rows of potatoes, some turnips, the milk of the goats, a handful of flour, and a pinch of salt—and Tim lived and managed to keep quite plump and pink. For visitors, he also kept tea, which he always served, accompanied by hot potatoe-bread, delicious, when eaten with fresh butter, but heavier than a middle-sized cannon-ball, and more deadly, for the uninitiated. Once upon a time, he had had a wife, and also two sons, but his wife died long before any of us were born. His sons were also dead, the neighbors said, but Tim had an idea his “boys” were sure to turn up some day, emerging from a certain outer darkness,

called "Ameriky." The "boys" had to seek refuge in that promised land of all too sanguine children of Erin, in the seventies, after a murderous frolic with the English agent of their English landlord, a thing not authorized by law, and often terminating in death, emigration, or ruin. The patient faith with which Tim waited for news from his sons, who, by this time, had had ample time to become old men, or even to die a natural death, was altogether too pathetic; the neighbors chaffed him occasionally; some, no doubt, very well meaning people even tried to sober the exultant spirits of the "quare ould fool." But Tim only shook his head.

"Is it me not know my own boys?" he would say. "They'll come back; oh yes; and if you be so minded, sir, kindly enquire of them postmen in town, about a letter for me, from Ameriky."

Twenty years and more, he had waited in vain for this long-delayed letter. And yet he never lost heart, and never gave up hope.

Twenty years and more, has he lived all alone, noisy pewits and curlews for his only companions. But a few months before we came into the neighborhood, young Tom had established himself in old Tim's cottage,—also in old Tim's heart and life. Tom possessed a pair of very sharp and mischievous eyes, a crop of unkempt hair, all bleached by wind and sun; he also possessed a genius of adaptability. For, though a stranger, the son of unknown parents, a waif from the neighbouring town, ere a single month had elapsed, he had fitted himself wonderfully into his new surroundings; ran errands for old Tim, whom he called "grandda," went regularly to the parish school, and reared top-heavy tadpoles, into real, pretty, live frogs.

At our approach, Tim would get up, and walk slowly towards us, with a quiet gait, which had something of the demureness of his knock. It was quite a little walk from the top of the bent-covered sandbanks down to the shore, where the cabin stood. We would make ourselves comfortable on the dry, clean sand, and, breathing in the bracing smells, of the wide, wide sea, drying weeds, shore-thyme, and an occasional whiff of peat smoke from Tim's fireplace, we would listen to "what Tim had to say."

For the most part he had plenty to say.

The "Slender Gray Kerne," the "Soul of the Priest," or at

least a version of it, "King O'Toole, and his Goose," "The Son of the King of Spain,"—he had them all at his finger's ends, in one form or another. The scope and variety of his vocabulary were simply astounding, and his recitals often reached the level of the purest poetry. His descriptive narratives also were very good.

" . . . So they would not leave a rope without straining, or an oar, without breaking, . . . " one of his stories ran, " . . . ploughing the seething, surging sea. Great whales making fairy music, and services for them. Two thirds going beneath the waves, and one third on the top, sending the smooth sand down below, and the rough sand up above, and the eels, in grip with one another. . . ."

But, for all his bardic eloquence, as a scientific collector of stories, Tim had one very serious, though rather amusing drawback. According to him, a good many adventures we had already read about, in printed books, had happened to no one else but to him personally, or to an uncle of his, in the County Clare, or to his great-grandfather, on the maternal side, who, as it transpired, after a while, was one of the professional story-tellers, about whom the famous book of Leinster speaks, and who were bound to know no less than seven time fifty stories. Otherwise, they would be considered no story-tellers at all.

With all this, Tim Haverty was no common liar, more than that, he was no liar at all. And here is a proof of it: he was always ready to brim over with some warlike description; for instance:

"Each of them began to shoot at other, with their missive weapons, from the dawn of early morning to the middle of midday. . . . And they would make soft of the hard, and hard of the soft, and bring cold springs of fresh water out of the hard rock, with their wrestling. . . ."

Yet he never spoke of himself as taking part in any gallant strife or combat. He was never at the wars, or in mid-ocean, or in distant lands, and owned up, frankly and openly. Comic and grewsome adventures were, of course, different.

So the appearance on the scene, of Tim himself, or his uncle, a great mariner, who knew all about male and female merrows, or his great-grandfather, was always welcome to us; especially the

latter. For, as Tim informed us, the grandfather of his mother was a member of the league of wandering Irish story-tellers, whose custom it was always to assemble once a year in some place in the west or south of Ireland, and pass examinations, so to speak, in story telling. They all would have to tell some particular story, each in his own way, but if, in any man's version, there were too many departures from the main stock, that man had to suffer, and pay a considerable fine. When this patriarch died, young Tim was quite a big boy, and so had ample time to learn lots of beautiful and quaint things from him.

When summer sunshine was over, and October showers drove us back to Dublin, how sincerely sorry we all were, to part from Tim Haverty. We waved our handkerchiefs and hats, and shouted and smiled to him, until the turning of the road hid his grotesque, yet kindly and lovable, countenance from us. We all felt we were losing more than a friend, in this queer, odd-looking old peasant. He had become a living link between us,—earnest, yet ignorant lovers of the true Ireland,—and that true Ireland itself, with its inspiring magic lore, its ideals of undaunted manhood, valor, and gentleness; its ever-young, ever-living fountain of true humor, a humor that braces you up, making you kindlier and braver.

Many a beautiful thing, untaught Ollavs of Tim Haverty's type remember and understand; many a thing they treasure up in their hearts; but writing down what they know is out of the question; they are almost to a man wholly illiterate.

With every year they become rarer and rarer, and with them is also disappearing the beautiful world of romance and tradition, in which dwells the spirit of both pagan and Christian Ireland of old.

ANTIQUITY OF INDIAN WRITING.

If the negative argument as to the newness of Indian writing is entirely worthless, can we build up any positive argument in its place? Let us recall for a moment the history of this negative argument. While examining the Homeric poems, Wolff remarked that they nowhere mention writing, alphabets, or written letters. From this observation he not unnaturally drew the conclusion that in the days of the Homeric poems writing was unknown to the Greeks. It was believed that the Homeric poems belonged to a period some eight or nine centuries before our era; and from this major and minor premise the conclusion was drawn that some eight or nine centuries before our era the Greeks were ignorant of writing. This argument, fairly sound as it seems at first sight, was applied to India. It was found that in the writings of the Vedic age no particular stress was laid upon writing; no specific mention was made of written letters; while great stress was laid on the importance of learning the Vedic hymns by heart, and handing them down by memory. It was further believed, on very slender evidence, that all Sanskrit literature not of the Vedic age, belonged to a period later than the rise of Buddhism, some six centuries before our era. And from this major and minor premise, just as in the case of the Homeric poems, the conclusion was drawn that writing was not known or commonly used in India until this later period of Sanskrit literature which was supposed to take its rise somewhere just outside the threshold of our era; and that consequently the Vedic Indians were illiterate. Then the whirligig of time brought in its revenges. The hard facts of inscriptions in rock, the names of Greek mercenaries carved on the statue of Abu Simbel, proved quite conclusively that the Greeks were familiar with writing in the eighth or ninth century before our era, at the very time when Wolff's argument had shown them, satisfactorily enough, to be illiterate. From this quite incontestible and untested fact two conclusions can be drawn. These two conclusions are either that the Greeks were perfectly familiar with writing in the days of the Homeric poems,—supposing the Homeric poems to belong to the eighth or ninth century before our era;—and that, consequently, the negative argument from the silence of the Home-

ric poems on the subject of writing was utterly worthless; or, that the Homeric poems, if really belonging to an illiterate age, were immensely older than had been supposed; were immensely older than the eighth or ninth century before our era. The first of these conclusions,—that the Greeks were quite familiar with writing in the days of the Homeric poems, has been excellently discussed by Mr. Andrew Lang; the second conclusion has not yet been sufficiently examined. Then comes the application of the facts to India. If the first conclusion be right, if the silence of the Homeric poems on the subject of writing is perfectly consistent with their origin in an age when writing was quite familiar to the Greeks; then the silence of the Vedic literature on the subject of writing is perfectly consistent with its origin in an age when writing was quite familiar to the peoples of Vedic India. As far as the negative argument is concerned, the peoples of India may have been familiar with writing from the very beginning.

Can we build up any positive argument to take its place? The students of the antiquity of Indian writing may be divided into two schools: those who believe that the Indian alphabets, of which the Nágari alphabet is the type, came from a Semitic source; and those who believe that the Indian alphabets arose independently of the Semitic alphabets, and most probably in India itself. Of the first school, who believe that the Indian alphabets have been derived from Semitic models, Dr. Isaac Taylor is certainly the most eminent, sound, and scholarly. His arguments are stated at great length, with wonderful lucidity, and abundant illustration in his monumental work, *The Alphabet*. To discuss the whole argument would demand a volume. But we may roughly trace its outline. Beginning with the hieroglyphics of Egypt, Dr. Taylor shows the various stages which the hieroglyphic signs passed through; at first pictures they ultimately came to represent sounds. Then Dr. Taylor shows how a selection of these sound signs was made by a "Semitic people;" and that from this selection the well-known type of western alphabet was derived; taking its name from *aleph beth*, that is ox, and house, the first signs in the earliest Semitic alphabet. This typical alphabet found its way to all western countries, chiefly through the intermediation of the Phœnicians; and our European alphabets are all derived from it. In the first Semitic alphabet there

are no vowels, properly so called; only consonants and breathings. The western alphabets gradually developed vowels, according to their needs, by a process which we may illustrate thus. Since Sanskrit words have begun to be represented in western letters, the western type-founders have had to devise a wider vowel system. Hence have arisen a series of accented vowels, especially circumplexed vowels, which did not formerly exist, in English for example. Much in this way, the Western nations developed vowel signs from the not purely vowel signs of the first Semitic alphabet. In this development of vowels, and in the length it has gone in various alphabets, we have a criterion of their closeness to the Semitic original, and therefore of their antiquity. For instance, if we believe that the first Semitic alphabet dates some fifteen centuries before our era, and if we find that five centuries later another alphabet has developed five true vowel signs, we may roughly generalise and say that it takes five centuries to develop five vowels. If then, we find another alphabet which has developed only two vowels, we shall be justified in placing it nearer the Semitic original; and in saying, roughly, that it represents two centuries of growth, and therefore dates from two centuries after the Semitic original; dates, that is, some thirteen centuries before our era. This is only an illustration, it must be remembered; but it fairly represents the form of argument which may safely be used to establish the antiquity of an alphabet, and the number of centuries' growth which it represents. So much for this question from the Western side. Let us approach it from the Eastern. The oldest known and certainly dateable writing in India is the famous series of inscriptions of the Buddhist King Asoka. These inscriptions, beginning with the words, *Devânam Piya Piyadasi*, "Priyadarshin, the beloved of the Gods," are in Pali, the sacred language of Buddhism; and are in what is best called the Morya alphabet. The forms of this alphabet are chiefly squares and circles; the simplest of all signs that could be used to represent sound. In only one notable particular does this Morya alphabet differ from the typical Nagari alphabet of India, and that is in having only one sibilant instead of three. This peculiarity is due to the fact that there is only one sibilant in Pali. But for this, we may say that the Morya alphabet, the oldest we know in India, is the same alphabet as the

Nagari; which, masked under superficial differences, is the model of all Indian alphabets, from Hindi and Bengali to Tamil and Telugu. So that, in the days of the Morya alphabet, Indian letters were in a practically perfect form, and had reached the last and highest stage of development. Now this last and highest stage of development, with its wonderfully perfect system of vowels, represent many centuries of growth from the Semitic model, supposing the Indian alphabet was derived from a Semitic source. There must, therefore, have been a long period of growth between the adoption of a Semitic model by the Indians, supposing such a model to have been adopted, and the days of the Morya alphabet. Now the days of the Morya alphabet can be fixed with great certainty and precision. We have, on the one hand, mention of certain Western rulers in the Asoka inscriptions, and, on the other, we have the chronology of Buddhism. We can therefore say that, in the days of the Buddhist monarch, Asoka, and the Morya alphabet, several centuries of development must be credited to Indian writing. Following up this argument, Dr. Taylor concludes, on perfectly sound and intelligible grounds, that we must date the antiquity of Indian writing some time, probably several centuries, before the rise of Buddhism, in order to allow time for the high development which we know was practically complete in the days of the Buddhist monarch Asoka. Turning again to the Western side of the question, Dr. Isaac Taylor, who believes that the Indian alphabet is derived from a Semitic source, is led to seek for a Semitic alphabet which might have served as the Indian model. This Semitic alphabet must furnish certain characteristics. It must be old enough to allow for several centuries of growth between its adoption and the days of King Asoka and the Morya alphabet. It must represent a fair likeness to the Morya alphabet in the form and shape of the letters. It must further be shown that its adoption by the peoples of India could naturally and easily have taken place. These three characteristics are furnished by a Semitic alphabet of Arabia Felix, which Dr. Taylor places about a thousand years before our era; and which is therefore old enough to allow of a fairly high development before the days of Asoka. In form it nearly resembles the Morya alphabet, being, like the latter, chiefly formed of squares and circles. It is also fairly accessible to In-

dia, as we know that, about that time,—three thousand years ago,—Arabia Felix was the inter-port between India and the West. One evidence for this is the use of Indian names for “ivory, apes, and peacocks, and almug or algum trees,” in the Hebrew story of King Solomon, whose date is supposed to be about a thousand years before our era.

Dr. Taylor supposes that the Indian alphabet was actually derived from this Arabian original, some thousand years before our era; or, roughly, three thousand years ago; and that, consequently, the Indians were acquainted with writing some four or five centuries *before* Buddha. This is an enormous advance on the Indo-Germanic theory, which placed the beginnings of Indian writing some centuries *after* Buddha; and this advance is made by sure and reliable methods; and not by unreliable negative evidence, as in the case of the Indo-Germanic school. Dr. Taylor’s conclusion is, therefore, this: if Indian writing was derived from a Semitic model, the facts of the case demand that this derivation must have taken place about a thousand years before our era; that is, about three thousand years ago. This is a remarkable instance of the tendency which we have more than once noted recently: the tendency of Indian dates to move back slowly through the ages; the tendency of Indian antiquity to expand and open out into wide and wider space. And it is certain that this expansion of India’s past, or rather of our understanding of it, has only just begun; and will go far further before it ceases; how far, we as yet only dimly guess.

AN OUTLINE OF THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

(Continued.)

This great at-one-ment, or atonement, that brings about the union of all humanities into one divine life, forms the last and highest aspect of the mystery of the consummation of life which ushers in that true being, that real life, which only human blindness calls Universal Night. This gradual growth to perfect fulfilment of our obligation and relation to the human around us, in morals, and to the divine above us, in religion, forms the third aspect of the mystery of the ever-recurring Nights of the Universe.

In reality these three aspects, these three categories of being, or the seven aspects into which they may be divided, are not separate, isolated natures, and their gradual unfolding does not constitute three different and distinct processes; all three are but phases, aspects, or facets, of the one Being in the evolution and involution of which consists the life of the universe.

When this trinity in unity is unfolded, expressed and manifested, the universe passes to Universal Day.

When the trinity in unity coalesces, unites and is re-absorbed, universal day gives place to universal night. In this universal night, there are no separate existences, no separate lives, no separate attributes; time, space, subjectivity, objectivity are no longer; from the standpoint of our thought there is nothing, because nothing is separate from the eternal, infinite All.

But behind this Universal Being which alternately expresses itself in manifestation, and re-absorbs itself into latency, there is another deeper mystery, so profound that human reason almost refuses to grasp it at all. This is the mystery of the Absolute.

As underneath the lump of metal, that in the jeweller's hands takes many shapes, now melted to liquid, now hardened to solid, the mind conceives a certain quantity of gold, a quantity which remains unchanged, and which the mind regards abstractly as unchanging and unchangeable, even though the lump be separated into many pieces, or alloyed with other metals, or even powdered to dust and scattered on the face of the earth; so behind this evolving and involving universal life, which alternately expands and contracts in universal day and night, thought perceives the necessity of another

universal being, the sum of the powers and forces of this (as the gold is the sum of the substance in the jeweller's hands) and partaking neither in the evolution or involution of this, but remaining eternally changeless, motionless, attributeless, in the everlasting mystery of absolute Being.

The Abstract Unity, which contains within itself the potency of all life, but which has no life because it is all life; which contains within itself the potency of all consciousness, but has no consciousness because it is the totality of consciousness; which contains within itself the potency of all good and beauty and truth, but which is neither good nor beautiful nor true because it is absolute goodness, beauty and truth; which contains within itself the potency of all motion, all sound or colour and sensation, but is without motion, sound, colour or sensation; which contains within itself the potency of all attributes, but is without attributes because it is the totality of all attributes; this is the Absolute: the unknown and ever unknowable God.

II.

SUMMARY.

The Days and Nights of the Universe. Universal Night. Before the Dawn.

We have seen how Universal Night is brought about by the gradual, rhythmical coalescence into unity of all the opposing elements that make up objective existence.

It is impossible by any figure, picture, or simile, to convey any conception of the condition of the Universe when thus withdrawn into latency, because every conception implies division into the conceiver and the thing conceived, while it is by the elimination of this very division, and by the absorption of the thing conceived into the conceiver, of the object into the subject, that Universal Night is produced.

But, though we must regard the condition of Universal Night as essentially inconceivable by the intellect, still there are various considerations which, if intuitively grasped, may throw some light upon the question of its nature.

(To be Continued.)

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* * *

Father of us. thou in the divine worlds; may thy word of tongued flame be held by us in reverence;

May thy ruling power come down, thy governing will dominate, in this my body of the earth, as in my divine and immortal body;

Let no day pass for me without the sense of thy divine nearness and presence;

When I must enter the trials that are to purify me, let me not for an instant lose the sense of thee. so shall I penetrate with insight, and with power overcome the things that seem evil.

Give me the divine power of love to enter into, warm and fortify the hearts of those about me, as thy holy power enters and brings life to my heart.

For the realm is thine, the power is thine, the radiance is thine:
Thus may it be, in Peace.

TWO LETTERS.

As the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM had, no doubt, occasion to notice, this small but valuable publication stands in a great terror of personality. The fear is not groundless. Yet it must not be carried to an extreme. Heretofore Mme. Blavatsky's name was used on the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM very sparingly and cautiously, for fear of our hero-worshipping tendencies detracting from the source of energy which ought to be used solely for the finding of the reality, that she taught us to seek. But now the glamour of her personality, with all that human hearts deified or hated in her, equally to the detriment of her true purpose, has lost much in intensity. The rigidity with which she was either adored or despised and condemned equally vitiated the integrity of people's judgment. Consequently the introduction of her name was almost always sure to do more harm than good. But now that the quality of undesirable intensity in people's attitude towards her has been lessened by the flight of years, even her personality may now manifest properties which it never could before. All that was childlike, spontaneous and sweet, in her has great humanizing powers. And nowhere does she appear more childlike spontaneous and sweet than in her correspondence with the children of her sister long before any of them were grown up.

They all have preserved many of her letters, and the following is one of them.

Several points in this letter I would especially recommend to the readers' attention. To begin with the perfect spontaneity with which she talks to the little girl on the little girl's own level. The secret of this spontaneity lay in Mme. Blavatsky's perfect inability to feel any kind of superiority towards any mortal. Whoever it was she talked to, the dominant note of the talk was that they two were just people together, or friends together, as it sometimes happened. It simply was not in her to talk down to anybody. Another point is the quaint terms of endearment Mme. Blavatsky gives to the little girl.

Yet another—the extreme eagerness to turn an honest penny by her writings in her spare moments. Earning her own board and keep would seem quite work enough for any one woman, even in our days, let alone 30 years ago, yet Mme. Blavatsky could do so only when her more important and all absorbing work was done. One more proof of the colossal activity of her mind and the extraordinary flow of her energy. She earned a good deal by her American and Indian letters to the Russian papers, and gave a good deal of her earnings to the same children of her sister.

It is also very noteworthy that in this letter, written in 1878, she clearly mentions reincarnation, though many of her friends carried the conscientious scrutiny of their minds to the extreme point of denying that she knew anything of reincarnation in the days of "Isis Unveiled," and only pretended she did.

Her instinctive care not to cumber the child's mind with big and unusual words is also remarkable throughout the letter. She mentions several times the Society *she serves*, but she never uses the word Theosophical.

B., to whom the letter refers, was one of her Russian publishers.

The other letter was written by a nephew of Mme. Blavatsky's, at a much later date, in fact almost eleven years after. The two letters were written to the same person: the first from New York to Tiflis, the capital of the Trans-Caucasus, the other from St. Petersburg to a small British Civil station in Lower Bengal. The writer of the second letter is the very "Rostia," the nephew to whom Mme. Blavatsky's letter refers, stating he is a "great fellow" and expressing a pious hope he will soon be an officer. An officer in the Zar's army he did become and still is. As to his being a "great fellow," the readers of this letter will be able to judge for themselves. In 1889, he was still very young, but much grief and sorrow, through which he had passed a few months before, had matured his mind naturally mystical.

The significance of his letter will be increased in the eyes

of all earnest theosophical searchers by the fact that he does not know a word of English and that of all theosophical literature he is acquainted only with the *Light on the Path* and a few stanzas of Dzyan, which were translated for him. Such knowledge of theosophical affairs as he had at the time, came entirely from his own heart. Yet it really does seem, that in 1889, before the death of either Mme. Blavatsky, or Mr. Judge, his letter to his younger sister spoke of things and conditions, which came about only in 1894, 1896 and later.

—EDITOR.

“NEW YORK, 25 April, 1878.

My much beloved Niece and dear Sheep of the “Golden Fleece,” in spite of your progress in algebra, it is evident, my brother, you are far from having studied mathematics and geometry sufficiently, as you do not know that “the whole is equal to the sum of all the parts taken together,” or that “the lesser can not contain the greater.” In the language of the mere unlearned mortals, all this means that it is impossible for your aunt—though she does enjoy the reputation of an Eastern Magus—to write more letters a day than she now succeeds in writing, often depriving herself of sleep.

However, I do not want to give you the impression, that I intend to deprive myself of a correspondence with such a learned latinist and algebraist, as you show yourself to be. My next work we shall write together, I hope, and we shall call it “*The fifth dimension of space, as it exists between the Cities of New York and Tiflis, from the point of view of an American aunt and a Tiflis niece, etc., etc.: in nine (9) volumes and three and a half (3½) chapters.*”

Well, the news is that I have bought a doll for Lena, and a toy telephone. The latter is not particularly good. One of these days I was given a most wonderful object, which I am thinking of despatching to you. But my wish is that it should remain in Mama’s keeping, until you are old enough. This object is a golden cage (*golden* to the eye only, it goes without saying, all is not gold that glitters). Well, you will say, there is nothing wonderful in a cage. True enough, but there is a bird in this cage. Why, you will say, how can anybody wonder at a bird, it is a creature well

known to everybody of old, ever since the world was started. But my bird sings! And again, I know, you will object, that all birds sing, when they do not simply twitter. Yes, but don't you see that my bird can be made to sing for two hours consecutively or it can be silenced the moment you are tired of song. The thing is a very curious mechanism, and here it costs, in all probability, at least \$150, and in Tiflis you won't buy it for \$1,000. But when it arrives, mind you do not touch it before you have read the instruction. You may damage the thing, and nobody will be able to mend it. The members of the Society, which I serve as secretary, have presented me with the bird on a pretended birthday of mine. I do not care in the least how much I startle them: I simply have a birthday any time I like. Here in New York I always have several, and well, it comes off excellently every time. It will soon become a universal fashion here for one and the same person to have the right to have been born in several different places, and at different times too. When you have learned algebra well and know something about the *unknown quantity* (I don't know what you call it in Russian), then you will understand. In the meantime, little brother, take it on my word. Also don't write *you* to me, I don't like it. To begin with I am a democrat, and then I do not care for this old-fashioned manner to say *you* to relatives, if you love them. Don't we say *thou* and not *you* to God?

Also you must not forget that the day I left Tiflis you howled so that all the block heard you and, having crawled under a bed, you cried: "Auntie, you are a fool, you are." This is my last impression of my affectionate niece.

Well, I really don't know how to have this bird sent to you. They won't take it at the post office. I shall have to find out some Parcel Company. However, this need not concern you.

To-morrow I am to start for California, where I shall stay about a month, doing some work. I may write from there, but possibly I shall have no time. I am sent there by the Society, which I serve, to investigate the treatment of illness by mesmerism in vogue amongst the Red Indians. I don't know what B. will think of this subject for an article, otherwise I would describe it for your newspaper.

By the way, my dear sir, I tell you what you will have to do:

you will have to take the trouble to carefully write down for me B.'s full name, as your progenitress forgot to do so, with her usual light-headedness; so that when I tried to write to him, I felt as stranded as a cray fish on a sand bank.

From your last photographs I see that you and Rostia bear much resemblance to the Imperial family, in your noses and lips, and, as I think, it is the Romanoffs and not you who are the gainers. Thank you for Rostia's portrait. He is a great fellow, and, with God's help, he shall soon be promoted to an officer's rank. But for all this, I wish he would stay home, instead of fighting the Turks. Do write to me about every single one of you: about Sasha, Fedia, Valia, Lena, Masha. Especially about Masha, I hope she is still with you?

I want you to do me a great favour. If my letters are published in the Herald, get clippings of my articles every time and send them to me. I need two copies every time, you understand, to paste them into my scrap book, that is a kind of an album in which I keep all my newspaper articles.

I do hope that B. will send the newspaper regularly. This year I have never had a single copy as yet. But I expect the paper will be sent to me beginning with the day when my article appears. Do try to get No. 15 for this year for me; even two copies of it if the notice of my "Isis" was printed on both sides of the page. You understand, don't you? If you do as I ask, I shall send you ten or even fifteen dollars, as soon as I get them changed for Russian roubles here. I have already ordered them.

So, dear soul, please don't be neglectful, and see that it is done. Your mama is not to be trusted.

And how is papa? Kiss the tip of his nose for me.

I do not share your passion for the theatre. I have free tickets for most theatres, because I write about them for the newspapers. But I must confess that the moment I am comfortably in my seat, I go to sleep. I am very tired of most things. Both the Paris "Figaro" and the "Revue Spirite" ask me to write. But as it is, I have no time to breathe. It is half past three, and I still sit and write, because until midnight I had visitors. No holy incense can smoke them out.

Well, good bye to you. I am really altogether done up. I embrace you all with all my heart.

But you really must stop counting letters with me. If I do not write, it means that I have not a minute.

You were my pet, when you were a baby. Now I hope I shall have a chance to make pets of you all.

Your loving American "uncle" of female sex,

H. BLAVATSKY.."

"ST PETERSBURG, Jan. 10th, 1889.

. . . As usual. I was a very long time about writing to you. And now I have begun I do not know what news to give, as there is none. I go to the riding school, I ride, and I stay at home. Truly, it is in the latter that I find the most interest and variety. Were I to live in St. Petersburg without mother and the girls, I would forget how to speak, as speaking would become perfectly superfluous. In my work, the art of talking is practiced very little, and even this as an unnecessary luxury. And when work is done and I am left to myself, communion with fellow creatures fast loses its attraction for me. At times, I think, this is rather unfortunate.

I begin to understand that, when withdrawn into one's own shell and examining what it contains closely, a man may find a world much wider and brighter than the one outside. Yet I say that my isolation is rather unfortunate, for I am only catching glimpses of the world within, and God alone knows, whether I shall ever find it.

The one thing I am perfectly certain of is: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

I firmly believe, that the moment the world within is able to influence a man, be it ever so slightly, it will give him peace before all the other boons, that it may reveal after. This is the beginning, and it is most important, the rest being altogether dependent upon the man's greater or lesser faculty of reflecting light, that is to say his personal powers and his gifts from above.

You seem to be rather disappointed, that the Theosophical movement in India looks considerably different when one is near it. It is always so. Seeing a picture at a distance, we lose the greater part of the details and receive an impression of a more per-

fect finish. Theosophy, or rather what we long to find in it, can exist in a limited circle only, not conditionally, but because of its very essence.

Societies may be found all over the world, but in spirit, Theosophy has gathered into a very limited body, lit up with the light of truth and reflecting light like silver. I mean the light in whose scattered rays wander all kinds of societies, since Adam, seeking the path in knowledge, religions, sciences and various systems. Rare it is for a man to turn to the one instrument that can give knowledge, and, entering the road of painful reconstruction, to find the *path* within himself. Only having conquered oneself, only having reached the depth and felt oneself in one's reality, may one give light-sensitiveness to the *feeler*, or to the organ if you like it better, which is buried deep within us. It is crusted all over with our coarse materiality, and its existence is hardly ever recognized.

But once this light-sensitiveness acquired, we shall be given free entrance into the secret body, which is the earthly abode of the spirit, one of the many in the house of "the Father."

This mysterious body exists, has existed and will pass away only with humanity. Where it is I do not know, because this is to be known only by him who has entered it. But I know that its work is in spirit and truth, and also that it works in spheres far above all religious subdivisions. In spheres which may be opened to an uneducated man, who has unconsciously followed the path of religion, and has reached one of the promised abodes, only through the strength of his own faith. He gets rid of the power of his flesh, this accumulation of living cells, of microbes and bacillae, which teem in a heap of all kinds of filth and at which so greatly wonder our scientific men, occasionally finding in it a source of delection. The accumulation of all kinds of substances and living organisms is our physical body, yet it carries on an independent work. It has succeeded in soiling all that makes a man. It has spread a thick cloud over all our finest organs of highest perception.

This thick cloud is man's "original sin." And it is possible to get rid of the "original sin" only when the dirt is wiped off the receptacles of the light of truth, and this can be done either through the path of faith, which purifies our interior reasoning, or through

the path of constant labour within ourselves, which shall reveal to us, at the end, the man in us restored to sight in the light of truth. That light will show to us the essence of true being in every microscopic particle.

Not many men are capable of carrying on this kind of labour, for it is hard and obscure, and difficult it is to get access into the mysterious body.

I am but little acquainted with the Theosophical Society and know it mostly on its exterior side. And yet I am in sympathy with it, and yet it seems to me it is but an old, old story being told over once more. The career of the Society will be similar to those of many preceding ones. It is not itself that is meant to go ahead unlimitedly, but *a few are meant to progress and to pass on through it*. As to itself, it will remain, having lost its precious kernel, a mere empty shell in the hands of lodges, which shall multiply and divide until they become perfectly unlike each other. Its very essence will become an unintelligible hieroglyph, with no more meaning, than the key of Peter the Apostle in the hands of the Pope of Rome.

This happened to the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, and many other societies which existed still earlier.

Is it not that Theosophy is just this sort of filtering? Religions are also filters, only with a more inertly constant basis. But I have written so much, I may be writing nonsense. . . .”

THE MASTER OF AKKA.

The following is an excerpt from the "Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi, by Myron H. Phelps, published by Putnam, New York. The book was sent to the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM to be reviewed. Printing the few first pages is the best review an editor can give. The THEOSOPHICAL FORUM is not that the editor should have a chance to air a few pet theories and private opinions, but that the readers should have something on which to exercise their judgment and form their own convictions.—EDITOR.

Small as this world is, boast as we may of our means of communication, how little we really know of other lands, how slowly the actual thoughts, hopes and aspirations of other peoples, the deep and real things of their lives, reach us, if indeed they ever reach us at all! We of the so-called "Christian" lands think, perhaps, that if Christ were again to appear upon the earth, the good news would burden the telegraph, that his words and daily life would be marshalled forth under double headlines for our convenient perusal at breakfast or on the rapid transit trains, giving us the interesting information without interrupting our really important occupations. Ah no! We but deceive ourselves. The Man of Nazereth might pursue his holy life on the banks of the Jordan and the shores of Gennesaret for a generation of men, but the faintest rumour of him would not reach our ministers or our stock-brokers, our churches or our exchanges.

Imagine that we are in the ancient house of the still more ancient city of Akka which was for a month my home. The room in which we are faces the opposite wall of a narrow paved street which an active man might clear at a single bound. Above is the bright sun of Palestine; to the right a glimpse of the old sea wall and the blue Mediterranean. As we sit we hear a singular sound rising from the pavement thirty feet below—faint at first, and increasing. It is like the murmur of human voices. We open the window and look down. We see a crowd of human beings with patched and tattered garments. Let us descend and see who these are.

It is a noteworthy gathering. Many of these men are blind; many more are pale, emaciated or aged. Some are on crutches;

some so feeble that they can hardly walk. Most of the women are closely veiled, but enough are uncovered to cause us to well believe that if the veils were lifted more pain and misery would be seen. Some of them carry babes with pinched and sallow faces. There are perhaps a hundred in this gathering, besides many children. They are of all the races one meets in these streets—Syrians, Arabs, Ethiopians and many others.

These people are ranged against the walls or seated on the ground, apparently in an attitude of expectation;—for whom do they wait? Let us wait with them.

We have not to wait long. A door opens and a man comes out. He is of middle stature, strongly built. He wears flowing light-colored robes. On his head is a light buff fez with a white cloth wound about it. He is perhaps sixty years of age. His long grey hair rests on his shoulders. His forehead is broad, full and high, his nose slightly aquiline, his moustaches and beard, the latter full, though not heavy, nearly white. His eyes are grey and blue, large and both soft and penetrating. His bearing is simple, but there is grace, dignity, and even majesty, about his movements. He passes through the crowd, and as he goes utters words of salutation. We do not understand them, but we see the benignity and kindness of his countenance. He stations himself at a narrow angle of the street and motions to the people to come towards him. They crowd up a little too insistently. He pushes them gently back and lets them pass him one by one. As they come they hold their hands extended. In each open palm he places some small coins. He knows them all. He caresses them with his hand on the face, on the shoulders, on the head. Some he stops and questions. An aged negro who hobbles up he greets with some kindly inquiry—the old man's face breaks into a sunny smile, his white teeth glistening against his ebony skin, as he replies. He stops a woman with a babe and fondly strokes the child. As they pass, some kiss his hand. To all he says, "Marhabbah; marhabbah"—"well done, well done."

So they all pass him. The children have been crowding around him with extended hands, but to them he has not given. However, at the end, as he turns to go, he throws a handful of coppers over his shoulder, for which they scramble.

During this time this friend of the poor has not been unattended. Several men wearing red fezes and with earnest and kindly faces followed him from the house, stood near him and aided in regulating the crowd, and now, with reverent manner and at a respectful distance, follow him away. When they address him they call him "Master."

This scene you may see almost any day of the year in the streets of Akka. There are other scenes like it which come only at the beginning of the winter season. In the cold weather which is approaching the poor will suffer, for, as in all cities, they are thinly clad. Some day at this season, if you are advised of the place and time, you may see the poor of Akka gathered at one of the shops where clothes are sold, receiving cloaks from the Master. Upon many, especially the most infirm or crippled, he himself places the garment, adjusts it with his own hands and strokes it approvingly, as if to say "There! now you will do well." There are five to six hundred poor in Akka, to all of whom he gives a warm garment each year.

On feast days he visits the poor at their homes. He chats with them, inquires into their health and comfort, mentions those who are absent by name, and leaves gifts for all.

Nor is it the beggars only that he remembers. Those respectable poor who cannot beg, but must suffer in silence—those whose daily labor will not support their families—to those he sends bread secretly. His left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.

All the people know him and love him—the rich and the poor, the young and the old—even the babe lisping in its mother's arms. If he hears of any one sick in the city—Moslem or Christian or of any other sect, it matters not—he is each day at their bedside, in person or by trusty messenger. If a physician is needed and the patient poor, he brings or sends one, and also the necessary medicine. If he finds a leaking roof or a broken window menacing health, he summons a workman, and waits himself to see the breach repaired. If anyone is in trouble—if a son or a brother is thrown into prison, or he is threatened at law, or falls into any difficulty too heavy for him,—it is to the Master that he straightway makes appeal for counsel or for aid. Indeed, for counsel, all come to him,

rich as well as poor. He is the kind father of all the people.

This man who gives so freely must be rich, you think. No, far otherwise. Once his family was the wealthiest in all Persia. But this friend of the lowly has, like the Galilean, been oppressed by the great. *For fifty years, he, with his family, have been exiles and prisoners.* Their property has been confiscated and wasted, and but little has been left to him. Now that he has not much, he must spend but little for himself, that he may give more to the poor. His garments are usually of cotton, and the cheapest that can be bought. Often his friends in Persia—for this man is indeed rich in friends—thousands and tens of thousands who would eagerly lay down their lives at his word—send him costly garments. These he wears once, out of respect for the sender; then he gives them away. A few months ago this happened. The wife of the Master was about to depart on a journey. Fearing that her husband would give away his cloak and so be left without one for himself, she left a second cloak with her daughter, charging her not to inform her father of it. Not long after her departure, the Master, suspecting, it would seem, what had been done, said to his daughter, "Have I another cloak?" The daughter could not deny it, but told her father of her mother's charge. The Master replied, "How can I be happy having two cloaks, knowing that there are those that have none?" Nor would he be content until he had given the second cloak away.

He permits no luxuries to his family. He ordinarily eats himself but one meal a day, and then bread, olives and cheese suffice him.

His room is small and bare, with only a matting on the stone floor. His habit is to sleep upon this floor. Not long ago a friend, thinking that this must be hard for a man of advancing years, presented him with a bed, fitted with springs and mattress. So these stand in his room also, but are rarely used. "For how," he says, "can I bear to sleep in luxury when so many of the poor have not even shelter?" So he lies upon the floor and covers himself only with his cloak.

For more than thirty-four years this man has been a prisoner in Akka. But his jailors have become his friends. The Governor of the City, the Commander of the army corps, respect and honor

him as though he were their brother. No man's opinion or recommendation has greater weight with them. He is beloved of all the city, high and low. And how could it be otherwise. For to this man it is the law, as it was to Jesus of Nazareth, to do good to those who injure him. Have we yet heard of anyone in lands which boast the name of Christ who lives that life?

Hear how he treats his enemies. One instance of many I could relate will suffice.

When the Master came to Akka there lived there a certain man from Afghanistan, an austere and rigid Musselman. To him the Master was a heretic. He felt and nourished a great hatred towards him. He roused up others against him. When opportunity offered in gatherings of the people, as in the Mosque, he denounced him with bitter words.

"This man," he said to all, "is an imposter. Why do you speak to him? Why do you have dealings with him?" And when he passed the Master on the street he was careful to hold his robe before his face that his sight might not be defiled.

Thus did this Afghan. The Master, however, did thus. The Afghan was poor and lived in a mosque; he was frequently in need of food and clothing. The Master sent him both, which he accepted, but without thanks. He fell sick. The Master took him a physician, food, medicine, money. These also he accepted; but as he held out one hand that the physician might take his pulse, with the other he held his cloak before his face that he might not look upon the Master. *For twenty-four years* the Master continued his kindness, and the Afghan persisted in his enmity. Then at last one day the Afghan came to the Master's door and fell down, penitent and weeping, at his feet.

"Forgive me, Sir," he cried. "For twenty-four years I have done evil to you, for twenty-four years you have done good to me. Now I know that I have been in the wrong."

The Master bade him rise, and they became friends.

This Master is as simple as his soul is great. He claims nothing for himself—neither comfort nor honor nor repose. Three or four hours of sleep suffice him; all the remainder of his time and all his strength is given to those who suffer, in spirit or in body. "I am," he says, "the servant of the servant of God."

Such is Abbas Effendi, the Master of Akka.

THE WIFE WHO WENT AWAY.

Burgess and his wife had always seemed such good friends. That, I think, was what first struck anyone who met them—even the most casual observer, but I was not casual, and when I met them again after five years separation, I became conscious, in the first two or three minutes, of a blank, a gap, a want. This effect increased, and as my visit continued to run its course, I came to feel as if four walls of ice were slowly closing round my faculties, hemming them in, henuumbing all cerebral activity.

I don't mean that it was anything crude, or elementary, this effect. On the contrary, it was subtle to a degree. It did not at once declare itself. Only as one became increasingly aware of the strangeness of the atmosphere, one remembered, as it were, to have felt it for some time back, and from the very start there had been this consciousness of strain and coldness. It was even more than that. It created an atmosphere foreign to all activity, mental, emotional or physical. One saw the guests at Weardale house, assailed one by one by this invisible frost, languishing, bored, then struggling, succumbing beneath the effort, finally receiving peremptory summons by letter and wire and departing fagged, their eyes shaded as by the rings of insomnia. I was an old friend, and I stopped on as did some of the hunting men—out all day and sleeping soundly and early—and the bridge playing women, who would not have noticed even thunder or a mouse in their absorption—but the presence of such guests as these served only to emphasize the deadness, in which we were immersed.

One evening in especial it seemed to close in around us. Burgess and I sat alone on the terrace outside the drawing-room after dinner. The women, and some of the men, had resumed bridge; other men were at the billiard table or strolling in the gardens under the moon with the women of their passing fancies. Mrs. Burgess had been with us a moment before, asking some question of her husband with all her accustomed gentleness and sweet gravity; and he had replied, as he always did, with exceeding courtesy and kindness. As Mrs. Burgess passed down the terrace and we resumed our seats, I caught a sudden glimpse of her, illumined by an electric bulb in the drawing-room, and I saw, what I had never

before observed in her, that her features, as if relaxed by a spring, had settled into an expression of remoteness, of aloofness and abstraction of which words can convey no idea. The alteration this effected in her was immense and startling, so that I leaned forward, shifting my point of view to see whether the electric light had not played me one of its weird tricks; as I did so, Reardon, to whom she had stopped to speak, released her attention and she passed on. I turned to Burgess; he was watching his wife and as our eyes met, to my amazement, I saw that his had a sombre despair in their depths, which simply took my breath away. We stared at one another, he making no attempt at concealment, and then at once, Reardon was upon us, a sheet of drawing paper in his hand.

“See here, old chap; tell me what you think of this,” and smiling at me, he placed before Burgess, the sketch of a woman. Moving nearer me, Burgess by a gesture invited me to inspect the sketch with him, under the light of the garden arch-way nearest us, and as I looked, I could barely restrain an exclamation of surprise—a start, I did not restrain—and, as he felt this, Burgess looked again into my eyes with that expression of sombre despair. What he held in his hand was a sketch of his wife’s head, and yet it seemed the face of a stranger. In every line of the features, in the lift of the eyelids, the curve of the lips, the upward and backward carriage of the head, in the whole fixed abstraction and withdrawal of the face was a world of distance between the image and the observers, as if the woman gazed through us from another plane of existence. Our silence was broken by a cheery laugh from Reardon.

“Rippin, isn’t it?” he said. “I thought it would take you chaps aback, and you,” (turning to me), “have known Mrs. Burgess longer than any of us. I’m rather proud, d’ye know, of havin’ caught that expression, for, you know Burgess, its as rare as it is beautiful and your wife doesn’t look like this when we’re any of us about, as you know. But it’s your birthday to-morrow, old chap, as Mrs. Burgess told me, and I wanted to give you something that you would really value, so I thought you wouldn’t mind me seein’ and recordin’ this look which you must know better than anyone. Artists have privileges, and it isn’t often we’re allowed a glimpse of the inner nature of a modern woman, especially when

it's as exquisite as this of Mrs. Burgess. I call this sketch the "Dreamer," as you see I've lettered it, but of course its for your eye only."

While Reardon spoke, Burgess had been turning the sketch this way and that, as if to study it better, and only I noticed that the rattling of the paper in his hand was not due to the light breeze playing round the terrace. He turned to Reardon now, holding out one hand. "I simply can't thank you now, old man," he said. "Has Mrs. Burgess seen this?"

"No; of course, she knew I was doin' it, and for your birthday, but she didn't ask to see it and I thought I'd rather have your opinion first. Do you think I've caught the expression all right? It's awfully difficult to get, don't you know. Just a gleam—and it's done—but you must know it well and I thought you'd rather have the sketch just so—than have any more common mood."

"Yes—I know it well, as you say," Burgess quietly answered, "And I don't really know what to say, Reardon; I——"

"Stow that, old man," the painter put in. "I am glad you like it though, and if you like, I'll work it up into a portrait. I'm keen on it, if Mrs. Burgess don't object."

A burst of laughter from the drawing-room and voices calling his name interrupted him. Laughing, he turned and went in by the nearest window.

Burgess dropped into his chair, the sketch fluttering and rattling in his hand, like a live protesting thing trying to get away. He turned his white face to me.

"The fellow's seen it, damn him," he gasped. "And you too. She's letting everyone notice it; it'll be common property soon," and the poor fellow went whiter than before.

"But what? What is it? What the devil are you talking about? Pull yourself together man! Tell me if you like, or leave it alone. I don't know what you mean."

"That's just it," poor Burgess answered. "I don't know myself, but the thing is there. It haunts one. It makes the place feel like a vault or a tomb. I can't name it, nor can you; and you saw it, and now this — this —" and he shook the sketch, an oath following his last words.

I'd never heard Burgess talk like this in my life, and I had

known him from the start of his, being a bit his senior. So I took the sketch from his hand and sat down beside him, determined to see the matter through, and this is the queer tale I got out of him. It was bald in the extreme and the worst thing about it was that facts so simple and so innocent should produce an ensemble, an effect which was ruining the lives of two people. What he told me, in short, was in effect as follows:

Mrs. Burgess and he married from a mutual affection. For two years their lives passed on pleasantly and without a jar. After that, Mrs. Burgess met with an accident. She broke her arm in falling from a horse and, when that had healed, a slight form of nervous exhaustion had caused her surgeon to order her abroad for a few months.

Accompanied by her mother and by her husband, she went to the Riviera and afterwards travelled about with her mother for some eight months or so. Burgess himself being recalled to England by the pressure of his affairs. At the close of the ninth month, Mrs. Burgess returned, having visited France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India and Japan and Ceylon, returning home by way of the States. Before going and as she travelled, she had to some extent studied the history and the conditions of the countries she expected to visit. At her age—she was twenty-five—and with her quick and bright intelligence, one would naturally expect to find her mind opened, her nature expanded, and this was indeed the case. But Burgess himself, a few years her senior, was a man of limited intellect. Her mind, on broadening, had not expanded beyond his. The trouble lay beyond—not there. In the first hours of their reunion, the effect which made itself felt and which increased day by day, was a separation of consciousness. She was, as it were, aware of a side of life, of a series of experiences and conditions which wholly escaped his consciousness. These had opened and evolved her mind, had furnished it with points of comparison, with memories, with new ideals and new points of view from which to judge life. Not one of all these was known to him. They escaped him utterly. In reply to my question he said she had written home, but in the constant travel her letters gave a mass of data merely; the form her travels took was on record; the atmosphere, the spirit of the places and her reflections, their effect

on her impressionable nature, these were lost to him. A stranger had returned to his hearth, gracious, serene, but one whose every thought and action were based upon ideas which utterly escaped him, a consciousness which he never shared. He did not even know if she was aware of it. Sometimes he thought she was. He had tried to talk of her experiences, and she too had tried—but the result was words only. She was not introspective. She had matured and ripened, without being in the least aware, in the least self-conscious, and could not have put her finger on her mental pulses for her life. They had not an idea in common; they never disagreed—did not come close enough for that. The bald, simple, untouchable fact was that here was a consciousness he never shared, a mind whose central point he never glimpsed, a being whose *raison d'être* he could not know. The common daily ideas even, had a basis, a reason which entirely escaped him. He never knew the reason for a single opinion that she held—nor could she have told him, for she had developed unconsciously, “as a flower opens its soul to the air.” Could not mutual affection bridge the gap? It made their life together patient, courteous, kind; it could not supply identity of consciousness; it could not relate their consciousness when every thought revealed a separate basis of experience and idea. Together, they moved apart. Attached, they were increasingly conscious of separation. Only their very real regard—respect even—for one another, prevented discord. It could not evade an ever increasing unhappiness.

Had either of my young friends been of deep intellectual fibre, one or the other of them might have fathomed the situation and might have discovered a remedy. Burgess himself had hoped that motherhood, parentage and its identity of experience and responsibility would draw them together. The supreme hour had come and gone. They would appear to have trembled toward one another, in the warm dawn of a mutual joy—and then, hour by hour, arose the innumerable new questions and new decisions for the new life as for themselves, and again arose, implacable and overmastering, the separate consciousness. To the depths of their minds they dwelt apart. Would time and daily experience draw them together in the future? Burgess confessed with despair in his eyes that he had no hope. For said he: “I find that we form our ideas

early in life and whatever we experience afterward only expands and does not alter the basis of consciousness. Duality of experience in the formative period, produces separation of mental consciousness, view it as you will. We dwell always apart." And he buried his face in his hands.

For a moment I felt myself baffled, I confess. But as I sat beside my friend, waiting for him to regain his self-control, fragmentary thoughts, long absent from my mind, flitted one by one into mental view. And as I examined these, the light of hope streamed from them. I touched Burgess on the arm.

"Tell me this," I said to him, "Suppose for a moment that, before you parted, your wife and yourself had had some common ideal, something that so permeated your lives that you viewed all experience and explained all life by its light. Provided that each one maintained this ideal intact—would separation of consciousness have resulted as now?"

"Certainly not," he answered after a pause. "But I do not see how this affects the situation. We had no fixed ideal, either separate or common."

"No. That is evident. But could you not have such an ideal? I am aware that very few people have a conscious ideal, an aim to which they direct their lives; the mass has direction, but not a conscious ideal goal. But is there anything to prevent your having such an ideal? Anything to prevent your raising the question of the existence of such an ideal, of the search for it? Even discussion in regard to it, to the search for it, the directions in which it might or might not be found, would supply a temporary unit of consciousness, and when we consider that during this process you would together pass most of your thoughts and experiences in review like people going through a hapstack together to find the proverbial needle—why, upon my word, Burgess, I think you may begin to hope."

He wrung my hand, sprang up, and left me without a word. Looking from my window two hours later, I saw by the sundial in the rose garden, where its shadow fell blackest in the moonlight, two forms, seated close together, eagerly talking. It was my friend and his wife. I've often seen them since, and always with the same pleasant sensation of warmth about the heart. It is as yet early days to speak, but I think the wife who went away is coming back. Perhaps she will bring a diviner spirit with her.

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“Behind each importunate intruder, learn to see God governing all and training you in self-denial alive through a troublesome acquaintance as through good examples. The intruder whom God sends us serves to thwart our will, upset our plans, to makes us crave more earnestly for silence and recollection, to teach us to sit loose to our own arrangements, our rest, our ease, our taste; to lend our will to that of others, to humble ourselves when impatience overcomes us under these annoyances, and to kindle in our hearts a greater thirst for God, even while He seems to be forsaking us because we are so disturbed.”

FENELON.

“DOCTOR FAUSTUS.”

People visiting Leipzig seldom fail to take a peep at the “Auerbach’s Keller.” It is but a drinking place, at best a beer saloon, but on it reposes the double halo of the fames of two great men, whom humanity claims for its own, though there is many a patriotic German who would rather keep the credit strictly for his own fatherland.

I mean Goethe, who as a student boy would go for his daily slight intoxication to this place a century ago, as other German student boys do to this day, and George Sarbellicus, otherwise Faustus junior, otherwise Dr. Faust, who went to the same place for the same purpose more than three centuries before Goethe.

The mediaeval days of central Europe are not called the dark ages for nothing. Dark indeed. The articulate minds of the day, poets and chroniclers, have left word for us, who follow them, and the message of the word is: this is how we did in our day, and this is how it is best for you not to do. Hunger Towers, Nuremberg Maidens, dungeon cells, in which the occupant was chained a foot from a red hot furnace—all evident proofs of the ingenuity of the very people who in the dark ages artfully claimed the authority of the church for themselves. On the top of the ladder, amongst the aristocracy, an extremely good taste in clothes and tapestries, a very sound idea of how a church or a castle should look, and for morals the prevalent belief that might was the only possible right. At the bottom of the ladder, where had his habitation the “villain”—the fact that in Middle Ages this word simply meant peasant is pretty significant—there was no might, there was no right, there was nothing at all, but being squeezed, squelched and bullied in such an adequate and admirable way, that many is the modern “villain” throughout Central Europe, who still lives and dies under the delusion, that being squeezed, squelched and bullied is exactly what he is there for.

Dark, Dark Ages.

And if perchance there appeared a ray of light on this background of general blackness, a Dante, a Galileo, or a Huss, the wise heads of the day could not think of anything better suited to the occasion than killing the man. This certainly seems to be the easiest way of dealing with the problem.

The few events of Doctor Faustus' life, the rumour of which has reached us, all look like so many incredible legends. And it seems to me, we could spend a few entertaining if not actually profitable minutes trying to read a true meaning into the fragments of Dr. Faustus's life, his contemporaries have transmitted to us. To begin with, a picture which dates from 1525 and which is highly treasured not by the successive owners of the Auerbach's Keller alone, but by the whole city of Leipzig, not to say by the whole of Germany. The title of the picture is: "Faust rides a wine barrel." And so he does, on the picture, a middle aged, bearded man, dressed up in the elaborate early sixteenth century attire, just as in the opera, regarding which Goethe is said to have prophesied that his great work will never become popular until some Frenchman makes a comic opera out of it. This may or may not be true, but the picture is there, and on it Faust is entering the wine cellar of the contemporary Auerbach seated on a tun, preceded by the dog, from which he was never separate, as the legends say, and in which dwelt the devil, Faust's henchman and torturer; whilst the contemporary Auerbach and a dozen student boys watch Faust enter so, all of them in postures of a greater or lesser astonishment.

Moreover, Saxony is full of legends of that kind, not to mention chronicles that have reached us from the Middle Ages. No doubt whatever that Faustus did actually live.

The first tidings about him we find in the letters of Johann Trittenheim, who was prior of one of the German monasteries at that time. The letter is to his friend, the mathematician Wirdung; it is dated August 20, 1507, and contains the information that there appeared in Wurtzburg, Kreuznach and other cities, a black magician, who boasts of knowing by heart everything that either Plato or Aristotle ever wrote, and also that were all their writings to disappear, he could restore them by memory. Further on, Johann Trittenheim narrates that this black magician actually can perform all the miracles of Christ, and that through alchemy he can achieve any result he desires. Another letter, of Conrad Mudt, dated 1513, expresses the positive opinion that theologians and priests ought to be very careful in watching the doings of this Faustus. Another chronicle tells that in 1520 Faustus foretold some future events to the bishop of Limburg, and was paid ten gulden. For a while

Faustus stayed at the court of this Prince-Bishop, but in 1539 he had to leave, on account of a rumor that "through his magic, he takes purses with money out of people's pockets, and then disappears." However, even some of the contemporaries state that this rumor was not to be trusted, as it was started by Dr. Phillip Begardi of Worms, and so could be explained by professional jealousy.

So far, all these theologians, physicians and philosophers speak of Faustus merely as of an impostor, and a clever fraud. It is only later on, some time after his death, that there arose legends in which he is described as a Magus, a sorcerer, who was in league with the devil. In 1543, a priest from Basel writes: "At nightfall, this Faustus came to a rich monastery, expecting to spend the night. The servant of the monastery offered him some wine, which proved to be poor and tasteless. Faustus asked for some better wine. The servant said he had nothing better to give him, and that the prior was asleep. When Faustus insisted, the servant said he had no authority to offer anything but what was ordered by the prior. Next morning Faustus left early, very angry. He bade no one farewell, but sent a devil to the monastery. The devil proved so active, raised so much noise night and day, throwing everything in the church and in the cells of the monks about, that they were forced to leave their abode forever. The same Faustus came to a certain inn, about mealtime, and sent to the cook some birds, asking him to roast them. No one knew where he got those birds, but one thing was certain: no one had ever seen their like, either in the neighborhood or in any other part of Germany. Faustus never separated himself from a horse and a dog, and I think that both were possessed of the devil, as both could do anything. The dog was known at times to assume the shape of a servant, and to wait at table. At the end, the unhappy Faustus was strangled by this devil. His corpse would turn itself face downward, though five times he was placed on his back. The Lord deliver us from being slaves to the devil!"

Thus the anonymous priest from Basel ends his narrative, but all the chroniclers of Faustus's miraculous deeds were by no means either anonymous or obscure.

Indeed they count amongst themselves the celebrated co-worker of Luther, Melancthon, and even Luther himself. Melanc-

thon's pupil, Johann Menell, tells that in one of his lectures in Wittenberg University, the Master said: "I used to know a man whose name was Faustus, who learned magic in Krakau (Cracow), which had a great vogue in this town. He had travelled in many lands, and spoke of many mysterious things. He created a great sensation in Venice, by announcing that he was going to levitate into the sky. The devil actually did lift him into the air, but then threw him back to the earth with such force that people thought he was killed outright. However, he did not die at that time. Several years later, he happened to be in a drinking hall in a certain village in Wurtemberg. The innkeeper asked him what was the reason of his ill-humor. "Promise me not to be frightened to-night!" said Faustus. At midnight, the house shook. Next morning, Faust stayed in his bed until the innkeeper grew quite uneasy, and on entering his room with his servants, he saw him lying on the floor dead. The devil had killed him. In his lifetime, he always had a dog with him, who was the devil. This same magician, Faustus, the vessel of all demons and devils, boasted that all the victories of the imperial army of Maximilian II in Italy were the result of his magic."

Such is the information concerning Dr. Faustus, which the literature of past centuries contains for us. The facts mentioned by his contemporaries are so varied and so abundant as not to leave any doubt of the profound impression his life had made on the popular imagination. The wonder is that with all the zealous medieval theologians and priests carefully watching him, he was not hanged, burned, or made away with in some other way. Dr. Faustus' contemporaries did not actually kill him, but then all the literary ones amongst them freely and zealously wrote him up in such a way as almost to leave no possibility of identification between the Faustus who knew Aristotle and Plato by heart, who could repeat all the miracles of Christ, and Faustus followed by a dog-devil which he occasionally sent to trouble monasteries, in revenge for a glass of bad wine. This need not puzzle the readers of the "Theosophical Forum." However, if, in spite of this statement of mine, any of them are still inclined to be puzzled, I would refer them, for comparison, to the Encyclopedia Britannica for 1902, and the definition of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, "writer of many books, and the greatest fraud of the century."

The legends concerning Dr. Faustus increased and multiplied at such a rate that in 1587 there appeared a "People's Book," a regular encyclopedia, entitled: "The History of Dr. Faustus, the well-known magician and sorcerer, and how he made a temporary compact with the devil, what sort of adventures he met with, what things he was capable of performing himself, until he at the last received the reward he so well deserved." In spite of the fact that this book evidently holds him in awe, and disapproves of his doings, the undercurrent of almost all its narratives would induce us to believe that its authors thought Faustus to be more than a charlatan, more than a quack-doctor, even more than a practical black magician. In this book already in places, he appears as a student, a philosopher, an earnest searcher for the secret of life. "He who took the wings of an eagle in order to explore all the foundations of earth and of heaven." Those were the words in which Goethe, brooding in the familiar atmosphere of Auerbach's cellar, three centuries after Dr. Faustus had died and gone, spoke of this problematic character of German Middle Ages, a description which might justly be applied to certain others, whom their contemporaries also have written down the greatest frauds of the century.

FREE WILL.

What an Eternal problem is Free Will. What ceaseless controversy and endless confusion. Yet how simple and how easily understood the whole question becomes when considered in its true light.

To most people, who use the term, the two words are meaningless: their meaning as words is not considered: the shadowy nebulous possibility they are supposed to stand for is pictured only to a small extent. As to the ordinary man, in considering this question, he rarely pauses to analyse the meaning of the words themselves.

The connection of the word *free* with the word *will*, implies either present non-freedom and potential freedom, or vice versa. The question most naturally suggested then is: Freedom from what? What is it from which men wish to free their will? If they can know this, then surely the rest is a simple matter. If they can determine within themselves what are the influences which, so to speak, hold the will in bondage, they are much nearer accomplishing its release, than were they in a state of ignorance either of the nature of will, or the conditions restraining it. To arrive at some idea of these conditions it is first necessary to form some conception of what will is. The chief thing to know what is the relation of the will to the man, not what is its constitution, physical, psychical, ethereal or otherwise. We have the True Will in us—this we all know: the surest analysis we can make of its quality or content, is that of identification with it, and herein lies the solution of the problem.

It is always necessary in formulating a proposition or propounding a theory, to grant some basic idea upon which the structure can be built. The truth or untruth of this postulate is, as a rule, revealed in the coherency of the resultant proposition, and the reasonableness of the idea demonstrated.

The basic statement that we take for the purpose of this study, is that Pure Will is a Divine Emanation, colourless, unimpressed, indifferent, as it were, to its own application: the motive force behind all our so called volitional acts. It is the essence of our intentions: their trend is our personal inclination. It is the basis of our

acts: their direction is determined by the resistance of our outer selfhood. It forms the foundation of motive: the motive as it appears externally, is but the percolation of the pure ray through an impure medium. True Will is an individual force: the will that most men recognize is the personal will, that is, the True Will in a state of intense obscurity. It rests with us now, from this idea of Pure Will, this postulate of ours, to build a proposition for the attainment of a freer working of the Will through us.

One hears a good deal about the cultivation of the will; yet the term in itself is contradictory, inasmuch as the word cultivation premises imperfection. That which is to be cultivated is not the Will itself, but the power to use it, and to determine how best to do this is the object of our study. Pure Will being impersonal, it would appear that, in a man whose life-purpose runs along lines which tend to the consideration of the individual, rather than the personal, the will works with some degree of freedom, as the vehicle offers but little resistance to the working of the original motion of Will.

Let us explain why this is. Man is potentially a Divine being: this is or is not true. If man be not potentially greater than himself, then evolution is a fable. If man holds not within himself a possibility of the highest he can conceive, then depravity does not exist. If faculty is *not* progressive, then education is useless. And if faculty is progressive, who is to define its limit? There is more to be said for the potential Divinity of man, than against it: we will therefore adopt for our purpose the more consistent thought.

So far so good. Man is Divine, in *potentia*, proceeding from Divinity, at the beginning, and proceeding to Divinity in his pilgrimage through life. Now when a Soul comes into being, it follows, or rather, it would seem by our methods of reasoning to follow, that, concurrent with its outset as it were, there comes into existence an ideal or plan by which its course may be guided. The truth is that this plan pre-exists, the Soul is the embodiment of this plan. All Souls, emanating from one Source, and being in essence the same, must be guided by the pre-existing plan as to the course they take. Wherein, then, lie the differences we see in men? Why, if there is one plan or ideal for all, should we all seem to differ so? The question answers itself—we only *seem* to differ: we are in

essence alike. Get back to Soul and the same Divine Impression is found in each. The differences exist, then, not in the individual Souls, but in the personal separation which ensues on men departing from the Individual Plan—the Law. Thus we see that the Law is one for the Individual. To work with It, to confine the life to that end, would be to continually serve the great aggregate or Over Soul. But what do we find? The Soul, to exist at all on this Earth, must necessarily take unto Itself a body, and the consequent intellectualization of this body, coloured with physical and material tendencies, becomes the man as we know him.

Now, Pure Will is attendant upon the unrestricted working of the Plan or Law. The nearer the approach to the Divine Ideal, the nearer the approach to the unrestrained working of the Will. Will is mostly thought of as that which enables a man to put into action his thought, for the accomplishment of material or personal ends. We see that, in striving for this end, man is receding further and further from the central Divine Idea, and consequently from its Attendant, Pure Will.

Another point of view might be here considered. As men live to-day, all their will power is needed to enable them to resist the various circumstances and conditions in which they are placed. Very little consideration reveals the truism that a man's surroundings and associations are his personal feelings reflected externally: he finds in the manifold likes and dislikes of his outer life, every grade of personal feeling that he is capable of knowing. Consequently man is bound by his circumstances, and by the separate life with which his thinking and acting have surrounded him. Thus, in this state, his will is not free: or rather, he is not free to use the Will in him, beyond combatting the upcomings of personal life.

If Will is potentially free, there must be a means whereby to encompass that freedom, and, if Pure Will is attendant upon the Impersonal Law, then only through impersonal means can It be approached or directed. That is to say, to reach the Power which savours of Divinity, a man must become, so to speak, impersonal, which is another word for selfless. His efforts must be *truly* for others: his life must be spent in compliance with the Law, of which it has been truly said:

“Subservience is Freedom, and Disobedience Servitude.”

HOLY LIVING.

Some weeks ago the writer received a letter from a friend which expressed or perhaps it would be fairer to say gave an impression of, some discouragement and disappointment over the results that have been accomplished by the work of the Theosophical Society during the past twenty-eight years. This depression appeared to me to be so uncalled for, so widely different from what the facts warranted that I set myself the task of examining the situation in an effort to aid an adequate reply.

The most frequent cause for taking a melancholy view of the past work, present condition, and future prospects of the Theosophical Society would appear to rest upon misunderstanding, an inability to appreciate what it is that we have been trying to do, what it is we have actually accomplished and what it is that we further purpose to do. We are prone to build up in our minds some ideal of our own which is largely based upon what we would like to be, and then when the realization falls short of this ideal we become discouraged. Some of us for instance, influenced by the character of our modern civilization wish for a large and powerful society, with thousands of members in all parts of the world, active Branches everywhere, many lectures, public meetings, new books, quantities of magazines and in a word, all the external signs of great activity and material prosperity. We forget that we could have all these and still be as dead as Jonah's whale so far as our real purposes are concerned. Others again see the apparent success of Christian Science, or Dowieism, or anyone of the many similar semi-religious movements of the day and wonder why these have a success that is seemingly denied us.

The trouble in every case seems to lie in a misconception of what it is we are trying to do, and to clear the atmosphere and prepare for our future work it may be well to recall for a moment, what the purpose of the Theosophical Society really is: The best simple expression of this that I have been able to find is in an old book, called, *A Guide to Theosophy*, published in Bombay in 1887. The Preface says:

"That there is some basal germ of real knowledge underlying all systems of religion and philosophy and that these various

systems are but varied attempts at expressing the terms of one and the same problem and its solution: the origin and destiny of man and the universe. The object of the Society's researches is to find out this basal germ of truth—this reality behind all appearances—and its practical bearing on the individual man, as the outcome of this search it is hoped that there may be discovered a true guide and standard of conduct, resting for its sanction on the necessary order of nature, a law of individual human life in perfect harmony with every other law of nature; and a system of thought that will afford at least a practical and rational working hypothesis for the solution of all problems that present themselves to the human mind. *In other words the Society aims at evolving a rule to live by and a rule to think by.*" This extract, and particularly the last sentence which I have italicized presents very clearly one phase of the good work of the Theosophical Society. It is not all however. Another great object which we have had set clearly before us is what Madame Blavatsky says in the latter part of *The Key to Theosophy*. . . It has been often quoted but will bear constant repetition. She says that if dogmatism be avoided and if the members guiding the future of the Society have unbiased and clear judgment, "Then the Society will live on and into the 20th century. It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty and Philanthropy." * * * * * and if it "succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized living and healthy body when the time comes for the efforts of the 20th century." The Lodge* messenger of that time "will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization await-

*The Lodge is a name given by theosophical students to a body of human beings, who are far in advance, in their mental and spiritual development, of the rest of humanity, who belong to various religions and nationalities, yet work for the good of humanity, far above religious and national subdivisions. Judging by the events of past centuries, theosophical students think it reasonable to accept as a fact, that, towards the end of every century, the Lodge sends a messenger to the world.—[EDITOR.]

ing: his arrival, which will remove the merely mechanical, material obstacles and difficulties from his path."

Now mark this well. In neither of these statements of the ideal of the Theosophical Society has one word been said about a large, prosperous, active organization being necessary. It would be desirable, if a large society could be kept free from the dangers of dogmatism and sectarianism, but it is not necessary. We can accomplish our mission, both our missions, without many members, much obvious influence or great power. Indeed we have good reason to believe that a small, compact and harmonious body such as we have become, has much greater chances of success than a larger and consequently more unwieldy organization. Each additional member, while a source of strength, is also an added danger, and one would suppose that those who control the destinies of the Society are quite content with a smaller membership and a more restricted field of effort than our Western ambition would like to see.

Let us then dismiss from our minds all ideals of what we should be and what we should do, content to plod along the old lines which we have found by bitter experience to be the only safe ones, content with the assurance that even if our external condition is not all that we would at times like to see it, it is not after all our external condition that has anything to do with the case. On the contrary, let us keep constantly before us our interior condition, with the confident belief that if it is all it should be, both personally and as a body, we will be working towards the practical accomplishment of the real ideals of the Society in the very best and most effective possible manner.

For after all the two ideals we have quoted above, the evolving of a rule to live by and a rule to think by and the keeping of the organization alive until 1975 are to be accomplished in one and the same manner, and that is by *living the life*, or to use the caption at the head of this article, by "Holy Living." Should we wish to express both of the Society's objects in one sentence we might say that it aims to keep alive in the world a knowledge of spiritual things, and if it does this there is no question of its successively realizing its more definitely expressed ideals.

If this statement of the case be true—and who among us will doubt it—if our whole purpose is to maintain in the world a spiritual

flame that will persist until 1975 and light the path and make easier the task of the next messenger, I think we have every reason for great encouragement. When Jesus was born into the world and began his mission, it is said that only one person, John the Baptist, knew him for what he was, yet think what he accomplished. Does any one imagine that the impression we have made on the thought of the world will so die out in the next seventy-one years that only one person will recognize the new messenger? Why it is almost within the possible limits of the life time of some who are now members of the Society!

So what we want to do is to keep alive in the world a knowledge of the Lodge, of the Soul Life and of the Inner World, and to keep burning in the world the pure white flame of spirit which is alight in our hearts and which radiates from them until it brightens the darkest corners of our material civilization. How best to accomplish this? Have we not been paying too much attention to the Eye Doctrine to the neglect of the Heart Doctrine? Do we not know that no amount of learning, no brain knowledge, no writing of books, preparation of papers will accomplish our purpose? No more than will thousands instead of hundreds of members do what must be done, unless all have this spark of divine fire in their hearts. It is *living the life* that gives results, not studying how to live it. "He who lives the life will know the Doctrine," is a wise paraphrase of a biblical saying. A member without brain knowledge, or capable for speech or writing, may do more good and have a wider influence upon the world at large and his family and associates by his effort towards Holy Living, than the best writer or lecturer we have ever had in our ranks. So let us make a concerted effort to revive interest in the Heart Doctrine.

Let us determine to leave for awhile our books and studies and turn our energies towards the Higher Life. This we can *all* do, for it does not depend upon environment nor circumstances. We do not need brains, nor money, nor leisure, nor indeed anything whatever but the *will to do it*. For the way to work in this direction, the best possible way, indeed the only effective way is, for each to have the Life himself. That is the best teacher of others, the manner of accomplishing the greatest results, the method of influencing for good the greatest number. It is this living the life

that counts and the influence of our lives and example will be what makes or mars our mission as a whole. "By their fruits shall ye know them." When this text is applied to us as it is and will be in greater and greater measure, let us see to it that the result will be one of which we can be proud.

This matter is so exceedingly simple no argument or theorizing is necessary. A child can understand that "goodness" is catching, just like measles and that we should inoculate the world with "goodness." If we had a virus of "goodness" our task would be comparatively easy but that has not yet been invented, and in its absence what we must do is to develop thorough cases in ourselves and then go around hoping that as many others as possible will catch it!

In the absence of a known medium for developing cases of goodness the best alternative is our personal example and the next best is the example and records of others. So our next paper will collate and compare the experiences of some of the world's great Saints and the directions they left for "Holy Living."

AN OUTLINE OF THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

(Continued.)

If we compare the gradual, rhythmical passage of the Universe into full objectivity to the forward swing of a pendulum from the perpendicular line of rest, and the gradual rhythmical passage to re-absorption in latency, to the backward swing of the pendulum to the perpendicular, then it will be evident that, as the pendulum, if unimpeded, will swing backward an exactly equal distance behind the perpendicular; so, when the sum total of the potencies of the objective universe has reached the condition of latency at the end of each Universal Day, it is certain that there must be in these potencies a tendency to a further activity which will be, in every detail, the reverse or negative of the former activity.

This is why the "Secret Doctrine," and the stanzas on which it is based, have defined Universal Night by a series of negative statements ("Time was not; Universal Mind was not;" etc.) by which we are to understand, not that the existent universe had dwindled down into mere non-entity, but that a form of activity had set in which was in every detail the reverse and negative of the activity of the existent universe, and hence inconceivable by us, or conceivable only as non-activity or naught.

We can arrive at the same result by the exactly opposite process of expressing in universal terms all forms of activity which we know of as limited and particular; thus, in Universal Night, universal perception is, because the perceiver has been universally blended with the object of perception; universal life is, because all the limits of particular life have vanished; universal consciousness is, because objectivity has been universally absorbed into consciousness; and universal bliss is, because all the barriers to bliss have disappeared.

Perhaps the best illustration of the form of activity we are considering, is the mathematical process by which a gradually diminishing series of numbers is carried down to zero (corresponding to the perpendicular line of the pendulum), and then beyond zero into a gradually increasing series of negative numbers, which mathe-

maticians regard as equally important and equally capable of manipulation with the positive numbers.

If zero be the threshold of Universal Night, then the gradually increasing series of negative numbers may represent the negative activities which we have postulated as existent therein.

This is merely the metaphysical aspect of this mysterious question; it has also a moral and a spiritual side, but these cannot be expressed in words; a comprehension of them can only be reached by the actual practice of morality and spirituality; or, to speak more truly, we can only prepare ourselves for that true spiritual comprehension of, and moral participation in, this mystery, which will be ushered in at the end of this universal day, by gradually attaining absolute morality and spirituality, during the gradual and rhythmic activities of this universal day.

To return to the illustration of the pendulum; when it has reached the farthest point of its backward journey beyond the perpendicular, it inevitably tends to swing forward again to the perpendicular, and, if free, will swing forward; and in virtue of the momentum thus acquired, it will not halt at the perpendicular line, but will swing forward again to the foremost point previously reached. And if the pendulum be entirely unimpeded, this backward and forward swing will repeat itself indefinitely; and, further, the duration and extent of the pendulum's journey behind the perpendicular will be exactly equal to the duration and extent of its journey in front of the perpendicular.

In the same way, the extension of the universe into objective existence and its re-absorption into latency, will tend to repeat themselves indefinitely; day and night of the universe will be succeeded by day and night, in endless succession; and each universal night will be of exactly the same duration; or, rather, would be of exactly the same duration if there were any common, continuous standard of duration to apply to both.

At first sight, it would appear that this expansion and re-absorption of the universe, in the endless series of universal days and nights, is a mere fruitless activity leading no-whither; just as, from an astronomical standpoint, the days and nights of the planets and our earth might seem a mere senseless repetition, aimless, objectless, endless; yet we know that this is merely apparent; that

each day is fraught with momentous issues, that each day is richer than its predecessors, if only by the mere fact that it had predecessors; that each day is the heir of the ages.

And so it must be with the universal days. Each must have some peculiar worth of its own; must garner some harvest of hitherto inexperienced power or wisdom; must add something, if not to the total quantity of being in the universe—for what can be added to the All?—then to the quality of that being, and to the quality of the life of the units that make it up.

As the sculptor's statue is first hewn out from head to foot, and then smoothed and polished from head to foot; so, perhaps, the humanity which is only rough-hewn in one universal day, requires a second universal day to polish and smooth it to perfection. Perhaps when we have fully learned perfection of individual life in the present universal day, we may find that this is only the preparation for a higher life in complex grouped personalities in some future day of the universe, and so on, ever to higher and purer perfections.

But into these secrets it is fruitless to pry; it is only profitable to note that the forces and tendencies which gave birth to previous universal days, tended, at the period we are considering—the waning of the universal night which preceded our present objective universe—to give birth to a new universal day, richer than its predecessors, and destined to garner a richer harvest than its predecessors had yet known.

We shall see that this harvest is prepared for, by a grouping of the units of life into hosts and hierarchies, ruling over systems of suns and worlds; and, in the case of our own system, seeking a sevenfold perfection by a rhythmical, sevenfold progress through phases of life that, for want of a better name, have been called existence in the mineral, vegetable, animal, human, and superhuman kingdoms. We shall better be able to grasp the reasonableness of this rhythmical progress, if—remembering that objective life is the disciplinary expression of the eternal spiritual will, the twin-brother of consciousness—we conceive these phases of life as picture-lessons, in which the unit of life has to seem a stone in order to learn something of the endurance of which a stone is merely the symbol; to seem an animal to learn the active energy of an ani-

mal; and so through manhood to the demi-god and the divine; ever keeping in mind that that which seems to become these is the eternal spiritual unit, and that it thus seems, through the harmonious action of its twin powers, Will and Consciousness; and ever remembering that this unit is a part of the All; is, indeed, in one sense, identical with the All.

And thus we return to the conception of Universal Night, brooding in latency, awaiting the Dawn.

III.

SUMMARY.

The Illusions of Differentiation, Separation, and Transformation.

This brings us to the point where the last hour of Universal Night is passing into the dawn of a new Universal Day. All the processes of involution which brought about the Night are ready to be reversed.

We have seen that, at the evening twilight, when Universal Night was coming on, all the souls of men had been drawn together into one humanity, and all the humanities of all the worlds had been drawn together into one great Life—united with each other, and united with the Divine,—in the evening twilight that ushered in the Universal Night; the twin powers of Will and Consciousness—the one, creator of all the forms of the universe, all the images and imaginings that make up the worlds—and the other, observer of these manifold images and imagining—had drawn together, coalesced, and become united, so that the difference between the worlds and the Consciousness that knows the worlds had disappeared, and subject and object had become one.

These unions and involutions marked the evening twilight; they are to be reversed in the dawn of a new Universal Day. The union of the evening is to become the differentiation of the morning; the involution of the evening is to become the evolution and manifestation of a new day. This differentiation will separate again the united humanities; will separate them from each other, and from the Divine; but this separation is not real, or inherent in essential being, but merely apparent and the result of illusory manifestation.

If we conceive of the totality of being as an infinite diamond,

pure and incorruptible, then the differentiated humanities are the faces of the diamond, and the differentiated souls of each humanity are the separate facets of every face. Each facet has, in a sense, an independent being in itself; each facet has a certain individuality and separateness. But each facet only exists through being a part of the diamond; and without the diamond it has no existence at all. Each facet is then merely a phase of the diamond, and not an independent being; and each facet is, as it were, a window into the pure heart of the diamond, an entry to the whole of its incorruptible light; and, being a window to the whole diamond, each facet is thus, in a sense, the whole diamond, and able to command the potency of the whole diamond.

And this is exactly the relation of the differentiated souls to the One Infinite Divine, so far as any symbol can convey that relation. It is only in and through the Divine that these differentiated souls exist at all, as it is only through the diamond that the facets exist at all; and each individual soul is an entry to the ineffable heart of the whole Infinite Divine; and can, through purity, command the whole of its infinite Being and Power. Thus every differentiated soul is at once infinite, as being one with the divine; finite, as being but one facet of the divine; and utterly non-existent and void apart from the divine.

In the perfect diamond there are three powers; first, the entity of the diamond itself; second, the differentiation, or margins of the facets; and thirdly, as the result of these two, the facets themselves. So in the universe, when the dawn comes, and differentiation sets in, there are three powers; first, the Being of the universe; second, the differentiation; and third, through the union of these two, the differentiated souls that enter into separate life. These three powers are, in one sense, the "Father, Mother, and Son" of the *Stanzas of Dzyan*.

There is yet another aspect of the diamond symbol.

Each facet is not alone, but hemmed in and surrounded by other facets; and thus bound, inevitably and indissolubly, to the other facets; and has, with them, a real existence only through the diamond, to the interior of which, and to the whole of which, each and all of them are equally windows.

So each differentiated soul is not alone, but is surrounded by

other souls, and indissolubly bound to them; and has with them no real existence except through the Divine ONE, of which they are all the facets, and in the plenitude and power of which they all equally partake; the plenary possession of one in nowise excluding or limiting the plenary possession of the other. Each soul is thus bound to other souls in a brotherhood rising out of the depths of essential being, and as eternal and inevitable as essential being itself.

In the same way, each group of facets, each group of souls, is bound to other groups, in divine hosts and hierarchies and powers, all of which exist only through the Divine, and are without the Divine utterly void and non-existent.

At the dawn, therefore, of the Universal Day, differentiation divides the One Divine into innumerable differentiated souls, each possessing the plenary power of the Divine, and bound together into groups, and hierarchies, and hosts, like the clustering facets of the diamond; and yet, though this differentiation into facets takes place, the diamond, the symbol of the Divine, remains one and indivisible as before.

This is the mystery of the relation of the Divine and man, as far as that relation can be embodied in symbols and expressed in words; but symbols are powerless to express the majesty, the infinite fulness and complexity of the great Life, whose only true symbol is Life itself.

(To be Continued.)

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* * *

My brother kneels (so saith Kabir)
To stone and brass in heathen wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
My own unanswered agonies.
His God is as his fates assign,
His prayer is all the world's and mine.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A FORGOTTEN SEER.

Truly and wisely spoke the man who said that only that is new which is well forgotten. Some French scientists have begun to experiment with what a Theosophical student is in the habit of calling "aura", or at least what looks very much like it. Their discoveries have recently made a good deal of noise, and look altogether original and quite new. Original they are, but new they certainly are not.

The *Staats-Zeitung* of New York devotes a long article to Karl von Reichenbach, a German scientist, who dealt with the same subject in a very exhaustive and most scientific way as much as fifty years ago. We are very much indebted to this paper, as it has enabled us in our turn, to draw the attention of our readers to this wonderful man and his wonderful discoveries.

Until now man could only be penetrated by light, but now self luminous man has been discovered. Through the Roentgen ray man has become like jelly fish, the sea creatures of living glass, and his inmost organs are laid bare to our gaze. Curious riddles of capricious nature! Now man is not only transparent but has become a source of light, a living torch. Not the living torch of which poets sing, not merely a torch of burning desire of passion and intelligence, but a veritable flame emitting light. It is true that this is not light in the ordinary sense, not the ordinary waves of luminiferous ether which, between the ultra violet and ultra red, create in our eyes the color harmony of the rainbow, but a new kind of light to which the name of N-rays has been given.

Professor Blondet who has recently discovered these rays has indicated them by the letter N, in honor of the university town of Nancy. These N-rays are to be found in a number of objects; they are present in the flowers of the field, as well as in the sun. Blondet's colleague, M. Charpentier, professor of physiology, has, through a series of successful investigations, been able to ascertain that man also emits the N-rays,—in fact, that their presence is a sign of life.

The presence of the N-rays is made apparent to the eye by means of a phosphorescent or fluorescent screen; a sulphuric compound is spread over the screen, and the room is darkened; then, if the screen is held near the body of a person present, it becomes luminous through the action of the N-rays coming from that body. If any part of the body in motion, say a moving muscle, be brought

near the screen, that part of the screen will show a greater luminosity than the rest. The ceaselessly beating heart will produce more fluorescence than any other part of the body. In short, the outlines of the different internal organs will be distinctly indicated on the screen. Thus, if the report be true, we may get a radiant picture of the interior man, the N-rays being the sole cause of this startling phenomenon. Whenever anything living is brought near the screen, the latter becomes fluorescent; dead objects cause the still lingering light to grow pale and finally to fade. Thus the screen shows the dividing line between life and death. The absence of light on the screen, when held over an apparently dead person denotes the extinction of life. At least Blondet and Charpentier believe that there can no longer be any uncertainty in cases of apparent death, if the body leaves the screen dark.

It is interesting to know that these two scientists had a forerunner in Austria. Just half a century ago, there appeared at Catta in Tubingen, and at Stuttgart a work called: "The Sensitive and his relation to the Od (or aura)". The author was a gentleman by name Karl von Reichenbach, Doctor of Philosophy and Master of Arts. In spite of the antagonism of many celebrated contemporaries and their ridicule, he maintained that man emits rays, or, as he puts it, "Man sends forth a light perceptible in total darkness only," and if many of his contemporaries failed to perceive these rays, it is because these rays can be seen only by people of great nervous sensitiveness.

As a scientist Reichenbach stands above suspicion. He had made a name for himself by discovering parafin and creosote, and other chemical substances. He received the honorary citizenship of his native town, Stuttgart, and was a member of the Academy of Sciences in Vienna. In spite of these qualifications, no one seems to have thought his experiments of any value. It is interesting to note that he found a certain chemist whom he won over to his views. In 1845, Berzelius came to Carlsbad. He had shortly before read in Stockholm, in Liebig's Annals, a treatise on "Sensitives and Od," by Reichenbach, and had invited the author to meet him at Carlsbad, for the purpose of making experiments. A certain young lady of good family, who was extraordinarily sensitive, was introduced to the scientists by the local physician. "I had" Reichenbach relates, "my pockets filled with a number of chemical preparations. They were

all wrapped in paper, without being marked. I spread these on the table, and invited our sensitive to touch them with the fingers of her left hand, without opening them. From the start, she told us that different packets affected her quite differently. Some, she said, produced no effect, while others made her feel as if her hand was drawn towards them. I again asked her to arrange these chemicals according to their effect upon her, to separate those which called the pulling sensation from the others. After this was done, I took the separated papers, and placed them before Berzelius. They were then opened, and, to the great astonishment of the author of the electro-chemical system, electro-positive substances were found arranged on one side, and electro-negatives on the other. Furthermore they were arranged according to the degree of power."

What had taken a century of ceaseless investigation to establish, a girl had discovered by the mere touch of her hand, guided only by feeling.

Unhappily, Berzelius died soon after, and so Reichenbach's only supporter was gone. But the latter went on with his experiments and told about them in print. He further maintained that all objects radiate the Od light, especially bi-polar objects, such as crystals, magnets and the like. To man he attributed polarity of the right and left side: the light of the right hand appears blue, and is cool; the light of the left is red and tepid. If we darken a room absolutely, and prevent the entrance of light altogether, and let a number of sensitive people stay together until they become accustomed to the darkness, they will be able to perceive their hands first as a cloud, and gradually in a more decided outline. From the fingers a radiation will develop, small at first, but gradually growing to a length of two or three inches. These lights likewise appear on the toes and the rest of the body. The head especially is surrounded with a halo, and the whole person is radiant. All strong, healthy persons have a great irridescence.

Some sensitives can see even by daylight, and those who are extremely sensitive can see the aura extending as high as the ceiling. Sensitives can see the luminosity of any object. Like flames covered with dancing sparks, these lights are seen to pour from crystals. From plants, blossoms and the pollensacs, the carriers of the reproductive force, a flood of light is seen to ascend. Water running

through a pipe is perceived by a sensitive as a rushing stream of light. Wood, if rubbed, has a mild red glow, like iron under the anvil. The air from bellows escapes like a luminous vapor. Liquids uniting in chemical combination become luminous throughout. The secrets of Mother Earth are revealed to our eyes.

A professor of chemistry, whose name was Schrotter, was one of Reichenbach's sensitives. He saw these lights hundreds of times, on glasses, cups and various other objects; for him a vibrating tuning-fork and a sounding chime covered themselves with clouds of light. Out of the mouth of the seer himself, the breath came as a sheet of fire, as also out of the mouths of those surrounding him; this reminds one of the Biblical prophets, who spoke with "tongues of flame".

The nature of this light is quite in accordance with the ordinary physical laws of light. It can be reflected by a mirror, or condensed by a lense, and polarised by a suitable arrangement. If sufficiently strong, it throws a shadow, and what is for our times the test of its genuineness, it can be retained on photographic plates. Half in bitterness, half in jest, Reichenbach observes: "Of all these phenomena our physicists and physiologists know nothing, and if we were to speak of them to these high priests, they would stop their ears and look away."

Let us not think that Reichenbach's experiments were inadequate; had he been mistaken, even his errors would have been of great scientific value. He describes vessels containing fluids as bathed in various hues of light; plants are particularly mentioned; the richest source of this light is vital activity.

Does not all this bring us back to the discoveries of Blondet and Charpentier? And are we not right saying that new is only that, which is well forgotten?

Reichenbach also observed the mechanical action of Od, and arrived to the conclusion, that spiritualistic table turning is an absolutely physical operation. He eagerly opposes those who professed scepticism, but did not investigate, being content to object in a vague way.

Amongst his sensitives, Reichenbach counts professors, engineers, secretaries of ministers and many gentlemen of rank.

Of course, one may say that the rank of the subjects does not

prove much ; in Europe we find rank among all dabblers in the Occult. But the fact that Reichenbach's sensitives were educated people, used to observation and analysis, is very important. He himself was no dreamer who plunged into the domain of the unknown to seek some worthless treasure ; he always stood on the firm foundation of verifiable science.

"If any member of the body be set in motion by the will, the corresponding nerve-center of the brain becomes more luminous than the rest. If our vocal organs be set in motion, and we speak, though only in a low voice, the screen near the vocal center will become phosphorescent. Mental activities passing through different ganglia can thus be localised. Formerly, mind-functions could only be localised by the removal of certain portions of the brain, a painful and horrible experiment practised on animals. Now the same thing can be done with the phosphorescent screen ; the various activities of feeling and of thought are recorded outside the skull by the appearance of light. We can well imagine a man wearing a cap saturated with phosphorescent chemicals, performing some bodily exercise, or working on some mathematical problem, or executing a musical composition. The cap will immediately reflect the action by radiating light in the region corresponding to the active brain-center. To the eye of the experimenter, the mind is a glass house, lit up by its own activity ; thoughts and feelings become visible acts."

The above paragraph may be taken for a synopsis of Reichenbach's written works, out of one of which we have borrowed and translated it. And the great value and importance of his labors is only enhanced by the fact, that in our days, so many years after the death of this courageous and brilliant man of science, other men of science, in a different country, have come to verify and confirm every word of his statements.

Theosophical students most certainly have ample cause to be glad not only because Reichenbach and Charpentier lived and worked and spoke the truth about some hidden sides of nature, but also because Charpentier actually needs less courage to make his words public, than Reichenbach used to need. The "high priests" of science, of whom Reichenbach speaks so bitterly, have grown, of late, much more curious, than of old, also much more open to conviction.

This surely is progress.

THE DEODAR AND THE STAR.

The deodar grew upon the Himalayan slope. Deep rooted, it shot up from the sheer side of the mountain, sprang into the thin, blue air as from the flank of some gigantic wall, spreading its untrammelled branches, lifting its gracious crown into the ether. At night, between those branches shone a star. In the daytime from the bird's nest near its feathery crown the crowding Himalayan spurs, range on range, were all to be seen. What is hidden from the eye of man is not always hidden from his thought; that thought, in day or night, ever discerned the star amid the branches of the deodar. Other stars clustered thickly in the skies and were descried through the deodar branches, those branches waving to and fro in the night winds, or lit by the lightnings, lashed by the hail, shaken by the thunders. Yet these stars seemed not—as did that other—to be a part of the deodar. That one distant, shining shape alone seemed to share the life of the tree from afar; seemed tethered, as it were, to the deodar by an airy, impalpable breath of the ether.

Now in the incomparable unity of Nature, it comes to pass that all things have a consciousness of their own, each to its own kind. Man the crown of the material universe, has said in his pride that he alone is possessed of mind. But here and there among the human race, some seer, some philosopher, some deep hearted thinker, some pure child soul to whom it is given to see with the spiritual insight, has seen that this is not quite true, and that to all created things consciousness has been given, as a gift of the spirit: that this consciousness, indeed, under innumerable modes and in undiscovered states is the spirit itself.

Hence the deodar had a consciousness of its own kind, and the star had a consciousness of the starry order and—children of Nature both—they comprehended one another and communed together, so that at night, if you held your breath, and stilled your brain mind—your human mind—and opened wide the inner valves of the heart, you might hear them speaking together thus:

“Star, my brother, shining on high among my starry kindred; what knowest thou of the night and the day?”

“Sister, O, Sister deodar, rooted in the warm earth-land and near, so dearly near to Man, the mystery, the mortal; knowest thou not that our long and constant wonder is concerning him?”

"And dost thou, brother, an immortal, concern thyself for mortals?"

"Knowest thou not that this mortal is the shrine and temple of the highest immortal, and that upon his perfection the universe waits?"

"Star, my brother, what thou sayest is too high for me. Year upon year have I reached up towards thy state, striving skywards, only to hear thee say that the wonder of Life is that which passes to and fro at my feet? Are not the gods above, with thee?"

"True, my sister. Yet these gods yearn each towards the human stage, which alone can complete divinity. Hast thou never marked how the night skies lean towards the earth and how low hang the watching stars?"

A sigh swept through the branches of the deodar.

"This have I often noted, and now thou hast shown me thy heart, brother, I, who am nearer to Man than thou art, I will keep watch and ward for thee and thine. Only do thou, in thy turn, give thy thoughts to me."

Thus the star and the deodar entered upon their compact, which was never broken. Many long years passed away, but what did they know of the divisions and subdivisions of time? Seasons changed; periods swept by. Men of many races passed under the deodar or rested in its shadow. Some felt distinct refreshment as they rose and journeyed on. But never one understood that the tree and the star yearned over him, or that each had given him of its life. Efflux on efflux the star sent down to the tree. Wave upon wave of earth's magnetic forces the tree sent upward to the star, and ever the basis of this interchange was Man and the helping of Man. All the lives of the earth, the jungle, the air, the mountains and the plain, as every angel and ministrant of the starry regions saw that living compact and interchange which was hidden from Man, who alone—as he thinks—knows; who alone is possessed of consciousness!

At length it befell that on the cold, clear night of a new century, the Planetary Spirit of the Earth and the Warden of the star passed that way, and saw shining through the night the broad opalescent pathway of force which was the visible sign of this union, linking the deodar to the star. The great Archangel smiled (O, rare, sweet smile!) to see it and, pausing, one said to the other:

"See what love of Man hath wrought."

"Aye," answered the greater Angel: "it is an instrument of the highest order. Shall we not use it further for the helping of Man? For now the tree and the star bestow life and the renewal of Life. But is there not a greater gift than that within their power? In this radiant stream of force a Savior of Men might well be born."

Then the Archangels communed together and passed on.

Shortly after there came to the house hard by the deodar a woman, young but embittered and already weary of the world. None the less weary was she because she herself had given hardness, frivolity and selfishness to the world about her, and now, as the hour of her trial approached, these weighed heavily upon her weary burdened heart. For within her body, as the hidden sound within a lute, stirred something as yet unborn; something potential; living, yet not alive and unconscious yet of destiny. All day she rested beneath the deodar branches, and in each of its spicy, sun steeped breaths, lives, tiny, unseen but aware, entered into her being, building and perfecting that potentiality she bore. At night the calm rays of the star penetrated her, enfolding the brain, steadying and cooling it; pulsing to the heart, sustaining and upholding it; making a path and a means for attracting higher thoughts and wider influences than any she had ever known since she had been re-born. And when at last the birth hour came, and the new instrument of the gods issued forth into the world of Man, those whose eyes were not sealed saw a ray shoot down from the star through the deodar and enter the heart of the babe. And there was joy on earth and in the heavens when the tree and the star thus crowned their joint work.

Not long after this, two events, one small and one great, took place. A tree, a deodar, fell during a night of storm, and soon crumbled away. And again, the men of science who search the skies, announced that a star had disappeared from among the heavenly bodies, falling when no one watched; perhaps in a meteoric shower. This was all that men knew. But those who "guard the home of Nature's order and do excellent things in secret", knew that the life of the deodar had passed into a human body; knew that the light of the star had become a human soul, and that one of those who are Saviors among men had been born into the world.

This was the reward of the deodar and the star; they had incar-

nated among the human race, by reason of their great love and their long service for that race; their alliance had made heavenly aid once more possible and contributory to the needs of men. For he who was thus born had ever the seeing eye and the outgoing heart. He was never shut out from the wider consciousness of Nature, but shared her inmost knowledge while yet he tenderly loved the world of men. And when, in after times, those who loved him—and these were very many—marvelled at his wide and deep comprehension, his unfailing knowledge and sympathy, he would smile and say:

“What wonder! My dear Mother cherished me under a Himalayan deodar, and I slept beneath the rays of a star; and sometimes I dream that these gave their lives to me.”

A VOICE FROM RUSSIA.

I have just received a letter from one of Mme Blavatsky's nieces, enclosing some recently published sayings of Count L. Tolstoi's. Parts of both the letter and the sayings I translate below for the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. First comes the letter: "It is only now that I realize how much your visit meant for me. You helped me in more ways than one. But I am so desperately lazy, that I cannot bring myself to exchange my accustomed position for a new one. . . However, here are a few thoughts of L. Tolstoi. To my mind this is pure Theosophy. The fourth quotation I have marked for you, as I think it is especially good. Don't you think, it is? What he says about love reminded me of what you wanted me to understand last summer. On the whole, of late, Theosophy *is* coming into our lives, not through Tolstoi alone, but through other younger writers also, even through some journalists. In little bits and ends, here and there it peeps through. The funny creatures! Obeying a bad old habit of theirs, they laugh at Aunt Lola [H. P. B.] and those who are like her, yet it never occurs to them, it is her thoughts, her teachings they now try to preach in their own way." Now for Count Tolstoi's sayings from which every reader will take what he can.

EDITOR.

When you try to cut a very hard log, at the first stroke the hatchet rebounds, as if the log was made of steel, and you think that you can not do anything, that you strive in vain. But strive again, and you will hear that the strokes sound softer. This will indicate that you have made a mark. A few more strokes, and the log will fall in two. This exactly represents the attitude of the world towards the truths of Christianity. Yet, how well I remember the time, when the strokes rebounded and when I thought that the thing was hopeless.

They say: "One swallow does not make spring." But because one swallow does not make spring, should the swallow, who already feels the coming of the spring, wait and abstain from flying? In this case, every bud, every blade of grass should wait also, and the spring could never come at all.

I have watched a lovely sunset. Clouds heaped up on each other, then a clearing, then the sun, looking like an irregular piece of red coal. All this behind the forest. In front a field of rye. I felt glad. And I thought: No, this world is not to be thought of lightly, neither is it a place of trial for people before they are transferred to a better world, which is to be eternal. No, this world also is one of the eternal worlds, which is full of beauty, full of joy, and which we not only can, but must make still more beautiful and joyful for those who live with us, and all those who shall live in it after us.

There are two ways to cognize the external world. The coarsest and the inevitable way is the cognition through our five senses. But by means of this cognition we could not build within us the world that we know, we could only build something chaotic, which would give us various sensations. The other way consists in cognizing one's self through love for this self, and, after this, in cognizing other creatures through love for these creatures: feel for another man through the power of your thoughts, feel for an animal, a plant, a stone even. In this way we cognize from within and build the world as we know it. This way is what is called the gift of poetry, it also is love. This is the re-establishment of the seemingly dislocated union between creatures. You go outside of yourself, and you enter somebody else. And thus you can enter the All. The All is to be united to God, to everything.

In every practical prescription of morality there is a possibility of clashing against other prescriptions which come from the same basis. Be abstemious:—Well, shall I abstain from food, and so make myself unable to serve my fellow men? Do not kill animals:—Well, am I to allow them to eat me? Do not drink wine:—Am I not to take wine as medicine? Do not resist evil by violence:—Am I to allow a man to kill me and others? Once a man sets forth to look for similar contradictions, it is a proof that he does not want to obey the moral precept itself. The old, old story! One is not to resist drunkenness, because some man needs wine as medicine.

From the common point of view, the death of children can be explained by the supposition that nature, in trying to produce some-

thing better than what already exists, sees that the world is not ready for it, and so takes it back. But in order to advance, it must try again and again. Swallows, who arrive too early, must get frozen, yet arrive they must.

But the above is the usual weak reasoning. The truly reasonable explanation is, that the dead baby came to perform a work God has appointed to him, he has helped to establish the Kingdom of God through the increase of love, and this in a greater degree, that many a man who lives half a century and more.

Love, love him, who gave you pain, whom you condemned, whom you disliked. Then all that hid his soul from you will disappear, and, as you see the bottom of a stream under clear, fresh water, you will see the divine essence of his love, and you will not need to forgive him, you could not forgive him. You will need to forgive yourself alone, for not having loved God in the man, in whom He was, and for not having loved Him because of your dislike.

AN OUTLINE OF THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

IV.

The Mystery of the Seven. The Hosts of Formative Powers.

SUMMARY.

At the dawn of Universal Day, faint lines of difference marking off the one Infinite Being into separate lives begin to appear. These lines of difference are gradually to become wider and wider, till at last, on the outermost, lowest range of life, the separate lives will appear quite isolated from each other, and quite isolated from the One.

But at first the lines of demarcation are so imperceptible that each one of these separated lives, each one of these doors to the inner majesty of the Infinite, appears almost one with the One Life, and almost possesses the fulness and power of the One Life. This pure and lofty state is shared by every separate unit of life at the dawn of Universal Day; and to this pure and lofty state each unit will return in the evening twilight, before the Universal Night. The purity of the dawn of Universal Day is the purity of unfallen innocence; the purity of the evening twilight is the purity of full knowledge.

Each unit of life in its lofty state, in the dawn, is closely united in almost unseparated life with every other unit of life: and each unit is endowed with the twin powers of Consciousness and Will; the power to perceive, and the power to generate perceptions.

The wills of these almost divine units of life, working in harmony, give birth to the rhythmic chains of images which make up the manifested universe. These chains of images are regarded as illusory because they take birth in the apparent separation of the really united powers of Consciousness and Will; and, as the cause which gives rise to them is thus only apparent and temporary, they are also only apparent and temporary, not eternally real.

But as the chains of images exist from the dawn to the evening twilight of Universal Day, they are temporarily real; and, with this proviso, we shall treat them as real in subsequent sections, discussing their forms and successions without further allusion to their illusory nature. The almost divine units of life produce the worlds by the activity of their wills, acting in harmony, and it appears that this

activity is in a mysterious sense sevenfold; that there are seven sides or modes of this activity; and that, consequently, the almost divine units of life may be said to fall into sevenfold groups. It is difficult to find any essential reason for this sevenfold division; but the following considerations may, at any rate, illustrate the idea. We have likened these units of life to the facets of a diamond; and if these facets are conceived as circular, that is, of a perfect, unmodified form, it will be seen that around each circle are grouped six other circles, making up with it a sevenfold group. If these circles expand so as to bring their circumferences into intimate contact, their mutual pressure will mould them into symmetrical six-sided figures, or regular hexagons; each of which will be surrounded by six other hexagons, making with it a sevenfold group; just as the cells in a honeycomb become regular hexagons. And each group being surrounded by six others, makes up, with it, a sevenfold larger group.

In this way we may conceive that the facets of the infinite diamond, by which we have symbolized the One Infinite Life, are forced by the necessity of their being into sevenfold, symmetrical groups; and that the almost divine units of life, formed by the first differentiation of the One, are driven by the same necessity to fall into sevenfold groups; and that, for this reason, their united wills which give birth to the chains of images and worlds are forced to act in seven modes, or to put forth seven-sided impulses of formation.

By reason of these seven modes of Will, the almost divine units of life are united in sevenfold hosts, or seven Formative Powers, the units in each of which are innumerable. The sevenfold mode of manifestation, which has its cause in the division of the One into seven Formative Powers, will be seen to reappear in every range and plane of life; and, further, will be seen to determine the division of manifested life into seven ranges or planes of perception; seven modes in which the Consciousness and Will of each unit and of all units confront each other. We shall have more to say of these seven ranges of life further on; at present we will return to the mystery of the seven. We have seen that one circle may be surrounded by six equal circles, making with it a sevenfold group; and that pressure will resolve these circles into sevenfold groups of regular hexagons, one of the three regular figures which will fill up plane space. Whatever number of regular hexagons be drawn, in contact, we shall

still always have each one surrounded by six others, thus making up a series of sevenfold groups.

This property of circles and hexagons is one reason for the repeated appearance of the circle, and the ratio of its circumference to the diameter, which is also the diameter of the inscribed hexagon, in the symbology of the fourth *Stanza of Dzyan*.

The other regular figures which will fill up plane space are the square and the equilateral triangle. The equilateral triangles when placed together fall into regular hexagons, and thus into the same sevenfold groups. If the square be represented by a cube in space of three dimensions, it will be found that cubes will similarly fill up that space in groups of seven, one cube in each of "the six directions of space, and one in the middle", in the words of the Stanzas.

It appears therefore that both plane space, or space of two dimensions, and solid space, or space of three dimensions, are filled up by sevenfold groups of hexagons and cubes respectively. We do not know whether this investigation has been carried out theoretically for other dimensions of space; but apparently the same law would hold true.

This is probably one reason for the use of the triangle, cube, and circle in that part of the *Stanzas* which deals with the modelling of the manifested universe in space.

Another cause of the sevenfold processes of manifestation seems to be this: let a point be taken to symbolise the beginning of manifestation; the vibration of this point will produce a finite straight line; now a finite straight line is an ellipse whose minor axis is zero; let this minor axis become a finite quantity, though still less than the major axis; we shall thus have three stages of manifestation: first, the point—an ellipse of which both axes are zero; second, the line—an ellipse of which one axis is zero; thirdly, an ellipse with unequal axes. If the axes become equal, we shall have that special form of ellipse which is called a circle, as the fourth stage; and the circle will pass back to the point through three similar stages, thus making the cycle of manifestation in a series of seven; namely: point, vertical line, prolate ellipse, circle, oblate ellipse, horizontal line, and point. This can be demonstrated very beautifully in a well-known experiment with two tuning forks at right angles, to each of which a mirror is attached; a beam of light falling on the first mirror being reflected

to the second, and thence to a screen. The point of light will go through the seven forms we have noted. It is impossible to fully explain this familiar experiment without diagrams; but it is well worth studying as an illustration of gradual permutations of form through seven types. These seven types are generated from three elements; the spot of light, the horizontal movement of one mirror and the vertical movement of the other.

In general three elements can be arranged in seven ways: the first three being each element taken separately; the second three being the elements taken in pairs; and the seventh being the three elements taken together. This is one explanation of the derivation of the Seven from the Three in the *Secret Doctrine*; as the Three were already derived from the One.

It is unnecessary to go further into the mysteries of these numbers; enough has been said to illustrate and in part to explain the division of the almost divine units of life into sevenfold groups, and Seven Hosts of Formative Powers.

V.

SUMMARY.

The Seven Ranges or Planes of Manifested Life. The Birth of Space. The Genesis of Worlds. The Seven Principles.

In the earliest and highest form of manifestation, of differentiated life, when the twin powers of the soul, Consciousness and Will—the power to perceive and the power to give birth to perceptions—have only received the first faint tendency to separate, nothing yet exists of objectivity but the latent power of Will to render itself objective, the latent tendency in Will, which is the generator of objectivity, to give birth to the perceptions, images, and sensations, which are to become the objects of Consciousness.

The hardly separated souls, in all of whom collectively this Will—the parent of objectivity—resides, are, as we have seen, grouped into sevenfold hosts of formative powers.

Of this first and highest range of manifested life it is impossible to say more than that in it spring up the first possibility of differentiation and the first possibility of objectivity, which are afterwards to become fully realised actualities in the lower and later ranges of manifestation.

On the second range of manifestation, we have this tendency to separation further developed and perfected; the tendency to separation widens the gulf between Consciousness the perceiver, and Will the generator of perceptions. This tendency to separation, this link between subject and object, is Perception; in virtue of which alone objects have any reality to consciousness. Perception is the link, the go-between, the messenger between objects and consciousness; this messenger brings to consciousness the message of the form, nature, and intensity of the objective existence perceived; and, as we have said, it is solely and only through the power of this intermediary that objects have any reality at all. In pure philosophy the existence of any object except in relation to consciousness, is utterly unthinkable; if for a moment it be thought possible to conceive of any object not in relation to consciousness, this very thought binds the object thus conceived to consciousness, and the idea that it can be conceived independently is a pure illusion. Absolutely the only test of the existence of any object is its power of being present to consciousness, and all objects are thus seen to be entirely dependent on, and subordinate to, consciousness.

Further, if any object should cease, even for an instant, to stand in relation to some form of consciousness, it is quite inconceivable that the link broken could ever be re-established. Objects, therefore, are absolutely dependent for their reality on consciousness; and they must, to preserve this reality, be perpetually related to some form of consciousness.

The link of relation is, as we have seen, the power or act of Perception, which "runs the errands" between consciousness and objectivity. In the second range or plane of manifestation, the difference between subject and object (which was on the first range merely a nascent tendency) becomes fully defined; and the triple powers of perceiver, perception, and perceived, stand apart from each other, each ready to perform its own functions. What is perceived, Objectivity, is still undifferentiated; it remains merely the potency to exhibit all forms of images and imaginings, which are to be defined as to intensity, expansion, and duration in the subsequent ranges of manifested life.

These potential images and imaginings have as yet neither form, nor colour, nor sound, nor solidity; but they have the germs of all

these, not yet separated. This potential Objectivity contains, in reality, the possibility of an infinite variety of perceptions and sensations, only a few of which, such as sound, colour, and form, we can realize, as only these few are related to our present existence.

In the third range, or plane of life, a new element is introduced. The germs of objectivity—which are bound by perception to the unit of consciousness (grouped, as we have seen, in sevenfold hosts)—meet with their first expansion through the element of varying intensity, generated by the eternal motion of ebb and flow which inheres eternally in the One Infinite Life, and which gives birth to the eternally repeated alternation of manifestation and obscurity in the One Infinite Life.

Repeated in each germ or potential centre of objectivity, as the tide of the ocean is repeated in the ebb and flow of each wavelet, this eternal motion was transformed into a tendency to perpetual waxing and waning of intensity; and this new element enters into each and every potentiality of perceptions, images, and sensations, which, as we have seen, adhere in the undifferentiated objectivity. In the sensation of sound this element corresponds to the increasing and decreasing loudness of any note, the tone of the note remaining, however, the same. In the sensation of colour this element corresponds to gradually increasing and decreasing brightness of any light, the colour of which meanwhile remains the same. This increase of brightness being produced, for instance, when a lamp is moved gradually towards, and then away from, the eye; the increase and decrease in brightness corresponding to an alternate widening and narrowing of the image of the lamp on the retina. Another aspect of this element of intensity depends not on the extent of the retina covered by an image, but on the strength or weakness of the vibrations affecting the same portion of the retina; and this is probably the simplest form of this element.

If a source of sound emitting an even note of uniform intensity be moved gradually towards and away from the ear, the sensation produced will be exactly the same as if the source emitting the note were at a uniform distance all the time, but of alternating intensity; the waxing and waning of the sensation of sound will in both cases be the same. Following out this line of thought, it appears probable

that from the waxing and waning of sensation, the idea of distance was originally derived.

If, therefore, we imagine each unit of life in the sevenfold formative hosts, receiving—from the separation of its twin-powers of Consciousness and Will—the power to generate and the power to receive impressions and images; and if we further conceive the elementary objectivity thus formed subjected to a rhythmic ebb and flow, we can figure to ourselves the gradual formation of an objective world containing the potentiality of every form of image, perception, and sensation; these images, perceptions, and sensations being infinitely various, and containing wide diapasons of objectivity which are at present unrealisable to us; further, each of these potential images, perceptions, and sensations possesses the possibility of waxing and waning intensity; and from this waxing and waning intensity the idea of nearness and farness grows up in relation to each image, perception, and sensation. The characteristics, therefore, of this, the third range or plane of life, are the varying intensity of the infinite range of perceptions, with the sense of distance and measure generated by this varying intensity.

(To be continued.)

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FLAME BEARERS.

There are those who, in the language of the Soul, are known as the "Bearers of the Flame." They are those who have snatched a spark, who have lighted a torch, it may be, from the Great Light of Love. They bear their light in hands of power, imparting its flame as they pass. Light after light is revived in their track; heart after heart awakens and throbs to wider needs than its own, enkindled by a divine vibration of Soul.

Yet if the Flame Bearer linger, should he seek to warm his own life at the flame he has lit, or to claim his share in its sweetness, then is his torch seen to flicker and to fail, darkened by the breath of his Desire. He is no longer a Flame Bearer, but is only one of the innumerable beings who clutch at the vibrating shadow which

follows the Light, as it escapes from Divinity, fleeing before the darkness which orbs the manifested worlds.

Consider with me the genesis of a flame. Vibratory tides sweep through the universe: some nucleus feels within itself the quickened action of universal forces. The centripetal and centrifugal going and coming intensifies: from this astonishing friction fire leaps forth: once lit, it may supply a world of lights, nor suffer diminishment.

So it is with heart light. Thou who hast felt the quickening Power of the Holy Ghost within thy heart; guard well that flame! The Power Divine may call upon thee to supply the need of thy brother, for whereat shall he light his light?

Yet do thou beware how thou givest the flame, lest some lower fire have a part of death in it. Desire of Self is that lower fire, having a breath of darkness. Wherefore, all you who have lighted a light, beware of turning its radiance to your own purposes, lest you invert the torch; lest you join the ranks of the death angels. Will you extinguish that which you lit in the life of your fellow man? Will you immeasurably retard your own mission from the Rulers of Life?

HOLY LIVING.

III.

Taoism and Confucianism are full of rules of life, so full in fact that it is almost an impossible task to condense them into any brief and characteristic synopsis that would enable them to be compared with the other rules here given. Out of many thousand aphorisms it is not easy to pick out the seven or eight salient ones. Perhaps the keynote of Taoism is *Moderation*. It is the exponent of common sense, the middle path in all things, the avoidance of extremes, and the inculcation of the simpler virtues. Confucius taught very much the same principle of life, and in addition laid special emphasis on the reverence and loyalty which was owed to parents and ancestors. There is less of the mystical element in the Chinese rules of Holy Living than in most others. That is the chief difference. The virtues inculcated are the same.

The less known ancient religions like the Chaldean, the Egyptian, the Aztec and others, so far as our inquiry has gone, teach the same principles, virtue, truthfulness, purity, unselfishness, industry, prayer. How even a prejudiced observer can any longer doubt the fundamental unity of all religions when stripped of dogma, creed, racial characteristics and the surface differences due to local conditions and environment, is only to be explained by the illogical and irrational turn of the average human brain. It is because they do not want to believe, not because of any lack of evidence or proof.

I have purposely left to the last our two most elaborate rules. One the precepts from *Light on The Path* and the other the teachings of the *New Testament*. Neither of these is easy to condense into short statements or a few rules. The Sermon on the Mount for instance, is a summary of ethical law. A condensation means that something is left out, but in order to avoid quoting three long chapters of St. Matthew, the following synopsis is attempted:

Be meek.

Be desirous of a spiritual life.

Be merciful.

Be pure of heart.

Be a peacemaker.
 Be not afraid of persecution.
 Be not angry.
 Be chaste.
 Be charitable.
 Be not boastful of spiritual excellence.
 Swear not.
 Do good for evil.
 Love your enemies.
 Forgive your enemies.
 Work for God, not mammon.
 Do the duty of to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself.
 Judge not lest ye be judged.
 Meditate and pray.
 Watch your own faults, not those of others.
 Cast not pearls before swine.
 Ask and it shall be given you.
 Follow the path.
 Beware of false prophets. By their fruits shall ye know them.
 Follow the Inner Light.
 Follow these sayings and be as a wise man who builds his house upon the rock.

These few precepts are all that any man needs for living a Holy Life. Like all great and wonderful things it is accordingly simple; so simple, so clear, so near to us that we pass it by for that very reason. We cannot believe that the inner light of the Soul is so close to us. Instinctively we search for it in remote and difficult places and so miss it. But it is always at hand, in our very hearts, more anxious to reach us than we are to reach it.

Theosophists have been defined as those who believe that by the development of some interior faculties it is possible to become "illuminated," to find out at first hand something about the mysteries of life. I like the definition and if we accept it, then the rules for Holy Living which have been presented are but different methods of attaining that interior illumination, which is the only true life. Of all the rules I know, that, which appeals to one most, which seems

to meet the requirements of our complicated modern nature better than any other, is the rule given in *Light on the Path*. It is really a rule within a rule, with a commentary to make it clear. The essence of the pursuit of a higher life, the flower as it were of all rules. The first four general precepts are so mystical in character that he who runs as he reads will not understand them. The numbered rules which follow are said in the book itself to be but variations of these four and the comments are further elucidations. Even so the book remains sealed to most readers and to attempt condensation of what is already so difficult seems useless labor. But to make a comparison possible with the other rules we have given, the effort is made with due apologies.

We have then the first four numbered rules:

“Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness. Before the voice can speak in the presence of the masters it must have lost the power to wound. Before the soul can stand in the presence of the masters its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart.”

These are brief statements of occult law giving the condition into which man must bring his nature, by arduous training and self discipline, before he can reach the first stages of the path to interior enlightenment. What that discipline and training is, is described in the numbered rules which had best be read in the book itself, but which may here be indicated briefly and inadequately as follows:

1. Kill out ambition.
2. Kill out desire of life.
3. Kill out desire of comfort.
4. But work, respect life and be happy as those do who live for these things. Seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it.
5. Kill out all sense of separateness.
6. Kill out desire for sensation.
7. Kill out hunger for growth.
8. Stand alone and isolated.
9. Desire the eternal not the transitory things of life.
10. Desire power to work with.

11. Desire peace.
12. Desire possessions, but only possessions for the soul.
13. Seek out the way, by all roads, steadily, persistently, ardently.

The second series of numbered rules refer more to the disciple who has made some progress upon the path of life, and need not concern us in our present inquiry, which relates to rules for beginners.

In the course of these papers we have presented rules from the three greatest known religions, Christianity, Buddhism and Brahminism; have indicated the Chinese methods, and have presented the two best known, purely mystical rules. Note the points of resemblance which are so strikingly manifest and if we search for the points of difference are we not equally struck by the absence of inherent and important divergencies. Differences in presentation we have in plenty, characteristics of race and time, but essentially these rules, one and all, without exception lay stress upon a few fundamental points.

If we had to phrase a rule with one word we would say:

Devotion,

as it seems to be the keynote of Holy Living.

If in two words we would suggest:

Purity and prayer.

If we were asked for a three-fold rule we would suggest:

Be pure of body.

Be pure of mind.

Be sure of soul.

A four-fold rule might be the following:

1. Purity of body.

2. Purity of mind.

3. Unselfishness.

4. Meditation or prayer.

A five-fold rule might be:

1. Right action.

2. Right speech.

3. Right thought.

4. Right work for others.

5. Right meditation.

A six-fold rule:

1. Purity of mind and body.

2. Conquest of desires and passions.

3. Self sacrificing work for others.

4. Love for all creatures.

5. Meditation.

6. Living in the eternal.

If we endeavor to take what appeals to us as best from all the rules and combine it all into one seven-fold rule we humbly submit the following:

1. Care of the body; cleanliness,
moderation in eating,
continence,
healthfulness, etc.

2. Care of the emotions; self control,
indifference to pleasure or pain,
patience,
forgiveness,
unselfishness,
love, etc.

3. Care of the mind; pure thoughts,
humility,
tranquility,
obedience,
faith,
concentration, etc.

4. Development of the will.

5. Work for others.

6. Meditation and prayer.

7. Practice of the presence of God, living in the eternal, union with the Divine, the claiming of our birthright as a God, or whatever phrase best expresses the idea of identifying one's self with the soul instead of with the lower personality.

This rule may be amplified to suit the special needs of each

individual, I have tried but to indicate its possibilities. I would that each of my readers would write it out, filling in under their appropriate headings such additional precepts as they require, and then make an earnest and sincere effort to follow it. If it is too long and too elaborate or too difficult for a beginning, select a simpler one, or compose an entirely new one from the data presented and give it a trial. "Live the life and ye shall know the doctrine."

ARYAN ORIGINS AND THE PRIMEVAL SAVAGE.

In discussing the question of Indian Chronology, and the almost inextricable confusion it had been thrown into by the conjectures of the first generation of Orientalists who were gathered round Sir William Jones and Thomas Colebrooke, these vitiated conjectures forming the basis for further conjectures by the second, the Indo-Germanic School, we were forced to dwell at some length on the cause of this confusion, the prepossession of the minds of our first Sanskrit scholars by the Rabbinical tradition of the creation of man and the world in the year "4004 B. C." It is worth while for anyone who doubts the all pervading influence of this tradition on the minds of the Calcutta School, to examine the first dozen numbers of the *Asiatic Researches*, and see how, time after time, the traditional dates of Indian Chronology are forced into accordance with "4004 B. C.," with a persistent assurance which shows that our earliest Orientalists, in perfect good faith, believed themselves in duty bound to lop and trim everything down to the measure of the Adamite tradition. To look at these old records is a curious study, and almost forces the belief that, in a hundred years hence, much that is now spoken of as the admirable result of modern scientific research may be set down to quite another cause, the myth-making power of the human mind, which is as strong now, though not so poetical, as in the old days which gave birth to the splendid imagery of Agni and Indra, or the Titan Prometheus, and the fable of the Golden Fleece. And it is only right that this should be so, for progress is the very life and soul of knowledge, and without change, without a giving up of old things, progress is impossible. The step in progress which was spoken of, with reference to Indian Chronology, was that by which for the old Rabbinical tradition was substituted a far deeper and more philosophical belief; which gave to the latest age of our world—that of sedimentation, by which the crust we know of was formed—a period of hundreds or thousands of millions of years, and to man a period of millions or even tens of millions; while the far vaster periods in which the worlds passed from infancy to maturity, in which was formed the first filmy outline of our earth from the starry stuff of the great solar nebula, (predi-

cated by Laplace,) in which the shadows of the infinite stars hardened into their first solidity, were left dim and indefinite in the vast unmapped regions of eternity.

If the first belief in the Rabbinical tradition of "4004 B.C." had been more fully examined, we might have seen how the chief blame lay, not so much with the tradition itself but with that myth-making power of the human mind to which allusion has just been made; which may be otherwise described as the turning of things into something else, which they are not, by clothing them with a vesture of fancies. The allegories of the making of the world are very similar in all religions; they contain much that is very philosophical and full of deep wisdom; much that is in harmony with our best knowledge to-day, and much, perhaps, which is at present out of harmony with our scientific views, but which we may in the future approximate to, by a natural process of progression. The fault, therefore, was not in the allegory, which must be interpreted according to certain rules of symbolism, not quite clear yet, but becoming daily clearer as the comparison of ancient religions becomes deeper and wider; the true fault lay with that myth-making faculty which makes out of one thing something else quite different, and which in this case made out of a philosophical allegory a sort of first reader in physics and zoology; and the date "4004 B.C.," deduced by a totally illogical process from a perhaps quite logical allegory, was forced upon us with the same assurance with which many a doubtful proposition is to-day and with which a dozen already discredited scientific theories were forced on us in the last fifty years. Now, the truer views of the tens of millions of years for the age of man and the hundreds of millions of years for the age of the world, (or rather for the age of the last chapter, the period of sedimentation, in the history of the world) can hardly expect to be free from the universal myth-making faculty of the human mind, any more than the views which preceded them. We can discern among them the shadow of a myth, already, in that curious being composed of the shreds and tatters of humanity, who lurks among all these millions of years and peers out at us like some wild, unfamiliar animal, to whom modern science has given the title of primeval man. If Adam, as the myth-making

faculty of Rabbinical tradition and ecclesiastical doctrine painted him, is the Scylla, which threatened to suck down and smother the true knowledge of the past, on one side, then primeval man, as the myth-making faculty of much of our science represents him, is the Charybdis which equally threatens shipwreck on the other.

It is not in the conception of primitive man as a step in the stair of human progress that the danger lurks, just as it was not in "Adam," the type of humanity, that the danger of the Oriental tradition lurked; but it is, in the one case as in the other, the false precision and definiteness, totally unwarranted by our knowledge, which forms the real source of danger. The beginning of this false precision in the myth of primeval man probably arose with Darwin's memorable "Descent" and "Origin of Species." Looking to the gradual change and unfoldment of the living world of forms around him, and particularly to the forms of man and certain man-like apes, whose physical form resembles man's, he was led to predicate the existence of some other form from which the two diverge. Just this far could true philosophical reasoning carry him,—and no further; but then the myth-making power stepped in, and gave preciseness where no preciseness was possible, and we were presented with an ape-like form from which, we were told, man had risen, while the facts of our knowledge would just as well have warranted a man-like form from which the ape had fallen back. But the speculation was too tempting for that side of the myth-making faculty which must have definite assertion and precise definition in regions where they are impossible, and the very same faculty which changed the *Berashith*—the "in the beginning"—of the Oriental allegory into the quite different proposition "in the year 4004 B.C.," changed the philosophical and logical belief in the vast antiquity and gradual development of man into a quite different and neither philosophical nor logical one, that man is descended from a monkey; the change from Father Adam to the ape had all the charm of novelty, but not, perhaps the solid satisfaction of truth. Our zoologists are fond of pointing to the fecundity of certain animals, and astonishing us by startling figures which show that, if unchecked, any single species would soon overrun the world. The same thing might be said of

myths, for their fecundity is hardly less; and as the myth of the personal Shiva, based on the universal tendency of regeneration through destruction, gave as his consort Kali and the sect of Thugs; so the myth of our ancestor, the ape, falsely deduced from the true belief in man's antiquity and development, has given us a whole series of others, from the *homo pithecoïdes*, and *homo alalas* of Haeckel, to the title-role of this article, the equally mythical primeval savage.

But to trace these mythical monsters to their lairs in the caves and jungles of mythopœia would be beyond the purpose of this article; we can only point to their influence in a more limited field, the study of human, and more especially Oriental and Indian, antiquity, and leave for another occasion the discussion of the process by which they were built up, under the influence of a false deduction, from the still scanty and fragmentary knowledge we possess of the savage races of mankind to-day. If the philosophical thought which gives to the life of humanity a period of millions of years, and which marks this whole period as one of gradual development or unfolding, be a true one, it seems that it carries with it an inevitable and inflexible corollary,—namely, that the earliest condition of mankind must have vanished millions of years ago, and that we can no more expect to find any true primitive man on the face of the earth, to-day than we expect to find the megatherium or the plesiosaurus in a modern forest or lake. If we have been moving away from primitive man for millions of years, we must have left him behind ages ago, and any attempt to find him to-day, living somewhere on the earth, is in the highest degree illogical, the pursuit of him must rank with search for the end of the rainbow or, more fitly perhaps, with the hunting of the Snark.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

We may understand Russia somewhat better, if we remember certain facts. First, that Russia is at once the youngest and the most populous of the white nations, having a hundred million children of pure Russian blood, besides some thirty million subjects of other races. This young, rapidly growing and already vast nation differs greatly in psychology from the Germanic nations, who are all for individualism; the Russians, like the rest of the Slavs, are all for collectivism, for common national consciousness, rather than keenly separated personality. This is the great truth to keep in mind, the clew through the labyrinth.

This universalist spirit, shunning keen personality, is the main-spring of many things in Russian life. It lies at the heart of Tsardom, of the absolutism of the Russian Emperor, who is rather the personification of the Russian race, than a personal despot, like the Kaiser, or not to be personal, like the ideal Kaiser of old Habsburg days. The Russian Tsars were elected by the voice of the nation; they did not fight their way to the front, like the Hohenzollerns, the Habsburgs, and the rest of the dynasties of western Europe. The Russian "despotism" is, therefore not only a historical but a psychological necessity, growing out of the very nature of the Russian people. If we understand it thus, we shall be less prone to rail at Russia's polity, because it is so different from our own. We shall see that it is different, because the Russian race is different. We may further see that it is really through the birth of widely different races, that humanity progresses, each race embodying something new of the many-sided heart of universal man.

The universalist spirit is also at the heart of Russia's religion. To be faithful to fact, we should have put religion even before policy, since they stand thus in the Russian heart. The teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, concerning the suppression of self, the crucifixion of egotism, exactly fulfill the unspoken ideal of the Russian nature, with its impetuous need of self-sacrifice in the interest of the whole; its fear of keen individuality, and its desire to escape from personal consciousness by merging the one in the many. Therefore the Russians take seriously the system of self-denial preached by the Sea of

Tiberias. It exactly fills the need of their hearts. Their imaginations go out to it; and the feasts of the church, commemorating the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, loom far larger in the Russian mind than seed-time and harvest, the seasons of the natural year. The genuine Russian mind is thus full of religious images and imaginings, and has the less power left to grasp the problems of material life. At the heart of this religious fervor lies the passionate desire to get rid of the burden of personal consciousness, personal hope and fear, by merging oneself in the life of others. This is one side of Christianity, and one may say that, to this extent, the Russian race embodies and realises a vital part of the teachings of Jesus.

The desire to merge oneself in others is the inspiring force in Russian literature and art. Indeed Tolstoi has erected into a formula the thought that "contagion of emotion" is the base of all art, and that the purpose of this contagion is, to bring about the consciousness of universal brotherhood. The power to merge themselves in others has made the works of the great Russian novelists of universal value. They have more, than all modern writers, been able to pass in imagination the barriers of sex, of difference of class, of difference of temperament. They have thus built up a psychology, penetrating and full of truth, with a literature beside which the best novels in the English tongue seem hardly serious: mere conventional representations of the little, narrow world in which the squire and the parson loom so large. The best French novels, which I greatly admire, have fine qualities of form and style and lucidity that no Russian writer rivals, unless it be Turgenieff. They have, further, a delicate sense of psychological truth, that puts them beyond comparison with the Anglo-Saxon novel. They have, most of all, a splendid artistic sincerity and self-sacrifice, which should put our commercial book-makers to shame. Yet, it seems to me, the French psychologists hardly transcend, or very rarely transcend, the lower side of our nature; they are not keen to see the "sparkles of everlastingness" that gleam in our human hearts. The great Russians, on the contrary, are full of the sense of immortality. Indeed, they seem destined to bring us back to a sense of the real purpose of literature, which we, with

our thirst for sensations, are prone to forget. The Russians will restore to mankind whole regions of feeling, of susceptibility and tenderness, of melancholy even, which we too often slight, thus making our life somewhat threadbare and thin.

I hold, therefore, that this new, young race has great gifts in store for mankind; gifts which, in the fullness of time, will be made manifest and intelligible to us all. But these gifts are in no way diminished by admitting that the Russian mind, so different from that of the Teuton, has also the defects of its qualities. I think that the universalist sense in the national feeling of the genuine Russian causes his race to bear heavily on the Poles, who are half Slav and half western European. The Poles should be the interpreters between the extreme Slavonic type of Great Russia and the Germanic West. They should have the hearty sympathy of both Slav and German. Instead, they are the victims of both. When the young Russian race grows somewhat firmer on its feet, and loses, with its childhood, that preoccupation by dreams which is one of the childhood's blessings, it will, I believe, recognize its true relation towards the Poles, and do greater justice to a gifted and chivalrous people. More recognition, too, of the inherent psychological difference of the Finns will become possible, and there also the quality of sympathy will overcome the defect of dominance.

In Russian's religion I think the same thing will be true. Take the question of the Jews. Let me begin by saying that no people on earth are more ready to make friends with the Jews, to take them on equal terms, simply and from the heart, than are the Russians of enlightenment and breadth. I have just read a story by that brilliant Frenchwoman, "Gyp," which contains more bitterness and misrepresentation of the Jews than I have ever known in any Russian heart; and one could say the same of Austria and Germany, the really anti-Semitic nations. At the same time, Russia still has the practical problem of the Jews to solve, and will, I am convinced, solve it in a generous and genuinely religious spirit. I believe that the Polish question, the Jewish question and the Finnish question are part of the growing pains of a new race, and that this strong young people will solve these questions in a fine and admirable way, as it comes to maturity and self-knowledge.

THE OUTLINE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

(Continued.)

This sense of nearness and farness is the first germ of what is afterwards to become the fully developed idea of space.

This plane, the third, counting downwards or outwards from the beginning of manifested life, has been called the plane of Sound, or plane of Æther; perhaps because sound by itself conveys to us no idea of space beyond that of nearness and farness, and therefore belongs peculiarly to this plane of life. It must not be supposed, however, that this plane is limited to the potentiality of producing sound, as we understand it; I think the truth is that it contains equally the potentiality of all perceptions, but in that form and quality that we are most familiar with in sound. This third plane, therefore, has the quality of intensity, of distance, of measure, which we apply to sound, as its dominant character; and may consequently be called the plane in which Sound dominates, or simply, the plane of Sound. It must be remembered, however, that it contains the potentiality of every shade of colour, as well as of every note of sound, and the germ of all other perceptions in the same way; these perceptions being limited to the single manifestation of intensity, of waxing and waning, and giving rise thus to the idea of distance and measure, the germs of space and reason.

The next plane or range of life, the fourth, counting downwards, introduces the element of reflection or consideration. If we conceive of a unit of consciousness, receiving the sensation of a gradually waxing and waning sound or light, which suggests the idea that the source of this sound or colour is gradually advancing and retreating from the point of sensation, and thus generates the idea of distance in a straight line; and then conceive the unit of consciousness to stand aside from the point of sensation, so to speak, and to view this straight line sideways; the conception of the straight line, with the point of view outside it, will at once give rise to the idea of plane space, or surface expansion. This idea of surface expansion thus induced from the memory or consideration of a sensation is the second step in the growth of the conception of space. Speaking gen-

erally, this surface extension is equally applicable to all the infinitely varied forms of perceptions, images, and sensations; but to our present form of existence it belongs especially to colour, or the element of fire, which is the source of colour. From the point of view of our present existence, therefore, this fourth range or plane of manifestation, which adds the conception of surface expansion to objectivity, is called the plane of Colour or the plane of Fire; the quality we are familiar with in colour or fire being its dominant quality; and fire therefore being spoken of as its dominant element. To this plane belong all plane figures, which are really the boundaries of spaces of colour. It is therefore the first plane in which form, as we understand it, has any existence, and therefore this and the lower planes proceeding from it are the Planes of Form; the three above, from which it proceeds, being Formless. As the sense of measure in the third plane is the first germ of reason—the measuring of objectivities by each other, so the standing aside and reflecting on sensation, which we have seen to belong to the fourth plane, is the first element of desire; for desire is the reflecting on past sensations, which generates the expectation of future sensations, and the longing for them which gives rise to passion.

The new element of the fifth plane, still counting downwards, is a second standing aside of the consciousness (if such an expression may be permitted), from the surface expansion of sensation which characterised the fourth plane. This standing apart from the surface sensation (which is really more correctly described as a pushing back of the sensation from consciousness), this generation of a point outside a surface, at once gives rise to the conception of capacity; of space of three dimensions; the conception of Space being thereby completed. Perceptions in this space of three dimensions become groups and bodies of images, which pass before and behind each other, according as one group or the other engages the chief attention of the perceiving consciousness. From this process, the ideas of motion, and of the alternate reception of sensation implied by motion, are generated; so that this fifth plane may be called the plane of motion in groups, of motion in space of three dimensions, which we connect with the expansiveness of air. More simply, therefore,

and in harmony with the classification of the two previous planes under the general names of sound and colour, or fire, we may call this plane the plane of Air, or of Heat, which causes the expansiveness of Air.

It contains the potentiality of every sensation expanded in capacity beyond surface extension ; but as this expansion is for us represented by aërial expansion, we may say that aërial expansion, or, more simply, air, is the dominant element of this plane.

The sixth plane, still counting downwards, adds the ideas of internal mutation to objectivity ; and this internal mutation in any given object may be described as molecular motion or growth. The idea of molecular motion or incessant mutation connected with this plane, has led to its classification as the plane of Water, as the molecules of water are perfectly free to move amongst and around each other. As incessant internal mutation partakes of the element of growth, this plane has been designated the sphere of internal growth or vitality.

The seventh plane, counting downwards, the last, adds to objectivity the idea of stability or solidity ; and from this point of view the phases of objectivity on this plane are called the most material, and the plane is classified as the plane of Earth ; the element earth in this sense simply connoting stability, steadfastness or solidity, in any image, and in the sensation that image gives rise to.

These two lowest planes are as varied in their potentialities as are the others ; but as they are more familiar to common experience, it is not necessary to describe them more fully.

These seven planes, these seven ranges or phases of manifested life, are seven modes in which consciousness confronts the seven potentialities of objectivity. Each one of these seven potentialities is subject to further expansion in sevenfold degrees, just as light expands into the seven colours of the rainbow, and as sound expands into the seven chief tones of the musical scale ; these sevens being further re-entrant, and capable of practically infinite sub-division.

These seven phases or ranges of manifestation are in fact the fields for the expansion of limitless potentialities of objectivity, linked to consciousness on each range by the power of perception ; and this

power, varying as it does on each range of manifestation, forms, as it were, a series of vehicles of consciousness, each with its own potentiality for every range or plane. We have, for simplicity's sake, considered objectivity only in relation to a single unit of consciousness; but as we have already shown, these units are not really isolated, but are bound into sevenfold groups, humanities and hierarchies, hardly separated at first from each other; and hardly separated from the One Infinite Life.

The wills, therefore, of these sevenfold hosts, acting collectively in each of the seven fields of objectivity we have described above, weld the potential objectivities into sevenfold groups and systems, harmonising with the division of life into hierarchies and humanities; and the original rhythmic impulse of ebb and flow acting on these collective objectivities imparts to them a circular, gyrating motion; which motion is destined in course of time to mould the collective objectivities into world-systems, sun-systems, and star-systems, corresponding in character to every range of manifested life.

These seven fields in which the potentialities of objectivity expand and develop before consciousness, and the seven modes or vehicles through which the perception of consciousness is exercised, are sometimes, for convenience, numbered in the reverse order, counting the latest and lowest as the first instead of the last. Let us summarise them:

The First and highest range of life is, as we have seen, a phase in which the twin powers of each unit of life are becoming separated; neither quite united, nor quite asunder. Each unit is further hardly separated from all other units, and hardly separated from the Divine. In this phase, the divinity of each ray or unit of life is hardly clouded by the awakening breath of separation and objectivity; the unity of life is as yet almost unbroken.

The First range of life, counting downwards, is the seventh plane, counting upwards; and the mode of Consciousness in it is the seventh principle, whose field is the seventh plane.

In the Second range of manifested life, the division of the one into three, perceiver, perception and perceived, becomes complete. Consciousness is linked directly to Objectivity by Perception, and

apprehends objects by direct knowledge. The unity of each with all and with the one is still clearly felt. This second phase, counting downwards, is the sixth, counting upwards; its mode is the sixth principle, or Soul, the vehicle of direct apprehension.

The Third phase adds to objectivity the element of varying intensity, illustrated by Sound; from this spring the sense of distance, and the ideas of measure and comparison. This third phase of manifested life, counting downwards, is the fifth plane, that of sound or æther, counting upwards; and its mode is the fifth principle, or Mind, the vehicle of measure and comparison.

The Fourth phase adds the element of reflection, consideration or memory, where consciousness regards objectivity from an outside standpoint, giving rise to the sense of surface expansion, or plane space. The memory and expectation of sensation forming the element of passion or desire. This surface expansion is typified to us by colour or Fire, for all surface expansion, as we know it, consists of spaces of colour. This fourth phase, counting downwards, is also the fourth, counting upwards; it corresponds to the plane of fire, and the principle of Will and Desire.

The Fifth range adds the idea of capacity, or extension in three dimensions, to objectivity. It is typified by Air, or the heat which expands air; it corresponds to the third plane, counting upwards, with its principle, the aerial body.

The Sixth range adds the idea of internal mutation or growth, and is typified by Water. It corresponds to the second plane, and principle, counting upwards, the principle of Vitality.

The Seventh and last phase, the first plane, or principle, counting upwards, adds stability or solidity to the object world, and is therefore typified by the element of Earth.

Each of these ranges being, as we have said, the field of infinite potentialities; to fully grasp them the powers of intuition and imagination must be used; for the mere logical sequence of terms is no more adequate to express them than the word "sky" is to express the blue firmament of heaven.

(To be Continued.)