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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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JULY 1913

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“OUT OF EGYPT HAVE I CALLED MY SON”

FOLLOWING the general idea that the civilization of Hellas had been inspired and developed in preparation for the work of the Western Avatar, it was suggested, in the meeting of the Branch whose debates have been in part recorded, that other sides of Grecian genius, such as the peerless purity of the Parthenon, or the great dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, might illustrate this inspiration, not less than the mystical philosophers like Pythagoras and Plato. An admirable illustration was drawn from the great trilogy of Sophocles, the three dramas in which the tragedy of the house of Œdipus is unfolded.

Just as the three parts of Dante's great trilogy, the Inferno, the Purgatorio, the Paradiso, mark the three great stages of the spiritual way: disobedience, penitence, bliss; so, it was said, the three dramas of Sophocles mark the three great epochs of defiance to the divine will, the suffering which leads to resignation and acceptance, and, thirdly, a perfectly consecrated obedience, even in the face of death. The theme of the Œdipus trilogy is contained, it was said, in the closing words:

Man's highest blessedness,
In wisdom chiefly stands;
And in the things that touch upon the gods,
'Tis best in word or deed
To shun unholy pride;
Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
And so to grey-haired age
Teach wisdom at the last.

To put it in another way, the point was, that this old Athenian play teaches a characteristically Christian lesson: purification through suffering.

The trilogy begins with the defiance of the gods by the parents of

Œdipus, and the consequent sin of Œdipus and Jocasta, begun in ignorance and continued in defiance which mocked the divine powers:

Now, oracles of gods,

Where are ye now . . .

“Ha! ha! why now, my queen, should we regard
The Pythian hearth oracular, or birds
In mid-air crying?”

At the moment of apparent triumph, Œdipus exultant exclaims that the oracles are overwhelmed in Hades. Jocasta answers:

Why should we fear, when Chance rules everything;
And foresight of the future there is none;
'Tis best to live at random, as one can.

But the blow of the gods falls, and, at the end of the first play, Œdipus wanders forth, blind and a beggar, over the earth, accompanied by Antigone his daughter.

The second play of the trilogy, '*Œdipus at Colonus*, the action of which is laid several years later. Notice the growth of the soul of the blind and exiled king, who has passed from defiance to resignation and acceptance. Œdipus thus makes confession of his faith:

I have learnt contentment; chance and change
Have taught me this, and the long course of time,
And the stout heart within me.

Besides contentment, he has learned reverence:

I am come, as sacred, fearing God.

Acceptance and reverence make it possible for Œdipus to become an agent for the divine powers. The second play closes in mystery. Œdipus, about to die, enters a sacred grove. There, holy ones meet him, and he is “changed”; he does not die the death of all mankind.

Antigone, the last of the three dramas, depicts a mortal completely obeying the divine will, though that obedience brings disgrace and death. Creon, the self-righteous ruler, has issued an edict, which commands the violation of a sacred duty, universally accepted throughout Greece. Antigone refuses to obey the edict, though she knows that destruction will be the result of her disobedience. Creon asks:

Thou didst dare to disobey these laws?

Antigone answers:

Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.

They are not of today or yesterday,
 But live forever, nor can man assign
 When first they sprang to being.

Antigone passes to her death, refusing to disobey the law of heaven for the laws of earth,

Revering still the laws of reverence.

In all this, it was suggested, we may see a foreshadowing of the Christ's teaching of obedience, and his sacrificial death; a foreshadowing, not so much in the sense of a vague anticipation, as of a defined and conscious effort made, by the spiritual powers behind the scenes, in preparation for the coming of the Western Avatar. It was further suggested that we might, in a sense, identify these spiritual powers with the inspiration of the Egyptian Lodge. Which brings us again to the sources of Greek philosophy, and the great leaders who, like Solon, Thales, Pythagoras and Plato, acknowledged their debt to the Egyptian wisdom.

Concerning Pythagoras, this may be added: Apulius Floridus declares that Pythagoras, having of his own desire sought for Egyptian learning, and acquired from the priests of that country a knowledge of their religion, of the wonderful powers of numbers and of the best theorems in geometry, was not yet satisfied, but of his own free will visited the Chaldean Magians and even the Brahmans of India, among whom he particularly attached himself to the sect of the Gymnosophists [Sannyasins]. Now the Chaldeans, this writer continues, have a knowledge of constellations, of the regular revolution of the planets, and can tell the various influences of the heavenly bodies on the birth-fates of men. They have also collected, with great effort, from earth, air and sea, medicines for curing people's diseases. But the Brahmans contributed much to his views of philosophy, such as what could be taught about the mind and the training of the body, how many powers the mind has, how many changes of life we undergo, and what are the rewards and punishments dealt out to each, according to his merits, by the gods of the nether world.

It is recorded that, a century and a half after the death of Pythagoras, a leader among the disciples of his school, Philolaus, met Plato the philosopher in Sicily, at the court of Hiero of Syracuse, and gave him notes of the esoteric teaching of the Samian sage. It may well be that these notes contained among other things, the knowledge of reincarnation and of "the rewards and punishments dealt out to each, according to his merits, by the gods of the nether world," that is, by the occult laws of Karma; the "nether world" being the phrase generally used, in Greece and Rome, for the "hidden world," as it was called in Egypt, the world behind the physical veil.

The Egyptian esoteric tradition taught that Osiris, after his sacrificial death and resurrection, became the judge of the dead in the hidden world, meting out to them rewards and punishments according to their merits. India had exactly the same teaching, Yama the king, who first accepted death for mankind, being there the lord of death and the judge of the dead. But, whether this teaching came to Pythagoras from India or Egypt, or both, and whether or not it was transmitted by the Pythagorean disciple Philolaus to Plato, it is certain that Plato, in the tenth book of the *Republic*, gives a wonderful account of the same teaching, in which the occult doctrine is but slightly veiled.

As great stress was laid on this by the Branch whose doings we record, it may be wise to refresh our memories as to Plato's teaching. He recounts to us a tale of a hero, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth, who was slain in battle and on the twelfth day returned to life, and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when the soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; they also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs; which is the way in which Plato indicates what, in India, would be called "Karma of demerit."

Then Er the Pamphylian beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth, dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven, clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon, they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival, and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth, which journey had lasted a thousand years; while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. For every wrong which they had done to anyone they suffered tenfold; and for righteousness there were blessings as great.

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven

days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and, on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see from above a line of light, straight as a column, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in color resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer. Another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the chains of heaven let down from above; for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and, mounting a high pulpit, spoke as follows: Hear the word of Lachesis, daughter of necessity. Ephemeral souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and, as a man honors or dishonors her, he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser. God is justified.

When the interpreter had thus spoken, he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself, to whom this was not allowed; and each, as he took the lot, perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal, and of men in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty, as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors, and some who were the reverse of famous, for the opposite qualities. And of women, likewise. There was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. But there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty and disease and health; and there were middle states also.

And here, says Plato, is the supreme peril of our human state; therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn, and may find someone who may make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things upon virtue; he will then look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all

these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an invincible faith in truth and right, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and other like iniquities, he do irremediable wrong to others, and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the middle and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this, but in all that which is to come. For this is the way of happiness.

So far Plato. Such were the preparations made in Greece for the coming of the Western Avatar. It was then suggested, and this was one of the most noteworthy things said at these Branch deliberations, that, great as was Plato's inspiration, Plato was not free from responsibility, in the general break-down of the plan, which we know took place. Greek culture fell to pieces; in morals, corruption; in mental life, levity and purposeless, fruitless dissipation of energy; in political life, mean ambitions and servility: the tree of Greek civilization began to rot. Plato, then, was in part responsible. In what way? In this way, as it was suggested: That he violated an age-old law of spiritual life, in giving out so lavishly the substance of the mysteries, without enforcing a previous moral discipline. In Egypt, as we saw in the life of Pythagoras, the occult teaching was imparted only after long training and tests of great severity. In India, the same thing: the hidden wisdom was taught only to pledged disciples. No doubt the spiritual preparedness which resulted from this did much to make the Avatar of Siddhartha the Compassionate as splendidly successful as it was.

But this too generous distribution of the things of the sanctuary to the profane, working with other forces of demoralization, brought the Greek culture to ruin, and forced the Western Avatar to fall back on the second line of preparation, which had been laid in Palestine through the aspiration and sacrifice of the Hebrew prophets. There were possibilities here, of zeal and earnestness, to set off against the intellectual levity of the Greeks; there was a rigid keeping of the law, as against Greek laxity; in the hearts of the few, there was a real hunger and thirst after righteousness. There were possibilities, therefore; there were also grave dangers: zeal became fanaticism; the narrow worship of the law was never far from materialism; national ideals merged into national bigotry. So the great adventure was undertaken. Was it a success, a failure? Has it been reserved for our day to decide whether, even at the eleventh hour, the superb courage and devotion which undertook the great adventure may wrest seeming failure to supreme success?

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

VII

DEAR FRIEND :

HAD I been able, I would have wished to have answered your good letter without this delay, but the past weeks have been very crowded and it is only now that a free hour has come to me.

You ask me of the summer: of the three long months before you in which you are to have the rest and leisure you have so well earned and so long desired. The gladness of your letter was contagious,—I wonder if we begin to realize what happiness we give to others simply by being happy,—and truly rest and leisure are precious gifts; so precious that their custody must sober as well as gladden us. To what use are you to put them? Into what are they to be transformed at your hands? This is what you ask of me. But it is you who must give the answers, and few questions are more searching. To what do we turn, when we are free to turn where we will?

It is so long since you have had a real holiday that perhaps, as your letter says, you can hardly imagine how it will feel to be without the "daily grind." It is an illuminating experience; and humourously humbling in its unexpected self-revelations,—if we have been judging of ourselves, as so many men do, by the appearance of our lives as we see them reflected in our outer acts. For the mirror of our daily actions reflects both more and less than ourselves; more, because the reflection includes necessity, which we confuse with our own will; less, because it shows us only the surface. But to know the personal self as it is, I commend you to the experiment of watching it through a summer's leisure.

I warn you it will not gratify your vanity. The French, the wisest of all nations, have a law prohibiting offenses against human dignity. I should hate to have some logically minded and conscientious executive move, under it, the abolition of all holidays. And yet I think he could make out a pretty good case. For of all the lesser demons in our nature, the most beguiling, delusive, tricky, mocking, malicious enemy of human dignity is that special demon who waits for us at the door of leisure and smiling offers himself as our guide in the quest for rest. It will take all the resolution you possess to deny him, and much more than you possess to prevent his walking by your side, despite your denial, and telling you pleasantly of the much shorter and more attractive road which he could show. If you speak to him of me he will doubtless tell you that he knows me well and was many times my guide on just such little trips as yours. But he will not tell you of how he robbed and

cheated me, and stole every shred of self-respect from off my back, and brought all his companion demons to jeer at my nakedness, and finally left me in a quagmire. That he did leave me there, at least for a time, has made me think kindly of quagmires from that day to this. Beware of him I beg of you. And do not believe him when he tells you that no holiday can be really such without him; that he is in fact the very angel of rest. He is a demon and a liar, and, alas, the hereditary idol of the tired man. His surname, by the way, is Negativeness, and his first name, I had almost said his Christian name, is Relaxation. He commands the entire tribe of the Inertias.

“What?” I can hear him say to you, even as you read this, “are you to work all the time? Or does he want you to imitate those restless harried spirits that are never content unless they are ‘doing something,’ and who spend their precious leisure hurrying madly from one pleasure to another, till they return to their proper work more exhausted than they left it? Are they guides to be compared with me? What do my very names mean if not that delicious stillness, that ‘letting go’ of all the tense strain, which is rest personified? How better can you gain the quiet calm you need for your best work than by following where I will lead you?”

So he talks to us. And it is rather clever of him to bring in “those restless harried spirits who are never content unless they are doing something,” for in truth they are those who are most completely under his dominance,—dried leaves which he has sapped till they are blown here and there by every passing gust of interest. You know that this is anything but my wish for you. And as for what his names mean, let me see if I can show you,—show you them in yourself, as they exist in all of us, and reveal themselves in our times of leisure.

Day by day, under the firm guidance of duty and the pressure of circumstance, we have gone about our work; compelled to put self aside, compelled to maintain a constant level of endeavour and achievement which has taxed our utmost capacities, but for which, somehow, somewhere, we have had to find the energy and strength. And because they had to be found we found them. We have been driven by necessity to reach into the depths of our nature and to tap latent springs of power which our unaided wills would never have uncovered. With this power has come inspiration. Our minds have been tired, we thought, but into them the very pressure which has tired us has poured a flood of ideas, a thousand suggestions of things which were crying out to be done, and which it seemed to us we could and would do, if only we were not so driven, if only we had the time.

Then suddenly the pressure ceases, the compulsion is removed. The time is given us; and we are free to spend it and ourselves as we will. It is our great opportunity. But what do we do with it?

What most of us do is to go to sleep. You remember the old lady who was so busy she had forty different things to do,—one of which was

to take a nap. She took it; and so do we. And if we were really to sleep and wake again, it would perhaps be the wisest thing which we could do. But instead of this we listen to the demon Relaxation. We pick up a book in the evening, and he whispers to us that at last we are free to read. And so, though it has no bearing on what we had planned and purposed, and is little more than an opiate which we in no way need, we read it. And as it grows late and we begin to think of bed and sleep, again the demon whispers to us of the luxury of reading as late as we choose, with no thought of having to rise in the morning until we want to rise. So we continue to read. And in the morning, when we wake, the demon is right beside us. How pleasant to lie in bed, to stretch our limbs, and turn over and sleep again! And so we lie, half dreaming, half waking, through the best hours of the morning,—waiting as a friend of mine once told me was his Sunday habit, until we are hungrier than we are lazy, and our hunger gets us up with no effort of our own.

Surely you must recognize the picture, and see its significance. Even of our sleep relaxation cheats us, substituting for the deep dreamless sleep of night, which brings new life to mind and nerves and body, the negative dozing through the morning hours, which tires one part of us even while resting another, and from which we rise, heavy and languorous, to do futile, purposeless, time-killing things until another day has slipped behind us, and left us as tired as before. And when day after day this cycle has continued, and conscience makes us restless at our constant procrastination, so that we are shamed into beginning some of the work which we had planned, we find that the whole level of our energies has lowered. The ideas which crowded upon us when under the greater pressure of our work, now seem to have deserted us, and will not return at our call. The will which before would watch for and seize a spare twenty minutes as a heaven sent opportunity to write to a friend or to add some pages to a manuscript, now impotently faces hours of idleness. Our thought is fragmentary, scattered, unconcentrated. Our writing, and endless rewriting as our hesitating purpose turns back upon itself, is fit only for the waste basket to which it is destined. Relaxation and negativeness have worked their work upon us, the mire has us by the heels, and the climb back to the higher levels from which we have descended is long and hard. But one thing it teaches us: the debt of gratitude which we owe to the compulsion we have resented, the high services which duty and necessity render us day by day.

Sometime, when you have had your holiday, I wish that you would write of its psychology, putting on record your own experience, and making of it a text for the discussion of socialistic Utopias. If I remember rightly you were inclined to resent my allusion to them as schemes for making every man a corner loafer. But don't begin to write until you have tried it for yourself, and know just what the temptation is, and how much of resolution is required to stand against it.

But here I have been writing all around your holiday when I had meant to write upon it. And if I am not careful you will be writing back to me that the logical consequence of all I have said is that you should abandon it, and take on another man's job in addition to your own. Away with logic if that is its consequence. It has been a coward from the beginning of time. Go forth into your holiday and learn to do for yourself what, in his infinite compassion, the Master has till now caused necessity to do for you. Grapple with the demon, and throw him to the ground, and bind him hand and foot with his own forked tail, and beat him with your rule until he begins to roll. Then you will see him transformed before your eyes; for thus are the Inertias transformed into Momentum.

I think you have planned wisely in deciding to spend your full time quietly in the country. You are fortunate to have such a place to go to as the little hill-side farmhouse that you describe to me, with the lake at your feet and the mountains beyond. You should be able to rest there,—and you need rest, not the rest of relaxation, but the rest from within. Sleep much. It is the best of all forms of rest, the most positive and the most life-giving. But take it early, and grow acquainted once again with the freshness of the morning. There is a world of difference between the sleep we get before dawn and that which comes after it. Something in us wakes with the waking day and chafes itself to feebleness at long imprisonment in the continued inertness of the sleeping body. It is well worth while, when the chance is given us, to attune the currents of our personal lives to the great breath of nature's day. Many times you and I have shared in the Earth prayer which rises in the hush of sunset. But how long is it since you have known the prayer of dawn,—the adoration with which life meets the rising of the sun?

Seek rest in beauty. It is strange to me how seldom men think of the importance of the sources from which they draw their rest. We are empty: with what are we to be filled? What is the character of the new life which is to be poured like water into our empty selves? "The mind is dyed the colour of its thoughts, its leisure thoughts; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If this be true day by day, its truth is most obvious in our hours of rest. For it is then that the subtle substances of the vesture of mind and feeling are being most rapidly replaced. At those times we recreate the veils through which we are to see; and, more than this, we are drawing into the dynamic centers of our life the powers we are to use. According to the nature of our present rest is the nature of our later acts.

So again, I say, seek rest in beauty. Learn to look for beauty that you may rest in it, and gain the eyes to see it always. You will remember the passage from the *Speculum Animæ*: "What, I think, we have to realize, as a certain and most important truth, is that the soul of man is a microcosm, having affinities with all grades of being from the highest to the lowest; and that the rank of the individual soul, of our own self,

our personality, is determined by the things we are interested in, by the things we love. What we love, that we see; and what we see, that we are. There is no escape from this law. Where our treasure is there will our heart be also. It is of no use to fill our days with work which we consider useful, if the moment that the tension is relaxed our minds fly spontaneously to thoughts of money, ambition, self-indulgence, or some favourite frivolity."

"The light of the body is the eye. If your eye be single your whole body shall be full of light." We can see the significance and the truth of this. But the eye is not single save as it is trained. And even in the outer world we have to love beauty in order to see it. Then we find it compassing us about on every hand.

As I write, my mind goes back over the years to a day when beauty was shown me as it was seen by one I loved,—beauty which day by day had surrounded me and which I had dimly sensed and as vaguely loved, but never till then really seen. The little ferns in the crevices of the rock; the clouds wreathing the mountains, or beginning to rise and veil them,—as a woman may draw her hair about her face, was the simile in my own mind. But to my friend it spoke of the mystery of the great of soul—of the way the heights of a great soul must always be half hidden from the world,—veiled by the melting snows of its own purity in the sunlight of compassion. I remember, too, two little flowers of the field, so small, so like the others, I would have passed them by, had not my friend called to me to look at them: "They are like angels—there is such adoration in their little faces." And when I had been shown it I could see it. I could see, too, the grace and beauty of the grasses,—growing tall at the top of the bank; the stateliness of a roadside blossom upon its slender stalk; and the sureness of the bee's poise over its marvellous delicacy. There was the glint of running water, the aspiration of poplars against the blue of the sky, and the sunlight, lying on the fields in stillness.

All these things I could see—when they were shown to me—and know that somehow I had always seen them, always loved them, and drawn life and rest from them; though never before had I seen them with eyes which really saw. The day stays in my memory as an ever continuing prayer; as a symbol of our nearness to the Master in the beauty which he loves. And when I grow tired, here amid walls of brick and stone where there are no crevices in which ferns grow and lizards creep, I think of it and rest in it. It is such rest as this, rest which renews itself throughout the years, which I pray this holiday may bring to you.

Yet much as I wish rest for you I wish achievement more. Indeed rest is like happiness. If we seek it too directly it eludes us. But if we cease to think of it, and do rightly the simple duties which lie before us, it comes to us of its own accord. There is no greater mistake than to think duty leaves us when it changes its accustomed form,—though it is a mistake we constantly make. There is always one best thing to

do in each hour and moment of the day or night. And that best thing is our duty. We must be ceaselessly watchful that we do not pass it by. Without its guidance we are lost: masterless vessels adrift in an open sea. And when it seems to have deserted us, it means that we must look for it on some higher plane. There are duties of the heart as well as of mind and of body. There is the work of prayer as well as of thought; the duty to receive as well as the duty to give. It is this inner work of prayer, of meditation, of opening the heart to the sources of its life, and of attuning the will to the Master's will, which is the peculiar work of the summer. It is as much a duty as is the active outer work of the winter. The two are but the two poles of the one process: two halves of the single cycle that makes the year.

We are wise to follow this cycle, not only through the year but through each day, making of each a year in miniature. Just as in the active work of winter we lay aside certain hours for meditation and for prayer, that we may keep the sources of our inspiration open and receive the guidance for what we are to do,—so in the days of our leisure, we should set aside certain hours for active outer work, for writing or for study. We can never be content in idleness; and we reach quickly the limit of our power to receive when we close the avenues by which we give. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any man is a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man who observeth the face of his birth in a mirror; for he observeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh unto the perfect law, the law of liberty, he being no hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing."

So, in the months before you, look deep into "the perfect law," the law which makes us free. And seeing there as in a mirror "the face of your birth"—of that "new birth which cometh from above" and without which no man can enter into the kingdom of the Heavens, recognize it as the man God meant you to be—the man which in the inner world of the ideal you already are. Then express that man, outwardly as well as inwardly. Record your vision as a rule of life, and translate it into daily, hourly, instant action. Plan your days upon it, and adhere to that which you have planned.

Does this mean that you are never to play? Never to follow the spontaneous prompting of the hour? You cannot so misunderstand me. Play by all means. But plan for play, and take it positively not negatively. Be spontaneous. But let the springs of spontaneity flow from the heights. And when I say plan your play, do not think it means that having planned tennis, for instance, you must insist upon doing that when your companion wishes to golf instead. But I refuse to insult your understanding further by telling you all I do not mean.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

SHANKARACHARYA'S CATECHISM

III

BODIES TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL

Such is the group of four Attainments, or Instruments; through them, men gain the power to discern Reality.

WE must live the life, we must do the will of the Father, before we can know the doctrine. Before we have gained the moral and spiritual qualities included under the four Attainments, it is impossible for us to discern Reality. One of the deep-seated delusions of our time is the general conviction that truth may be gained through the mind, through the intellect alone, whether it be the truth of science or of philosophy. Teachers like Kant, who tell us that the intellect, so far from revealing, conceals the truth; or like Bergson, who shows that knowledge of reality comes, not through the intellect, but through the will, are of the utmost value, because they point the way to the vital truth, that we must live the life, before we can know the doctrine.

Here is another expression of the same law, from a different angle. It is taken from *Letters That Have Helped Me*:

"If you were now fitted to become an accepted chela, you would of yourself know how, where, and to whom to apply. For the becoming a chela *in reality* consists in the evolution or development of certain spiritual principles latent in every man, and in great measure unknown to your present consciousness. Until these principles are to some degree consciously evolved by you, you are not in practical possession of means of acquiring the first rudiments of that knowledge which now seems to you so desirable."

If at this point the question arises in the mind of one who reads: what, in sum, are these means, these four Attainments, without which progress on the path cannot even be begun, it must be answered that they can be really known in one way only: by acquiring them; by fighting for them and conquering them inch by inch. This is what life will compel us to do, whether by the slow way which the bulk of humanity follows, or more rapidly, if our aspiration is strong enough to arouse the sleeping life-force in our inner selves.

It would be wholly consistent, if this little Catechism of wisdom, having enumerated the qualities needed before practical learning can

begin, were to let the matter rest there, and say no more. This is, in fact, what life does, for there is no real learning, no discerning of the Real, until these qualities are gained. But there can be an unlearning of the unreal; and this is of the utmost importance.

The truth is, that our minds are so restless, so vain, so full of prying curiosity, that, whether we consciously wish it or not, they are ceaselessly forming systems and views of life, and these views presently begin to constrict us, and react upon our moral and spiritual life, checking the growth of the very qualities which would make true knowing possible. It is a question, therefore, of giving the mind a bent which shall be as little harmful as possible; which shall be even helpful; and this the Vedanta does, with wonderful lucidity and cogency, so that the mind is made to serve the soul, instead of thwarting it.

This little Catechism of wisdom goes on, then, to sum up the conclusions of Vedantin thought, with limpid clearness and lucidity. After enumerating the powers, by gaining which we begin to be able to discern Reality, the Catechism asks:

What is the discernment of Reality?

The answer follows:

That Atma, the Self, is real Being; that everything other than Atma, the Self, is delusive.

This is the truth which is contained in the more familiar words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The divine spiritual consciousness, which comes through obedience to the divine will, is the only good; every other mood, which comes through waywardness and self-seeking, is the dust and ashes of Dead Sea fruit.

The Self, the divine consciousness, is the goodly pearl of the merchantman, "who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* has a beautiful passage of like import:

"This is Atma, the mighty Self unborn, who is consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where rests the ruler of all, the master of all, lord of all. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of all beings. This is he whom the followers of the eternal seek to know through scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil toward others. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages."

The *Bhagavad Gita* adds this:

"Know That to be imperishable whereby all this is stretched forth; and none can cause the destruction of the everlasting.

"These temporal bodies are declared to belong to the eternal lord

of the body, imperishable, immeasurable; therefore fight, O son of Bharata!

"He who sees him as slayer, or who thinks of him as slain, both understand not; he slays not nor is slain.

"He is never born nor dies, nor will he, having being, evermore cease to be; unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain."

In the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, Shankaracharya himself speaks thus:

"There is a certain selfhood wherein the sense of 'I' forever rests; who witnesses the three modes of being, who is other than the five veils; who is the only knower in waking, dreaming, dreamlessness; of all the activities of the knowing intelligence, whether good or bad, this is the 'I';

"Who of himself beholds all; whom none beholds; who kindles to consciousness the intelligence and all the powers; whom none kindles to consciousness; by whom all this is filled; whom no other fills; who is the shining light within this all; after whose shining all else shines;

"Here, verily, in the substantial Self, in the hidden place of the soul, this steady shining begins to shine like the dawn; then the light shines forth as the noonday sun, making all this world to shine by his inherent light."

Then the Catechism, in order to make clear the being of the Self, picks up the thought of the *Bhagavad Gita*: "These temporal bodies are declared to belong to the eternal lord of the body":

What is Atma, the Self?

He who stands in contrast with the physical body, the finer body, the causal body; who transcends the five veils; who is witness of the three realms of consciousness; being, in his own nature, Being Consciousness, Bliss: this is Atma, the Self.

This is a condensation from the Upanishads, and especially of the first part of the *Mandukya Upanishad*:

"All this is the Eternal, and Atma, the Self, is the Eternal. And this Atma, the Self, stands in four worlds:

"In the world of waking consciousness, objectively perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen mouths, an enjoyer of gross substance, this is the physical self, Vaishvânara, the first foot.

"In the world of dream consciousness, subjectively perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen mouths, an enjoyer of finer substance, this is the finer self, Taijasa, the second foot.

"Where, entered into rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream, this is dreamless consciousness. Dreamless consciousness, unified, collective perception, made of bliss, an enjoyer of bliss, perceiving through the heart, this is the spiritual self, Prâjna, the third foot. This is the all-

lord, this is the all-knower, this is the inner ruler, this is the womb of all, the forthcoming and indrawing of beings.

“Neither subjectively perceiving, nor objectively perceiving, nor perceiving in both ways, neither collective perception, nor perception nor non-perception; unseen, not to be apprehended, not to be grasped, without sign of separation, unimaginable, unindicable, the essence of the consciousness of the Self, in which the manifest world ceases, full of peace, benign, secondless, this is held to be the fourth consciousness, this is Atma, the Self, this is the goal of wisdom.”

We may express the same thing in another way: the first step is the consciousness of the mortal; the second step is the consciousness of the disciple, which, from the standpoint of the mortal, is dream-consciousness, but which the disciple knows to be of finer substance, more real than the consciousness of the physical world; the third step is the consciousness of the Master, the spiritual self, the all-knower, the inner ruler; the fourth step is the ultimate divine consciousness, complete oneness with the Eternal.

The Catechism takes the four steps up, one by one:

What is the physical body?

It is composed of the five states of substance, five-folded; it is born through Karma, the power of works; it is the abode in which pleasure and pain are tasted; it has these six changes: it comes to being, enters into birth, waxes, reaches the turning point, wanes, falls; this is the physical body.

The five states of substance, five-folded, will be fully explained later. The underlying idea is this: we have five senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell. Each, we may say, opens up to us a realm of being, a state of substance, in the world about us. So we may say that, through the senses, we are brought into touch with five realms of being, five states of substance. But these substances are not simple; they appeal, not to one sense only, but to several: we can see a fruit; we can also touch it, taste it, smell it; if it falls to the floor, we can hear it fall. So with other things. They have in them that which appeals to several senses; they are compounded of the hypothetical substances that excite the perceptions of the senses. This is true of the physical body itself. Therefore it is said to be composed of the five substances, five-folded.

It is born through Karma: the body which we now wear is the direct result of our own former actions. It is the expression of the will and desire, the effort and abstinence, of past lives. We were brought, by spiritual gravitation, to the parents of this body, because they were fitted to bring into being just the body that our karmic impulses required. Thereafter, the body is, physically even, of our own making. It contains only what we take into it, whether in the simple sense of eating, or in the more complicated sense, of experience and effort. We are the sculptors

of our own features, writing on our faces the story of our desires or of our sacrifices.

The physical body is born, waxes, wanes, dies. We must look deeper for an enduring dwelling-place.

What is the finer body?

It is made of the five states of substance not five-folded; it is born through Karma, the power of works; it is the instrument for the tasting of pleasure and pain; it consists of seventeen divisions: five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital powers, the emotional nature, the understanding; this is the finer body.

The key to the nature of this finer body is contained in the words of the *Prashna Upanishad*:

"So this bright one in dream enjoys greatness. The seen, as seen he beholds again. What was heard, as heard he hears again. And what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers. The seen and the unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal, he sees it all; as All he sees it."

The meaning of this seems to be that the life of the finer body begins as a replica of the life of the physical body, being built up of images of what the outer eyes see, what the outer ears hear, what the outer understanding perceives. At this stage, it is a dream-body, the unregenerate psychic body, as Paul called it. But this mirror-consciousness can reflect from above, from the spiritual life, as well as from below, from the physical life: "The seen and the unseen, the heard and the unheard, the enjoyed and the unenjoyed, the real and the unreal." The light from above, the divine light, in time outshines the lesser light of earth, and the hour of regeneration draws nigh, the new birth from above, which shall usher the disciple into the kingdom of heaven.

Then, after the new birth, comes a period of growth, of building up, through the creative power which is beautifully described in the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*:

"When the spirit of man enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself, and himself building the dwelling, the spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light. Thus does the spirit of man become his own light.

"There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots, and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the spirit of man is creator."

The great transition is thus described by Paul:

"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in

weakness ; it is raised in power : it is sown a psychical body ; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a psychical body, there is also a spiritual body. The first man is of the earth, earthy : the second man is of heaven. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The transformation of the psychical consciousness into the spiritual consciousness, whereby the interior nature receives the things from above, and remoulds itself on these, is begun by what we call "conversion," a process thus indicated in the *Katha Upanishad*:

"The Self-Being pierced the openings outward ; hence one looks outward, not within himself. A wise man with reverted sight looked toward the Self, seeking immortality."

Conversion, or whatever we may call the change of direction from the below to the above, from the earthly to the heavenly, is only the beginning, the new birth, of which it has been said :

"Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Commenting on a passage of the Upanishads, Shankaracharya says : "The waters, that is, the currents of Karma." If we were allowed to interpret the passage just quoted in the same way, taking "water" to mean the currents of Karma, then we should have the teaching that the spiritual body is born of Karma, as mother, engendered of the Spirit, as father. Then one who comes to birth through spiritual power alone, unconstrained by Karmic necessity, might be called Virgin-born, conceived of the Spirit.

We come now to the detailed description of the finer body. First, "it is made of the five states of substance not five-folded." This has been expressed in an analogous way, by saying that this finer body is not molecular, like the physical body, but atomic. Its birth from Karma, we have already considered.

Next, it is "the instrument for the tasting of pleasure and pain" ; it is the real personality, for whose training all experience exists. The physical personality is but a wraith, a forecast of that which is to come into being through the second birth. Again, "it consists of seventeen divisions : five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital powers, the emotional nature, the understanding." We shall best comprehend this, if we begin from above, with the Spirit, the one Self. That Self may be regarded as consciousness, as will, as life. It is not that the Self has consciousness, will and life ; but that the Self is consciousness, will and life ; or, perhaps better, that consciousness, will and life are the Self, according to the point of view from which we regard it. It is all three in one.

In the personal self, which is but the projection or expression of the

Self, each of these three aspects becomes fivefold; so that, instead of unitary consciousness, the pure power of knowing, we have the five powers: visual consciousness, auditory consciousness, tactile consciousness, and the consciousness of taste and smell. So, instead of unitary will, pure creative power, we have five powers of action: speech, handling, walking, reproduction, rejection. Creative force manifests itself in these five ways. In like manner, we have, instead of unitary life, five life-powers: the forward-life, which impels the perceptive powers; the distributive life, which impels the circulatory powers; the binding life, which impels the assimilative powers; the downward life, which impels the rejective powers; the upward life, which impels the power of aspiration. Their qualities are set forth in the *Prashna Upanishad*:

"From the Self is the Life born. And as the shadow beside a man, this is expanded in that. By mind's action it enters this body. And as a sovereign commands his lords: These villages and these villages shall ye rule over! Thus also Life disposes the lesser lives. For the lower powers the downward life; in sight and hearing, in mouth and nose, the forward life; and in the midst the binding life; this binds together the food that is offered; and thence the seven flames arise.

"In the heart is the Self. Here are a hundred and one channels. In these the distributing life moves.

"And by one, the upward, rises the upward life. It leads by holiness to a holy world, by sin to a sinful world, by both, to the world of men."

The *Katha Upanishad* says:

"A hundred and one are the heart's channels; of these one passes to the crown. Going up by this, he comes to the immortal."

All these powers, perceptive, active, vital, are destined to be reborn into the spiritual man, who, in his turn, shall hear and see, and stand and speak.

What, then, of the two remaining powers which, with these thrice five, make up the seventeen, the powers of feeling and understanding?

They too are to be transformed from the likeness of the earthly to the likeness of the heavenly, so that, instead of emotion, the spiritual man will possess the noetic power of the heart; instead of argumentative reason, he will possess intuitive understanding, the certain knowledge which springs from inspiration.

This, then, is, in outline, the story of the finer body, and its transformation from the psychical to the spiritual, through the new birth from above.

Here a word of caution: as was already pointed out, this process of regeneration can be really known in one way only: by experiencing it. It cannot even be truly understood until the four Attainments are in large measure possessed, for the new vista opens only to those who occupy the standpoint gained by mastering the four Attainments. No amount of intellectual effort, in itself, will avail to give that understanding, no

matter how keen and able the intellect may be, which seeks it, no matter how eager and protracted the effort.

We do not seek, therefore, to make the great transformation understood. Our hope is humble: by citing the testimony of those who have passed through it, to give such information as may at least diminish misunderstanding, and in this way make the conquest of the four Attainments easier; for the great barrier is the lower mind; by stilling the questionings of the lower mind, we may open the way for that moral and spiritual growth through which alone comes the light of real understanding.

(To be continued)

“No one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace ineffable in it until he does it always and with alacrity.”

CONCERNING THE REAL AND CONCERNING SHADOWS¹

CONCERNING THE REAL

“THE future of poetry is immense.” This sentence rings out like a clarion call, a clear positive note from one whose philosophy was essentially a groping among half-articulated truths, whose own poetry reflected the “melancholy, long withdrawing roar” of the religious faith of the last years of the nineteenth century. Yet in poetry, we are told, “where it is worthy of its high destinies our race, as time goes on, will find an ever keener and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything: the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry.”²

Strong words these and daring in “an age of prose and reason”! The question which concerns us, however, is not—are they strong and daring? but—are they true? And the first step toward an answer to this question is another: What does Arnold mean by poetry? The claim evidently carries with it more than the current definition of rhymed or rhythmic verse, no matter how exquisite the diction, how musical the cadences, or how accurately the sound is suited to the sense. Let him speak for himself.

“We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete: and most of what passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry.”

We are now prepared for the definition of Aristotle, that “the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness. This is a superiority of matter and substance

¹ The terms real and unreal are used here as in Eastern literature to mean permanent and transitory and imply the theory of different degrees of reality. The shadow of a tree, for instance, possesses reality of a certain kind; it is a real shadow; but in relation to the greater degree of reality attributed to the tree it is classed as unreal.

² Arnold, Matthew; *Essays in Criticism, second series, The Study of Poetry.*

as well as of diction and movement, but the two superiorities are closely related and in constant proportion one to the other.”

Examples at once suggest themselves for analysis:

“Thou wast that all to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine:
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
 And all the flowers were mine.”³

These lines of Poe are exquisite in manner and diction. Their imagery is perfect. Do they possess high truth and high seriousness? We are forced to answer, No. The love is of the earth only. The egoism of the last line condemns them.

Similar in manner and diction are the following lines of Whittier. But they are infused with a sense of the sublime logic of faith and self-surrender that lifts them easily up to a high standard of truth and seriousness.

“I know not where His islands lift
 Their froned palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.”⁴

An illustration from *The Marshes of Glynn*⁵ may make the matter clearer.

“Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
 Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the
 land.
 Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach lines linger
 and curl
 As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet
 limbs of a girl.
 Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.”

“Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.”

The first six lines are musical, unique, perfect, after their kind, in diction and movement, but they certainly do not attain to a high order of truth or seriousness. In the lines which follow the substance comes

³ Poe, Edgar Allan; *To One in Paradise*.

⁴ Whittier, John Greenleaf; *The Eternal Goodness*.

⁵ By Sidney Lanier.

nearer to meeting the requirements of poetry conceived worthily. Later in the same poem, as will presently appear, the poet triumphs in truth and seriousness of the highest order.

Arnold, himself, in spite of his keen critical insight, seems to hover between half failure and attainment. Referring to the inevitable isolation of all human souls under the figure of isles, he writes:

“A God, a God their severance ruled
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd salt estranging sea.⁶

Good as to manner and diction, yes! True and serious, yes! But not the highest. For the poem ends in a negation, a cleavage, and nothing that does not tend toward the positive and toward unity will ever satisfy the human soul, or win from it its highest praise.

In the exquisite lines from *Thrysis*, “A fugitive and gracious light he seeks, Shy to illumine: and I seek it too,” he is tentative. Does he mean the light of the soul and its knowledge? Is not our hesitation in interpreting it the reflection of his own half faith. Wordsworth speaks with firmer voice.

“Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees! . . .

“These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight

⁶ To *Marguerite*—Continued.

Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things?"⁷

Perhaps the height is reached in this phrase of the "divine poet" quoted by Arnold: "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."⁸ Its movement and diction need no interpretation. As to matter and substance it is reinforced by the sublime self-surrender of Christ on the cross and by the high note struck in the wise old books of ancient India. "When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal."

Poetry, then, is a criticism of life, a judgment upon or an interpretation of life. It is "the application of ideas to life." But these ideas must be "poetic" ideas, that is they must be possessed of a high truth and a high seriousness not common to all ideas; and they must be applied under the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty.

This is perhaps what Arnold means when he says that "we should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it." And to conceive of poetry thus means to limit as well as to elevate it. Much of the poetry of Chaucer or Burns, for instance, or even of Shakespeare, is a criticism of life in "a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world." Such a criticism may be poetry. Often it possesses the "largeness, freedom, benignity," if not the beauty of truth and sanity. Yet, just as, in considering whether a certain race of men can be trained to a particular industry, one selects for experiment those individuals who already show a certain fitness for the work, so, in determining whether poetry is fitted to undertake the great task of answering the religious need of man, one selects such poetry as test instances which tend already to fill the conditions required. In the nature of the case such instances are more readily found in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* than in Burns' *Tam o'Shanter*, more likely to be furnished by a Hamlet than by a Falstaff. For more and more as we consider the subject the conviction grows that high truth and high seriousness resolve themselves into spiritual perception—the intuition of unseen values. And this is not morality; it includes it, just as it includes many other things such as law, truth, beauty.

⁷ Wordsworth, William; *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*.

⁸ "In his will is our peace," Dante, *Paradise III*, 85.

This spiritual perception, this convergence of poetry and religion, is finely expressed by Santayana: "That the intuitions of religion are poetical, and that in such intuitions poetry has its ultimate function, are truths of which both religion and poetry become more conscious the more they advance in refinement and profundity. A crude and superficial theology may confuse God with the thunder, the mountains, the heavenly bodies, or the whole universe; but when we pass from these easy identifications to a religion that has taken root in history and in the hearts of men, and has come to flower, we find its objects and its dogmas purely ideal, transparent expressions of moral experience and perfect counterparts of human needs. The evidence of history or of the senses is left far behind and never thought of; the evidence of the heart, the value of the idea, are alone regarded."⁹

"What the religion of the vulgar adds to the poet's is simply the inertia of their limited apprehension, which takes literally what he meant ideally, and degrades into a false extension of this world on its own level what in his mind was a true interpretation of it upon a moral plane.

This higher plane is the sphere of significant imagination, of relevant fiction, of idealism become the interpretation of the reality it leaves behind. Poetry raised to its highest power is then identical with religion, grasped in its inmost truth; at their point of union both reach their utmost purity and beneficence, for then poetry loses its frivolity and ceases to demoralize, while religion surrenders its illusions and ceases to deceive."¹⁰

"Finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science . . . the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." And Arnold asks: What is a countenance without its expression? Santayana tells us that "religion is poetry become the guide of life, poetry substituted for science or supervening upon it as an approach to the higher reality."

So, if these critics be correct, we find that religion and poetry as they reach a higher and higher degree of truth and seriousness tend to come together; that at their highest point they are one; and that when they have reached this point they are capable of taking unto themselves the functions of science in the discovery of truth.

This is a large claim to make for poetry, yet, on the face of it, it is not without reason. A careful survey of the history of thought has convinced many that the mind knows only phenomena, that it can, in the nature of the case, never know the reality behind these appearances. Some have gone further and said that therefore man himself can never know. This is certainly not a justifiable position. Negative dogmatism, or even scepticism, regarding man's power of invention, discovery, and development are too evidently an anachronism in the age of flying machines, wireless telegraphy, and international peace conferences. If

⁹ Santayana, George; *Poetry and Religion*, p. 284; New York, 1911.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 290.

metaphysical reality has not been apprehended by the mind; if the intellectual solutions of the puzzle of existence have remained pretty much as they were two thousand years ago; if the last word of the philosopher who advances by this road is scepticism and despair; it is nevertheless true that there have always been those who have recommended another approach to the problem; who have maintained against all opposition and contempt that reality can be apprehended by man, often that they have to some extent apprehended it: and they have testified of their knowledge with confidence and joy. These are the seers who see with the vision of the poet and speak his language.

To some extent the prophecy of a great future for poetry has already been fulfilled. We find, if we take the trouble to analyse the situation, that the scientists at the moment when they were most vehemently denying the value of the poetical approach to reality had already committed themselves to it. Even while insisting on their empirical method and carefully weighed conclusions (when conclusions were attempted) they were dependent on a faculty not of the intellect for their hypotheses.¹¹ And the verification of hypotheses is their appropriate method of discovery. Considering that it is the expression which reveals the nature of a man and the laws by which he lives, is not the intensely realized vision of the working of a law behind the facts of nature characteristic of a Newton or a Darwin phrased aptly enough as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"?

For religion the case is even clearer. During the last ten years a school of theology has grown up which stands for the knowledge of religion—the knowledge of faith—as valid in one sphere just as the knowledge of reason is in another. Religious knowledge is defined as "our actual experience of the divine,"¹² "a sense of superhuman beings with whom man can enter into practical relations."¹³ "Beside the compulsiveness of the laws of thought, there is an instinctive compulsiveness which tells us that the spirit has found the truth even when reason is silent or contradictory: . . . Because man *is* part and parcel of the spiritual world and of the supernatural order; because in God he lives and moves and has his being, the truth of religion is in him implicitly, as surely as the truth of the whole physical universe is involved in every part of it. Could he read the needs of his own spirit and conscience he would need no teacher. But it is only by groping, by trying this or that suggestion of reason or tradition that he finds out what he really wants, what explains and satisfies that restless discontent of his, which is nothing else than the truth within him struggling to clear consciousness. Reason can but offer him this solution or that. It is Conscience that by an act of eager recognition leaps forward at times to grasp its own,

¹¹ Cf. Brent, Charles; *The Sixth Sense*, Chapter III.

¹² *The Programme of Modernism*, p. 96.

¹³ Tyrrell, George; *Through Scylla and Charybdis*, p. 271.

and to lift the assent of reason to the level of a Faith that can then afford to dispense with reason's suffrage."¹⁴

This "revelation" Father Tyrrell compares to poetry. To both he ascribes an authoritativeness and a finality to be sharply distinguished from the "steady accumulation of experience and information" which is the product of the mind's activity.

Like causes should produce like effects. The effect of poetry is, in fact, similar to that of religion. No one sensitive to the influence of poetry questions its power to sustain and inspire. It supports the weak in time of hardship, consoles the afflicted, and spurs on the strong to new conquests. Whence comes the enormous inspirational power of a battle hymn or of a national anthem if this is not so. And it is particularly true of religious poetry. Otherwise our hymns might be written in prose, and crude as the verse often is we cling to it. A prose hymn is a contradiction in terms. For were it in substance a hymn this substance would overcome the form and transform the prose into poetry.

Those sections of the Bible which have held men most firmly and goaded them on to triumphant effort, if not verse, are poetry of the sublimest sort. Who can imagine a chapter of Leviticus sending a man singing to his martyrdom? But one can think such a thing of portions of the Psalms or of Isaiah.

Christ was the greatest of unconscious poets. His life was one great poem: it was an *expression of spiritual law*. Even "the good man is a poet whose syllables are deeds and make a harmony in Nature." But Christ was the poet of poets in word as well as deed. How could it be otherwise? He came to feed our souls that we might have life—more abundantly. And what is this food but poetry of deed and word. It is the meat that perisheth not—"to do the will of him that sent me." It is the bread of life by which man should live—"every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is the water "springing up into everlasting life" of which whosoever drinks he shall never thirst. "Come unto me," he said, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest . . . rest unto your souls." And we, if we contain within ourselves more than the mere germ of poetic appreciation or spiritual understanding, which all men have, know that it is true. We know that "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

A similar tendency in the method of approach to reality is noticeable in modern philosophy. Beginning with the cautious tentative, experimental attitude of Professor William James the question of the validity of the intuition as a means to apprehend reality has received more and more serious attention from metaphysicians, until in Professor Henri Bergson it has become a consciously held epistemological theory. Bergson teaches that knowledge exists for life, not life for knowledge. The

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 276-277.

function of the intellect is to serve action by ranging our experience before us in the guise of many possible lines of conduct.

From the standpoint of the intellect reality is something external to ourselves to be analysed and recombined. "The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to understand life."¹⁵ But life is directly known, and known so far as we enter into it sympathetically. Intuition is the direct insight into the simplicity of reality, which has been distorted by our intellectual attitude toward it. "For—we cannot too often repeat it—intelligence and instinct are turned in opposite directions, the former towards inert matter, the latter towards life. Intelligence, by means of science, which is in its work, will deliver up to us more and more completely the secret of physical operations; of life it brings us, and moreover only claims to bring us, a translation in terms of inertia. It goes all round life, taking from outside the greatest possible number of views of it, drawing it into itself instead of entering into it. But it is to the very inwardness of life that *intuition* leads us—by intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely."¹⁶ Consciousness has, in the course of evolution, split up into intelligence and intuition because of its need to apply itself to matter and to life.

"In the absolute we live and move and have our being. The knowledge we possess of it is incomplete, no doubt, but not external or relative." . . . "the effort we make to transcend the pure understanding introduces us into that more vast something out of which our understanding is cut, and from which it has detached itself. And, as matter is determined by intelligence, as there is between them an evident agreement, we cannot make the genesis of the one without making the genesis of the other. An identical process must have cut out matter and the intellect, at the same time, from a stuff that contained both. Into this reality we shall get back more and more completely, in proportion as we compel ourselves to transcend pure intelligence."¹⁷ In the intuition lies our hope of solving the puzzle of existence, which, from the beginning of history, the intellect has attacked in vain. It is a question of "a simple plunge into the flux of reality."

It is by this time evident that all these poets, theologians, philosophers are, in their different ways, saying one thing—that the poet makes a more direct attack on reality than the thinker. He not only reaches a higher reality, but he reaches it by a different line of approach. Instead of climbing laboriously by the circuitous road of the intellect, the poet takes the steeper short cut of intuition straight up the mountain side to its summit. The reality he reaches is a true reality. His method of approach is the appropriate way to the goal.

We now perceive that the particular essence of poetry, its seal of

¹⁵ Bergson, Henri; *Creative Evolution*, 1911, p. 165.

¹⁶ *Ibid*, p. 176.

¹⁷ *Ibid*, p. 199.

genuineness, lies in that word intuition. Intuition is the method of spiritual perception. It is the gate of entrance to the garden of the gods, the bridge to the real world of the spirit. By intuition the poet passes into regions where the reason is impotent to follow. He becomes not an originator, a creator of ideas, but a discoverer and transmitter. He "speaks from a higher self and tells more truth than he knows." One hears of poets who write forethoughtfully, as they would draw a chart, carefully making the outline and punctiliously filling in the details, all with an eye to the literary market. I doubt if poetry of a high truth and high seriousness is ever written thus. Real poetry is not written, it comes. True, it can be called for, a more or less effective appeal can be made, the way prepared, but, in the last analysis, poetry writes itself. Often it is so far beyond the personal consciousness of the poet that it is almost safe to infer that he does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, *know* what he writes because he could not.

Many phrases of great poets spoken with the clear ring of certain knowledge come to mind to illustrate this truth. For instance Shakespeare's well known phrase:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."¹⁸

Or take the lines from Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free":

"Listen, the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly."

An equally good illustration is given in Goethe's *Faust*, through the mouth of the Earth-Spirit:

"So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid."¹⁹

These statements as criticisms of life are characterized no less by a calm certainty than by high truth and seriousness. Yet their authors did not know them with their minds as one knows how many apples a basket contains. If they knew them, it must have been otherwise than intellectually. Yet many others by the intuition which grows out of living have found that they are true.

But one expects such things of the poets. They are poets, to be used as a source of rapture, a spiritual stimulant, or neglected as closed books according to the temperament, vision, and life philosophy of readers. More convincing, even, as proof of the validity of intuition as an approach to reality are less exalted instances, cases of mere mortals,

¹⁸ *Hamlet*, V, 2.

¹⁹ "Thus at the roaring loom of time I work,
And weave the living garment of deity."

—*Faust*, I.

the question of whose inspiration can not with a label of "genius" be barred from the divine curiosity of science. Yet these, too, speak what they know not under pressure of forces which they do not consciously control.

A little girl of ten, known to the writer, composed a poem on the occasion of the severe operation of a friend. The last verse runs as follows:

"Heed not the body's burning pain
But ever reach and strive to gain
The highest, noblest, and the best;
For now is God's eternal test."

This fragment not only shows a certain sense of rhythm and diction but reaches a standard of truth and seriousness not often attained by acknowledged poets. Has this child not stated in her own spontaneous language the burden of the great teachers of the East?—"The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two bind a man in opposite ways. Of these two, it is well for him who takes the better; he fails of his object, who chooses the dearer." And is not this true to the universal spiritual consciousness of man?

Another instance of a child, known also to the writer, who wrote beyond his personal consciousness, suggests itself. A boy of seven, who could neither read nor write, asked his mother to take down a poem for him. "Mother, dear," he said, as she produced pencil and paper for the dictation, "you won't understand it unless you are holy." The poem follows:

"I who have a bent back, was not laborless, for I preached and healed, and paid all that I owed out of one silver nickel, but suddenly I was struck blind, and when I recovered I had the stone of holiness and liberty in my hand, but the stone of self I threw to the devil that was near me."

After he had finished he said, leaning over: "When you walk like this because you are old is that a hump back? Put bent because I'm old." So it was changed to bent. When his mother asked him why he called it a poem (it being unrhymed), he answered: "Because it *felt* like poetry." He recognized the quality of the matter and substance, though the form was not that of verse. Then his mother asked him what it meant. "Mother," he said, "if you held in your hand the stone of holiness and liberty, wouldn't you wish to throw away the stone of self?" This child of seven had, we must presume unconsciously, set down what might well be the last word of a philosopher saint in the summing up of a well spent life.

Such instances, I am convinced, could be multiplied indefinitely. If "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," there is also a power that fashions our speech to ends we know not. And this power, name it as

we may, has a striking unity of method and of message.²⁰ Its method is response to the direct attack of an awakened intuition. Its message is that the real and desirable as we see them are not really the real and desirable. Truth resides not in the phenomena of nature nor happiness in the prizes of human life. We must look deeper. And we have the power to find them where they are if we so will.

²⁰It is interesting in this connection to compare Bergson's theory of the Vital Impulse in evolution as duration, movement intuitively perceived with the lines of Wordsworth and of Goethe quoted on page 29. The phrases "eternal motion," "sound like thunder" and "the roaring loom of time" are suggestive as illustrations of the unity of message delivered by the intuition.

LOUISE EDGAR PETERS.

(To be continued)

"Really to serve and please him we must perform, not merely the minimum that is required, but the maximum that loving zeal can discover."

BOOK OF MEMORIES.

EVOLUTION AND ATONEMENT

THESE have been two clearly marked periods in the attitude of writers on the Christian religion toward the great discoveries of Darwin and his fellow-workers. The first, unhappily, was that of hostility, of attack, the storm that Huxley wittily described, with keen irony, as the thundering of the drum ecclesiastic. The combat raged most fiercely about a dead letter view of the story of Adam, which theological argument had closely related with the teaching of the redemption.

Then came a wiser mood, when it was seen that the revelation of Darwin, the great idea of evolution, though not given a religious significance by him, was, nevertheless, in its vital essence, profoundly significant for religious thought: if there was evolution in the physical life of organic beings, then there was evolution in the spiritual consciousness of the human race; if the development of the body was true, the development of the soul was also true, a growth and splendor that have no limit. The first writer of power to seize this truth was Henry Drummond, in his noteworthy book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, in which he very lucidly and cogently shows that the law of development works uniformly in both worlds, or rather in the one greater world of which these two are phases; that the growth of the body is the foundation and preparation for the growth of the soul. About the same time, two men eminent in the domain of physics, Tait and Balfour Stewart, wrote *The Unseen Universe*, in which they developed a remarkable argument for immortality based on the teachings of the higher physics; showing how, since every molecular movement causes an etheric movement, the sum of our personal activities expressed through bodily movement or molecular change in the substance of the brain, may be continued in an etheric body which we ourselves build up during life. As keynote of his book, Henry Drummond took a phrase of Herbert Spencer's, the dictum that, since life consists in correspondence with environment, immortal life would spring from perfect correspondence with a perfect environment. Drummond sought to show that the divine life, as manifested in Christ, is a perfect environment, and that by perfect correspondence with this, we enter immortal life.

A very similar line of thought is followed in a noteworthy book, *Evolution and the Need of Atonement*, by Stewart A. McDowall (1912), which embodies some of the best conclusions of modern thought. Essentially the book falls into three parts: first, a lucid summary of certain aspects of organic evolution, which resolves itself into a very refined, ingenious and somewhat complicated attempt to explain the mysteries of our hearts and wills by analogies drawn from afar; from the begin-

nings of life in the ocean, through the slow, momentous days when the first dwellers between the tides crawled up high and dry, and entrusted themselves to the wild novelties of air and sunshine, and thence through the long generations which led up to man. The second part is concerned with the life of the Master in Palestine, his inspired obedience and his sacrificial death, with a summing up of the elaborate reasonings, patristic, scholastic, dogmatic, which have been built about every event of that wonderful life; and especially about what is known as the doctrine of the atonement. The third part is an effort, very ingenious, and in some ways very luminous, to bring these two complex bodies of thought into harmony; to show in what way the doctrine of the atonement may find a place in the wider view of life which begins with a multitude of worlds, and then, on our own earth, traces the panorama of unfolding life from the first stirrings in the protoplasmic slime; the wide horizons which Darwin and his fellow workers opened up.

One of the most striking things in the book is an analogy which Mr. McDowall draws between that momentous transition by which life, hitherto confined to the waters of the ocean, suddenly emerged and began to develop on the land, and that still more momentous transition from merely physical life to a life which is mental and moral, the transition from the bodily to the spiritual. Let us imagine, he says, a "receptive" organism, that is, an organism capable of large responsiveness to environmental change, an organism on the main line of evolution, suddenly drifting to a new threshold, and now and again left stranded on a shore where new conditions, not of sun and air, but of supersensual influences act on it. Is it pressing analogy too far to suppose that a whole set of variations again limited in direction will be initiated, leading to a higher degree of consciousness and at last to self-consciousness? This last, giving the power of greatest response to the "new" conditions, will lead up to the ethical and spiritual phenomena of self-conscious organisms. Such a sudden change—the appearance of phenomena different in kind from all that preceded them—would be nothing more than a marked case of "discontinuous variation." Is it not possible, at the very least, that the reason for the appearance of moral and spiritual phenomena, for their sporadic and imperfect appearance in certain lower groups of animals whose colonial or gregarious habit has favored their manifestation to a certain degree, their omnipresence and importance in the highest creatures, men, may be that the organism has developed to a stage when a fresh environment, more different in kind than even water and land conditions, is able to influence it? It must of course be clearly understood that this environment has not suddenly come into being; what has happened is simply that a fresh factor of the total environment has become operative owing to the organism having reached a stage where it can be influenced by that factor.

Of the theological part of the book, I shall not try to give even an

outline. I can only illustrate it by a single paragraph: If a man is to be saved, says the author, he must accept Christ. That is certain, if Christianity means anything. But there is no time-limit set. God is the timeless One. Death is a great physical change, certainly, but it is not the severing of personal continuity. In personality lies the natural, as opposed to the revealed, promise of immortality. To the person, death is only a change: for some it may be the change to the imago, but for some there must surely be other larval existences.

So far, Mr. McDowall's book. There is much in it that is sterling and sincere. So far as I can judge, he has made himself master of both fields, the biological and the theological, and I doubt not that a great many people who, like him, have felt the insistence and importance of both, and yet find themselves wholly unable to reconcile them, keeping them in water-tight compartments in their minds, will gain from his reconciliation genuine relief and light.

All this I willingly acknowledge; yet I find within me a wonder whether much of the discord and need for reconciliation may not be due not so much to any real disharmony as to the tremendous activity of our argumentative minds, which cannot take life simply and quietly, but are ever piling Ossa on Pelion, building up mountains of ingenious reasoning, until almost crushed beneath their weight.

Much, very much of mental pain and anguish might have been saved, these many centuries, had we followed the wiser example of the Master and his method of taking life quite simply, of resting in spiritual experience, deferring all argument and cosmogonic theory. He had, very likely, a deep and practical reason for this avoidance of world-hypotheses, which so marks his teaching. His aim was practical, his touch dynamic. He set men doing certain things, in order that they might, through the working of the life-powers, become certain things. He led them into paths of growth and transformation, and he may have seen very clearly that, after they had grown even a little, they would see the world with new eyes; would see that all things had changed about them through the changes in themselves, so that it would be no metaphor to say that they beheld a new heaven and a new earth. Jesus was an evolutionist through and through; teaching the development of our life, he used the growth of the natural to make clear the growth of the spiritual. Again and again it is the unfolding of the plant, the tree, from the seed. So is our spiritual life to unfold and grow, not limited even to the measure of fruitful wheat that bears a hundredfold, or the expanse of the great tree in which heaven's birds build their nests, but limitless, wide as heaven, perfect as the Father is perfect. He set men on the path of illimitable development, by the dynamic force of his own life, his will, his love, and deferred all theorizing for the time when, with new-opened eyes, they should look upon the real world. Again and again he made it clear that our growth must lie in a new direction, not along the line of more

complicated bodily life; he practically anticipated the modern scientific belief that the physical body has already almost reached the limit of possible development; had, indeed, reached that limit decades of milleniums ago; if we are to continue to grow, we must take another direction, not limiting ourselves to the material, or overburdening ourselves with material things, but boldly breaking through into a new realm, dying that we may live, becoming transformed as completely as the larva is transformed when the husk of the chrysalis is broken and the imago, the winged creature of beauty, soars in the sunlight.

If we think of the new realm we are to enter as already possessed by consciousness, let us say the consciousness of the Master, then it may well be that we enter it by blending our consciousness with the consciousness which is already there; that this consciousness is thus the mediator, bringing us into at-one-ment with the divine; bridging over for us the chasm between what we are and what we are to be, so that we may pass from death into life. It may be that this is the reason for the sacrificial death; to show us, by a tremendous example, the process of our transformation, and at the same time to build the bridge to the unseen, by which we can cross thither. In the tragedy of the Master's death, there may be much more, but surely there is this: the revelation of that change, through pain and splendor, which shall set our feet on new, illimitable ways. We are here on the sure ground of verifiable and oft verified experience. "I die and rise with him," says Paul, "a new creature;" and countless generations of those who, through love, have dared, repeat it after him. Here is not theory, but life, the great, sacred thing which abides with us always, while theories and reasonings pass with the seasons and fitful fashions of the mind.

And if we ourselves, by obeying the rules, can enter into a renewed life, and, following it, can die and live, ushered into a new splendor of being; if in our very selves, even in this present life, we can enter into immortality and know ourselves immortal, by the direct and certain intuition through which we know ourselves to be alive; is it not wholly natural and inevitable for us to believe that the Master of the rules, who gave them to us, long ago passed through the same mutation, and lives as he declared that he would live, tremendously dynamic and effective, yet now as then scrupulously regardful of the freedom of our wills; waiting for the free motions of our hearts, because he is determined not to infringe on our divinity? Through direct experience we believe in the resurrection from death to immortality, for ourselves and for him; we believe in the resurrection because of what we can verify in ourselves, our own growth and mutation, our transformation which opens to us new worlds. We interpret the experience of the first disciples by our own. We do not believe in spiritual transformation in ourselves because of what they tell us of the resurrection; we believe what they tell us of the resurrection because of what we can verify in ourselves.

And here we may, perhaps, say something of what appears to us a deficiency in Mr. McDowall's book, which we have taken just because it is so good an example of the best thought to-day. He has much that is striking and beautiful to say of the death of Christ, but very little, it would seem, of his resurrection. I may be doing him injustice, but it seems to me that in this he goes with many sincerely religious men who, like Renan, believe that the visions of the disciples were illusions, the generous illusions of an ardent faith. But is not this view due to just such an incomplete understanding of the teaching of science as that which Mr. McDowall sets himself to remove: the belief that there is a contradiction between the teaching of evolution and the teaching of redemption? Have we not the clue in the modern teaching of the invisible world of finer substances and forces; in the possibility, already formulated by Tait and Balfour Stewart, of an etheric body, and the likelihood that the body of the resurrection was an etheric body, the corporeal body having been dissipated after death? Would not this make possible both the appearances after the resurrection and the strangeness of some of them, as, for example, the appearance in a closed room; and the inverse disappearance, which is called the ascension? Does not what we now know of matter and of its dependence on something finer and more durable behind it, make this not only possible, but almost inevitable?

So it seems to me that this very elaborate contrasting of the teaching of evolution and the doctrine of the atonement, and their even more elaborate reconciliation, with the painful mental and moral effort it involves, might, perhaps, have been rendered unnecessary by greater simplicity of heart. If we were only willing to rest in our own direct experience, to follow the rules given us, and thus to deepen and enrich that experience; if we could gain some practical knowledge of what it means to die that we may live, to obey that we may be free, how much happier we should be; happier, because few things in human life are more strained, fruitless and painful than these vast processes of reasoning before experience, which lead people into bitter controversies, so that they kill each other in thousands for an argument about infinite Mercy; happier, therefore, not only for what we may avoid, but far more, for what we may gain, something of the splendor, the superb tenderness, the high serenity of our real and immortal life. The Master of men from the beginning bore many burdens; few, perhaps, more painful than the mountain-weight of "religious" controversy among those whom he asks instead to become as little children that they may begin to grow into real life.

JOHN CHARLTON.

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

III

THE VENERABLE BEDE

THE venerable author of the *Ecclesiastical History* was born in 673. His entire life was that of a recluse and scholar. He carefully investigated information and traditions about Christian teachers in Britain, during the early Roman period, and gives an account of it. But the portion of his history for which he takes responsibility as an historian is that which covers the period from 596 onward—the year of the landing of Augustine (the minor) at Thanet, and also the year of Columba's death at Iona. Bede's history thus deals with the very interesting period after the departure of a great leader—when the leader's disciples are put to the test of standing alone and standing true. From Bede's narrative of Columba's disciples, Aidan, Colman, and others of the settlement at Lindisfarne—the offspring of Iona—one feels that the seed Columba scattered brought forth abundant harvest.

Bede's fascinating history brings very conspicuously before the reader, a new element in British Christianity, a new attitude, that finally hindered and checked the valiant monks of Iona as the savage Picts and Saxons were never able to do. This new and strange element entered into British Christianity with the coming of Augustine. It is the self-aggrandising, intolerant policy of the Vatican.

That detestable policy of Peter's descendants with which the fourteen centuries since the landing at Thanet have made us too unhappily familiar asserted itself, at the very beginning of Augustine's mission, against the devout monks who continued the apostolic teaching of St. John. Augustine found among the Irish and Welsh monks certain differences in reckoning the calendar, wearing the tonsure, etc. The position he took in face of these differences is that which has become the chief characteristic of the Vatican; namely, that whatever is contrary to the custom of the Roman Apostolic Church is unrighteous and leads to damnation. The synod of British bishops which Augustine called in 603 is a striking manifestation of that most untheosophic attitude. Bede's account of the synod is very dramatic. "This being decreed, there came

(as is asserted) seven bishops of the Britons, and many most learned men, particularly from their most noble monastery, which, in the English tongue is called Bancornburg, over which the Abbat Dinooth is said to hath presided at that time. They that were to go to the aforesaid council, repaired first to a certain holy and discreet man, who was wont to lead an eremitical life among them, advising with

him, whether they ought, at the preaching of Augustine, to forsake their traditions. He answered, 'If he is a man of God, follow him.'—'How shall we know that?' said they. He replied, 'Our Lord saith, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; if therefore, Augustine is meek and lowly of heart, it is to be believed that he has taken upon him the yoke of Christ, and offers the same to you to take upon you. But, if he is stern and haughty, it appears that he is not of God, nor are we to regard his works.' They insisted again, 'And how shall we discern even this?'—'Do you contrive,' said the anchorite, 'that he may first arrive with his company at the place where the synod is to be held; and if at your approach he shall rise up to you, hear him submissively, being assured that he is the servant of Christ; but if he shall despise you, and not rise up to you, whereas you are more in number, let him also be despised by you.'

Unfortunately Augustine did not display the urbanity which is connected (etymologically, at least) with great cities, but in the most gauche and rustic manner reminded the British bishops of the smallness of their island, its remoteness from the great centres, and of their consequent ignorance of all which it behooves a Christian to know and to do.

The intolerance and gaucherie that marked the synod of 603 was no more auspicious for Augustine—if one takes a long view—than for the sons of Iona, though it won a speedy triumph for the embassy from Rome. Before Columba's shroud lay a century in dust, Roman arrogance effected the withdrawal of the Abbot from Iona. In 667 Colman, a successor of the valiant Founder, went back to Ireland, to continue in an islet of the West the tradition that reached Ireland from Patmos through Lerins and Marmoutier.

Bede was not an eye witness of the council that resulted in the withdrawal of Colman; he got his facts from others. But in the disposition of his information he shows the splendid power of imaginative portraiture which won laurels for the great Elizabethan dramatist. Like Shakespeare, Bede brings kings and priests from the dust of the chronicle, and invests them with the vividness of individuality and life. He dramatizes. He presents entirely concrete personalities, who are at the same time, generic types—types that have become familiar, the ecclesiastic and the saint. The council assembled at Whitby, where Hilda, like Brigid of Kildare, was the revered Abbess of a group of monks as well as of a community of nuns. The Northumbrian King presided at the council. Hilda, Cedd, and other loyal children of Iona gathered around Columkill's successor who was accused of damning deeds by the Roman legate. The King commanded Abbot Colman to speak first and to declare the origin of his Scottish customs and traditions. The Abbot's replies are very brief, very explicit. They are answers to questions, not a defence of any mooted point (*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*). The customs

and doctrine taught from Iona are those of "our forefathers, men beloved of God." And that this doctrine may not seem to any contemptible or worthy to be rejected, the Abbot declares that "*it is the same which St. John the Evangelist, the disciple beloved of our Lord, with all the churches over which he presided, is recorded to have observed.*" Wilfrid, ambassador for Rome, speaks in just the manner that marked Augustine's interview with the Welsh bishops. He has travelled. Everywhere he has found conformity to Rome except among these priests and monks, "and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe." The Abbot replies very briefly, very quietly, "It is strange that you will call our labours foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an apostle, who was thought worthy to lay his head on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." But the Vatican triumphed, and Peter's shadow supplanted John's disciples.

Bede's history, fortunately, covers Christian activity throughout all England, not merely the mission of the Roman embassy. The companions of Augustine had the smaller share in the privilege of teaching the "way" in England; the larger share fell to the sons of Iona. So that though Bede's history does make conspicuous what we have called the policy of the Vatican (the figure is an anachronism, since the Popes were not then dwelling in the Vatican), it gives also a narrative of deeds as heroic and noble as those that make the lives of Patrick and Columba radiant.

Aidan seems most closely to have walked in his great Founder's footsteps. By the charm of his piety he won over all the North of England, Northumbria as it was called. Oswald, heir of the Northumbrian crown, was a fugitive from his kingdom, which the Picts temporarily held. In his exile, Oswald found his way to Iona, and became a student of the "way." Afterward he was able to return to the duties of governing. His first act was to ask the Abbot of Iona for a teacher who might bring down into Northumbria the mysterious wisdom of the Cross. Bede tells how the choice fell upon Aidan. "There was first sent to him another man of more austere disposition, who, meeting with no success, and being unregarded by the English people, returned home, and in an assembly of the elders reported, that he had not been able to do any good to the nation he had been sent to preach to, because they were uncivilized men, and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition. They, as is testified, in a great council seriously debated what was to be done, being desirous that the nation should receive the salvation it demanded, and grieving that they had not received the preacher sent to them. Then said Aidan, who was also present in the council, to the priest then spoken of, 'I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought

to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees nourished with the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise God's sublimer precepts.' Having heard these words, all present began diligently to weigh what he had said, and presently concluded, that he deserved to be made a bishop, and ought to be sent to instruct the incredulous and unlearned; since he was found to be endued with singular discretion, which is the mother of other virtues, and accordingly being ordained, they sent him to their friend, King Oswald, to preach; and he, as time proved, afterwards appeared to possess all other virtues, as well as the discretion for which he was before remarkable."

Oswald gave Aidan the isle of Lindisfarne for his residence—an island which at ebb tide is connected with the mainland. As Aidan could not speak the Northumbrian language, the King journeyed with him as interpreter, delivering to his subjects the priest's message. The people joyfully flocked together to hear the King and the monk, and many more monks came from Iona to assist. Oswald granted to all land for monastic centers. Aidan built up a school at Lindisfarne, similar to the parent group at Iona, and left many famous disciples, Hilda, Cedd, etc. In the latter part of his life, he withdrew, for more intimate study, to the barren rock islet of Farne, which is at a distance of nine miles from Lindisfarne. There, in a cave, closed by a goatskin, and looking out on sea and sky, Aidan gave himself up to the arduous and pleasant labor of meditation, leaving to his disciples, the care of the outward work.

Though Aidan and his helpers, with the assistance of the royal interpreter, King Oswald, brought Christianity into the North of England, and established centres there which became renowned, Oswald was not the first Christian King of the North. His uncle Edwin accepted, after cautious deliberation, the new doctrine from the teaching of Paulinus, who with three others was sent by Pope Gregory to aid Augustine. King Edwin had sought in marriage the daughter of the King of Kent, who had become a convert. Her sponsors were not willing to let her depart to the northern kingdom to a pagan husband unless he promised to receive a priest along with his bride. Edwin consented. And Paulinus was sent to accompany the bride, Ethelberga. Edwin was a student and a man of thought. His conversion was not like that of so many chieftains, a sudden impulse and emotion. He listened attentively and pondered the new doctrine. "And being a man of extraordinary sagacity, he often sat alone by himself a long time, silent as to his tongue, but deliberating in his heart how he should proceed, and which religion he should adhere to." At last, unwilling to proceed alone in so important a matter as religion, the King called a council of his nobles to confer with him. First spoke Coifi, High Priest of Paganism—with a sort of commercial view-point. "O king, consider what this is which is now preached to

us; for I verily declare to you, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without any delay." One understands that the thoughtful King could not have been closely held to a religion represented by such a priest. Much more to the King's mind must have been the poetic nobleman who used the famous simile of a winter sparrow to picture earthly life. "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The result of the deliberation was that the King gave Paulinus license to teach publicly, and inquired of Coifi what should be done with the pagan shrines and altars. The royal philosopher would seem reluctant to act with violence against what had represented his ideals. But the shrewd Coifi was not willing to cloud his future by leaving any suspicion in the minds of men as to his loyalty to decrepit gods. He buckled on armor, leaped upon a horse (practices forbidden to the priesthood), and rode at once to his former shrines, which he set afire, after hurling his spear at the statue of the god. The legends say that such a golden age of peace was ushered in by the King's acceptance of Christianity that "a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, without receiving harm." But that reputed era of peace could not have been of long duration, for shortly afterward Edwin was slain in a battle against neighbors, and all was confusion until Oswald returned from Iona, in the manner already described.

Bede's plan of including in his history of the English Church all those who worked for Christianity in the British Isles, leads him to mention among others St. Fursey, whose life belongs more to Ireland and to France than to England. This great mystic came out of his native Ireland to escape the throngs drawn to him by his odor of sanctity. He

built a monastery and established regular discipline among the East Saxons (Suffolk). But when the public turmoils became so disturbing that even a monastery was no longer a retreat for spiritual students, he crossed over to France, and under the protection of Clovis built there a monastery to continue his study. The accounts of his life that have come down show there in the seventh century the teaching of a secret doctrine that has continued through all centuries, and that came to splendid poetic expression later, in the thirteenth century, in the work of Dante. Dante has been called an Initiate. If so, one inclines to regard Fursey and others like him as chelâs. Fursey, much more than Patrick or Columba, is the typical mediæval Saint who is such an abhorrence to the modern world. The verdict to-day, upon his life, would be, "an unfortunate, afflicted with fits that filled his eyes and ears with fearful sights and sounds." Yet when read with sympathetic eye and heart, the record of those so-called epileptic sights and sounds is seen to be a portion of that wisdom which is hidden from the wise of this world. Fursey narrated his inward experience in a manner similar to Dante, but without Dante's magnificent architecture. Like Columba, Fursey was of royal Irish birth, and was a student from boyhood, and early sought the secret teaching that found its centres in the monasteries. During some physical illness—which to so many becomes a medium for the conveying of truth, Fursey attained a new and higher plane of consciousness in which he was not mindful of the incidents and events that usually fall under observation—or as Bede relates it, he "quit his body from the evening till the cock crew." In that period of high consciousness Fursey beheld the choirs of angels, and heard the praises which are sung in heaven. "He was wont to declare, that among other things he distinctly heard this: 'The saints shall advance from one virtue to another.' And again 'The God of gods shall be seen in Sion.'" Three days later, Fursey had a similar experience crowded with perceptions of truth; he saw the great joys of the blessed, and the extraordinary combats of evil spirits who endeavor to molest and thwart those who struggle toward righteousness. "When he had been lifted up on high, he was ordered by the angels that conducted him to look back upon the world. Upon which, casting his eyes downward, he saw, as it were, a dark and obscure valley underneath him. He also saw four fires in the air, not far distant from each other. Then asking the angels, what fires those were? he was told they were the fires which would kindle and consume the world. One of them was of falsehood, when we do not fulfil that which we promised in baptism, to renounce the Devil and all his works. The next of covetousness, when we prefer the riches of the world to the love of heavenly things. The third of discord, when we make no difficulty to offend the minds of our neighbors even in needness things. The fourth of iniquity, when we look upon it as no crime to rob and to defraud the weak. These fires, increasing by degrees, extended so as

to meet one another, and being joined, became an immense flame. When it drew near, fearing for himself, he said to the angel, 'Lord, behold the fire draws near me.' The angel answered, 'That which you did not kindle shall not burn you.'" The angels parted the flames for Fursey, and he then had a more extended view of the heavenly troops. He saw also holy men of his own nation from whom he heard many salutary things. It was popularly said of Fursey that his body was branded by those hell-flames as he passed through them, just as Dante's face was said to be clouded with hell-smoke. For his own part he kept discreet silence about his experiences: "he would relate them only to those who from holy zeal and desire of reformation wished to learn the same." Bede got oral information about the Saint from a brother monk who had talked with a religious man to whom Fursey himself related the experiences.

The Irish influence extends also over four devout brothers who went out from Lindisfarne to labor. Chad, the most famous of the four, afterwards became Abbot of Lindisfarne, and succeeded his brother Cedd as bishop of Lichfield. Chad formed a school at Lichfield, and continued as far as possible the traditions handed down from Iona to Lindisfarne. He accepted for intellectual study those fitted for it, and trained differently those for whom some other approach was easier than the intellectual. At Lichfield there was one monk, Owini, of singular devoutness, but incapable of severe mental application. Bede relates that to this devout brother was granted through the perfectness of his devotion, a knowledge of spiritual things that some of the more learned monks did not gain by study. One day, this humble Owini was working in the garden, while the other monks were at their books, and the abbot was praying in the Chapel. On a sudden, Owini heard "the voices of persons singing most sweetly and rejoicing, and appearing to descend from heaven. Which voice he said he first heard coming from the south-east, and that afterwards it drew near him, till it came to the roof of the oratory where the bishop was, and entering therein, filled the same and all about it. He listened attentively to what he heard, and after about half an hour, perceived the same song of joy to ascend from the roof of the said oratory, and to return to heaven the same way it came, with inexpressible sweetness. When he had stood some time astonished, and seriously revolving in his mind what it might be, the bishop opened the window of the oratory, and making a noise with his hand, as he was often wont to do, ordered him to come in to him. He accordingly went hastily in, and the bishop said to him, 'Make haste to the church, and cause the seven brothers to come hither, and do you come with them.' When they were come, he first admonished them to preserve the virtue of peace among themselves, and toward all others; and indefatigably to practice the rules of regular discipline, which they had either

been taught by him, or seen him observe, or had noticed in the words or actions of the former fathers. Then he added, that the day of his death was at hand; for, said he, 'that amiable guest, who was wont to visit our brethren, has vouchsafed also to come to me this day, and to call me out of this world. Return, therefore, to the church, and speak to the brethren, that they in their prayers recommend my passage to the Lord, and that they be careful to provide for their own, the hour whereof is uncertain, by watching, prayer, and good works.'

"When he had spoken thus much and more, and they, having received his blessing, had gone away in sorrow, he who had heard the heavenly song returned alone, and prostrating himself on the ground, said, 'I beseech you, father, may I be permitted to ask a question?'—'Ask what you will,' answered the bishop. Then he added, 'I entreat you to tell me what song of joy was that which I heard coming upon this oratory, and after some time returning to heaven?' The bishop answered. 'If you heard the singing, and know of the coming of the heavenly company, I command you, in the name of our Lord, that you do not tell the same to any before my death. They were angelic spirits, who came to call me to my heavenly reward, which I have always longed after, and they promised they would return seven days hence, and take me away with them.'"

A similar reward of devotion came to a humble servant, Cædmon, of Hilda's monastery. Hilda is the Brigid of England. She was a great-niece of King Edwin, and received her first teaching from Paulinus. She proved an apt pupil, and was preparing to go over into France for more intimate instruction when Aidan of Lindisfarne took her under his own direction, and gave her a retreat for herself and a few women. She was gifted as a teacher, and handed on to her pupils the instruction which Aidan and other devout men gave her, drawn to her by her "innate wisdom and inclination to the service of God." She was so able in bringing souls under the sweet yoke of regular discipline that she was given the singular task and honor which had been St. Brigid's; she was made the teacher of a group of men, and became the Abbess of a monastery and of an affiliated nunnery. It was in her monastery that the verses were written down which are to-day the oldest example of our language—Cædmon's Anglo-Saxon verses on the Creation. Cædmon was not a religious but a menial. His sympathy with the work done by the monks was expressed in his humility and reverence, and earned him the privilege of serving in the stable of the monastery. He was not a young man but "well advanced in years," and up to the time of his inspiration knew nothing more of the world of life and letters than any other hostler. He was different from his fellow workers in that he could not find a semblance of satisfaction in their dissipating revelry. But he was not

morose. He was sociable; he desired companionship, and sought it in the proper place, among his comrades. He could not, however, join in their songs, both from musical ineptitude and moral aversion. One night he left a house where his comrades were seeking diversion, and went to the stable "where he had to take care of the horses that night; he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, 'Cædmon, sing some song to me.' He answered, 'I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I could not sing.' The other who talked to him replied, 'However you shall sing.'—'What shall I sing?' rejoined he. 'Sing the beginning of created things,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard."

Many of the monks imitated Cædmon's example in turning Scriptural story into verse, but Bede says none of them could equal Cædmon, because he was wholly taught by God. The rest of his days Cædmon spent in the monastery "serving God with a pure and simple mind in undisturbed devotion."

One other great Saint and Abbot lived and prayed at Lindisfarne—Cuthbert. He was trained in Scotland. When he was sent to Lindisfarne, he chose for his outer work preaching in villages remote and inaccessible among crags and rocks, inaccessible also on account of the barbarous hearts of the inhabitants. But the historian says that Cuthbert's sweetness drew men to him and compelled them to give up the dark secrets of their hearts. After much self-sacrificing labor, Cuthbert transferred his cell to the bare rock of Farne, praying there alone, with only sky and sea in sight, and raising by miracle, it would seem, from the rock soil the meagre crop of barley which gave sustenance. But, like St. Martin, Cuthbert could not escape the solicitations of men. He refused a bishopric. King, bishops and priests, however, came to his rock and on their knees implored him to aid in the work of the Church. He sacrificed his solitude and study to serve them. For two years he labored in episcopal activities. Then with a premonition of death, he retired again to solitude on Farne. Before death he reluctantly consented that his body should be carried back to Lindisfarne. He died in 687.

Bede was born in 673, a few years before the death of Cuthbert. Bede wrote, or finished, the *History* in 731, four years before his own death. Cuthbert is the last churchman of this period who shows the influence of Iona. Bede himself was altogether of the Roman tradition. He was born—almost—in a Roman monastery. Actually he was born at a place which shortly after his birth was granted to one Benedict Biscop for a monastery. Bede's parents sent him at seven years into the monastery that Biscop founded at Wearmouth, for education, and Bede spent all the rest of his life there. Biscop was of English birth, but his

temperament took him to Rome, and not to Iona. He had many interviews with the Pope of the day, and each time he returned from Rome, Biscop brought with him customs and usages of the Roman Church. The monastery at Wearmouth in which Bede passed all his life was dedicated to St. Peter. There Bede learned the manner of chanting the Roman liturgy from the priest John, whom Biscop had brought with him from Rome for the purpose of instructing the English nation. Gradually the Roman liturgy and traditions supplanted the older Gallican use which had come to Britain with St. Patrick. In the differences between the Roman and the native ecclesiastics, Bede always presents his countrymen as in the wrong. His history ends with a picture of all Britain brought into conformity with the true Roman Church. But Bede was a scholar, and had a great deal of the scholar's pride about the correctness of his information, etc. In carrying out his purpose of glorifying the Roman authority, he makes quite clear the nature of the older tradition in Britain and the older claims—though he does not himself approve that tradition. His testimony is of high value and his record of the century and a half following Columba's death is of very great interest.

SPENSER MONTAGUE.

(It is a singular pleasure to record thanks to an appreciative reader in England. I have never had the good fortune to know any one who delights in Bede's *History* as I do. It is therefore a great surprise and a lively pleasure to receive through the Editor, two interesting books and many lovely photographs sent by an English reader of the *QUARTERLY* who has the most loving interest in the church and monastery where Bede lived.—S. M.)

SOME ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY

AS SEEN BY A NEW MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY

VII

“PRAY FOR THEM THAT PERSECUTE YOU”

THE beginner was dining with some charming friends. The seat on the hostess' right hand was vacant. “A faithful doctor is never free from calls to duty,” it was explained.

When the Doctor came in he was amusedly irate: “For once,” he declared, “I was really tempted to abandon a very sick patient by refusing a call. It would have been a warning and a lesson to him and to others to keep away from quacks.”

“What variety was it this time?” was the host's query.

“A very sick man did not think that Nature knew her business in rebuilding slowly after years of neglect and abuse, so, the other day when I called, I was told that the case had been placed in the hands of a Theosophist!”

“A what?” cried the hostess, with a glance of fun at the beginner, with whom she had recently attended a meeting of the local Branch.

“That's what he advertises himself as—a Theosophist; and on his cards he specifies himself as a ‘Practitioner of Medical Theosophy.’”

This is the sort of experience that may confront the seeker for light in his first contact with the Theosophical movement. Perhaps comfort may lie in the suggestion that such experiences may be in the nature of a test or a warning. If egotism be so strong as to be mortified or chagrined it may be well for the seeker to turn away after this stumble rather than to risk a harder fall later. This, however, is an afterview and was not clear the night of the dinner, while the beginner tried to meet with faith, yet without assertion, the raillery of his friends.

Yet there came to him later the question, “why do they permit the abuse of the name?”

So, at the next of those memorable lunches; all too-soon cut off, that the inquirer might be forced to think and act for himself after being given loving guidance and well-tempered wisdom; the Modern Mentor was asked, “All sorts of people, and most of them decidedly queer, use the name of the T. S. and even do what none of you do—call themselves Theosophists. Why don't you get out an injunction and at least stop the abuse of the Society's name, even if you cannot prevent the other?”

The Mentor leaned back and laughed. “My dear boy, do you really and truly think that you are sincere in wishing to join the T. S.?”

“Of course I am,” was the instant answer.

"But how can you be when you evidently have not taken in one of the very first principles of the Society?"

"What do you mean, please?"

"Tolerance."

"But what has that got to do with the abuse of the Society's name by people who offend all of its principles?"

"Do they not each of them believe that they have a right to use the name? You must, if you would join the T. S., learn to be tolerant and see only their sincerity, always remembering the warning of the *Bhagavad Gita*, 'the duty of another is full of danger.' Would we be tolerant, if, by force, through turning to the civil law, we sought to prevent by external means, others from doing what they believe?"

"But think of the cruel harm done the T. S."

There was no amusement left in the Mentor's manner; he was grave almost to severity and his voice was reverent when he answered, "Think of the cruel harm that has been done our great Master Jesus Christ by those who call themselves Christians, yet can you think of His stretching forth His all-powerful hand to save His Name? Does He not rather pray for those who hurt Him and persecute Him?"

The luncheon was left in silence and the beginner had learned to see that what the T. S. stands for must be accepted, with all its hazards, in absolute sincerity and literalness. And some understanding of all that this involves was given him when, the next time they met, his Mentor gave him, without comment, a copy of Professor Mitchell's *Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*.

To advise another may not be safe, yet risks must be taken, so this beginner ventures to express a wish that all those in his static relation to the movement would take the trouble to get this guide to some appreciation of what the T. S. is and why its members absolutely carry out in the Twentieth Century the Rule of the Master of our Christian church, "Pray for them that persecute you."—Matthew v. 44.

VIII

"LEARN YE TO FOLLOW; ERE YE SEEK TO GUIDE"

A young business man had activities that took him to several cities. In one of them the chance of business relations brought him again in contact with some family friends and through these friends he met a Group of people, of which they formed an integral part. He found all of the Group to be most charming socially and, where business also brought contact, he found them to be equally as able. So strong was the impression of real greatness that he was shocked when chance brought to him from the outside the news that they were all active members in the local Branch of the T. S. He went so far as to try to brush out of his mind the remembrance and to maintain the relationship on the familiar

basis of social appreciation and affection and business confidence and respect. He even felt a bit apologetic in his own mind that he should have chanced upon this "mortifying secret"—for as such he found himself regarding the fact.

But into the blank chaos and utter blackness, into which the kind rigors of a kinder Fate threw him; to sorrow and despair, until he should hunger for help and welcome it, even in the lesson he was learning; came a soft light. It was dim and perhaps diffuse, but it lighted him onward. Soon without knowing it his feet were fumbling for a Path he knew not existed, thinking only of the comfort that there "was light." At the time unwittingly he turned to his friends of the Group. They were not close friends in the conventional sense. Those closer to him conventionally often wondered why he went where he did for "comfort." The secret was perhaps in that word. In the ordinary sense he was not given "comfort." Pity was a foreign thought, but infinite tenderness and sympathy were offered him in even thought-silence. Out of the stiffening of will and effort, all but entirely dissipated in the reaction from the Lesson of Grief, came an interest in subjects which had been lost sight of in the pressure of active business and great happiness. From this came a tide that changed the drift into a current. The "mortifying secret" came back into his intellectual consciousness and he remembered that his friends were of the T. S. and he began to ask questions. Before he realized that he had formulated a want that was not to be satisfied until he should have been enrolled with them in the T. S.; he reached, through purely intellectual processes of observation and conviction, the conclusion that the secret existed. He saw that it was their endeavor to live up to the spirit of the Theosophical movement that was the explanation of their power on all the planes on which he had contacted with them—socially, financially and in their sympathy in his sorrow. In other words he grew to believe absolutely that the charm, the ability, the loveableness, the unselfishness and the all-round power of this Group was an expression of that Something which also made them active members in the T. S.

If you knew of people who had found gold in an open and unpre-empted region, geographically adjacent, would you not seek to follow them and endeavor to get them to share their discoveries with you, even if you knew nothing about mining and metallurgy? In a crude way this analogy illustrates the feeling that led the young man to fasten himself upon one of the Group, seeking every opportunity of obtaining some idea of that far Land of Spiritual El Dorado, that to his friends seemed as if but across the road, but which to him still seemed as distant as the mountains, shining white above forbidding crags, away, 'way off against the horizon. The friend to whom he turned, while remaining a friend soon became a Friend, and later was adopted as a Mentor or Guide to the Path that began to be outlined dimly stretching toward the distant horizon.

When this happened it came back to the hungry Inquirer that his Guide, during all the years that had passed, had again and again, with seeming carelessness and with the lightness of play of a finished angler, offered him opportunities for questions. Every once in a while some book "that you might find of interest" in regard to this or that point had come up in conversation. Some of these books had even been secured at the time, but had been cast aside after feeble efforts to open them at all after the momentary stimulus had waned in its effect.

Crouched like a dog at heel waiting for his Friend to look less tired under the battering of questioning, the Inquirer seized upon a physical movement that broke the momentary repose to dash forward to express something he had grown to feel strongly:

"Think, dear Mentor, of the years that I have wasted, of all that I have lost just because you did not take me by the throat and knock my silly head against a wall and punctuate the thumping by saying 'you're starving and even if you don't know it I am going to make you eat and drink!'" The Inquirer spoke jestingly just because he knew that at last he was expressing the regret that had grown; the lament that could no longer be stilled.

It was to his real feeling and not to his surface manner that the Mentor replied, "Again and again through all these years I have wished that I might do that very thing, but it was not to be—then. Some day you will learn that there must be a demand before it can be supplied and that mere need will not suffice. This is the price we pay for the terrible yet wonderful Gift of Free-Will. The Masters Themselves may crave to reach us and enlighten us, but even They are powerless until the Soul first cries out for Their Help."

Now must be confessed something that to those who are also beginning will sound like a more-or-less "silly paradox," to quote from the writer's own too-recent vocabulary. The truth of this simple statement by his Mentor was so absolute and complete that not even a tiny inkling of its significance and possibilities of ramification reached the would-be student for a long, long time. And then only after weary and momentarily-bitter experiences. Take this letter "O"; it is simple and insignificant; yet it can be used as a symbol of the Very Highest and yet to some it also expresses a baby's first unthinking cry.

"Bumps open the brain," a wise old nurse used to tell the mother of a large flock, and there may be occult truth contained in her wisdom as well as the cheery comfort she thus expressed. Is it not a fact that most "freshmen" or "new chums" or "tenderfeet" or however you would describe that familiar state, seem convinced that they "know it all"? And worse than that have they not usually the "fool courage of their callow convictions?" A favorite manifestation of this is in the application of various "new discoveries" to their own lives in the face of older coun-

sellors. Let not the beginner think that when he turns toward the occult he automatically sheds his old faults and his old difficulties. There seems to be but one Law, though it may have many Aspects, as you view it from any one of its six sides. Only in the fourth dimension (as so wonderfully and charmingly explained that even a child may follow) may you see it in its entirety. And for this explanation turn back to John Charlton's little gem of making plain occult phenomena published in a recent number of *THE QUARTERLY*.

This is a digression but it is also an illustration that while you must keep your feet on the Path it is well to know where you are going lest you wander off!

Servetus was a spiritual freshman, indeed, he was a "prep-school" freshman at that, but he did not know it. He too had need to learn from the Primer of Life that Humility is a Power—"Learn," why that is a ridiculous assertion—"hope to appreciate something some day of that great Truth that Humility is Power" were the safer phrase. "Learn"—do we ever "learn"—is not our very best an ardent yearning to Learn?

Of course the Mentor was wise, but he was a bit old-fogyish, or so, at least, thought his pupil. Look at the mistake that had been made in the pupil's own case. He would not be so cruel. He would not stand by idly and let others suffer. Even if they did not know that they were suffering he could tell from his own pain and agony; and simple decency required that he should go to their aid. Mentor was a wonderful fellow; one of that group designated as "saint-men" by the pupil's little boy, but warrior saints have not been seen by modern men to their own knowledge. The time had come to be brave. The whole spirit of the age is "progress"; why not progress in matters spiritual?

So then reasoned the pupil. He had been told but he had to find out that the truth never changes and that he was expressing the same reaction that every inquirer has experienced since first the Divine came into Human life. As a matter of fact he had "become" nothing. He was yet to learn that mere feeling or intellectual enjoyment or even acceptance may be worse than nothing. All he had was a job-lot of unassimilated information; a hodge-podge of fructifying ideas (not ideals—as he thought); a veritable mess of fermenting but utterly unformulated desire. It was about as safe a situation for him, had he but heeded the sign boards, the shouted warnings and the open perils in his path, as if he had filled his pockets with nitro-glycerine and had started for a stroll over Mt. Washington without changing his dancing pumps. But, remember, he "knew" that he was that exceptional boy who may be trusted with grown-up things!

The full and detailed story of the disaster would be too autobiographical and probably not of interest except to the sufferer himself. He emerged ultimately in the state of the Captain's parrot in the old China trade story, which carried the candle into the magazine. Torn, denuded, naked and flayed he too was ready to exclaim as he looked in

the mirror, "Heaven only knows whether I ever was a parrot or not, but I know that I have been a fool."

Here are a few fragments to be picked up from the ruins of the structure the spiritual freshman sought to erect: Sincere seekers, who might have become students, driven off—bored or terrified; two clergymen hurt and offended by a kindly endeavor to explain to them what they really believed; former business associates divided in their opinion as to whether the Inquirer was hypocritical or merely insane, when he talked about the fundamental spiritual basis for all forms of activity, a fact, but one about which he really knew nothing, for he was not even trying to live accordingly; members of his family, whose "conversion" was attempted have since confessed that they had begun to believe in the possibilities of demoniacal possession; and classes and committees the Inquirer sought to help and organize on spiritual lines inevitably waned in attendance and as inevitably died solitary and anæmic deaths. To use a mathematical form of expression—as the self-righteous proselytizing effort, so the failure and repulsion. And, to crown it all, the freshman found that even according to his old and unregenerate standards he himself had gone back while he had been working, as he pretended even to himself, for others. And here came another lesson that the New Testament may be a hand book of practical instruction to a life theosophical, as it so often appears to any student who struggles on the Path, for the parable of the Mote and the Beam proved to be true and "commonsensible."

There must have been some inspiration to common sense in the realization of this, for when it came to the freshman he did what he should long before have done, what he should have done before he tried to guide others. He went to others himself and asked some of the older members for help out of the bog in which he had stranded himself. The experience was like the holding up of the mirror by the Captain to the parrot.

Many pages had Servetus written in comment upon and elucidation of this truly not exaggerated personal experience. He was hoping that he might be able to save some other from the pangs he suffered. But there has come back to him the formal evidence that he heard presented at the Legislative hearings when one of our Northern states passed the first law requiring Guides to the trackless woods to be publicly licensed and only licensed after they had proved their competency. And again he realized that there is nothing spiritual or occult that is not to be paralleled out of our everyday experience if only we will look around us with eyes of sympathy and understanding. And to teach Servetus the possibilities of conciseness he has been given the quotation with which this chapter is headed, "Learn ye to Follow; ere ye seek to Guide." And this is why one very new student of Theosophy has learned to accept that to proselytize is at best not profitable to "either party to the transaction."

SERVETUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM

THE summer should be given to inner activity, to meditation, to spiritual reading and to prayer, just as the winter should be given to consecration by means of outer work. In this, the lower kingdoms of nature reflect the higher reversely,—the spiritual forces indrawing as the material forces expand. And because they indraw, they need to be followed, on the principle that we should always work with the tide of spiritual life and should turn our effort in the direction in which it flows.

The Disciple, the Gael and the others whose conversation usually is recorded in this department of the QUARTERLY, announce without regret or apology that they have “gone out of the talking business”; they refuse to provide me with summer “copy.” In this extremity I, as Recorder, have had the great good fortune to have placed in my hands a record, unique in exoteric literature so far as I am aware, which should be of immense service to those who are interested in discipleship whether theoretically or practically.

Not long ago a woman, a member of the Theosophical Society, died. She had been a member for a great many years, and at one time had been effectively active on behalf of the Society. She had known Mr. Judge and had been helped greatly by him. Not long after his death, her activity ceased. She allowed herself, as she afterwards realized, to be washed onto a sand-bank in the river of life, and to lie there, gasping, for as long a period as she had before given to working for Theosophy. She had been a disciple “on probation.” She had done splendid work. She forced herself forward where the fire was hottest: and she failed. But she was brought back to life, and to a more complete discipleship—was “raised from the dead” as she expressed it to me later—through the instrumentality of the individual known to readers of the QUARTERLY as “Cavé.” For this she was boundlessly grateful, and, before her actual death, instructed her heirs to loan me her papers and records, believing that I might be able to extract material which would help others.

Not more than half a dozen members of the Society ever knew her, even by name. She wrote for the magazines, but always under *noms-de-plume*. Her husband was a great traveller and, with him, she roamed the world—Europe and Asia and Africa—many times over.

Among the papers loaned to me are a number of letters to her, written by Cavé, and the record of her daily meditation with comments by Cavé. She showed and explained these to me when I last saw her, so that I am able to some extent to speak of the preliminaries as well as to elucidate the sequence of the letters, whenever that seems necessary.

She was washed off her sand-bank at last. The river of life rose and freed her. The prayers of her friends, she said: although, in a way, she had never ceased her "general aspiration." And at first she resented hotly the way in which she had been freed. In part she was frightened and in part angry—like a man, praying for death, struck dead on the street: aware that he has been killed; frightened by the strangeness of his situation, and angry with the man who had knocked him over. So she tried at first to reject her release. But that folly passed. She came in time to realize that the shame and disgrace which had overtaken her were the greatest negative blessing that had ever come into her life. She had been living in Hell, and she knew it. Even Hell had spewed her out, or so it seemed. What next? She felt, at that time, that she had long ago ruined her life; that it could hold no future. She looked forward to nothing but a dull grind of duty, and then death, and perhaps after that, "another chance." But even in Hell she had clung to some of the Rules which at one time she had accepted in simple and wise literalness. She had continued to meditate. She had sought guidance within the limits of her own self-will. Now she tried to surrender her own will. She sought guidance genuinely. Yet because she had in some respects deliberately made herself deaf, she could not hear except occasionally and along the narrowest of tracks. Finally she decided to seek her fellows, whom she had not seen for so long. She believed in Masters. She had known that they exist. And she found her fellows doing what she knew was Masters' work.

It was then that I met her again. Her shy efforts to pick up the thread where she had dropped it, were altogether pitiable. Her hand had lost its cunning. Her heart had dried and she did not know it. Years later she told me that pride and vanity had held her compressed, as between steel plates. But she began to work. She did what she could. And she gave more time to meditation.

Finally it dawned on her that while she had known the Masters outwardly, as the supreme Workers, and herself as one of their instruments, she had not known them at all in the deeper sense, and that she had never given them her heart. It was example, she said, that taught her this; it was observation of one disciple in particular whose love seemed centered in them. Her desire to help returned with increasing intensity. She was told that she must learn to love if truly she would serve; and she, this woman of forty, set her will grimly to the task of learning how to love!

She had at one time ranked as wiser, or as older in spiritual things, than most of her companions. And her first surrender of vanity, she told me afterwards, was made when she put herself unreservedly into the hands of another, body and soul, with a voluntary promise to do anything that might be required of her if only she might be taught how to love as she believed that other loved. She was in deadly earnest. Hope was coming back to her and made her desperate. Her time was

limited. She had to leave. Having made up her mind to do, to obey; having swallowed her pride at least in one direction; having learned to hold life, when governed by herself, as cheap as dirt—there was nothing, in my opinion, that woman would not have done in a material sense in order to gain her end. She would have jumped off the highest roof. She would have walked to Cape Horn. And she must have intimated as much, half jokingly, in her letter of appeal, judging by the reference to South America in Cavé's reply. Of her own letters she kept no record. So the correspondence, as given here, necessarily is one-sided.

On November 27th, 1903, Cavé wrote to her as follows:

"My dear friend—I want to thank you with sincere gratitude and affection for your most kind letter. I have taken it deeply to heart, and feel the seriousness and responsibility of the trust you place in me. I shall do all in my power to justify it, and aid you in every way I can. . . . I am not going to send you to South America!—not yet, at any rate: but ask of you the far harder task of taking yourself steadfastly in hand, cultivating confidence that you can do it—lean on *my* faith there, when you lose your own—in other words devoting yourself *chiefly* to that branch of the work which has never appealed to you nor awakened your enthusiasm:—your own training. But it will interest you when I assure you that *that* is your path to the Master. There always is one path for each of us, and usually it is the *one way we do not care to go*.

"I do not think you in any sense lethargic, only your great mental activity has dulled and deadened your inner faculties. Here is something for immediate attack.

"Please remember that when you want to talk to me I am here, waiting. I shall speak, of course, when I see need; but usually I shall wait for you. That is my way."

Two days later she received from Cavé "Some Notes and Suggestions."

"If you do not already keep a Diary, please do so, not merely the ordinary kind, but what is called a 'Chêla's Log Book.' Note in it the *inner* events, and, as far as you can perceive them, the *inner meaning* of outer events. This will keep your attention upon that side of your daily happenings and occupations; and putting them down every night before sleeping, will give them sequence, and, in the course of time, coherence and a consecutive meaning. In this you will find the guidance of your life,—not flash-lights out of the darkness now and again, which bewilder as often as they illumine, and which, thus torn from the context as it were, one is more often than not prone to misinterpret; but a steady, even light, which though very small at first, if we follow after with eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, grows brighter and brighter. (This Ledger should be referred to often and re-read at regular intervals.)

"Try therefore to *notice* things. Realize that they are happening

all the time, and try to see them. You have to be steadily on the lookout to do this. You cannot expect much if you only try at intervals during the day, with your mind full of a thousand details of outer work and outer things between. Do not force; do not strain; do not get out of breath; keep down anxiety; leave results alone. Remember, results belong to the Master, and that the disciple must never take what does not belong to him. The disciple has no 'rights' (save to be *tried*)—not even the right to himself.

"By an effort of will you should keep the doubt, distrust, ridicule and cynicism of the mind, down and away. No difference whatever that these are turned against yourself, since you are no different from the rest, and must eliminate that which is due, partly to the sense of separateness in a larger way, and, in a smaller way, to a subtler form of self-love and vanity. These feelings, if not kept at bay, lead always to discouragement and despair. So sharpen the blade of your will upon these inevitable defects, which must, however, be completely eradicated. Make it a *point of honour*. You cannot realize—no one can before a certain stage—how insulting such feelings are towards the Master. How often we place him upon a throne, with purple robe and sceptre and a crown (a crown of thorns alas!), and then bend the knee and mock and buffet him! And his prayer is always the same—Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. This may seem exaggeration, but it is not: it is the same thing on a higher plane.

"Occultly speaking your mind is undisciplined. Your first task therefore is to discipline it, and you will do this by your will. Say to it first—So far and no further! And never let it cross the line.

"If you can arrange it, I should like you to fix an hour when you can meditate with me, daily. Of course, I do not mean that we should *be* together. The morning is a better time, and I can arrange for any hour save . . . Take five minutes, if possible. Insist upon yourself as a disciple, and then turn to the Higher Self by way of the Master. Sometimes I shall try to speak to you at such times, and please keep careful notes of any impressions you have, which I would like to see.

"One personal matter. Be always simple and direct with me. I shall make it a point to accept what you say *just as you say it*—not looking under or behind your words for your meaning. So you must be careful, or you might unintentionally mislead me. You are shy, and so am I. We must both try to get over this with each other. It is foolish and a barrier. Let us be frank and simple and trust each other and ourselves. . . . You know most of these things: have taught them many times. Now you must *do* them."

Mrs. S. (for it will be easier to give her some appellation) took this advice to heart and, so far as she was able, seems promptly to have acted upon it. She told me that she had found the earlier part of the advice almost meaningless, it was so far removed from her practice and experience. She had lived hurriedly and superficially. She had, at all

but her best and highest, been far too "extroverted"—sacrificing everything for what she had imagined to be the needs of the outer work. But she began at once to keep a diary. The day after the receipt of the "Suggestions," I find outer events and conversations entered in considerable detail, with this brief paragraph added: "It has been a confused day interiorly. I have been trying new things and new methods. The result this evening is that I seem, if anything, to have lost ground. Transition, I suppose." Certainly she lost no time in measuring her growth!

On the next day, she divided her diary into "inner" and "outer," devoting all of the "inner," however, to the five minutes of meditation with Cavé! This is her first entry.

"Reading letter from —. When concluded, and before the clock struck, I suddenly and without premeditation, stood up and raised my fingers to my lips—conscious of some presence. After a moment or two the clock struck, and then I found myself saying in part of my mind, Of course I hear you, dear friend—with an inner smile. But, as a matter of fact, I did not hear anything in my outer mind. Then I tried to do as advised: to insist upon myself as a disciple (which I did feel), and then to meditate through the Master on the Higher Self. Also, at the same time, to listen. It seemed that you [it should be understood that this record was intended for Cavé, and was afterwards read and returned by Cavé] were saying something about 'help'—urging me, as it were, to get busy in order to help. But I could trace a sort of subconscious question in my own mind, previous to this, asking myself 'What would Cavé be saying anyhow?' Still, I am inclined to think that there was the idea in your mind that I ought to help. I tried to meditate on the Higher Self in my usual formula: as That which we all are—'Where all hearts are One; all being is One; all Consciousness is One; all Love is One.' *Was* helped."

Three days later there is this brief entry.

"The meditation this morning I described to myself afterwards as colourless. And it had very little force. I think this must have been due in part to lack of sleep."

On the same day, under "outer" events, she speaks of going to bed that night at 3.30 A. M., and then adds emphatically: "I am *not* seeing the inner meaning of outer events."

Cavé, presumably, allowed these entries to pass without comment, for it is not until much later that written comment appears. It should not be inferred from this that the method followed met with approval. The use of the phrase, "usual formula," suggests a habit, and, when attempting to change the whole direction of a life, it is necessary at first to allow much to pass without correction until essentials have been grasped. Furthermore it should clearly be understood that every case

requires individual diagnosis and treatment. Meditation of one kind is needed by one person and would be a hindrance to another. No one should attempt to prescribe for himself. Even a physician goes to another physician when he is sick: and who is not sick in a spiritual sense! Consequently it would be folly for anyone reading these pages to say, "I will do that: that will suit me." It would be just as foolish as it would be to adopt a prescription because it had cured a friend of gout—the only similarity between our case and his being, perhaps, a pain in the same general region. Our gouty friend doubtless was treated from day to day, or from week to week, according to his changing condition and need: which is something that must be taken into account, as well as the probability of essential difference between his malady and our own.

The problem in any case is the recovery or the conquest of spiritual life and health, which includes the discovery and recognition of that Master on whose "Ray" the neophyte stands. That Master is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is He alone who can lead us to our "second birth"—and, in the occult sense, no one is alive until thus born. Therefore that Master must be sought. Therefore, again,—“Silence thy thoughts and fix thy whole attention on thy Master whom yet thou dost not see, but whom (at one stage) thou feelest.”

Returning now to the record of Mrs. S., who was by no means a beginner, but who had been following wrong methods, I find this entry on December 8th, some ten days after her beginning with Cavé.

“Sat down to meditate with a mind that felt dead and without sufficient energy to concentrate. Then, without effort [the deadness of mind had helped—not hindered], in two or three seconds, the current seemed to change, and it became almost easy. It came into my mind that: ‘The chëla thinks *only* of the Master’—perhaps in general comment on my mind of yesterday and this morning. So I tried to apply it *now* [She was in any case learning one lesson]. Not much success. But then came the rest of the sentence, as it were—after a considerable pause, during which I tried to think only of the Master—: ‘and of what the Master tells him to think about.’ So I tried then to pass to the Higher Self: from the Master to within the Master, rather in the sense of ‘the Great One, in whom we live and move and have our being,’ and in whom all consciousness is one. The best meditation as such for some time at this hour” [She was meditating at several other hours of the day, and for longer periods than this special five minutes].

Next day there was this entry.

“This was a complete failure. I was tired and dead and my mind would not stay still. There was no impression, and the only comment I could make on it to myself afterwards was that it was an insult.”

There are many entries which throw side-lights on her character.

Thus: "I read the second volume of Mr. Judge's *Letters*, and am more impressed than ever with his *energy*." Then, on December 12th: "Not a good day, but I suppose a shade above the average. And this is not saying much. There is lack of clear recollection, and of moving and doing as in the Lodge, which I am trying to do at present." On the 19th: "Last thing at night: must be prepared to keep this up for ever; and if present strain too violent, modify it, or even it in such a way as to make it attainable permanently. What is a chela's attitude and effort? *You cannot win. Leave it to Him.*"

A few days later there is this record of the special five minutes:

"The strongest sense of Cavé's presence I have ever had—with a sense, as it were, of entreaty—possibly to listen and hear after so many efforts. And I did *try*. Yet all I could get in my mind was the thought—the words—"Turn your heart." The presence was very strong and clear, and held me for several minutes beyond the ten [this looks as if the original five had been extended] with a great longing to get away, to get through, forcing a prayer to the Master to take whatever of me can be taken."

The next entry of interest is that while dressing for dinner she had the idea very vividly—"Do not look up; look down." On the following day, this: "All day on the verge of tears! with constant effort to keep them back. Looking for results and sense of failure! . . . Don't look for results! Be all that you can be and let the rest go."

Meditating with Cavé—by this time they were on different continents, Mrs. S. being in Japan—she had, on Christmas Day, the feeling of great help "and was deeply grateful." "'Take yet more courage,' was the thought I got out of it,—after the foolish hope that Cavé would not lose patience with my stupidity. 'Within you is the Light of the World. It is still. Feel it. *That is the Master.*' This came to me at a later meditation, but I think as a deposit from the meditation with you."

Perhaps this is the best point at which to include the next letter from Cavé, because it was sent in reply to one written on Christmas Day:

"My very dear friend,

". . . But above all I must thank you for your Christmas letter, which meant a great deal to me. Your personal expressions of trust and affection are dear to my heart—the love of my friends and fellow-workers is something I am very dependent upon. But above all I see you turning with strong faith and effort to the Master: turning, so that I do not believe you could ever again under any delusion whatever, turn away. O do not be discouraged! We must all feel our failings and inadequacies, but what do they matter. Press on! After all, that is the Master's concern, not ours. If we were worthy of his choice, then he knows that we have within us the possibilities of what he desires. And he loves us! Surely we can never disappoint that marvellous love.

And we can cling to that and forget about results. After what we know of the difference in his outlook and ours, we must realize that his results are far other than ours, even ours at their best; and that our safety—for ourselves and for his work—lies in leaving them absolutely alone.

“Can you doubt that I, who require so much patience, would not find it for you? What would keep me humble, were there nothing else to do so, is that I can see so clearly how much more is shown me than I have ever need to show.”

That letter, Mrs. S. told me, nearly broke her heart. She felt so utterly unworthy of it. And as I hold it, writing, its envelope is soiled with wear and with handling. She must have carried it with her for many months.

In her record of the special meditations, I find the first of the comments by Cavé on an entry dated January 6th. Mrs. S. had written: “I described this to myself as a meditation of love and of worship. It was deep and real . . .” Cavé notes: “These ‘meditations of love and worship’ are the best of all.”

At the end of an entry a few days later, Mrs. S. wrote: “But I should write these records at the time.” Cavé underscores “at the time,” and adds: “This is important where possible. When notes are made later they may, unconsciously to ourselves, be elaborated or obscured by mental images that grow up about them. The first clear-cut impression—if only of success or failure—inspiration or flatness—is important. This does not preclude adding later, what may come through later, in a supplementary note.”

On January 10th there is this:

“Better than yesterday, but still not best. It improved with every minute, until quarter past, when I stopped. A strong sense of co-operation. It seemed that Cavé said something—the first words of which, although this is only three minutes later, I have already lost—No: this is what it seemed, ‘All is well. I trust you to——.’ The balance I missed, but it may have been ‘to make good.’”

On this Cavé comments: “The idea intended was ‘forge ahead.’”

There are entries of complete failure, or of what evidently seemed like it. Then, on the 16th, this: “In a ‘rickshaw. After a minute or two, I decided that to try to hear, or to listen, is perhaps the wrong method; and that I would just *do* it, and talk with Cavé anyway. So I told Cavé . . . Then Cavé replied that the Master has been immensely and wonderfully kind, and . . . Then I continued the meditation in a more abstract sense, feeling a great love for the Master, and with more and more encouragement to assume, without question, the full responsibilities and privileges of chélaship. There must be more self-confidence.”

Cavé comments: “This was well done. Many years ago, ——— taught me (inside) to go to him and talk to him just as if he were stand-

ing right there before me. It was an old habit of childhood, which, in my years of green fruitage, I considered foolish and looked back upon with indulgent amusement. — showed me that the child's instinct and method was the true one. It took a little time, and both my faith and patience were tested: but I know from experience that it is an unfailling method."

More "wretched failures," one of them "due perhaps to a slight earthquake which upset me." Then, on January 20th, this:

"'Be patient and persevere,' again was impressed on my mind. The idea occurred to me to assert mentally and to feel myself as being the highest qualities, such as they exist in the Master. Thus, I am that love which is His—and to feel the utmost that one can of His love as being one's own and one's Higher Self.—I think the effect is good."

In a footnote Cavé writes: "This is a good exercise: for remember the Manas of the Master and chêla is one—that is to say, all the Manas of the chêla is the Master's, and the chêla has as much of the Master's as he can reach and assimilate. So of his other qualities, since the chêla lives in the Master's aura."

Next comes this: "I tried hard to hear Cavé's voice. . . . Cannot understand why I can hear nothing audibly. No result in this case either, but after I had been trying for a few minutes to listen, it did seem as if Cavé were saying, several times in succession—"Turn your heart, turn your heart!" Mentally I asked—"Is that you?"—and then 'Yes, it is I,' and the same words again."

The comment by Cavé is: "Audible hearing is not necessary: in your case might easily be a barrier. Let that go. Do not worry about it. Get the *impression* as vividly as you can."

On January 24th: "This was a *good* meditation. It seemed that someone said: 'There is a Path. It is a Path of great endeavour. You may follow it.' I noted that it was not 'can' or 'should,' but 'may.' This was not in answer to any known or recognized mental question of mine. It did not come with the clear-cut precision or 'shock' of a 'message.' It might easily have been an inner process of my own. So with all of these impressions. Yet when I asked Cavé if present, a very strong impression of 'Yes.'"

The comment reads: "Have more faith in your impressions. Better to go it blind and be deceived, than to chill everything with doubt. Purification casts out doubt: it really has nothing to do with others or with circumstances."

The next entry by Mrs. S. is: "Tried to carry out the idea of interior silence: with what result I hardly know. But it seemed to cut me off from all possibility of 'hearing' any distinct thing, though, when I had practically finished, the sentence came into my mind—"The love of the Master is the joy of the world"—which, so far as I can see, means nothing, and was not even the result of a mental process!"

On this Cavé wrote: "Sometimes our minds extinguish spiritual

ideas as a burning torch is extinguished by plunging it in water—this when psychic (astral *or* emotional) influences dominate the mind. Or again, in the aridity of over-activity in outer events (lack of Detachment), the Divine Spark goes out as a hot coal is smothered by ashes. . . . There is much meaning in your message of today. For if joy be the very heart and essence of life, as the Master has told us, then his love is the road to it in being one with it. Thus he becomes truly our Mediator: Love, the essence of Life as of the Master, being the Way, the Truth, and the Life—universal and individual.”

An entry on the 29th evoked a particularly valuable comment. Mrs. S. had written as follows: “This was a good meditation as such. Then there came into my mind the words, ‘Be kind and gentle’; later ‘Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice’; then ‘*Turn* your heart.’ But these all seemed like mental echoes, and I asked (not hearing any voice)—is that your voice Cavé? To which came the answer—‘Yes, this is my voice.’ So I asked—‘How can I tell it from the voice of my own mind?’ to which the answer was—‘It is more gentle!’ But I did not feel the least sense of conviction with any of this, and note it only because Cavé said—‘Note all impressions carefully.’ In a sense the meditation took me *above* the mind, but then, looking *down*, I saw merely these mental processes.”

Cavé commented (and it will be understood that Mrs. S. did not receive these comments until many weeks had passed): “The trouble here was that you did not *look* down: you *sank* down, and saw, not from above, onto it, but *with* it. When you are really above it, you can always distinguish your own mental voice, because it will come up to you from below. A fellow disciple will speak on a level, as it were; and the Master or a Master, from above. When you grow into close communion with the Master (your own Master), you can always distinguish his voice from that of any other Master because it will speak in your heart.”

Next day, “there was no definite impression.” But on the 31st there was this: “I am grateful for this meditation. Whether by induction from Cavé, or by more direct means, I do not know. But I certainly could feel, and feel strongly, Cavé’s unbounded love for Master, and I think it was this that liberated in me—I will not say the same feeling, but in any case a real and deep feeling of the same nature. Then, very dimly, I seemed to see His brow, crowned with a band of gold; and the thought flashed into my mind that it is our love that crowns him: that it is the only crown he wears or can ever wear—the golden love of His *chêlas*. Then I asked Cavé if ‘to love Him’ was all that she had wanted to say to me, and Cavé’s reply seemed to be, ‘It is all I can ever have to say.’ I am very, very grateful.”

Then this brief comment: “Bless you dear friend for this!”

She had made a real beginning. For the rest, lack of space compels

postponement until the next issue of the *QUARTERLY*. In case, however, the reader has become interested in the human side of the record—in the efforts of my friend, of the woman as such—it would be natural to wish to know the outcome. Briefly, then, she did find her Master. Her experience in some respects was extraordinary. One of the last entries she made, several years after those given above, is of an inner conversation with her Master, which she recorded from memory as follows:

“Do better. You can. You shall. I require it of you. You owe it to me, to —. Take heart—yes, and take heart in hand. Hold it. Control it. Use it. Spiritual will—my will—must govern. It is above the heart, as heart is above mind.—Now sleep, giving your life to me: your will, consciousness, feeling. Sleep, and through that door come to me with —. Hold that need in mind. Rise tomorrow to read this first, and look for the memory before you read another thing.—My child, rejoice that you learn. Slowly it is true: but you learn. It is not my fault that you are slow. I would give so much to increase your speed! But take heart, energy, hope. I love you. Now go. My peace I give unto you always.”

Next morning there is rather a long entry, the essence of which is contained in this sentence: “You must *give* yourself; and how can this be done except by eliminating self from all your motives!”

But the story of her progress to that point, with the letters and comments by Cavé to which she owed, as she said, her “life,” must be told “in our next.”

T.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

DREAMS

WE sometimes hear the present time spoken of as a Scientific age, and we are told that with the exception of the more ignorant of our people we have outgrown all the ancient superstitions. This is evidently a mistaken idea, for there is still much extravagant zeal manifested in the pursuit of every seeming novelty of the occult. It is not only the poor and ignorant who run after these things, but the rich, the select and exclusive people who seek out and patronize them. Even those whose minds have been carefully disciplined find it hard to resist this tendency to be superstitious. In spite of all our scientific education there is still a considerable amount of popular belief in the presence and power of agents that are invisible and intangible. Multitudes still believe in ghosts, wraiths, haunted houses, second sight, prophetic dreams, presentiments and other aspects of prevision. The glory of dreamland has not yet departed, but it has passed from the throne to the footstool, from the palace to the cottage. Monarchs used to consult the dream interpreter, rather than his minister, or the general of his army. Armies were marched and halted, decrees issued or suspended, according to the indications of these nocturnal revelations. The King's sleep, and therefore his digestion, was a state affair of great importance, for upon this often depended the coming in or going out of Grand Viziers, and the appointment or recall of the mighty Satraps of ancient Oriental monarchies. We have an example of this in the experience of the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar, and when there was not a Daniel to come to judgment a great deal of uncertainty resulted to all the parties most nearly concerned. The influence of the Royal bed-chamber must have proved a constant source of vexation and anxiety. It is obvious that there must have been some foundation for a belief that through thousands of years found comfortable berths for so many magian interpreters, and by which so many statesmen and great commanders were forced to retreat. These Kings were no more fools than our modern rulers are, and they would no more allow their public and private affairs to be regulated by cunning priests and imposters than kings and kaisers would today. The fact underlying this belief was that experience had taught them that the dreams of a lucide or a natural seer, were often

prophetic or retrospective, and afforded revelations of distant or secret circumstances. It is the rarity, and not the impossibility, of such phenomena that renders the attention to ordinary dreaming as a guide in the affairs of life such an absurdity.

In our own time we witness the occasional development of this power, and there are many well-authenticated cases of these "*remarkable dreams*," that is, dreams that later were found to be true. Not only do we find these direct revelations in dreams that need no interpreter, but also another class of dreams that required an expert to unravel their mysteries. These dreams were symbolical, and physical objects were supposed to represent complex ideas. Trees, mountains, stars, etc., stood for empires, principalities, powers, and systems, and a certain class devoted themselves to the translation of these hieroglyphics into the common tongue.

Men's belief in dream lore commenced with the direct dream revelations that rested on the sure and simple basis of reality, but that belief perished under the mystic pretensions and high-sounding fallacies of these professional dream interpreters. Of the essential difference between lucid dreams and the chaotic dreams of ordinary sleep, the wisest of the ancients were fully aware and typified them under the figure of the ivory and the horny gate, those coming through the ivory being reliable and those through the horny deceptive.

In addition to these dreams that are of a prophetic character, there are others that are retrospective and in which a clairvoyant power seems to be developed. An instance of this was related in a north of England newspaper a great many years ago. A young woman named Maria Martin left her mother's cottage one evening stating that she would take a short walk, but she never returned. All search and inquiry proved ineffectual. After the lapse of two or three weeks the mother dreamed that her daughter had been murdered and her body buried under the floor of a building known as the red barn. This dream was repeated and made a deep impression on the old woman's mind. She told her poor neighbors and then got the clergyman of the parish interested and through him some other influential people. These people rather to satisfy the bereaved mother than for any faith in the undertaking had the barn searched, and a few feet below the surface found the remains of the unfortunate girl. Evidence was later gathered from other sources which led to the conviction of a farmer's son, named Condor, as the murderer and he made a full confession of the crime. What is the real explanation of this seeming wonder that had been dismissed by the learned men of the neighborhood as a remarkable *coincidence*? This mother living in the comparative solitude of a rural district was a woman of few ideas. This disappearance of her daughter occupied her whole being so that she thought about little else day after day. This onepointedness, combined with grief as an absorbing passion, by a well understood law, produced

lucidity. Everything that we do, say, or think is pictured in the astral light, and the more intensely we think the more vivid the picture becomes. The agitating thought and accusing conscience of this murderer would be often turned to this cottage and to the girl he had lured to her death, thus vivifying the picture, and this mother in a lucid dream, came into contact with this evidence of the young man's villainy. Besides these revelations of actual fact, there are some dreams that may be called sympathetic, that is, two persons at the same time experience the same dream, or perform their respective parts in the one scene. Cases of this kind have occurred where letters detailing the impressive experiences of each person have been received by each at the same time to the great astonishment of all the parties concerned. Dr. Abercrombie in his work on *The Intellectual Powers*, gives a case of this kind. This book was written more than fifty years ago, but it is still worth reading.

To savages sleep is a great mystery and they have a superstitious regard for dreams, believing them to be revelations from God. Dan Crawford in his *Thinking Black*, recently published, gives some interesting examples of this. It used to be believed that to sleep in certain places would bring good and prophetic dreams. The Temple of Asklepios, the Temple of Serapis, or the grotto of Trophonius were such places. Sometimes experimenters would fast or take certain drugs prescribed by priests in order to produce the dream required. According to the Old Testament there existed among the Jews a good deal of superstition in regard to dreams and the general teaching of the Bible seems to be that dreams in some cases may be genuine revelations, but there are false dreams and lying dreamers against which precautions are necessary. Jeremiah stoutly denies that habitual dreaming is a sign of Divine inspiration. There is a very striking passage in the book of Job on the use and purpose of dreams. In *Job* 33:14-18 Elihu speaks of the dream as a warning, a purpose it may sometimes serve today. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, though man regardeth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed; Then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man: He keepeth back his soul from the pit and his life from perishing by the sword."

Our tendencies and our purposes which the business and other good influences of the day have kept down, act themselves out in our dreams and we see the character as it would be unmodified by the restraints and considerations of our conscious hours. Our vanity, our pride, our malice, our impurity, and every evil passion has full play, and shows us its finished result, and in so vivid and true, though caricatured a form, that we are startled and withdraw from our purpose. The evil thought we have allowed to creep into our heart seems in our dreams to become a deed, and we wake in horror, but are thankful that we can yet refrain.

A woman in deep poverty began to find her child a great burden and a hindrance to earning her living, dreamt she had drowned it, and woke in horror at the fancied sound of the plunge. She woke to clasp her little one to her bosom with a thrill of gratified affection that never again gave way.

The Theosophical theory is that dreaming is a state of consciousness. Scientific writers tell us that dreams arise through reflex impulses transmitted to the brain, and are caused by indigestion, uneasy postures, and a multitude of other similar stimuli. They may also arise out of a sort of mechanical action of the brain which, temporarily aroused into activity in some portion of its mass, converts the slight stimuli into a kind of text upon which it builds a whole panorama of after pictures. This may be all true, but the question comes back to us, what is it that dreams? However absurd, illogical, or even vicious the dream may be, there must be an entity who dreams the dream. Every picture seen in a dream is the creation of some entity who is pleased or horrified by the scenes and events it creates. Animals dream, and occultists are agreed that there is a synthesizing center of consciousness in animals, that is, an animal elemental ruling the organism, and that it is the dreamer. So far as the physical organism is concerned, man is an animal with an entity controlling, but to this is added a reasoning Soul—Manas. During sleep this Higher Ego almost wholly withdraws its influence, leaving this kamic elemental to think and imagine after its own senseless manner. Having no reasoning power and not being guided and warned by the voice of conscience (the Higher Self) it will commit the most silly as well as the most heinous acts without remorse or recognition of their ethical bearing. Just in proportion as the dream is reasonable, the influence of the ray of Manas is apparent. So then as our ordinary dreams are the imagination and thought-creations of a senseless entity with whom we are karmically bound by incarnating in these human-animal bodies, we may by closely observing our dreams find the key to our average mental life. The general tone of our everyday thoughts reappears even in the most senseless dreams, and while we are not responsible for the lack of sequence and the reasonless vagaries of the dreaming entity, yet we are responsible for the substance and general tenor of what is dreamed. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer" (*I. John 3:15*). The murderous thought arising in the mind may have been immediately cast out by conscience and reason, but the lower conscienceless animal remembered it and acted it out when opportunity offered in sleep. When we have thoroughly conquered this lower self and prevent such thoughts from arising in the mind, such dreams will entirely cease. All dreams are the effect of reflected thought, a power borrowed by this elemental from Lower Manas, or brain mind, so that as we change our life we change our dreams. All dreams are the result of stimuli coming from some source, and it is well to remember that stimuli from the higher nature

may reach the dream consciousness as well as those from the lower. This is the explanation of the higher intellectual dreams like those of Condorcet who solved a mathematical problem in a dream that had baffled his waking consciousness, and of Coleridge who dreamt the poem of "Kubla Khan." The divine inner Ego may try to express some high thought, or some coming event upon the lower brain mind, but it may not be clearly received; so that when we awake we may not be able to make anything of the dream, but we can by persistent practice train ourselves to receive this wisdom from above. It is not the foolish waste of time that some would have us believe it is to pay some attention to our dream consciousness. We have conquered self-consciousness on this objective plane and it is not too much to hope that we may in time conquer it on the higher planes. Do you ever dream that you are dreaming? Do you recognize the pictures before you as unreal? To recognize the illusion is the first step towards overcoming it. It is something to know that we may cultivate the power to control our dreams, and that by a faithful cultivation of our highest spiritual faculties we may sometime be able to hear the voice of God in this natural way and so, "In My Dreams I'd Be Nearer My God to Thee."

Blessed is the man who has so controlled his lower nature as to be able to control his dreams and to bring back to his waking consciousness each morning some of the precious experiences of the soul on the inner planes.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.



REVIEWS

The Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell, by M. D. Petre (London, Edward Arnold, 1912), is in two volumes and is the record both of Father Tyrrell and of his biographer. Though full of interest and alive with the personality of its subject, it yet leaves something to be desired as a biography. If Miss Petre brought to her work great personal devotion she failed to bring sufficient synthetic power, system, method. Events are left to be inferred, themes are interrupted without adequate reason to make way for other themes, extracts from the same letter are quoted in several different parts of the book without consideration for chronological or other sequence.

In her analysis and description of the man, Miss Petre shows a laudable desire to let herself be guided by strict justice rather than by her strong personal friendship. But over zeal for justice gives sometimes the impression that she is unjust. The frequent mention of such faults as irritability leave an impression which is difficult to reconcile with the charm which Father Tyrrell is said to have possessed in such great measure.

Father Tyrrell's own account of his childhood and youth gives the impression of being incompatible with the history of his later development. His father, to be sure, was a journalist of some standing. His mother was brave, unselfish and truly religious. But the boy, according to his own record, was indolent, dull, selfish and negatively sceptical.

Nor was his transference from Anglicanism to the church of Rome characterized by a deep spiritual awakening. Apparently he was led to Rome by minor, trivial causes. Yet one cannot be sure that underneath these trivial causes there was not a strong if immature spiritual pressure. One thing, however, is clear: in entering the service of the church of Rome his desire was rather to serve humanity than to gain peace for himself.

He at once joined the Jesuit Order. During the first years of his membership he submitted quietly to its discipline and carried out faithfully his pastoral and pedagogical duties. At the same time he was an indefatigable student of the church and of the Order to which he belonged.

These studies led to the final rupture. He became convinced that the Church of Rome had departed from the true ideal of catholicism and that the Jesuit Order no longer expressed the spirit and purpose of its founder. With both organizations in their pure form he declared himself to be in entire accord; with neither in the reactionary policy to which it was then committed. It was this reactionary policy which prevented them from sensing the difficulties and meeting the needs of the age.

Many perplexed catholics turned to him for help. His private religious correspondence became enormous. Those who blame Father Tyrrell for the rupture with the Roman Church and find his writings destructive of simple faith, should remember that the desire to find some foothold for those whose faith had already been disturbed was, to a great extent, his inspiration in the study of the religious prob-

lem. Toward these he felt a keen sense of responsibility. For their sakes he persisted in his search of spiritual light. For them he wrote.

The light he found in and through the church of which he was a member: a divine treasure hid in an earthly vessel. "The Catholic Church may not have known how to set forth her treasures, but she has at least kept them all, and not cast out essentials in her endeavor to suit each age; she has kept the ore, but she has not thrown away the gold, as some purer, but more limited institutions have done. Above all has she maintained, in spite of worldliness, that transcendentalism of outlook which is of the essence of religion, if religion be more than a mere department of social life." This is the heart of his message and is developed in his posthumous work *Christianity at the Cross Roads*. Tyrrell "clearly and positively faced the problem of Christ and His message," and he found the solution in the super-normal character of both. Of Christ he writes: "Eternal life, which was the substance of His Gospel, was *not* the moral life but the super-moral. Morality was but its condition—like the faith which shall be done away. He was not primarily but only incidentally an ethical teacher—of an ethic he found ready to hand, but did not originate. . . . Liberal Protestantism is the development of the ethic He adopted and exemplified in common with the prophets and saints of all times; but not of His Gospel, His Message. Of that Catholicism is the development."

Roughly speaking the mission of Tyrrell was to help to restore to the church the sense of the transcendent element in her religion cleared from the incrustations of superstition and reconciled with the discoveries of modern science. If his message was incomplete, his mission unfinished, so much the greater is his power to stimulate others to complete his work. In reading the record of the struggles and sufferings of this devoted soul, one cannot help regretting that the esoteric wisdom of the East was only superficially known to him. For to the East we look for the light that will make such a task as his possible.

L. E. P.

A fascinating biography, yet how disappointing! It comes shattering an idol. I have known Father Tyrrell only by hearsay. I have heard him talked over by newspaper readers and quoted in the speeches of college presidents. And I have listened to discontented ritualists longing for the time when Tyrrell should have purged the Roman Church, making it into a fold. I thought he must be a truly spiritual leader—a great prophet risen in the Roman Catholic Church, aware of the golden store that the centuries have accumulated there, and eager to make that true coin current; and I have revered him. Now with his own hand he overturns my hero. His Autobiography and the Life written by his closest friend show a man of fine intellect, but reveal moral lapses that chilled the ardor of his staunchest friends.

His conversion was an amazing affair—because it was a conversion from nothing to nothing. It occurred when he was a boy of nineteen. His childhood has none of Newman's occupation with crosses and crucifixes. He was merely indifferent. His mother sang hymns, and he was told stories of God and Heaven. He conceived of Heaven as a buxom dame with capacious arms. But he had not even the superficial interest in religion that marks some children. A scholarly older brother, a hunchback with embittered disposition, became agnostic after some dabbling in college courses in philosophy. George Tyrrell, a youthful dunce, in a spirit of emulation, looked into some of the books that his intellectual brother read with ease. He reacted against that brother's agnosticism in this strange way. He seemed to feel extraordinary strength in the agnostic position—that it is impregnable to every opposed system except to one that should be endowed with infallibility. He found a system—the only one in the world—that declares it is

infallible—the Roman Catholic. Therefore George Tyrrell betook himself to that system as a defence against atheism. Of religious experience, of spiritual aspiration, of “sin” and “faith” and “saving grace” there is no evidence and no record. There is a second motive apparent, besides his aversion from atheism; it is the desire of the “natural” man to act for himself, to go his own way unadvised, to differ conspicuously from those with whom his lot is cast.

It is altogether misleading to call by the name of “conversion” Tyrrell’s change from the Anglican to the Roman Communion, for “conversion” is a word of deep significance. One may say that Tyrrell’s reason for the change is as good as Newman’s—is, in fact, the same as Newman’s. True. But Newman made the change in maturity, as a man of forty; he had taken into himself some of those “last enchantments of the Middle Ages” that haunt the Oxford towers. He threw himself heartily into the cause he had accepted. A glamour of romance and charm protects him. Tyrrell accepted first the shelter of the Roman wall, and afterwards Jesuitism, as a bulwark of that wall. He embraced both as a boy. Then very slowly his intellectual powers developed, and he saw the chasm yawning between his “infallible system” and the Roman Catholic Church as it has always actually been (witness Dante, St. Francis, *et alteri*). Had there been great spiritual powers dormant in the boy, these might have been awakened and brought to vigorous activity as he faced the problem of the ideal and the actual Church—their divergence and their possible reconciliation. The calendar might have contained another Saint, the compeer of Francis and Catherine and Theresa. Unfortunately the germ of spirituality was too deeply planted to be brought to the surface by the heat and tears of opposition and disappointment. There was no spiritual development *pari passu* with the intellectual. Instead of a Saint we have only a destructive censor. He erects, indeed, certain intellectual scaffolding to aid in the structure of a new building. But he neglects the true building, the house not made with hands, the eternal structure of his own character.

His life is a stupid tragedy. So simple a thing as obedience could have saved him and ennobled his life. As we read it in these two volumes it seems ignoble and mean. Opportunity after opportunity was offered him of sanctification. He neglected them all. Plain obedience to his Jesuit vows, however mistakenly he may have taken them, would have brought him triumph—the triumph of his Higher Self. But with pretext after pretext he refuses his manifest duty. At last he reaches the disgraceful conduct of sending his Superior a letter numbered 67, in order to threaten that Superior with the fear of the sixty-six other persons who had read the letter previously. And he writes in a secular journal a condemnation of the pastoral letter issued by the General-in-chief of the whole Church. Prejudices blind us to righteousness and unrighteousness. The arrogant and persecuting spirit of the Vatican seems to some to justify all means used against it. But very few, I think, will wish to defend the bad taste of Father Tyrrell’s conduct in these matters.

The publication of these volumes weakens Tyrrell’s cause. His cause was the reforming of the Church (though he himself thought revolution was necessary, not reform). The Church has not been kept alive by hostility and destructive criticism. It has been kept going by the prayers of its saints and mystics who outwardly had many painful struggles. But in crises, they submitted to outward authority, and by thus stooping, have, in the end, conquered, permeating the mass by the leaven of their lives. The Blessed Marguerite Marie is an example of the conduct I mean. In her conversations with her Master, Christ, she was given certain instructions, which, when she endeavored to carry out, brought her into conflict with her duty to her Mother Superior. She referred the difficulty to her secret friend. Could she risk disobedience to Him, her Lord, for the sake of mere earthly obedience to a fellow mortal. “By all means,” was her Master’s reply.

That outward obedience was her first duty. She could not serve Him by breaking her vow. Is not that a plain statement about simple duty and the higher duty of which we hear so much? Higher duty, duty to humanity, is often a delusion that masks self-indulgence. The result of such submission as Marguerite Marie's, has made it easier for the external Church to absorb the doctrines of the saints. The exemplary life makes the doctrine convincing. What Tyrrell saw of the faults of the Roman Church is true. Reformation is needed. But his life stands between the reforms he longed for and their acceptance. His disobedience will cause a longer period to drag on before the Church is willing to reform itself as he suggested.

Thus "Modernism" proves disappointing. Instead of moral and spiritual reform, exemplified in the lives of its advocates, it appears an intellectual and revolutionary effort to reform everything and everybody but oneself. This characteristic accounts for the wide sympathy "Modernism" has excited among nominally religious people. For the religion of churches and seminaries in large measure to-day ignores or disbelieves in the soul, and is directed solely to humanitarian effort and social reform.

S. M.

Meditations, by Hermann Rudolph, published in English at Leipzig. This book, described by the author as "A Theosophical Book of Devotion," is a striking example of what Theosophy is *not*. With pathetic and sometimes with exasperating unconsciousness, it violates every theosophic principle; it stultifies, while perpetually quoting, everything that Madame Blavatsky wrote or said; it adopts an attitude and method the exact opposite of those for which the Society exists, and rivals both the Vatican and the late Mrs. Eddy in self-satisfied, blighting exclusiveness. Worse than this, there are Hatha Yoga practices recommended, which at best would provoke psychic intoxication, and which might lead easily to insanity.

E. T. H.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 154.—*What is this so-called conversion by which everyday people appear to reach a place of peace? Is it a delusion? What does happen to them?*

ANSWER.—“Conversion” represents derivatives of the Greek *strephe* or *epistrephe*, meaning a “turning;” a change of direction in life and will; closely connected with “repentance,” the Greek *meta noia*, meaning “a change of the understanding,” a change of heart.

That the process is real and universal may be inferred from the fact that it is recognized by authorities as diverse as the *Katha Upanishad*: (“A wise man looked toward the Self with reverted sight, seeking deathlessness”); Schopenhauer, who calls it the “reversal of the will-toward-life,” a turning back to the universal will; and Bergson, whose view will be set forth in a later number of the *QUARTERLY*.

What happens, seems to be that the spiritual consciousness, or the consciousness of the spiritual, breaks through, with the aid of spiritual powers. C. J.

ANSWER.—Two small country boys are fighting—hotly; desperately; in seeming futility. One cries “Nuff,” and there is a surcease of fighting; followed by rest, and often a peace that is not merely momentary. Is not this like “conversion,” and ought we not to recall that as either small boy may win the fight, so may either side of our nature—that we can be converted to evil as well as to good—only, as I believe, we have Helpers in the endeavor to overcome evil. From whichever way you look at it, “conversion” might seem to be a momentary consciousness of a victory, by the Allies, over Sin or a consciousness of real self surrender; of the lower self having cried “Nuff” in the eternal warfare for growth.”

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—It is only, I think, by a real conversion that one enters the path that leads to peace. Such a conversion as the Master declared with emphasis to be the first requisite for salvation can be no delusion, for it is not primarily nor necessarily the excitation or exaltation of the emotions, which are more or less deceptive, but a new direction of the *will*. Whatever may have been the incentive to produce that radical “turning about” of the will of a man, thenceforth his life becomes a constant grim struggle to hold the vision and to live by it. Perfect peace is the reward of such a victory. S. W. A.

ANSWER.—There are three distinct questions here. To take the first one: to me, a conversion is simply changing one’s point of view. For years one’s habit has been to think things over, to weigh this or that in one’s mind and then to act; while with the new point of view one learns slowly to still one’s mind, to pray to the Master for guidance and help, and then to listen in one’s heart for his voice. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God.” Far from being a delusion it is all so satisfying that one marvels at one’s past blindness, at one’s long refusal to accept that

which the Master had stood close by, offering hourly. What happens to those who are converted? Surely the answer would be different in the case of each soul born again, but sunshine comes and rough places are made easier to cross, not necessarily by removing the obstructions, by no means, for so we grow, but by giving one the help, moment by moment, to take the next step. One comes to understand that the hours belong to the Master, that he stands by watching and helping and he will not over-tax our strength. A. W. B.

ANSWER.—Conversion is a change of heart or mind or attention, however one prefers styling it. The consciousness is turned away from the personality, its desires, cravings, dissatisfactions, to something higher. This higher thing can be differently named—the Higher Self, Christ, the Master. Conversion is a thing of experience, a fact, as real as anything in the world. To find out what happens to people, listen to the “testimonies” of crude, uncultivated minds; and read the biographies of men like St. Paul, George Fox, Jonathan Edwards, Wesley, St. Francis, etc. From the various narrations of one and the same spiritual experience, any reader will be able to abstract the general and essential laws of conversion. A. W.

QUESTION 155.—*What is the meaning of the big nameless longing that I feel—the desire for some unknown good? Surely I am not alone in this dumb desire for light; the literature, the art, and the music of the day give voice to a surging demand. Where is the answer? The church does not possess it. Science gives some hints, but only faint ones. If there is an answer to the longing where can I find it?*

ANSWER.—May it not be your longing for the Soul, which to most, alas, is an “unknown” good? Doubtless you are not alone in your longing, for it is the driving power of all life, though too often misunderstood and turned to baser ends. Say rather that you have not found it in the church. True science, which is divine science, possesses it fully. You can find the answer to your longing in one way only: by finding the Soul. C. J.

ANSWER.—The big nameless longing you feel is for Infinity—nothing less. You will try to satisfy your hunger with many things. Only when you are desperate—starving, will you take the thing which is even now at your hand. Then you will find that Infinity is not a vague intangible thing, you will touch a manifestation of it—the *logos* made flesh—the hand of the Master. A. W.

ANSWER.—The Church does possess the answer. We are learning slowly that in the Church is the help and light we need. Hidden, yes, by much misconception but remember that Christ was born into the world to bring light. That he died and rose again to bring light, and that to-day as ever he stands ready to aid us if we really turn to him. By no means are you alone in this “dumb desire for light.” The longing you feel is the call of your higher self, but you must learn to listen to its voice. How to begin to listen? Here and now. Do the work of this moment whatever it is, pleasant, or unpleasant, to the very best of your ability and gradually clearer understanding will come; very slowly, yes, but very surely. A. W. B.

ANSWER.—The phrase, “the Church does not possess it” makes one wonder just how anxious the querist is for light. If he were to follow the rule that seems to run through all the Scriptures, Eastern and Western, and all advice to aspirants, and transmute his “big nameless longing” into action and effort, it would seem that

he would find an answer in the *Book of Common Prayer* as well as in the Scriptures, and probably would find, as the writer has found, that the Church does possess it but that church men do not. Perhaps the real answer is to advise the querist to turn the energy given up in longing and feeling into work in an effort to find the answer.

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—“The big nameless longing” is the universal pulse of man’s quest of Reality. The soul is forever restless until it finds God. The signs of this longing come upon us from all directions, because it is *Life*; many who know not its name have been touched by its spirit. Its answer is everywhere, once we have discovered that entrance to the Path is within, in each individual soul. “Seek the way by retreating within.” *Then*, and only then (we are ever making the great mistake of turning this order about). “Seek the way by advancing boldly without.” Then we will see that the church does possess the answer lightly veiled; science shows the beginnings of the Way; all nature is alive with the answer. “The true order of going,” said Plato, “is to use the beauties of Earth as steps along which one mounts upwards for the sake of that other Beauty.” Of the *goal*, the Voice of the Eternal said to St. Catherine of Siena, “How glorious is that soul which has indeed been able to pass from the stormy ocean [of self] to Me, the Sea Pacific, and in that Sea, which is Myself, to fill the pitcher of the heart.” He who possesses God has attained the quest.

Y.

ANSWER.—Our souls, divine and immortal, can be satisfied only with what is divine and immortal. As the outward appearance of things makes up the environment of the outer man, so, within all visible forms, within all mental conceptions, lies that essence which is reality and divinity, and which is the true home of the soul. Plato says, “For there is no light in the earthly copies of any of the higher qualities which are precious to souls; they are seen but through a glass dimly: and there are few, who, going to the images, behold in them the realities, and they only with difficulty.” (Phædrus.) The Sacrament of the Eucharist tells symbolically this same truth. The only satisfaction of the longing is to “seek those things which are above.”

S. W. A.

QUESTION 156.—*During the Theosophical Convention attention was called, in a brilliant address, to the fact that the devoted, keen-eyed search for truth is to-day to be found among the scientists rather than among churchmen. Cannot something be done to turn the attention of science, with the same splendid zeal and integrity, to the investigation of the spiritual world and man’s relation to it?*

ANSWER.—This is one of the things the Theosophical Society is striving for and is accomplishing very quietly, very slowly, but very surely. Remember that while we must neglect nothing, while each moment is important, each bit of work to be done is vital—still there is infinite time.

B. W. A.

ANSWER.—Much can be done—by example. Let each of us make a beginning—in that way.

C. J.

ANSWER.—May it not be because scientists work and church men do not? How many of the most devout church goers of any creed give any time to real meditation or to concentration, particularly in the matter of effort to find the Truth. It has been suggested that if we look for it we may find it in the heart of a child, the life of a man, the love of a mother, to say nothing of the golden treasury of Scriptures and other religious works, but is it not all a question of sloth in not making an effort to find it? Is it not possible that too many church

goers think their duty is done when they have observed the forms and that they lack either the courage, or the willingness, or even the desire to labor in obedience to the teachings, to be found on every hand, to find the Truth? Are not scientists patient, persistent, unceasing, hard workers?

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Modern science has rediscovered much that mystics knew, and affirmed to unbelieving generations throughout the ages, even some of those finer forces transcending our definition of matter. The writer once heard a famous chemist assert: "We seem to have reached a point where matter ends and spirit begins."

A.

QUESTION 157.—*I want to venture a question on the large subject of cycles in reincarnation: We are told that a certain period in the life of a nation is made brilliant because the great artists of a previous time came to incarnation there. From this statement we might generalize to a certain extent—we might say, once a great artist then frequently an artist in later incarnations? Is that true? If so, what is accomplished in Devachan? If the lessons of the artist life were really learned would not the individual return in very different guise, say as a priest, to learn a new set of lessons?*

ANSWER.—Is it wise to speculate on reincarnation, until we really *know* more of it? What is an artist? Is he not one who *expresses* a revelation of beauty? But beauty is as infinite as God, so its expressions may be infinitely varied. We are all destined to be artists, expressing the beauty of holiness, all of divine perfection, in our lives and in ourselves. Therefore the perfect priest must also be an artist.

C. J.

ANSWER.—Is it not taken for granted that a lesson is learned in a single incarnation? Perhaps that is true. I have never read such a statement. But do artists show such detachment from their work, that it could be assumed their desires would not draw them back to similar experience in other incarnations? Might there not be progression in artistic excellence in successive incarnations, so that an artist who was only a beginner in the Cretan civilization, would come to flower as a consummate genius sometime during the present European period? Perhaps only when he had become consummate would he be able to assimilate his lesson and pass on for new experiences.

A. W.

ANSWER.—Probably if one were willing to work, the answer could be found in the *Secret Doctrine*, but does not the question itself suggest over-emphasis on the individual. As one recalls the *Ocean of Theosophy* and the *Secret Doctrine*, was not emphasis placed upon "Group Reincarnation"? Using *Light on the Path* for illumination, why should not a great warrior in a given group be something else in his next reincarnation? Are we qualified to judge of the benefits and opportunities of a particular position in life? If we substitute the group standard for the individual, need we trouble what happens in Devachan? The simile of the rungs in a ladder used in *Light on the Path* may prove helpful to the querist in seeking for the answer.

G. V. S. M.



T.S. ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 26, 1913. At 10.30 A. M. the Convention was called to order by Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

MORNING SESSION

Upon motion of Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, Mr. Charles Johnston was nominated Chairman of the temporary organization and Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis temporary Secretary. The motion was put before the meeting by Mr. Hargrove and was carried.

Upon motion of Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the Chairman appointed the Secretary (Mrs. Gregg), the Treasurer (Prof. Mitchell), and Miss Isabel E. Perkins a Committee on Credentials.

The Committee on Credentials retired to prepare their report and the Chairman addressed the meeting.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Mr. Johnston began by extending a cordial welcome to the delegates and members. Mr. Johnston spoke of the interesting feature of membership in the Society whereby we come to feel friendship for those we have never seen, yet with whom we have worked, and of the joy it is when finally such friends in spirit become friends in person. To illustrate this Mr. Johnston said:

"For the first time the numerous brothers and sisters in Germany are represented at this Convention by Mr. Paul Raatz, who has been unsparing of his time, work and enthusiasm in building up the work in Germany on true and constructive lines. It is also a pleasure to have the Canadian members represented. We are glad to welcome Mr. Harris. Mr. Harris has been looking forward for many years to attending a Convention and it gives great pleasure to us all that he has at last been able to come. Everyone here, delegate or member, is cordially welcome and the welcome is sincere.

"We have had many Conventions of the Society in many different countries and many different places, in India, America and Europe. There have been large Conventions, big Conventions, great Conventions. It seems to me that this Convention will be remembered as a deep Convention, possibly the greatest we have ever held because so deep. Only now are we beginning to realize the real scope and the immense importance, the enormous effect, of the Theosophic movement upon life, and through its inspiration upon the world. Great things have been accomplished by the Theosophic movement, of which the T. S. is a part. They have been accomplished, not by surface extension, but by that really potent work which is done below the surface. At times there have been many more nominal members of the Society, but some were members whose interest was merely on

the surface. These members do not count in such work as this. Only hearts count. The deep sincerity and earnestness of each individual member living the life, or seeking to live the life for which the T. S. stands, is what has given vitality to the movement.

"We should each take our membership as opportunity and we should each take our membership as responsibility. The great need of the world today in all lines is that people should take to heart their individual and collective responsibility, and this applies as fully to the Theosophical Society. While we receive privileges from our association with the movement these privileges are duties. We should face with earnestness, courage and depth of spirit the responsibility upon us, realizing that each in part embodies in himself the whole movement, and as we conduct ourselves and present ourselves so is in part the movement conducted and presented to the world."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

The Committee on Credentials submitted their report, showing 31 branches represented in person or by proxy, making the Convention entitled to 187 votes, representing something over 600 active members. Upon motion by Mr. K. D. Perkins, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the report of the Committee on Credentials was accepted with the thanks of the Convention and the Committee discharged.

The following 32 Branches were represented (one Branch with five delegates reporting after the Committee was discharged) :

Aurora, Oakland, Calif.	Stockton, Stockton, Calif.
Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.	Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.	Virya, Denver, Colo.
Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.	Unity, Indianapolis, Ind.
Brehon, Detroit, Mich.	Swedish, Arvika, Sweden.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.	Auranga, Christiana, Norway.
Ft. Wayne, Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Karma, Christiania, Norway.
H. P. B., Toledo, Ohio.	Aussig, Aussig-Obersiedlitz, Germany.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.	Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio.	Dresden, Dresden, Germany.
New York, New York, N. Y.	Flensberg, Flensberg, Germany.
Pacific, Los Angeles, Calif.	Munich, Munich, Germany.
Providence, Providence, R. I.	Neusalz, Neusalz, Germany.
Queen City, Seattle, Wash.	Suhl, Suhl, Germany.
Shila, Toledo, Ohio.	British National, London, England.
Southern, Greensboro, N. C.	Krishna, South Shields, England.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

Upon motion of Mr. C. A. Griscom, seconded by Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark, Prof. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was elected permanent Chairman of the Convention.

Prof. Mitchell took the chair and upon motion by Mr. Griscom, seconded by Dr. Clark, the thanks of the Convention were unanimously extended to the temporary Chairman, Mr. Charles Johnston, for his services as such.

Upon motion by Dr. Clark, seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, the temporary Secretary was made permanent Secretary of the Convention.

Upon motion by Mr. Charles Johnston, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the

Chairman was authorized to appoint committees on Nominations, Resolutions, and Letters of Greeting. The Chairman appointed the following:—

Committee on Nominations:

Mr. C. A. Griscom, <i>Chairman</i> ,	
Judge McBride,	Mrs. Gitt,
Miss Hohnstedt,	Mrs. Armstrong.

Committee on Resolutions:

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, <i>Chairman</i> ,	
Miss Richmond,	Mr. Acton Griscom,
Miss Evans,	Mrs. Thompson.

Committee on Letters of Greeting:

Mr. Charles Johnston, <i>Chairman</i> ,	
Dr. Clark,	Mrs. Allison,
Miss Hilliard,	Mrs. Vaile.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS

The Chairman called for reports of officers, and in behalf of the Executive Committee, its Chairman, Mr. Charles Johnston, addressed the meeting:

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 25, 1913

"The Society during the past year has been like a happy country, for you must all recall the old saw that 'Happy is the country which has no history.' Our work has been quiet, steady, unsensational and constructive. The most vital part has been the forming of new Branches, but new Branches and new members are only valuable as, and to such extent as, they embody the spirit of the movement, and only to that extent are additions permanent. It is worth emphasizing that our growth has been very steady, firm and deep. With growth and opportunity there is added responsibility resting upon every member.

"The Executive Committee has worked on simple lines, realizing that it has its part in the responsibility which rests upon the individual, the Branch, and the Society as a whole. We do not measure a life of inspiration by length but by depth."

Mr. E. T. Hargrove moved to accept the report of the Executive Committee with thanks and said:

"As a member of the Executive Committee myself I realize that what Mr. Johnston has said gives little idea of the enormous amount of work done by the Chairman. As a rule I have found that any work which goes well may be analyzed as a situation where there is one man who does the work, and in this Committee it sometimes seems as though one's entire duty was to watch Mr. Johnston working. Mr. Raatz has spoken of his work in Germany and from everywhere has come a tribute to the tremendous energy and interest of Mr. Johnston. Few of us can realize how he works, morning, noon and night, in the service of the T. S., and no formal thanks can express the appreciation we should feel for the sacrifices he makes and the effectiveness of his work."

Mrs. C. A. Griscom seconded the vote of thanks, which was extended by a unanimous rising vote.

Mrs. Gregg submitted her report as Secretary of the Theosophical Society as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 25, 1913
NEW BRANCHES AND MEMBERS

The Secretary begs to report that during the preceding year diplomas have been issued to 144 new members, as follows: In the United States, 37; in South

America, 40; in Germany, 33; in England, 21; in Norway, 10; in Sweden, 2; in Bermuda, 1. Total, 144.

During the same period the Society has lost by resignation 14 and by death 6.

Since the last Convention, charters have been issued to 3 new Branches, as follows:

Rama Occidente, El Tocuyo, Venezuela, South America, chartered December 10, 1912.

Norfolk Branch, Aylsham, Norfolk Co., England, December 10, 1912.

Rama Altigracia de Orituco, Venezuela, South America, March 14, 1913.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

It is gratifying to report that the sale of books greatly exceeds the number sold in any previous year—each new book added to the Society's publications has met a want of our students and created a demand among inquirers and seekers after knowledge along similar lines. Outside of the Society's publications the greatest demand has been for mystical and devotional books reviewed by the QUARTERLY or mentioned and approved in its articles.

It is encouraging to note, however, that the inquiries for the sale of books are by no means limited to members of the Society and readers of the QUARTERLY.

The book department also assists in the propaganda work of the Society by sending to inquirers such of the Society's pamphlets as seem to be suited to the need.

The Secretary is struggling with another order for the earlier magazines—*Path*, *Lucifer* and *Theosophist*, which are extremely difficult to obtain with any degree of completeness.

CORRESPONDENCE

I find by an examination of the letter books that the number of letters written has increased—but a mere statement of the number of letters received, read and answered does not convey a proper idea of the amount of the work which has been found necessary, and which has really been done in the office. In many cases it involves considerably more than the mere reply itself—for instance, there are the sending the literature asked for, keeping the necessary accounts which a business of such a nature requires, replying to numerous queries with reference to the sale of books already printed or that are in preparation.

Much time and labor are required for the proper keeping of all the records—in receiving applications for membership, entering them and sending diplomas—together with hints as to courses of study and reading about which information is often asked. Subscriptions for the QUARTERLY have to be received, entered; bills and receipts rendered; accounts kept; notices of expiry sent; and prompt reports made to the Treasurer.

A most important branch of the Secretary's work and one demanding most devoted attention, is the correspondence with those who are seeking more light on the problems of life; asking for guidance, that they may better fulfil their duties, and find peace and a fuller life. In this branch of the work the Secretary gratefully acknowledges the help so often given by members who never fail to respond to her call for assistance—thus strengthening her by the knowledge of the help given—really more help than she could have given—followed by the appreciation of the grateful recipients.

"THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY"

The person or magazine which preaches the gospel of good-will, preaches Theosophy. This aspect of Theosophy has never failed to receive due and full recognition in the pages of the QUARTERLY—a journal of which the Theosophical Society has good reason to be proud. It is a teacher and a power; and that such a periodical should be produced and supported speaks in eloquent praise both of

its Editor and its readers. It was called into existence to *help* those who needed guidance and light—especially to supply that guidance and assistance to the members of the Society who were isolated and deprived of the advantage of study in groups or branches.

One typical letter of the many received by the Secretary referring to help received says: "The contributors to the QUARTERLY would be very much encouraged if they knew how abundantly their efforts bore fruit—and I am sure every member of the Society would give whatever he could in the way of contributions to it if he realized how much its pages meant to those who are still struggling in the dark."

A reader contemplating joining the Society writes: "I am, I think, in sympathy with the purpose of the Society, as far as I can determine from reading and re-reading the QUARTERLY, and it is this feeling which impels me to send this letter. I would like to belong."

The libraries keep us reminded of their appreciation by acknowledging the receipt of the magazine,—by purchasing back numbers to complete their files for binding and by renewing their subscriptions.

It is most encouraging to report the increased circulation of the QUARTERLY. Branches, individual members and subscribers—many of whom subscribe for their friends—aid in this work.

So far—through the kindness of members—I have been able to furnish bound volumes and back numbers to all applicants.

A PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In various ways I am constantly reminded of the sustaining force of kind thoughts and help given, in every possible way, which call forth my grateful thanks—and especially the constant and immediate response to all my appeals—and there have been many—for advice and assistance from my associates in office.

May Theosophy grow more and more a living power in the lives of each one of our members, and may the coming year be yet more full of good work and healthy progress than the one just closing, is the wish of your humble co-worker and fellow-member.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

Mr. C. A. Griscom moved a vote of thanks to the Secretary, as follows:

"The Society owes our Secretary such a debt of gratitude that I feel it a privilege to attempt to voice our thanks. To anyone who has known her work these thanks are not formal but come from the heart in a true appreciation of the amount, character, and extent of the work done by Mrs. Gregg. I have been in a position to follow this in detail for nine years and I have seen Mrs. Gregg give her time and herself, without stint and without pay. She never takes any rest, never has taken a real holiday, has only been away a few times for very short and absolutely necessary absences. She has worked evenings as well as all day long, and during these nine years I have never once heard a word of complaint, a record which I regard as extraordinary.

"But it is not only the enormous amount of work, with its numerous detail, that has impressed me. The thing that appeals to me is the sweet, gentle spirit which Mrs. Gregg has succeeded in instilling into everything she does. It may seem that she is only replying to a letter enclosing twenty-five cents for some pamphlet, but when the letter of acknowledgement goes back, a bit of Mrs. Gregg's

heart goes back with it. Much of the work of the Society may be traced to personal, constructive work by Mrs. Gregg, as her real contribution, and I regard it as an honor and privilege to move that the thanks of the Convention and of the T. S. be extended to her for her devoted and faithful service as Secretary."

Mr. Johnston, in seconding the motion, said:

"The Executive Committee wishes the privilege of saying a word in endorsement of Mr. Griscom's motion, and I therefore, in behalf of that Committee, second the motion."

The thanks of the Convention and of the Society were extended to Mrs. Gregg by a unanimous rising vote.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

Mr. Charles Johnston was asked to take the chair and Prof. H. B. Mitchell presented his report as Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR FROM APRIL 27, 1912, TO APRIL 20, 1913

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Dues	\$583.06	Secretary's Office	\$250.90
THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY ...	392.55	<i>Brooklyn Eagle</i> , for four	
Contributions	591.70	issues of THE THEOSOPH-	
Balance, April 26, 1912.....	838.36	ICAL QUARTERLY	1,154.21
		Balance, April 20, 1913	1,000.56
	<hr/>		
	\$2,405.67		<hr/>
			\$2,405.67

Total receipts for 1912.....	\$1,567.31	Total expenditures for 1912..	\$1,405.11
Total receipts for 1911.....	1,553.52	Total expenditures for 1911..	1,396.76

(Signed) H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer.

April 24, 1913.

In response to a question from Mrs. Griscom as to the apparent falling off of dues, the Treasurer explained that a change in the closing of the financial year caused this,—as it had always been noticed that the last days of the fiscal year were those in which dues came in most quickly. The Treasurer expressed his indebtedness to Mr. and Miss Perkins for the assistance they had been to him, "doing by far the greater portion of my work for me." He had received authority two years ago to appoint an Assistant Treasurer, and he begged again to acknowledge the effective aid that he received from Mr. and Miss Perkins.

Dr. Clark moved, and Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis seconded the motion, that the thanks of the Society be extended to Prof. Mitchell for his work as Treasurer. This was voted unanimously by a rising vote.

Prof. Mitchell asked that his assistants should be included in this vote of thanks, and Mrs. Griscom added that in expressing approval of the work of Mr. and Miss Perkins, the Convention should not forget the work that Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Helle have done in the Secretary's office; that she could not help thinking of these four very sincere, devoted members hiding behind the Society's officers and doing very effective work, and that she therefore moved that the thanks of the Convention and Society be extended to these four faithful co-workers.

Mr. Johnston said it gave him the heartiest pleasure, from his personal knowledge, to second this. It was carried unanimously by a rising vote.

Prof. Mitchell then resumed the chair.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY"

Mr. C. A. Griscom, as Editor-in-Chief, was then called upon to report upon the work of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

"As this is the tenth time I have appeared before a Convention to report, I thought it would be well to avoid monotony by getting a fresh point of view, and I therefore called upon my son to analyze the contents of the QUARTERLY for the past year, and I must give him credit if anything of interest develops from this analysis. We find that there has been an apparent tendency to place increasing emphasis on topics covering three or four factors of human interest. These might be expressed as follows:

First: The Eastern Department of the work; the translations by Mr. Johnston deserving special notice.

Second: The Western Department of the work, which includes a number of articles on Christianity and its various aspects.

Third: What might be called Personal Articles, perhaps best typified by "Letters to Friends."

There have also been a series of articles making comparisons and drawing parallels between expressions of theosophic thought in the past and in our modern time.

"I doubt if we realize how extremely fortunate we are to be able to get adequate translations of the great Eastern Scriptures. There must be three factors in an ideal translation. There should be a thorough knowledge of the original tongue, a thorough knowledge of the language into which the translation is to be made, and a thorough knowledge of the subject dealt with in the work translated. Many translators have the first two qualifications, but very few are really fully equipped as to the third, particularly in the case of the Eastern Scriptures. I do not know of any one in the world who is better equipped in knowledge of Sanskrit than Mr. Johnston, and the pre-eminence I accord to him is not due to my personal predilection, but to the tribute of great Sanskritists for his thoroughly scholarly knowledge. As we all know, few men can write English as well as he writes it; and finally, he understands the subjects the ancients were writing about. For these reasons it is my personal belief that there never have been translations from the Eastern Scriptures equal in all-around excellence to those from Mr. Johnston's pen which the QUARTERLY has been privileged to print.

"Under the second head, many aspects of Christianity as the religion of the West have been given attention in notable articles.

"The third class,—of more personal articles,—has developed an interesting expression in the 'Letters to Friends.' No series in recent years has excited so many comments and letters of praise. It is still amusing to find that, in spite of the explanations that have been made, a great number of people believe these letters to have been written for them personally. They do not know the author, but they do believe that he knows them. From all over Europe and America such letters have come, some indignant at the exposure of their personal character to the world, but most of them expressing gratitude for help received. Attention has been called to facts presented in the Letters as indicating personal knowledge. While this is interesting, it is more important because it indicates the vitality underlying these Letters. We know the unity of the spiritual world, and it is encouraging to see how these Letters strike home to so many people, though it is not to be wondered at that spiritual truths, expressed with such unusual lucidity, should have wide effect.

"Under the fourth head have been articles drawing attention to the close parallels between the more ancient manifestations of the work of the Lodge

through the medieval period and in the present time. For instance, there were articles that called attention to the close parallels that exist between the work and methods of St. Patrick and St. Columba and modern thought and methods in expressing the same ideas.

"But to the editor no analysis of the QUARTERLY would be complete if it did not include reference to *Fragments* which are not wholly Eastern, not wholly Western, but which are really the synthesis of all that the QUARTERLY does and stands for.

"We have already blessed Miss Perkins for her work in other directions, but the editor of the QUARTERLY must pay his tribute to her work in proof reading and assisting him in other ways."

The Chairman, Prof. Mitchell, said that he wished to bring out a factor in the development of the QUARTERLY which Mr. Griscom had passed over, but which the Convention and the Society could not possibly ignore, and that was the personal work of the editor himself, who had started the QUARTERLY ten years ago, and at the start had watched over it as one watched over a delicate, beloved baby; doing all the constructive work, from that which devolved naturally upon the editor-in-chief to that which devolved upon the proof reader and the office boy; that he felt it must be a satisfaction to Mr. Griscom, as it has been to the Society, to see the QUARTERLY growing in value and fulfilling all his hopes for it; that he believed the Society was fortunate in the possession of the magazine and the spirit which gave it birth and which has contributed to its growth and vitality; that he also felt that the vote of thanks moved by Mr. Hargrove and seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, would please Mr. Griscom more if it were to include the contributors and assistants to the editor. This amendment being accepted, the motion was carried by a unanimous rising vote.

Mrs. Griscom called attention to the fact that Mr. Mitchell's remarks were typical of his magnanimity, because only those who had been close to the QUARTERLY could know how much it owed to him.

Upon motion by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, at 11.30 A. M. the Convention adjourned until 2.30 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order for the Afternoon Session by the permanent Chairman, Prof. Mitchell.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Mr. C. A. Griscom for the Committee on Nominations reported on the two vacancies in the Executive Committee and recommended the re-election of Dr. Archibald Keightley, of England, and Mr. Paul Raatz. For Treasurer, the Committee recommended Prof. H. B. Mitchell, and for Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg. In all four cases the present incumbents were nominated to succeed themselves. Mr. K. D. Perkins moved, and Mr. Saxe seconded, that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the nominees of the Committee for their respective terms, and that the Committee be discharged with the thanks of the Convention. As this motion received a unanimous vote the Secretary cast the ballot and the Chairman announced the election of Dr. Archibald Keightley of England, and Mr. Paul Raatz of Germany as members of the Executive Committee; Prof. H. B. Mitchell of New York as Treasurer; and Mrs. Ada Gregg of New York as Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted a unanimous report from the Committee.

The first resolution as follows:

Resolved, That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is requested hereby to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign

Branches in the name of and in behalf of this Convention, and to extend to the Conventions of the European Branches our fraternal greetings and good wishes.

It was adopted by unanimous vote upon motion of Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Dr. Clark.

The second resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America.

It was, upon motion of Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, also adopted unanimously.

The third resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby expresses its great pleasure at the presence and participation of Mr. Paul Raatz, a member of the Executive Committee of the Society, President of the Berlin Branch, and representative of the German members.

It was moved by Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Johnston, and adopted by unanimous rising vote.

REPORTS OF DELEGATES

The Chairman then called for Branch reports from the delegates present and suggested that the custom of having the local Branch present the first report might well be followed. He therefore asked Mr. Hargrove, the Chairman of the New York Branch, to speak of the work in New York.

NEW YORK BRANCH

Mr. Hargrove said:

"Mr. Chairman, there is no need to remind you that you are the President of the New York Branch, and I am sure it would be the wish of the members of the Convention to hear later from you. It is true that I act as Chairman and in this capacity I speak here this afternoon.

"I am rather in doubt what to report, for I feel sure that dry statistics as to numbers of meetings, percentage of attendance and so forth will not be of the most value to us. Possibly if we consider the aim and principles of our work, we shall profit. It is true that there has been a large increase in membership in the New York Branch, but that increase in membership we would not regard in any way as a test of our expansion. We do not think that increased membership necessarily is advancement. The important thing is, who are the new members; are people interested in the meetings and with what motive do they attend? As a test of our own work we should keep in mind what the purposes of the T. S. are and note if there is in our Branch a real and honest desire to further those great purposes. If such a desire animates the members, then increase in membership helps, but otherwise, not.

"What is our purpose? I would urge upon you all to get Prof. Mitchell's pamphlet upon "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society" and read it, and re-read it, and find out what we are about and what we exist for. This little book, which it seems to me should be in the hands of every member, dispels all kinds of unfortunate delusions, tragical in their effects, and brings out the truth and helps clear away injustice and misunderstanding. The New York Branch has been trying to live in the light of the pamphlet and it would be an act of injustice to Prof. Mitchell and one against which he would be the first to protest, to place upon him the sole responsibility for its authorship. He would tell you that it really expresses the experience of group consciousness and the reaction on his own mind of working together with and in the New York Branch for the past fifteen years.

"Theosophy is a leaven, and the Theosophical Society is an enterprise for the conversion of others to their own ideals. It might be described as an organism that converts so-called Theosophists to Theosophy. If it be true, and I believe it to be true, that Theosophy is Divine Wisdom, and that the movement is under the personal care and guidance of the Masters, I believe it is the duty of the T. S. to convert us and the world at large to living up to and acting up to and really being our own best and highest ideals. The purpose of the New York Branch is to apply this, and it is our ambition to act as leaven with which to leaven New York City and if possible, the world. We must begin in ourselves, we must change ourselves, make at least an equal effort, if not a greater one, to convert ourselves to our own standards if we would command success in the outside world. Even then, we must help others to live according to their own ideals, instead of trying to convert them to some strange foreign doctrine. Theosophy is light which illumines all religions and all philosophies. It should be regarded as the leaven with which to leaven the lump; but leaven does not transform that which it leavens into itself, but transmits itself, vitalizing that which it leavens, working by contact and contagion. It vitalizes what was before inert.

"If we adopt that principle and succeed in living as Theosophists and doing the work for the Master and the Lodge in the world, we must work as leaven works, and not ask merely to make others like unto ourselves. What else is it that They do? Do they not work from within out, and never from without in. If we would be more truly a leaven of power, be more truly the leaven of the Lodge, we must slowly transform ourselves, and be our true selves in whatever we do, so that when we come into contact with others we may exemplify the real spirit of Theosophy, which we shall then find contagious. But it will be by what we are and not by what we think we are, or try to make others think we are.

"The New York Branch seeks points of contact but does not try to proselytize. There is no notoriety about our work. We simply permit it to be known among our friends and acquaintances and tell them we conduct open meetings to which anyone is free to come as often as he may be really interested. What do we do when people come to us, has been asked. We try to find out what they need and want and try to supply what they really need and want. We try to speak to their condition.' We do not attack them and say we have this or that book, that is divine wisdom itself. We try to use terms with which they are familiar. We most ardently desire that people shall find not only what they have been seeking in their hearts, but what they believe in their hearts.

"We have had some strange experiences. At a recent meeting we were discussing discipleship, and we felt that we had had a successful meeting. At its close two ladies came to me and said:

"Mr. Chairman, when are you going to talk about Theosophy?"

"I replied: 'We have been talking about Theosophy this evening.'

"'Ah, yes,' said they, 'but we mean real Theosophy.'

"'Pardon me,' I said, 'what kind is that?'

"They answered, 'We are Theosophists and very active ones, and we would like to know when you are going to discuss Theosophy.'

"I found that these ladies regarded Theosophy as a synonym for Astrology, Palmistry, something about Rounds and Races (which the ladies said was very interesting but which they did not quite understand) and different Magic Arts, whatever they may have been! Therefore the New York Branch feels that the members of the Society have a double task to perform, not only to do what they can for those seeking more light, but also to vindicate the name of the Society dragged in the mud by individuals and organizations which violate in every way the principles which Madam Blavatsky lived and died for; which Mr. Judge lived and died for. We must seek to live down the prejudices which exist and with which

we cannot but sympathize and which are due to the use of the name of the Society for a kind of psychic materialism which so often masquerades under the name of the T. S. The task is not an easy one and yet I feel very deeply and strongly that at no time in the history of the movement has the outlook been so bright. It is no longer something of a reproach to be known as a member of the T. S. It is today looked upon as a title of honor, as it always has been where the work is understood or known. Now it is gradually becoming known in that light to the public generally.

"The work of the New York Branch has not been confined to its fortnightly meetings. We have endeavored to carry the work into the world through the activity of the members, and some of these activities have been far-reaching in their effects. Some of you know that members of the Branch have been fairly active in one of the churches, and this typifies the way that we have been working to convert people to their own ideals, not to change the form of their faith, but to intensify it, to make it living. We try to imitate and to work with and in nature: for that is the way of the Spirit, of the Lodge, of the Higher Self, of the Master."

THE GERMAN BRANCHES

Mr. Paul Raatz was next called upon to speak for the German Branches. Mr. Raatz began by a graceful, introductory apology for his use of English and then proved by his complete command of the language that this was merely modesty. He read the following report:

"Dear Friends and Comrades:

"First of all it is my duty to bring you heartfelt greetings and good wishes from all your comrades in Germany and Austria, in Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Flensburg, Neusalz, Suhl, Aussig and Vienna.

"It is the first time in my life that I have been able to take part personally in a Convention of the Theosophical Society, and I consider it a great favor from Karma and from those Beings who are destined to direct Karma.

"It is true, that the spiritual inner world unites us all, and we can fulfil our spiritual, religious duties, no matter where we live, or if we are personally separated. We can always form a channel between the spiritual world, where our Masters and Teachers live, and the outside world. And still, there lies a peculiar force in personal contact between human beings. The spiritual world is continually endeavoring to manifest itself. The degree is different in the case of each one; it is also different in each country. Now when those in whom the spiritual force is manifested in only a slight degree come in personal contact with those through whom a strong spiritual force streams, latent power becomes active and awakes to life. As a thousand lights can be made to burn from one light, so can the weak ones in theosophical life be strengthened by those who have progressed further. America is much favored in this respect; here in this country and in this city, our beloved Theosophical Society was founded by the Masters through H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge. Here live most of the oldest, most faithful and experienced members of the Society. Here the greatest manifestation of spiritual force takes place. It is not surprising, then, if the members of the Theosophical Society in other countries long to take part in the Convention held here every year. These feelings accompanied me on my journey here. I am glad to be able to be present in your midst and sincerely hope to learn much while here, and to bring to life some of that latent power present in every one. May that which I learn and experience here be able to promote and consolidate the movement in Germany.

"Perhaps it will interest you to hear a very short account of the movement, as it has taken place in Germany. In the year 1884, with the help of President Olcott, a Theosophical Society was officially founded. In the so-called H. P. B.

crisis, which took place shortly after, this society went to pieces. A very loosely formed 'Theosophical Union' was founded later on, a few members of which became members-at-large of the Theosophical Society. I was one of these. At the crisis in the years 1894-1895, I found it impossible to remain in this union, where W. Q. Judge was slandered and the principles of the Theosophical Society were being violated, but was unfortunately the only one who determined to resign. I sent my diploma to Mr. Judge and had it rectified and signed by him. One year later, on the 24th of June, 1896, a short time after the death of Mr. Judge, I was successful in forming a 'Berlin Branch of the Theosophical Society,' with a few friends. Twenty-five members were registered, and our charter was received from our dear comrade Mr. Hargrove, then acting as President of the 'T. S. in America.' This charter was also valid for the founding of the 'T. S. in Europe' (Germany).

"Towards the end of August in the same year, the 'Theosophical Crusaders' visited Berlin, and with their help the Theosophical Society in Germany was officially founded. Those, whose good fortune it was to take part personally in the proceedings, experienced much joy in those days. They were days full of life and force. But unfortunately, only three of our members at that time have held out till now: Mrs. Frink in Neusalz, Mrs. Raatz and myself, and only one of the Crusaders is still a member of the Theosophical Society and that is Mr. Hargrove.

"This Society in Germany, founded by the Crusaders, was not meant to be long-lived. The Crusaders had hardly left, when the crisis came. Dr. Franz Hartmann had been elected President, but it was he, who, in 1897, declared our Society dissolved and broke every connection with England and America. Our Branch in Berlin was not able to recognize this step as correct; we maintained our connection with America and worked on, in spite of all attacks, holding fast to the principles of the Theosophical Society as well as we could. We had to face many difficulties for a few years, but we learned a great deal. You remember the Society was composed at that time of national branches and that we were told, the duty of each was to learn to work independently and to stand alone. The inner unity with America was however never broken.

"At the last crisis with Dr. Hartmann, the six branches, which Berlin had awakened to activity, when the Crusaders were with us, left us. We worked on alone, earnestly and sincerely until 1903, when new branches were formed, working according to the principles of the Theosophical Society, and in harmony with the Berlin Branch, thus forming a part of the 'Theosophical Society in Germany,' which name we had always retained.

"In 1908 this national Society united with the 'Theosophical Society in America,' as you remember, and two years later, the National Branch was made international by dropping the national ending of 'America.' Since that time your comrades in Germany sense no separation from their comrades in America. We feel the unity of our Society, which forms, or must form, the nucleus of universal brotherhood. We feel as brothers and sisters, and not as Americans and Germans.

"When I recall the time since the founding of the first branch of the Theosophical Society in Germany in 1896, I am aware that we have had many difficulties to contend with, but that these were more than outweighed by the joyous experiences we have had. If our Society in Germany has withstood all its trials, if we have had outer and inner growth, so we must humbly confess, that this is not due to our merit, but that we owe all to those, who work in the invisible world, to the Masters, in whom very many of our members in Germany believe. Without being importunate or dogmatic, we have availed ourselves of every opportunity to declare the existence of the Masters; and although we are far distant from a conscious connection with them, still our endeavors in this direction fix the lines of our spiritual growth. Without fail They hear our call, and They answer also, even if we have not learned to hear and understand Their replies.

"I beg to be permitted here and now in the name of so many members in Germany to express our heartfelt thanks to the Masters for all the love and consideration which they have always shown us.

"Before I close I would like to express a wish that is very strong in the hearts of all our German members. This wish is, that Mr. Johnston may make it possible to visit us this year again. We would be very grateful if such would be the case. The blessings that accompany his visits, are not to be expressed in words."

The Chairman, replying to Mr. Raatz, said that all present had been sharing an experience common in the history of the T. S. The Chairman went on to say:

"Many of us have had the great pleasure and good fortune to come into contact through correspondence with men and women we have never seen yet grow to know well as we work with them for a common ideal. This gives a richness to our lives and a feeling that we are not strangers in other lands; and it is one of the privileges and great rewards of attendance at the conventions to meet in person these friends hitherto unknown in fact. Mr. Raatz and his associates have long been our good friends, but this year it has been given to us not merely to know him by his work and letters and his contributions to the QUARTERLY, but to know him personally.

"Another member of the Executive Committee from a foreign land has given us this pleasure. After promising and hoping to attend several Conventions Mr. Harris of Toronto has at last been able to come to this one. Mr. Harris and his message are most welcome."

THE CANADIAN BRANCHES

Mr. Harris, addressing the meeting, said: "I bring to the Convention and wish to express, both personally and for the Canadian Branches, the heartiest greetings of the T. S. in Canada. I am not come here to speak. My object has been to listen and to obtain help from others to aid in carrying on the work in Canada, and I feel that my visit has been well worth while.

"To report on Canada I think it may be enough to refer to one great success and to one great failure. Our great success has been in circulating the QUARTERLY. We have, for instance, sent forty-eight copies to libraries and universities and we believe that they have been widely read because of the comment and interest we know they have excited. The QUARTERLY is now being sold by booksellers and we feel that our efforts to make the QUARTERLY known and to increase its field of influence in Canada has been our great success. Our great failure was during the period when we depended upon dogmatism; when there was a tendency in our constructive work to attach the Branch to certain lines of teaching, until it became almost dogma and we were departing from the principles of the T. S. Nowhere is H. P. B. held in greater respect as a great exponent of Theosophic principles and on account of her great knowledge, but there was a tendency to limit these operations to authoritative statement. What success we have had has come since we returned to the principles of Theosophy and have held to the perfectly open platform, not trying to teach but trying to help others to reach their own ideals along lines that Mr. Hargrove has expressed."

CINCINNATI BRANCH

Miss Hohnstedt, from the Cincinnati Branch, presented a written letter of greeting, but supplemented this with a speech full of humor and affection which was one of the features of the Convention.

Miss Hohnstedt spoke touchingly of the death of Dr. Tenney, so long President of the Branch, and of how difficult it had been to continue the work except from a sense of duty in the endeavor to carry out what he had begun. He had

always placed great emphasis upon doing one's duty as a practical evidence of the teachings of Theosophy. Frequent meetings have been held and new members taken in. There has been a class in the study of the *Ocean of Theosophy* and Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*. Once a month there is an open meeting for the discussion of Theosophical principles with those who are beginning to be interested.

The Chairman reminded the older members of the Convention of the charming reception and the delightful hospitality received from the Cincinnati members and from Miss Hohnstedt in particular when the Convention met there.

BLAVATSKY BRANCH OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. M. F. Gitt, from the Blavatsky Branch in Washington, presented the report of that Branch, and said she felt that the great achievement of the Blavatsky Branch had been the doing of a great deal of work along the lines outlined by Mr. Johnston and confirmed by Mr. Hargrove, that is, in bringing home to church members their real ideals and the beauty they may find in their own services when interpreted in the light of Theosophy.

Mrs. Thompson, of the Blavatsky Branch, said she believed the Branch had been well represented by the President's address, and expressed her great pleasure in meeting once more with the members, renewing the feeling of other years.

VIRYA BRANCH OF DENVER, COLO.

Miss Evans, for the Denver Branch, reported that while their membership is small, their meetings have been held every first and third Sunday since October and have been fairly well attended. The membership is increasing slowly but the most valuable feature has been that the work has proved so helpful to the members personally and, as they hope and believe, to others who have attended the meetings.

PROVIDENCE BRANCH

Mrs. Sheldon, for the Providence Branch, reported continued activity by this Branch, with meetings every Sunday evening, study classes every Tuesday night, a class for beginners Wednesday afternoon and a recently formed ladies' class. All have been showing very sincere effort and study. Mrs. Sheldon said that this Branch has been founded for many years and for a long time the President practically had to carry it alone, but that there are now nineteen active members and the Branch is full of hope and faith and energy.

Mrs. Regan, from the same Branch, extended her greetings to the Convention and said that the Branch President had said all that could be said.

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

Mrs. Gordon, from the Middletown Branch, spoke of her pride in being a member of that Branch and of the help she had received from its simplicity and honesty of effort. She read a personal letter from the Branch President as a letter of greeting.

The Chairman paid a graceful tribute to the President of that Branch and to his wife and to the help the Branch and its representative in the east, Mrs. Gordon, have been to all with whom they have come into contact.

MEMBERS AT LARGE

Under the call for expressions from members at large, the Chairman asked Miss Richmond, of Massachusetts, to give her greetings to the Convention. Miss Richmond said that she belonged to the little group of people who are studying as best they may the great principles of Theosophy, with increasing recognition of their underlying spirituality and truth.

Mrs. Balderson, of Philadelphia, said: "I took great joy and peace from the Convention last year, so I came back, and I know that I shall go away filled with the same feelings."

Mr. Saxe, of Niagara Falls, next spoke, saying, "I am glad to say that I am pleased with this Convention and to tell you how very much I am getting out of it. I joined the T. S. from reading the QUARTERLY and took a chance—and I am glad I did. It has been an inspiration and a pleasure to attend this Convention and I hope to come again."

THE NEW YORK BRANCH.

Mr. Hargrove called for statements from members of the New York Branch, and the first to be called upon was Mr. K. D. Perkins, who said: "Not very many days ago I was present at a gospel mission, a wonderfully interesting meeting, where those whom we would call 'down and out' testified how they had come to the mission and had reached directly to the Master and had found great help. What was most impressive was that all this testimony was so direct, so simple, so convincing and so profound. I have something the same feeling about this Convention and the New York Branch meetings. It is the same essentially; perhaps not so simple yet equally direct. There is a special power locked up in the T. S. to be released by contact, and I am glad to give my 'testimony,' and indeed am glad all the way through, for I feel that the longer I am in the T. S. work the more I come to feel that I go on reforming from day to day."

The Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark said: "I came to my first Convention five or six years ago and then felt that I was all right and extended my approval to the T. S. I have kept coming every year and I now feel that the Convention is all right and that I have hopes of improving."

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, of the New York Branch, said: "I think that we are all glad to be again the hosts of the Convention and I know that we are glad to meet again those who attend. I listened to what Mr. Hargrove said for the New York Branch and I was struck by the way that he was expressing what we have felt, but may not have realized particularly, about the T. S. being a missionary body to bring people to the realization of their own ideals. The New York Branch meetings have been of great help to many of us in considering the relations between Christianity and Theosophy, and in bringing out in great detail, and to me with great clearness, that Theosophy is Divine Wisdom in its universal aspect and Christianity a concrete manifestation."

Mrs. Allison, of the New York Branch, said that as her membership continued she had come to feel that the Theosophical Society is a spiritual organ of humanity and that in working for its splendid platform a great work was being done to unify thought in general and to clarify and purify thought in each individual. That it was giving an idea of breadth to Christianity without formalism or punctiliousness and had shown Christianity with a spirit of love and underlying sympathy.

Mr. Michaelis, of the New York Branch, spoke of the benefit he and others had received from contact with the Fort Wayne Branch and particularly the help given by its faithful and untiring President, Mrs. Lillian F. Stouder, speaking of the splendid and courageous work she is doing.

Mr. Alden, of the New York Branch, said: "I have indeed a word to say. I want to give thanks for the QUARTERLY. I feel that we are all proud of it. Each last number seems the best. I think we all feel that in literature and scholarship it ranks with any publication in the world and in its philosophy and spirituality I believe it leads them all. I am convinced that the Theosophical Society and the world itself owe to Mr. Griscom and his associates a great debt of gratitude and I feel that we cannot say too much in expressing our appreciation."

The Chairman announced that several requests had reached him for a word from Mrs. Judge, who expressed her pleasure in meeting those at the Convention, some of old and others of new acquaintance, but all being friends.

Mr. Hargrove expressed the desire of the meeting for a report from Prof. Mitchell as President of the New York Branch. Prof. Mitchell said: "We have already had presented to us, by those who have spoken, a review of the work of the New York Branch,—of what its spirit is and what it stands for,—and it is not necessary to go into details of the form of its activities and the number of its members, though this number has increased nearly fifty per cent. in the last year. The important thing in any Theosophical work is its spirit and its aim—and the spirit and aim of the New York Branch is the spirit and aim of the whole Society. Mr. Raatz from Berlin, Mr. Harris from Toronto, Mrs. Gordon from Middletown, have been speaking to-day of the work and ideals of their own Branches. But in so doing they have portrayed no less clearly the work and ideals of our Branch in New York. This is a symbol of our unity,—of the true unity of the Society, of the true nucleus of an universal brotherhood which is our first object,—a unity of aim and identity of spirit. What this spirit is may be partially expressed in many different ways—as today we have heard it expressed—yet always it is one and the same, and always it escapes definition. It lives in what is behind words, in what is behind all acts and all manifestation. Yet it is the life and animating power of them all—the true life and power of the Theosophical Society and of all its branches. Where that spirit lives, Theosophy lives; where that spirit does not live Theosophy does not live, though its name be on every tongue.

"The New York Branch is perhaps specially privileged in that it is able to share in so many different departments of work. New York is a tremendously dynamic center. Great nerves and arteries run from it to all parts of the country and all over the world, carrying the currents of thought and ideals, of power and effort and accomplishment, in every form of human activity. The opportunity to pour into these great currents the living, quickening power of the theosophic spirit is the opportunity of the New York Branch. And in the effort to fulfil it—to accept and meet the challenge of our privilege—our members are working in many fields: in Church and University, in literature and in business, seeking to leaven with the leaven of the theosophic spirit the thought and ideals and life of our time. The opportunity is limitless. There is no limit to what we see when we face the great and vital services that may here be rendered to humanity. The door is wide open. The only limit lies in ourselves. We cannot blame circumstances.

"Gravely and humbly we have been forced to recognize our responsibilities. We can only do the work before us—the work which the world so desperately needs—as we can accomplish it first within and upon ourselves. We can bring the leaven of theosophy to nothing else upon earth until we have first leavened with it our own lives. We can kindle no flame if we ourselves are without fire. The work is infinite and can be done only by the Infinite; by the infinite power and spirit of Theosophy—Divine Wisdom and Divine Power—acting through us.

"This which is true in New York is true everywhere. However it may appear, there are no barriers in circumstances. The limitations are only within ourselves. The door is open wide to each and every one of us. But before we can enter it, and do the work which calls us, the spirit of Theosophy must transform our lives as we would wish it to transform the life of the world. It must conquer in us before it can conquer through us. And by it we must gain the indomitable will, the strength and integrity of principle and purpose to make us equal to our opportunity.

"Humility, which makes us see our own littleness and inadequacy, thus makes us see no less clearly the tremendous worth of the individual; the infinite importance and potentialities for world-wide good that each life possesses, could it but be made the servant of the Spirit. Each life is the universe in little. This,

which is true in general, is true of your life and of mine. And so to serve the spirit or to spread its reign upon earth, we have to begin within ourselves. I think that we can do this. I think that we will do it. And the vista which is before us is a vision of splendour, drawing us forward to the light beyond, never to be reached, but satisfying us by the constant effort to reach it and motion toward it.

"Mr. Perkins spoke of the personal benefit he has received from the New York Branch, and his personal tribute is a better argument for our work than all that I may say."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING.

The next business of the meeting was the presenting of the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting. Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman, spoke for the committee. He read first a letter from the Stockton Branch and said: "We who have the privilege of association with members do not realize the courage and faith required of members in these remote branches, where perhaps there may be only two or three members within a thousand miles. I think we may gain great inspiration from the pluck, courage and aspiration they manifest."

A letter of greeting from Dr. Keightley was read, and with a statement by Mr. Johnston that no convention would be complete without a cable from Dr. Keightley, his greetings by cable were presented.

From Karma Branch in Christiana had come a letter to the Executive Committee and from it may be taken a message to the Convention. There has been a complete consolidation of what has been a national branch. This has been one of the last to transmute its condition as a separate national branch into a regular part of the international, unified Society, of which now the Christiana Branch is one of the most esteemed and respected members.

Mr. Johnston also said: "We all have been, without exception, conscious of the spirit of the Convention and of the T. S., and I know that there is a desire to express our real feeling. One of the members has said that the T. S. Convention is a benediction. This is a true saying and represents what is a great privilege for us all. How great I doubt if any of us realize. I doubt if any of us realize the tremendous spiritual powers that stand behind the T. S. and its work, but we must remember that privilege always brings with it responsibility. As the privilege is great so is the responsibility great. Let us realize this each day. Let us realize it for the coming year and for all the years, let us realize it collectively and individually. From participation in this movement we become trustees of certain powers and these bring with them certain duties. We must face great and grave responsibilities, but we should undertake our duties happy at heart and rejoicing through and through that we are thus privileged. We have not done our part to discharge our obligations unless we have worked into the fabric of our lives the principles of Theosophy. We should go away from the Convention with a sense of debt, of outstanding obligation, which we may only faithfully and honestly pay back by what we do for others, and in this way we may give to others what we have so abundantly received ourselves."

Mr. C. A. Griscom moved, and Dr. Clark seconded, that the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting be accepted with thanks and the Committee discharged.

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell moved, and Dr. Clark seconded, that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with the thanks of the Convention for its work.

Mr. Hargrove said that he did not believe that the Convention would be satisfied to adjourn without an opportunity to express its thanks to the Chairman, and that he therefore moved that a vote of thanks be given to the Chairman, Prof. Mitchell, and to the Secretary of the Convention. Mr. Griscom seconded the motion, which was carried.

The thanks of the Convention and the Society were extended to the New York Branch for its courtesies to the Convention.

Upon motion by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. K. D. Perkins, the Convention adjourned without day.

G. V. S. MICHAELIS,
Secretary of Convention.

On Saturday evening—after the close of the official sessions of the Convention—the delegates and visiting members were the guests of the New York Branch at an informal reception for personal conference and discussion.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 27th, Mr. Charles Johnston lectured upon "Theosophy" to an audience of about two hundred at the Hotel St. Denis. Mr. Johnston's theme was the deeper vision into the significance of modern religious and scientific movements which resulted from viewing them in the light of Theosophy. In illustration of this he considered three widely diverse movements: the new school of Biblical and theological criticism, as represented by the recent work of Oxford and Cambridge scholars; the philosophy of Henri Bergson, as typical of the new view of life which science is yielding; and the so-called "New Thought" and "Christian Science" systems, which Mr. Johnston dealt with as perversions and misunderstandings of the principles of the Vedanta.

We hope that this address may be printed in full in a later issue of the QUARTERLY, and we regret that lack of space—which has compelled the omission of the many "Letters of Greeting" sent to the Convention,—makes a more extended outline impossible at present.



OCTOBER 1913

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

RELIGIOUS experience is universal. In saying this, we do not mean that all human beings, men, women and children, are in present possession of religious experience, though there is a sense in which this is true, but rather that religious experience is the same in all times, for all races, with all temperaments; that this, more than anything else, binds mankind together, and makes it possible and necessary to speak of humanity as a single life. The culture of races and epochs varies endlessly, as does their language and physical type, as between the red races, the black, the yellow, the white, but in essence their religious experience is one, resting on a common principle, leading to a common life.

The reason that religious experience has the universal character, common to all peoples, through all times, seems to be this: it is a necessary stage in the development of the soul, a passage from one condition to another condition of life, from an old to a new realm of experience. And all who quit the old, and pass to the new, must go by this way, just as all those who, living on the eastern bank of a river, desire to change their abode to the western bank, must cross the river in essentially the same way, no matter what tribe they belong to, what village they inhabit.

In this simile, the eastern bank of the river is the familiar one of personal life; the essential character of which is, that it is an existence, half-animal, half-human, which is largely motivated by self-interest: by the sense of a separate self, which must be defended, supported, advanced, by one's own vigilant effort, in rivalry, in contest often, whether of force or craft, against the like personal selves of others. One is consciously or unconsciously fighting for one's own hand.

And, just as in a struggle or contest of any kind, whether in a street brawl, a game of hazard, or a larger battle of armies, the rigor of the contest, bending all faculties of will and vigilance to a single point, cuts off the power of attention in other directions, so that there is oblivion of all other things, whether duties or dangers, in the single thought of the contest; so in this struggle for self, there is oblivion, a hemming in of consciousness, a narrowing of horizons, a blindness to many things, which the same spirit, if cool and detached, would instantly see to be vital and real.

The weapons in this warfare for self are as varied as those in an armory. The main purpose is, that the self shall be strengthened and defended; and expedients of every sort are tried, to accomplish it. The whole range of ambitions, the search of power, of wealth, of fame, of recognized achievement: all these are but weapons whereby the self seeks to fortify its position, holding out against natural forces, holding its own against rival selves also in violent contest, holding its own, also, though in this case almost always unconsciously, blindly, against the larger spiritual life which is destined to succeed the life of the personal self.

Ambitions and desires are weapons in this contest. So are all the vices and sins whereby we seek stimulants and sensations for our personal selves, or seek oblivion of danger or failure. All, without exception, are the means whereby the personal self seeks to fortify its position, to heighten the personal sense, to make keen and vivid that kind of consciousness, the essence of which is the sense of a separate being and a separate fate, to be upheld and defended at all costs.

We spoke of personal life as half-animal, half-human. As it is an emergence from simple animal life, the successor of that, just as it is in turn destined to be succeeded by a wider and deeper life, it has carried over from the simple life of animals many elements and powers, which are gradually transformed, or deformed, under the stress of personal desire. Here arises much confusion, a blending of forces, half-earthly, half-astral, by which the personal self is presently beset and encumbered, making its darkness deeper, the work of its redemption more difficult and painful.

But the time comes when the soul, having learned the lessons of personal life, as before it learned the simpler lessons which animal life teaches, is ready to pass to the next great stage of experience, to cross the river from the eastern to the western bank. And, as the crossing is in essence the same, no matter at what place on the bank of the great river of life it is undertaken, so religious experience is in essence the same, without regard to the race or creed, the time or clime, of those

who pass through it. Therefore, it may be said that religious experience is universal.

Religious experience is subversive. A characteristic of it, as universal as the experience itself, is a revision of values, a new measure of things, and especially of the very things on which the personal self set the greatest store, the very weapons which seemed most essential for the fight, and the prizes which seemed worth any effort and sacrifice. So characteristic of religious experience is this subversive force, this thorough-going revision of values, that it is worth while to illustrate it with some completeness. Three illustrations offer themselves: the neophyte Nachiketas, of the Indian Upanishad, milleniums old; the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; and the Spanish nun, Teresa of Avila: three witnesses sufficiently far apart in character and time.

Nachiketas, whose religious experience is superbly dramatized in his colloquy with Death, speaks thus to the great destroyer, who has offered him sons and grandsons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses, wealth and length of days, and the beauties of the world:

"Tomorrow these fleeting things wear out the vigor of a mortal's powers. Even the whole of life is short; thine are chariots and dance and song.

"Not by wealth can a man be satisfied. Shall we choose wealth if we have seen thee? Shall we desire life while thou art master? But the wish I choose is truly that.

"Coming near to the unfading immortals, a fading mortal here below, and understanding, thinking on the sweets of beauty and pleasure, who would rejoice in length of days?

"This that they doubt about, O Death, what is in the great Beyond, tell me of that. This wish that draws near to the mystery, Nachiketas chooses no other wish than that."

Thus did this neophyte of most ancient India make his choice, ages ago, ages before the great renunciation of Siddhartha the compassionate, who, giving up the world, conquered the world, and became the Buddha. Here, as we have said, religious experience is subversive. There is a sudden revision, even a reversal of values. The weapons and treasures of personal life are suddenly seen to be worthless, useless, needless to a life that is stepping beyond personality.

To turn now to the Roman Emperor. Marcus Aurelius, in the second century of the Christian era, was not in name, or in his own thought, a Christian; nay, he was either indifferent or even hostile to

those who then bore the Master's name and some of whom, in the Master's name, followed courses quite adverse to the Master's teaching. In the deeper sense, the "pagan" emperor was the better Christian, far closer to the spirit and temper of the disciple; expressing certain qualities of the disciple: disinterestedness, poise, humanity, reverence, in a perfection that has rarely been excelled, rarely equalled by disciples who have been called to wear the crown of earthly empire.

Marcus Aurelius expresses with thoroughness and depth the subversive quality of religious experience, the revision of values, which the great awakening always brings:

"Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and like little dogs biting one another, and little children quarrelling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. What then is there which still detains thee here?"

This is not pessimism, in the accepted sense, for the emperor was no pessimist. And is not much of what passes for pessimism to be more truly understood as a stage in religious experience, in the awakening from personal life, and the consequent revised valuation of the treasures and weapons of that life?

Fourteen centuries later, Saint Teresa expressed the same sense of personal life: "Oh, what an affliction it is for the soul, who sees herself in this state, to be obliged to return and converse with the world, and to behold the farce of this life, so badly acted and arranged! To be forced to spend so much time in the things of the body, in sleeping and eating! All this wearies the soul, which knows not how to escape from thence, for she finds herself a captive in chains. She then feels more sensibly the captivity we endure by means of our bodies, and also the misery of this life. She seems like one sold as a slave in a strange land."

We must understand this seeming pessimism rightly, whether in the Indian neophyte, the Roman emperor, or the Spanish nun. It is not that, standing as personal selves, they have gradually become disillusioned, finding the things of personal life growing ever more bitter to the taste, though this is one aspect of their experience. It is rather that they have found themselves plunged into the life which is beyond and beneath personal life; and that their sudden consciousness of this new life, with its real values, has brought a new standard of values to the things of personal life, before which they show as trivial, dross, nothingness. The essence of this new consciousness is the death of the personal self: a complete and final blotting out of that self which has fought for its own hand, against nature, against others, against divine law. The

soul suddenly realizes that it is an undivided part of the great life: that it has no separate fate which needs to be defended or which can be defended. Egotism is dead. It has died into a larger life. It is not that the man has become unconscious. On the contrary, he is now, for the first time, truly conscious; but conscious as an undivided part of the whole divine element, not as a separate self that needs defence against the rest. He becomes conscious of the oneness of all divine life, and realizes that that life is his true self.

Therefore the defences, the aims, of the fancied separate self seem to him ridiculous and futile, like withered leaves, like little dogs snapping at each other, like a farce badly played. He has stepped over into a life which supersedes these things and makes them superfluous, as completely as husk of the chrysalis is to the winged butterfly in the sunlight.

But it must not be fancied that this subversion of values makes the soul careless, anarchical, or sets it adrift on a sea of idleness. If religious experience is subversive, it is also constructive, with an intensity and a thoroughness which ordinary human life can in no-wise rival. Immersed as we are in ordinary human life, we cannot yet gain a fully illumined view of the intense, incessant building which fills the spiritual realm; but we can see that the great religious spirits are the great builders; first building, in sacrifice and terrible toil, their own splendid personalities; then building in other souls that they draw about them; then building these into orders and divine relations, like the well-tuned strings of a heavenly lyre, or the stones of a dwelling not made with hands.

Ceaseless building, intense constructive power, is, therefore, the next element of religious experience. All things are made new, through the divine element working in perfect co-operation with the exertions of the soul. And the building is to last. He builds for immortality. Eternal life is seen and known, when the obscuring encasements of the personal self are broken away, as the free air and sunshine and the loveliness of flowers are known, when the blind, dry husk of the chrysalis is broken. But the building is no longer a private fortress, possessed in exclusive separatism and hostility. It is rather a rest-house of the divine element, through which the holy breath of divine air flows unimpeded. There is a selfhood within the dwelling, but it is a divine selfhood, including, not excluding, all other souls; at one with all in the unity of the Most High.

Religious experience is humane. The revised standard of values, which makes so many of the prizes of human life seem trivial and tawdry, which shows much of its treasure to be "fool's gold," does not, therefore,

harden the heart to human sorrow, or render it scornful of human endeavor. On the contrary, only after the great spiritual rebirth is there genuine compassion, a deep love for human beings, which loves all the children of men without distinction.

It is well worth while to give examples of this generous human love; and it will give point to what we have said, if we cite them from the same sources as before, from the witnesses to the spiritual glory which shows our world the shadow-play it is. The Upanishads have given the most universal expression to this large-hearted compassion, declaring that he who has attained: "Sees all beings in Self, and Self in all beings," therefore, he will be full of tenderness for all, since Self cannot injure Self. This is the note which is struck, with splendid resonance, in the superb life of Siddhartha the Compassionate, "whose heart was heavy with a whole world's woe."

The first Upanishad phrase is almost verbally echoed by Marcus Aurelius: "Enter into every man's ruling faculty," says the Roman Emperor, "and also let every other man enter into thine." In Sanskrit, one of the names of the Self is the ruling faculty, the "inner compeller." The wise Emperor completes the expression of divine compassion: "If thou art able, correct by teaching those who do wrong; but if thou canst not, remember that forgiveness is given to thee for this purpose. The divine powers also forgive such persons; and for some purposes they even help them to get health, wealth, reputation; so kind they are. And it is in thy power also; or say, who hinders thee?" And what gentle, practical wisdom there is in this little sentence of his: "Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them then, or bear with them."

Hear now the Spanish nun, on this theme of divine compassion. "Do you fancy," she says, of the perfect, "such hearts can love or think of none except God alone? Indeed, they love others far more, with a truer, more generous and intense affection. In a word, this is true love. These souls are ever more ready to give than to receive, even with their Creator. This, I say, merits the name of love. . . . If they care for anyone, they do not arrest their eyes on the body, but at once look into the soul, to see if it contains aught they can love, or if not, whether it has germs or inclinations which show that, by digging deep enough, they will find gold within the mine; loving this soul, no trouble wearies them, no service is too hard for them willingly to render it."

Religious experience is personal. Not in the sense in which selfish human life is personal, but with a high and divine consciousness, of which ordinary human life, ordinary personality, is seen to be the perversion, the inversion. Now, for the first time, true personality is experienced; it is felt to rest always on the oneness of the whole divine element, the

ultimate selfhood of all that is. Therefore this new and truer personality, the life on the western side of the river, is a communion of boundless joy. For, whereas ordinary human life seeks joy in separate selfhood, and never finds it there, the awakened soul finds joy in universal, divine selfhood, even without seeking it. And the universal divine element always answers the soul with a personal note. The awakened soul meets no abstraction, no attenuated breath of negative spirit, but a life, intensely, superbly real, at once humane and divine, heart answering to heart, love answering to love, divinity to new-born divinity, the Master to the disciple, who awakes from darkness into that marvellous light.

The death of the body is a benefit to humanity rather than a punishment, though it be thought of as the penalty of sin. We should call it rather the death of death than the death of the body. For our real body is not this fleshy lump of corruption. Rightly do the wise call our present bodies the prison and death of life. And when the life principle is liberated from this prison and living death, it is death that dies.

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA in *De Divisione Naturæ*.

When it is said, "Death and life are from the Lord," I do not think the writer speaks of that death which humanity dies through sin but of the death to which the Psalmist refers when he says, "Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." The death of the saints is their passage to an intimate contemplation of truth, in which true happiness consists. This is the death which religious persons die, even while they remain dwelling in this life.

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA in *De Divisione Naturæ*.

THE EASTERN CHURCH

I

THE COUNCIL OF NICÆA

IN an endeavor to get an adequate and comprehensive view of the Eastern Church one is appalled by the vastness of the panorama. The field is so wide, both geographically and chronologically, that the mind's eye refuses to include it in the angle of vision, but turns from point to point, selecting first one, then another crisis as the centre of interest around which to group and arrange minor events. Afterward one can relate these separate pictures, each in itself so rich in dramatic quality and picturesque detail, into one harmonious whole, just as one grasps the unifying plan in a series of mural decorations, the component parts of which have first been studied and understood.

The Council of Nicæa is undoubtedly the culminating event of the early church, of the time not only before the West had divided from the East, but even before the so-called national churches of the East had adopted distinctive color and form. Backward from it, after traversing the dark and troubled period of the second and third centuries, we emerge into the light and simplicity of the Apostolic Age. Ahead stretches the long series of the later Councils, the points of departure for sect after sect, each with its defiant claim that it alone held to the original true faith; till in the modern world, Russia, holding in its inherent vigor the promise of the future, rivets the entire attention.

If, in this first paper, we can get a fair idea of the first great general gathering of the church (a gathering in which we can one and all feel an unquestioned hereditary right of standing room), and of the various elements which then flowed together and mingled into one whole, we shall be better prepared to understand the later segregations, to forgive many seeming trivialities which sunder modern Christendom.

Before the Nicene Council, the Church, as such, did not exist. There were churches, there were groups of Christian believers scattered widely over the East; there were a few centres already established in the West, but there was no common acknowledged authority, no recognized body of doctrine. Each individual bishop or leader was free to interpret the teaching according to his own conscience, his own will or fancy. Scarcely three hundred years had passed since the message of the Gospel had been given to the world, yet already various and varied peoples had seized upon their special portions of the gold of its truth, and having stamped it as their own coin were burning to foist it on the world as the only legal tender.

The province of Egypt was an especial storm centre, for there the fiercest of the battles, that of the famous Arian controversy, was being

furiously waged. When we consider the attenuated abstruseness of the question involved, a question which concerned, not the dealings of the Deity with man, not the divinity or the humanity of Christ, not the doctrine of the Trinity,—for all these points were acknowledged by both parties,—but the relation of the God-head before the Incarnation, before time, before the first beginnings of time: we are lost in amazement that the passions of men could have been so roused. For explanation we may perhaps look through the mere words and descry the living figure of Arius himself in the background, capturing imagination and sympathy by the rigid asceticism of his life, by the sweetness and power of his voice, by his throbbing earnestness or wild frenzy when roused from his habitual silence to the defense or promulgation of his tenets. Not only were the learned divines and school men ranged up for and against his standard, but likewise peasant and artisan. It was said of the City of Alexandria “Every corner, every alley, was full of these discussions. Ask a man ‘How many oboli?’ he answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread and you are told ‘The Son is subordinate to the Father.’ Ask if the bath is ready and the reply is ‘The Son arose out of nothing.’”

Into this battlefield of dogma emerged the Emperor Constantine, fresh from the miracle of his recent conversion, full of high hope and the exalted expectation of uniting the world under one banner. The theological bickerings, the hitherto undreamed of polemics, over which he was forthwith called upon to arbitrate, may well have seemed to the powerful, unlettered man of action, but the flimsiest trivialities. In a letter to the Alexandrian Church he expresses his grievous disappointment that his newly adopted faith should be thus violently rent asunder. He tells of the hope with which he had turned from the distracted West to the Eastern regions of his Empire as those from which divine light had first sprung, and begging the combatants to abandon their disputes and return to the harmony befitting their common faith he writes: “What wound has fallen on my ears, nay, rather on my heart! Give me back my calm days and my quiet nights, light and cheerfulness, instead of tears and groans.” But even with the Emperor of the world behind it the letter was in vain, the controversy had become too intense, had gone too far. Some other method had to be sought by which to bring about the ardently desired unanimity. According to his own declaration it was through direct, divine guidance that he conceived the idea of a great council of the entire church. Certain it is that it came to him “out of the blue,” for the precedent of the Buddhist Councils, the only general religious assemblies which had heretofore been known to the world, was far outside the realm of his actual knowledge, and he thus embarked upon his project with all the zeal of an inspired genius. He would summon all these contending factions, so that together they could,—and should!—work out their own salvation. He himself would royally pay their travelling expenses, would act as host and preside at their

meetings, and while permitting perfect freedom of discussion would by the majesty of his power keep them well within bounds. Complimentary letters were addressed to the Bishops of all the churches. The second capital of Bithynia, Nicæa, the "City of Victory," was designated as the locality, a place accessible to all, yet far from the centre of dispute. The year 325 was named as the date that it might commemorate the twentieth year of his reign. "They came," says Eusebius, "as fast as they could run, in almost a frenzy of excitement and enthusiasm,"—a vast horde, for each Bishop was entitled to two presbyters and three slaves as his retinue. The church has accepted and woven into custom and legend three hundred and eighteen as the actual number of recognized delegates; but more important and more significant than mere numbers was the variety of character and type.

"There were present the learned and the illiterate, courtiers and peasant, aged bishops on the verge of the grave, beardless deacons just entering on their office; and it was an assembly in which the difference between age and youth held real significance. The new generation could just remember the joy of the Christian community at the edict of toleration published in their boyhood, but they themselves had suffered nothing. Not so the older and by far the larger part of the assembly. They had lived through the last and worst of the persecutions, and they now came like a regiment out of some frightful siege or battle, decimated and mutilated by the tortures or the hardships they had undergone. Most of the older members must have lost a friend or a brother. Many bore the peculiarly cruel marks of the last persecution, the loss of a right eye, or the searing of the leg-sinews to prevent escape from working in the mines. Both at the time and afterward, it was on their character as an army of confessors and martyrs, quite as much as on their character as an œcumenical council, that their authority reposed. In this respect no other council could approach them, and in the whole proceedings of the Assembly the voice of an old confessor was received almost as an oracle."

Nevertheless, it was the group of distinguished theologians who dominated the discussion, who threshed out the issues to their ultimate conclusions; and if we consider for a moment the masterly intellects and the towering personalities who crossed their keen intellectual swords, we shall wonder less at the sharpness of the conflict, shall more clearly discern the stamp they have set on all Christian thought.

The rock upon which the waves of controversy pounded most incessantly was undoubtedly the unyielding Arius himself; above the tumult and clamor of the contending factions his voice would rise ever and anon, chanting forth his vague abstractions to the tune of some dance melody—a method of popularization which strongly prefigures the modern revivalists, and which then as now so scandalized staid orthodoxy that it was forced to clap hands over ears for self-protection. Supporting him with the gifts of his learning and eloquence was Eusebius of

Nicomedia, through whom, chief advocate of the great heresy, the Emperor was destined on his death-bed to be finally received into the Church. An uncompromising Arian, likewise, was Theophilus, the strange fair-haired representative of the far north. Through him and his disciple Ulphilas, the "Moses of the Goths," the Teutonic nations received their version of the scriptures, and the barbarian hordes which were soon to overrun the Roman Empire, were semi-Christianized. Ranged up in the opposition party were such men of weight as the scholarly Eustathius of Antioch, together with his chief suffragan Eusebius of Cæsarea, the Father of Church History; the position of the latter as chaplain, confessor and interpreter to Constantine, secured him an influence in the Council only equalled by that of the "Magician of Spain," Hosius of Cordova, his special spiritual director in the Western Empire. Later, in the darkest and most mysterious crisis of Constantine's life it was probably Hosius who secured for the Latin Church the gift of the Lateran Palaces, the foundation of temporal power. Undoubtedly at this time he was of far greater moment in the eyes of the theological world than the aged Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, who, kept away by age and infirmities, was represented by two presbyters; of them we hear little during the proceedings of the Council, but their unquestioning subscription to its decrees is witnessed by their affixed signatures and declaration "We have subscribed for our Bishop who is Bishop of Rome. So he believes as above is written." The title of Pope belonged alone to the venerable Bishop of Alexandria, the titular head of the most important and learned group of the Assembly. But easily dominating them, and eventually sweeping the entire Council before him by his vivid personality, his versatility, and overmastering logic, was the youthful Egyptian, the Arch-Deacon Athanasius. Gregory describes him as "awakening the sluggish, repressing enthusiasm; equally alert in prevention and cure; single in his aims, manifold in his modes of government; wise in his speech, still wiser in his intentions; on a level with the most ordinary men, yet rising to the height of the most speculative; uniting in himself the various attributes of all the heathen gods." His subsequent life, closely coupled with the world's history from the reign of Constantine to that of Valentinian, a tragic series of exiles and elevations, of pomp and penury, of palace and hermitage, is summed up in a splendid tribute by Bishop Hooker,— "Such was the evil stream of those times that all men gave place unto it. Only of Athanasius there was nothing observed through that long tragedy than such as very well became a wise man to do and a righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition; the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against the world. Half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial, which of the two in the end would prevail; the side which had all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death; the one a defender of his innocence, the other a finisher of his troubles."

An amazing contrast to all of these polished logicians must have been

the motley rank and file of the Assembly; desert dwellers from the interior of Egypt, their very names taken from the heathen Gods of the ancient Pharaohs; wild ascetics from the remoter East; sightless and limping confessors who had suffered under persecution; hermits from the mountains who subsisted by browsing on roots and leaves like wild beasts, and like them came clothed in rough goat-hair cloaks. There were simple godly men to whose sainthood we still bow, such as Spyridian, the Shepherd, now the patron of Corfu, and the good St. Nicholas himself, type of benevolence to children, to sailors, to the victims of thieves,—even to the thieves themselves! who held their faith sincerely but without much conscious knowledge. Incapable of entering into the subtle arguments of the schoolmen, the voice of some one of them occasionally pierces through the maze of dialectics with the clear note of direct experience. We can fancy how the wrangling over the vexed question of the homoousian versus the homoiousion must have dwindled into palpable absurdity, as an old confessor, bearing witness by his empty eye-socket and his paralyzed hands to his zeal for the Faith, painfully limped his way to the centre of the disputants and abruptly broke forth with an appeal beginning “Christ and the Apostles left us not a system of logic nor a vain deceit, but a naked truth to be guarded by faith and good works.” We have testimony as to the compelling force of this utterance from one of the heathen philosophers, who, for sheer love of debate, was adding his quota to the dispute. When the exhortation ceased as abruptly as it had begun, he turned to the listeners and addressed them: “Hear, my learned friends! So long as it was a matter of words, I opposed words to words, and whatever was spoken I overthrew by my skill in speaking; but when in place of words, power came out of the speaker’s mouth, words could no longer resist power, man could no longer resist. If any of you feel as I have felt, let him believe in Christ and follow this old man in whom God has spoken.”

Another moment when the controversial air must have been summarily cleared was when, shortly after the formal opening of the Council, Constantine produced from the folds of his imperial mantle the countless papyrus rolls containing charges and counter-charges of personal and doctrinal enmities, and caused them to be burned, unread, their seals unbroken.

Yet in spite both of the weariness and impatience of the earnest contingent of the unlearned, and the eager effort of the Emperor himself to enforce unanimity, the discussion dragged itself interminably along,—a discussion so involved, so hair-splitting, that it fairly defies translation from the original Greek into any language lacking its subtle philosophical demarcations.

It was with small idea of being converted to the contrary opinion that the chief disputants were on the field; the final victory over the Arians and their condemnation as heretics, was the result not so much of overpersuasion as of overmastering numbers. That they were “con-

vinced against their will and of the same opinion still" is attested by the vital persistence of their dogma for the following three hundred years. Before long the pendulum of popular opinion swung back with such velocity that it was only the one-pointed might of Athanasius' will which prevented it from carrying all before it,—and this in spite of the unanimous enforced subscription to the orthodox decrees of the Council, in spite of the sweeping anathemas hurled against them as heretics, in spite of the summary burning of their books, and the death penalty which was pronounced against all who should dare peruse them.

Hydra-headed, it arose again and again to new life, in Italy and in Africa; among the Goths and the Lombards; in the Kingdoms of Spain and Southern France, until its final complete and bloody extermination by the sword of Clovis. Traces of the old fortifications against it persist in the structure of our modern church service, both in the constant repetition of the orthodox formula of the Gloria Patri at the close of every psalm and in the recitation of the Nicene Creed before the administration of the Eucharist.

It is to the everlasting honour of the Council that the heretics themselves were dealt with most gently; some deprivations of clerical honours, some curtailment of their authority, a few temporary banishments, were the extremes of their chastisement. This clemency stands forth in high relief when compared with the severity of later Councils; to the breadth and genial temper of the Emperor we may offer our gratitude that no such dark blot as the savage treatment of Nestorius at Ephesus, or of Huss at Constance stains the record of this first and greatest of the church gatherings. His bluff advice to an uncompromising bigot, "Ho! ho! Acesius! plant a ladder and climb up into heaven by yourself," is indicative enough of his attitude toward intolerance, even if we lacked the more explicit sentences of his farewell speech. "Let them avoid their party strifes; let them envy no one distinguished for wisdom, but regard the merit of every single individual as common property. God only could judge who were superior. Perfection was rare, so allowance must be made for the weaker brethren, slight matters forgiven, human infirmities allowed for, concord prized above all else, since factions only caused the enemies of faith to blaspheme. In all ways unbelievers must be saved; let them be like physicians, and accommodate the medicine to the disease, the teaching to the different minds of all." It is to be wondered if in all the intervening centuries we have progressed far beyond the gentle common-sense of these admonitions. He, in turn, as he was re-girt with the sword which he had relinquished when he first entered the Council chamber, was admonished to "openly defend the Faith," and moved by heartfelt thanksgiving at the happy culmination of his cherished project he bade them one and all to a solemn feast of joy. The swords of the Imperial Guard, so often bared against them in torture and in execution, were now unsheathed in their honour. The Emperor, himself, seated with a favored few at a table in their midst,

presided, and calling to him in turn bishop after bishop, loaded each with gifts and friendly words. It is small wonder that Eusebius describes the scene as "akin to the fancy of a dream, rather than a waking reality,—the likeness of the kingdom of Christ."

The hostile, negative labors of the Synod, which included the quashing of one or two minor schisms, together with the greater one which we have considered, have long since lost any save a remote historic interest; not so their positive affirmative accomplishment.

When Hosius presented to them their creed, a creed brought in substance direct from the plains of Sharon by Eusebius, he presented it practically unchanged to all modern Christendom. The work of the Chronologer Eusebius in adapting the cycle of the lunar year to the Paschal question, together with Alexandria's contribution of Egyptian astronomical lore, that the dates of subsequent Easters might be calculated with precision, are still our inalienable possessions, witnessed by the table of the Golden Number in every prayer-book. Even the forty volumes of the apochryphal canons have been translated into Arabic and are received by the Eastern Church as binding with the validity of imperial laws, while the authentic canons, only twenty in number, crop out unexpectedly in usage and custom, both East and West. Two minor points hold for us an exaggerated significance because of future developments. The one is a mere clause in the canon confirming to the Pope of Alexandria certain ancient privileges over the bishops in his province. It reads: "as in the parallel case of the Bishop of Rome," and was the slight ground on which at Chalcedon the See of Rome based its claim of precedence over the See of Constantinople! The other, not even incorporated into a canon, is the sharp defense by Paphnutius of a married clergy against the celibacy advocated by Hosius, a passage of arms presaging the chief outer differentiation between the two main branches of the Church.

In a later paper, we shall see how such small contentions widened into gulfs, how molehills of jealousy rose into mountains of envy, how desperately the different races clung to their characteristic psychological interpretations of the tenets. But for the moment we may leave them, happy in the delusion that the final stage in the church's history had begun; believing with Athanasius that the "word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa remaineth forever." In imagination we may join in the sigh of relief with which the inhabitants of the little Bithynian city must have watched the departure of the fiery prelates, as they wound their way up the steep wooded slopes of the surrounding mountains, or embarked upon the Ascanian Lake; and may rejoice in the calm which did indeed descend for a small space of years, not only upon Nicæa itself, but in some measure over the entire Christian world.

ANNE EVANS.

(To be continued)

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

VIII

DEAR FRIEND:

THE trouble is simpler than you think. You are not honest. I know very well how indignantly you will deny this,—when you first read it,—and how hurt and resentful you will feel that I, of all people, should dare to say it of you. Bear with me while I try to make it clear. For you must realize I am not speaking of the cruder forms of dishonesty,—insinuating that an open letter is not safe in a room alone with you, or that what you tell me is not so. Could you imagine yourself needing a recommendation, you know that the stereotyped formula of “honest, sober, and industrious” would be unqualifiedly endorsed. In that sense, honesty is perhaps the cheapest and most common of virtues. But in the deeper sense it is, I think, one of the rarest and most potent. What I want you to see is that, in this deeper sense, and in the things which count most in life, you are not, and have not been honest with yourself. You do not front life as it is, nor have you stripped aside the veils that cover you from your own eyes.

What are these veils? They take a thousand forms and colors. But I think they are chiefly woven from vanity and fear and the lust for pleasure, upon a background of dead inertia. Perhaps it were nearer the truth to speak of them as veils of light, dazzling rather than blinding us, always shifting, now from this side now from that, changing focus and color and angle, never long enough the same to enable us to see without pain and effort the true nature of that over which they play. But with pain and effort we can see, and it is of the utmost moment to us that we should. Use what simile suggests itself, the fact remains that so long as we do not see life as it is, we are like blind men, following a path we do not know and beset on every side with quicksands. Or, as our blindness is so largely of our own making and continuing, it is as if, upon a mountain road along the edge of precipices, we were to bandage our eyes, fearing to face the dangers of a path we still pursue. It is true that when we have found a guide, who will take our hand in his and lead us, we might in this way cross in blindness places where we would not venture could we see. But until we have found our guide blindness is little short of suicide.

Therefore I beg of you to make this effort; to penetrate beneath all the shifting appearance of things to see them as they are; to front your life, your self, your own heart and purposes and desires in simple unsparring honesty. It is a painful process, and one requiring no small courage. But it marks the beginning of true life.

And now perhaps, you are even more indignant with me than before, and think I have still more misread you. You do not believe that you have been dishonest with yourself. Still less do you believe that you are blind to the facts of your own life, or under any glamorous delusions regarding life in general. But bear with me still a little longer.

What is your life? What is it which you do actually and truly desire? Do not, at first, ask yourself what you ought to answer. Ask yourself what are the simple facts. Ever since you waked this morning you have been acting, thinking, feeling, desiring. What motives for your actions were you conscious of or can you now recall? What were the nature and the colour of your thoughts and feelings? What have been your actual desires? Take paper and pencil and write down the answers to these questions,—as fully, as directly, and as honestly as you can. Remember it is not to be shown to anyone. It is not to please your vanity. It is a simple test of your courage to face facts, of your ability to see actualities and to record them honestly as they were. Do this, for my sake and for truth's sake, before you read further.

* * * * * * *

And now what is it that your list contains? If you have really passed this first test of simple honesty, it will be a curious jumble that confronts you. At first glance the most obvious thing about it is its lack of apparent significance, the multiplicity of trivialities of thought and feeling, the long gaps in what you are able to recall of your conscious processes, the many intervals in which you appear to have been acting without other purpose than the mechanical obedience to habit,—your body or mind occupied, but your will and feeling suspended. Did you remember the thoughts which floated through your mind while dressing? Have you compared that for which you prayed with your feelings and actions at the breakfast table? Did you note how mechanically you provided for your bodily comfort, and chose a chair you liked, before beginning to read this letter? Have you traced this same love of comfort, and habitual search for it, throughout the other actions of the day? Have you recorded how often your mind said to you "I wish" thus or so, and seen the motives which made you thus "wish" things different from what they are,—idle wishes, vain wishes, discouraged, querulous wishes, which never give birth to action? Have you had the courage to put down the evil colouring of some of your idle day dreaming,—the thoughts that had entrance to your mind in odd moments of leisure? Have you found vanity, over sensitiveness, resentment of criticism, the wish to prove yourself right and others wrong? Have you seen anxiety, and fear and mean little subterfuges which you would have wished to have explained away had they been seen by others? Have you probed your attitude toward the daily round of your duties, and seen what proportion of them were fulfilled with the conscious purpose of doing them as perfectly as possible, and what proportion were done mechan-

ically or to get them over and out of the way that you might turn to something else? Have you noted what that "something else" was to which you wished to turn? And have you compared the amount of time in which you can say that your conscious purpose was love or service or in any way what you would wish it to be, with the amount of time in which you were conscious of no purpose at all, or in which, as you now look back upon it, you can see that your motives were concerned with self and were anything but what you wish?

If you have done these things you have begun to be honest. But I think now you will grant me that the view they give you of your daily life is not one which you have heretofore kept clearly before you as you have thought about yourself. You have rarely been honest with yourself in just this way before, though often enough you have been filled with self-disgust. But self-disgust is not honesty. We have as yet only part of the picture before us, and a half truth may be the worst of lies.

You have tried to record your conscious life as you live it hour by hour. Try now to record your ideal,—what you wish to be; yes, and what you wish to have or do,—trying in this also to be wholly direct and honest. Courage, strength, effectiveness, indomitable cheerfulness, the self-giving love which enables us to live in a larger life than that of the personality,—all these I know you will put down and many others. But put down also what you think you would wish to have and to do. Wealth, if you desire wealth. Pleasure, in whatever form you desire it, even though that form seem anything but ideal. If you do actually desire it, it is part of your present ideal. Put it down, that you may deal with it honestly. And when you have made this list as best you can, and have before you a picture of what you would like to be, and the way in which you would like to act, and what you would like to have, take up again the first record you made of the day as you actually lived it.

Compare the two, point by point. Take circumstances just as they were, your duties just as they were. And ask yourself of each circumstance or duty, of each hour of your day, what opportunity it offered for the expression or the gaining of the qualities and possessions your ideal list contains. You will find that nowhere was there any barrier to the qualities of being. No circumstance can prevent our being courageous, cheerful, loving, unselfish,—though we are forever blaming circumstances for our failures. We say to ourselves that it is hard, just when we have made up our mind to be kind and loving, to be met with such intolerable crossness or unjust accusation, and that no one could be sweet tempered with so and so. But in so saying we are simply blinding ourselves to the truth. We want to be courageous but think it impossible because there is danger, we would be sweet-tempered, but cannot bear to be provoked. These are but the lying excuses of cowardice and weakness. Our desire failed, not the opportunity.

But if we could remember our desire, we see clearly enough that there is not a moment of the day when we cannot be exercising our-

selves in some one of the qualities which we wish to gain. Here there is no barrier to the fulfilment of desire.

With what we wish to have and do it is different. Here we see a thousand barriers,—barriers in circumstances, barriers in our duties, above all, barriers in those very qualities of being which we wish to acquire and to be. Here our list is self-contradictory. Duty and pleasure lead in opposite ways. We have to choose between the things which we would have and the things which we would be. How are we to make that choice?

You have seen how you make it unconsciously hour by hour. Or rather how you fail to make it, as you pursue first one and then the other, forever compromising, forever oscillating, forever losing both, by vacillating indecision and blind forgetfulness of purpose. But how should you make it? The answer is obvious enough. By honestly examining the two between which you have to choose.

There is no mystery in the matter, save that which our own dishonesty may create. We stand as it were with a seed in either hand, and ask ourselves which one we shall plant to grow up as our later life. In the one hand is the seed of the search for pleasure, in the other the seed of the search for being. Whichever we plant will grow according to its kind. Their life history is known to us. This pet sin or pleasure which seems to us now so attractive will lead us where it has led those who followed it before us. We can predict its course, and our own under its shadow, quite accurately. Only as we blind our eyes need we fail to see what it will cause us to become.

If, therefore, we are to front life as it is, we have also to front these facts. Of the paths desire seeks to follow many are mutually incompatible, and of these many, there are few which we would wish to follow to the end. It is only at their beginnings that they seem attractive. And from where we stand we can see far beyond their beginnings. Only by deliberately shutting our eyes, by refusing to recognize what we have seen, can we say we desire to follow them.

Go back, therefore, again over your lists. Trace out in this way the life history of each of the motives you have recorded, of each of the desires you have found swayed your conduct, or which you have included in the list of your present ideals. Strike out those which you would not follow to the end. For it is simple foolishness to think that you can stop midway. As well say that you will drink laudanum because you like its taste, but will stop short of experiencing its soporific effect.

And now, after this long self-examination, and painful probing, what have you gained? Some understanding, perhaps, of what I meant when I said the trouble was that you were not honest. But such an end as that is of small consequence. What I hope that you have gained is this. First, a clear view of the drifting, purposeless, self-contradictory and dishonest character of the greater portion of our personal lives. Second, a clearer vision of what you actually do desire in the true and

honest soul of you,—a stripping away, as mere glamorous delusions, of many things you have often thought you desired. And third, as the result of these two, a perception of the directions in which your will must act in order to change your life from that which you have lived to that which you wish to live.

I will confess one further hope,—if you will read over again what has remained in your list of your ideals. The hope is this: that you would see that, despite all you have said to the contrary, your actual and permanent desires are precisely those which motivated all the saints,—that the qualities you wish for yourself found their perfect expression and perfect life in the life of the Master,—and that your love of them and desire for them, when synthesized, must mean love of Him and desire for Him.

The truth is that the saints were the only really honest people,—the only ones who had the courage to be wholly and entirely honest. I do not think any one can read their autobiographies without being profoundly impressed by an integrity of which the world offers no other examples. They faced all things as they were and dared to face themselves. And thus they became saints. For I do not believe any man can be wholly honest and not become either saint or devil. But if, as I think we must, we rule the devils out, the saints alone are left. There is no other destiny to which we can honestly aspire.

“Humility and Love.” In these words St. Teresa summed the whole of human knowledge and human achievement. For the first means knowledge of self, and the second knowledge of God. May your long suffering forbearance with your friend help you upon the Path which leads to them.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

Nobody has a right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy, or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome.

CHARLES H. ELIOT.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL POSITION

I

“**T**HOU has made us for Thyself, O Lord; and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee.” St. Augustine here expresses in religious terms what the mind of man has always intuitively known, and what the heart of man has always ultimately felt.

The mind knows that it desires certainty, truth; the heart feels an ever recurring sense of incompleteness, a vague dissatisfaction with even the best that the world can give. In history we see that man has used every faculty he possesses to satisfy this call of the Soul. The dances of primitive savages, the magic, true and false, of Hermetic and related schools, the work of science in the exploration of nature, all the religions, sects, and philosophies ever recorded, are simply manifold examples of his endeavor to satisfy this craving. The achievement of civilizations has been to contribute some new understanding, some further impulse towards a solution of the problem of the human consciousness. Looked at in this light, a retrospect of the origin and advancement of modern science in all its branches affords a panorama of marvellous interest; showing a slow but sure development, as if under a guiding hand, towards those planes of life which approach more nearly the deeps of our nature; and by this tendency giving glimpses into the possibilities of a rich harvest to come, even in such an age of transition and scattering of forces as is this.

The yearning for truth may be said to have expressed itself in two strongly marked types of men: the directly religious and mystical, who, in whatever language or by whatever method, have sought to minimize the world and reach up to God and the heavenly kingdom as the one goal worth attaining, the one absolute reality; and those whose spiritual faculties seem to be less consciously active, but who nevertheless stretch every nerve, impose rigorous self-discipline, and satisfy this impulse urging them onward by turning their energy to the study of matter or to the unravelling of the enigma of human intellect and psychology. Philosophy, and especially so-called modern philosophy, is the summation of this latter type; and in view of the new awakening, which is taking place in philosophy, as in religion and the churches, it becomes a field of critical interest, and one which might easily lead the scientific world in the direction of the deeper and more spiritual wisdom which up to now the materialism of science has rejected or omitted from its consideration.

To every man, under whatever head he may be classed, has been

accorded a vision; the scientist sees it in an explanation of nature's phenomena, the musician in some harmony, the artist in beauty, the mystic in the spiritual world, in the Master. And man has always felt, and felt truly, that a complete knowledge of his specialty would ultimately lead him to Truth and Knowledge, however vaguely apprehended at the start. But of all these seekers, none have been able to assure the world of the finality of their quest, of the success of *their* method, except the mystics, whose unbroken testimony is so universally disregarded and laughed at, alike by science, philosophy, and the world at large. It is with peculiar hopefulness, therefore, that we watch the leaders of modern scientific and philosophic thought, through their very unswerving loyalty to truth, laying the foundations for, and leading themselves and each other nearer and nearer to, the place where the testimony of the saints and the spiritual teachings of the world's great religious leaders will alone provide the key for progress.

Especially does this seem to be true of the philosophy expounded by Henri Bergson, of the speculations of Sir Oliver Lodge, and also to a certain degree of the theories of Rudolph Eucken. These men are the pioneers of the day, each in his respective field. Throughout the history of philosophy there has always been a marked discrepancy between pure theory and innate belief. Conflicting theorists have been forced to stamp belief as either a mental vagary, illusory and without logical substantiation, or as the very foundation of philosophy itself. Theory has been developed into a science of critical speculation, and has been treated by the one school as a form of knowledge;—belief, for the average man, is a form of knowledge, and always has been. The task presenting itself to every intelligence is how to coördinate the perception of the world as received through the senses with those certain convictions about itself and the universe which elude all mental analysis and verification. Bergson, standing strictly and safely on the results of up-to-date biology and psychology, is pushing his conclusions through the traditional planes of reasoning and intellect to those of will and soul. In Eastern terminology, he is interpreting Higher Manas, the plane of sure conviction, certain intuition, and creative will; a plane which is also the medium of and closely linked with, the purely spiritual Buddhi. Furthermore Bergson is urging as the highest duty and function of man the cultivation of these faculties ordinarily so cramped and stultified in our material personalities. Eucken, standing less surely on the sciences of the day, is developing beside Bergson's philosophy a Philosophy of the Spirit, of man's relation to the Real. Both men are leading away from the philosophic materialism of the past century; Eucken by an original and somewhat idealistic leap into the philosophically unexplored, Bergson by the erection of a solid superstructure on the philosophically accredited deductions of his predecessors. It can be seen how much greater will be the influence of this latter method on the philosophic world because of the thorough foundations upon which it is built.

Rightly to understand and appreciate Bergson's position in the history of philosophy and in the sequence of this approach to the Real which is guided, as it seems, by an all-wise and prophetic wisdom, an outline of the great movements of philosophic thought will be attempted, followed by an effort to analyze just what Bergson has contributed, with the new direction and impetus that he may give to future philosophers.

II

So much of the thought of the earliest Greek philosophers has been completely misunderstood by the modern schools that it is difficult to get an accurate perspective of the heart of their doctrines. In recent numbers of the *QUARTERLY, Notes and Comments* have given some illuminating hints as to the inner interpretation of such better known men as Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates, together with the suggestion that the foundation of their wisdom lay in at least partial initiation into the great Egyptian mysteries and esoteric teaching. This immediately separates Greek philosophy from the modern schools by the very fact that there is a heart to its theories, a symbolic language to be interpreted correctly. Philosophy since Descartes can boast of no such depth or understanding. Bergson has been accused by his critics of simply dressing up in new and attractive words the ideas of Heraclitus, who lived about 500 B. C. Heraclitus, with his sobriquet of the Obscure on account of his use of paradox, is little understood by recent idealists, realists, and utilitarians. Bergson openly acknowledges his debt to Heraclitus; but more especially to Plotinus, who lived from about 204 to 270 A. D. We find in these sources from which Bergson drew his inspiration, the division which now exists between himself and the modern philosophic positions. Heraclitus taught of an Energizing Fire, "the symbol for a free and life-giving Spirit of Becoming," the purifier that initiates into a more spiritual growth. "All things are in a state of flux," he says. "Reality is a condition of unrest." "Everything happens through strife," and yet the purpose of all this struggle is a harmony. "Men say that things are right or wrong, but the gods see no good or evil, but all things to them are one sweet harmony." Further than this "the hidden harmony is better than the heard," and "all men desire to get at the permanent heart of changefulness." Unlike Plato, Heraclitus held that the mind is an instrument, an appendage of the whole man. This is a cardinal postulate of Bergson, and marks him at once as diverging from the traditional foundation on Plato and the Greek intellectual culturalists, who taught that the intellect was the organ of ultimate knowledge. Modern philosophy with its inability to interpret any of the mysteries of the ancients, values Heraclitus for his attempt at an idealism, but suspects him of being unduly influenced by the Persian Fire-Worship mysteries into which tradition says he was initiated. They do not esteem him half as highly as they do Thales, because way back in

600 B. C. this old "Wise Man" had a scientific turn and accurately predicted an eclipse of the sun—a truly modern achievement—or even Anaximander (540 B. C.), who conceived the world as cylindrical in shape, and as merely one of the heavenly bodies, with a life and evolution of its own similar to that of any animal. In other words, modern philosophy, being materialistic, understands only in its own terms the statements of the ancients, labelling as visionary the symbolic or mystical.

Greek philosophy may be summed very briefly as having two distinct phases;—one a purely logical and intellectual, the other in its early purity an inner conception and appreciation of the spiritual world. Modern philosophy inherits from the former. It would seem to be chiefly the degeneration of the inner religious life of Greece into the cultivation of the merely ethical and intellectual that, in the words of *Notes and Comments*, "forced the Western Avatar to fall back on the second line of preparation, which had been laid in Palestine through the aspiration and sacrifice of the Hebrew prophets." The heart of Greek philosophy was lost, had been squandered unworthily. "Greek culture fell to pieces," says the same writer; "in morals, corruption; in mental life, levity and purposeless, fruitless dissipation of energy; in political life, mean ambitions and servility. . . ." Therefore the Master Jesus, unable to establish his great spiritual life and teaching on the degenerate Greek tradition, chose rather for his foundation that of the intense and monotheistic Jews. In this new environment there were great possibilities, "there were also grave dangers: zeal became fanaticism; the narrow worship of the law was never far from materialism; national ideals merged into national bigotry."

In the reasons back of this choice of the Western Avatar we see that the ideal of Greek philosophy had been lowered, had undergone a change. From being a vesture for spiritual truth, it had descended to the level of barren mental gymnastic and culture. By this misuse of spiritual force, it lost the ability to see the truth offered to it, ceased to be the language of initiates, of the wise, and became the instrument for speculation in the intellectual realms and for a critical examination of the mere forms of knowledge. The history of philosophy, as the term is now used, becomes the study of the growth of these speculations, themselves parallel with the accumulated growth of the world's scientific experience. In Plato's words, the philosopher is one who has only "magnificence of mind."

It is important that the ancient achievement of the Greeks in having an inner significance to their philosophy be remembered, because we now trace its development through many phases of materialistic expression until it becomes entirely lost to philosophy; and whatever of esoteric truth existed at one time in philosophy now becomes transferred to a separate field—the strictly orthodox religions. Gradually, however, materialism itself has expanded with the increased civilization of the

world, until to-day science and philosophy alike are searching for forces and causes that spring from a religious, a spiritual life, and not from the world of matter. With Bergson we seem to see an interpreter of the newly awakened consciousness; one who is turning again towards the light, is endeavoring directly to reach the planes of enlightenment formerly the true heritage of the philosopher.

III

Two main streams of thought emerged during the first few centuries after Christ; now labelled respectively Christian Supernaturalism and Neoplatonism. It has been said that after the weaknesses of the Hebraic environment had led to the rapid decline of the early church from its original standard set chiefly by St. Paul, an effort was made, by infusing into Christian thought the best of the Greek element still remaining, to strengthen and broaden the outlook of the church, and so not to lose entirely the mysticism which existed amongst the Greek initiates. The Neoplatonic system contributed largely to this end, though an admixture of all types of thought was practically inevitable in so cosmopolitan a world as the Roman Empire. Even the earliest liturgic fragments which we possess, and such primitive religious poetry as the "Odes of Solomon" and the "Hymn of Jesus" show how sympathetically the early church absorbed and transmuted the mystic element of Orphic, Essene, and, later, Neoplatonic thought. St. Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 160-220) first adapted, in a literary form, the language of the pagan mysteries to the Christian theory of spiritual life. Following him the next great figure was Plotinus, whose influence on St. Augustine (354-430) and on Dionysius the Areopagite (475-525?), and therefore indirectly on the whole church, can hardly be over-estimated. Since Bergson credits Plotinus with being the source of much of his own inspiration, it will be worth while to discuss this too little known yet important factor in our sequence of thought.

Born in Alexandria about 204, Plotinus studied in the best schools there, and later went to Rome where he lectured on philosophy for many years. Some time before his death in 270 he retired to Campania with his disciples, the most distinguished of whom was Porphyry. Plotinus was the first great systematizer of the Neoplatonic school. Intellectually his starting point was that of an idealist, showing distinct elements of the Platonic influence, with adaptations of paganism and with infusions of the Oriental cults that ran riot in Alexandria in the third century. Ostensibly Plotinus was a metaphysician, with all a metaphysician's burning passion to know and realize the Absolute. This side of Plotinus is recognized and respected by modern philosophers; but in vain do they struggle with his self-contradictions and paradoxes. For Plotinus was also a mystic, almost in spite of his philosophic mind; and the endeavor to reconcile his preconceived system with the enlightenment received

in spiritual experiences led him to many flagrant inconsistencies. This very lack of perfect compactness and rigidity accomplished the purpose which, as suggested, was the effort at this time. Appearing at the moment when the wreck of paganism was complete, and before Christianity had dominated the educated world, Neoplatonism strongly attracted the spiritually minded—both Christian and pagan—and this just because it was a none too clearly formulated and semi-religious philosophy, into which much could be read, and back of which lay the compelling yet mysterious genius of Plotinus himself. The originality of his terminology was in itself an advantage, and pagan though he was, most later Christian mystics use his terms, notably St. Augustine and St. John of the Cross.

Plotinus emphatically asserted the existence of spirit, and the soul as deriving life and light direct from spirit. The true source of reality is the One, the Absolute, the Infinite. The One is not Being or Mind, but over-Being and over-Mind. Matter is darkness as compared with the One, which is light. Man, being body and soul, is partly spiritual and partly material—the perversion or reflection of the spiritual. This belief naturally led Plotinus to teach the illusory nature of all temporal things. What chiefly attracted the mystics was the further development of Plotinus along religious rather than philosophic lines, carefully expressed though it was in philosophical terms, and based on his cosmological conceptions and system. So long as the mystic teaching was drawn from a real experience of the soul, the disciple did not care whether Plotinus was consistent or inconsistent with this system; only the matter of fact mind is at a loss as to the proper classification and correlation of such a mixed presentation. That Plotinus did draw from personal experience is incontrovertible, as we have in the plainest language his own record that he attained three times in his life to ecstatic union with “the One.” It is to these descriptions of ecstatic union with God, the “Unconditioned One” in another of his phrases, that the later Christian mystics turn for enlightenment, or for terms with which to express their own experiences.

Plotinus' method for attaining this state is clearly set forth in his works, and reveals the true position and greatness of the man himself. Since God reveals himself according to our capacity to receive him, it is our duty to return to God by eliminating any tendency towards the material. We must, therefore, “forsake wickedness, sensation, conceptions, and multiplicity;”—a very suggestive passage, in that Plotinus himself tacitly acknowledges that in his own mental and philosophic “conceptions” he found a barrier. To receive the One the soul must also become formless and empty through the path of contemplation. “He will not behold the Supreme whilst he is drawn downward by those things that are an obstacle to the vision; for he does not ascend alone, but brings with him that which separates him from the One: in a word he is not made one.” The process of the ascent of the soul and of attainment to this formlessness is described in language borrowed from Plato's

Symposium. We are to rise from our physical beauties, which, since they come from the soul, necessarily imply an essentially ideal or beautiful soul. This physical beauty is a form which all bodies more or less share; therefore the ascent is from multiplicity of form in the body to unity of beauty in the Soul. If for the physical beauties of the body we read those qualities in our souls of which they are the outward expression, the "ideal" or Platonic symbology in this passage may be more easily penetrated. Plotinus delighted at times in obscurity, it being at that period the prerequisite for any philosophical writing. In describing attainment or union he is, however, more simple and direct. Having abstracted the soul from hindrances, we must learn to "energize enthusiastically" on another plane—a really spirited phrase, and in view of his constant insistence upon abstraction and negation, one worth noticing. "But when we do behold Him, then we obtain the end of our wishes, and rest. Then we are no longer discordant, but form a truly divine dance about Him; in the which dance the soul beholds the Fountain of life, the Fountain of intellect, the Principle of Being, the cause of good, the root of soul" (*Ennead*, vi. 9).

It is curious that the later Christian saints who studied Plotinus should have so easily overlooked the lack of orthodoxy in his teaching; but it certainly was due to this disregard on their part that the Greek and pagan elements in his thinking were absorbed into the Hebraic and strictly Christian types of belief. Plotinus' "One," used synonymously with his term "God" by him, is distinctly not a personal deity, but an abstract unity gained by abstracting all qualities;—a pure "form" of thought, that neither reasons nor thinks. If the One did think or reason, it would lapse into multiplicity, says Plotinus, and therefore cease to be absolute unity. Christian mystics completely overlooked the inconsistency of such statements with their own theistic or trinitarian belief;—blinded, perhaps, by the glamour of Plotinus' vivid descriptions of ecstatic union. Pantheism is the logical outcome of such a conception of purely abstract unity, because an abstract One must be everything or nothing. John Scotus Erigena, the "bright light" of the ninth century, was led astray by Plotinus, and on close analysis his theology was pronounced unorthodox by the Church, and he only escaped persecution through the protection of the Emperor—then an enemy of Rome. Similarly this conception of an abstract unity proved to be the source in Christian mystical writings for the negative abstract conception of Deity—a "blank unity of which nothing should be predicated." The duty of the contemplative was, not to concentrate his complex unity on the complex unity of God, but rather to abstract himself away into a blank "formless unity," corresponding to what he conceived to be the divine nature. On the attainment of union he received intuitions concerning this divine nature, which brought further enlightenment. The Quietest heresy developed out of these theories.

Philosophically, then, Plotinus insisted upon three fundamental prin-

ciples, which are recognized by modern philosophers as his special contribution. These are: (1) the inability of this world, however fully and scientifically conceived, to satisfy the human spirit; (2) the existence of a Divine nature beyond and above this world; and (3) the possibility of entering into communion with this Divine nature. These principles are equally fundamental to mysticism, and it is here that we may be able to trace the real depths of Bergson's insight. Plotinus, having worked out a brilliant intellectual philosophy, modified from Greek and other sources, is received and has his place in the modern estimation. And his theories according to the wont of recent schools are open to further analysis, development, or criticism *ad libitum*. But since Plotinus was also a mystic, with his own set of terms not specifically those of Christianity, he can be more safely used as a source, or as an authority, without incurring the danger of being stigmatized as "religious" and "unscientific." Bergson well knows that modern philosophy, while studying the Scholastic reasoning and ontology, does so under protest, and does not accept the Christian theology imposed by the religion of the schoolmen; and he may well wish, if his aim be consciously what it seems to be, to avoid being disregarded as a mere interpreter of outworn dogmas or of "mystical hallucinations." If this be the case, Bergson shows his wisdom both in laying secure foundations, and in not attempting to force the pace, so to speak, beyond the present insight and ability of his age. He is being a true teacher and leader; he is not "casting pearls before swine."

IV

During the Patristic period all that was best in Neoplatonism became absorbed into Christianity, and evolved what is called Christian Platonism. St. Augustine and Dionysius the Areopagite were imbued with its teaching, were students of the Plotinian school, and freely used their master's terminology. St. Augustine's influence on later times is too well known to need comment. Dionysius has lost in this generation the tremendous prestige that was his for more than a thousand years, and it is difficult for us to reconstruct with our false perspective the true importance of this mysterious writer. He was a thorough disciple of Plotinian mysticism, and his works were quoted and his authority appealed to by everybody. In this one man alone we see, then, how complete was the final intermingling of the Greek element with Christianity and its Hebraic setting.

After this period of assimilation and reconstruction, there set in one of inevitable crystallization, and the Church began the formulation of hard and fast dogma. In the works of Gregory the Great (540-604) we get the first orderly and systematic doctrine, later so peculiarly characteristic of Roman writings. St. Gregory was a religious man, and his work was intended more for the preservation of truth from the maelstrom of conflicting ideas than for the exclusion of heresy. For this

reason he was widely read by later contemplatives, and had a growing influence. But the age for intellectual tortuousness had again set in, and the minds of men were turned almost exclusively to hair-splitting discussions and trivial or futile argumentation. Theology grew to be the dominant consideration of the educated thinkers, and gradually the body of what is called Scholastic philosophy emerged. The Scholastics were intellectual giants, and the mysticism which undoubtedly lay at the bottom of their hearts was both obscured and stultified. So well known and illustrious an example as St. Thomas Aquinas (1226-1274) is rarely referred to for mystical testimony, whereas he is the authority on Scholastic theology and dogma;—and yet St. Thomas was a true mystic, as a sympathetic examination of his writings will prove. He performed the additional and invaluable task of reconciling the scientific philosophy of Aristotle, then attracting the most universal attention throughout Europe, with the orthodox Church dogma. Largely through his superior genius, "Philosophy was the Handmaid of Theology;" that is, it found its data and expression in Christian Theology, but was *not* an attempt to unify the two, nor an attempt to use philosophy to prove Christian Theology. Scholasticism, viewed as a philosophical system and taken in its most complete sense, was a broader, more human expression of the narrower philosophy of the Middle Ages, which had been so severely restricted by the barbarism and disorder that had been the prevailing history since the decline of the Roman Empire. It was a new type of thinking and being, with a strong religious coloring, and an almost complete dependence on authority. The Church was the one organization sufficiently powerful to maintain its integrity, but it did so at the cost of hardening itself within its own institutionalism. It learned to control man's soul; it attempted to direct and control his thinking. Christian thought became gradually more and more hemmed in by the canons of the Church, and, unable to escape the dogma encompassing it, endeavored to penetrate within this dogma, and eventually undermined it. The crest of the philosophic wave at this point left Scholasticism to the Church as its official philosophy, and passed over into the new field of experimental science, to what became strictly the commencement of the modern philosophical period. Looking back on Scholasticism, there was much that was modernistic, in that much of it was purely academic; and it is this phase of the system that alone receives the serious attention of later superiority and insight. All the theology or mysticism is labelled Christian Supernaturalism founded on a dogmatic Faith, and is carefully disregarded as such.

In concluding this outline sketch of the more remote philosophies, it is well to notice one point vital to our theme, and characteristic of, what we may term, all ancient systems. There existed *consciously* in the minds of one and all of the founders of these systems a realization of the spiritual world, of occultism, of mysticism. Not till the degeneration of philosophy, not till philosophers became aware of their *intellectual*

power and leadership over men and affairs, did this inner and spiritual core become dissipated, and the essential heart of philosophy become lost. Even Scholasticism retained, through its close association with the Christian religion, an understanding of true devotion and of the Way of Perfection. It is only in the period upon which we now enter that the mind of man gets the complete upper hand over his heart and intuitions, and so, looked at from one point of view, we have to deal with much that is worthless and sterile.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued)

The kingdom of heaven is not come, even when God's will is our law: it is come when God's will is our will. While God's will is our law we are but a kind of noble slaves; when His will is our will, we are free children.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SHANKARACHARYA'S CATECHISM*

IV

THE CAUSAL BODY

Hearing, touch, sight, taste, smell: these are the five powers of perception.

Space is the divinity of hearing.

The great Breath is the divinity of touch.

The Sun is the divinity of sight.

The Lord of the waters is the divinity of taste.

The twin heavenly Horsemen are the divinities of smell.

These are the divinities of the powers of perception.

The object of hearing is the grasping of sounds.

The object of touch is the grasping of contacts.

The object of sight is the grasping of forms.

The object of taste is the grasping of tastes.

The object of smell is the grasping of odors.

HERE, in brief, is the outline of the physics of the Vedanta, and also a suggested clue to much of the symbolic religion of India, from the Rig Veda onward. Vedantin physics is closely related to metaphysics. Vedantin physics is deductive, not inductive like ours. It is the result of a "leading down" from above.

We shall gain insight into its essence if we recall what has been already said, as to the expression of the One Being in the three modes: consciousness, will, life. Then each of these three is conceived as further divided into five (or, from another point of view, seven) powers: five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital powers.

We have an analogy in our own physics. The radiant power of the sun is conceived as divided into three great groups of rays: the light-bearing, the heat-bearing, and the actinic, which carry the power of chemical action, as, for example, in photography. The light-bearing rays are then divided into seven: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Doubtless an analogous division may exist in the heat-rays, which include the ultra-red, and the actinic rays, which include the ultra-violet. Sounds are also divided into seven, the seven notes of the musical scale.

To come back to the Vedanta: these fivefold or sevenfold powers are summed up in the Heavenly Man, who contains within himself the

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Heavenly Host. Of Him, the universe is the divine incarnation; the earthly man is made in His image. Therefore, each of our powers has its corresponding divinity, its regent in the Heavenly Host. From one of these great Beings, each ray comes down, in its threefold nature: perceptive, active and vital power.

Or, to put the matter in another way: We should regard our physical powers as but the first sketch and forecast of spiritual powers, the destined powers of the spiritual man, who comes into being through the second birth, the birth from above.

Voice, hands, feet, the powers of reproduction and rejection: these are the five powers of action.

Of voice, the Fire-god is the divinity.

Of hands, the Ruler is the divinity.

Of feet, the Pervader is the divinity.

Of reproduction, the Creator is the divinity.

Of rejection, Death is the divinity.

These are the divinities of the powers of action.

The object of voice is speech.

The object of hands is the grasping of things.

The object of feet is going.

The object of rejection is the removal of waste.

The object of reproduction is creation.

This must be taken with what has been already said. After the perceptive, we consider the active side of the fivefold powers, each flowing from a divine power in the Heavenly Man.

It is significant that here, as on the day of Pentecost, the divine power of speech, the creative Word, is symbolized by the tongued flame of the Fire-god.

What is the causal body?

That which is formed through ineffable, beginningless unknowing; the cause and material of the two bodies; as to the proper nature of the Self, unknowing; taking form through differentiation: this is the causal body.

We have here the metaphysics and physics of the causal body set forth in a few enigmatic sentences, which, without some explanation, are almost unintelligible.

Before we consider them in detail, let us try to get a general understanding of the teaching.

Atma, the divine Consciousness, is eternally One; the oneness of Atma, the supreme Self of all beings, is, indeed, the cardinal doctrine of the Vedanta as set forth by Shankaracharya. On this ultimate oneness, our hope of salvation, of perfection as of the Father, finally rests. We

can become one with God, because, in the last analysis, we are one with God already. It is a question of coming to consciousness of our oneness.

Yet we are separate individuals, with separate perception and will; and of such separate persons, making up humanity, there are countless multitudes. There must, therefore, be a point at which the One, while remaining the One, becomes the many.

The best symbol is a diamond, cut in many facets, each of which is an entrance to the diamond, and to all of it; a door into the whole of its inner splendor. In some such way, Atma, the Eternal, the One, may be conceived as having a multitude of facets, as the one sun has a multitude of rays.

What are we to say of the boundary-line of each facet? Is it real or unreal? It is real, in that it is a part of the substance of the diamond. It is unreal, in that it has not, and cannot have, any existence of its own, apart from the diamond.

The power, which makes the facets on the diamond; or which, to drop this illuminating metaphor, makes for the separation of Atma into our separate selves, is called, in the Vedanta, avidya: "unknowing," since its essence is, to conceal from us the reality of our oneness with the Eternal, and therefore with each other. It is ineffable, indefinable by any individual mind, since it is the cause of that individual mind's separate individuality; and the mind, which is the effect, cannot go behind its own cause, to understand and define it.

Therefore, it is said that the causal body, which is the principle of separate individuality, is "formed through ineffable, beginningless unknowing."

It is also "the cause and material of the two bodies"; that is, of the finer body and the physical body, which have already been described.

Let us see what this means.

The causal body is the basis of individual existence, the driving power of individual evolution. This evolution is carried forward by a process of mirroring the qualities and powers of Atma, the Ineffable One, in the individual self; by externalizing these powers and qualities in the outer personality, so that, through using and contemplating them, there may come, first self-knowledge, and at last knowledge of the Self; first, self-realization, as the personal man, and at last, as the great consummation, Moksha, Nirvana, realization of one's life as Atma, the infinite Divine Eternal.

In the causal self is embodied and stored up, so to speak, the plan of this evolution, as well as the driving force to carry it forward. For this reason it bears the name "causal": it is the dwelling place of the causes of the evolutionary process, in some such sense as the tree is the cause of the leaves, which are put forth each year in spring, to fall each year, by a vital act of putting off, in autumn. The leaves come forth from the tree, which furnishes at once their driving power and their substance. The tree is the "cause and material" of leaves and flowers.

The causal body, then, puts forth the finer body, on the mould of which, through the intervention of the parental life-process, the material body is built. And, as the body grows, year by year, new powers are introduced into it from above and within, through the energy of the causal body, which is thus the ruler and unfolder of the individual Karma, adjusting each life to the needs of its evolution, and ordaining its setting in such a manner that the errors and aberrations, the excesses and deficiencies, of the preceding life, and of earlier lives, may be repaired.

We must now remind ourselves of what has already been said of the finer body: that it has two sharply contrasted states, before and after regeneration. It is, first, the psychical body, the body of dreams; it is reborn as the spiritual body, the body of the spiritual man.

In a far wider reach, the causal body has also two contrasted stages: the first is that which we have tried to outline, where it is the plan and driving-power of the psychical and physical bodies, directing the life of these toward the great event of regeneration. Then, when the life-tide turns back, through regeneration, and flows once more toward Atma, when

that which flowed from out the boundless deep
turns again home,

when the psychical body has become the spiritual body, and the fuller and more central consciousness dwells in the spiritual man, the time has come for the causal body also to undergo a change. Instead of being the unseen director behind the veil, sending forth the personal self as its ambassador, the causal body is now to become the home, the vesture, of the full individual life, illuminating the spiritual body from within, as this has already illuminated the natural body.

First the focus of individual consciousness was in the physical body. Then, through regeneration, it ascended to the psychical body, transforming it into the spiritual body. The process is to continue, and the focus of consciousness will rise to the causal body, the individual becoming thereby a Master, an adept. As Master, he dwells, as it were, in the midst of the divine, creative forces that have hitherto shaped the life and destiny of many, many incarnations. Those divine life-currents of creative spiritual power are now his blood, so to speak, the forces which run throughout his being; in their midst he dwells, able to draw on the wisdom and power of the Eternal; able to wield the powers of the Eternal as powers of his proper nature. For he is the individual epitome of the Eternal, creative as that is, divine as that is.

Therefore the regeneration of the psychical body, whereby it becomes the spiritual body, makes the man a disciple. The regeneration, if such a term may rightly be used for the return-tide of spiritual life, of the causal body, makes the disciple a Master, an adept.

In each of these great regenerative acts, the way lies through perfect

self-abnegation, a complete resigning of all the wills of self, a filial obedience to each least will of the Eternal, the Father in heaven: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, as I have kept the Father's commandments and abide in his love," says the Master to his disciples.

It is, therefore, in measure as the personal man obeys each least dictate of spiritual law, that he becomes the spiritual man, the disciple. And in measure as the disciple obeys each least behest of the divine law, expressed through the will of his Master, he grows towards the great consummation which makes him, in his turn, the adept, the Master.

The law of his growth is obedience. The first practical steps have already been set forth, in the description of the four Attainments and the Six Treasures, since these are the qualifications for discipleship.

Shankaracharya, in his Catechism, then sets forth with admirable brevity the relation of these vestures to the ascending degrees of consciousness. It will be our task to follow him in these explanations, at the same time supplying the background from the Upanishad texts, in which the teaching was first given to the disciples of his land, in the far-off golden days.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued)

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

IV

THE BLESSED ALCUIN

"If enough would follow your lofty zeal, perhaps a new, nay, a more illustrious, Athens would arise here in France; and our new Athens, radiant with Christ as its Ruler, would surpass all the wisdom of the Greeks."

"The people should be led, not followed. Pay no attention to those who say: 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' For the passions of the mob come close to insanity."

—ALCUIN TO CHARLEMAGNE.

THE Venerable Bede is without doubt the most distinguished of the early scholars born in England. Alcuin stands second to Bede. But in the sphere of constructive influence at a time of great disorganisation, Alcuin attained an unsought eminence not possible to the secluded monk of Jarrow. Alcuin returned to the Gaulish provinces some of the great sum of good that had come thence to Britain by way of the great monastic centres at Lerins and Tours through St. Patrick and others. Alcuin was not the first to go from Britain back to the continent. Columbanus of Ireland, as ardent and impulsive a missionary as Columba, had landed with a few followers in France about the year 585. He established a great monastery at Luxeuil, and made other centres in Switzerland and Italy. The most famous of these was the monastery at St. Gall. And Columbanus drew up a rule of life that was long used over all the provinces in place of the more celebrated rule of St. Benedict. Other fiery Irish preachers went with the Gospel message along the Rhine and to other points. They led heroic and devout lives, and their names are enrolled among the saints. But the need for which Alcuin of York left the companionship of his master and friends was one greater than that to which the saintly missionaries ministered. And the task in which he achieved success was a more difficult one than the winning of converts through stirring words. He left a placid life of study in the Cathedral School of York, for the arduous work of conferring with a mighty king and aiding him to build up a new civilisation. He was a co-worker with Charlemagne in the stupendous effort to form out of barbarian tribes a European Empire, of which France would be the actual centre, and the Emperor of which would rule as an agent and vicar of the Master Christ.

Let us endeavor to review briefly and clearly some of the facts which served as foundation for that aspiration of a Christian Empire. Let us not at the very start deride it as a gorgeous childish fancy. Perhaps we may come to sympathise with that mediæval aspiration, and, consequently, to some understanding of the ideal and aim.

In the first place, then, a great abyss separates the Gaulish provinces which St. Patrick visited in the 4th century from the Gaulish provinces

in which Alcuin took up his abode in the 8th century. In that abyss the Roman Empire lay shattered. As the political power of Rome faded dimmer in the past, there decayed also in Gaul that culture which Christian teachers, who were Roman citizens, had spread. At the end of the 8th century, the splendor of St. Martin's school was only a memory. Everything had gone to ruin. There was no one connected with Tours, or indeed in France, able to make an effort at restoring the discipline. A foreigner, not a monk, namely Alcuin, had to be installed as Abbot. But as the wide-spread political power of the Roman State came to an end, there arose in its place a religion that centered also around Rome, and which became as much of a link between men of different nationalities as Roman citizenship had formerly been. Bede and Alcuin in northern England in the 7th and 8th century felt themselves as much a part of Rome, through a common faith, as Paul of Tarsus had done through political citizenship. One barbarian tribe after another migrated from the *terra incognita* of Eastern Europe into the familiar provinces of the old Empire. These tribes accepted in some one of its many forms—orthodox or heretical—the Christian faith; were baptised *en masse*, and continued their former mode of life, slightly modified in a new environment. Many of these tribes, such as the Goths, Vandals, Lombards, etc., had been visited and converted by missionaries who had accepted the Unitarian explanations of Arius: these explanations did away with the mysterious dual nature of Christ. But the tribe of the Franks had been more fortunate. They received the orthodox teaching—Christ a Divine Being in whom both the divine and the human natures are preserved through all time—a Personality alive on a higher plane than the human, yet vitally interested (to the point of total self-sacrifice) in the minutest incidents of human life. In 589, seventy-five years after Rome had fallen into the hands of Alaric the Goth, this tribe, the Franks, had made themselves masters of the region on both sides of the Rhine, Gaul and Germany. The Chief under whom the Frankish conquest was made was Clovis. He became King of the Frankish or French monarchy.

Among the traditions of the Order of the *Sacré Cœur* (Sacred Heart), there is one that concerns this barbarian King, Clovis. The Blessed Marguerite Marie who founded the Order in obedience to the express directions of her Master (as she narrates), is said to have mentioned this legend to Louis XIV, during an audience. She was endeavoring to lead the King into compliance with her Master's wish that the symbol of the Sacred Heart should be emblazoned upon the French banner. The holy woman adduced as a reason that King Clovis had presented France to the Master for His earthly kingdom.* A piece of

* That alleged act of Clovis may itself be the result of an earlier consecration. There is an older legend which says the three holy women, the three Marys, were sent to the south of France by the Master, after the Resurrection. There He instructed them in the way of meditation. Is it not possible that Clovis merely represents the outer active side of that earlier period of contemplation?

mediæval superstition, perhaps! Yet, as many hypotheses are advanced from which to consider and explain the ways of men and nations, perhaps it may be permitted to use the legend of Clovis as a working basis from which to consider the lives of Charlemagne and Alcuin. For the greatest event in the lifetime of the two men was the coronation of Charlemagne as Emperor in the year 800. If the initial absurdity, namely, that mediæval legend can be granted, possibly the explanations derived from it may be less absurd than the hypothesis itself.

One is tempted, however, to stop for a moment in consideration of that legend. Why should it be so absurd, incredible? In the *Gita*, Krishna is said to accept with gratitude a flower or leaf from anyone who makes the offering in love. The accounts given of Christ both by his disciples in Judea and by the many who have attained to intimacy with Him since the Judean incidents, represent Him as a mighty Master of Life. One record I have read says He is a Lord so magnanimous and gracious that He receives pleasure from a weed offered Him by a heart in love. Why should not so mighty a Lord, the great King of Kings, as He is often called, accept in simplicity as it was given in simplicity, the gift of that barbarian warrior? We have heard of the great Lodge of Masters that their interest is humanity, and that they are the powers who draw off, to direct for good, a portion of the mad torrents of the human flood. If we should try to get away from a material judgment of human events, to look at them spiritually, it may be that the gift of Clovis would appear an opportunity given to the Lodge for carrying out some of their benevolent intentions to men. At least nothing hinders from making of that supposition a hypothesis.

If the gift of Clovis in 589 established a connection between France and the Great Lodge, the steps that led up to the coronation of Charlemagne in 800 appear not so devious. The theory of government represented by that coronation is "sublime, but impracticable," a great historian declares. "Impracticable," one may perhaps maintain, if recorded history only is studied. For of the unwritten history of ancient Egypt there have come down to us rumors to the effect that the rulers were Adepts who filled the two functions of Priest and King. And, on the hypothesis that France had been accepted by the Lodge as a field for action, the mediæval ideal of a universal Empire composed of many nations united by the Christian faith might seem to be a direct inspiration of the Great Lodge. Like many other inspirations, this one would seem to have been distorted somewhat in coming to manifestation through the minds of the mediæval Christians. The direct suggestion from the Lodge in regard to government, we may suppose, was that of the Divine Priest-King, a holy Adept, who by the Divine Right of Lodge consent, directed and influenced, as King, the outer, social relations of men toward the end of the interior, religious life, of which he celebrated the mysteries

and sacraments.* That inward suggestion from the Lodge (a hypothesis only) was modified by the actual conditions of Europe. The aspiring believers who received that inspiration saw in ruin a former organisation which had united the western world politically. In place of the imperial power at Rome they saw the Bishop of that central city, and they thought he might, as a Vicar of a Divine Master, again unite the western world through a common religion. But throughout the European world the Christian religion was nominal. And the Roman Bishop had little power of direction and influence. Hence the necessity was felt of placing by the side of that supreme Priest, who was impotent in the outer world, a second Vicar, whose sphere of action should be the external world, with its social, civil and political relations. Thus arose, in the mediæval mind, the ideal of the two Vicars of Christ, the Emperor and the Pope: two peers, divinely commissioned and representing the two aspects and functions of the ancient Egyptian rulers. In its original and pure form, that theory of government did not subordinate the Emperor to the Pope; the two were peers, coöperative and complementary, parts of one whole, inadequate without the other, bearing the same relation to each other as Action and Contemplation.

It could be no part of the present article, to expatiate upon the wisdom of that mediæval aspiration, or to suggest that, as an ideal, it is a reality, and thus, something that lies ahead of us; for which, we, like the mediæval world, are not yet ready.† The exposition that has so far been made of that ancient ideal of government is necessary for making clear the life and work of Alcuin. For it was in furtherance of that ideal that Alcuin surrendered personal preference and left his country to attach himself to the only European monarch who was capable of performing the duties demanded of an Imperial Vicar.

Alcuin was born of a noble family in the north of England in 735, the year of Bede's death. In 732, Ægbert, a friend of Bede's, became Archbishop of York, and in execution of his duties, founded, in his Cathedral city, a school and library. Alcuin entered this school, as a young boy, and distinguished himself by his zeal for learning and his devotion. The Archbishop's school and library quickly gained renown. The Archbishop, like Bede, was an adherent to the Continental and Roman side of Christianity not to the Irish. Those Roman sympathies led to frequent visits to the imperial city, and from these visits many manuscripts were brought back for the Cathedral school. Alcuin has left a list of the authors to be found in the library. If the names be

* Certain parts of the Coronation-ceremony testify to the spiritual nature of the Emperor's position. Thus he received sword, globe and sceptre as symbols of lordship. He assisted in the celebration of the Communion (or Mass), and, like the Pope, partook of the wine as well as the wafer.

† It is interesting to remember that Napoleon looked upon himself as Charlemagne's successor, and declared that his relation with the Pope should be the same as was Charlemagne's.

compared with those with which the early Irish monks were familiar, one fact is striking. The library of York represented the Latin side of Christianity and classical antiquity—Jerome, Augustine, Virgil, Cicero, etc. Whereas the Irish scholars (for example, a fragment of St. Aileran, an Irish monk of the 7th century) could cite Origen, Philo, etc. In 766, Ægbert, the Archbishop died. His friend Ælbert, whom he had made Master of the school, succeeded to the Archbishopric. And Alcuin succeeded to the Mastership thus left vacant by Ælbert. At the same time Alcuin was ordained *deacon* in the Church. He never advanced beyond that rank to the priesthood. Alcuin kept up the intimacy between York and Rome, and during a journey in 780, saw and talked with Charles, King of the Franks (Charlemagne). Since the days of Charles Martel (Charlemagne's grandfather), in 732, the Kings of the Franks had responded to many calls for assistance from the Pope. For the heretical tribes that had settled in Italy (especially the Unitarian Lombards), did not hesitate to assail the orthodox Bishop even to the point of personal violence. Pepin, Charles Martel's son, had twice delivered the Pope (Gregory III) from his enemies, and Pepin's son, Charlemagne, rendered a similar service to Hadrian (I) and Leo (III). Charlamagne had received the Frankish crown in 758, and, after his succession, had warred not only against the Pope's disturbers in Italy, but against the Saracens in Spain, and the Saxons on his frontiers, gaining that splendor for which romancers and poets have rendered him thanks. He was an illustrious monarch in 780 when Alcuin first talked with him, and had received from the Pope, in recognition of his services, the suzerainty of the city Rome. The next year Alcuin was again in Italy, and again there was an interview with the King. The King invited Alcuin to leave his work at York and come over to the continent to assist in the rehabilitation of morals and learning. Alcuin accepted, with the proviso of royal and ecclesiastical permission. Both were granted, and in 782 he left England and became a member of the King's household at Aix-la-Chapelle. He went to England in 790 on a commission from Charlemagne to one of the English Kings, but returned to France and died there in 804, Abbot of St. Martin's monastery at Tours.

Alcuin's official position in Charlemagne's household was Master of the Palace School. This School (not a new thing) was composed of the King's family and connections—the King himself and Queen Livd-gard, his sons, daughters and sister, sons-in-law, cousins, and several young men of noble birth and great abilities whom the King had drawn about him. Alcuin's official duty was a very difficult one—to instruct that strangely composed class in the liberal arts and sciences of the time (grammar, rhetoric, mathematics)—to instruct, and, while instructing, to answer the multitudinous questions that came up in their curious, eager, undisciplined, and, sometimes, malicious minds. It was the King's hope that the Palace School would serve as a nucleus and example for the nation: that serious attention to civilising studies in a school at the Court

would arouse similar zeal throughout his dominions, and that order and peace might ensue. Alcuin performed the duties of his official position until 796, though they were often irksome. For his pupils he wrote his "Grammar," "Rhetoric" and "Dialectics," and made the efforts for which he is to-day generally praised.

But along with that official position of Royal tutor, a second and real relation was established by Alcuin. He used that difficult task as an opportunity for making himself the spiritual mentor of his pupils, young as well as mature. These noble youths fulfilled their promises, and went out from the Palace to take positions of great importance in Charlemagne's domains—some in the Church, some in the State. Two became bishops, one a diplomat in Italy. So that Alcuin, after his retirement from public life to the abbacy of Tours, was counselling men in high station over all western Europe. And, as his duty and residence in France did not detach his interests from England he included the Kings and ecclesiastics of that island in his counsels and directions. The correspondence that Alcuin maintained until his death with the royal family, with men who had been students at the Palace, with the Kings and prelates of England, and elsewhere, is his important work, and it is a very valuable record. It is of far greater value than any of his formal writings, whether these be educational, controversial, or comments in explanation of the Scriptures.

The letters of Alcuin, nearly three hundred of them, in very readable Latin, are to be found, together with his other writings, in volumes 100 and 101 of the Abbé Migne's encyclopedic collection, the *Patrologiæ*. The letters and other writings are preserved in well-known manuscripts registered at the great English and continental libraries. The evidence of the letters proves that Alcuin was spiritual adviser to all Europe, and that by virtue of that position, he was *extra ordinem*, an uncanonical Pope, as it were. If the statement seems ludicrous, it must be remembered that Alcuin's position at Tours was altogether uncanonical. It has been said that the fame of St. Martin's monastery had died down in a complete moral and mental relaxation. The monastery lost its head in 796. There was no one of the Order fit to be entrusted with the reformation of the place. So Charlemagne deliberately installed Alcuin who was not a *monk*, nor even a *priest*, as *Abbot*. The letters justify the wisdom of that appointment. Spiritually, Alcuin was made for a Master of monks. He was penetrated with the spirit of St. Benedict's rule; his admonitions to monks and Abbots throughout Europe read as if they were St. Benedict's comment upon his own rule. Just as Alcuin's spiritual attainments fitted him for the Superior Generalship of an Order of monks, he was also, interiorly, better fitted for that other position of Vicar General of the Church, than the men who outwardly were recognised as Popes during his life. Charlemagne was Emperor, the active Vicar of Christendom; and Charlemagne's adviser was Alcuin, not

Popes Hadrian or Leo. Alcuin, much more than Hadrian or Leo, was the guardian of the Catholic Faith.

There is a letter extant from Charlemagne to Leo (III) in which the Emperor states his conception of the function of the two Vicars. The letter reads: "It is our task to protect the Holy Church of Christ from the heathen who assail it abroad, as well as to enforce a recognition of the Catholic faith within our borders. It is your duty, O Holy Father, to support our warlike service with hands uplifted to God, so that the Christian people, led of God, and aided by your prayers, may triumph everywhere." It was Alcuin who filled the Papal office here outlined by the Emperor. His reason for leaving England was not that he might do secular missionary work as Royal tutor, but that he might labor for the Catholic religion (*adjuvare in fide catholice*). He saw no ruler in England of sufficient force to act as the executive head of the Christian theocracy. He found that force in Charlemagne, and attached himself as friend. He was convinced of Charlemagne's aspiration and good will.* He undertook and performed the difficult task of modifying that forceful will that was so often turbulent. His success with the Emperor and with other nobles and prelates—for he was Father-confessor to all Europe—is explained by his profound humility. Humility may be sometimes thought of as a negative and passive quality. Its true essence is found in Alcuin's letters. They are firm and unhesitating in their insistence upon certain principles of rectitude, and in pointing out moral blemishes that must be removed. But the firmness and unhesitation are the qualities of a man who is acting in the capacity of agent, not from personal motives.

Alcuin's view of the Master's Kingdom on earth was largely formed from the Old Testament. It was that influence which caused him to name the Emperor "David," the name used in the letters. But in his concept of a Christian state there is none of the dreary Puritan and Scotch negativeness that has made the word "theocracy" an ill-favored one with us. He would make of France a second Athens, surpassing the splendor of the first as the new King, Christ, surpasses Plato. He knew that there was no other way toward that splendid goal than through moral transformation, the alchemical change of natural lead to spiritual gold (this was a point on which the Greeks failed). This clear recognition leads him to make of all his formal, secular teaching, an occasion for spiritual discipline. His delicate tact made him aware that those barbarian minds could not take a monk's or disciple's training. Convinced as he was of the spiritual prowess and earnestness of Charlemagne, he had yet to recognise that that force was encased in barbarian mentality. So he conveys discipline under cover of the intellectual deli-

* "I feel convinced of the Emperor's righteous intention, of his desire to have his Kingdom—which has been given him by God—a pattern of rectitude. Unfortunately there are more to hinder than to help him."

cacies they craved. Whether his apparent subject be grammar or rhetoric, his real subject is the discipline that acquires wisdom. He whets their desire, which was already eager for intellectual gain, and shows that intellectual culture can be gained only through spiritual discipline.*

The letters are very human. Usually they are plain and straightforward.† Only occasionally is there a rhetorical arabesque. He follows the Emperor closely in all his campaigns. The Emperor is a *necessity*, he feels, for Christendom. The Church could not maintain itself without him.** Alcuin endeavors to restrain the mistaken Imperial zeal that sent up conquered tribes for wholesale baptism. "Of what use," he writes to the monarch, "is it to baptise the body, when the character is left unchanged? Baptism is only the outward sign of a spiritual grace. Until the interior regeneration has been effected, so that they 'do the will' of the Father, outward baptism is a mockery." Then he draws up a plan of instruction, through which he would have the newly conquered heathen pass before they could fitly come to the baptismal Sacrament—a plan far too slow in accomplishment to please the energetic King. Again and again Alcuin endeavors to check the fiery zeal of the King who would have forced a recognition of the Church's sovereignty from his people, new and old, in the form of tithes. "*Esto in consiliis suavis*" (Be moderate) he writes. "You can get the tithes you exact, but payment of tithes does not make Christians. Consider a little how those of our own nation who have been born and grounded in the faith murmur at these payments. Do you think then that these crude heathen children can be forced into compliance? You associate the sacraments and the tithes in their minds. Because they abhor one, they will loathe the other. Let your bishops and priests give milk to these new-born babes. Put upon their shoulders the mild yoke of Christ. Do not turn your bishops into

* The following extracts are from Alcuin's "*Grammar*." His book on Rhetoric is entitled "*Rhetoric and the Virtues*." It is in the form of a dialogue between Charlemagne and Alcuin; the teaching is that the cardinal virtues are necessary for a mastery of the art of rhetoric.

"It is easy indeed to point out to you the path of wisdom, if only ye love it for the sake of God, for knowledge, for purity of heart, for understanding the truth, yea, and for itself."

"That which is sought from without is alien to the soul, as is the gathering together of riches, but that which is proper to the soul is what is within, namely, the graces of wisdom."

"Spectavi, speravi, optabam: et ecce! quem spectavi, non venit, et quem speravi, non consideravi: quem optabam, non accipiebam. Frustrata est exspectatio, evacuata est spes. Et utinam pro spe esset praesentia! nunc esset plenum gaudium."

† Here is a good specimen. It is the beginning of a letter to Arno, Bishop of Salzburg.

** "Ecce in te solo tota salus Ecclesiarum Christi inclinata recumbit."

farmers of revenue. Let them pray, not prey (*Sint prædicatores, non prædatores*)."

In his numerous letters to ecclesiastics and monks, Alcuin's endeavor is to spur them into action. His duty toward the Emperor was to modify and restrain, hence, "*suaviter*," (mildly) is an adverb often repeated. But among the ecclesiastics and monks there was a defect of zeal, both as regards outward duties, and also the duty of interior discipline. "*Vult beatus esse et non vult laborare, unde beatus fiat*." Hence one phrase is used over and over again in the letters whether to England, France or Germany. "*Viriliter fac et fortiter*," (Be virile and strong). His ideal monk is a well-trained athlete—*doctissime athleta*. He tells the monks of Lindisfarne, that the pagan inroads which have desecrated St. Cuthbert's shrine are the result of their moral degeneration. Upon all he urges the active acceptance of holy obedience, that weapon bright and strong which St. Benedict had put in their hands against self-will, against the sloth of disobedience. "As a man of the world strives daily to increase his wealth, so a man of religion should strive daily to lay up treasure in heaven."*

The letters to the Bishop of Salzburg, Arno, one of the young men of the Palace School, abound with affection, and add to the warm vitality of the whole correspondence. Alcuin's feeling for the King was reverence, friendship and gratitude. But to Arno he felt as a father, and poured out upon him paternal affection. He longs for Arno's letters more than for those from York even. He waits in eager and enthusiastic expectation for a visit from this son: "*Veni, veni, festinanter!*" He is disappointed and restless when the visit is interfered with, though he takes his disappointment with humor.

Throughout the whole correspondence Alcuin is intensely and unwaveringly Roman in his adherence. He writes a long letter to the monks spread throughout Ireland. He praises them for the strictness of their discipline, and for their very great erudition. But he warns them against a position outside the Roman tradition, and asks them to begin at once to learn religion according to Roman use and authority. They ought to avoid studies outside those approved by Roman fathers. The Catholic Church, he writes, ought to be everywhere the same, and without any variations. He writes very urgently to Charlemagne from Tours against Irish priests who had been received into the Palace. They bring with them Egyptian modes of thought and worship (that is, from Alexandria), and their influence cannot but be subversive. Alcuin had nothing of the Celt in his temper. He is not philosophical. He was quite content to remain on the surface of morals and religion, without seeking the underlying, cosmical principles. He is not a mystic at all. But it has been necessary to include him in this series because he is the bridge between

* "How blessed is the monastic life! it is pleasing to God, lovely to the Angels and honorable among men."

two periods. His very limitations, his un-Celtic temper fitted him for his task. The need in 780 was not speculation and the unclosing of philosophical truth. It was organisation upon fundamental principles. He did all he could to nullify the Celtic influences which he detested and feared. But his substantial work, thanks to the wisdom of the Lodge, was only preparation for the greatest of the Irish scholars. Alcuin died in 804, leaving several of his pupils to solidify his work. Forty years after his death, in the reign of Charlemagne's grandson, Erigena came over from Ireland, by royal invitation to take the position in the Palace that Alcuin had filled. Erigena is the most philosophical mystic of the Middle Age. From him, rather through him, the inner life of the French Church—the mystical life, proceeded. And it was by his influence that the later English mystics, Rolle, Hilton and others, were formed.

SPENSER MONTAGUE.

"We must follow in all things the authority of the Holy Scriptures, for the truth is there enclosed as in a secret sanctuary; but we must not think that, in order to endow us with the divine nature, the holy scripture always employs precise and literal words and signs; it makes use of similitudes and figurative expressions, adapts itself to our weakness, and raises, by a simple mode of teaching, our dull and immature spirits."

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA.

CONCERNING THE REAL AND CONCERNING SHADOWS

(Continued from the July issue)

CONCERNING SHADOWS

IF the intention is the direct method of approach to reality and if poetry is its expression, how may poetry be known? Granted that it need not be rhymed verse, or even verse, what hall-mark does it bear, if any, by which it can be distinguished? First, it must *feel* like poetry, must produce a state of rapture, must inspire. Second, it speaks, not like the intellect in carefully weighed terms which limit as they define, but in symbols, shadow pictures of something which is and at the same time is not like the shadow. This is to say that the shadow suggests the reality but is not it. The nature of shadows does not permit them to more than thinly and faintly image forth the real.

When a poet says of a beautiful woman that her eyes are stars, he, of course, does not mean that they *are* stars, but that certain qualities such as brightness, clearness, the sense of steadiness, of always being there—the same, are characteristic of both. And the eyes which are not known to the reader can be pictured to his imagination vividly enough by means of the stars which are.

It may seem ingeniously simple to insist just here that symbols must not be pressed, that shadows must be sharply distinguished from realities. By pressing a symbol we harden it, crystalize it, and so destroy its expansiveness, its great power of visualizing the unseen. To him who insists on the definite outline and construction of the yellow primrose it is, and must always remain, no more than that. But to him who relaxes his grip on its finite definiteness for the sake of its power of suggestion, it points with unerring accuracy to something beyond itself, something forever hidden from the eye of the literalist and just as eternally and inevitably visible to the inner eye of the poet. The danger of misunderstanding the nature and functions of shadows is vital, and pervasive of their great value to man.

It is characteristic of the intuition that in the search for the real it reaches beyond the intellect. Where reason stumbles or falls, intuition walks with firm tread. And this it does largely by virtue of its incompleteness. The mind defines, attempts to contain, and fully present truth. Once grant man's finiteness, his provincial position in the universe, and the futility of this method of approach to reality is clear. But intuition, wiser, points toward the truth which it is impossible for man's mind to contain. The discreet philosopher questioned as to

whether he believes in God replies, "Yes, if you don't ask me to define him." To attempt to define God is an absurdity. Can the less contain the greater? No. But it can picture it, point toward it, comprehend it, in some measure, intuitively by symbols. God as a wielder of thunderbolts, a king, a father, a circle whose centre is everywhere and his circumference nowhere, the Great Breath is to some extent at least understandable, and, what is, perhaps, more to the point, inspirational, dynamic.

So with parables. A parable is an expanded symbol, a picture of life in movement instead of a picture of a thing. Accordingly in describing the kingdom of heaven, which is a matter of growth, parables are used inevitably. It is a pearl of great price to be had only at the surrender of all else, a grain of mustard seed, small at first but with vast power of development within it. And he who enters the kingdom is not analysed, his qualifications enumerated. He is a lamb, a little child. And the symbol really explains.

If, therefore, a symbol is an inadequate expression of truth it is, in the nature of the case, less inadequate than an intellectual statement. The language of the mind is of the letter and killeth, the language of the intuition is of the spirit and maketh alive. Poetic truth is inspirational because life-transmitting. It feeds the inner man just as the substance of this material world feeds the outer man. The truth of a symbol is tested pragmatically by its power to nourish and inspire. In so far as it accomplishes these results it is man's normal food, and true—that is it makes possible his relation with a true reality. True symbols are recognized. Man knows them as a wild beast knows his food. They have a compelling power.

The basis of symbolism is the law of correspondences—the theory that the universe is the characteristic expression of the nature of deity, that in sum as in detail one plan prevails throughout, and that that plan cannot change—only develop—because it is of the nature of the one unchangeable reality. This is law. In every atom in space God's face is mirrored. Just so a theme in a symphony is always the same theme though expanded into variations or concentrated in a simple melody, though voiced in flute or 'cello. To question the validity of the language of symbols is, therefore, to cast doubt on the integrity of God.

And herein lies an obligation for conscious beings. Just as forms lower in the evolutionary movement express unconsciously but with fidelity the nature of God, so conscious beings must by virtue of their consciousness coöperate in his self-expression, must, so far as possible, open themselves as channels for the expression of his nature as it exists in them. They must not only be their real selves, but they must picture forth that reality truly by every symbol of language or action that is within their sphere of self-expression. To misrepresent the reality of which they, too, are shadows is to undermine, so far as in them lies, the stability of the universe.

Except as it is recognized as a shadow how can the great power of nature to nourish and inspire be explained? How, unless it is in truth what the poets have recognized it to be, the garment of God by which we see him? This is the vision of truth which Goethe has given us so clearly through the personality of the Earth-Spirit:

“Thus at the roaring loom of time I work,
And weave the living garment of deity.”

The same thought in the symbolism of the esoteric East is that the world as we see it is but the reflection of a real world which supports and sustains it. Through intimacy with nature we are led to the reality which she mirrors. The expanse, the calm, the power of the sea are symbols that carry meaning. The peace of a fertile valley is esoteric. How many men have been inspired to keener effort and clearer faith by the contemplation of mountains springing up from dark, harsh, and irregular bases to poised domes of grandeur, which reflect the clear light of the sun above clouds. Even such a commonplace of nature as marsh land has its message, its power to sustain and inspire, its insistence on itself as a shadow, the function of which is to compel recognition for the real.

“Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who has mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

“As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.”²¹

If nature has an outer court she has also a holy place for her priests. But the high priest of nature to whom the holy of holies was open was the poet Wordsworth. The meaning and rationale of symbols he understood. From the shadow he advanced consciously to the reality. Let us read his own interpretation of the parable of nature.

²¹ Lanier, Sidney; *The Marshes of Glynn*.

"For nature then
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. Once I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being."²²

Not only is it possible for man to approach reality by means of shadows, it is inevitable that he should do so. Man is at present, to some extent at least, a material being. He lives in a world which expresses itself to him as a complex, more or less ordered and related system of material things of which he is part, and to the different aspects of which

²² Wordsworth, William; *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.*

his study and contemplation are in the main confined. Whether he frankly recognizes this limitation as in himself or believes it to be a limitation of reality does not alter the fact that it acts as a restriction.

But on the substance of reality as man sees it, there falls a shadow, which he does not recognize as reflecting any of the objects which he knows, which, on analysis, reveals itself as of a different nature, belonging to a different order. According to his particular personal development does the shadow take form: in the ideal of beauty if his æsthetic nature is in the ascendant, in the ideal of truth disinterestedly sought if his mind predominates, in the ideal of righteousness if his will to action is the determining principle of his personality. Whence comes this shadow? he asks; and in asking this he takes his first step toward the real. By recognizing the shadow as such he gains his first intuitive perception of the reality which it reflects. The function of shadows, therefore, is to point.

All shadows point. Like everything else in nature they are dynamic or retrogressive. The great thing to know of a shadow is which way it points—its tendency of direction. Does it point, so to speak, up or down, toward or away from—the real. If it points toward reality it is a true shadow, if away from reality it is a false shadow and a lie. This is the test, the only one of any value. The standard of judgment for shadows is not what they are in themselves or the particular position they occupy, but what they reflect—their tendency of direction, which way they point.

By this touchstone must we judge all the great symbols of human life. Every form of art may elevate or degrade. Painting, sculpture, music, dancing even, possess within themselves this double possibility of direction. And they possess no third, no potential immobility. The great life force of love between man and woman may point up toward its root in the spirit or down toward its disintegration in the flesh. The noble and inspiring ideal of the brotherhood of man may point up toward the spiritual unity on which all life is based, or it may point down toward materialism and disruption. The swinging censer of a ritualistic service may point up to the sense of God's spirit spread abroad as a blessing, or it may point down to mere sensuous gratification. The much disputed eucharist may point up to a keen sense of the indwelling presence of Christ in the souls of his disciples, or it may point down to an irrational and mechanical conception of the miraculous.

All life implies growth, development, and so direction, and man will never conceivably outgrow the necessity for tending somewhither. If the time comes when, sensing the reality clearly, some discard the language of shadows for a more direct approach, that does not diminish the value of these first steps on the path to the real to us who do not yet stand where they stand.

LOUISE EDGAR PETERS.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

THE MOST RECENT SCIENCE COMES CLOSE TO THE SECRET DOCTRINE

IT is a proof of the illimitable power of the human spirit that the more we learn, the easier it becomes to add greatly to our knowledge. A striking example of this is the prehistoric record of the human race, which has been studied uninterruptedly since Boucher de Perthes first collected flint implements from the gravels of Picardy in 1841; yet the last ten years have seen more striking discoveries, perhaps, than did the preceding sixty, discoveries which add an abundance of new material, and open up new and wonderful horizons.

Our new materials are of two kinds: first, actual remains, in the form of fossil bones, of men and women who lived at periods almost inconceivably remote; and, secondly, the handiwork of these immensely ancient human beings, ranging from the rudely chipped flints, which are called eoliths, to the beautiful polychrome pictures of extinct animals like the mammoth, and of bisons and horses, on the walls and roofs of the caverns in the limestone region of southern France and northern Spain. Of materials of the first class, fossil human bones, the last few years have seen discoveries of extraordinary interest and value; for example, those found in France at la Grotte des Enfants, in 1906, at Le Moustier and La Chapelle aux Saints in 1908, at La Ferrassie, Combe Capelle and Pech de l'Aze in 1909, at St. Brélade in the island of Jersey in 1910 and 1911; in Andalusia in 1910, and at Piltdown in Sussex, England, the discovery announced within the last few months, though it was made somewhat earlier. In the second class, most interesting for their high artistic value are the cave paintings of France and Spain, which have been abundantly described and illustrated, notably in the beautiful volumes published by the Prince of Monaco; most interesting for their high antiquity are the flint implements called eoliths, which we shall presently consider.

A good many of these recently discovered human fossils are skulls or parts of skulls; and this at once suggests the measuring of their brain capacity, and its comparison with our modern brains on the one hand, and certain ancient and famous brain cases on the other. Two of these are the so-called Pithecanthropus skull-fragment found at Trinil in Java by Professor Dubois in 1891, which was hailed at the time as the Darwinian "missing link" between the apes and man; and the skull found in the Neanderthal in 1856, which, with its low arch and heavy brows, may be supposed to stand somewhere between the Pithecanthropus or ape-man and our present humanity. One of the most remarkable results of recent discoveries is to show that brains almost as large as our own

go back to inconceivably remote periods; and that, as a probable consequence, neither the Pithecanthropus nor the Neanderthal man are to be reckoned among our direct ancestors at all.

Two ancient skulls are especially important for their bearing on this question. They were both found in the south of England, in thick beds of alluvial gravel, laid down by rivers where there are no rivers now. The height of these ancient river gravels above the present level of the rivers is one way of measuring their antiquity. The presence of fossil remains of long extinct animals, ancestral forms of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, which were all plentiful at one time in England, is another. The first of these two ancient English skulls was found in a gravel pit at Galley Hill in Kent, forming part of a former bank of the river Thames, which was then far larger than now. The gravel is ten feet thick. The skeleton was found eight feet beneath its surface. Fossils of animals found in the same gravel point toward the Pliocene period, the most recent of the four divisions of the Tertiary period, which immediately preceded the Pleistocene or Quaternary, which comes down to our own times. In spite of this enormous age, the Galley Hill skull "does not in fact differ essentially from its modern European counterparts; similar conclusions have been formed in regard to the other parts of the skeleton." It is reasonably inferred that, if men of the higher Galley Hill type preceded in point of time the men of the lower Neanderthal type, as seems certain, the ancestry of the former, higher type must be sought at a far earlier period than that represented by the Galley Hill gravels. As to this, it may be noted, according to Duckworth, that the extension of the human period suggested by eoliths, rudely chipped flints, for which Pliocene, Miocene and even Oligocene antiquity is claimed, will provide all, and more than all, that this argument demands. But if this be so, the significance of the Neanderthal type of skeleton is profoundly altered. It is no longer only possible to claim an ancestral position for that type in its relation to modern men. It may be regarded as a degenerate form. Should it be regarded as such, a probability exists that it ultimately became extinct, like the Tasmanian aborigines in our own days.

The other very ancient English skull, which was found at Piltdown in Sussex, is assigned to the Pliocene period. A distinguished French anthropologist declares that, along with certain primitive characteristics, it possesses traits which connect it more clearly with the ancestry of modern man than the Neanderthal type. In this case, the Neanderthal type would represent a lateral branch, not an ancestor of modern man; and the origin of our direct ancestors would thus be pushed far back into the past; how far, we shall presently try to estimate.

The question at once comes into our minds: What bearing has this on the descent of man, and especially on what are popularly called our "monkey ancestors"; the question of our descent from forms like the

orang-utan or the gorilla? This question has recently been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and we may, perhaps, sum up the best opinion as follows: Evidence, of which this is the type, makes it quite possible that man is not descended from the anthropoid apes, but even the contrary may be true, and the anthropoid apes may belong to a lateral branch of the human stem; just as man and the anthropoid apes may be only two branches of a common stem. It is very difficult to trace the descent of man from the anthropoid apes, for we are entirely without paleontological proof enabling us to determine the character of the anthropoid apes of the middle and lower Tertiary, which should be the ancestors of the present anthropoid apes. The assertion of Ernst Haeckel, that we are in possession of all the transitional forms from the lower anthropoid apes to man, is totally inaccurate. This bears directly on the so-called "missing link," the Pithecanthropus of Java, which would thus appear to be a lateral branch, and not an ancestor; an earlier offshoot, perhaps, than the Neanderthal race. The age of the Pithecanthropus cannot be exactly determined. In the opinion of the majority of those who have examined the question, it may date from the middle or upper quaternary; in which case, it is undoubtedly more recent than far more highly developed forms like the Piltdown and Galley Hill skulls. We may say, with a distinguished English geologist that, while we believe firmly in the evolution of man, the bulk of his brain does not seem to have appreciably increased since the early ages of stone. Small-brained forms like the Pithecanthropus and, in a less degree, the Neanderthal man, are not ancestors, not in the direct line of our descent.

To turn now to the ancient implements which, side by side with human fossils, testify to the antiquity of man. We are, I suppose, familiar with the fact that, before iron came into use, many common implements were made of bronze, and still earlier, of copper. Earlier still, they were made of stone, flint being very commonly used. The later flints were polished, and often very finely shaped. The older flints were chipped, but not polished. The later flints are called "neoliths," or "new stones," the older being called "paleoliths," or "old stones." The neoliths seem to cover only a comparatively short period, lasting, however, many thousand years. But the paleoliths seem to stretch over a vastly longer period, divided into no less than nine different strata or periods of culture and development. From the various localities in which relics characteristic of these different periods have been found, it is at present the custom to name these different paleolithic levels as follows, beginnings with the more recent, and going back to the older: there is, first, the Azilian, which is the bridge between chipped flints and polished flints; behind this, in increasing antiquity, are the ages called Magdalenian, Solutrean, Aurignacian, Acheulean, Chellean, Strepian, Mesvinian, and Maffian. To make this a little more concrete, we may say that to the Aurignacian period belong the best of the cave pictures

of France and Spain; to the Mousterian belongs the low, heavy-browed Neanderthal race; to the Strepyan, or perhaps even to the much older Mafflian, belongs the well-formed skull from Galley Hill.

Now the remarkable fact is, that behind these nine ages of paleoliths a series of far older epochs has recently been detected, the very rudely chipped implements of which are called "eoliths," or "stones of the dawn" of human culture. The author of *The Romance of Modern Geology* (1909) gives us a general view of the situation by saying that flint implements of much rougher types than the paleoliths have been found in old river gravels which are from five hundred to seven hundred feet above the level of the existing rivers, in the drift of which paleolithic implements were found. To these older, clumsier weapons and tools—if, indeed, implements they be—the name eoliths was given. These eoliths of the south of England and of Belgium indicate a race of men of less developed skill than the makers of the paleoliths and carry the antiquity of man at least as far back beyond the paleoliths as these are from the present day.

Since this was written, rudely chipped flints of this type have been found in strata much more ancient than those which this writer had in mind. A notable discovery is that of Mr. Reid Moir, who found worked flints of this type in undisturbed strata lying below the Suffolk Red Crag at Ipswich. The top of the London clay was a land surface before the deposition of the Red Crag, and on this land surface were lying the implements which are now deeply covered up by the sand and shells of the Pliocene sea; these implements had been flaked by dexterous blows, and they have been assigned to late Miocene or early Pliocene times. But other eoliths go back much farther than this. Professor Rutot assigns some of these to the Oligocene period. M. Laville has discovered yet others at Duan, some fifty or sixty miles southwest of Paris, which he assigns to the Eocene period, the oldest of the four periods into which the Tertiary epoch of geology is divided. In their order, these are: Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene; followed by the Pleistocene or Quaternary, which comes down to the present day. It has already been pointed out that the vast antiquity indicated by these eolithic implements is almost demanded by the facts revealed by skulls like that of Galley Hill and Piltdown, with their large brain capacity, indicating that ages of development had preceded them.

Turning from the materials to our first problem, the way in which their age is measured, we may say that there are two methods, the one direct, the other indirect. The first gives far more certain conclusions; but, unfortunately, it does not carry us nearly as far back as we wish to go; therefore we have to adopt the second method for the rest of our journey. The direct method may be illustrated in this way. We all know that the age of many trees may be exactly measured by counting the concentric rings in a cross section of the stem; the change from

summer to winter making a difference in the texture of the woody fibre. In this way pine trees two or three or four hundred years old have been measured, while trees like the Californian sequoia may go back two milleniums. There is a similar natural chronometer in the texture of peat, which is composed of layers of small water plants that grow in summer and wither in winter. A careful count has shown that a foot of black peat is made up of eight hundred of these layers, showing that eight hundred summers and winters went to the building of it. If we find human relics in undisturbed peat at a depth of five feet from the surface, we shall be justified in saying that they are four thousand years old. This is strikingly corroborated by discoveries made in the peat of the Somme valley in northern France. Roman pottery, among other things a wide, flat dish which could not sink through the peat, was discovered at a depth of two feet, dating, that is, from sixteen hundred years ago. Below this were found Gaulish remains; below these, flint implements. From the character and position of the Roman remains, it was calculated that peat forms at the rate of three centimeters a century, practically the same result as that obtained by counting the layers.

We are carried a good deal further back by observations made in the delta of the little river Tinière which flows into the lake of Geneva near Villeneuve not far from where the Rhone enters the lake. The structure of the delta is revealed by a railroad cut. At different distances below the surface three layers of vegetable soil are found, each of which was at one time the surface of the delta. Four feet below the present surface is the first vegetable layer, five inches thick. In this was found a Roman coin eighteen hundred years old. Ten feet below the surface there was a second layer of vegetable soil six inches thick, in which was found a pair of bronze tweezers, dating, therefore, some four thousand years back. Nineteen feet below the surface there is a third layer, which goes back about seven thousand years, the whole delta being some ten thousand years old. There is a higher and older delta ten times as large; if laid down at the same rate, it was begun a hundred thousand years ago. A similar method applied to the sediment of the Nile gives like results. Yet another means of measurement is offered by the growth of peat which is filling up some of the Swiss lakes, like the lake of Brienne, so that lake dwellings which were once within its waters are now far from the lake. In the same way the old cities of Mesopotamia, once on the shore of the Persian Gulf, are now far inland, the Gulf being gradually filled up by sand and mud brought down by the two rivers.

But these direct methods do not carry us far enough. We may then turn to the indirect method, based on estimates of the length of time required to form the whole of the stratified and fossil-bearing rocks of the earth. The total thickness of these rocks in Europe has been estimated at 75,000 feet or fourteen miles. Let us strike an average among

many estimates, and say that the whole of it was laid down in 200,000,000 years. More than fifty per cent. of this total belongs to the primordial period; more than thirty to the primary; about twelve to the secondary; two and a half per cent., or, say, five million years, to the Tertiary, which is subdivided in turn into the Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene and Pliocene; and finally one-half per cent., or a million years, to the Pleistocene or Quaternary. These figures make no claim at all to exactitude. They are rough deductions from rather uncertain data, and must be taken for what they are worth. But they are the best we can get at present.

We can see at a glance that, if the Piltdown skull is, as is claimed for it, of pre-Pleistocene age, this antique Englishman may lay claim to a venerable antiquity; and, if the eoliths of Oligocene and even Eocene age be accepted, they go back, and carry with them the history of mankind, literally millions of years.

Into the discussion of their genuineness we cannot enter, nor relate the wordy battles between the eolithophiles and eolithophobes as Professor Rutot wittily calls them, he himself holding out for Oligocene man. The objectors say that certain flint fragments of like character are produced in the cement mills at Mantes, showing that the eoliths are not the work of man. Surely this is in the last degree illogical, as though cement mills occurred in nature and were not man-made. We can only contribute to the controversy a sentence by Sir Charles Lyell, written fifty years ago, and referring to the then comparatively recent finding of neolithic and paleolithic implements: "The scientific world had no faith in the statement that works of art, however rude, had been met with in undisturbed beds of such antiquity . . . many imagined them to have owed their peculiar forms to accidental fracture in a river bed." Which shows a certain uniformity in the workings of the scientific mind.

JOHN CHARLTON.

SOME ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY

AS SEEN BY A NEW MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY

IX

CONSIDERING WHAT "A UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD" MAY MEAN

“. . . learn charity, and mark that as your brother's truth exists not for your soul, so yours does not exist for him, and yet that at their heart they both are one, it matters not how diverse they may seem. For Truth is One, Unchangeable, Eternal.”—Fragments, p. 63.

ELSEWHERE I have told of my indebtedness to the wondrous little book from which is taken the quotation with which this begins. Those few lines often seem to me to express, almost to embody, the whole of Theosophy as a Philosophy. It was that quotation as much as anything else that gave me courage to apply for the privilege of membership when my mind was still utterly refusing to accept a great deal that seemed to be involved.

Turn to the inside cover page of this QUARTERLY and read the statement about the Theosophical Society. The very first sentence was to me a hazard, as they say in steeplechasing. "The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color." In my natural tendency to confuse planes, to see only the surface and not the substance, to listen to the words and not the meaning, I balked at that statement. But I believed in the members of the T. S. whom I knew. I trusted the teachings of Cavé and I made application, feeling that I accepted the T. S. as a whole, even if I did not understand it in many particulars. I had read "By their fruits ye shall know them" and there could be no doubt on this score. It was in part, moreover, by intuition; and in further part, blind faith in a Mentor and his Companions, whom I have learned to reverence, to trust and to love, that I took that important first step; and never for an instant have I regretted it. While I was permitted to be enrolled in the Society I see I had not joined it. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever be truly joined to it! One of those whom I am privileged to follow, a long-time member, says "One keeps on joining the Society year after year."

This presents one of the most striking aspects of Theosophy, that in one's attitude toward it one seems literally to follow the ascending spiral of growth so vividly described in its literature. Something familiar today shows itself absolutely new tomorrow. Experience with this phase of growth is most encouraging to the beginner, for it gives

validity to his intuition that what he may not understand now will be made clear if he will but persevere and wait in faith. I suspect that this is one of the real reasons why to the faithful Death has no sting.

A possible explanation for this changing aspect may be found in what seems to be the Law of Occultism in the East, of Mysticism in the West, that "one must be a thing to know it." A coward may admire courage but it takes a brave man to feel it, to be courageous. Truly, so it seems, "Knowledge comes with being." So, as we grow we are, and so know.

Not understanding that "principal aim and object" I kept it at first deliberately in the background of my objecting mind. Later this did not seem honest. I was in the T. S. (not of it, though I did not know this then) and it was my duty, I so felt, to accept its platform in words, because I believed absolutely in that platform as expressed and manifested by those who stood upon it. So I arbitrarily forced my mind to accept the platform as "Law and the Prophets." I did not take it in; make it part of myself.

Is not this, by the way, rather too much the attitude of most of us who call ourselves Christians and glibly recite by rote what we never make part of ourselves—though we do listen reverently to the petition: "That what we have said and sung with our lips we may believe in our hearts and show forth in our lives." I, for one, would regret to be put to the test on the Day of Judgment on my practical application of that prayer—or, indeed, any single one of the prayers I have used for years in church. And, I very much fear, that I am part of a large "brotherhood" in this respect. I wish that all of us could have the light thrown upon and into these prayers that membership in the T. S. has brought to many of us.

Through the Society I have found some of the verities of the church service, "discovering" that Theosophy is the basis, the essence, the truth of Christianity. But it has been said "It takes thousands of lives to make oneself a Theosophist." So, perhaps we are nothing more than stupid in not realizing that the Christian services and prayers are a practical manual of rules for daily life—as well as for reading or listening to in church. Yet I suspect that even this stupidity will not excuse us, if we do not make the effort.

Years and years ago I was properly taught the shibboleth, if I may be pardoned for so calling it, that we are all "children of one Father" but, as with many others I know, this was something right to say, something eminently proper to hold as an official belief—yet it meant nothing; meaning nothing one could not truly regard oneself as His child. Theoretically, however, every one who professes Christianity automatically professes belief in a "universal brotherhood." It is so theoretical for most of us that we do not see it. I am sure I did not see it at all until very recently and then something that was taught to and understood by the little children in Egypt thousands of years ago came to me in the

XXth Century as a brand new "discovery," a "surprising fact." Is it not wonderful that there is so much Patience with us!

I doubt if in this matter of a "universal brotherhood" I even made a "discovery." I was pushed into it by Mr. Judge through reading *Letters that Have Helped Me*, and yet how stupid I was about those books. When I first tried to read them—I just could not. They then meant nothing to me. Now they rank with *Light on the Path*, *Fragments*, the *Book of Common Prayer*, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the *Imitation of Christ* and the other great books that membership in the T. S. has taught me to value.

It may be useless to give this list of different ways of presenting identically the same teaching; but I wish I could make even one aspirant see the need for guidance. If he is not so placed as to be able to receive oral teachings from those with whom mere personal contact is itself an inspiration, he can always get that "bit of her heart" that the Editor-in-Chief of THE QUARTERLY reported went with every letter the Secretary of the T. S. writes. One who has fallen into a ditch should warn wayfarers of its location. I fell in—fell deep—so I feel it a duty to warn against self-guidance. It so easily drops one deeper into self-satisfaction; that into self-indulgence and that into self-disaster—though how we do hate to admit this; how we blame the "cruel Fates," not seeing that we have inexorably forced our own Fate.

This may seem a roundabout way of telling how I have reached a glimpse of what "Universal Brotherhood" may mean. Truly it is not. These digressions are symbolical of my own progress, of the cavortings and plungings of my own mind as it "shied off" from the concept's acceptance, as from Mr. Judge's *Letters*. But after the loving teachings given to me when I took guidance, just as after all these wanderings we return to our subject, so I came back recently to Mr. Judge. With a directness; a simplicity; a fiery power that makes all his books thrilling and enthralling, Mr. Judge preaches to me that to work for others is the one means of progress. Apparently, too, one is not to dream of so working in some far-off "cannibal isle," but is to go to work "here and now," as he so often wrote. This has given a meaning to the Answer in the Catechism "And to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." Mr. Judge said at the end: "They must aim to develop themselves in daily life in small duties." Do we?

I knew the catechism by heart when I was confirmed. I have drilled classes in Sunday School in it. But, literally, the answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards thy Neighbor" and the marvellous comment by the "Catechist" had no real meaning to me until I sensed something of "universal brotherhood," and I suspect that if it ever had had I should not have been so long in accepting the

“principal aim and object” of the Society as something for which I now wish to strive.

To those who know the *Gita* the comment might have been made by Krishna to Arjuna :

“*Catechist*.—My good Child, know this; that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.”

Despite our Lord's use of the word “children” as “followers,” “disciples,” despite the impressive fact that “chela” means child; just because the Catechism is taught in Sunday School to children in years, we “grown-ups” (in years only, alas!) fail to grasp the help offered in this passage and all through the church services. What idiots we are! Read the Collect for All Saints' Day for a statement of the principal aim and object of the Society in beautiful old English and in canonical form. Read them both in comparison so that you may get the full meaning of each from the other.

It has come to me that universal brotherhood is primarily on the inner plane. I had objected to it as involving a destruction of the whole organization of the world as we see it—from my family to the National Government. I had not realized what has ever been taught in all manifestations of Theosophy, as recently emphasized at the Convention of the T. S., that the spiritual works from within out and never in reverse. I had not accepted the principle that “here and now” we are to learn our Lesson. I am in one circumstance; Tony who blacks my boots in another. We can be brothers on a spiritual plane without my seeking to put him in my physical position; where, being unprepared he might find the circumstances destructive of spiritual advancement, just as I might if I took his place.

Whenever I have tried to mold my own or others' outer lives I have had experiences that remind me of the man who thought he would start an avalanche of his own by jumping down the mountain side. When they dug him out and thawed him out; patched him up and put him together, there was something less than half a man left, who declared “I guess after this I'll let the Almighty run His own avalanches.” I, too, prefer not to interfere with what Wisdom has decreed for me or for others. But this does not mean, or so it seems to me, that I am to do nothing. Here in the West we have a pretty clear Rule of action laid down for us in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. It is expounded at length through the Gospels and the Epistles—if we read them for guidance. Every Saint has told us what to do. Every Eastern Scripture reveals the secret. It was summed up for me by a ragged convert at a Mission: “If you stop thinking about yourself and think about God you

will find Him a Friend; and if you think about Him you'll find the other fellow a lot better than yourself and you'll like him—you're both the Father's children."

X

"HE CANNOT HURT ME FOR HE ALWAYS HELPS ME"

"Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never arise to trouble you."—W. Q. JUDGE, *Letters that Have Helped Me*, Volume II, p. 85.

In seeking for the Path in its early stages it seems as if some of us walk backwards and do not know it. Others of us beginners creep and crawl, often sideways like a crab, and, it may well be, that we believe we are fairly galloping straight toward it. Some of us sleep in sloth and call our dreams action. Others of us wander off, blind to the real Trail. I have done all these things, and I suspect I have even tried hopping up and down on one leg, thinking I was making progress; wasting energy when I truly thought I was making an Effort. The point seems to be to get on the Path—few of us appreciate that. In illustration of this I have permission to tell the story of a friend of mine.

He is fortunate in being associated in his livelihood work with a remarkable man, who is at once the senior member of his firm and one of his spiritual preceptors, if I may use olden time phraseology in describing a relationship rare nowadays. But before I go further, this fortunate young man needs a name. As he talks frankly about all sorts of things about which most of us keep silent, why not let us call him Parlessimo?

Parlessimo adores his chief and yet he declares that he gives his chief endless and usually needless trouble. Inevitably, as a result of some of his many sins of omission and commission, he frequently gets "jumped on" with vigor. He blunders in preparing a brief; fails to cite his cases accurately, or even is late in appearing in court. When the head of the firm expresses most vigorously his opinions of these "messy failures," the office wonders that the usually self-important and touchy junior partner takes, what he would naturally be expected to regard as a public humiliation, so quietly and, often in such evident gratitude! One day when several of us were lunching together one of the other junior partners said to him: "Parlessimo, how do you stand the Chief's skinning you alive?"

"You dear old idiot," was the instant answer, "don't you see that he cannot hurt me for he always helps me? He has never once 'jumped me' except when I was in the wrong and deserved worse than I got. Any man less interested in me than he is would have kicked me out long ago. He is right when he 'goes for' me and he only does so because he

wants to help me. Once I used to get furiously angry when I could not see my error; then I felt hurt when I was in the dark; now when I get what you call a scolding and am blind as to the reason I am absolutely grateful to and so sorry for the chief."

The puzzled look on the face of the man who asked the questions amused me, and when he left the table I said to Parlessimo—"Did you really mean that?" As he was a fellow student, I felt I could get down to actualities, now that we were alone.

"I most certainly did and do," was his reply. "The Chief is daily teaching me that one may practice occultism anywhere, everywhere. If he did not love me—yes, I use that word deliberately, for it's the only one I can use that fits the case—do you think he would give so generously of his strength to help me every chance he gets? Do you think he would take the risks of responsibility for my progress; risks on all planes, greater I know than we may appreciate? He takes the only way to make an impression on me. It is no easy task to get through the shell built around one by years of poor recollection, inattention and wrong attachment. So, you see, because I know he loves me I am sure he cannot hurt me. There is no 'malice prepense' or otherwise in him or his words, but a charity such as it takes a St. Paul to describe. From my point of view the Master uses him to help and guide me."

"Do you," I protested, "you, a grown man in the XXth Century, supposedly intelligent, believe that the Master is leading you? What would our scientific friends think of you, if they knew?"

"I most certainly do mean just that, and, in the next place, I believe it can be proven that the underlying drift of what is called the scientific point-of-view is toward my position. In the third place, frankly, I don't care a button for all of what you call 'science'! Today it is only a manifestation of materialism, not real Science. Do you know anything of the way it has changed from generation to generation; swinging around the circle? Do you know how recently electricity was demonstrated by scientific men to be a substance? How long, relatively speaking, has Science admitted that the earth is round? Yet the students of Theosophy in the East have always known that and so taught it in their Mysteries, I am informed. It was a truly scientific man of the type you refer to, whose article in a British quarterly, 'proving scientifically' that a steamship could not possibly cross the Atlantic, was first brought here by the very first steamship to cross!

"So far as I have been able to determine, the only Science that has never changed in all the recorded centuries upon centuries is the science of the spiritual world as revealed by the Gods of the Ancients, the Masters of the Eastern Occultists and Western Mystics, through Chelas and through the Saints. This may be found in all the records and will

be found to be essentially the same from Lao-tsze and Pythagoras to Emerson and THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. And it seems to me to be as simple as it is difficult. To advance in this great science I have only to do my work well, with joy and rejoicing; consider my fellow man and how, at the least, I may not hurt him, and, at the best, what I may do for him, not bothering over what he does to me; and worshipping my God and trying to reach the Master whose child I am; in obedience to His Will. It is simple; yet it is hard to practise. You see my great need is to put what I know to be true and right into action and effort. I want to be and become—not just to talk and feel. I have learned from those who are teaching me and from the books I am advised to read, especially from the writings of Mr. Judge and Cavé, that the training for the Path is here and now, right in my office, ‘just as I am.’” Parlessimo stopped.

I went back to my own work with a strengthened conception of its dignity and its spiritual possibilities. I was helped by recalling two homely but forcible illustrations. The first was used by a truly great and inspired preacher (to whom so many of us owe so great a debt) when he said at a mission service: “One does not serve Christ best by just going to church. If it be a woman’s duty to wash the clothes of her husband and children she may bring joy to the heart of the Master by the spirit in which she washes them—making of the act and its perfection a sacrifice to the Master, in happy acceptance as she bends over the tub.”

And again when Mr. Judge wrote, evidently to an anxious inquirer: * “Now in respect to the questions you ask, let me say that Theosophy requires no man to abandon a mode of life which is not in itself wrong. . . . As the use of meat is not an offence, so neither can be the supply of it to others, so that your assisting in killing hogs for market is in no way opposed to your duty as a man or as a Theosophist. That being your duty in present circumstances, I should recommend you to perform it without hesitation.”

And from *Fragments* (p. 44) I wish to take a quotation that to me “ties together” the story of Parlessimo’s chief and our need for acceptance of our opportunity to follow the Path in the circumstances in which we are now placed:

“Duty is not an ogre, but an angel. How few understand this. Most confuse it as they do conscience.”

SERVETUS.

* *Letters That Have Helped Me.* Volume II, p. 51.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY*

THERE are two ways in which any subject may be approached from the Theosophic point of view; or, put in other words; we may consider any subject Theosophically from two great standpoints, standpoints which run through the whole of our literature and which are called "The Head Doctrine" and "The Heart Doctrine." Their names almost explain them. The Head Doctrine considers things with the mind, the reason, the brain, from a deductive point of view. The Heart Doctrine, on the other hand, seeks to enter into the very vitals of a subject, to reach at once to its fundamental principle, to discover its spiritual essence, and to do this, not with the brain, but with the intuition. Its method is inductive. It works from generals to particulars. Any subject that I can think of may be considered from either of these standpoints, and I believe we are wise if we try to apply them both; so that this evening I propose to take up our subject first from the point of view of the Head Doctrine and then from the point of view of the Heart Doctrine.

When the Society was first founded, thirty-five years ago, the world was full of educated and cultivated people whose religious faith had been upset by the discoveries of modern science. Darwin and Huxley in evolution, Lyell in geology, many discoveries in antropology and archeology, had disproved the literal story of creation as taught by the Christian religion. People, who were full of religious sentiment and feeling, could by no means continue to believe religious teaching. Their religion had not been killed. It was only its accustomed outlet which had been destroyed. Then Theosophy, the great reconciler of science and religion, came along and was a great boon to these people. They flowed into the Society by the hundreds and thousands and found there for the first time in their lives a ground upon which they could believe in the things taught by science and at the same time continue to believe in the existence of the things of the spirit, in the life after death, in divine beings; in a word, in religion itself.

The Society was therefore a haven of refuge for this large class and once in the ranks of the Society they were enthusiastic investigators of the secrets of the universe. It was not very long, however, before these people came face to face with the fact that while Theosophy taught the undoubted existence of a spiritual plane, it also taught that this plane could not be investigated by the usual means of scientific investigation. The spiritual planes of being would not give up their secrets to the microscope or the telescope, the weights and measures, or indeed, any apparatus whatever, no matter how delicate or how efficiently wielded.

* An address delivered before the New York Branch of the T. S.

Nothing less than the human soul itself was the instrument which would enable the investigator to penetrate into the spiritual realms and discover there the underlying laws of life.

Thereupon arose an urgent and imperative demand for knowledge how so to train the soul that it could perform this most difficult task, and, ten or twelve years after the foundation of the Society we have the record of the manner in which this demand was met. "The Voice of the Silence," "Light on the Path," "Through the Gates of Gold," "Letters that have Helped Me," were all published in a few years, to be supplemented from time to time since then by a large number of articles in our many magazines which had a similar object for their being; articles, many of which have since been republished in pamphlet form, like "The Culture of Concentration." And since those early years there have been additional little books of the same general character, all dealing with the life of the soul, of the disciple; books like "Fragments" by Cavé, and Mr. Johnston's fine translations from the scriptures of the East.

A considerable proportion of the early members were attracted at once to this new aspect of affairs and ever since they have been much more interested in the devotional side of Theosophy than in its intellectual side; so that from that time we have had numerous representatives of both the Head Doctrine and the Heart Doctrine in the Society itself. This historic differentiation continues to the present day, and always will continue, for it is based upon fundamental differences in human temperament. We find the same differentiation many times in the past, the historic struggle between the supporters of "Salvation by Faith" and "Salvation by Works" being one prominent instance.

Each of these two fundamental divisions of the subject has its application to practical life, to our daily affairs. How the Head Doctrine is applied is sufficiently obvious. We have the teachings of Karma and Reincarnation, the Seven Principles of Man, Planes, Rounds and Races, all of which bear in greater or less degree upon the problem. The Head Doctrine teaches that we must be good because it pays to be good. If we are not good we shall be punished, and it shows why and how. If we are good we shall be rewarded, and again it shows how and why. This makes a very strong appeal, for Theosophy has a scientific basis for ethics. It does not teach a new ethic; but is content with the systems already in existence as now taught by any of the great religions, but it does give most convincing reasons why we should follow these moral laws, and in that it performs a great service. Christianity had as fine a system of ethics as is conceivable, perhaps, but it did not give convincing reasons why we should follow it. Theosophy does. Consequently the Head Doctrine makes a very strong appeal, and takes us very far indeed.

I should imagine that the highest possible expression of the Head Doctrine is the Golden Rule, *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.* It is very high indeed, and the world would be a very

much more agreeable place than it is if more people followed it. At any rate I cannot see how the mind, the reason, can go farther than the Golden Rule and enunciate a law which is more elevated, or more sublime. There is, however, a higher law, but it is not easy to describe it simply because it is higher than the Head Doctrine and yet we have only the instruments of the Head Doctrine with which to discuss it. But the fact that there is such a law is apparent when we consider the Golden Rule from the standpoint of some divine being, let us take Christ, for example. We cannot imagine him being content with this rule as a guide for himself. He would, we feel, be the very first to deprecate the return which this law implies. Indeed, the very statement of the Golden Rule itself, Do unto others as you would have them do unto *you*, brings in an element of self, is expressed in terms of self, and is therefore limited to the plane of self.

There is the higher law which entirely eliminates self. Be good, not because it pays (you) to be good, but because it is right to be good; because you, in your essential inner nature, are goodness itself and should try to partake of that goodness; to bring all parts of your being into harmony with it. Theosophy, the Heart Doctrine, teaches that each soul is an offshoot of the Oversoul, a Ray of the Universal Fount of Spiritual Life; that that is what we really are, and that right conduct should have for its purpose the return to our parent source. The road thither is the killing out of self, the lower self, or, as we prefer to put it, transmuting the lower into the higher nature. And the best expression or rule for this kind of life is something Mr. Judge was very fond of saying years ago. *Never do anything for the sake of the lower self alone.* It sounds simple, but try it. Try it even for an hour!

Never do anything for the sake of the lower self alone,—there you have in words as near as words can convey, the law of the Heart Doctrine. See how it applies. If you are hungry you eat; not because you are hungry or because you like the taste of food, but because your body, a necessary instrument for your soul, needs food. You give it just the amount and the kind of food which it needs. No more, no less. That one thing alone, if followed out, would do away with at least half of all the illness in the world, which comes from over eating and improper eating. We should feed our bodies as we feed a valued horse. From experience we have found out just what is good for it, just how much is good for it, and we give it that and no more. So too with rest. We rest because we must keep the soul's instrument in good order and ready for the maximum amount of work. We sleep, to restore the dissipated energies of the soul's instrument, and we sleep as much, and no more, than is needed for this purpose.

The same applies equally to recreation and amusement. The human animal needs a certain amount of rest, recreation and amusement. Just how much depends upon temperament. Whatever amount is needed

should be supplied just as impersonally as we rest our horse. And while we are about it, let us see that we amuse ourselves conscientiously, that we do not take our pleasures sadly, as the French say the English do. There is a great power in joy. And remember that in occultism it is just as great a sin to be unjust to yourself as to another, for occultism makes no distinction between self and another; they are both but rays from the Great Central Self. Which again shows us how necessary impersonality is; we must learn to consider matters which involve ourselves just as impersonally as we do matters that do not directly concern us at all.

The other day a friend of mine told me that some men were discussing at a club the question whether it was the duty of a gentleman to get up and give his seat in a car to a lady if there were vacant seats in the car which she could take if she chose. The concensus of opinion was that it was not necessary. From the standpoint of the Golden Rule perhaps it is not, for very few of us would be so mean as to wish others to give us their seat when there were seats available for us to take if we chose. But from the standpoint of the Heart Doctrine there is no doubt at all as to the reply. If we leave out all consideration of self, if we consider only the other person, we at once give up our seat or do anything we can to help that person, without regard for our own convenience, comfort, trouble, or any other consideration whatever. It is only when we begin to bring our self into the problem that it becomes a problem and we have to try and determine what is polite or what is necessary for our own self-respect, or what is generous and kind.

You will see, therefore, that the Heart Doctrine teaches a very high code of ethics indeed, one that it will take us a very long time consistently to follow. But that is no reason why we should not make a beginning, and I therefore commend to you again what seems to me to be the best succinct expression of the moral law from the standpoint of the Heart Doctrine,—*Never do anything for the sake of the lower self alone.*

C. A. G., JR.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

I

THE Editor of the QUARTERLY has asked me to state to its readers my reasons for joining the Theosophical Society. The first and fundamental reason, like all first and fundamental things, is no reason at all. I joined the Theosophical Society because I had to; because, literally, it would have been impossible for me not to do so; there was that within me which drew me to it with cosmic necessity, as iron filings are drawn to the magnet.

When I seek for purely intellectual reasons I find two main ones, under which all others may be classed as expressions or subdivisions.

1st. The Theosophical Society is the only organization in the world which is absolutely *universal*, thus incorporating in its very essence the fundamental truth of truths,—the essential unity of Life. All other religious, philosophical, or scientific bodies have some element of exclusion, some distinction of “true” and “false,” in that very fact showing logically their fragmentary nature. Not so the Theosophical Society. She alone welcomes and *assimilates the mutually exclusive*, recognizing in “true” and “false” alike their relative necessity as portions of God’s infinite plan for the evolution of life and humanity. Only that which is spiritual can be final, she says, and the spiritual eternally eludes mental formulation. The intellect, at its best, sees “through a glass, darkly”; therefore the distortion is part of the truth, as well as proof of intellectual perception.

This first reason,—the absolute universality of the Theosophical Society,—compels the second.

2nd. That which is eternal and universal in the present, must include in that present both past and future, else it were not eternal. Those who join the Theosophical Society in fact as well as in name,—by which I mean a making of themselves integral parts of it,—are not long in the discovery that while the outer form it wears dates back but a handful of years—to 1875—the fact remains that from all time it has existed, as it will exist in all time to come,—inevitably, as part of existence itself.

The Theosophical Society has assisted at the birth of every world and of every nation, and yet each human heart-beat can she hear; she is the mighty mother of all religions, which have all been brought forth from her bosom,—some glorious children, true to their heritage, some wayward and perverse, taking the lower paths and turning from her instruction. But all, without exception, born of her. Yet she knows

through all the aeons each individual soul, and loves it; watching and tending with unfaltering care, raising up Teachers and Guides in unbroken succession for its enlightenment.

Perceiving this, realizing this, of course I "joined"! All spaces, as all phases of thought or of emotion, were preempted by her, possessed by her. Within her embrace all portions of my being, wherever they might be, found their home. The real "joining" was the conscious recognition of the fact that she was my Mother and that I was her child.

CAVÉ.

II

I BECAME a member of the T. S. because its Constitution upholds genuine freedom, and clearly defines license as opposed to freedom.

Because it permits liberty of thought and action, and indicates the process of development through the resulting reaction.

Because it concerns itself vitally with the search for Truth, the white light of Truth, in spite of the possibility of arduous toil and the terrifying realization of "Self."

Because of the joyful recognition that everything contributes to the full development of Soul, that the whole world, and all that is in it, are just one family, with one source of Being, and one end to achieve, but with an infinite variety of processes of achievement.

So far, at least, that is what the T. S. means to a member just at the threshold, who is shy of turning about, fearing to handle any of the beautiful things within the room, but who has been warmly and fraternally invited to enter and take full possession and who hopes to become, in time, a worthy member, fit to be of service.

M. L. H.

III

MY reason for joining the Theosophical Society was that I believed the study of Theosophy would change the whole meaning of existence. Without the two doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma I saw and can still see little meaning in life, no explanation for the sorrowing and suffering of humanity, no real reason for living. With the acceptance of these doctrines a new light is thrown on the problem of existence; life becomes a thing of value, a privilege even, and "the joy of living" becomes something more than a meaningless phrase.

In order to make clear the reason why Theosophy impressed me in this particular way, it may be well to go back in some detail over several mental and spiritual crises in my life,—experiences which gradually formed the demand so fully satisfied by the Theosophical teaching.

During my childhood I passed through several periods of strong religious feeling, times when I felt intensely, though uncomprehendingly, the call of something higher than anything I then knew; at these times also, I felt vividly the nearness, if not the actual presence of God. These experiences were too intimate and too sacred to be mentioned to anyone and I kept them entirely to myself, guarding them jealously. So far as I can remember they had no effect upon my outward life and there would be little use in mentioning them now except for the fact that by the time I was fully grown, an undercurrent of religious feeling, the existence of which I scarcely realized myself, had become a part of my nature, and religious values had become my highest standard.

During four years spent in college I came into contact with a world of doubt and disbelief which stirred me deeply. My religious views at this time, were the result of a rather conventional orthodox training and they proved vulnerable on every side. Not realizing the dangers and pitfalls of a little knowledge, I began at once to apply what I learned, without waiting to get the larger meaning of the flood of new ideas which rolled in upon me. Physics, biology, psychology, metaphysics, everything, in fact, seemed either to tend toward atheism, or to be so contradictory as to confuse me utterly. In addition to my required work, I undertook to read Tolstoi's *My Religion*. This book added still another point of view to the numerous contradictions which were already overwhelming me and the result was almost disastrous. I was spiritually prostrated, groping blindly with apparently no way out of the darkness. Unwittingly I chose the worst way out, for I resolutely banished from my mind all thoughts on the subject and while this brought me calm for the time being it merely put off the struggle till another time.

One of the most important influences in my life at this time,—without doubt the influence which made it possible for me to maintain even a comparative equilibrium,—was a course of study in which I read the works of a number of the nineteenth century essayists, and took up in some detail the work and writings of John Newman and others of the leaders of the Oxford movement in the Anglican Church. Of this reading, much of which was new to me, I was profoundly affected by Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and Emerson's *Oversoul*, the latter essay giving me an entirely different conception of religion. In this course I found the first promise of a realization of the dreams of higher things which I had had in my childhood; it gave me a firmer grasp on my ideals and opened up to me a new life,—the inner life. This course was my real preparation for the study of Theosophy; much of the thought was not in itself theosophical, but the interpretation which we received was distinctly theosophical. At that time I was not yet ready for the teaching and could grasp but dimly the significance of it; nevertheless it was then that the seed was sown which made it possible later on for me to make the truth my own.

After leaving college I came to New York and took up social work.

All day and sometimes far into the night I worked among the homeless and miserable, the suffering and the sorrowing. During some months of this work I lived directly opposite the Municipal Home where every night several hundred men and women, wretched outcasts of humanity, came for a meal and a night's lodging. At a late hour each night those whom the place could not accommodate were turned away, to take refuge in the Randall's Island police boat and return at dawn for their cup of coffee. Night after night, during one of the coldest winters on record, I listened to the shuffling of their ill-shod feet and heard their harsh voices, as they fought and struggled for first place.

It was the first time that I had come face to face with human suffering, with the real tragedy of life, and I was appalled by the awfulness of it. I lost sight of everything but the utter injustice of human, man-made institutions and the apparent injustice of the ruling of the universe. What difference was there fundamentally between me and the poor wretches in the street. Why was I warm and comfortable, possessed of blessings without number, while men, women and even little children fought in the cold and darkness for food and shelter for a single night. By what possible conception of justice could man be brought into being through no volition of his own, placed in an environment beyond his power to change, forced to live out an existence often worse than hell and then pass into "the unknown." Once again I was groping in darkness. If everyone had an equal chance in life, if the brotherhood of man which Christ had taught were something more than a mere phrase, then religion might be practicable,—religion and daily life might go hand in hand. What place was there, however, for a religion such as mine under the existing condition of things?

Several of my friends had had similar experiences, had lost all faith in their former religious beliefs and had found considerable satisfaction in socialism. In many ways socialism did seem to be the solution of the problem; in actual argument it always won out, for matters of faith, particularly a weak and shaken faith such as mine, I could never argue satisfactorily. Nevertheless, socialism offered no *immediate* remedy, its ideal state seemed too hypothetical,—a matter of an altogether too remote future to be satisfying. Then, too, its principle of brotherhood seemed too largely political to be thoroughly satisfactory. The ideal socialistic state, it seemed to me, would be like a great machine, admirably put together, and possessing perhaps the dynamic force to make it run; but there would still be lacking the oil to make it run smoothly. That oil would be something deeper or perhaps it is better to say something higher than anything that I had found in socialistic doctrines.

My early training and the several outbursts of real religious feeling which I had experienced remained too vividly in my memory for me to lose my faith entirely; I clung to my religious beliefs, to a certain extent satisfying myself with the thought that injustice in the part need not necessarily work out for injustice in the whole. I *knew* that God existed

—nevertheless I was utterly unable to make any reconciliation between my life and my religion. They remained distinct and apart and I buried myself in the problems of the one or turned to the other for the moment, blindly and without either understanding or satisfaction.

In this state of mind, I read Mr. Johnston's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. I had read the book before but had not been ready for its message. This time I was impressed by an entirely different aspect of its teaching,—the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. As a possibility of belief in the present day they were new to me, yet they took as firm a hold upon me as though I had always known them, like a truth learned long before and suddenly recalled to mind. I perceived that they afforded the explanation I had been seeking, that they were the one possible way out of my doubts and difficulties; through them life might come to mean light instead of darkness, hope and joy instead of despair. In my search for further literature on the subject I found that Theosophy embraced both these doctrines.

It was about this time that I first had the privilege of coming into contact with the work and the workers in a mission in one of the congested districts of the city. Here I found a satisfaction which I had not experienced before, for the place was filled with that spiritual uplift which naturally accompanies the endeavor really to live the Christian teaching, to work into one's life the true spirit of Christ. Shortly afterward I was invited to attend a meeting of the T. S., and in doing so met again the same people whom I had found active in the work of the mission. As it happened the subject for discussion that night dealt with the relation between Theosophy and Christianity, and here it seemed that the last of my former difficulties were taken away. The theosophical teaching filled life with a new significance, it made possible to me the religion which my nature had come to demand, and it opened up, and promised a realization of higher and nobler ideals than any I had yet known. The promise of *realization* appealed to me more strongly perhaps than anything else. Theosophy was not a mere theory, a beautiful vision, I had already seen proof to the contrary in the work of certain members of the society who were endeavoring to put the teaching into actual practice, to show forth in their lives something of its truth and beauty.

Certainly the answer to my questionings had been found. And that answer was a veritable call to arms, energizing, uplifting, inspiring; a call which brooked neither delay nor refusal, but demanded at once the endeavor to lead the largest, fullest and most active life that one is capable of living.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM

II

THE last of Cavé's comments on the record of Mrs. S., quoted by me in the July issue of the *QUARTERLY*, was on an entry dated January 31, 1904. On February 1st, Mrs. S. wrote: "The earlier part of the day having been rushed and mentally undisciplined [she was still travelling with her husband in Japan], I tried hard to regain quietude during this meditation, and more or less succeeded. Toward the end of the ten minutes, a text came into my mind which I am not conscious of having thought of before, and which, though I noted it down at once, I could not remember at 10 P. M.: 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' And I connected this in some way with Cavé."

On this it was commented: "It was your translation of the message I sent you for the day before." The significance of this, of course, lies in the word "translation," for the untrained mind, even when correctly receiving an idea, often clothes it in words of its own, or in texts or phrases long since lost to surface memory.

The next entry did not elicit comment, and I quote it only because it will rouse a responsive echo in the experience of many of my readers. "This was a very unsatisfactory meditation. I became possessed with sleepiness as soon as I began, and, try as I would, I failed to shake it off. It was more an effort to keep awake than anything else; and I have no other impressions to note. There were reasons—but no excuse."

On February 7th I find: "This was a splendid meditation in feeling, and the peace and hope of it are still with me after several minutes' interlude. Yet it was not so much hope at the time, as realization—imperfect and incomplete, yet vivid. When it was all over, a mental echo which took the form, 'Hold fast and pursue your way,' with the emphasis on 'pursue.'"

On this the comment was: "These are the notes I best like: they are much more direct—less mental."

There are several entries without comment. Then, on the 15th: "This, as a meditation, was fair. There was sense of co-operation, but not vivid. I extended it for the half hour, but it did not improve. The five o'clock ten minutes and also seven, were noticeably good. Can it be that the four o'clock 'gets through' later?"

Cavé commented: "This happens often when the mind in some way is not really attuned."

Next day Mrs. S. writes: "I had been preparing for this for several minutes beforehand by reading *The Oratory of the Faithful Soul*

by Blossius. Whether for this reason or for some other, the meditation itself was far better than usual. . . . I notice a change in these meditations. Instead of their dominant note being peace and joy, it has become an intense longing which is really a pain. I try to convert this into realization by dwelling on the Higher Self as myself; but even then, I find *that* self reflecting [!] the same longing—in this case to be, somehow, the embodiment of the Master. I felt also as if Cavé and I and others were actually in the presence of the Master.”

On the 18th: “This I entirely forgot, to my shame, as I had reminded myself of it several times in advance. I was putting off in a small boat from the steamer.”

On the 22d: “The sense of Cavé’s co-operation was very clear and was very helpful. My mind had been immersed in letters up to the last moment. A distinct effort to ‘Look, see, and love’—as if being urged and helped to do this. Yet no result, except the *thought* of the Master with outstretched arms.”

“And the result of this was,” runs the comment, “that the Master *was* before you with outstretched arms, and that your mind only *thought* it (all your *mind* can do!). Had you been above the mind, you would have seen the Master, or at least had a vision of Him, and seen the thought, looking down in your mind, and so have kept them both straight. Does this give you some better idea of how it is done?”

On the following day, Mrs. S. made this entry: “When the meditation was over, I had it in my mind to write ‘Quiet and steady, with a sense of myself in some inner and ideal way. But curiously lacking in any recognition or perception of Cavé’s co-operation.’ Then I continued for a few moments longer, to recover the feeling of myself as that spiritual being—free and sure of touch, selfless and glad, *reflecting*, as it seemed, some of these qualities of the Master. And then it dawned upon me that this impression and semi-realization (with apparent absence of Cavé) were the result of Cavé’s thinking of me in just that way. Cavé’s ‘projection,’ I called it at first: but why not ‘vision’?”

Cavé wrote: “Thinking of you as you really are is, it seems to me, a way of helping you to realize what you really are. That is why I so much want you to have these impressions.”

A day or two later Mrs. S. added a question to her record: “This was in a jinrikisha, driving to Hotel from station. There was much sense of force; and it almost amounted to a meditation in spite of distractions. Would it be better, in a case of this sort, *not* to try to meditate, but to be content with ‘prayers of direct affection’ or with ‘acts’?”

The note to this reads: “When you cannot meditate because of mental distractions, *pray* by all means, but I would not say ‘not to try to meditate’; because I would keep the idea, the desire for meditation in the back part of my consciousness, realizing that the prayers are a means to this end (which, in fact, we should always try to do in prayer). My idea of prayer, personally, is conversation with the Master—very intimate,

adoring conversation, which leads to communion with him: an interchange, and then a sense of union. When self-consciousness is lost in the union, that is the highest stage I know. —u —l tells me that Communion is one of the things I seem to understand about: so I think this is not misleading.”

It is difficult to tell when Mrs. S. received the letters which Cavé wrote to her, but I can in any case give the dates on which they were written. A brief note on Christmas Eve: “I am thinking many thoughts your way tonight, and trying to keep the wonderful hush and darkness of Christmas Eve in my heart, in the midst of all the glare and noise about us. May you find its peace, and thus the divine Light of Christmas.”

January 27th: “. . . It is the old, old lesson which we need so much to learn: to have patience, to wait. Some day I shall learn that lesson—even the little brother’s grave eyes promise me that, and —u —l never lets me voice the least doubt of it. . . . We cannot ask for easier circumstances in which to accomplish our purposes: the test of success will be, can we accomplish it in *these*? And something in the depths of me stirs when I think of that, crying ‘Yes, it shall be done, in the hardest; and so, greater force, greater momentum.’ What can the Dark Powers do against the Soul that has faced *all odds*—and won! And I know that no less sure victory than this would ever satisfy me.”

A week or so later Cavé wrote: “My very dear friend, I cannot let another mail go without sending you a line. I had intended a letter, but all day I have been rushed, and now there remains but a brief moment in which to write. I must trust your understanding; your indulgence I can trust, but what I want you to know and believe is that I want to write: it is no task of friendship and courtesy that impels me, but the very deep and genuine desire to have you know something of what lies so truly and so steadfastly in my mind and heart. First then I thank you for your beautiful and most kind letter. What you tell me in it must indeed make me glad, even through the great sense of unworthiness which humbles me. These are the things in life which make life truly worth while, and make its sorrows and burdens easy, and are ample compensation for its pains. I am going to tell you simply and frankly that when you went away and left us, was one of the very great pains of my life, but that I always was determined you should come back and that I would never, never surrender that determination: that somehow, some way you must come back—I would make you—and I realized that the first thing I must learn for that was patience, to wait the time and opportunity, and the tented faith that would not waver meanwhile. I hope you do not mind my saying this, for by saying it you will have a better appreciation of the great joy you have given me—what it really means to me to have so much reward; and I hope you will not mind my feeling it to be a reward. After all, we belong together in this work, in its wonderful tie of Brotherhood, and to the same Master. . . . Way in the back part of Judge’s mind was the possibility of just the work

we shall be trying to do during our remaining years of life, though he never spoke to me of it in detail, only warning me always to be 'ready' and to 'miss nothing,' and to keep my 'eyes open,' and sometimes testing me with questions and problems which at the moment I only half understood, but later understood so well! But though he never spoke, it was from him I learned it, in that wonderful way in which one learns through association and love, with a great soul like his. And so, dear friend, as long ago, not knowing, you brought the pain, so today you bring a great joy and reward, and I am deeply grateful to *you*, and pray the Master's blessing may be upon you for it."

The next letter from Cavé was written after receiving from Mrs. S. the records already quoted and still further entries which I shall give after the letter, so as to enable the reader to follow the extent to which Mrs. S. succeeded in registering in her personal consciousness the help she was given.

"Your note books I have gone over carefully. I am glad you have let me see them, for it helps me, and I believe will help you. . . . Three things I have tried to impress—not mentally, but into your inmost nature. First, *love of the Master*, opening out of your heart to him. You have great powers of loving, but they are like a frozen Niagara—frozen by your mind. Second, *true self-confidence*, not the false kind of the past, which you have now learned can snap under you, but the kind shadowed forth in St. Paul's expression of a life hid with Christ in God. Third, *to forge ahead*, which means that making haste slowly which is the only haste the Master knows. Have you ever watched a great snow plough going through a drift in advance of a train? That is to my mind a picture of the will.

"So there is a trinity of effort, a noble *three-fold* path, and like all genuine trinities, a unity, for each one is an aspect of the first, the Love of the Master, which alone makes the others exist, or possible of realization. This explanation may aid you in getting a certain coherence out of your meditations: but I wanted you to work at it unaided first, for you must do it from the *inside* now. Do it with your *heart*: you have a fatal facility for doing it with your head!"

Returning now to the records of Mrs. S.—and those that follow were written before she could have received the letter just quoted—I find that on February 27th she entered: "This was only a fair meditation—perhaps not even that, as I felt dull and heavy with cold and quinine. Yet there was a sense, as before, of the ideal self being visualized for me, so that identification with the 'Warrior' came nearer."

Next day: "Clearly, this sense of identification is the point trying to be worked into my consciousness. It has been much in my mind at other times also, not only as something to try for, but as a criticism of the accepted Christian method. Today, in addition, there was an urging to 'look and see': and I tried, but in spite of being pushed at it, there was no result."

On this Cavé commented: "Of course until you have had some vision of yourself as the disciple, you will find it most difficult to blend it and the personality. And this can only be done (I mean the having of this vision) in the light of the Higher Self, for we only see the disciple in true proportion and colour in that light. All mental images are distortions more or less, as is a picture reflected in even the clearest pool."

On the following day: "This was not a success from any point of view. And I had prepared for it, too. It was stale. Nothing vivid about it."

The comment here is: "Perhaps too much preparation, which sometimes may mean too much mind *on*, and therefore *in* it."

On March 3d, Mrs. S. wrote: "This was more abstract than usual, influenced, perhaps, by re-reading some of the Persian mystics—which aroused in me the old desire for 'formlessness,' and even the old longing for it—'where all hearts are one.' But it was not otherwise noteworthy. (This afternoon, or yesterday, the image of ourselves as prisoners longing to escape)."

On this it was commented: "The desire for formlessness had nothing in itself of wrong. It springs from a depth of fundamental reality within us. But we must not *leap* for it: that is only to come back and do properly what otherwise is really not done at all. Nor must there be any shade of revolt. There could be no genuine formlessness without complete resignation of will and desire, and so the world of form, in all its planes, is to be accepted, as every other condition must be accepted. How can we ever expect to impress the modern socialist, for instance, with the need of rising above the idea of material conditions, until we, with fine comprehension, accept serenely the conditions of personality, mental barriers, emotional obscurations! This is a *practical* view of the matter, the inner aspect of which is that what is usually called 'seeking after formlessness'—even in would-be disciples—is a turning back from that which they seek, instead of a working towards it. These matters are all questions of growth, and we must accept, joyfully and gratefully, our means of growing. Not only the soil and climate the Master has provided for us particularly, but those general laws of soil and climate and gardening which the Great Master of the universe in His unspeakable Wisdom has ordained. Forcing may often produce wonderful flowers. But in —u —l's lily garden we shall learn that the bulb dies. . . . Then, as to 'longing to escape,' have you ever had a wonderful thought that has given me hours of ecstasy,—of Christ as a prisoner in the Tabernacle of our hearts?"

Next day Mrs. S. wrote: "Again that longing for 'formlessness,' where all consciousness is one, where all hearts are one: and I think it helps at certain times as nothing else does, though, to some extent, it seems to eliminate the usual sense of co-operation."

And Cavé: "Since in the dangerously imperfect manner in which we

grasp it, it involves the great heresy of Separateness. The paradoxes of *Light on the Path* work down as well as up."

On March 7th: "I asked on what I should meditate and how, and prayed that I might be helped. The answer was that I should meditate on that being which the Master wishes me to become, and on which he meditates when he thinks of me in that way. [In a marginal note Cavé wrote, "This is wise."] First to think of that being, and then, having thought of it as 'that,' to try to feel it as 'this.' I tried, but not with much success. *Looking* for something that Cavé might have to say, it seemed to be 'Turn your heart, and keep it turned.'"

On the 9th: "Very dry, and difficult to get anywhere. The mind not so much active as 'sticky.' The usual sense of outside help lacking."

The comment reads: "When the mind is 'sticky,' it has some admixture of emotional glue."

On the 25th Mrs. S. wrote: "This was one of the worst meditations I have ever perpetrated. There was noise both outside and in. My mind would not keep quiet, commenting on the failure of the meditation with intentions for the future. I frankly gave up trying to meditate, as such, and tried to talk in my mind to Cavé, saying how deeply I desire to serve Cavé, and then asking the Master to help me to respond to Cavé's efforts on my behalf. Then I made a draft entry of this, and I tried to accept the failure of it—which I find very difficult. I have, I believe, a fairly good mental idea of how it ought to be done; I have an intense desire to do it, and a longing for 'the fruits of meditation.' Then this utter inability to do, while it does not shake the determination to go on trying, or belief, even, in ultimate success (because I have done much better)—fills me with a sort of disgust of myself which is difficult to overcome. Look at it as I may, it *is* disgusting.

[A marginal note by Cavé: "Oh! no—not 'disgusting' at all. If you had true humility you would not even be surprised."]

The record by Mrs. S. goes right on: "The bad habits, or lack of mental discipline, of twenty years; the having to do things now, which I ought to have done when I first joined the ——. (Later.) I stopped my entry at that point for ten more minutes of meditation. It seemed as if someone came along and—not for the first time—tightened the ether in my brain in an effort to stop the ordinary mental activity, and at the same time filled my heart with so great a longing for the Master that I thought it *must* break through. Yet nothing 'happened': and there was enough mentality left to note at intervals what was going on—not from above, but from below.

"(Next morning). It dawns upon me this morning: Be content to give what you have in each minute. I had prayed that love for Him would become a ravening hunger, so great as to push out every other thought or feeling. But I suspect now that that was a mistake, or was in any case something to be transformed into the sole desire to give, and

that I must learn to be content to give just what I have, no matter how little that may be."

Cavé commented: "Yes—just pour yourself out. As we pour out, little by little, He fills. So the quality improves."

Mrs. S. told me that she was writing frequently to Cavé at this time, and that, although she had forgotten the exact nature of the letters which evoked the following replies, she remembered that she had been worried about an unexpected and increasing tendency to feel "emotional."

There is a letter from Cavé written early in March: "Your emotional nature is not what you need be afraid of. *Trust yourself*. Fear rather the coldness which freezes your spontaneity and natural warmth, and makes a thin coating of frost between you and others and every other influence. Do not hold yourself in: let yourself out. I want you to melt, to thaw, to expand, to bask in the sunshine yourself and to let others bask in yours. If some one be so mistaken as to take advantage of it, forgive them in the Master's name, even as he forgives all the advantage we take of him, since he will bear anything for the sake of love. I ask hard things of you, but oh! the rewards. . . . And you must be happy, too; you must *cultivate* it. Joy is the fruit of love, and you have had your vision of love—of what the Master's love can be."

Some time afterwards Cavé wrote: "I want to make some notes on your last letter. Your way of being happy ('I just sit quietly and silently and *am* happy') is a very good way. I could not suggest anything to improve it. That is to bask in the sunshine and to bring sunshine to others; for you will radiate it, fill the atmosphere with it. What I want is that you should feel that way *oftener*, until after a while you feel so *continuously*; and I want you to let me help you to feel so. The Master's disciple should be the most joyous of creatures in the depths of his consciousness. I want your aura to be radiant with colour and not so grey.

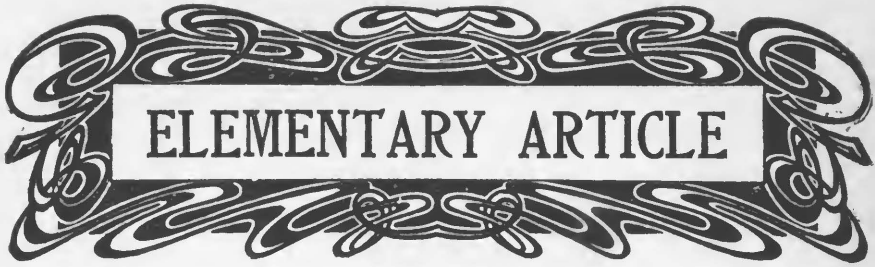
"When I wrote of taking advantage, I was thinking of what you had said about familiarity. I sympathize so warmly with your feeling about that. I detest it, for it cheapens everything. Close intimacy with those I love is something I prize and desire: and to my thought familiarity deprives intimacy of all charm and meaning—almost vulgarizes it. Very few people indeed seem to appreciate this. They tarnish and bruise with rude touches the most beautiful flowers of life, and then mourn that their bouquet is scentless and faded. But it is ignorance—lack of perception and understanding—and one must accept a certain amount of it with patience and sweetness. To forbid oneself expansion to avoid it, were to commit the graver error; for so long as one does not descend to the level of familiarity oneself, one is not contaminated by it, and by keeping always one's own true sense of value, one can preserve fresh and pure the precious fragrance of intimate affection and intercourse. It is one of the lessons we have to learn—an essential lesson in discipleship, where the disciples must become as the fingers of one hand.

“And how right you are about *reverence*. What is love without it! For no matter how dear the personality may be (and no one realizes that more keenly than I to whom absence is such a bitter pain), yet any one even half awake comprehends that the true bond, the real object of our affection, lies deeper than that, and that we are really one in the Master’s love, for us and in us, and each to each must make obeisance ‘to the dim star that burns within.’ ‘Steadily as we watch and worship, its light will grow stronger’—one of the highest services of love. How could all this be without the deepest reverence? Still the eternal paradox of all human life and endeavour is here also, and this deepest reverence is in no wise incompatible with—nay, is at the very heart of, the closest intimacy—and both should be. You know as well as I that one of the gravest American defects is lack of reverence. That they have it, deep hidden in their natures somewhere, is shown by their magnificent chivalry to their women,—but in their manners! . . . Do not be disturbed over your longing for silence. Ours is the Lodge of Silence, and that longing is the nostalgia of the Lodge. A certain amount of silence we *need*: the rest we must train ourselves to relinquish with sweetness, for there is no value in the renunciation which is not made sweetly.”

Other letters and other records with comment, must be held over until the next QUARTERLY. T.

“*Obedience opens the door of Heaven.*”

ALCUIN.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

THEOSOPHY AND THE FAMILY

ONE who first contemplates Theosophy must necessarily consider what effect allegiance to it would have upon his relations with and his duties to others, more particularly to his own immediate family. Is there occasion to fear that he may find himself, as a follower of Theosophy, cut off from his family, segregated, set aside and left self-centered? There are people who would consider this the natural result; but to those who have read even the earliest books, have received the most elementary instruction, this seems an extraordinary viewpoint. How can it exist?

Take the Theosophical Society, that great present-day exponent of Theosophy; that latest outer manifestation of the Great Movement that started before History exists; further back than History itself dare conceive—What does the T. S. teach? Again and again it has been said that the T. S. has no dogmas, no platform which must be accepted as a preliminary—save and excepting one: tolerance.

Now, true tolerance does not mean a passive, negative, do-nothing attitude. That savors of pitying contempt and no form of contempt may even be fancied as tolerant. How, then, may we apply tolerance to the relations with the family. This ought to be easy, for in every action in our daily lives we ask, expect, even demand tolerance from our families. We who thus expect it for our own benefit, we understand it perfectly. But we have to learn to practice it for others as well as to enjoy its fruits for ourselves. If our budding interest in matters Theosophical offends a member of our family we must recognize that we become dogmatic and intolerant the moment we persist in conversation, even though it be on topics that to us are high and holy. We should consider others, not ourselves, and practice the great occult power of silence.

“Is it not our duty to proclaim our faith? Is it not cowardly to be silent?” These questions are the excuses of the beginner, but like most excuses they are at the bottom untrue. Certainly we should proclaim our faith, not in mere words but in action; for do not “actions speak louder than words”? It is cowardly to be silent, in the real meaning of silence. But we are not “silent” when we let the Real Man do the talking. Remember, however, his talking will be “heard” only as we act.

Most of us know little about this inner or "Real Man," but there are others, the great Teachers, Saints and Mystics of all time, who know and who have tried to teach us. "The good in us is always kind" is a phrase that comes with the strength of a quotation: it is certainly a fact. Suppose, for the moment, we call the "Real Man" that "Good" in us which is always kind. What is the kind thing to do? Try reversing positions: Suppose that, while you want to talk what you call Theosophy, Tom wants to talk batting averages or Dick politics or Harry about people. Of course you do not like it and you may even be hurt at their lack of interest in your topic, but if you are truly tolerant you will listen to them with the same interest that you want from them and will avoid the intolerance of even feeling bored or superior. That is, you will apply to this particular case that marvelous summing up of the Law by the great Western Master in what we know as the Golden Rule—a Rule taught by each and every Teacher of Whom we have record.

So we must be tolerant—not weakly tolerant but actively tolerant, and in the T. S. this tolerance is directed toward high ends. The very first object of the Society is "to be the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color." Note the practicability of that—no impossible "aim and object," but a humble, possible beginning "to form the nucleus." Each of us may be a nucleus and the way to become one is easy, for we may begin by being kind—not to ourselves but to others. True kindness is never selfish. "Brotherhood" with distant peoples, with masses of other lives, will be unobtainable if we can not begin by being Brothers to those nearest us. If we cannot be tolerant, be kind to a father, mother, wife or child, how can we expect to be so to strangers? "The best manners begin at home" is a homely saying but a true one and, like many a proverb which has survived, contains occult truth.

As we progress we shall find that there are increasing reasons for putting the family first, for the faithful performance of all family duties. While there are no Theosophical dogmas or partizan principles (as with a political party) we find certain matters on which the great Theosophical Teachers agree, whether they come from the East or from the West. God or Karma or Fate has put us where we can get the utmost out of the Lesson of Life. If we are put into a family we ought to get the most out of it by giving to that family the utmost kindness and love of which we are capable. Who are the men we follow and admire most? Are they not the men whose lives and actions come the nearest to our ideals? If we *live* Theosophy will not that fact draw others to it, others whom our words might repel? Why not trust the Powers That Be a little more! Perhaps the reality of our progress in Theosophy, the truth as to our interest in it, will be tested by our consideration for others, especially those others to whom our circumstances bring us nearest and closest.

Another point of agreement which we shall find in all the teaching is that Theosophy is a Life, a Way, not a belief. One may believe almost

anything and still be a true follower of Theosophy if one lives Theosophically. It would seem, therefore, that it will not be enough to be silent in true tolerance, kind in self-control as a member of a family, but that we must go further. Silence and such kindness become negative the minute one truly feels the call of Theosophy, for that is a call to action, to a Life, to the Way.

"Good theory," someone may say, "but what about the facts? My brother actually knows of a family that was broken up because of Theosophy." Unfortunately families seem to split very readily under our present form of civilization, but do you really think that kindness, love, tolerance, genuine understanding, respect for the individual, desire to serve first the interests of all, would prove disruptive forces in a family? Theosophy taken into the family as a philosophy may not always make for harmony, but Theosophy really lived brings a light and joy that no family would choose to cast out. Nor is there any place in it for "superiority" towards the beliefs, the feelings, the experiences of others. He has little understood the teaching of Karma who can turn away from a brother's misfortune, unmoved, with the reflection that the other is only reaping what he has sowed: when Karma sent the affliction, did it not also, and equally, place him, the would-be Theosophist, at that very spot with an opportunity to help that brother?

As was pointed out at the recent Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, much masquerades under the names Theosophical and T. S., which is most untheosophical. Many a man, and more than one nation, calling themselves Christian or Buddhist, have done things which are absolutely contrary to all the teaching and the very life of the Christ and the Buddha.

If Theosophy be a life and the T. S. a means of finding how to live it, we need not alarm ourselves because miscalled "Theosophy" has brought hate into homes and separated members of a family—all we have to do is to prove our fitness for becoming real Theosophists by making our families love us the more for the greater love and tenderness by which we may manifest Theosophy in our own lives—"here and now."

G. M. MACKLEMN.



REVIEWS

Theosophisches Leben. This old friend comes to us in a new dress. But the new dress is one long familiar to our eyes. So there is no shock such as a change often brings. *Theosophisches Leben*, the magazine which Mr. Paul Raatz has for many years sent out month by month, is now to appear quarterly. And to signalise this step, a cover design similar to that of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is used. It is very pleasing. Heretofore my year has been marked not by the secular months but by four quarters. The appearance of each issue of the QUARTERLY has been the chief event of the season and my great delight. Now there will be two such advents—two Quarterlies lying together on the table, arousing all my curiosity and desire, and requiring all the firmness I can muster to keep me patiently at my tasks, until I can, without violating conscience, turn over the leaves I love. The familiar words about the objects of the Society are printed on the last page of the cover; the clear strong type stands out on excellent paper; and one is very happy to turn over page after page, finding things new and old.

Many of the articles are original contributions—an interesting study of Madame Blavatsky and Nietzsche by Oscar Stoll, and a helpful essay by Paul Raatz on Nicholas, a fifteenth century mystic. Then there are articles reprinted from *Lucifer* and from the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. A single impression is given by both series of contributions—original and reprints. That impression is one of faithfulness to the spirit of H. P. B., of loyalty to her teachings. And this loyal devotion to H. P. B., is shown by reverence for her actual writings, and by the performance of a difficult task—the adaptation of her teaching to the needs of the present hour.

It is safe to postulate of all great teachers, I think, that their most fervent desire would be to leave behind them a group of followers united by the life principle into an organism. Such an organism would develop as all other life things do. It would undergo natural changes. It would find itself, at later periods, fitted to undertake labors that were impossible in the stage of infancy. It would discover in time its splendid creative faculty, and use it. Yet how many leaders have succeeded in bringing their followers together into such a real association? St. Francis, before his death, wept with disappointment over the failure of his purposes. The man who succeeded Ignatius Loyola practically wrecked the Society of Jesus. What happens is usually the same in all cases. Those who have gathered around the leader have not been kindled by the flame of his spirit. They worship the dead letter of his words. The result is inevitable. Instead of an organism active and creative, there is a piece of mechanism that stupidly grinds out, century after century, hollow, deadening words. Madame Blavatsky had of course to face such contingent danger. Would her mission prove a success or not? Would the Theosophical Society prove a vital and virile thing, or would it be a machine turning always the same leather belts? A sufficient answer to the question is given by the present number of *Theosophisches Leben*. We congratulate the members of the German Branches upon the flame of the founder's spirit that manifests itself in this new quarterly issue. They have been able to adapt H. P. B.'s

ideas to the need of the hour—to the needs of humanity in the Western world, of which, at this hour, the T. S. would seem to be in a special manner the spiritual organ. Surely the greatest need of the prosperous Western world today is religion, its own religion revived and rejuvenated by the splendid vitality of the theosophical method and life. *Theosophisches Leben* recognises that need and endeavors to fulfil the purpose of the Society—the service of humanity. Many articles and quotations give glimpses into the real significance of the Christian teaching.

NICHOLAS OF BÂLE

I cannot close this notice of *Theosophisches Leben*, without comment upon the very interesting account of Nicholas of Bâle in the July number. I have often heard of Nicholas of Bâle. But what I have heard has represented him as a mysterious person of whom little was known. I am going to give a bald outline of this article and trust that some one will be led to become acquainted with the article itself. Nicholas had a boyhood much like that of St. Francis. He was the son of a rich merchant, who was ambitious for his son's worldly success. The night before his betrothal, Nicholas prayed before a crucifix that he might in all things do the Master's will. The Figure on the Cross responded to that prayer and told Nicholas he was to lead a religious life. When he narrated this incident to his lady, she accepted it, and said that she, too, would consecrate herself to the service of Christ. For a time he subjected his body to very severe chastisement, but was told in a dream that that extreme discipline had been suggested to him by the Devil. He received frequent visits from two Beings whom he called St. Catherine and St. Agnes. But he was in a condition to receive inward teaching also, and was thus, inwardly, told that within five months he would understand the Scriptures, and be able to expound them as well as if he had devoted his whole life to their study. Then followed a period of great dryness. Like St. John of the Cross he had to pass through a "Dark Night of the Soul." But afterwards he was able to see that even this dryness was a gift from God's love. Nicholas was a potent influence upon many illustrious men of his century. The most striking example of this is his relation with the famous Dominican preacher, Tauler. Tauler was a man of good will who had developed his mental faculties at the expense of his spiritual. Nicholas established an intimacy with him through attending his sermons. Then when Tauler had been brought to look upon Nicholas somewhat as a son, Nicholas astounded him by very clearly pointing out faults that needed amendment. The result was that Tauler in turn made himself a disciple of Nicholas, and after two years of severe training in seclusion returned to preaching under the direction of his adviser.

There were several circles of friends and disciples gathered around Nicholas, according to the degree of advancement in discipleship. His innermost circle numbered five. With these five friends, he built a hut in the mountains where they might pray in intercession for the sins of the world. But when the wickedness of the world seemed constantly increasing, the five friends decided to leave their mountain altar, and go out into the world to preach. Nicholas went to Vienna, and there was arrested and burned. Various charges were brought against him, but the most serious was that he, a layman, had presumed to direct and exact obedience from ecclesiastics.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

Gitanjali (Song Offerings), by Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan & Co.). A rendering into exquisite English prose, by the author himself, of his original Bengali poems. They are true poetry, the beautiful expression of the joy of the soul, of its longing and adoration. Other poets have sung the joy of life and many have voiced the yearning of the soul, but few have reached to the harmony

of the two, the yearning unembittered by doubt, the joy untouched by shadow of fear. It is the joy that the soul finds when it finds itself, when it knows its purpose and consciously seeks discipleship. Then:

"All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea." (Page 2.)

The following extracts give a very inadequate idea of the feeling and beauty of the poems:

"Only there is the agony of wishing in my heart. The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.

"I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house." (Page 11.)

"This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.

"Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.

"From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.

"In the meantime I smile and I sing all alone. In the meantime the air is filling with the perfume of promise." (Page 36.)

All who have tried to meditate will appreciate this:

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

"I move aside to avoid his presence, but I escape him not.

"He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

"He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company."

The unity of the universe with the striking idea that he who loves life must, therefore, love death as well, is beautifully brought out in the following:

"I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

"What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight.

"When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

"Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

"The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation." J. M.

Dante and the Mystics, by Edmund G. Gardner. Christian philosophy crystallized into such hard and indissoluble dogmas in the writings of many theologians that we welcome any book that shows us Christian truth still fluid and fiery with the touch of the Spirit. Mr. Gardner's book makes it quite clear that for several centuries, from the year 1000 on, personal experience and not dogma was the common element of religion. Personal experience of religion is almost his definition of mysticism. "A mystic," he writes, "is one who conceives of religion as an experience of eternity." Theologians like Aquinas and Augustine, who, in some quarters, are known only as hard dogmatists, are presented in this volume as "sheer mystics." Such a presentation may dispel from many minds prejudices that are

not altogether ineradicable. Thomas Aquinas as representative of scholastic philosophy, is too often thought of as the father of the crudest errors of Roman Catholicism—the popular notion of transubstantiation for example. Whereas his true explanation of the Sacrament is profoundly philosophical, and altogether in accord with the most characteristic teachings of Vedantin sages. What Aquinas really taught is that every material object is a veil of the Spiritual and Eternal. The passage *through* the veil, from the temporal to the Eternal, is Transubstantiation, *i. e.*, a transfer of consciousness from the unreal world of appearance to the immortal realm of true Substance, Divine Essence.

There is much of value in the book, and one regrets that its form seems likely not to take it to many readers. The book is made up of university lectures, and it is academic. It treats of Mysticism and the Mystics as a subject for intellectual study, analysis, comparison, etc. Passages from Dante and other writers are paralleled to show what is common to them. The author is a scholar and has stores of knowledge. But, like many scholars, he does not get inside the shell of things. He has no goal in view to which his interesting comparisons lead.

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

The Master, by J. Todd Ferrier. This book promises, on its title page, to communicate to the reader information about the Master, Jesus Christ, which is not obtainable from the Gospel narratives. This information came to the author, the title page states, through Illuminations, Visions, Experiences. There is something repellent about the title page. But, one starts to read, mindful of some of the revelations made to Saints as they meditated upon the Life and Passion of our Lord (especially of the disclosure to St. Brigid that the soldiers who crucified our Lord cruelly injured the veins and arteries, so that He was bleeding from internal as well as outward wounds). The reading is not fruitful. In his introduction the author finds fault with the New Testament writing, because it pictures Jesus as a glutton, in that he ate meat and drank wine. It records also "outburst of indignation, harsh (does he mean stern?) judgments against individuals, His acceptance of the homage of men and women," etc. No real prophet or teacher could do such things, the book declares. After that, we turn over the pages at random. St. Paul receives a large share of condemnation. The author says St. Paul "did not know the Master," and that he made the whole process of Redemption "historical rather than experimental, objective instead of subjective." I wonder how the author would explain Galatians iv, 19: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Then we find the Adoration of the Magi explained as reverence of the three principles for the soul. The Angels and shepherds, the Temptations in the Wilderness, the death of Lazarus and the Miracles are explained away as effectually as any Higher Critic would do, though in a different manner. Finally we come to the statement that the offering up of Isaac was a "soullic" event. We read no further.

All of the great religious leaders taught their disciples to meditate upon the Life and Passion. In such meditations, they taught, many spiritual truths are disclosed. We are quite ready to believe that the narratives of the four Gospels are fragmentary, and that there is much to be garnered about the Master's work in Judea. But we do believe that the Gospel narratives are in the main authentic, as far as they go. The much-talked-of divergences are precious because they reveal the individuality of the writer—different points of view of a towering personality. Modern revelations about Christ must, we think, continue faithful to the Gospel outline. They will fill it out. They will supplement, not contradict. Thus they will portray a true individual of flesh and blood, not a vaporous spook.

JOHN WILFRID ORR.

Principal Forsyth, in a recent number of *The Hibbert Journal*, has made some statements about the *Humanity* of Jesus, and His towering *Human* qualities, which it would be well to use as a touchstone for everything that purports to be a revelation about the Master. Among other things, Principal Forsyth writes:

"His wit is well recognised—His gracious wit and His wounding wit; but He is charged with the lack of humour, of an element so great, if not essential, in humanity as humour. And some of His servants who possessed the gift have thought it stood in their way for His work. But it is not that Jesus had none, but that He had not the Western, Shakespearean, modern type. He had the type that goes with the prophet's genius, with the genius of Israel, the genius of ethical insight and exaltation, the genius of Isaiah, of Socrates, of Paul, of Pascal. He had irony, as all these had. He not only saw the irony of the world, but He exercised upon His foes the lofty irony of God. What was His silence before Pilate? Or "those ninety and nine just persons that *need no repentance*"? It betokens the deepest foundation, and the repose of unearthly power, to be able amid crises to play so freely about life as His insight and irony did. The odd thing is that, while the sunny Shakespearean humour, or the genial humour of daily life, is not felt by most Christian people to be foreign to Christ, or at least to Christian faith, the ironic humour, tending to the bitter, is so felt. As if Jesus was never bitter and sarcastic! How bitter was that, "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem"! The Bible has much more room for the humour of Carlyle than for that of Scott, for the grim than for the sunny. Nothing could show more clearly than this soft horror of irony and of scorn for the quack, how far the popular Christian mind had gone from the Christ of the Gospels, how the conception of the loving Jesus, being overdriven, has demoralised the Christian public, how false is the mere genial Jesus, or the merely domestic Jesus of fireside faith, how greatly we need to be forced back on the virility, what I might call the first-rate-mindedness, of this passionate Man, on His moral realism, on His sense of law, and holiness, and wrath, and of the bitter shams and incongruities of life—and of the religious life not least."

The Constructive Quarterly: A journal of the faith, work and thought of Christendom. Edited by Silas McBee. (New York, George H. Doran Company. London, Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press.) To those within the Christian church who have sorrowfully resigned themselves to its divisions, thinking them to be inevitable, to the constantly growing group of church members who look toward a closer union of the denominations as the goal of some future generation for which this generation can at most pave the way, and to those religious or merely well-intentioned people without the church to whom the divisions of Christendom have been ground for regret or contempt, the establishment of *The Constructive Quarterly* must come as a surprise and an inspiration. In the first number, March, 1913, the purpose and policy of the magazine is outlined.

The editors believe that "a constructive treatment of Christianity will make for a better understanding between the isolated Communion of Christendom. It is called *The Constructive Quarterly* because it attempts to build on what the Christian churches are actually believing, doing and thinking. The destructive method has had its full opportunity and will continue to have it and ought to have it. But it has developed no power to unite and is most effective in promoting division.

"The plan is to bring together members of all Communion who will write constructively of the Christianity they profess and practise, in order that others may know their Communion as they themselves would desire to have it known. It is not neutral territory that is sought, where courtesy and diplomacy would naturally tend to avoid issues and to round off the sharp edges of truth and conviction, but rather common ground, where loyalty to Christ and to convictions

about Him and His church will be secure from the tendency to mere compromise and artificial comprehension. The purpose is to create an atmosphere of natural confidence, of mutual knowledge, of mutual desire for fellowship. In such an atmosphere it should be easier to believe in others at their best, without minimizing the real causes of separation.

"*The Constructive Quarterly* recognizes the need that is finding expression in every organized Christian Church—the need of the impact of the whole of Christianity on the Race." "It offers itself as a Forum where the isolated churches of Christendom may reintroduce themselves to one another through the things that they themselves positively hold to be vital to Christianity." "Two conditions are imposed: First, that the Faith and Work and Thought of each Communion shall be presented in its absolute integrity including and not avoiding differences; and second, that no attack with polemical animus shall be made on others."

Not more astonishing is the purpose and spirit of *The Constructive Quarterly* than the magnitude of the scale on which is it carried out. The Editorial Board is composed of men of thought, scholarship and action, each representing some organized Christian body in America, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, India, or other country, and the whole, therefore, representative of the corporate Christianity of the world.

As might be expected, the topic most prominent in the first two numbers is church union. This subject is treated both practically and theoretically, both from the standpoint of present and future possibilities. The views of writers, differing widely in their outlook are set side by side. Sometimes the author's religious standpoint is the theme and his view of church unity appears incidentally; sometimes church unity is definitely the theme and the author's own viewpoint or denominational affiliation must be inferred from his handling of the subject.

L. E. P.

QUESTIONS OF THE ANSWERS

QUESTION 158.—*From one quarter and another we hear, when there is criticism of the political and social conditions prevailing in Christian countries, that the life Jesus came to preach and to exemplify has not yet been lived, that Christianity as he conceived it has not been "tried." But it is now nearly two thousand years old. What is the case with other religions—are they more fully understood, more truly lived by the rank and file of the people who come under them? How is it with Buddhism and Mohamedanism—have they been "tried" and "lived" as Christianity has not, or are they in the same case?*

ANSWER.—In the QUARTERLY for October, 1912, in the Notes and Comments, "The Western Avatar," passages are quoted from H. P. B. which suggest the answer to this question: that the Buddha came to a nation ripe and ready to receive him, willing and able to understand his message; that the Western Avatar came to a field adverse and unprepared, working for a distant future, for a day which even now is dawning, nay, has already dawned.

One cannot fairly compare the teaching of the Arabian seer with the *avatars* of these two great Masters; though much may have been done, through mystical movements, to enrich his religion from within. C. J.

QUESTION 159.—*Have we warrant for taking literally the saying of Jesus: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me . . . and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him?"*

ANSWER.—He manifested himself to St. Paul often after the Resurrection. Also to St. John at Patmos. St. Francis saw Him. St. Catherine talked with Him. St. Gertrude knew Him intimately. And so have many others. A.

ANSWER.—According to the testimony of any saint, mystic or spiritual writer of whom we have record, this saying should be taken literally. According to all Scriptures, Eastern or Western, the answer would seem to be an unqualified affirmative. If St. John, St. Paul, St. Peter and the other Apostles are not sufficient witnesses, and if the great Catholic saints such as St. Augustine, St. Catherine of Siena or St. Teresa of Avila are not accepted, similar testimony may be found in such Protestant writers as Wesley, Fox, Pusey and Murray. May not the trouble be a desire to have a manifestation made in terms and according to the wishes of the aspirant rather than to leave it to the Master Himself? G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—May it not be supposed that we can only gauge the truth of such a statement in one way—by trying? This is an *experimental* science. C. J.

ANSWER.—We have every warrant for taking with absolute literalness this saying of Jesus. The Saints and Mystics of all ages have reiterated it with

astounding certainty and joy. "O taste and see!" they have cried. "He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine"; "Come home, come home, and *know!*" "God," said St. Augustine, "is the home of the Soul." The Mystics, like mountaineers, go ahead to show us the way to freedom, to reality, to peace. The manifestations of the Lord press incessantly upon us; in some most unexpected moment, in the common breaking of bread, He may make himself known to us, as to the disciples at Emmaus. "Behold, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,"—living in us and with us, a worker, a guest at every table—recognized or unrecognized, a sharer in all the experiences of life. He came forth into humanity never again to leave us, making significant the most trivial aspects of our common daily life. Only remember the promise is to him "That hath my commandments and *keepeth* them." Y.

ANSWER.—Yes, but your answer will never be found in words. *Try* taking Christ literally, do something now, this moment, toward learning to keep his commandments. In the doing lies your answer. B.

QUESTION 160.—*We are taught that when the pupil is ready the Master comes. How may we know when the Master comes?*

ANSWER.—I should think one would know from the fact itself. If a person is learning to swim or to play on some musical instrument, there comes a time when he *knows* he can swim or command the instrument. The process may have been so gradual that it would be difficult to point out the precise moment that separates the period of inability from the period of mastery. Yet the two periods are distinct. So with discipleship. When the middle wall of partition is broken down between the pupil and the Master, the pupil *KNOWS*. J. W. O.

ANSWER.—Again and again writers in THE QUARTERLY and all through Theosophical literature have told us that the essence of Theosophy is contained in three rules, surviving from the outer work in Egypt, through the great monastic orders, and now embodied in the Three Vows of "Poverty, chastity and obedience." It might be interesting to apply these rules in answering this question: If one were truly self-less, desiring nothing for one's self, seeking no reward, one would not ask or expect the Master to take His time and strength from His other work to come to one and so, in the power of real humility, would find strength not to worry about His time for coming. "Charity" meant and should to-day mean far more than our modern connotation—if we were truly "purged," to use that fine old mystical phrase, we should seek to get rid of the selfish desire that the Master should come to us. If we are obedient, all-absorbed in Him, we would never ask when He is coming or ask why He does not come. These rules seem to teach us that when the pupil is ready the Master will come but that the pupil may certainly know he is not ready and that, therefore, the Master will not come, so long as he thinks he is ready and cannot understand why the Master does not hurry. This is a hard doctrine to any one not imbued with the joyous acceptance of discipleship. It is a comforting doctrine when one gives oneself utterly into the hands of the Teacher and lets Him (as He will) assume responsibility for results while one studies hard and faithfully without a single worry; which means without a thought of self. HEINRICH KLEIN.

QUESTION 161.—*Why is it that a new student so often is checked in his progress, weakened in his desire by the self-question: Am I sincere? What should be done to meet this doubt? What attitude maintained?*

ANSWER.—Tennyson says something about doubt being "devil-born." To me this means that when the more apparent resistance of the lower nature has been

overcome, the stubbornness of the lower nature cunningly adopts new plans. It no longer opposes openly, but it subtly whispers doubts as to fitness, sincerity, etc. Doubt came to Dante *after* he had awaked from long sleep in the gloomy forest. The only way to meet doubt is to disbelieve it. A. W.

ANSWER.—Is a student sincere when he thinks about himself so much? Would not the way to meet such a doubt be to try sincerity; in other words to think about the Master and the Teachings of Theosophy, instead of himself? Would not the proper attitude be to do some work, say reading some books recommended by a more advanced student in whom he had confidence, and taking the attitude of acceptance with self-forgetfulness? G. MACK.

ANSWER.—After one has spent the years that we know of, and perhaps many, many lives that we cannot recollect, in proving how foolish he is, it is not surprising that we should fail to recognize our improvement when we begin to show symptoms of being wise. He who follows one pleasure, one passion after another, learns the true meaning, the true horror of futility, and feels the hopelessness of all sensation. He may be punished by seeing only sensation, when consciousness first awakens and, in besotted state, say "I am insincere"—meaning, "Horrors, there is another sensation." If the mind were not colored and clouded by past experiences the Truth would be more recognizable. Fortunately we have been told how the mind may be cleansed so that through it the Real Man may look Upward—which is to give one's self to Instruction. If the inquirer be really desirous he might try the experiment of not thinking about "himself," "his insincerity," but go to the Master humbly for teaching. Humility would seem the right attitude.

HEINRICH KLEIN.

QUESTION 162.—*Why do we find it so difficult to obey the authority that we heartily recognize?*

ANSWER.—Paul of Tarsus has treated this question with great sincerity and force: "What I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. . . . I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inner man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Romans, vii, 15-24). It is a question of the psychic body, which still bears the impress of many past acts of self-indulgence and disobedience, the momentum of which persists, and makes it difficult to obey, even when we heartily so wish, in that part of our nature which Paul calls "the inner man." But we need find no cause for discouragement here. For the law of momentum acts even more powerfully in the case of good efforts. Indeed, it is the accumulated weight of these good acts of will which, in the fulness of time, carries us through the Gates of Gold. Therefore, go forward like a good soldier; always do your best, knowing that the angels fight on your side. C. J.

ANSWER.—The answer to the question might be given in Wordsworth's lines

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Should we direct these powers, "one-pointed," towards learning the will of the authority we heartily recognize, and having learned, set out to *do* the will, the difficulty would grow less with each act of obedience. S. W. A.

QUESTION 163.—*In order to be eligible for membership in the Theosophical Society must one believe in Reincarnation, Karma, Kama-Loka, Devachan, Mahatmas and Magic?*

ANSWER.—Decidedly not. It is not necessary for one to accept any or all. To many these words represent doctrines that are too new and startling and quite impossible to be comprehended at once. They may be put quietly aside, with the assurance that so far as they are Truths pertaining to the spiritual nature, a comprehension of their meaning will sooner or later come to the faithful student. There are other people to whom these truths come as cooling draughts to parched lips. They afford a rational solution to many otherwise unsolvable problems of life. The one essential qualification for membership in the Theosophical Society is acceptance of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, which in its practical operation looks to the greatest good of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. A mere belief in this principle is not enough; one must work conscientiously and untiringly for its realization. He may believe in a God or in no God; he may give adherence to any creed, religion or philosophy, or he may hold to none; these are purely personal matters pertaining to himself alone. What is required is that he act daily and hourly according to his highest light, and that he exercise that strict toleration and pure charity toward all men which he rightfully claims for himself. When one's life is ordered on these lines, growth and progress are assured; for by considering the rights of all others as equal to his own and by assisting them to the extent of his power, he is killing by disuse, the groveling propensities of his own lower nature. Whoever thus earnestly strives, attains a knowledge of the verities of life, his whole nature becomes attuned to the harmonies of all Being, and as his interior senses develop he begins to get glimpses of that high destiny which is man's birthright.

W. M. T.



T.S. ACTIVITIES

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY British National Branch

The Annual Convention of the British National Branch was held at the Royal Arcade Assembly Rooms, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 8, 1913. The meeting was called to order by the General Secretary at 3.30 P. M. After organization and the election of officers, Mr. Hardy as chairman and Mr. Ayre as Convention Secretary, greetings were read from Mr. Charles Johnston as Chairman of the Executive Committee T. S. (New York), Mr. Walter H. Maddison and Mr. Patterson, Mr. Basil Cuddon, Mr. W. H. Edwards, Miss Trood, and Mr. Paul Raatz (Berlin Branch), and a telegram from Mrs. Keightley.

Brooklyn, New York, May 13, 1913.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in England, Greetings!

Fellow Members: It is my privilege and pleasure to write to you, at the direction of the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, to return our heartiest thanks for the Greetings which you so cordially sent us through Dr. Keightley, whom we love and revere.

The note of the Convention was the deepening of Theosophical consciousness, in the world in general, and in the Theosophical Society in particular. It was felt that, because of this deepening consciousness, the Convention just held was the most vital in the history of the Theosophical movement, carrying a rich promise for the time to come.

I am directed also to convey to you the sincerest good wishes and warmest good will for your own work during the coming year. You share the splendid opportunities which open before all who work in this movement. You share, therefore, the great responsibilities which go with these opportunities. May we all rise to our opportunities and show ourselves equal to our responsibilities, to that end drawing on the deep reservoirs of spiritual power ever within reach of those who have faith and trust and love.

Fraternally and cordially yours,

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
Chairman, Executive Committee, T. S.

The Secretary of the Convention was directed to reply with best thanks for the fraternal good wishes.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY

This last year has been one of quiet and steady growth, and the members and Branches have demonstrated an increasing activity. This has been greatest in the north of England, where the most active centres are situated. There has been activity in Norfolk, where the charter of a new Branch has been issued. On the

Agenda you will see that a place has been reserved for the discussion of Branch Work, and of the steps to make this more markedly effective.

There has been a considerable increase in the number of members who have joined the T. S., twenty-three in all, and I regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Mackie, one of our oldest members, in Glasgow. We have also to regret the resignation of four members. We thus have a net gain of eighteen, as compared with four last year.

The Treasurer's Report* will be laid before you, and this shows a satisfactory condition. There is a satisfactory balance and it may be wise to consider whether we shall forward a donation to the QUARTERLY fund, since our American brethren generously send each of us a copy. Although many of us subscribe directly, all are not able to do so, and I think we may very well in this manner recognize our obligation so far as we are able.

I am glad to say that I have heard from New York that the balance in the hands of the Treasurer has very much increased, and also the list of members. Thus their devoted work is telling and we may be glad to congratulate them. On behalf of the British National Branch I sent a letter of greeting to the Convention and received in reply from Mr. Charles Johnston, the Chairman, a greeting to our present Convention.

The Report of the Corresponding Secretary to the Executive Committee will also be laid before you for consideration.

The Report of the Pamphlet Committee* will be laid before you. Certain changes in method have been made and these, I think, will add to the efficacy of the work and the distribution and number of the Pamphlets printed.

The increase of the circulation both of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and of the pamphlets would, I think, be a very admirable mode of spreading the knowledge of the philosophy, and much may be done by lending and giving copies to friends who may evince their interest.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,

General Secretary, British National Branch.

June 8, 1913.

On the motion of Mrs. Bagnell, the Report was adopted.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
FOR 1912-13.

Oulton Lodge, Aylsham, Norfolk.

It was decided at the Convention last year, to continue the Correspondence plan for another year, at any rate; but I regret that I am unable to give a more encouraging report of this branch of the work. While in certain individual cases there has been a steady and successful effort to fulfil the duties of Branch Corresponding Secretary with method and regularity, there has been no apparent demand for letters from the members in general; and my letters have not been answered in most cases. One or two people who wrote with apparent interest and enthusiasm, have since dropped off—perhaps because the answers they received were not what they expected, or from other causes of which I know nothing. The Corresponding Secretary for the South Shields Branch has written to me regularly, reporting and commenting on the work of the Branch; her letters have been very interesting, and I am told that my letters to the Branch are appreciated. While this is the case, in even a single instance, I do not think that the plan can be considered a failure, and I am quite willing to continue to do what I can in this work, if the Convention should decide to continue it. The Corresponding Secretary for the Newcastle Branch has written to me once only, his letter was dated October 31st

* These reports are omitted here, for lack of space.

of last year. I replied to this, but have not since heard from him. A member of the Sunderland Branch has written lately, and I think he would make a good Corresponding Secretary, if he can be persuaded to continue in this post, but he says that he has only taken it up temporarily. A young member has been doing correspondence for the Norfolk Branch, which has now five members.

It is for the Convention to decide what plan shall be followed during the coming year. I much regret my unavoidable absence from the Convention this year, and my consequent inability to take part in any discussion—but I would suggest that, in any case, a Corresponding Secretary to the Executive Committee should again be elected, and that the various Branches should endeavour to continue the work if they can.

ALICE GRAVES.

It was decided to accord a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Graves for her past work. On the motion of Mr. Kennedy, seconded by Dr. Keightley, it was agreed to arrange that each Lodge send in an initial Report to the Corresponding Secretary, so that their respective positions might be gauged.

After the election of the customary committees, the question of the time and place of the next Convention was discussed, but ultimately it was moved by Dr. Keightley and seconded by Mr. Wilkinson to hold the next Convention on May 17, 1914; and the place of meeting was left in the hands of the Executive Committee. Carried unanimously.

The Convention adjourned, after a general discussion, at 5.15 P. M.

THOMAS A. AYRE,

Convention Secretary.

68 Saville Street, South Shields, Durham.

AN ADDITION

To the list of Branches represented at the Annual Convention of the T. S., held in New York on April 26th, should be added the name of Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge, England. This name was inadvertently omitted from the list which appears on page 78 of the July QUARTERLY.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE UNION OF GERMAN BRANCHES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Convention of the "Union of German Branches" took place in Munich on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 14, 15 and 16, 1913. On Saturday evening, as an introduction to the official session a public lecture was given by Mr. Oskar Stoll, of Berlin, in Museum Hall. Before the lecture Mr. Paul Raatz, as chairman, called attention to the Spirit and Method of the Theosophical Society and emphasized the fact, that the numerous crises, which had taken place in the Theosophical Society were due solely to ignorance in respect to the real spirit of the T. S.; it should, therefore, be a source of great satisfaction to note that this spirit is being better comprehended, not only by members but by those outside the Society.

The subject of Mr. Stoll's lecture was: "The Mission of the Theosophical Society." It was listened to by a large audience, with great interest, and the Munich daily papers gave a very friendly report, calling special attention to the chief points in the lecture, namely, that "Brotherhood" is the sole foundation and principal aim

of the Society and that the secondary aim: the investigation of the psychical powers in man, must in no wise be confused with the development of so-called occult powers. An interesting, harmonious discussion followed, Mr. Max Kolb taking the chair.

The business meeting took place on Sunday. After some words of welcome by Mr. Raatz, the list of delegates was read. Mr. Max Kolb was then chosen chairman, and Dr. Barrenberg, Secretary of the meeting. The Branches in the Union: Aussig, Berlin, Flensburg, Munich, Neusalz and Suhl, were represented either personally or by proxy. Members from Dresden were also present, and we desire to make special mention of the pleasure which Mrs. Binks, from South Shields, England, gave us by being present.

The climax of interest was reached when the letters of greeting from friends in America, England, Norway, Austria and Germany were read, inspiring the Convention, as they did, with strength and increasing consciousness of harmonious unity.

Mr. Raatz gave a report of the Convention in New York, which he had visited personally and from which he had brought back the feeling that there the true spirit of the T. S. had come to life. His report contained a sketch of the history of the Theosophical Society in Germany, of which he has been a member from the beginning. Mrs. Binks gave an account of the work in the North of England, which had increased considerably during the last year. The German branches reported increased life and membership, and the Treasurer's report showed that the finances of the Union were in good condition. The officers of the Union were reelected, with one exception. In place of Mr. Schoch, who was travelling, Mrs. Frink, Neusalz, was elected as member of the Executive Committee.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Munich Branch for their exceedingly generous hospitality and excellent work in arranging the Convention. Financial support was also granted for our quarterly, *Theosophisches Leben* and a resolution passed to send copies to several German universities, the subscription to be paid by the Union.

On Monday an excursion was made to the famous mountain "Wendelstein," where the fine weather and the wonderful view of the Alpine glaciers made a deep impression on all present, seeming to be a beautiful symbol of all that had been experienced during the days of the Convention.



JANUARY 1914

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

“THEOSOPHY AND THE COMING CHRIST.”

WE have received, from a valued friend, a booklet noteworthy, in part, because it brings into the clear light of day certain views and theories much canvassed of late, but nowhere so frankly and sincerely stated; noteworthy also for its misunderstandings, for it is in essence an attempt to show that “the teachings of Theosophy and the facts upon which the Christian Faith is based are incompatible, and to accept both is a logical impossibility.”

This conclusion is so completely opposed to what we hold to be true, that it is important to follow the process of thought which has led to it. It may be that, in doing this, we may, at the same time, be able to make clearer what we hold Theosophy to be, what we understand Christianity to be, and what appears to us to be the true relation between them.

In the sentence just quoted, we find our first important clue. It is evident that, in the view of the writer of this pamphlet, Theosophy means what is promulgated by certain individuals. But we believe that Theosophy is really something widely different; something which is not, and cannot be, *promulgated* by anyone; something which must be *lived*, not promulgated; something which can only be revealed by living it; which can only be understood by living it. Theosophy is not a system of doctrines; it is the living Spirit of the Divine.

So we are convinced that no one has, or can have, under any circumstances whatever, either the right or the power to promulgate an authoritative statement of Theosophy; not even Mme. H. P. Blavatsky herself,

highly as we honour her; not even a Master of Wisdom, deeply as we reverence the Masters.

For the real Theosophy, the Theosophy of the Masters, the Theosophy for which Mme. H. P. Blavatsky lived and suffered and died, is a *divine* revelation, a divine power revealing itself in life. Only as it is revealed in life, can we say that it is Theosophy. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." Theosophy is to be known by its fruits, and whatever does not bring forth the fruits of Theosophy, is not Theosophy.

"By their *fruits* ye shall know them." This is the vital principle which the Christian Master laid down, for the testing of his own teaching. The wisest among his followers have always adhered to it. Thus Paul writes to the Romans: "Ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end, everlasting life." To the Galatians he writes: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." And James, the Lord's brother, affirms the same law: "The wisdom (*Sophia*) that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace."

"The wisdom from above" is the true Theosophy. Born in the heart by divine inspiration it begins forthwith to transmute the whole being to its own divine nature, changing the mortal to the immortal, making over the animal into the angel; the end, as Paul says, everlasting life. That is the test of Theosophy. Wherever life is thus made divine, changed from the earthly to the likeness of the heavenly, there is true Theosophy, the spirit of divine life itself, working in the heart.

That is its only authentic revelation. That which bears the fruits of Theosophy is Theosophy. That which does not bear the fruits of Theosophy is not Theosophy. Let us try to apply this test to any system promulgated by individuals. What are its fruits? A new dogmatism, more rigid and complicated than the old, a dogmatism resting on "authority?" Such a close-knit and complex dogmatism is not that serene and universal Spirit of Life, the true Theosophy, which makes over the earthly in the likeness of the heavenly, through the divine indwelling light, the celestial fire of spiritual life; such a dogmatic system is not the divine power which transmutes the mortal into the immortal. One might, indeed, affirm every article of this new dogmatism, and yet bear none of the fruits of the Spirit, the fruits of true Theosophy.

We therefore hold that the writer of this pamphlet was completely misled, in going to India to "promulgate Theosophy." The inevitable disillusionment, therefore, while it was painful, was also salutary. But,

for this suffering, keen and real as it evidently was, these misconceptions, and not Theosophy, must bear the blame.

One more sentence from the introductory Note. The writer declares that, "if the facts relating to the preaching of Theosophy in India could be fully made known in England, we do not think that many would continue to call themselves Theosophists. At any rate, the expression 'Christian Theosophist' would cease to exist." We share the belief that real good will come of a thorough knowledge of the facts. But we do not think that this necessarily leads us to the above conclusion; but rather that a deeper understanding may lead many men and women of pure heart to realize that, in purpose and aspiration, they are Theosophists; and we believe this to be true of the most devoted followers of Christ.

Does sincere advocacy of Christianity necessarily imply a real understanding of Christianity? The question is suggested by the following passage of the pamphlet: "Is that Christianity at all which denies the exclusive claims of Christ, and accepts as equally unsatisfactory all the great religions of the world? Where would Christianity have been now, if a place had been accepted for Christ in the Greek Pantheon? Where would Christianity be now in India or Japan, if Christ were admitted to be only an alternative to Krishna or the Amida?"

Here we touch on a vital principle: "Is that Christianity at all which denies the exclusive claims of Christ?" This may mean either exclusive claims made *by* Christ or exclusive claims made *for* Christ. We shall try to consider both; for we believe that the supposed "exclusive" character of Christianity has been a thorn in the side of Christian life for ages; and we believe also that the time is coming when this thorn must be extracted, and the wound healed.

To go to the heart of the matter: Did Jesus make any "exclusive claims" for himself? To begin with, did he "exclude" anything that was excellent in Judaism? Did he not, rather, conspicuously include all that was best in the religion of those about him? Take a characteristic example: the story of the young man of great possessions, who came to Jesus, saying: "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?"

The Master answered:

"Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

"He said unto him, which?

"Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

"The young man said unto him, all these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?"

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." (Matthew xix, 16-22.)

Did Jesus impose on him, or propose to him, any new *dogma*? Did he make any "exclusive" claim? Did he bid him give up the teaching into which he was born? Did he not, on the contrary, refer him back to the Commandments, the central essence of the Jewish faith?

Jesus said, it is true, "Come and follow me." What did he mean by "follow me?" Are we not led to his fuller meaning in the wonderful variant of the story: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, *take up the cross*, and follow me." (Mark x, 21.)

Did the Master mean, to follow him, by a dogmatic acceptance? Or did he mean to follow him in a method and a life? Did he say "believe in the cross" or "take up the cross?" Is it not a question of leading the life which the Master led, a life of perfect obedience to the Father? "If ye *keep my commandments*, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love."

Let us try to apply the principle which underlies this wonderful story. It was entirely possible for the young man, who was a good Jew, to remain a good Jew, and at the same time to "follow Jesus" in this sense. The elder disciples remained pious Jews to the day of their death, "continuing daily with one accord in the temple." We would go even further, and say that pious Jews, like Philo of Alexandria, did in fact "follow Jesus" in this true sense, though they did not bear his name, and were not reckoned among his disciples.

But let us press the matter further. Would it be possible for a good Hindu, or a good Buddhist, to "follow Jesus," in the true sense, and yet to remain a good Hindu or a good Buddhist? We believe that it would be more than possible: it would be well nigh inevitable for whoever really lived up to the essence of the Indian teachings. And we believe that the Master would accept such a following of him, as sufficient for salvation, for the inheritance of eternal life.

Let us suppose that the young man who came to Jesus had been a good Hindu or a good Buddhist. Jesus would have bade him keep the Commandments. When the young man asked, which? Jesus could have answered, from the Buddhist scriptures:

"Abstinence from destroying life; abstinence from theft; abstinence from fornication and all uncleanness; abstinence from lying."

Would this have differed in essential moral value from the answer he did give? Or, in other words, did that answer "exclude" that which is the essence of Buddhist teaching?

To approach the matter in another way. Let us suppose that, instead of being born in Palestine, Jesus had been born in India, among Hindus or among Buddhists. Have we any good reason to believe that he would have found Hinduism or Buddhism alien to his spirit, any more than he found what was excellent in Judaism alien to his spirit? Could he not have delivered his message as completely, could he not have lived his life and exemplified his method as perfectly in India as in Palestine, with the Vedas and Upanishads as his background, instead of the Law and the Prophets? Would not the essential result have been the same? May we not, then, believe that it was not so much a special fitness in Palestine, which drew him thither, but rather the crying need of the Western world?

Is it not time, then, that those who honour Jesus, as the writer of this pamphlet so evidently honours him, should do him the justice of seeing what is vital in his teachings, and what is but the clothing of this vital part, as truth is clothed in parable? And is it not here that Theosophy can be of the utmost help, bringing its universal view of spiritual things, its vital realization of the processes of spiritual life, eternally the same under many vestures?

Jesus was a Theosophist, in that he exemplified, both by his life and in his teaching, the venerable spiritual laws, the law of resurrection, the law of the new birth from above. He had reached his real resurrection long before his death. It was in the body of that real resurrection that he showed himself to his disciples in the Transfiguration. And in virtue of that real Resurrection he was able, after the death of the physical body, to manifest himself in what we have come to think of as his resurrection. In virtue of that real resurrection he is. The problem is, to find him; and this can be done only by living the life he lived, by following the method which that life exemplifies: in other words—by applied Theosophy.

Returning to our pamphlet, we find the supposed "fundamental differences between Christianity and Theosophy" illustrated in this way: "In Ceylon, there is a state of open war. Singhalese Buddhism, which was in a somewhat lethargic condition, has been galvanized into fresh life by the efforts of Western Theosophists; a regular campaign against Christian work is carried on; rival schools are opened with the deliberate intention of ruining Christian schools; Mission schools have been repeatedly burned down in the night, and the crime is laid at the door of Buddhist Theosophists."

Again "by their fruits ye shall know them." Genuine Theosophy will never bear fruits like that, nor express itself in attacks on Christian schools; though it may point to certain misunderstandings, as travesties, rather than true expressions, of the teachings of Christ. But it does this from love of Christianity, never from hatred of Christianity. In Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's words: "Once more we have to beg the reader not to lend an ear to the charge against Theosophy in general and the writer in particular—of disrespect toward one of the greatest and noblest characters in the history of Adeptship—Jesus of Nazareth—nor even of hatred to the Church."

Genuine Theosophy, therefore, would never attack Christianity. Neither would genuine Hinduism or genuine Buddhism. The Buddha's attitude toward the older faiths of his land was perfectly tolerant. He stood toward the Vedic religion exactly as Jesus stood toward Judaic religion, taking it as his starting point, and developing its moral essence. Here is a characteristic instance, from the *Maha Vagga*:

"The Blessed One drew near to where the Goatherd's banyan tree was.

"There a certain Brahman, who was of a proud and contemptuous disposition, drew near to where The Blessed One was; and having drawn near, he exchanged greetings with The Blessed One, and spoke to The Blessed One as follows:

"'Gotama, what is it that constitutes a Brahman, and what are the Brahman-making qualities.'

"Then The Blessed One, concerning this, on that occasion, breathed forth this solemn utterance,—

"'The Brahman who his evil traits hath banished,
Is free from pride, is self-restrained and spotless,
Is learned, and the holy life hath followed,
'Tis he alone may claim the name of Brahman;
With things of earth he hath no point of contact.'

This is a close parallel to the story of the young man with great possessions. The Brahman's question was, in essence, the same, "What must I do to be saved?" The Teacher's answer also was in essence the same; he sent the questioner back to the vital things of his own religion; and yet, though, like the Master of Galilee, he asked for no dogmatic adherence, his answer was, in the spiritual sense "Follow me"; for the essential things of the older Brahmanism are also the essential things of the Buddha's teaching, in that they are the essential things of all religion.

Another example of the Buddha's attitude from the *Tevijja Sutta*:

The Buddha came to the Brahman village in Kosala which is called Manasakata. Now at that time many very distinguished and wealthy

Brahmans were staying there. And a conversation sprang up between two of them, Vasettha and Bharadvaja, concerning the path which leads to union with Brahma. They referred the dispute to the Buddha, who asked them whether they themselves or their teachers, Brahmans versed in the Three Vedas, had seen Brahma face to face.

They answered that neither they nor their teachers had seen Brahma. The Blessed One said:

“Verily, Vasettha, that those Brahmans versed in the Three Vedas, *but omitting the practice of those qualities which really make a man a Brahman*, and adopting the practice of those qualities which really make men not Brahmans,—that they, by reason of their invoking and praying and hoping and praising, should, after death and when the body is dissolved, become united with Brahma,—verily, such a condition of things has no existence.”

The Buddha’s perfect tolerance is not less striking than his intense moral earnestness; but most striking is the identity between his method, as here shown, and the method of Jesus, in dealing with the older faiths which they found in possession of the hearts of their hearers. These older faiths they accepted, laying stress on their spiritual essence, and making them the basis and point of departure of their own teaching. There was no violence, no attack, no solution of continuity, but a quiet and orderly outgrowth from the already existing and accepted faith.

To the Buddhists of Ceylon, therefore, and to the Mission schools, we offer, for their thoughtful consideration, the great Edict on Toleration, issued by King Asoka of Pataliputra, in the third century before Christ:

“His Majesty does reverence to the men of all religions, whether ascetics or householders, by donations and various modes of reverence.

“His Majesty, however, cares not so much for donations or external reverence, as that there should be a growth of the essence of the matter in all religions. The growth of the essence of the matter assumes various forms, but the root of it is restraint of speech, to wit, *a man must not do reverence to his own religion by disparaging that of another man.*”

We come now to the specific doctrine which appears to be at present the centre of one dogmatic system: the announcement that a youthful Madrasī is to be used for a Divine Incarnation, an Avatar. The writer of the pamphlet describes these theories in detail, and evidently supposes that they are the result of visions, or supposed visions, of an individual.

This does not appear to be the case. In this system, as here set forth, on the authority of passages from its text-books, we recognize certain familiar elements; first, fragments of the letters of the

Master K. H., embodied in *Esoteric Buddhism*; next, shreds and patches from *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*; and, third, things which, in the early days of The Theosophical Society, were reported, often, perhaps, incorrectly, as having been said by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky.

Now it is very risky to use Mme. Blavatsky's books in this way, for the following reason: It was Mme. Blavatsky's habit to put forward what she had to say somewhat indirectly, supporting her position largely by quotations from writers on religion, philosophy and mysticism, in encyclopedic variety and abundance. Very often, the exoteric writings conveyed only a part of what Mme. Blavatsky had in mind. Sometimes they distorted even that part. Often they were quoted, only to be contradicted. And we have to use very great care, in reading Mme. Blavatsky's writings, if we are to distinguish between passages of these different classes; and only as we do distinguish correctly, can we be sure of having what Mme. Blavatsky really wished to convey.

In the dogmatic system, as set forth in this pamphlet, the references to races and sub-races appear to be taken from *Esoteric Buddhism*. The references to Hermes, Zoroaster, Orpheus and Siddhartha appear to have been drawn, somewhat confusedly, from *The Secret Doctrine*.

But the author is very far from embodying the views of Mme. Blavatsky in the curious system we have been considering, though, as we saw, Mme. Blavatsky's books supply the starting-point of some of its ideas. What Mme. Blavatsky herself thought of the Western Avatar and his work, was set forth in the "Notes and Comments" of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1913.

It seems, therefore, that this part of the new system is a conglomerate of older fragments, skillfully cemented together, often, perhaps, to the detriment of their original relation. On this somewhat heterogeneous foundation, is built the specific Avatar doctrine.

At this point, it may be wise to remind ourselves of the real teaching concerning Avatars. A fundamental passage is in the *Bhagavad Gita* (iv, 6—9).

"Though unborn, an unpassing Self, Lord of All beings, resting on my own nature, I am born through the magical power (*mâyâ*) of my Self.

"For whenever there is a waning of righteousness, an outbreak of unrighteousness, then I put my Self forth,

"For the salvation of the holy, and for the destruction of evil-doers; to establish righteousness, I am born in age after age (*yuga*)."

The same teaching is preserved even in popular Buddhism. In the introduction to the *Jataka*, for example, we are presented with a picture of the future Buddha, in heaven, surrounded by the Four Maharajas and the gods, who reminded him of his high destiny, to become incarnate "in order to save the world." The future Buddha then discerning the time, the land, the family, in which he should be born, "died out of heaven and was conceived in the womb of queen Mahâmâyâ."

The Brahman seers made this announcement to the divinely chosen queen: "You will bear a son. And he, if he continue to live the household life, will become a universal monarch, but if he leave the household life and retire from the world, he will become a Buddha, and roll back the clouds of sin and folly of this world."

Let us consider the Western parallel of this teaching. The *Bhagavad Gita* began by depicting the Divine Being, unborn, unchanging, Lord of all beings. This aspect of the divine Logos is very fully set forth by Philo of Alexandria, who appears to have been born some ten or twenty years before Jesus; and whose most important writings on the doctrine of the Logos appear to have been completed about 20 A. D. Philo speaks of the "One, uncreated, imperishable, the ruler and Lord of the universe." In or beside this immutable Eternal, there is the Thought, or Mind, or Logos, of God. The Logos is a divine image of God. All things were created through the Logos. Every man in regard to his intelligence is connected with the divine Logos, being an impression, or a fragment, or a ray, of that blessed nature. Therefore man is the sacred temple for an intelligent soul, the image of which he carries in his heart.

"Since, therefore," says Philo, "God invisibly enters into this region of the soul, let us prepare that place to be an abode worthy of God. For if, when we are about to receive kings, we prepare our houses to wear a more magnificent appearance, what sort of habitation ought we to prepare for the King of kings, for God the ruler of the whole universe, condescending, in his mercy and lovingkindness for man, to visit the beings whom he has created, and to come down from the borders of heaven to the lowest regions of the earth, for the purpose of benefitting our race? Shall we prepare him a house of stone or wood? . . . No, a pious soul is his fitting abode." (*De Cherubim*, 29, 30.)

The writer of the Fourth Gospel took this doctrine of the Logos as the background of the life of Jesus, whom he identified with the Logos, become incarnate for the salvation of mankind:

"In the beginning was the Word [Logos] and the Word [Logos] was with God, and the Word [Logos] was God. All things were made by [or, through] him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light

shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended [or, overcame] it not . . .

“And the Word [Logos] became flesh, and dwelt [tabernacled] among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father) [or, an only begotten from a father] full of grace and truth . . .

“Of his fulness we all received, and grace for grace. For the law was given by [or, through] Moses; grace and truth came by [or, through] Jesus Christ.”

We have quoted from the *Revised Version* of the New Testament, including marginal readings, in order that fine shades of meanings may be preserved. John, therefore, regards Jesus as an incarnation of the Logos, “the true light, which lighteth every man coming into the world.” As a parallel to the phrase, “the only begotten son,” we may quote these words of Philo: “The Father of the universe has caused him (the Logos) to spring up as the eldest son, whom, elsewhere, he calls his firstborn.” (*De Confusione Linguarum*, 14.)

John, therefore, regards Jesus as an incarnation of the Logos, in glory like the Logos, which is the “eldest son,” “the firstborn of the Father.” Let us come now to the claims which Jesus made for himself, as recorded by John, asking ourselves whether they are an expression of the doctrine of the Avatar, the incarnation of the Logos, as we have found it in the Eastern teachings.

Speaking to Nicodemus, Jesus said: “No man hath ascended into heaven but he that descended out of heaven, even the Son of man [which is in heaven]. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life.” (John iii, 13.) Jesus, therefore, speaking of himself as the Son of man, declares that he has descended out of heaven, to bring eternal life to mankind.

It is not clear whether the verses which immediately follow are spoken by John of Jesus, or by Jesus of himself. In the first case, which seems to be most probable, John is once more setting forth the Logos doctrine; or, if Jesus be the speaker, he is applying the terms of that doctrine to himself.

Speaking to the woman of Samaria, Jesus declares himself to be the Messiah, the Anointed, the Christ, the “Lord long looked for” by the Jews, and his acts throughout his ministry consistently maintained that position.

Again, we find Jesus saying to the Jews:

“My Father worketh even until now, and I work . . . The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father doing: for what

things soever he doeth, these the Son also doeth in like manner. For the Father loveth the Son and sheweth him all things that himself doeth: and greater works than these will he show him, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son also quickeneth whom he will. For neither doth the Father judge any man, but he hath given all judgment unto the Son; that all may honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which sent him." (John v, 17-23.)

It appears to us that the claims which Jesus thus makes for himself are completely in harmony with the Avatar doctrine, the teaching of the Logos incarnate "for the salvation of the holy, and for the destruction of evil doers." Jesus in fact declared himself to be an Avatar, in the time-honoured symbolic phrases; and all his teaching is entirely consistent with that character, as are the events of his life, from the Incarnation to the Resurrection and Ascension.

We return now to the system under discussion, and to the specific declaration that a Hindu boy is to be an Avatar. Whether this declaration be true or not, can be tested but in the one way; by his fruits he shall be known. But as to the teaching of the system, it has already borne fruits, and therefore can be known. What may be its scientific value is a question we do not at present raise; but quite clearly it should not be called Theosophy, in the sense in which that high and splendid name is implied by the principles on which the Theosophical Society was founded.

Summing up this system, the writer of the pamphlet asks: "What is the authority for all this?" and shows that the followers of its promulgator are asked to accept it practically on personal assertion. This brings us to the vital question: What is the true Theosophic teaching concerning "authority"? Is it not that each man must be his own authority?—that he must prove the faith *in his own life*? For in no other way can he do this. "For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere." The true teacher is the man's own soul, the ray of the Logos in him, as Philo said. The Master leads him to that; this is what Jesus did.

We hear, in this pamphlet, of many preparations for the work of the coming Avatar. This leads us to ask ourselves, What is the true way to prepare for an Avatar's coming? How are we to "prepare the way before him, and make his path straight"? It would seem that we can do this in but one way: by *living the life*. It has been said that in the footsteps of a million men, Buddha passed through the gates of gold.

It was not because his coming was not announced, that Jesus came to the Cross. He *was* announced, universally expected, and personally indicated by John the Baptist, himself sent specially for that purpose. Those to whom he came, failed to receive him, because they failed to live the life: because they were not, in fact, practical Theosophists. Exactly the same principle holds today. If, to use the words of the Precursor, we would "make straight the way of the Lord," we must *live the life*; we must be practical Theosophists, in the true meaning of that high but (because so high) much misunderstood word.

SUN WORSHIP.

I

The Sun, as the great centre of power and the upholder of all things, was the Blackfeet's supreme object of worship. He saw that every bud and leaf and blossom turned its face towards the Sun as the source of its life and growth; that the berries he ate reddened and ripened under its warmth; that men and animals thrived under its sustaining light, but all perished when it was withdrawn. The Sun made the grass to grow and the trees to be covered with foliage for the subsistence of birds and animals, upon which he himself in turn depended for food. The devout Blackfoot therefore called upon men, women and children and everything that had breath to worship the all-glorious, all powerful Sun-God who fills the heavens with brightness and the earth with life and beauty.

WALTER MCCLINTOCK: *The Old North Trail.*

II

Let us add that the vitality given to the will by the prayer of simplicity will not, perhaps, be perceived at once. So under the Sun's action, a vast work of growth goes on in the meadows and forests; and yet all these hidden sources of life do their part slowly and in silence. All those million molecules of sap circulate like a crowd of workmen engaged in the construction of a house. So with the prayer of simplicity, the soul is a field exposed to the Divine Sun. The growth carried on is a silent one, but it is a real work.

REV. FR. AUG. POULAIN, S.J.: *The Graces of Interior Prayer.*

FRAGMENTS

ON THE THREE VOWS

BEFORE active discipleship is possible there must be preparation. Christ had thirty years of preparation for three years of service. In those years of preparation we take the three vows,—poverty, chastity, obedience. And these vows are no mere surface or exterior acts; they are conditions of personal consciousness to be made inherent parts of ourselves.

The first vow to be taken is poverty; the heart must be utterly emptied of itself; and for the completion of this we pass into the "Wilderness." All the saints have spoken of the dryness they have known, the dark hours when even prayer was distasteful. As says *Light On The Path*, few pass through this experience without bitter complaint. Yet it is an essential process, when one by one everything is surrendered, even those spiritual consolations whose absence it is so difficult to endure, or even to understand. This process, if not complete the first time, must be repeated, and therefore is often repeated. Even the least sediment of remaining self-seeking, will draw to itself, subtly, other particles of like nature; and then once more the dark days must come, lest again we should fall back into the slavery we were leaving and which we must leave behind forever if the goal is to be won. The disciple dreads only the slavery to himself; all other slavery is but a shadow, and has no meaning for him. So that the "freedom" sought by men today, appears in his eyes as the shackles of a heavy bondage. The Kingdom is promised to the poor in spirit,—hence our poverty must include this of the spirit also, in glad submission.

When the heart is altogether emptied we are ready for the second vow, only possible of taking when our own tainted possessions are removed, that the divine purity of the Master may fill us in their stead. Were he to pour his Grace into a polluted vessel, it would

itself become polluted also. Therefore, the vessel must be cleansed. True chastity does not consist alone in outward form or restriction; it is the undimmed reflection in human heart and mind and will of the radiant Whiteness of the Father. When this vow has been taken we become Tabernacles of the Holy Ghost.

Cleansed by poverty, filled with his purity (who alone is pure), we may see him,—since the pure in heart see God,—and then for the first time seeing, may recognize and understand his will. So we take our third vow, that of obedience; until then impossible of taking save in dim distorted fashion, but now clearly, definitely, and so with joy. Let us not ignore the part that Joy plays in discipleship, lest we confuse ourselves. While there is *effort* in these matters we are aspirants, struggling upwards; and all effort is adjoined to pain. But from that pain and aspiration mingled, Love is born,—and all things done for love are full of joy. Therefore, that which appears as suffering from below, the disciple knows as ecstasy. These things are a mystery, as part of the Mysteries. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

When the three vows are taken we may venture to work without danger to others or ourselves,—without that gravest danger of thwarting His will and hindering His plan.

CAVÉ.

THE EASTERN CHURCH

II

HISTORY TO THE SEPARATION

AFTER the supreme eminence of the Nicaean Council one looks in vain for any special ecclesiastical vantage point from which to scan the long reach of years which stretches before us down to the present day and the Church of Modern Russia. Particularly is it difficult when committed to an attitude of universal tolerance, of sympathetic comprehension toward one and all of the various sects which we see crystallizing in such rapid succession.

Folded unquestionably within the walls of any one of the old separatist churches we could unerringly single out the supremely critical event or council, the battlefield where all outside Christendom met its Waterloo; with the Caldean Christians we should deem the ghosts of the Fathers of Ephesus the only foemen worthy of our steel, their condemnation and banishment of Nestorius in the year 431 A.D. a still living issue, the third council the final gathering of the Church; ensconced within the great and widespread Armenian Church, we should still continue hurling anathemas at the vanished Arians, blind to the fact that aught outside, worthy the name of religion, survived the shock of Chalcedon; or with the Churches of Egypt and Syria, likewise jealously guarding the old Nicene Creed in all its pristine originality, we should take our stand solely on the first three councils, since at the fourth the changes and conditions proposed first at Constantinople and rejected at Ephesus were formally sanctioned and approved. As in this form it has descended practically unchanged to us, and is accepted alike by Protestant and Catholic, by the East and the West, it is interesting to insert it here in both guises, noting the sanctioned alterations by printing the additions in italics, the omitted words in parentheses.

"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, *Maker of heaven and earth*, of all things both visible and invisible: And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father *before all worlds* (only begotten, that is to say, of the substance of the Father, God of God), Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, (both things in heaven and things in earth)—who for us men and for our salvation came down *from the heavens* and was made flesh *of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary* and was made man *and was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate* and suffered *and was buried* and rose again on the third day; *according to the Scriptures*; went up into the heavens and is to come again *with glory* to judge the quick and the dead, *and of his kingdom there shall be no end*. And I believe in the Holy Ghost,

the Lord, and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the Prophets: And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church: I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins: And I look for the Resurrection of the dead: And the Life of the world to come. (But those that say "there was when He was not" and "before he was begotten He was not" and that "He came into existence from what was not" or who profess that the Son of God is of a different "person" or "substance," or that He is created, or changeable, or variable, are anathematized by the Catholic Church.)"

Probably the expressions introduced concerning the Incarnation and the Passion were intended but as slight amplifications and explanations, yet since they drew more sharply the line of dogma, they held the germs which later fructified into rigid systems; while the enlargements upon the attributes of the Spirit gave the opening for the addition of the words "and the Son," which was the theological excuse for the cleavage between the two great historic churches. It is this grand division which to us, lacking any superior seat of the scornful, must supply a large part of the story of the Eastern as well as of the Western Church; for whose full understanding we have to drag ourselves wearily from Rome to Constantinople, through the wars of the Crusades, and more specifically from Council to Council, no one of which holds any paramount interest over those which precede or follow it. In each the discussions are as labored and interminable, the questions at issue as involved and trivial, courtesy and mutual forbearance as uniformly lacking. They clang on the mental ear with the monotonous din of a boiler factory, where each blow aimed at a petty rivet makes the whole welkin ring. Without dwelling on such a case of exceptional fury, as when the Bishop of Constantinople was tramped down and stamped to death by the Bishop of Alexandria, an authentic scene taken verbatim from the Report of Chalcedon will serve well enough as a sample, and will sound the note of the whole dreary series. The moment is when the historian Theodoret, a most excellent Bishop of Cyrus, entered the assembly.

"Then the most reverend the Bishops of Egypt, Illyria and Palestine shouted out 'Mercy upon us! The Faith is destroyed! Turn him out! Turn out the teacher of Nestorius!' On the other hand, the most reverend the Bishops of the East, of Thrace, of Pontus, and of Asia shouted out, 'We were compelled to sign our names to blank papers, we were scourged into submission! Turn out the Manichaeans! Turn out the adversaries of the Faith!' Dioscorus, the most reverend Bishop of Alexandria, said 'Why is Cyril to be turned out? It is he whom Theodoret has condemned!' The most reverend the Bishops of the East shouted out, 'Turn out the murderer Dioscorus! Who knows not the deeds of Dioscorus? Theodoret is worthy—worthy!' The most reverend the Bishop of Egypt shouted, 'Don't call him Bishop, he is

no Bishop! Turn out the fighter against God! Turn out the defamer of Christ! The most reverend the Bishops of the East shouted out, 'The orthodox for the Synod! Turn out the rebels—turn out the murderers!' " And so on and on, with insistent, interminable vituperation till the Imperial officers stopped the clamor as "unworthy a meeting of Christian Bishops."

As one visits in turn Constantinople and Ephesus, Chalcedon, twice again Constantinople, and finally once more Nicaea, one sighs for the towering, pacific strength of a Constantine, for the might of an Athanasius, even though one realizes with growing clearness the futility of their effort at unification. In the long retrospect it is to be wondered if their dream, could it have been realized, would have worked ultimate good. The variations in race, in language, in education, which evidenced themselves at Nicaea, were too fundamental to be glossed over from above; the fusion would have been premature, such radical differences would but have cancelled one another rather than have added themselves to a common sum total. Better perhaps that each instead should use the Creed as a lamp to spy out differences, until such time as each shall have worked out its own salvation in trembling fear of corruption and so be made ready for the reduction to a great common denominator.

The controversies became ever more narrow, hard and polemical, until suddenly the Church awoke with a rude shock to the advent of Mahometanism. It may be a wide stretch of the term to include this seemingly alien faith within the category of heretical churches, yet there is ground for regarding Mahomet not as the founder of a new religion, but, as does Dante in the *Inferno*, as one of the chief heresiarchs. The many legends of his friendship with the Nestorian monk, known sometimes as Sergius, sometimes as Bahari, all point to the fact that through this wandering heretical son the Eastern Church exercised a powerful control over the rising fortunes of Islam; while his account of the Lord Jesus is undoubtedly compiled from the local stories supplied him by the Syrian Christians, as well as from the apocryphal gospels. Common ancestry and traditions no doubt account largely for the fact that many peculiarities of the Greek Church have here their counterpart, for the frantic excitement of the old oriental religions still lingers in their modern representatives; both the mad gambols of the Greek and Syrian pilgrims around the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and the frenzy of the Mussulman dervishes, are distinctively oriental; both belong to those wild forms of religion which St. Paul labored to restrain amongst the first Christian converts. Be this as it may, not only has the Greek Church been in turn deeply affected by unceasing conflict with this, its chief enemy, but the sword of Islam checked the policy and restrained the passions of the churches and nations of all Europe during the Middle Ages. The Crusades owe their origin entirely to this conflict. The Spanish Church and monarchy rose out of a crusade of its own, and still bears the stamp of the Orient in architecture, manners and fierce

bigotry; the agitations of the Reformation were constantly arrested by terror of the Sultan; while the English Prayer-book today shows a trace of this panic-fear in the collect for Good Friday, when the Turk is prayed for together with other heretics and infidels. Much of its progress, possibly its rise, can be traced to the dissensions so rife at that time in the Christian East, which we may sum up in the quaint words of Dean Prideaux:

“For they having drawn the abstrusest niceties into controversies which were of little or no moment to that which is the chief end of our Holy Christian Religion, and divided and subdivided about them into endless schisms, did thereby so destroy that peace, love, and charity which the Gospel was given to promote; and instead thereof continually provoked each other to that malice, rancour and every evil work, that they lost the whole substance of their religion while they thus eagerly contended for their own imaginations concerning it, and in a manner drove Christianity out of the world. So that at length having wearied the patience and long suffering of God by thus turning this Holy Religion into a firebrand of hell for contention, strife and violence among them, He raised up the Saracens to be the instrument of his wrath; who taking advantage of the weakness of power and distractions of councils, soon overran with a terrible devastation all the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire. And when the matter came to this trial, many who were the hottest contenders became the first apostates from Christianity; and they who would not afore part with a nicety or an abstruse notion for the peace of the Church, were soon brought by the sword at their throat to give up the whole in compliance to a barbarous conqueror. And no wonder that such who had afore wrangled away the substance, and had eat out the very heart of it by malice and rancour became easily content when under this force to part with the name also.”

The most deep rooted of the causes leading to all these many subdivisions was undoubtedly the racial. We have seen how almost immediately the more alien races of the remote East segregated themselves, incapable of either comprehending or approving the subtle changes advanced and advocated by the learned contingent of the Latins and the Greeks. These two, at first closely knit by their common Aryan tie, diverged slowly but diametrically, as the one became infused with the vigorous blood of the invading Goths, the other with that of the more sluggish Slavs. More and more plainly we discern the organizing, practical tendencies of the West, pushing forward to political pre-eminence; more and more pronounced became the philosophical speculative tendencies of the East, holding with fervid intensity to custom and precedent; the one proudly winning its title of Catholic, the other as proudly defending the name of Orthodox.

Next after this fundamental difference of race, and though much nearer the surface, still a basic cause for the great schism, comes the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western Empires. When Con-

stantine, partly at least in a revulsion against the essential paganism of Rome, founded his Christian capital on the Bosphorous, he started a rift doomed inevitably to widen into a chasm. Instantly we note in the proceedings of the Council of Constantinople, the first convened after the establishment of the new city, an added touch of jealousy, fresh rivalries forced and fostered, a more stringent guarding of privilege and power. While the prelates of Constantinople gained forthwith in the prestige of royal support, a support speedily to become a synonym for despotism, the see of Rome gained in her unrivaled supremacy in the West as sole protector of the Faith in military as well as ecclesiastical crises. The freedom insured through neglect inevitably evolved the ability for decisive action and the keen political judgment for which Rome has ever been pre-eminent. After the ignominious failure of the exarch at Ravenna, first Leo and then Gregory stepped into the breach and saved both the Church and civilization from the scourge of the Huns. Rome became but nominally subject to the East as its suzerain lord, and when on Christmas day, A.D. 800, the Pope definitely sought the protection of the rising power across the Alps by crowning Charles the Great, "the usurping Frank," as Emperor, the break was complete.

Upon the background of these two causes—the psychology of race and the irresistible current of world-history—emerges the more obvious and easily traced course of purely ecclesiastical events; the bickerings and back-bitings of successive prelates; disputes as to the proper seat of the right of ultimate appeal; questions of precedence and governmental adjustments; through an endless succession of ponderous tomes. Deplorable though the story is, there are amusingly human touches, as when Gregory the Great assumes so self-righteous a tone of humility to gravely rebuke the pride of John the Faster for assuming the title of Oecumenical Bishop, firmly oblivious of the high papal claims already being made, grounded on his succession to Peter as the foundation-rock of the Church—a claim, by the way, which might well have been disputed by the Church of Antioch on the score of descent from the first apostle.

The conflict between pope and patriarch reached so acute a stage in the ninth century that we find synod after synod convened in rapid succession, each party as it secured the necessary majority roundly anathematizing the other, now with the scorn of the finished Greek scholar for the ruder Latin civilization, now with the disgust of the practical West for the hairsplitting subtleties of the East.

The final rupture came in the year 1054, when the papal legates formally laid on the altar of St. Sophia a sentence of anathema denouncing eleven evil doctrines of the then Patriarch Michael Cerularius and his supporters. Chief of these doctrines was his opposition to the famous "Filioque Clause," "The Double Procession of the Spirit." The dispute is whether, as maintained by the Eastern Church, the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone, through the Son; or, as asserted by Rome, through the Father and the Son as a joint source. It is this doctrinal nicety,

scarcely less subtle than the Arian controversy itself, which was the immediate cause of the most momentous fact in the Christendom of the Middle Ages. For almost a thousand years it, together with some negligible points of interpretation and of government, has held apart these two great branches of the Church, and yet viewed by us through the perspective of the years it dwindles into a bare and bald excuse for a predetermined severance, into a thin disguise for the cloaking of personal and political animosities; a diminutive difference beside which the mass of tradition and belief inherited by each from their centuries of affiliation, looms large indeed. Hand in hand they built up custom and usage, doctrine and creed; the East as the formulator of thought and theory, the West as the instrument which put them into external practice. Even in the East's special field of orthodoxy, it was "Leo's time" which once and for all settled the question for the entire Church, but it was the close thinking of the learned Greeks which he thus embodied. Again it was the West which turned the introspective monasticism of Mt. Athos and of Studium into such working organizations as the Franciscans and the Benedictines.

It would take more than the scales of human judgment to weigh the merits of the two modes of piety, the one of works and the one of contemplation. The results of the first are more patent and easily discerned about us today, but till the close of the Middle Ages asceticism and sanctity were all but interchangeable terms. It was the mysticism of the cloistered monk, the rigid life of the solitary hermit, roughly clad, meagerly fed, exposed to wind and weather, which fired the popular imagination and roused the enthusiasm of the multitude for the things of the spirit. Again and again an anchorite, trained by the discipline of solitude, was called from his retreat to fill some high post, and responding to the unwelcome summons, proved the power gained through detachment.

Yet undoubtedly Basil, to whose genius the cenobite system owes its origin, drew his rooted distaste to the hermit life from wide personal observation of its abuses. We learn in the account of Paladius of men driven mad through the cruelty and self-immolation of their lives, of others thrown back into grossest excess through the overstrain of deprivation and want. Such extremes Basil summarily checks in his beneficent rule, and though himself a strict ascetic, cautions them, "If fasting hinders you from labor, it is better to eat like the workman of Christ that you are." His deepest objection to the life of the anchorite, however, is that it gives scope only for the exercise of the first two virtues of the monastic vow—"poverty, chastity and obedience"—and that it precludes humility, the sinking of the personal self in the common life. "Whose feet wilt thou wash? Whom wilt thou serve? How canst thou be last of all if thou art alone?" he pertinently inquires. It was his deep aversion to idleness which first introduced the habit of industry as one of the elements of the religious orders; yet despite its general acceptance, it is

essentially alien to the highest ideal of Eastern asceticism, strictly interpreted. That has ever been the life of contemplation, meditation, illumination. In devotion to this ideal, in whole-hearted reverence for the Hermit on the Pillar, even the factions of the early councils maintained an unswerving loyalty. And in this reverence the West joined with the East. Both today can trace their common ancestry back through Basil and Pachomius to St. Anthony; perhaps even to St. Paul himself, if credence is given to the shadowy legend of his hermit-life on the shore of the Red Sea. Both alike have their faint tinge of the hue with which the first anchorites were colored by contact with the Gnostics and the Montanists. Both are still vaguely stamped by the influence of the Indian Therapeutæ over the first Egyptian monks.

To the communities of the specifically Eastern monasteries, all civilization owes an unmeasured debt. It was here that the very life of art and letters was preserved through the Dark Ages; here the world's legacy of priceless manuscripts was guarded and treasured; here were written those first marvellous hymns of devout adoration; and hence issued, in the fifteenth century, the scholarship which contributed more than any one cause to the Revival of Letters and the German Reformation; and most incomparable gift of all, a copy of the New Testament in the original Greek tongue.

Small marvel that the Eastern Church feels itself indubitably the parent stem from which all branches, Protestant and Catholic, orthodox and heterodox, have sprung. This honor we may frankly concede them, "glad that there is a theology in the world of which the free genial mind of Chrysostom is still the golden mouth-piece," rejoicing in the thought of such calm strength resting quietly and confidently on its base of hereditary belief.

The story of the growth and development of its youngest daughter, the Church of Russia, demands the space of an entire article; by the complete severance of Rome, the field was left clear on which to trace her course from the picturesque beginning of Vladimir's romantic conversion, down to her present condition of vital importance to all Christendom—perhaps even, with a bit of imaginative prevision, on, a little way into the future.

ANNE EVANS.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

IX

DEAR FRIEND:

I AM sorry for the disappointment and hurt which your letter reflects—still more sorry for the tinge of bitterness that infused the mood in which you wrote. For though suffering can melt the heart, till like molten metal it may be poured forth from the confining walls of self, bitterness only corrodes and hardens it. We cannot avoid suffering. I think, when we see more deeply and truly into life, we shall not wish to avoid it. But we can keep, meanwhile, from being bitter.

There are those who will tell you that all joy and pain are Maya—mere delusions: that the true Self is above them both, knowing neither one nor the other, but living in an unchanging eternal state of blessedness and peace. There is truth in this. But it is a truth most often distorted into falsehood. So the Christian Scientist denies his pain, till his face is stamped with that set meaningless smile which marks his isolation from reality. So the modern Stoic, misreading the great ancient philosophy, hardens his heart against all feeling, till his only contact with the warm rich life about him is through the cold and barren chambers of his mind. Surely the Master, who said that He had come to bring us life, and life in greater abundance, would not have us so shut ourselves away from what He brings. In His example we can find no turning from suffering, no hardening of His heart against His agony, no refusal to accept and to live to the utmost all that life can bring of joy and pain. He was above them both—proving this by His acceptance of them—but the agony of Gethsemane and the desolation of the cross cannot be read or experienced as mere delusions. Their terrible, triumphant reality cannot be denied, save as we deny the reality of all manifested life.

Were we Buddhists we might make this denial, and not be misled by it. Age long tradition, the inherited mould of mind and temperament, would enable us to interpret its meaning rightly. Reality and unreality are but words—and East and West use them differently. In the East there is but one Reality, and that is God,—the permanent essence of all that is—never to be reached or known, but always to be approached. The shadow of the tree, impermanent, shifting, vanishing and coming again, is unreal. The tree itself, growing from seed to sapling, to maturity and decay, is unreal also. Naught is real, in the whole wide world of living things, of light and shadow and birth and death and love and hate, but the One inmost essence from which all come, to which all again return. Joy and pain are unreal.

So, too, is the heart which feels them. They will pass. The heart will grow cold and die and be reborn. Only the Self endures. Only the Self is real. Looking always to the Self, accepting light or shadow, suffering or happiness, we move and grow towards the Real.

This is the Buddhist view—that Reality is forever wrapped in unreality—that all appearance, all manifestation, is unreal; but that within it, as its essence and central spark of Being, is Reality itself. To the Buddhist, therefore, the path to Reality is not in the rejection and refusal of the unreal, but in its acceptance as the casket of the Real. He refuses only to leave the casket unopened, or to be content to live in the darker shadows when he can draw nearer to the light. For the shadows tell him of the light, and point the way toward it.

Commonly misunderstood throughout the West, as this is, we can come to understand it rightly if we see that it is the Christian view as well. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." The life of the branch is not its own: of itself it can bear no fruit, but must wither and die. Yet, as a branch, the life of the vine is within it, and through it this life grows and flowers and bears fruit and seed. Here is the Christian symbol of the Real: "I in ye and ye in me"; as the branch is in the vine and the life of the vine in the branch; as light is in all colour and all colours are in light. And here, too, it seems to me, is the symbol that can interpret for us joy and suffering.

For the world of personality, the great rich, many coloured world of manifestation, in which as men and women we live our human lives, is but the spread spectrum of the white light of the spirit, refracted from plane to plane through prism after prism of divine and human consciousness. As we lift our own consciousness along this great ascending scale, we come to that point of convergence where we experience as one undivided unit, that which, upon the plane below, appeared widely various and opposed,—as the ultra violet is opposed to the infra red, but both are united in the unrefracted light; or as two branches of a tree are united in the crotch from which they diverge.

I think that it is thus with pleasure and with pain. In themselves, cut away from that life of which they are the carriers, they are unreal and meaningless. But in that life, and as they come to us, they are the opposite poles of one living flame, whose true essence is above them both, but from which both spring and to which both must return. To lose our consciousness of this enkindling fire is to lose hold of life itself. And the nearer we draw to it as we rise above the world of mere appearance, the more of joy and sorrow must we expect the surface of our lives to show. We shall feel ever more and more keenly; but if we are true to our true selves we shall be above and not below that feeling—masters of it, as we

should be of all feeling, not swayed hither and yon as its chance winds may blow.

You know all this. For no man can either love greatly or desire greatly and not experience it. Without love or desire we might feel brute pain or brute content, but could never know either joy or sorrow. These are the shadows of love's upward flight, cast now to the West and now to the East as the sun rises and sets and rises again. Or they are the downward winds from the beating of its wings. Use what simile you will, in love and in desire, so either be great, joy and pain are unified; and no love and no desire has ever been that did not yield them both, in intensity measured by its own.

Knowing this, why do you let yourself forget it? Surely you would not love less or desire less. Your love and desire are your life. And yet, when you resent your pain, when you harden yourself against it and open the door to bitterness instead, you are turning from your love, denying and stultifying your desire. You have, for the moment, fallen from your own true level. You have let your personal consciousness sink beneath the shadows cast by the climbing aspiration of your own heart and soul. It is because you are beneath your pain that you resent it and would cast it from you. That is not the way your life must move. The way lies through the pain—through the shadow, till you reach its source, and center your consciousness once more in the flight of love and desire and effort from which the shadow falls.

Tell me now, why is it that you have felt so disappointed and so hurt? Because you could not have at once all for which you wished? Because my letter gave you no magical formula for your instant transportation to your goal, merely pointing out the first homely commonplace preparations you must make in order to fit yourself to travel? If these be the reasons, or some of them, surely the answer is clear. Would anything be worth having which could be had merely by wishing for it? You know that what you desire is a vital thing—love, consciousness, communion; that your goal is a life, not merely some ecstatic state to which you could be lifted, but a life which must be *your* life and into which you must grow by living. See! The very fact of its present denial, the impossibility of the instant attainment of its fulness, indicates the greatness of its worth. And what is your disappointment but the shadow of your desire? Your goal is great and you greatly desire it. That is the lesson of your pain; in that, you draw near to its heart and essence. And as you accept your pain, and in doing this penetrate toward its source, you will find it quicken and revivify your will. In renewed desire you will rise above your hurt; and pain and joy will be unified in love and effort.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

STORIES OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

FROM THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS

ALREADY in the early centuries, there were many lovely stories of the birth and childhood of Jesus; in part the echo of true memories, in part, perhaps, gathered from older faiths, in part the flowers of loving fancy which clung about the strong tree of history. These stories, it was believed, had been told first by Mother Mary, in the days after the Resurrection, when she dwelt at Jerusalem with the disciples and the brethren of Jesus; or they were held to have come from James, the brother of the Lord, memories of old, quiet days in Galilee.

Some of the most beautiful of these stories are gathered about Mother Mary herself; the glory of her child shining back upon her own childhood and on her parents, to whom in their desolate years, she came as a child of promise. They were dwellers in mid Galilee, in the little city of Nazareth; Joachim, the father, of the royal line of David, and Anna, the mother, whose kin were of Bethlehem, far south among the hills. Simple and holy were their lives, filled with quiet toil, consecrated by devout offerings when they journeyed to the temple by the hill of Zion for their solemn festivals, blessed with compassion and gifts to wanderers and to the city's poor, so that but a third of their substance remained for their own use.

Twenty years they lived childless and lonely in Nazareth. They had made a vow that, if a little child came to bless them, they would give it to the Lord to serve in the temple at Zion. In those days Issachar was high priest, and when Joachim came, in the waning days of winter, to make the offerings with the men of the tribe of David at the feast of the dedication, Issachar the high priest mocked at him and spurned him, asking how he, the childless man, was not ashamed to come among those who were blessed with children, for God would not accept the gifts of the childless. Joachim was covered with shame, and stole away downcast, hiding himself among the shepherds on the hills. In the wilderness he pitched his tent, and abode there forty days in fasting and prayer. For he feared the eyes of his neighbors who had heard the high priest's words.

While Joachim dwelt ashamed among the shepherds an angel came to him, comforting him and bidding him be of good cheer, for his prayers were heard and his gifts accepted. God had seen his grief and loneliness and would bless him as Abraham was blessed in

the birth of Isaac. For Isaac came to Sarah in her old age, and Jacob likewise to Rebekah, and Samson and holy Samuel; children of promise after lonely years. So should he be blessed and Anna with him, in the birth of a girl child. Mary they were to name her, and she should serve in the temple, and of her should be born the Son of the Most High, Jesus the Saviour, according to his name. This, said the angel, shall be the sign unto thee: when thou returnest to Jerusalem, coming to the golden gate of the city, thy wife Anna shall meet thee, for she is greatly afraid because of thy absence.

Then the angel departed from Joachim and went to Anna, who was greatly distressed, grieving for her widowhood and for her childlessness. And walking in her garden between noon and sunset, she came to a laurel and sat down under it, grieving and praying that the Lord might bless her as he had blessed Sarah. And looking up to heaven she saw a sparrow's nest in the laurel, and she cried out, Woe is me, for the birds of the air are fruitful, and the waters and the earth, but I am childless.

Then the angel came and stood by her, saying, Anna, the Lord hath heard thee. Fear not, for I am the angel who carried your prayers and gifts to the Lord, and God has sent me to tell you a girl child shall be born to you. You shall call her Mary, and above all the daughters of women shall she be blessed. She shall dwell full of grace in your house till she is three years old; then she shall serve in the temple according to your vow. And from her shall be born the Saviour of all the world. Go now to Jerusalem. At the golden gate thou shalt meet thy husband. Be this a sign that all my words shall be fulfilled.

Then Anna went to Jerusalem, and stood by the gate, and when she saw Joachim coming, she ran, and hanging about his neck, said, Now I know that the Lord hath greatly blessed me. So they rejoiced together and returned to Nazareth, waiting till the promise should be fulfilled. And a girl child was born to them, and they called her Mary, according to the angel's word.

And the child grew and increased in strength every day, so that when she was nine months old, her mother set her upon the ground to see if she could stand, and when she had walked nine steps she came again to her mother's lap. So the child grew, and when she was two years old, Joachim said to Anna, Let us bring her to the temple of the Lord that we may perform our vow. But Anna said, Let us wait a year, lest she should be at a loss to know her father. And Joachim said, Let us then wait.

When Mary had completed her third year, they went up to the temple to give her to the Lord. There was a stairway of fifteen steps, where those going thither sang the psalms of pilgrimage, a psalm for each step. At the foot of the stairs all put on clean raiment. So they set the child down, while they changed their garments. Though

the steps were steep, yet Mary ascended them to the temple, alone and unaided, going bravely forward to the Lord. And the high priest received her and blessed her. And her parents returned to Nazareth.

The Virgin of the Lord grew in the temple as a dove, in years and in perfections. Day by day angels came to her from the Most High, talking with her and guarding her from all harm. So Mary came to her fourteenth year.

The high priest had made an order that the virgins of the temple, when they were of age to wed, should return to their homes, to be given in marriage. The other virgins went not unwillingly, but Mary was not willing to go, for her father and mother had given her to the Lord.

The high priest was in doubt between the vow and the law of the temple. Therefore he sought counsel of the Most High before the ark of the covenant and the mercy seat, and it was made known to him that the Virgin of the Lord should be given in marriage, according to the word of Isaiah the prophet, saying, There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse and a flower shall spring out of its root. And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and piety, and the spirit of the fear of the Lord shall fill him.

Therefore the high priest appointed that all the men of the house of David son of Jesse, who were of estate to be married, should bring each his rod to the altar. And of whomsoever the rod should bud and flower, the Spirit resting on it as a dove, to him the Virgin of the Lord should be given in marriage.

And there came up among the men of the house of David, Joseph of Bethlehem. Being humble and lowly in heart, he drew back his rod when those that stood with him presented their rods to the high priest. And when none of the rods that were presented bore bud or blossom, the high priest was astonished, and made inquiry. And behold it was revealed unto him that one of the men had not brought forth his rod. Therefore he bade Joseph bring forth the rod, and he did so, and behold it sent forth bud and flower, and a heavenly dove rested upon it. Therefore the Virgin of the Lord was given in marriage to Joseph.

It came to pass in those days that the high priest decreed that a new veil should be made for the temple of the Lord. So he took golden thread and blue and scarlet and fine linen and true purple for the veil of the temple. And he sent and brought together the virgins of the temple, and said unto them :

Cast lots now before me, that it may be decided which of you shall spin the golden thread, which the blue, which the scarlet, which the fine linen and which the true purple.

And they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Mary, that she should spin the true purple. And she took it and went to her own house.

And on a certain day Mary took a water pot and went out to draw water, and she heard a voice saying to her:

Hail, thou who art full of grace. The Lord is with thee.

And she looked to the right and to the left to see whence the voice came, but saw no man. Then trembling she went into the house and laying down the water pot she took the true purple which she was working for the veil of the temple, and sat down in her seat to work it.

And behold, Gabriel, the angel of the Lord, stood by her, and the chamber was filled with a miraculous light. And he saluted her courteously and thus addressed her:

Hail Mary, Virgin of the Lord. The Lord is with thee, and thou art blessed above all women born upon the earth.

And because Mary had often beheld the faces of angels and had spoken familiarly with them, she was not afraid at the vision or at the brightness of the light. And Gabriel said unto her:

Fear not, Mary, for thou has found favour in the sight of God. The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and thou shalt bear a son who shall be called the Son of the Living God. And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth shall also bear a son in her old age, for nothing is impossible with God. And the son whom thou shalt bear shall be great, reigning from sea to sea, from the rivers even to the ends of the earth. He shall be called the Son of the Most High, for he reigns high in heaven who shall be born lowly upon earth. He shall reign on the throne of David and his kingdom shall have no end. For he is the King of kings and Lord of lords, and his throne is forever and ever.

Then Mary, stretching forth her hands and lifting up her eyes to heaven, said:

Behold, the handmaiden of the Lord. Let it be unto me according to thy word.

And when she had wrought her purple, she carried it to the high priest, and the high priest blessed her, saying:

Mary, the Lord God hath magnified thy name, and thou shalt be blessed in all the ages of the world.

Then Mary, filled with joy, went away to her cousin Elizabeth, and knocked at the door. Which when Elizabeth heard, she ran and opened the door to her, and blessed her, and said:

Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come unto me?

But Mary lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said:

Lord, what am I, that all the generations of the earth should call me blessed?

And after certain days it came to pass that a decree was sent forth from Augustus Cæsar that all the Jews should be taxed, each in his own city. Joseph therefore arose, and went with Mary his spouse to Jerusalem and then came to Bethlehem, that he and his family might be taxed in the city of his fathers.

Joseph therefore saddled the ass, and set Mary upon it, and went and came toward Bethlehem. Turning about, he saw that Mary was sorrowful; but when he turned about again, he saw her laughing. And he said to her:

Mary, how happens it that I sometimes see sorrow and sometimes joy in thy countenance?

And Mary replied, saying:

I see two people with mine eyes, the one weeping and the other rejoicing.

And they went on again. And Mary said to Joseph:

Take me down from the ass, for the hour has come for my child to be born.

But Joseph answered,

Whither shall I take thee, for the place is desert?

Then Mary said again to Joseph, Take me down.

And Joseph took her down, and he found there a cave and led her into it. And at that time the sun was nigh to his setting.

And leaving her in the cave, he went toward Bethlehem to seek a woman to tend her. And it thus befell:

As I was going, said he, I looked up into the air, and I saw the clouds astonished and the fowls of the air staying in the midst of their flight. And I saw a table spread and workers sitting about it, but they did not move, nor raise the meat to their lips. And I beheld the sheep scattered, and yet the sheep stood still, and came not together. And I looked to the river, and saw kids with their mouths close to the water, but they did not drink.

And Joseph beheld a woman coming down from the mountains, and he besought her, and she went with him to the cave where Mary lay. The sun had set when the woman and Joseph with her reached the cave. And they both entered into it. And a shining cloud overshadowed the cave and on a sudden the cloud became a bright light within the cave, so that their eyes could not bear it. Then the light decreased until the child was born and lay on Mary's breast.

After this, when the shepherds came, and had made a fire, and they were exceedingly rejoicing, the heavenly host appeared to them, praising and adoring the supreme God. And as the shepherds were praising God, the cave seemed like a glorious temple, because both the tongues of men and angels united to adore and magnify God, on account of the birth of the Lord Christ.

But when the woman saw these things, she gave praise to God, and said:

I thank thee, O God, thou God of Israel, for that mine eyes have seen the birth of the Saviour of the world.

Then after ten days they brought the child up to Jerusalem, and on the day appointed they presented him in the temple before the Lord, making the offerings according to the law of Moses.

And Simeon saw him shining as a pillar of light, when Mary his mother carried him in her arms, and the angels stood around him adoring him, as a king's guards stand around him. Then Simeon stretched forth his hands towards Mary and the child, and said:

Now, O my Lord, thy servant shall depart in peace according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy mercy, which thou hast prepared for the salvation of all nations; a light to all people, and the glory of thy people Israel.

At that time there arose greater disorder in Bethlehem, because of the coming of wise men from the East to Jerusalem, according to the prophecy of Zoroaster. And the wise men said:

Where is the king of the Jews born? For we have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king heard this, he was exceedingly troubled, and sent messengers to the wise men and to the priests, and inquired of them in the town hall, and said unto them:

Where have you it written concerning Christ the king, or where should he be born?

Then they said to him:

In Bethlehem of Judea. For thus it is written: And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a ruler, who shall rule my people Israel.

And having sent away the priests, he inquired of the wise men in the town hall, and said unto them:

What sign was it ye saw concerning the king that was born?

And they answered him:

We saw a marvellous great star shining among all the stars of heaven; and it outshined all the other stars, so that they became not visible, and we knew thereby that a great king was born, and therefore we are come to worship him.

Then said Herod unto them:

Go, make diligent inquiry; and if ye find the child, bring me word again, that I may come, and worship him also.

And Mary, because of the disorder in Bethlehem, being in great fear, took the child, and wrapping him up in swaddling clothes, laid him in an ox manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

So the wise men went, and behold, the star which they saw in the

East went before them, till it came and stood over the place where the young child was with his mother.

Then the wise men worshipped him, and brought forth out of their treasures gifts, and gave them to him, gold for his kingship, and myrrh for his priesthood, and frankincense for his divinity.

Then Mary took one of the swaddling cloths in which the infant was wrapped, and gave it to them as a blessing, and they received it from her as a worthy present. And being warned in a dream by an angel that they should not return through Judea to Herod, they departed into their own country by another way. And there appeared to them an angel in the form of that star which had before been their guide in their journey, the light of which they followed till they returned to their own country.

On their return, their kings and princes came to them, inquiring what they had seen and done, and what company they had had on the way, and how they had fared on their journey.

And they brought forth the cloth that Mary had given them, on account whereof they kept a feast. And having made a fire according to the custom of their country they worshipped it, and casting the swaddling cloth into it, the fire took it and kept it. And when the fire was put out, they took forth the swaddling cloth unhurt, as much as if the fire had not touched it. Then they began to kiss it, and put it upon their heads and upon their eyes, saying, This is a wonderful thing, that the fire could not burn it nor consume it.

Then Herod, perceiving that he was mocked by the wise men, commanded certain men to go and to kill all the children that were in Bethlehem, from two years old and under. But an angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in his sleep, and said, Arise, take the child and his mother, and go into Egypt as soon as the cock crows. So he arose and went.

Elizabeth also, hearing that her son John was about to be searched for, took him and went up unto the mountains, and looked about for a place to hide him; and there was no secret place to be found. Then she groaned within herself, and said:

O mountain of the Lord, receive the mother with the child.

For Elizabeth could not climb up. And instantly the mountain was divided and received them. And there appeared unto them an angel of the Lord to guard them.

But Herod made search after John, and sent servants to Zacharias, when he was ministering at the altar, and they said unto him:

Where hast thou hid thy son?

He replied to them:

I am a minister of the Lord and a servant of the altar; how should I know where my son is?

So the servants went back and told Herod, and the king was wroth, and said:

Is not this son of his like to be king of Israel?

He sent therefore again his servants to Zacharias, saying:

Tell me the truth, where is thy son? For thou knowest that thy life is in my hand.

But Zacharias answered unto the servants:

I am a martyr for God, and if ye shed my blood, the Lord will receive my soul. And know that ye shed innocent blood.

So they slew Zacharias between the entrance of the temple and the altar. And when the people heard of it, they mourned and lamented three days.

And Joseph went down into Egypt with Mary and the child Jesus, and they drew near to a great city in which there was a graven image, to which the other images of the gods of Egypt sent their offerings. And there was by the graven image a priest ministering unto it, and as often as the god spoke out of the image, he related the things that were said, to the inhabitants of Egypt and of all the parts about.

This priest had a son three years old, who was possessed of evil spirits, who uttered many strange things, and rent his clothes, and threw stones at them that came nigh him.

Near to the graven image was the inn of the city, into which when Joseph and Mary were come and the child with them, a great wondering and astonishment fell upon the inhabitants of the city. And all the magistrates and priests assembled before the graven image, and made inquiry, saying:

What means all this consternation and dread that has fallen upon all the people?

Then the graven image made answer and said:

The unknown God is come hither, who is truly God; nor is there anyone besides him who is worthy of divine worship, for he is truly the Son of God. At the fame of him the land trembled, and at his coming it is in commotion, and we ourselves are affrighted at the greatness of his power.

And when it had thus spoken the graven image fell, and at his fall all the inhabitants of Egypt ran together.

But the son of the priest, when his madness came upon him, going into the inn, found there Joseph and Mary, whom all the rest had left and forsaken. And when Mary had washed the swaddling cloth she set it out to dry, and the boy took it and put it upon his head. And immediately the evil spirits left him. And from the time that he was healed, the boy began to sing praises and to give thanks to the word who had healed him.

And when his father saw it, he rejoiced exceedingly and said:

My son, it may be that this child is the Son of the living God, who made heaven and earth. For as soon as he came amongst us,

the graven image was broken and all the gods fell down, and were overcome by a greater power.

Now Joseph and Mary, when they heard that the graven image was fallen down and destroyed, were seized with fear and trembling, and said:

They have driven us forth from Judea because of the child and the saying of the wise men. And now they will drive us out of Egypt also.

And they arose and departed secretly, and went forth into the wilderness by night; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying:

Out of Egypt have I called my son.

JOHN CARLTON.

O Thou, whose eyes are clear, whose eyes are kind, whose eyes are full of pity and of sweetness,—O Thou, lovely One, with Thy face so beautiful,—O Thou, pure One, whose knowledge is without shadow, spotlessly lighted from within,—O Thou, forever shining like the Sun, Thou, Sun-like in the ways of Thy mercy, pour Light upon the world!

AN INVOCATION FROM THE JAPANESE.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL POSITION

V

THE eleventh and twelfth centuries saw the beginnings of a new era in the development of Western thought, which foreshadowed the scientific awakening and independence of the strictly modern period in philosophy. Outwardly conforming to Mother Church, the cultivated minority had for many scores of years pursued the study of pagan philosophies and sciences to the disparagement of the narrow ecclesiastical theology and ontology. While the Church was in some measure spiritual and retained the balance of temporal power, this freedom of thought was kept within strict bounds, and too wilful offenders were successfully silenced. But morality was at a very low ebb, laxity of living led to laxity of thought; soon the see at Rome itself became thoroughly corrupted, and authority, the backbone of scholasticism, could no longer be enforced. Already amongst the schoolmen was to be found an attitude of independence, if not of defiance, glossed over by outward acts of conformity and respect. As time went on more and more questions were being asked, theories propounded, investigations undertaken, and conclusions reached and expressed which were subversive of orthodox teaching. The Church attempted the impossible when on the one hand it continued to demand absolute obedience and submission to its doctrines and discipline, while on the other it secretly countenanced what were developing into undermining and hostile courses of study.

The faith of the early Christians was matter for living, not for speculation; was the channel through which man's aspiration and prayer might ascend, and God's love and power descend. They believed and they lived. But as the world's intellect grew into the new belief, it left the unquestioning simplicity of childhood and an age of interrogation, of mental unrest, of controversy, set in; the sign at once of an intellectual maturity and of a new spiritual impediment. This impediment seems now, however, to be overcome, its force is in the process of being redirected and used for better ends. After five hundred years of active intellectual development opposed to and contending more or less consciously with spiritual things, matters have swung around and are working in the opposite direction. We seek now to use our store-house of knowledge in the investigation of the spiritual world, and we are doing this sympathetically. The love of truth is overcoming pride and self-sufficiency,—an example the Church will

do well to emulate. But in the fifteenth to sixteenth centuries the Church had already become a political organ in essence and in aim, and was left with a mere empty shell of religious truth, to which honest and keen observers of life soon opposed philosophic truth.

With the Reformation came the incentive and opportunity for a new freedom; men ceased to be exclusively Catholics and became *men*, humanists. The Catholic prejudice gradually disappeared from science and philosophy; and when the revolutionary conception of the world in its true relation to other heavenly bodies was established, a door was opened to the "new" philosophy, which based itself almost entirely on natural science. For despite the persecutions of the Church, natural law, long buried under superstition and intellectual bias, reasserted its claim to the world's attention; and bold innovators appeared to champion the cause of common sense and truth. Bruno, by his death in 1600, called the attention of the whole western world to the new philosophy; while at about the same time Francis Bacon (1561-1626) first conceived a new necessity, arising out of the undigested mass of fact gradually accumulating throughout all the branches of knowledge, namely, that of beginning again the whole labor of the mind and of creating what we now know as "science" upon an absolutely new basis (*instauratio magna*). Ancient philosophers were superficial observers, their knowledge was shot through with prejudice. Bacon's brilliant idea was that we must learn to make allowance for our whims, our prejudices, our "idols," and not project these personal equations into nature. Therefore to Bacon we owe the conception of what has since become the great body or system of science, whose compelling force and saving spiritual graces have been its strict adherence to and love for truth, exactitude in detail, and accuracy of statement.

Beginning with René Descartes, born 1596, science worked with extreme rapidity under its new régime, growing in precision and sureness, advancing further and further within the realm of matter, and ignoring or openly hostile to the only religion it knew as such, that formulated by the Church of Rome. Descartes was primarily a mathematician, and his philosophy simply aimed at being a generalization of mathematics. He followed with delight the clear, concise, demonstrations of geometry, and exclaimed "I was surprised that upon foundations so solid and stable no loftier structure had been raised." Each subsequent philosopher, thrilled by this general appeal to the imagination, contemplated the possibility of making of philosophy an *exact* science, and of constructing a complete and all-satisfying metaphysics upon a flawless chain of reasoning logically deduced from unimpeachable facts.

In the early days when the new science was but breaking ground with the world of nature, the scientist and philosopher were one. Gradually as the mass of facts increased, as the various branches of

research became more highly specialized, the philosopher became less the active investigator and more the mind that surveyed the accumulated fruit of another's work, weighing its general evidence, following its leads, and obtaining if possible some hint of the ever-receding goal beyond. To be a philosopher today requires the most exacting study and the assimilation of a vast amount of fact and theory of all kinds in the scientific field.

This has had its effect. The early disciples of the Cartesian school, and notably Leibnitz, were purely materialistic; and the axioms from which they deduced their systems were all planted firmly in the world of matter about them, which they were observing, and which almost completely formed the limit of their horizon. Just as the conclusions of geometry inevitably follow from its axioms, so the moral and physical facts which these philosophers considered, followed with absolute necessity from the nature of things expressed by their definitions; and they no more inquired into final causes than the geometer asks to what end the three angles of any given triangle are equal to two right angles. The rigorous methods of proof, the completeness, precision, and certainty which characterize mathematics, these men endeavored to transfer to philosophy. Spinoza and Hobbes, though not to so great a degree proficient in exact science, still strove, with good success in this respect, to follow their example. Locke, from his early studies in medicine, inclined rather to follow the inductive method, and he aimed at completeness through a comprehensive examination of all phenomena. Physical discovery had made vast progress, and the triumphant anticipations of Bacon had begun to be realized.

When, however, a later generation of philosophers grew up, surrounded by the new tradition, and face to face with the problem, not of ascertaining facts but of explaining and divining their higher signification, it naturally turned more to the causes back of natural phenomena than to the rationalization of scientific data and circumstances; seeking to penetrate to the life-giving consciousness lying within and evidenced alike in the cosmos and in ourselves. But leaving out of all account the spiritual origin of man and of the world, and imperiously designating religious or spiritual experience as hysteria, emotion, and extravagant sentiment, these philosophers doomed themselves to a fruitless search, to a quest ending, after much labor and the accumulation of many crusts of thought, exactly where it started. Now, we find science pushing its way through matter until forced to recognize a spiritual world. First it believed in a complex auto-mechanism, started by God or without any beginning. This theory, though perhaps still held by some, has been superseded by a belief in evolution, in growth; not a mere mechanism, but an organism, of which we are component parts, we functioning in it much as the live cells function more or less independently in our own bodies.

Philosophy has followed a parallel cycle of development. Having explored with some completeness the dark and circuitous passages of the mind, and having become satisfied that these regions are limited and ineffectual if held to be the end in themselves in the search for a living truth, the moderns, such as Prof. James, the Pragmatist, Eucken, and pre-eminently Bergson, are turning away from the solely materialistic and intellectual; are approaching the subject from a broader point of view; are introducing an element of higher things, a standard of the highest and best practicability, of duty, and of a regenerating will. These leaders can fairly be said to represent the next necessary step in the philosophical sequence. With feet firmly planted on or *in* the earth, they are nevertheless raising their heads into the air, and directing their gaze upwards. Of Bergson we might say that he is doing this consciously, because he so skillfully lays his foundations on the conceptions and prejudices of his contemporary philosophers and on the latest demonstrations of the many sciences, without, however, in the least being diverted from the goal he sees beyond their limited insight and imperfect conclusions. As a large part of Bergson's originality and flexibility of mind is displayed in the keen way he has outflanked the great modern systems, we must make at least a cursory examination of these systems themselves before commenting in detail on the work of our philosopher.

VI.

The thought of the last three hundred years may be divided roughly into three main classes, calculated to include the leading theories of all the great thinkers. These three are: (1) Those who postulated the reality of the material world and attempted, on this unproved and unprovable foundation, to demonstrate the ideal which it seemed to indicate,—the realists; (2) those who followed a hopeless but strictly logical scepticism, and (3) those who wove a theory, beautiful in itself, which attempted to explain the world as we find it, but which failed to bridge the obvious contradictions between even the best of their theories and real life,—the idealists.

The basic principle of all these systems was the I, the Ego, the self-conscious subject that says *I am*. Following this comes every degree of disagreement as to what else *is*, for to this conscious self come experiences, come messages, impulses, feelings. The tactile nerves are stimulated, we say we touch; the optic nerve receives vibrations, we say we see, and so forth. Whence come these experiences, what brings them about, what do they mean, why are they here? Philosophy has been faced with these questions for centuries; it has set itself the task of answering them because it has believed that back of them lay the cause of the Universe, in other words, that

they are the most immediate conceivable expression of the Universe. The first answer is, of course, that an external world actually exists, and that all the necessary proof is provided by the "evidence of the senses." From the messages received through these senses, which *nolens volens* pour in upon the self, it constructs the "real and solid world" of normal men. Further, these impressions once received, the self, "imprisoned in the body like an oyster in its shell" as Plato expresses it, sorts, accepts, rejects, or combines them; producing from them an idea, or technically a concept, which *is* the external world. "Reality consists in impressions and ideas" says Hume. With naïve simplicity we calmly attribute to this external world that which our own sensations convey to us; the sky *is* blue, water *is* wet, roses *are* red. The conscious self, then, in measure apart from the external world, receives these messages through its only channel of communication, dependent on its instruments for proof of the external world or any knowledge about the reality and nature of every external object. Our senses being inadequate in both accuracy and clearness, there are obviously certain aspects of the world which we can never know, even with the most perfect mechanical help of telescopes and microscopes.

This point of view gives rise to many questions. How can this seemingly real external universe be *the* external world? Is it not merely the self's projected picture of it, not a scientific fact? Suppose that our senses, or channels of communication, happened to act on entirely different planes, in an entirely different way? Would not, then, this present picture that we see be meaningless, purely arbitrary, only an approximation of the truth? Could any single message through the sense, however perfect *as such*, be more than partially relevant to this supposed reality at the other end? The conclusions of the latest scientists and philosophers alike is that no human senses, as we know them, could ever be adequate to the whole, could ever apprehend all that the universe contains.

Thus the sphere of our possible intellectual knowledge is conditioned by the limits of our bodies, our brains, our very character and temperament. Bacon's *idola* could not ultimately be avoided. And on this basis not the visual limits of the earth, but "the external termini of our own sensory nerves" are the furthest boundary we can reach in our exploration outside our selves.

These general philosophic considerations formed the starting point for nearly all the different systems; various orders of minds ranged themselves under what have been handed down to us as the great classic theories, the traditional schools of modern philosophy. In them we see in crystallized form the best that the human intellect, *left to itself*, has been able to achieve; and it is the one redeeming feature of a study of these achievements that a very little

of the leaven of spiritual insight and appreciation can use these otherwise sterile conceptions to great advantage in the living of daily life.

I. The naturalists, or realists, maintain the most obvious and most generally accepted explanation of the world, that of the everyday man and of physical science, namely, that the world about us is the real world, though our interchange with it is inaccurate and inadequate. Approximately at any rate, what seems to be there, is there; our sense impressions are the only valid test of knowledge, and the latter is but the tabulation and classification of exact observation. Locke, Hobbes, Preistley, and their schools, started with this hypothesis; Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz each held it in some degree to be the only sure approach to the problem of reality. Needless to say, however, science itself has today forced the philosopher away from this system. A stone is not a stone, but innumerable atoms whirling about, each atom in itself a miniature universe with central sun and planets. Taken as a whole they appear as a stone; but what *is* a stone; is there such a thing as *stone* in reality? Man, to be sure, has entered into a covenant for convenience sake, and has agreed that what looks like a stone is a stone. But when psychics and mystics appear claiming the ability to perceive things beyond the range of the normal, man is faced with the necessity of acknowledging that he has by no means used all his faculties when he has exhausted the scope of his five material senses. "Eyes and ears," said Heracleitus, "are bad witnesses to those who have barbarian souls"; a very pointed remark, and peculiarly applicable to the scientific realist. This system, however, though believed in for the sake of practicability, has never met with universal credence, because even the average man will turn illogically to a belief in God if too closely pressed by such an argument; driven behind the veil of seemingly impenetrable matter by an act of pure faith. Only coldly organized intellect, living in an atmosphere of calculation and form, and totally devoid of religious perception, could find satisfaction in such a theory.

II. Philosophical scepticism, the second answer to the question of reality, is hardly an answer, it is an evasion. Confronted with a problem the sceptic replies that it is no problem because there is no answer. Reduced to its barest analysis, he says that what he apprehends through his senses is not the object itself, but the concept *in his mind* formed from his impressions. This only can he perceive, outside nothing is provable; because as far as he knows when that concept has ceased to exist in his mind, the external world ceases too. The realist takes for granted that the world exists; the sceptic will not let this hypothesis pass. The one thing he is sure of, that indubitably exists, is his consciousness, his experience. Every effort made by philosophy to search in other fields is merely multiplying conceptions in the brain. Logically carried out (and this system has the merit of being consistently logical) our fellow men are non-

existent except within the individual consciousness, the only place that a strict scepticism will concede that anything exists. And further, the mind which conceives consciousness exists itself only in our conception of it; that is, we know nothing about it; and man is left a "conscious Something in the midst, so far as he knows, of Nothing: with no resources save the exploring of his own consciousness."

Perhaps the greatest fault with this system is that it leads nowhere and answers nothing. Even the most morbid sceptic has to acknowledge the existence of his own consciousness for the moment, but he has suggested nothing as to how that came to be, and in addition has arrived at the startling conclusion that any solution is impossible or any real knowledge unattainable. Hence the sceptic, intellectually speaking, always appears to me to be lacking in manhood. If his efforts in one direction have led nowhere, he should begin again, but above all things he should not confess to failure. This is what the sceptic does; he is a self-confessed failure.

III. Idealism takes its stand upon the theory that the mind is the center of reality, that thought can transcend matter. In doing this it advances a step beyond materialism pure and simple; it has vague inklings of a finer, immaterial, spiritual beyond; but it has not gone far enough, nor has it been sufficiently thorough even in its own field. Its answer, therefore, is valuable, often useful, but tentative and ultimately dissatisfying. It has failed in essentials, while at the same time leading one towards those essentials, which the other systems do not do; they lead away if they lead anywhere.

The idealist leaves for the time being the material universe with its machine-like construction, and asks us to unhamper ourselves from the mass of ill-assorted and out-of-perspective facts, and to use freely the thinking self which we know ourselves to be. In doing this we see but two things, ourselves as conscious thinking subjects, and the idea with which this subject deals. To the idealist, the universe is really a collection of these ideas; often distorted by the individual thinker in the process of assimilation; because it is obvious that we cannot think all that there is to be thought, nor do we necessarily combine in proper order or valuation such conceptions as we are capable of grasping. Reality is the sum total of all thought, the Mind of God, of which we pick up the fragments; and the world of phenomena which we observe and treat as real, is only the projection or shadow, the manifestation, of the Universal Mind in space and time. Man is himself, then, in the words of Tweedledum, "just part of the dream."

There are four main groups or points of view into which idealism may be divided, representing the leading thought of the great idealists; for it can be seen how easily each individual can work out a theory modified to suit his own special personality. These are: (1) Subjective idealism; laying emphasis on the mental theory achieved

more or less regardless of the objective world; (2) Objective idealism; the reverse of subjective; (3) Transcendental, or the idealism of Kant; and (4) Absolute, or the system of Hegel. One might add today, perhaps, the "Immanent Idealism" of Professor Eucken. The cardinal principle of these variations lies in the assertion of "the priority of the cognitive consciousness,—that being is dependent on the knowing of it." There is a distinction between this and the position of ancient idealism, which believed that a body of truth existed above and beyond the thoughts and opinions of men. "Though wisdom is common, yet the many live as if they had a wisdom of their own," said Heracleitus; which saying probably referred to the Secret Doctrine, but which modern philosophers take as a belief in some ideal field of thought untapped by any human mind or consciousness. Modern idealism arose out of a different necessity from the ancient; it had a different aim and function. Religious belief needed to be defended not from the prejudices and blindness of *unthinking* men, but against the claim of science to have alienated the world from the faith and beliefs of men. The world of nature, conceived by the religion of the church to be the handiwork of God, the stage for man's moral drama, threatened in the hands of the scientists to overthrow both God and man. A new philosophy must redeem nature from mechanism, and restore a spiritual center. This idealism attempted to do; which accounts for its appeal to human intuitions, its stimulating power, and its wide influence.

But idealism, as we have said, is incomplete in that it takes little account of living while dreaming and theorizing about life. It has this to be said in its favour;—that it has freed itself from mere concrete facts of sense perception, and has sought light and guidance in the beliefs and concepts which are acknowledged by the generality of men to exist only on the mental plane. It appeals to those states of consciousness to which a man rises in moments of crisis, and which he looks back upon as the most real experiences of his life. Love, religion, patriotism, altruism of all degrees; these belong to the ideal world. Man, dimly realizing his kinship with such qualities, and thus unconsciously claiming his essential divinity, has through all time revered them in his heart-of-hearts. But when the idealist is asked how man can become that which he is not but longs to be, how express in himself the sublime vision of better and higher things, there is no answer. His dream is "a diagram of the heavens, not a ladder to the stars." And the reason is that idealism thinks all these things and only thinks them. It locates the soul of man in the head and not in the heart; which means that though its premises are reasonable, and their application honest, often daring, and even illuminating when directed on the objective world, still it is stultified by its exclusive intellectualism, it depends solely on the industry of the brain rather than on the piercing vision of the heart. Idealism

is a valuable contribution to human thought, and in so far as true, it awakens a dim perception and atmosphere of higher things; but it does not and can not carry man up to the new and more real life that it describes.

VII

These three representative systems of thought, then, lead—nowhere; they have failed in their quest. But they have not failed in utility. Idealism made an appeal to a side of man that material science could scorn for a time but not ignore for long; and as the latter's explorations have forced it to the borderland of the unseen world, have widened its horizon and point of view, a reconciliation became inevitable. Philosophical and religious speculation found in the objective universe no longer an opponent to its theories and intuitions, but, if properly understood, a most marvellous and inspiring illustration of the very principles it taught. Philosophy became more truly scientific; science became more truly philosophical; and both acquired a new tolerance for religion. This has been the development of the last thirty years.

A new philosophy has sprung out of this synthesis, expressive to an unusual degree of the spirit of the age, of the conviction of the people. It seems almost as if the traditional schools had now fulfilled the term of their usefulness and would be left with the passing generation, so radical is the growth and change of viewpoint. This philosophy is called Vitalism; in principle old as the history of thought, in application peculiar to the genius of our time. The feature of utmost significance is that, unconsciously to itself, it is modifying the world's attitude not only towards philosophy, but towards science, art, morality, religion, and practical life. Professor James struck the first decisive note in his Pragmatism; Driesch and other biologists have discovered it in the sphere of organic life; Ramsay, Lodge, and Madame Curie in physics; Eucken in his new idealism; and Bergson in the intellectual and metaphysical fields. Bergson, be it added, has gone further than this, he has transcended the purely intellectual plane, and has entered on the more dynamic one of creative will and intuition, which lacks a distinguishing adjective as yet in this language, but which is essentially not in the same category with the mental efforts of his contemporaries. In this very difference he has succeeded in most truly expressing the new awakening which everywhere is becoming manifest. Popular thought today is undergoing an internal revolution, and under an intimate impulse from within is aspiring and groping towards a higher life and fuller realization of its vision. It is the task of the modern philosopher no longer to isolate himself and attempt to evolve a complete religious and philosophical system, but rather to study the signs and tendencies of the great new movement, to catch

a glimpse of its true direction, and to voice its aim and ideal. Leaders such as James, Eucken, and Bergson have come to realize more or less clearly that this movement is at its foundation religious: it is a turning of the hearts of men away from modern heathenism with its worship of fallen human nature, its deification of accumulated wealth, its pride in self-reliance, independence, and luxury; it is a return to the living, struggling reality within.

The cardinal principle of Vitalism is that of a Life, spontaneous, exuberant, above all things free and creative. A fixed mechanistic law of cause and effect put into operation once and for all is as absurd as to suppose that the laws governing a growing infant can be static, can apply exactly to a mature man. We are alive and grow—everything lives and grows; and living experience alone is to be observed and studied. The Vitalist, whether his field be biology, psychology, or ethics, is seeking and finding an instinct of initiative and spontaneity, which cannot be calculated and confined within the rigid processes of a dialectic. Nature, though conditioned by the matter with which she works, nevertheless causes this to evolve, grow, and improve; expressing more completely and more easily her own spiritual ideal. In this way Vitalism is the exact reverse of materialism; for the universe is an expression of life, not life an expression or by-product of the universe.

We have now in a new dress the ancient conception of Heraclitus, whose Energizing Fire, "the symbol for a free and life-giving Spirit of Becoming" could be incorporated verbatim by a modern author. Bergson, acknowledging his debt along with other vitalists, is the one from amongst all the modern school who sees most clearly the hidden suggestions and meanings of the wise Greek philosopher, and can apply them with added insight and ability to the tendencies of the present moment. It is because Bergson has so thorough a knowledge of his subject, has so marked an ability to grasp at essentials, and has himself so genuine an intuition of the reality of the spiritual world, that he is able to pioneer the way and construct for his day a philosophy which should long out-live him.

This philosophy, with its relation to the past and its bearing on the awakening present, we shall now attempt to consider.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued)

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

I THINK, as a rule, we do not appreciate the real difficulties involved in a clear and definite statement, of why we do a certain thing. The reason generally exists in a half-formulated state in the mind of the doer, and he is satisfied with that: satisfied, at least to make a beginning of doing something. It seems most fortunate that it is not absolutely necessary that one must wait for a logical reason, clearly formulated before acting, but can feel justified in acting, as we say, by intuition, or, as some state, by a direct guidance of something that cannot be analyzed, but seems to warrant the action.

One is often in danger of characterizing present conditions, as an exception to all that have preceded, feeling that there are especial unprecedented movements in process of development. Considered from the standpoint of history, this is an erroneous conception, because there we have witness to the fact of cycles, and the passing through very similar stages at certain stated times. But if one may be allowed to express oneself in terms of the first idea:—I think today, more than ever, people are seeking for truth, and are never satisfied until, what they consider a semblance of it, or, at least, an approximation to it, has been attained. The existence of so many “isms” bears witness to the fact of this seeking, while their very presence is, also, a testimony to their failure as adequate expressions of truth. In view of the fact that there is such an universal demand for truth, it is quite logical to believe that somewhere that truth is available. This must be so, because this “seeking consciousness” postulates its ultimate satisfaction. The truth one hopes to attain may be generally characterized as an adequate working hypothesis for life; a scheme of life that is comprehensive enough to indicate, at least, a gradual development toward the goal for which one is striving.

I have read, with a great deal of interest, the letters that have appeared in this column of the *QUARTERLY*, and I have been especially impressed with the significant fact, that many of those who have written, have, at some time in their experience, been convinced that this truth or scheme of life was adequately provided for in the Church*, and then at a later period, have discovered that the Church was entirely inadequate to satisfy their longing: Then they have left, and, like Alexander, sought new worlds to conquer. After a little the Theosophical Society has been found, which is characterized in many of the letters as so different from the Church, and capable, in such an admirable

* In using the expression “The Church” in this letter, I have reference to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

way, of filling that void, for which the Church seemed so utterly inefficient. I mention these letters because they have contained so much that has been my own experience. I have been for some time, and am at present, very closely associated with the Church, and I should certainly be the last one to say that, as she appears today, she is fulfilling her function, as a guide to a satisfactory scheme of living, or should be considered as an exclusive repository for all *truth*. I, too, have seen the mechanical ecclesiasticism, the cold formality, and the much discussed dogma, that seems to loom up as such a formidable impediment to the attainment of a solution to that "nameless longing."

While I am not engaged in writing an apologetic for the Church, I think it is necessary in view of the fact that the Church has occupied a place of such prominence, in the experience of many of us, to go a step further into the subject and see if we are justified in holding to only one opinion in regard to the Church and her work. I think when one has arrived at the stage of seeing only the cold formal externals, and the impossibilities of the Church, that there is a total misunderstanding of that Church and what she really stands for. There has been a vision only of the *Man-Made* Church; and the *Church Potential*, what she was in her inception, and I firmly believe is destined yet to be, has been obscured by the intervention of our own ideas and our own lack of vision. The trouble is not with the Church, but with the people in the Church of today. We have built an organization that appeals to men; that caters to our own individual interests, and we have forgotten that such a scheme is not in keeping with the will of the Master. The true conception of Christ's Church is the complete and all comprehending truth and good, and He cannot be added to as a sort of supplement to a thing that exists apart from Him; He cannot be used as a sort of *deus ex machina* to be introduced into our drama and withdrawn at will. If we are acting throughout in obedience to our liking and preference we may not introduce the name of the Master, in order to gain a sanction for our selfish procedure; we may not choose what we consider the proper setting for ourselves and a solution to *our* problems only, and expect that that is a fair representation to the Church. As in our lives, so in the Church, Christ must be everything—all in all. If the Church has been perverted in her purpose; in the purpose of her Founder, it is the result of our own labour; we have what we have worked for. But that does not condemn the Church. It seems to me that her very existence to-day, after all these centuries of turmoil and strife, is a living testimony to her purpose, and that she will attain those heights that are hers, and for which the Master fashioned her in the beginning, and endowed her with all capacities of subsequent development, and ultimately she will work in accordance with His will and the fulfillment of His divine plan.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon the Church, and the treatment may appear quite foreign to any reason of "why I joined," but on

the contrary it has a direct bearing upon the relations with the Theosophical Society, because I have been able to see the Church as she really is, and Theosophy has taught me to do that. I feel that it is the Theosophical aspect of the Church that shows her in her true colors—as the “Church Militant,” and one day will designate her as the Church Victorious. For many years the usual discouraging view of the Church was the only one I could see, and I felt that there must be something beyond; something that must be capable of satisfying a longing for a closer communion with the Master. However, although very discontented with the Church, I felt intuitively that it was my place. I could not leave; could not entirely lose the Vision that occasionally had been mine, and so I went on leading a sort of existence of contraries, feeling underneath it all that the Master I trusted would make my pathway clear.

It is unnecessary to go into detail of how I found the T. S., and came into contact with Theosophy. God moves in a mysterious way, and I am possibly old fashioned enough in the eyes of modern thought, to believe that it was the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit; a direct answer to the earnest prayer to know more of the Master and His will for me. The word “Theosophy” suggests the key note of what I had been looking for—knowledge of divine things—of the Master. St. Augustine aptly explains this longing in the thought that all souls belong to the Master and will not be at peace until they find Him. In the Theosophical Society I found a group of people versed in a knowledge of the Master and of divine things, that far exceeded all the learned theological treatises I had labored through, and the burdensome lectures that I had often groaned under. Here was a seeking and a growing in wisdom of the Master and His will, and the predominating characteristic was the fact of knowing the doctrine and teaching of the Master by living it. I learned from Theosophy that we progress in knowledge in proportion as with real humility and the getting rid of self and our selfish desires, we enter more fully into the life of the Master—and, that the great truths we are seeking and the goal of all our striving is to be found in unity with the living person of the Master. This was the solution to the great problem, and here a scheme of life, so wonderful in its simplicity that all who would, could understand; so pregnant with meaning that it must satisfy the most exacting, and so universal in its application that it could appeal to all, peasant and prince alike could glory in its priceless truths.

Here, then, seemed an apparent difficulty, after finding so much that was unsatisfactory in the Church and that seemed so inadequate, I found a group of people—a society—living the life that I had longed to live, and offering a better solution to the problems of life than I had ever known. What should I do, leave the Church and her apparent failures? I could not consistently do that, because I saw in the Theosophical Society the real life of the Church being lived; the life that the Master

intended for her. Theosophy does not destroy the Church and her doctrines, but lays the foundation for a correct interpretation of the Church; it offers great opportunity to those of us who have appreciated the lack of the real in the Church, to go back with the new light to that Church, not in order to allow it to become again a substitute for the Church of Jesus Christ, but in order to gather it up in that life of the Master, in which in this wonderful experience we may learn to live. The Church which we may now see is a Church conceived as inherently *spiritual* in its origin and meaning, and there, with our new interpretation, we can find and know Him in whom exist all treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Theosophy transfigures that discouraging inadequate aspect of the Church, and puts us in a true relation to her true conception. The Church and Theosophy are not antagonistic; it is not necessary to break with the one in order to be with the other. They seem, to me, to be supplementary, co-essential and co-existent.

I warned my readers in the beginning of the difficulty involved in a statement of a "why," and this rather weak expression of "why I joined," I am sure bears witness to my statement. I feel that the *why* is a growing and becoming, and still in the future it is a sort of an *eternal* why—never to be fully realized until we all shall have *become* Theosophists and:—"No longer exiles but victors shall knock at the immortal doors."

JUSTIN CREIGHTON.

"Look for the disciple, not among those who have the fewest imperfections, but among those who have the greatest courage."

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

V

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA AND ST. DIONYSIUS

"We owe a great debt of gratitude to Erigena, not only as a fearless and stimulating thinker, but also as the philosopher who has done more than anyone else to give expression to the cosmic significance of Christ's Person."

—THE BISHOP OF BLOEMFONTEIN IN *Ara Coeli*.

"The grandly conceived system of Erigena stands by itself in the 9th century like the product of another age. It is the only complete and independent system between the decline of ancient thought and the system of Aquinas, if indeed we ought not to go further, to modern times, to find a parallel." —Encyc. Brit.

IN the second volume of Hakluyt's book of *Voyages* there is a romantic account of the journey made in the ninth century by John Erigena to Athens and to the oracle of the sun that had been erected by Æsculapius. Hakluyt narrates that Erigena left England, during the reign of King Alfred, as the Danes had made it an unfit abode for a scholar. In the East, he became master of the Chaldee and Arabic languages as well as of Greek. He returned by the way of Italy and France. His erudition won him the favor of the French King. And he spent the rest of his days in France.

Hakluyt's narrative has the authority of romance only. But an atmosphere of mystery spreads around Erigena through that casual mention of the shrine of Æsculapius. Vergil was accounted a wizard during the Middle Ages. Erigena's position is something like Vergil's. His philosophic mind set him aloof from saints and scholars as a man who had intercourse with sources of knowledge unknown to men in general. Yet the springs of knowledge that welled fresh and deep water to him, he discovered through the perfection of his devotion. He is a philosopher and metaphysician as well as a mystic. It was granted him to see, below the relation of Christ with each individual, the relation of the Eternal *λογος* to the manifested universe.

There is very little known of Erigena's personal history. [He must not be confused with Duns Scotus of the 13th century]. The two adjectives appended to his proper name, *John*, give his nationality and place of birth. Erigena is derived from Erin. This famous scholar came from the race of the Irish Scotch, and was born in Ireland. Just how *Erigena* has come to be used for his name we do not know. He was in France about 847, Master of the Palace School in the reign of Charles the Bald, grandson of the great Emperor. Almost nothing more of his life is known except in connection with his writings.

Erigena's work is of the very greatest value. Through his Latin translation he made accessible to the Christian monks and scholars of Europe the inaccessible Greek writings of St. Dionysius. The writings of St. Dionysius represent, we believe, a successful effort of the Western Avatar to infuse into the hard materialism of Jewish Christianity the spiritual philosophy of the Great Lodge.

From writings that have from time to time appeared in the QUARTERLY, it is easy to form a conjecture that the Greek nation was being prepared for the advent of the Western Avatar. When the moral failure of the Greeks checked the original design, there was a deviation from the plan, and the Jewish nation was used as the birthplace of Western Religion. By that change Greek philosophy, which represents part of the Lodge's effort of preparation, was balked of its culmination. And the zealous but unspeculative Jewish mind had no apprehension of the mighty and mysterious events that were happening. It is possible to believe that a good part of the Master's effort, after the "Ascension," was to bring together the two elements represented by Greece and Judea—to fuse the deep philosophy and lofty metaphysics of the Hellene with the zeal and outer righteousness of the Jew.

The work of St. Paul may be a part of the Master's effort. The familiar ideas of Platonic philosophy recur through St. Paul's letters. And aside from St. Paul's immediate instruction by the Master, there are to be remembered his years of study with Gamaliel, and Gamaliel's possible connection with Philo, the Jew, who at Alexandria was interpreting the doctrine of the Hebrew *Genesis*, etc., by light derived from Greek philosophy.

If one proceed from such a hypothesis as the Master's effort to fuse Greek philosophy with Jewish zeal, the work of the Neo-Platonists might appear a movement inspired and directed by Him. That hypothesis would settle in a moment the problems that have so long perplexed Catholic and Protestant and agnostic minds in regard to the writings of St. Dionysius. For as the writings of Dionysius embody the old teachings of Vedanta philosophy, those who are eager to recognize the Master as the Unseen Power behind history would easily believe that He and the Lodge, in their supreme consideration for the fate of humanity, had once more, through that old saint, breathed the breath of Life into the Death House of our world.

St. Dionysius is the enigmatical person commonly called the Pseudo (false) Areopagite. While some scholars of extreme temperament denounce his writings as forgeries, the conservative opinions of both Catholic and Protestant judge them authentic, though no light can be thrown upon the personality of the author. As both the Eastern (Greek Orthodox) and Roman Catholic Churches have canonized the unknown author, the official attitude toward the

writings is clear. Their history is briefly as follows. The writings of St. Dionysius cannot be traced back beyond the 4th century. It is believed by conservatives they were composed in the 4th or the 5th century. But they purport to be the work of the man named Dionysius (the Areopagite) who was converted to Christianity during St. Paul's visit to Athens. In the writings the author states that he had seen the holy mother Mary. And besides the formal writings there are letters addressed to Timothy, to Polycarp and to St. John himself. What end other than forgery would lead a 4th or 5th century theologian to palm off his own writings under an illustrious Athenian name?

The writings themselves, and their influence upon the Christian Church lead me to regard them as an inspiration from the Master himself to some unknown faithful disciple whom we will call—as the Church does—St. Dionysius. The chief teaching of the several treatises is, briefly, the old Vedanta doctrine of the Transcendence of the One, called by Dionysius, God, and the possibility for man of union with the One. To state with brevity the influence of the Dionysian treatises upon the Christian Church I will quote a contemporary Roman Catholic priest; the Reverend Father Sharpe (not a Modernist) says “their echoes are heard in every mystical writer since their appearance.” We have often been told that it is the mystics who have kept the Christian Church alive. Shall we doubt that the Treatises whose echoes resound in every mystical writer had connection with the great Founder of the Faith?

The writings of Dionysius reached France in the 8th century in a Greek manuscript presented by Pope Paul to King Pepin. But their influence was quiescent for a century. No one but an Irishman could read Greek, it was declared, and, in the 8th century, we have seen Alcuin's endeavor to exclude the Irish from France. In 827 a second Greek manuscript containing the works was presented to Louis (son of Charlemagne). This manuscript aroused great enthusiasm in King Louis's Chaplain, Hilduin, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Denis. Hilduin maintained, on the basis of some legend, that St. Paul's convert, Dionysius, had left Athens and had come to France, the first Christian missionary in the West, the national protector, St. Denis. Hilduin further maintained that the bones of this St. Dionysius or Denis were at that moment reposing in the Monastery. He at once set about translating the works of the French Athenian Saint! Still little impression seems to have been made. Twenty years later, 847, is the first mention of Erigena's presence in France. Erigena's patron, King Charles the Bald, directed him to translate the Greek manuscript. Erigena's translation made Dionysius current in European thought.

Erigena's original compositions show why his translation of Dionysius was so successful. There was affinity of mind and spirit.

In all his writing, Erigena quotes his favorite teacher over and over again. And the teachings of Dionysius appear repeated and repeated in Erigena. Yet the repetitions are not those made by a stupid disciple of his teacher's words. Erigena's own works are as truly original as those of St. Dionysius. Erigena too, in devotion, goes back to the great Source of Life, and the fresh waters stream through him. Thus, while one reads Erigena, it is all familiar, but full of interest.

Erigena translated all the works of Dionysius, namely, four treatises and ten letters, and wrote comments on the treatises. The names of the treatises and their contents are very briefly, as follows: I. *The Divine Names*. In this the Transcendence of the One is set forth. Names are applied by way of metaphor to Divinity, for the One exists beyond all names and "pairs of opposites." Because He includes everything and is above everything, it is easier to speak of Him negatively, i. e., by saying what He is not, than affirmatively. II. *The Celestial Hierarchy*. An exposition of the planes of spiritual life. This book is the source of Christian knowledge about the orders of the angels, as they are arranged in Dante's *Paradiso*, for example. III. *The Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*. A mystical interpretation of the Sacraments and Offices of the Church. IV. *Mystical Theology*; this explains the way of union with the One.

Erigena's original works are *Comments on the Gospel of St. John*, *On Predestination*, and *On the Division of Nature*. The last is his greatest. The Dionysian teachings are set forth there, but in an original way, with a wealth of illustration, and proofs furnished by the author's very genuine erudition. The work is in the form of a dialogue between a teacher and his pupil. The teacher unfolds the meaning of obscure texts of Scripture. He goes back to the original languages for the meaning of words, traces them back to their roots, and thus in a masterly manner floods darkness with light. The words of the title are entirely misleading as to the meaning. By "Nature" Erigena meant what philosophers mean—the spiritual world behind the visible. It is no part of Erigena's plan to consider the visible world of matter. For by "Nature" he means that which partakes of the essence of Transcendent Being, the Primordial Essences. The visible world of matter is an accident, as it were, a shadow that will pass away. He considers the Transcendent Being of God in four divisions: First, as the Beginning from which all Nature proceeds, and fourthly, as the End to which all Nature returns. Between the Beginning and the End are, secondly, the Unmanifest Primordial Causes, and, thirdly, the Angels and Man (spiritual) as Effects of the Primordial Causes. In division three, the Teacher explains to his pupil the book of Genesis. Erigena's interpretation makes the events of the Mosaic narrative refer altogether to the spiritual plane—the creation of spiritual man. It should be noted in passing that he

interprets the "Fall" as the seduction of the spiritual nature by the mind. The five books of this great work contain passages of superb eloquence, and others of great devotion. It abounds with references to Dionysius and quotations from him. It quotes frequently from Greek Fathers of the Church, and also from St. Augustine, who seems to Erigena the greatest of the Latins. But Erigena knew that the Latins could give very little help in his arguments. And though he quotes them, Hilary, Ambrose and others, to show that there is usually a mystical core in their works, yet he is quite candid and fair. He admits that the beliefs of the Latins generally were different from those of Origen, Maximus, Gregory Nazianzen and the East.

It is unfortunate that Erigena's belief in the transcendence of Divine Being led him to an undue stress upon one point in the great circumference of Catholic truth. When any single point of the circumference receives more than due attention, a tangential line of heresy is likely to result. St. Dionysius had written of sin as a distortion or perversion of virtue, as virtue in the making. That doctrine is familiar to-day. But one can see that over-emphasis might cause some people to rest content in the sin instead of proceeding to the active process of transformation. Erigena's work *On Predestination* gave the impression that he did not sufficiently consider the gravity of sin. That simple fault brought suspicion upon his other teachings. The indefinite charge "Pantheism" has always been made against him. And his masterpiece, *De Divisione Naturae*, has been condemned. It is nevertheless to be found along with his approved writings in Volume 122 of Migne's *Patrologiae*.

The writings of Erigena and of St. Dionysius are of first importance. They are very readable though not in common circulation. Hence it seems well to conclude this article with certain extracts that will make clearer than any essay could the doctrines of the two men and the nature of their influence.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

ST. DIONYSIUS: MYSTICAL THEOLOGY

Translated by the Reverend Father Sharpe.*

(*This is a very short treatise dedicated to Timothy. The introduction and three sections are here reprinted.*)

Most exalted Trinity, Divinity above all knowledge, whose goodness passes understanding, who dost guide Christians to divine wisdom†; direct our way to the summit of thy mystical oracles, most incomprehensible, most lucid and most exalted, where the simple and pure and unchangeable mysteries of theology are revealed in

* In *Mysticism: Its True Nature and Value*. Published by Herder, St. Louis.

† The word in the original, and in Erigena's translation is "Theosophy."

the darkness, clearer than light, of that silence in which secret things are hidden; a darkness that shines brighter than light, that invisibly and intangibly illuminates with splendours of inconceivable beauty the soul that sees not. Let this be my prayer; but do thou, dear Timothy, diligently giving thyself to mystical contemplation, leave the senses, and the operations of the intellect, and all things sensible and intelligible, and things that are and things that are not, that thou mayest rise as may be lawful for thee, by ways above knowledge to union with Him who is above all knowledge and all being; that in freedom and abandonment of all, thou mayest be borne, through pure, entire and absolute abstraction of thyself from all things, into the supernatural radiance of the divine darkness.

But see that none of the uninitiated hear these things. I mean those who cleave to created things, and suppose not that anything exists after a supernatural manner, above nature; but imagine that by their own natural understanding they know Him who has made darkness His secret place. But if the principles of the divine mysteries are above the understanding of these, what is to be said of those yet more untaught, who call the absolute First Cause of all after the lowest things in nature, and say that He is in no way above the images which they fashion after various designs; of whom they should declare and affirm that in Him as the cause of all, is all that may be predicated positively of created things; while yet they might with more propriety deny these predicates to Him, as being far above all; holding that here denial is not contrary to affirmation, since He is infinitely above all notion of deprivation, and above all affirmation and negation.

Thus the divine Bartholomew says that Theology is both much and very little, and that the Gospel is great and ample, and yet short. His sublime meaning is, I think, that the beneficent cause of all things says much, and says little, and is altogether silent, as having neither (human) speech nor (human) understanding, since He is essentially above all created things, and manifests Himself unveiled, and as He truly is to those only who pass beyond all that is either pure or impure, who rise above the highest height of holy things, who abandon all divine light and sound and heavenly speech, and are absorbed into that darkness where, as the Scripture says, He truly is, who is beyond all things.

It is not without a deeper meaning that the divine Moses was commanded first to be himself purified, and then to separate himself from the impure; and after all this purification heard many voices of trumpets, and saw many lights shedding manifold pure beams: and that he was thereafter separated from the multitude and together with the elect priests came to the height of the divine ascents. Yet thereby he did not attain to the presence of God Himself; he saw not Him (for He cannot be looked upon), but the place where He was.

This, I think, signifies that the divinest and most exalted of visible and invisible things are, as it were, suggestions of those that are immediately beneath Him who is above all, and whereby is indicated the presence of Him who passes all understanding, and stands, as it were, in that spot which is conceived by the intellect as the highest of His holy places; then that they who are free and untrammelled by all that is seen and all that sees enter into the true mystical darkness of ignorance, whence all perception of understanding is excluded, and abide in that which is intangible and invisible, being wholly absorbed in Him who is beyond all things, and belong no more to any, neither to themselves nor to another, but are united in their higher part to Him who is wholly unintelligible, and whom, by understanding nothing, they understand after a manner above all intelligence.

We desire to abide in this most luminous darkness, and without sight or knowledge, to see that which is above sight or knowledge, by means of that very fact that we see not and know not. For this is truly to see and know, to praise Him who is above nature, in a manner above nature, by the abstraction of all that is natural; as those who would make a statue out of the natural stone abstract all the surrounding material which hinders the sight of the shape lying concealed within, and by that abstraction alone reveal its hidden beauty. It is needful, as I think, to make this abstraction in a manner precisely opposite to that in which we deal with the Divine attributes; for we add them together, beginning with the primary ones, and passing from them to the secondary, and so to the last; but here we ascend from the last to the first, abstracting all, so as to unveil and know that which is beyond knowledge, and which in all things is hidden from our sight by that which can be known, and so to behold that supernatural darkness which is hidden by all such light as is in created things.

We say that the Cause of all things, who is Himself above all things, is neither without being nor without life, nor without reason nor without intelligence; nor is He a body; nor has He form or shape, or quality or quantity or mass; He is not localised or visible or tangible; He is neither sensitive nor sensible; He is subject to no disorder or disturbance arising from material passion; He is not subject to failure of power, or to the accidents of sensible things; He needs no light; He suffers no change or corruption or division, or privation or flux; and He neither has nor is anything else that belongs to the senses.

Again, ascending, we say that He is neither soul nor intellect; nor has He imagination, nor opinion nor reason; He has neither speech nor understanding, and is neither declared nor understood; He is neither number nor order, nor greatness nor smallness, nor equality nor likeness nor unlikeness; He does not stand or move or

rest; He neither has power nor is power; nor is He light, nor does He live, nor is He life; He is neither being nor age nor time; nor is He subject to intellectual contact; He is neither knowledge nor truth, nor royalty nor wisdom; He is neither one nor unity, nor divinity, nor goodness; nor is He spirit, as we understand spirit; He is neither sonship nor fatherhood nor anything else known to us or to any other beings, either of the things that are or the things that are not; nor does anything that is, know Him as He is, nor does He know anything that is as it is; He has neither word nor name nor knowledge; He is neither darkness nor light nor truth nor error; He can neither be affirmed nor denied; nay, though we may affirm or deny the things that are beneath Him, we can neither affirm nor deny Him; for the perfect and sole cause of all is above all affirmation, and that which transcends all is above all subtraction, absolutely separate, and beyond all that is.

LETTER TO DOROTHEUS THE DEACON

BY ST. DIONYSIUS

Translated by Father Sharpe

The divine darkness is the inaccessible light in which God is said to dwell. And since He is invisible by reason of the abundant outpouring of supernatural light, it follows that whosoever is counted worthy to know and see God, by the very fact that he neither sees nor knows Him, attains to that which is above sight and knowledge, and at the same time perceives that God is beyond all things both sensible and intelligible, saying with the Prophet, "Thy knowledge is become wonderful to me; it is high, and I cannot reach to it." In like manner, St. Paul, we are told, knew God, when he knew Him to be above all knowledge and understanding; wherefore he says that His ways are unsearchable and His judgments inscrutable, His gifts unspeakable, and His peace passing all understanding; as one who had found Him who is above all things, and whom he had perceived to be above knowledge, and separate from all things, being the Creator of all.

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA

Extracts translated by S. M.

COMMENTS ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN

The voice of the eagle falls upon the ear of the Church. While the physical organ catches the quick passing sound, let the soul draw into itself the meaning of the words as immortal treasure. The sun-sighted bird soars high above the gross air of earth, above the ether, above the limits of the visible universe; then, borne upon the swift

wings of secret science, it beholds, with the piercing eyes of contemplation, the lofty lands that tower above the invisible world. For there is a visible universe, and also an invisible. Within the visible is contained whatever human or angelic intelligence can apprehend. But the invisible universe is hidden deep beyond the range of all perception. It is above these two worlds that the blessed evangelist soars. The mysterious flight of the spirit carries him outside the universe of visible creatures and the universe of invisible essences, and lifts him toward the secret sanctuary of the Most High. There he beholds the incomprehensible Unity of the One which differentiates itself into the Absolute and the Logos, the Father and the Son.

Oh blessed Evangelist! rightly art thou named John! for thy name means *one to whom gifts have been made*. To which of the apostles was such grace given as to thee, first, to pierce into the hidden mystery of the Most High, and then, to make known to the human understanding the secrets which had been there revealed to thee? Is there another who received a like gift as thine, and as rich? Does some one reply "Peter, when he answered his Master's question saying 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God?'" But in that answer Peter seems to me rather a type of faith and of action than of knowledge and meditation. Indeed the two disciples very aptly symbolise those contrasting virtues, faith and knowledge, action and meditation. Thus, one laid his head upon his Master's bosom; what is that but the symbol of meditation? The other often wavered and fell, symbolising inevitable action and reaction. For when a man begins to obey the divine commandments, it is long before he can bring his purpose to a steady level; meanwhile he fluctuates, sailing now on the crest of virtues, and immediately afterwards plunging into the dark troughs of the swinish nature. But with the contemplative Seer it is not so. When the period of purgation is past, and the meditative eye beholds the Face of Truth, then all wavering ends—reaction, rebellion, resistance, all cease.

Other facts in the Gospel narratives sharpen the lines of contrast between Peter and John. Thus both ran to the sepulchre, and though John outstripped Peter, Peter was first to enter. If we read below the surface meaning of the words, we shall understand by "sepulchre" the "Holy Scriptures." In them, as in a granite fortress, the mystery of the Divine and Human natures is guarded. Peter is the first to enter the guarded fortress. Faith precedes knowledge and prepares the way for it. Yet the swifter speed of John clearly represents the quick operation of intuition. Consider again the testimony borne by the two men for the Master. Peter recognized Him as God made man and subject to temporal conditions; he called him "Christ, the Son of the Living God." That was a lofty preception. But John's vision soared higher. He saw Christ

as God born of God before temporal conditions had begun to exist. It is of this truth that John bears testimony when he writes: "In the beginning was the *logos*" (or "In the First Principle existed the *logos*"). I would have no one think that I am making odious comparisons of the Apostles. I am not exalting John above Peter. Is not Peter truly the Prince of the Apostles? I am considering now, not the personal dignity of the Apostles, but the nice distinctions between the lofty qualities which they seem to me to symbolise. So, without personal reference to John or Peter, I can say that I am comparing and contrasting Action and Meditation. Action purges the soul till it is wholly purified. The soul climbs up a ladder of perfection until it arrives at an unchanging constancy of virtue. Thus Meditation is the end of Action. Therefore let me again say that Peter (i. e. the performance of good acts and thoughts) by reason of his right action, saw the Son of God subject, through the mysterious Incarnation, to the limitations of flesh; while John (i. e. the highest form of Meditation, or Contemplation) beheld with wonder the *logos* of Deity existing Independent, Absolute and Infinite within the First Principle from which it is derived—he beheld the Son in the Father. Peter, by divine inspiration, saw the temporal nature and the eternal made one in Christ. John disclosed to our hearts the awful sanctity of Christ's Divine Eternal Being.

Therefore I call John a swift-winged eagle that rests from flight in view of the Awful Presence. He outsoars visible and invisible space, and the furthest stretch of spiritual vision, and, perfect as his Father, enters into the joy of his Father, Whose Love has given him this perfection (*deificatum in Deum intrat deificantem*). St. Paul tells us in his letter that he was carried up to the third heaven; but he was not carried into the "heaven of heavens." He was raised into Paradise, but not above Paradise. John passed through the highest heaven, and rose above the Paradise of Angels. In the third heaven, the sacred Apostle of the Gentiles heard ineffable words which he was not permitted to speak unto men. But John, the contemplator of Love's innermost Truth, entered the Holy Place that lies outside the furthest goal of Heaven, and in that centre and Sacred Heart of Life he heard one single Word; and to him the grace was given to proclaim unto men that Word, by which all angels and men are made. Loyal to his trust he cries out to those who can hear: "In the beginning was the Word."

John was not man, but more than man when he entered into the life of the Secret Essence, the awful mystery of the One Principle in Three Substances. For in no other way can man ascend to God, save by first becoming God. Just as the human eye has no light of its own to perceive color and form but must irradiate its darkness with the solar rays, seeing the light by the light, so the soul of man cannot know the sacred mysteries of spiritual wisdom until it is made

fit to partake of that wisdom and to be made a parcel of it. It is thus that the holy Evangelist was transformed by divine alchemy; he became a partaker of the Divine Nature. By virtue of that transformation he saw God the *logos* existing within God the Absolute, the Son in the Father.

"That was the True Light." Human nature, even sinless, has no power of self-illumination. It is not the "Light of the World," though it can be lighted up by the rays of that Central Sun. For just as the dark atmosphere of earth is made luminous by the light of the sun, so the dark ignorance of the "natural man" is illumined by the Sun of Divine Wisdom. And as the earth, lighted by the sun, reflects light, so human nature, when the rays of Divine Grace fall upon it, appears fairer than it is. Christ himself says to us: "It is not you who speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." In these words He teaches us to distinguish between True Light and its reflection. He wishes us ever to listen to Him speaking mysteriously in our hearts and saying: "Give glory to the Father, for it is He who works through you. You do nothing of yourselves. I am glowing in your hearts, the Light of the whole world, not seen by the eye, but by the soul. It is not you who find me out and come to me, but I, in you, bring you to myself. You are to become clear mirrors of the Light that shines eternally above you." St. John would not have us believe that the opinions of human nature are divine intuitions, rays of heavenly light. The Eternal Light shines upon those who, through the second birth, have begun to live in the spiritual world. A new and stricter law is obeyed by these spiritual babes. They turn in aspiration from the old world below them, and bend their endeavor to reach dim heights above. They come out from the dark shadow of death into the light of wisdom and life. They flee from their old mother, the Earth, and turn swift feet to their Father's home in Heaven. They oppose and destroy their desires and vices. It is only upon such aspirants that the True Light shines.

"And the world knew Him not." It is man, the microcosm, that is here meant by the word "world," not the universe. For in man the spiritual and corporeal worlds are united. It is this creature, bound by the chains of sin and blinded by ignorance, that did not recognize its Creator. Man could not perceive the awful splendor of Divinity before the Incarnation; and rejected that splendor when it was veiled in humanity. Man ignored his invisible Lord, and spurned that Lord when He stood face to face on earth. Man refused to follow the Friend who so patiently had followed him, would not listen to His voice, would not accept His deifying Grace, would not receive the exile from Heaven who had come to rescue the waif of earth.

"Born of God." Some have said it seems impossible that mortals should become immortal, that corruption should lose its taint, that

men should become sons of God and pass from the prison of time to the freedom of eternity. But, "*the Word was made flesh.*" If we believe the stupendous miracle of the Incarnation, why should we refuse faith to a much less mysterious event? If the Son of God was made Man, why should not the man who opens the door to Him become likewise a son? It was to this end that the *λογος* descended into the world, in order that through His Humanity, human nature might ascend into heaven. The one only-begotten Son longed to bring a host of foster-children to His Father. The Incarnation was for our benefit, not for His own. He wished to make His Humanity a medium for the transmutation of all human nature to Divine. He descended alone, in order that he might ascend with many. He, a God, made Himself Man, in order that He might make Gods of men.

FROM DE DEVISIONE NATURAE

God created our souls and our bodies simultaneously in Paradise; but those bodies were, as St. Paul calls them, celestial, spiritual, such as they will be after our resurrection. For the swollen, decaying, material bodies in which we are now imprisoned, came upon us not from Nature but from Sin. Therefore, this material body, which is an excrescence upon our Nature due to sin, will fall away, when our Nature shall have been restored in Christ, and established in pristine splendor. For surely that thing cannot be eternal which has fastened upon us as the result of sin. Yet I believe that even this excrescence will not be annihilated, but will be transformed, by the might of Christ, until it becomes like in kind with our nature as first created. For as a mirror is perfected, not by dashing out its flaws, but by transforming them, so is our present condition to be purified.

Man will not be restored to the state from which he fell, but, in Christ, will be exalted above it, and above all celestial being. For sin did its baleful work, yet Divine Compassion is mightier than sin. So that human nature, purified in Christ, will not take its former place among spiritual creatures, but will be lifted up above all creatures into the Godhead itself, and will sit down, with Christ, on the right hand of the Father.

No creature can of its own strength ascend to the abode of God. But as the mind can not understand the mystery of Christ's descent into humanity, neither can it grasp the meaning of man's ascent toward God.

When Christ left the grave, he entered Paradise; yet, at the same time, he spoke familiarly with his disciples, and showed them clearly that Heaven is nothing else than the exalted consciousness of the spiritual nature when it has risen from the tomb of flesh. This Heaven He promised to all who believe in Him. He taught also that at heart there is no difference between Heaven and earth, for Heaven is the heart of earth. The shocks and chances that trouble earth have developed since man's fall; their purpose is not so much to punish man as to give an opportunity for discipline and amendment. Thus Christ redeems earth itself from the blight of man's sin, and shows that Heaven and earth are one home, to which earth is the portal. For it is not unthinkable space that separates Heaven and earth, but the condition of a man's own heart.

Surely no one believes that when Christ talked with His disciples after the Resurrection, He came to them from any spot of earth, or that, when He vanished from their presence, He departed to some other spot. After the Resurrection, not only His Divinity, but even His Human nature had triumphed over the laws of time and place. For Spiritual bodies are not subject to the limitations of earthy matter: they are free from the grossness of the material body. Christ appeared to His disciples in the form in which He had been crucified so that He might foster their faith until their minds should be illuminated by the truth. After a brief period of outer manifestation, He withdrew, to show Himself interiorly, in true spiritual form. When He says: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," He indicates clearly that He will be with His children, not as the unembodied *λογος*, which indeed forever sustains and enkindles all life, but as the Human Friend, Who unites in His own person man's nature and God's, Who raises man's nature from its place among the dead and transmutes it, making it Divine. Yet the Humanity in which the Master dwells among His children is free from all local and temporal restrictions. Marvellous, unthinkable indeed, is the manner of His present Life! For while He sits in glory at the right hand of His Father, God of God and Light of Light, He also visits those among man who love Him, and shows Himself to them openly or interiorly. And though He is the Mighty Ruler of the universe, yet He ministers in all things to the dire needs of wretched man.

After the Resurrection, when Christ from time to time disappeared from the sight of His disciples, His disappearance was not what we should call a withdrawal to some other place; it was rather

an *indrawal* into the finer substance of His spiritual body. As the disciples' vision had not yet reached the stage of perceiving spiritual matter, He was consequently hid from them.

The whole creation was restored in the person of the only-begotten Son. And what was then done vicariously by Christ, will be enjoyed at the end of the world, by all creatures. For in that Christ wrought His purpose gloriously, He wrought it not for himself, but for all creation. I repeat, not for man, alone, but for all creation, creatures that are above man, like the angels, and also for those below the human plane. In man, both the higher traits of spirits and the lower instincts of animals are joined together. Thus, Christ, in taking upon Himself human nature, took upon Him the angelic and the bestial dispositions. So that the sacrifice of His Incarnation brought no less profit to angels than to sinful men.

Life is a circle whose center is God.

FORBES ROBINSON.

Heaven is the possibility of fresh acts of self-sacrifice.

FORBES ROBINSON.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND THEOSOPHY

WE are accustomed to the speculations of M. Maeterlinck in various directions, and in various styles. He is always clear, and always ready to take up some new theme and make it his own; but it must be confessed that in dealing with Theosophy in his recent book, called "La Mort," he seems to have gone rather beyond his depth, and to have confounded the ideas of reincarnation and the transmigration of souls.

Before taking up the questions of the nature and the persistence of the individual consciousness, M. Maeterlinck thinks it would be well to study two interesting solutions of these problems, which if not novel, are at least revivals of the idea of personal immortality. These neo-theosophic and neo-spiritistic theories are the only ones that he thinks worthy of serious discussion. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that of all religious hypothesis, reincarnation is the most plausible, and the one least shocking to our reason. It has the advantage of the support of the most ancient and the most universal religions, those which we have not yet fully comprehended. In fact the whole of Asia, whence comes to us nearly all we know, has always believed and still believes, in the transmigration of souls." Here Maeterlinck quotes Annie Besant, whom he styles "that remarkable apostle of the new Theosophy," as saying—"very justly"—that there is no philosophical doctrine which has back of it so magnificent a past, so charged with intellectuality, as the doctrine of reincarnation, "there is no other, as Max Müller has declared, upon which the greatest philosophers of humanity have been so completely in accord."

All this, says M. Maeterlinck, is perfectly true. But he goes no further, the whole of Theosophy for him, seems to be compressed into that one doctrine; and not content with a philosophy handed down to us from remotest antiquity, a philosophy that he says is so completely satisfying to the greatest minds of all ages, he asks for—what?—for proofs! For proofs! and says that he has vainly sought for a single one among the best writings of our modern Theosophists. He finds them all limited to reiterated and dogmatic affirmations floating in empty space, whither M. Maeterlinck would seem to have sought them.

Several of the earlier chapters of *La Mort* are devoted to the terrors of death, dwelt upon, most of us would think, with quite unnecessary elaboration. Apart from any psychic or spiritistic phenomena, is it not a very frequent occurrence that a gentle indifference steals over the departing spirit, and an absolute absence of desire takes the place of

the frenzied clinging to life which marks the fewer departures. One of the best known physicians in New York told me that only twenty per cent. of the deaths he had witnessed, were other than calm and peaceful—probably indifferent would be the better word. A day will come, M. Maeterlinck is sure, when science will not only assert an opinion, but will act with certainty when there is a question as to the release from suffering in incurable disease; when Life, grown wiser, will silently steal away, at the hour of its own choice, knowing that its hour has come, as calmly as it retires every night, knowing that its daily task is completed. There will not be any reason, physical or metaphysical, why the approach of death should not be as beneficent as the coming of sleep.

We are promised on the other hand, our author says, that in refining our senses, making our bodies more subtle, we, our mind, can live with those we call dead, and with the superior beings that surround us. It is surprising to him that they bring us nothing in the nature of proof. We demand something other than arbitrary theories about "the immortal triad," "the astral body," "Kama-Loka," etc. It is possible, he concedes, that the theosophists are right when they maintain that we are continually surrounded by swarms of living entities, intelligent and innumerable, "and as different from each other as a blade of grass from a tiger, or a tiger from a man," who elbow us unceasing, and through whom we pass without perceiving them." We go from one extreme to the other. "If all religions have united in over-stocking the world of invisible beings, we have, perhaps, too completely *de*-peopled it, and it is very possible that some day we shall find out that the error was not on the side we thought." Let us only remember, he continues, that we are not obliged to prove the statements of positive religions, it is for them to establish their truth. Now there is not one of them that presents us with any proof that a moderate intelligence could accept as irresistible.

And be it said in passing, says M. Maeterlinck, it is always very unfortunate to replace a mystery by a lesser mystery. In the hierarchy of the unknown, humanity always ascends from the lesser to the greater. On the other hand, to descend from the greater to the less, is to return to a primitive barbarism, where man goes so far as to replace the infinite by a fetish or an amulet. The greatness of man is measured by the mysteries he cultivates, or before which he stops short.

"We stand before the abyss," says M. Maeterlinck, "emptied of all the dreams with which our fathers peopled it. They believed they knew what was there, we only know what is not there. While waiting for a scientific certainty to dispel the darkness—for man has a right to hope for what he cannot yet conceive—the only thing that interests us, because we find it within the little circle that our present intelligence traces upon the darkest night, is to know whether the unknown whither we go, is to be welcomed or feared."

Outside of the positive answers given by the churches, four solutions

of this problem appeal to M. Maeterlinck as conceivable: I, total annihilation; II, survival of our present consciousness; III, survival without any kind of consciousness; IV, finally, survival, or rather absorption in the universal consciousness; or with a consciousness which is not the same as that we enjoy in this world, which makes V., *M. le philosophe, ne vous déplaîse!* It does not seem to occur to him that total annihilation (I) and survival without any kind of consciousness, (III) are virtually the same thing, and so is absorption in the universal consciousness, (IV). Of a consciousness differing from our own, we are unable to conceive at present, which leaves us with only two theories, I, and IV, and as M. Maeterlinck confesses in his next paragraph that total annihilation is an impossibility, we have nothing left but the universal consciousness, in which our own is swallowed up. A cheerful philosopher found his way out of this dilemma, by asserting that if you were not to be immortal, you would never know it. Of course unless some other condition of consciousness than ours immediately succeeded death, there could be no survival of the personality, and no such thing as immortality, in the ordinary sense of the word.

And so we come round again to the point from which we started, the theosophic ideas of death and re-incarnation, as M. Maeterlinck sees them. He has a passage on the soul or rather the mind, which is very significant. "How can our thought," he says, "remain the same when there is nothing left of that which embodied it? When it has no longer a body, what can it carry into the infinite by which it can recognize itself, an entity who only knew itself thanks to that body? A few souvenirs of a common life? Would these recollections, already beginning to fade in this world, suffice to separate this entity forever from the rest of the universe, in unbounded space, and unlimited time? But it may be said, in our 'I' lies hidden a superior being to the one we know. It is probable, even certain; but how will the 'I' we know, and whose destiny alone concerns us, recognize all these things and this superior being which it has never known? If I am told that this stranger is myself I should like to believe it, but that which in this world felt and measured my joys and sorrows, and gave birth to the few thoughts and memories that remain to me, was it this unknown and invisible being which existed in me without my suspecting it, as I probably lived in it without its troubling itself about a presence that brought it nothing but the miserable memory of a thing which is no more?" It reminds one of Aldrich's two ghosts that meet in "desolate wind-swept" space and the one asks the other who he is:—"I do not know, the Shape replied, I only died last night."

KATHARINE HILLARD.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD CHRISTIAN UNITY

CHRIST prayed that his followers might be one. The Christian of today looks about on a multitude of sects often mutually suspicious of one another, at most tentatively coöperative. It has been said that America gives to the world a sect a day, and that not even the commissioner of the census can keep up with these ecclesiastical fissions. Like the man travelling through a wood who could not see the forest for the trees, the Christian of today can not see the Church for the churches. How, he asks himself, has such a state of affairs ever come about? But the mystic with keen intuition and deep personal devotion thinks of the ruptured body of his lord and sets himself to do what he can to heal those wounds.

Out of this atmosphere—this sense of an intolerable situation—attempts at fusion have arisen. Closely affiliated groups have united in conferences, in social and missionary work. Such efforts have been made by the Protestants in Canada, by the Presbyterians in Scotland and in the United States. Sometimes these attempts have assumed the character of independent organizations as in the case of The Federation of Churches or the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; sometimes they have merely attained coöperation; in other cases they are hardly more than armed truces. Yet the fact of the efforts is significant. Though haphazard and often ineffective, they have to some extent at least, ploughed up the hard ground of prejudice and separatism ready for the seed which shall grow into the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer, that his followers should be one.

Other influences have strengthened the tendency toward union. The situation on the mission field has been such as to make a scandal of present divisions. The possibility of unity in mission work was demonstrated at the great Edinburgh Conference. Books like Dr. Newman Smyth's *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism* have been widely circulated in many countries and among many denominations. The main schools of modern theological scholarship have overlapped denominational boundaries and established a cosmopolitanism of religion at least among scholars.

The Church of England has always been foremost among churches in its efforts to promote Christian unity. Through the Lambeth Conferences of bishops it has given official expression of its desire for reunion with all other Christians. As early as 1857 an Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom was formed in the English Church. Later a society was established to

advocate principally home reunion—that is union between the protestant bodies in Great Britain and the Church of England. These two organizations played an important part in preparing the way for recent more consecutive efforts.

The movement toward the reunion of Christendom in the Eastern Orthodox Church dates back to the first half of the seventeenth century. In the East there has been constant intercourse between this body and the Church of England. Visits and delegations between England and Russia have increased the good will. In the United States, too, there has been cordial interchange between the Episcopal and the Orthodox Church. Trinity Parish, for instance, has always welcomed the ministers of the Orthodox Church and placed one of its chapels at their disposal for services.

This cordiality of intercourse between the Orthodox and the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches crystallized in the Anglican and Eastern Orthodox Churches Union, founded in London, in July, 1906. The American Branch came into being two years later, in 1908. A similar society for the same purpose was started in Russia in 1912. The objects of this association are to "promote mutual sympathy, understanding and intercourse," and to "promote and encourage action and study furthering reunion."

In America there has long existed a society called The Church Unity Society. Several protestant churches had appointed committees or commissions before the three simultaneous appointments of 1910. Such committees of the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches were conferring together several years before that date. But the desire for Christian unity first found effective expression in what, because of its four fundamental propositions, has since been known as the "quadrilateral." This "quadrilateral" was set forth by the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church in the General Convention of 1886, and was amended and ratified by the House of Deputies. The Lambeth Conference of 1888 accepted it and incorporated it in its report. Various communications were exchanged with other religious bodies, but there was no formal expression in the shape of a society until July, 1910, when, as the result of the action of twenty-four members of the Episcopal Church, The Christian Unity Foundation was incorporated.

The objects of this society can be summed up as research and conference. Since its incorporation it has held conferences with the Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Moravians, Methodists, Reformed Episcopalians and Baptists. In conference with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists certain definite resolutions have been passed embodying the principles upon which corporate reunion might be effected between these bodies and the Episcopalians.

On the side of research the Foundation has issued a number of

leaflets. "A Study on the Disciples of Christ" sets forth the doctrines and status of this body in the United States. It has been accepted by the Disciples as a correct statement of their position and 100,000 copies have been printed. "A Study on Methodism" has met with the approval of Methodists and has been widely circulated. "A Study on the Early Christian Ministry" has been recently published by the Foundation and has attracted considerable attention in the different Protestant churches.

In the year 1910 three commissions on Christian unity were appointed almost simultaneously by three different bodies—the Episcopal Church, the Congregational Church, and the Disciples of Christ. The Commission on Faith and Order appointed at the Episcopal General Convention of 1910 presented an elaborate report to the General Convention of 1913. At that convention it was not only continued, but authority was given it to incorporate itself.

The immediate purpose and scope of this Commission is to bring about as the next step toward unity a Conference for the consideration of questions of Faith and Order, to be participated in by representatives of the whole Christian world, both Catholic and Protestant. "The Conference is for the definite purpose of considering those things in which we differ, in the hope that a better understanding of divergent views of Faith and Order will result in a deepened desire for reunion and in official action on the part of the separated Communions themselves." "All Christian Communions are to be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting the Conference. We, ourselves, are to take only preliminary action, and at the earliest possible moment are to act in association with others." The work of the Conference is undertaken with the hope of ultimate unity. The Conference itself is preliminary to any action. The preparation for the Conference is a preliminary—preliminary.

The following resolution was offered in the House of Deputies by the Rev. W. T. Manning, D.D., of New York:

"Resolved, The House of Bishops concurring, That a Joint Committee, consisting of seven Bishops, seven Presbyters and seven Laymen, be appointed to take under advisement the promotion by this Church of a Conference following the general method of the World Missionary Conference, to be participated in by representatives of all Christian bodies throughout the world which accept our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, for the consideration of questions pertaining to the Faith and Order of the Church of Christ, and that said Committee, if it deem such a Conference feasible, shall report to this Convention;"

The Joint Committee of the General Convention of 1910, to which the resolution was referred, reported as follows:

"Your Committee is of one mind. We believe that the time has

now arrived when representatives of the whole family of Christ, led by the Holy Spirit, may be willing to come together for the consideration of questions of Faith and Order. We believe, further, that all Christian Communion are in accord with us in our desire to lay aside self-will, and to put on the mind which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. We would heed this call of the Spirit of God in all lowliness, and with singleness of purpose. We would place ourselves by the side of our fellow Christians, looking not only on our own things, but also on the things of others, convinced that our one hope of mutual understanding is in taking personal counsel together in the spirit of love and forbearance. It is our conviction that such a Conference for the purpose of study and discussion, without power to legislate or to adopt resolutions, is the next step toward unity.

"With grief for our aloofness in the past, and for other faults of pride and self-sufficiency, which make for schism; with loyalty to the truth as we see it, and with respect for the convictions of those who differ from us; holding the belief that the beginnings of unity are to be found in the clear statement and full consideration of those things in which we differ, as well as of those things in which we are at one, we respectfully submit the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, There is to today among all Christian people a growing desire for the fulfilment of Our Lord's prayer that all His disciples may be one; that the world may believe that God has sent Him;

"Resolved, The House of Bishops concurring, That a Joint Commission be appointed to bring about a Conference for the consideration of questions touching Faith and Order, and that all Christian Communion throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a Conference. The Commission shall consist of seven Bishops, appointed by the Chairman of the House of Bishops, and seven Presbyters and seven Laymen, appointed by the President of the House of Deputies, and shall have power to add to its number and to fill any vacancies occurring before the next General Convention."

Before the Convention adjourned an official letter and report from the National Council of the Congregational Church of the United States was read and referred to the Joint Commission.

BOSTON, *October 20, 1910.*

REV. RANDOLPH H. MCKIM,
*President of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies,
Protestant Episcopal Convention, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

MY DEAR SIR:—The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, at their convention being held in

Boston, have unanimously adopted the enclosed resolutions. In addition they have passed the following vote:

VOTED: *That in view of the possibility of fraternal discussion of Church Unity suggested by the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops in 1908, a special commission of five representatives be appointed to consider any overtures that may come to our denomination as a result of this Conference.*

Will you not present these resolutions as adopted to the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church with the sentiments of our fellowship and cordial goodwill?

Yours very truly,

RAYMOND CALKINS.

DRAFT OF REPORT OF COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

Tuesday, October 18, 1910, p. m.

"WHEREAS, the last Lambeth Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, which was held in London in 1908, lifted up the ideal of Church unity in these words: We must set before us the Church of Christ as He would have it, one spirit and one body, enriched with all those elements of divine truth which the separated communities of Christians now emphasize, separately, strengthened by the interaction of all the gifts and graces which our divisions now hold asunder, filled with all the fullness of God. We dare not, in the name of peace, barter away those precious things of which we have been made stewards. Neither can we wish others to be unfaithful to trusts which they hold no less sacred. We must fix our eyes on the church of the future, which is to be adorned with all the precious things, both theirs and ours. We must constantly desire not compromise, but comprehension, not uniformity, but unity.

"AND WHEREAS, the Anglican Bishops further recommended that for this end conferences of ministers and laymen of different Christian bodies be held to promote a better mutual understanding; and we, on our part, would seek, as much as lieth in us, for the unity and peace of the whole household of faith; and, forgetting not that our forefathers, whose orderly ministry is our inheritance, were not willingly separatists, we would loyally contribute the precious things of which as Congregationalists we are stewards, to the church of the future; therefore this Council would put on record its appreciation of the spirit and its concurrence in the purpose of this expression of the Lambeth Conference; and voice its earnest hope for closer fellowship with the Episcopal Church in Christian work and worship."

In such a spirit has this great project been undertaken. A growing humility, a clearer and clearer conviction that Christians of all communions have borne false witness against their brothers in other communions, greater toleration and willingness to receive rather than give, an increasing sense of being instruments, rather than initiators, and an increasing dependence on prayer—all these characteristics are noticeable in the leaders of the movement.

Immediately after the appointment of the Episcopal Commission of 1910, steps were taken to secure the coöperation of other Christian bodies. Informal conferences and personal interviews were held, letters and leaflets were sent to every communion throughout the world when adequate information could be obtained. Some invitations, however, were held back because the Commission desired to invite all communions in one country at the same time. By the middle of August, 1913, thirty different religious bodies had appointed commissions.

In June, 1912, a deputation from the American Episcopal Commission conferred with representatives of the Church of England at Lambeth Palace. The result of this conference was that a committee was appointed in the Church of England to "watch the progress of the arrangements for the Conference, organize, support and help in England for these endeavors, and especially stimulate general interest and regular and widespread prayer in the matter. It would rest with this committee to make arrangements for any local or preliminary conferences in England which may be expedient." The representatives of the English church present, recommended that the American origin of the plan be borne in mind, "as also the possibility or probability that the ultimate Conference, when held, would be on American soil." And it was decided that "invitations to other religious bodies, or denominations, than the Church of England should emanate not from the Committee above-named, or from the Church of England, as such, but from the co-religionists in America of each denomination in England." The deputation then proceeded to Scotland and Ireland.

On the eighth of May, 1913, an informal conference of representatives of all the commissions which had, up to that time, been appointed in the United States was held in New York. As this was the first meeting on any considerable scale of "representatives of the different commissions for consideration of the problems involved in the work of preparing for the World Conference" it was of great importance and marked a distinct step forward in the movement. One has only to read the report of this meeting to realize that the unity of Christendom is really practicable. Questions relating to the World Conference were faced and discussed with the utmost frankness, but in the most harmonious spirit. There was not one jarring note. In fact it seemed to be the aim of everyone that his

communion should be known for its gentle humility and magnanimous generosity. For instance a representative of the Disciples of Christ offered, in behalf of that body, to bear the expenses of the publication and distribution of a book representing the spirit of the various communions. A member of the Episcopal Commission moved that a deputation of five be sent to the Protestant Communions (non-Anglican) of Great Britain and Ireland. It was, he said, the wish of the representatives of the Episcopal Commission that this commission should consist entirely of members of other communions, but that its expenses be borne by the Commission of the Episcopal Church. The only opposition to this motion by other commissions was in their earnest insistence that the Episcopal Church should be represented on the deputation. A compromise was ultimately effected by asking the Rev. Tissington Tatlow of the Church of England to act with the deputation for conference and counsel.

The meeting further resolved upon an Advisory Committee composed of one representative of each of the commissions already appointed, and of the commissions yet to be appointed to coöperate with the Executive Committee of the Episcopal Commission. The ideal of the World Conference was defined as "a great meeting participated in by men of all Christian churches within the scope of the call, at which there shall be consideration not only of points of difference and agreement between Christians, but of the values of the various approximations of belief characteristic of the several churches." Organic unity, though an ideal, is not the business of the commissions, but merely to promote the holding of such a conference. Questions to be considered at the World Conference should be formulated in advance by committees of competent men representative of various schools of thought.

Three magazines have sprung up expressing the movement toward the reunion of Christendom. The *Eirene*, published intermittently in London, represents the Anglican-Orthodox agreement. The *Christian Union Quarterly*, published in St. Louis, U. S. A., is a "journal in the interest of peace in the divided Church of Christ." It is published by the Disciples of Christ and is in its third year. The *Constructive Quarterly*, New York and London, was started early in 1913. It offers itself as a forum where all phases of the movement can find expression. It attempts to set forth the constructive method of comprising and sympathetically presenting widely divergent Christian standpoints, in order that the different communions of Christendom can be reintroduced to one another. Each writer is expected to state the position, and express the spiritual values of his churches as he sees them, without compromise. No attack with polemical animus is allowed. That is all. Yet the significant thing about the *Constructive Quarterly* is that it does actually represent almost the whole of Christianity. On its editorial board

are men of widely different schools of thought—Catholic and Protestant—from three continents. In its pages can be found clear but courteous statements from the most important commissions of Christendom.

Thus it is evident that the movement toward the reunion of Christendom is neither an effort toward a monochrome uniformity nor a poet's dream. The men who are guiding it are sane, efficient and consecrated. Their spirit is the spirit of him who said, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on things of others." They are trying to be children of the kingdom, and by laying aside self-will and ceasing to bear false witness one against another to follow the guidance of Him who is endeavoring to unite that which is divided and to testify of Him to the world by their unity and their love.

LOUISE EDGAR PETERS.

NOTE.—Leaflets giving the history of the movement since 1910 can be obtained free from Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine, Secretary of the Episcopal Commission, or from Dr. Arthur Lowndes, 143 East 37th Street, New York, Secretary of the Christian Unity Foundation.

Mystery is not a transient trouble in human experience to be removed by increasing knowledge. Rather, it is a permanent problem made more urgent by increasing knowledge.

H. E. FOSDICK.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

MEDITATION AND MENTAL DISTRACTIONS.

THE Recorder was in despair. He had been unusually busy, and it seemed to him impossible to sort and to arrange further, for the next issue of *THE QUARTERLY*, the mass of correspondence and the records left in his custody by Mrs. S. In this emergency the Gael volunteered a suggestion.

"I can usually talk," he said, "when I am not wanted to do so. How would it do if I were to talk now and perhaps relieve the situation for you? It so happens that I was asked a question the other day which there was no opportunity to answer at the time; and I might attempt some reply now, through the pages of the 'Screen.'" The Recorder gladly acquiesced.

"I was asked what to do in order to control distraction during prayer and meditation. My belief is that there are a great many people who would like to ask the same question and to hear it discussed. A man begins, let us suppose, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Almost at once his mind flies off at a tangent, and he has to pull it back by main force and exert what he would regard as very difficult control in order to compel it to attend to the business in hand.

"It will be best first to consider the ideal—that type of prayer at which we should aim and which has been attained by the saints and disciples of the past and which so far as we know is the attainment of disciples today. It is quite clear, I think, that if we meet some one whom we love and have the opportunity for half an hour's close intercourse, we do not need to control our minds or to use violence in order to fix our attention on what we are doing. Our hearts, presumably, are full of pleasurable anticipation, our minds are full of things we want to speak of, and also we long to hear what may be said in reply, as well as the news or ideas which we may receive. In any case, the thought of communion, of fellowship, fills us with delight.

"Let us use the illustration of a man and his wife, in simple circumstances. Let us suppose they are working together in the fields of Germany, or in some small store or shop in a village of France. The wife, in that case, would be the bookkeeper and would sit in the front part of the shop, while the husband waited on their customers. We must suppose that they are so fully occupied during the day that, although in view of one another, it would rarely be possible for them to exchange remarks not immediately connected with their business. They are working for the sake of their children. They would be united by that common bond, and we must suppose them to be

united also by mutual love. Would there not be many thoughts that they would wish to exchange at the end of the day's work? Is it not obvious that they must look forward to some interval of rest in order to compare together the experiences of the day? Would there be any sense of constraint in a case of that kind? Surely in no circumstances could there be the need of mental control! Suppose that one or the other is so tired that speech itself becomes impossible. Would they not, even in that case, find rest and satisfaction in the silent communion of their love?

"What does this mean? It seems to me that we can draw a lesson from the illustration I have used, even though it cannot be pushed too far. The saints find that kind of companionship when turning to their Master. They find in him a friend and elder brother, to whom, without reserve, they can pour out their hearts,—all that interests and concerns them, particularly the welfare of his children and their own. Of course another element enters in when the other side of the Master's nature is recognized. There is the feeling of his majesty and splendor. There is the feeling of unworthiness in the heart of the disciple. There is the sense of the Master's immense condescension in treating them as his children and friends. Human love is not our topic. If it were, I should like to suggest at this point that many human relationships are spoiled by lack of awe and of reverence, such as is so obviously essential to any divine relationship.

"Love, therefore, is the secret of all true prayer. And if as yet we know not love, then there must be intensity of desire.

"The lepers who asked the Master, Jesus, to cure them, did not have to concentrate their minds upon the wording of their prayer; they did not have to control any wandering of their thoughts. They were intent upon that which they desired. The marvellous prayer of the Publican, which has remained ever since as the model of what prayer should be, was the outpouring of a contrite heart. It was the simple and direct expression of a feeling. The prayer of the Prodigal Son to his father was a genuine petition. Can we imagine that he had to control his mind, or that his thoughts wandered while he prayed? Think of the prophet Ezra: "And at the evening sacrifice I arose up from my heaviness, and having rent my garments and my mantle, I fell upon my knees and spread out my hands unto the Lord my God, and said, 'O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God, for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the very heavens.' Here was a man who, for the time being, had become the embodiment of prayer. Incidentally he had identified himself with the sins of his people, and there must necessarily be a certain element of that in all true prayer, some enlargement of the heart so as to include others in our prayer, and in time to include their sins with our own in our desire for pardon.

"These men, if they had not entered into the deeper mysteries

of love, had in any case intensity of feeling to give reality to their communion with God.

"We, perhaps, have neither the love nor the intensity. In that case, what are we to do? We must use every faculty we possess in order to awaken the consciousness of the heart. In the last analysis it is the heart, alone, that can pray. And granting that our hearts, as yet, are cold and numb, we have it within our power none the less, by the right use of our other faculties, to bring about, within ourselves, that condition which does exist in times of emergency or of distress or of natural love. For this, we must use memory, imagination, understanding and will. A man must prepare himself before he begins to pray. The first thing for him to do is to put himself in the presence of his Master. He might well imitate Saint Teresa, who, before saying the Lord's Prayer, imagined herself to be standing with the Apostles when Christ taught them how to pray. First, she used memory, recalling the incident; then her imagination, picturing the time, the place, the persons and their behaviour. Then, by further use of her imagination, she threw herself with desire into the past, and felt herself to be present with those people at that time. This is only another way of saying that she brought the past into the present; the fact of course being that in the spiritual world past and present and future are one. A spiritual fact, or some incident in the life of a Master, is a living actuality; and it is within the power of those who pray to enter into that incident just as truly as if they were taking part in it when it first occurred.

"After the memory and the imagination have been used, comes the use of the understanding. Let us suppose, for instance, that Saint Teresa, saying the Lord's Prayer, came to the petition, 'Thy Kingdom come.' Remember, please, that she is saying it as the Apostles said it—she is saying it with them, in the presence of her Master; she is saying it slowly; she uses her understanding; she asks herself what these words mean. The first meaning is obvious enough. There is the desire that the Master may rule on earth, as he rules already in Heaven. But she knows full well that His kingdom cannot come on earth until it be established within herself. So she asks herself what she can do to bring it about, either by the expulsion from herself of things antagonistic to His will, or by the cultivation within herself of qualities and virtues such as she believes must exist within her before His reign can come in the earth of her own nature. So she asks herself, always in His presence, looking up into His face, what she can do in order to bring His Kingdom within her. She has realized long ago that general resolutions are useless. She knows full well that she must decide upon something to be done today. At a particular time during the day, when as a rule there is every opportunity to be impatient, she will try to make herself not only patient but sympathetic; or she will look for opportunities throughout the

day to exercise some particular quality. Whenever the clock strikes, perhaps, she will use some simple ejaculation of prayer or of worship. There will be nothing vague about her resolution. She has used her memory, her imagination, her understanding. All of this will be useless unless she bring the result to earth by means of action; she will obey her resolution, and therefore will increase her love—love being the offspring of obedience, just as obedience is the offspring of love.

“But that is only the barest outline of the process, and it will be necessary in most cases to give far more time to the use of the memory. Some book should be read which will do for us that which, at first, it is difficult to do for ourselves. It may be a book of written meditations, or, perhaps, the New Testament itself.

“In the case of those who are not Christians, exactly the same principle should be applied, even if the sequence of thought be different. Suppose a man who does not believe in what he calls Christianity, but who accepts fully and to its logical conclusion the theory of evolution. This means that he believes in the perfectibility of man. As a preliminary to his prayer or meditation, he should think of the great souls of the past, who, as the result of their own efforts, have climbed the ladder of life ahead of the race as a whole, and who foreshadow our own ultimate achievement. His mind can recall incidents, let us say in the life of Buddha, or he can use his memory in a more abstract way, so as to bring vividly to his consciousness the whole scheme of evolution, spiritual, intellectual and material. He sees himself as an atom, and yet as reflecting on that infinitely small surface the face of the universe itself. He realizes that he contains within himself, potentially, all that the highest can ever become. He thinks of the suffering in the world, and longs to relieve it; he thinks of the lack of joy, and longs to give joy. He asks himself how the great ones have attained and he gets the immediate reply that they have become what they are through the conquest of self; they have raised themselves above the level of the little and the commonplace; they have become, not impersonal, but divinely personal. They have transformed their personalities, and, with the help of those who have gone before them, have transmuted alchemically lead into gold.

“As memory, imagination and understanding are exercised, little by little desire grows. At the first attempt the result may be insignificant, but as the effort is repeated they will bring themselves, at last, into contact with one of those great beings whose desire it is, at all times, to help and to encourage the least effort that we make. Then, suddenly, before they are aware of what is taking place, they will find that their hearts are no longer cold. Later, to their amazement, they will find that the warmth has turned into flame—at last, maybe, into a passion of longing such as they have not dared to hope

for. Then they will be able to pray: and then they will come to understand that what they have regarded as their own exertions and longing are nothing but the reflection within themselves of the love of the Master to whose Ray they belong."

The Recorder, at this point, interrupted, "What you have said suggests that no effort needs to be made until the time has come for action; I mean for the carrying out of the resolution previously arrived at. Can it be as easy as you would lead one to suppose?"

"It follows clearly, I think, from what I have said, that a certain degree of preliminary effort is necessary, but no more than a student makes who sits down to study the grammar of some foreign tongue. I am supposing also that the student in this case has trained himself to concentrate his mind on whatever his task may be, and to throw himself, heart and soul, into the performance of all of his duties. If he be a man of affairs, and immersed during the greater part of the day in business, he must have learned to turn rapidly from one subject to another, and to give his whole attention to each. Therefore it ought not to be difficult for him to turn his attention from his business, or from the other matters which ordinarily preoccupy him, to the book of devotion which he may be reading, and to throw himself, with the utmost mental energy, into the consideration of his subject. This, of course, bears out the old saying that the character of our prayer is determined, to a great extent, by the activities of preceding hours. In other words, if we meander through life, if our thoughts during the day are scattered, if, habitually, we fail to concentrate our minds on the performance of our duties, then, inevitably, our time of prayer must reflect the chaotic condition of our ordinary mental processes. If also we permit ourselves to be obsessed by some thought or worry, we must suffer for it, not only during our period of meditation, but also during the performance of any other duty whatsoever. No one, however, can defend or excuse obsession of that kind. On the face of it, it is a condition to be overcome.

"Whether we pray or not, we should in any case be able to give our whole attention to some book of our own choosing. This by rights should be one that will interest our minds, and ought to be chosen with that purpose in view. There are very few people who can jump directly into prayer; out of half an hour, it would be wise to give the first quarter of an hour, at least, to reading; and this reading ought to be carefully selected, according to the need of each individual, and also according to that individual's need at some particular time. There may be days when even a beginner will find delight in the Meditations of so ardent a soul as Saint Alphonsus. There may be other days when, his mind being uppermost, he needs something more substantial intellectually, and he should vary his reading, therefore, according to his condition. The purpose, in any case, is to arouse and to increase his love of the ideal, and this natur-

ally includes his love of the spiritual world and of spiritual persons, and above all, of his own spiritual becoming, for the sake of those spiritual persons whom he desires to love.

“You may well find fault with the attempt I have made to reply to my friend’s question; the subject is so vast, and the question is so difficult to answer generally. People, I think, are inclined to forget that it is as impossible to prescribe for would-be disciples, in general, as it would be ridiculous for a physician to prescribe for a regiment of soldiers—he must, of necessity, consider each case, and after careful diagnosis determine what remedy, if any, should be administered, or what the normal diet should be. In a spiritual sense, nearly all of us are ill, and therefore require special treatment. The utmost one can hope to do is to suggest certain principles which must underlie the treatment of all cases. Then, if a man be so unfortunate as to be compelled to prescribe for himself, he can at least set to work in the light of those principles, and try to work out his own salvation. One thing is certain: the more simple we are and the more direct, the more effective we shall be in prayer and in all other departments of life. The great saints have not been complicated in their method of approach; they have done that which others have talked about doing; they have gone directly to the place of their desire; and although this has been easy for them, after years of experience, they must in all cases have begun it by the use of simple faith, which convinced them that the Master they desired to reach was far more desirous of reaching them; and that whatever their longing to hear might be, his longing to teach them how to listen must be infinitely greater.”

The Philosopher had been unusually attentive. “I do not think you have laid sufficient emphasis,” he said, “on the character of our general thinking. There are barriers between ourselves and the Master which take the form of mental distractions. Perhaps it would be more true to say that we fail to recognize His presence, and therefore fail to give him our undivided attention, because of clouds between Him and us which we ourselves create. Consequently He does not seem near, and our prayers appear to us to be spoken into empty space, or to beat back upon us as if rebounding from rock. Every sin is such a barrier, so long as we fail to recognize and to struggle against it. Lack of charity, condemnation of others, feelings of anger, of annoyance, suspicion, create a cloud which utterly conceals, for the time being, the fact of the Master’s presence. That is one reason why so much stress is laid on forgiveness of others as a preliminary to prayer, as, for instance, first be reconciled with your brother and then bring your gift to the altar. To speak theologically, we must seek and must obtain first the “grace” which makes forgiveness possible, before we can hope for the “grace” which makes further prayer effective. Perhaps the easiest and quickest

way to accomplish this is to begin by praying for those who have annoyed us. Our prayer may be perfunctory, but as we persevere "grace" will grow. As we become able to ask blessings heartily for our supposed enemy, blessings will begin to flow in upon ourselves, even without the asking.

"In any case, when troubled by distractions in prayer, by wandering thoughts, we should seek always for the *moral* cause in ourselves—not resting content with some explanation based upon lack of mental control. And again as always we should be particular, not general. Nothing is more foolish than to say, 'Well, it is just part of my general badness!' We must seek the particular defect.

"There are, of course, other ways of approaching the same subject—and as many ways as possible ought to be considered. Not many days ago I was rereading an old book on prayer, in the form of question and answer, which contained some excellent advice, though quaintly worded. In reply to the question, 'In what does purity of mind consist?' the author replied to this effect: In overcoming the false independence which naturally inclines us to think of what pleases us so long as it seems not to be evil; or at least in possessing enough self-restraint to keep our minds from constantly running about after the vain images of material things, as children run after butterflies."

The Recorder, frankly desirous of more good "copy," challenged the Philosopher with the question, "But does your quaint author go back to the foundations of things, as you were asking the Gael to do; does he explain why we need this purity of mind in prayer?"

The Philosopher answered: "So far as I can remember the author replied to a similar question as follows: If the mind is accustomed to wander continually among these idle thoughts, it cannot enter into itself at the time of prayer; and above all, it cannot practise that kind of prayer called 'simple recollection' which naturally requires great recollection of mind. Moreover if our mind is always roving about amid all sorts of amusing or agreeable objects, how can we withdraw our inner sight from these things and fix it on the invisible? Even if we could do so for a moment or two, these vain ideas and pleasing images would be continually trying to reinstate themselves in the imagination, like the clouds of dust around a traveller that keep him from seeing where he is and whither he is going. We must, therefore, resist the natural wanderings of the mind and continually restrain the natural activity of the soul by not permitting it to entertain itself with, nor even voluntarily to wander among vain, frivolous or useless thoughts. We must look upon all these just as if they were really wicked; and we must act as if they were so, the moment we discover them."

The Gael evidently found in this old mystic a sympathetic spirit, for us soon as the Philosopher paused for a moment, he said,

"But did I not hear you say that your fine old book is in question and answer form? And where was the questioner all this time?"

"Temporarily suppressed," answered the Philosopher, "lest someone here," looking at the Recorder, "should feel that his rightful province was being usurped. But suppose I read to you from the book itself? This is how it runs:

Question.—This kind of purity seems to me the most difficult of all.

Answer.—So it really is, but take notice: when once we have experienced a first taste of God and this sweet peace of His, we feel ourselves constantly called back again by the sweet remembrance of this taste which makes us involuntarily forget everything else. And as this same attraction tends little by little to give us a disgust for creatures [by which he means "material things"], we finally come to advert to them only, as it were, with reluctance. Then we enjoy mental liberty because we no longer willingly attend to anything but God and heavenly things.

Question.—But what must we do to reach this happy state?

Answer.—By studying recollection, we must labor to destroy or at least to weaken our unfortunate attachments; for these give rise to the thoughts which are most alluring and hardest to dismiss. Accordingly as they are weakened, we feel less pain in withdrawing mind and thought from what we have already commenced to forsake in heart and affection.

Question.—What is to be done with thoughts which are merely useless or frivolous?

Answer.—We must drop them out of the mind as we would drop a stone from the hand. If through inadvertence, we ever allow ourselves to be amused by them, we must, as soon as this is discovered, recall the wandering mind, whether by simple remembrance of God (or of the Master) or by a brief elevation of the heart to Him, or by the help of a good thought prepared in advance and ready for use when needed.

Question.—Of course you do not class as useless either reflection upon present necessities, or wise forethought for the future, or holy considerations about ourselves and our spiritual advancement?

Answer.—Who has ever dared to say or even to think that these are useless? But do you wish to know one of the most artful ruses of self-love, so jealous of preserving that freedom of thought which forms its nourishment and its life? Do you wish to know a very subtle illusion caused by the natural activity of the mind which, only by the aid of painful and almost continual self-denial, can restrain its thoughts and reflections within the bounds of strict necessity? If so, let us discuss together the four points just mentioned by you.

1.—Under pretence that we must think of what we are going to

do or say, so many useless and superfluous thoughts and reflections come to us that often the very time we lose in deliberating and considering unimportant things would be enough for the execution of them. And as for the more important things,—each of which demands its own share of time, although we try to think of all at the same moment,—they often cause in the soul a confusion of thoughts and reflections, which so agitates, disquiets and disturbs that whole interior and so overwhelms the mind, that we can no longer think either of God, or of ourselves, or even of what we should be doing.

2.—Under pretence of providing for the future, and, as we say, of not tempting Providence, we spend much time in heaping thought upon thought, reflection upon reflection, plan upon plan; we exhaust ourselves with uneasy forebodings, with anxious fears, and often with useless precautions; but when the time comes, appearances change, or we alter our ideas and opinions; and then we begin to take new measures, often just the contrary of those so uselessly thought out and so vainly resolved upon previously.

3.—Under pretence of what we call examination or holy introspection, we discuss certain affairs and hold certain conversations. Every trifling circumstance of time, place, person, and speech is recalled, and is followed immediately by a new crowd of reflections worse than useless, since generally they serve only to create vain joys, vain fears, or still vainer hopes. All these in turn tend only to augment our natural dissipation of mind and to destroy our interior peace, by carrying uneasiness and anxiety into the very depths of the soul.

4.—Finally, under pretence of spiritual advancement, we vainly and almost incessantly employ ourselves in continually, or at any rate unseasonably, recalling the heavenly blessings and graces received, and our courageous oblation of all actions and suffering past and present; and still more in amusing ourselves with a thousand good and holy plans for the future, at the expense of the present. All the above are thoughts which interior self-denial and true mortification should continually suppress.

Question.—By what means shall we restrain the mind's natural activity? How shall we bring ourselves to the constant renunciation of this dearest delight of self-love?

Answer.—The means is to say to oneself on these occasions: "Such and such things have occurred. What is the use of worrying about them now? As to what should be done or said in the future, that can be considered at the proper time. God will provide for everything. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Will not tomorrow and the following day bring with them their own graces? Let me think then, only of the present as God Himself bids us do.

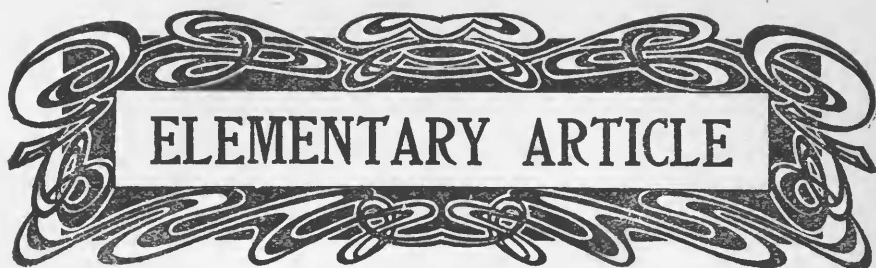
Let me leave the past to his mercy and the future to his providence; and meanwhile, let me labor peacefully and quietly for perfection of service first, and for other things later on. As to the outcome, let me leave it to God, casting all my cares upon His paternal bosom, in the belief that He, as Saint Peter says, 'hath care of us.'" With simple confidence and abandonment, we should say to God: "Lord, without wishing to neglect anything which You prescribe for the good of my soul or body, I hope that at the proper time and place, You will give me the thought, the impulse, and the ability to undertake and perform such and such affairs, which keep coming into my mind, so often and so unseasonably. I abandon them and their outcome to You, in order that I may more fully devote myself to You; that I may wait patiently and with perfect resignation, until all things happen as Your wise providence ordains."

"Does your author mean to suggest," asked the Student, "that we should abandon all attachments and become living mummies?"

"I do not think so," the Philosopher replied. "If that was his intention, he was certainly wrong. And that was not the doctrine of the saints. Their teaching was and is that all human love and all human attachment is evil unless it draw us nearer to the Master: is, in other words, a misuse, a perversion, of a divine power. On the other hand, attachments which draw us more closely to Him, must be in line with his will. The point, as I see it, is that we should beware of becoming entangled, enmeshed, or of allowing ourselves to grow into a state of dependence upon any external prop or stimulus; and that we should practise self-control, and thus gain the dominion over ourselves which at present we lack, by constant regulation of the mind and feelings. In this way we shall be able to bring a controlled mind to our prayer and meditation."

"I agree with what you have said," the Gael commented. "But there is one thing I want to add: nothing, absolutely nothing can be done without desire. One reason why people have so much trouble with meditation or prayer is that they do not put as much desire into it as they would into the practice of a musical instrument or into learning a game of cards. Theosophy is an experimental science. Suppose you were studying chemistry. You would perhaps attend some preparatory lectures on the theory of it. Then you would be permitted to put into simple practice some of the things you had learned theoretically. What interest you would bring to the task! How earnestly you would desire to perform well, and to carry to a successful conclusion, the experiment recommended as illustration and proof of the theory you had learned! And think of the immense reward of spiritual progress and of any knowledge of the Master—rewards so great that those who have known what it is to govern kingdoms have laughed at human success after a taste of spiritual

satisfaction. There is no comparison. And although it is difficult, I admit, to desire that which is unseen and unknown by our physical senses, we have at all times the help of those who, though in some cases as yet unknown to us, are none the less our friends, giving us the utmost of help on behalf of the Master whose love draws us, slowly but irresistibly, back to his heart which is in itself, for those who belong to him, the source of light, of love, of joy, of power." T.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

WE CAUSE OUR OWN SUFFERING

WE cause our own suffering. We have all heard and read this view before, and most of us, perhaps, would grant its truth. But we have found from experience that there is an immense difference between a theory and its practical application to life. When this is the case it is often wise to analyse the theory so as to bring it down from the general to the particular, from the abstract to the concrete.

We all have difficulties: especially do those have them who are deliberately trying to live a higher life. We have family troubles; our relations with our friends are strained and painful; we are misunderstood; our work is difficult and complicated; we cannot see clearly our duty and are puzzled what to do. There is a skeleton in every closet, but in the case of the would-be disciple, the skeleton does not stay locked up; it insists upon coming out of the closet and upon parading, in all its naked hideousness before our very eyes, until we are driven nearly frantic with nervous dread and apprehension; and yet "we cause our own suffering."

It is not that the skeleton does not exist and that we are the victims of our imaginations. It is that the skeleton is a perfectly harmless collection of dry bones that cannot hurt us, and to which we need pay but the attention necessary to grasp it by the nearest bone, lead it back to the closet again and lock it up. Every time we do this we should pull off a bone or two and throw them away. Before very long the skeleton will be dismembered and will cease to exist.

How then do we cause our own suffering? First, because there would be no skeleton at all unless we had originally manufactured it in this or some other life; and second, because, once there, instead of treating it for what it really is, a harmless aggregation of dry bones, we clothe it with every imaginable attribute of horror and allow it such power over us that its contemplation gives us excessive pain. We cause our own suffering because this horror, this ability to make us suffer, is not in the skeleton, it is in us. We allow these cords to be vibrated by the skeleton, which of itself has no ability to play upon

our nerves, and can operate only with the power and to the extent that we allow.

Why do we do this? Mostly from ignorance. Intolerable situations cease to be intolerable when we understand them. Some one we love is ill and through our sympathies we suffer until life is a living hell. How do we cause this suffering? How are we personally responsible for this unnecessary pain? Through ignorance. Looked at superficially we can see no reason for the loved one's illness, and hence for our intolerable pain. But there always is a reason why that illness is the best conceivable thing for the loved ones; just what they need to bring them quickest *and easiest* into the Kingdom of Heaven. This again we grant with our minds as a philosophical or religious truth, but we do not grasp and experience it with our hearts. If we did we would not find the situation intolerable. We must suffer still. We can picture the Father as suffering with Jesus on the cross, but also we can picture Him as filled with divine joy because of the grandeur of the work then being accomplished.

Yes, we may say, it is all very well to explain suffering by God's knowledge of its fruits. Perhaps if *we* could see as He could, the incalculable good that would come from the sacrifice of Jesus, we could bear the pain, but how about Mary and the apostles? They did not have this knowledge. How was their suffering their fault? If ignorance is the reason why we suffer, why are we allowed to remain ignorant?

The answer is a little more complicated, but still very clear. The only reason why we are ignorant, why we have not all the knowledge the Father Himself has about every problem, is because of our limitations, which are self-created things of the past: the result of sin, of disobedience to law. We come into life handicapped with these limitations in every direction. They make us see everything distorted, reversed, in wrong perspective. Even the simplest and most commonplace fact takes on some personal color, is perceived in some wrong way. All our affairs are viewed through discolored lenses; our skeleton—a mere aggregation of dry bones—appears malignant, powerful, ruthless, vindictive; able and anxious to inflict every possible kind of horror upon us of which our unhealthy imaginations can conceive. The Father sees this. But what can He do about it? He knows that the skeleton is only a harmless aggregation of dry bones; He knows it cannot hurt us; He tells us this in every way in which a fact can be communicated to human consciousness. He tells it ceaselessly, in all languages, at all times; by symbol, by allegory, by art, by science, by music, by poetry, by literature, by sermons, by books, by Christ's example, by life itself in all its infinite ramifications.

But we do not understand, and so we suffer. What then is there left for Him to do about it? Only one thing, and that is what

He does. In His wisdom, He knows that the very fire of this apparently useless suffering will gradually burn away the discolorations which keep us from seeing clearly, and that the more we suffer the faster will this cleansing process go on. He knew that it was the anguish of the apostles which would enable them to have that ultimate vision and understanding of Christ's mission which made them what they became. He knew they would not grudge the price. Yet even so He did His best, Christ did His best, to prepare them, to warn them, to explain again and yet again. But they were what they were; their limitations prevented their seeing; and with that beautiful compensation of spiritual law, it was the suffering caused by their limitations, which burned their limitations away, and enabled them to see.

That is what the Father, and hence what life is doing for each one of us. We suffer through ignorance, ignorance caused by our limitations; limitations caused by our past sins. But by the magnificent compassion of God and because the universe is made that way, this situation automatically cures itself, because the suffering burns away the limitations, the limitations gone, we see the facts; and seeing the facts, we cease to suffer and find joy.

Our task then is threefold: first, to bear courageously and uncomplainingly our present suffering; second, to seek the lesson which Father is trying to teach us and which our suffering should make us confront; third, to assist the process of purification by strenuous and constant efforts to reverse the manner of our lives in every direction in which the limitations have been built up.



REVIEWS

The tone, the spirit, of *The New Order of Sainthood*, by Professor Fairfield Osborn, is altogether admirable. Most cordially do we approve also of the author's statement that "The two great historic movements of Love and of Knowledge, of the spiritual and intellectual and physical well-being of man, are harmonious parts of a single and eternal truth." But when he asks us to admit Pasteur among the saints, does he not ask that which Pasteur himself would have repudiated? It is our duty to do everything in our power which is right, to preserve the life of the body. But why? Solely to serve the purposes of soul; to give that much more opportunity for the development of character and for the attainment of that perfection which is man's destiny. Professor Osborn probably realizes this as clearly as we do. But as a scientist, as one of that fold, is there not even greater need to convert his fellows to that view, than to convert the church (the purpose of his booklet) to an appreciation of material Science? We venture to go further; for, if we could, we would enlist the aid of Professor Osborn to convert the church from its worship of material things—from its spiritless humanitarianism, its mechanical institutionalism, its childish awe of the modern spirit—to some recognition of eternal purposes and of universal, endless growth into self-conscious unity with God.

E. T. H.

Letters to His Friends, by Forbes Robinson. A new edition of these *Letters* makes the total number of copies issued since their publication in 1904, sixteen thousand. Surely it is an indisputable sign of a rising tide of spirituality. There is nothing sensational or controversial in the volume that might give it a "run." The *Letters* are simply religious, genuinely religious. If a large percentage of the sixteen thousand readers be fellow communicants of the author, that is, Anglicans or Episcopalians, and there are as many as ten thousand readers in one church interested in letters that are deeply religious, the outlook for the future is even more encouraging.

The book manifests the working of Theosophical leaven, and is a splendid illustration of some cardinal Theosophical doctrines. The author's most salient quality is sympathy. We sometimes interpret sympathy to mean "pity" or "condolence." Mr. Robinson knew that to sympathize with a man we must enter into the man's position, see with the man's eyes, feel with his heart, think with his mind. Only when we have thus entered into the being of another can we know anything about him or endeavor to help. Such sympathy requires the setting aside of self. It is the very reverse of selfishness. And it brings immense enlargement as a fruit. Mr. Robinson's sympathy is thoroughgoing. The Divine Compassion shines through it. And we feel that he is one who knew the Master. "When I get quite quiet, and my mind is sane, and my conscience at rest, when I almost stop thinking, and listen, I am quite sure that a Personal Being comes to me, and, as He comes, brings some of His own life to flow into my life." (Letter of June 27, 1892.)

JOHN WILFRID ORR.

Some Adventures of the Soul, by C. M. Verschoyle. The lives and writings of the Saints are, to a large extent, unknown to the "world." There are notable exceptions, such as the *Imitation* and *The Flowers of Saint Francis*. And the number of these exceptions is increasing. People of the world are coming more and more to recognise that Saints have left invaluable comments upon the Way to Happiness. But mystical writings have not yet dominated secular life. Therefore we welcome, with great pleasure, a volume of verse that sets forth experiences of the inner life, in a form to which those who award the world's prize of distinction must give very high praise. C. M. Verschoyle writes in the two styles that are familiar from Francis Thompson's work; one, is the inimitably naive style of *Ex ore Infantium*.

Little Jesus, wast thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?

"A Prayer and The Gift" are examples of this charming simplicity. The second is the elaborate Latin style of "The Hound of Heaven." But this new author, in his management of rich phraseology, does not exhibit the occasional lapses of Thompson's immaturity. The vocabulary is freighted with Elizabethan store, "Argosies of Purple Sail," "Plangent Minors," etc.

We commend the book to all who seek spiritual treasure and exquisite literary form.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

Ara Coeli: An Essay in Mystical Theology, by Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloemfontein. This book is a real contribution to Christian Mysticism, and should appeal to all who are interested in the growth and expansion of the Church. The author is a member of the Church of England, and he maintains that his Communion "is the best sphere for the cultivation of mystical religion." Avoiding not only in letter but in spirit any controversy with Roman Catholicism, he points out that it was over-organization and suspicion that caused the almost invariable persecution which the great well-known mystics had to endure. The Anglican Church is free from these faults; with a strong framework of institutional religion, it supplies also space and freedom; it is not burdened with the over-elaboration of external observances nor by an exaggerated exercise of authority. Mysticism is the "Religion of Experience," the mystic way is pre-eminently, in his opinion, a life.

The first seven chapters deal with the early stages of mystical development;—Disillusionment, Detachment, Mortification, The Christ-Life, Meditation. In these the author reveals a sure knowledge, gleaned from personal experience as well as from study. He quotes widely from the great mystics, and enters sympathetically into their spirit and intention. In fact, in these chapters Bishop Chandler shows that he knows, by personal experience, what mysticism and discipleship mean; and he openly proclaims that we are called to be saints. Coming from one of the heads of the Church, this conviction should carry weight; and it is with pleasure that we welcome so clear a statement of belief from such a quarter, where for too long a time low ideals and a spirit of compromise have held sway. In the chapters on Contemplation he writes obviously from second-hand, and has missed to some degree that which the saints themselves have written about this highest state before final complete union with the Master. Perhaps the worst fault of the book is the very limited understanding of what this final Communion with the Master means and becomes. To him the visions of the saints were flashes of revelation, only to be realized fully and continuously in heaven, after death. He does not see that "the kingdom of heaven is within," and that what he relegates to an after death beatitude has been and can be lived by every saint here and now. He does not realize the humanity of Jesus, and therefore banishes him from this world to the hereafter; and he attempts to explain the familiar intercourse of the saints with their beloved Master by the complicated theories of modern psychology,—that they

projected their own personality, or a newly awakened part of it, to the field of their higher consciousness, identifying the latter with the divine inspiration, the grace, which they felt to be working in their souls. This is too frequently the attitude taken by the Protestant Churches; an attitude that while, perhaps, the result of a reaction from the mediæval miracles and divine interference of the Church, is yet sadly at variance with the teaching of Jesus himself. In the final chapters, entitled "All Things Are Yours," and "Symbol and Sacrament," he makes a strong plea for the manliness and sanity of living the spiritual life. The mystic does not leave the world, but lives "in order to gather it up into the life of God in which we have learnt to live. In God we have found the glory of a liberty which consists in our sonship to Him; and now the rest of creation, alienated from Him through our apostacy, is to be reconciled to Him with ourselves in Christ." In this work the spiritual man is equipped with the assurance of success and largeness of outlook. "If we are on the look-out for eccentricities, we shall be disappointed. He has no special idiosyncrasies or mannerisms, does not isolate himself from other people, but goes about his business and does his duty in much the same way as any ordinary good Christian man. . . . He is a man who believes intensely in prayer as the strongest and most beneficent power in the universe, and in some form or other his life is largely made up of prayer . . . besides being quiet and reticent, he strikes the careful observer as extraordinarily happy. . . . Goodness, in his eyes, is not a grumbling sacrifice to the proprieties, but *Christ dwelling in Him.*"

These extracts may, perhaps, stimulate the reader to further investigation, for we recommend this book as a straightforward exposition of the new religious insight arising within the Church.

A. G.

Dharma. For several years those who have been privileged to attend the T. S. Conventions have listened to most cordial letters of greeting from Caracas, and interesting accounts of the work done in Venezuela. I, myself, still remember distinctly portions of those letters. After hearing them my silent comment has been: "I wish I might know those distant brothers more intimately. I wish I might make more than an annual connection with their zealous work." The yearly greetings from South America to the Convention make it evident that those far-away members realize with some vividness the great privilege and opportunity that T. S. membership gives. I felt that their appreciation and zeal would stimulate me, and might end frequent sluggishness on my part. My silent wishes are now, in a measure, fulfilled. In April of this year, the energetic Venezuela Branch started a quarterly magazine, *Dharma*. Three numbers have appeared. I believe I express the feeling and opinion of many members when I thank our South American brothers, most sincerely, for this courageous undertaking. We trust it will have the success it deserves. And we congratulate them upon the high excellence they have attained in the very first numbers.

The new Spanish quarterly averages forty-five pages. It is well printed. The cover has the familiar star and lotus symbols printed in black upon a greenish blue ground. The name *Dharma* in large black capitals is in the centre of the page. It is a quiet and modest cover with no suggestion of strange or startling contents.

The editors of *Dharma* have shown great intuition in selecting from the QUARTERLY, for reproduction in Spanish, articles that concern every member of the society whether in Venezuela, New York, Sweden or Germany. One of the first articles chosen for translation is Professor Mitchell's admirable treatise on "Theosophy and the T. S." I have found that article invaluable. So many inquiries come to me from new members, or from those not yet members, in regard to the divisions and animosities that separate societies called theosophical. I never feel it necessary to make a reply of my own. I refer the inquirer to Professor Mitchell's article. The question is usually answered satisfactorily some-

where in its pages. Doubts and questions similar to those that perplex students in North America may occur in Venezuela also. So I feel confident that the article will be helpful.

There is a second article of Professor Mitchell's—that on "Meditation." Meditation is a subject of first importance to all students of Theosophy. It has been written about for many centuries. Yet some people think it is more clearly and helpfully treated by Professor Mitchell than by the hundreds of others who have tried to describe the processes. This article has brought Theosophy to the attention of some people by showing a connection between Theosophy and Christianity! Interest has been thus aroused, and, after a time, the readers have asked for admission to the society. South America has a rich inheritance of meditations from the Saints of the Roman Catholic Church. Spanish Catholics are specially rich in the treasures of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. I venture to believe that Professor Mitchell's article in Spanish will do what it has done in its original form, namely, reconcile certain "old school" members with Christianity, and also induce some Christians to search for the precious pearl of the Wisdom Religion.

Writings by our great pioneers, Madam Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, are reprinted, and add to the classic character of the new publication. Two of Mr. Schofield's valuable lessons are translated, and an article by Mr. Johnston on the "Spiritual Origin of Life." The surprising article, "Saintliness and Business," also appears. That article alone is enough to make reflective people pause and consider. For it shows that the same characteristics which make a saint make, also, a successful business man.

Thus many articles which have proved helpful in the lives of English speaking members are now given to Spanish members in their mother tongue. Such a publication must be a great event in the history of the Venezuela Branch, and one over which the members may rightly rejoice. We, too, rejoice with those South American brothers, and share their gain. *Dharma* makes our common good, the QUARTERLY, more accessible to them; it makes them more accessible to us.

S. M.

Theosophisches Leben. The October Number of *Theosophisches Leben* translates five articles that have appeared in the QUARTERLY. German members, who do not read English, are thus kept *au courant* with the thought and interests of the entire Society. The articles chosen for translation are those that interpret some of the difficult meanings of the Christian Scriptures (Mr. Johnston's explanation of Adam and Eve, *e. g.*), or that throw light upon the mission of Christianity. The interesting address made by Mr. Paul Raatz at the last Convention of the T. S. is printed in full; the address is an account of the foundation and growth of the T. S. in Germany. There is another address, by Mr. Oskar Stoll, delivered to the Convention of the German Branches, at Munich; this address deals with the Mission of the T. S. Well-chosen extracts from the writings of Tauler, Suso, and others fill up the pages, and make the magazine interesting and helpful.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

Meditations on the Divine Liturgy, N. B. Gogol, Translated by L. Alexieff. Published for the Anglican and Eastern Orthodox Churches Union. A. R. Mowbray. This book explains to Western Christians the elaborate ritual of the Eastern Church. It shows that while the ritual is a dramatic representation of our Lord's life, it serves also from beginning to end, as a circumference from which the mind may travel to the inner centre. In commenting upon the doctrine of the Real Presence, the author recognises that it is the Presence of the Master in history that has effected whatever good is to be found in any civilisation: "if society still hold together, if people do not breathe inveterate hatred to one

another, the secret cause is the Divine Liturgy reminding man of holy, heavenly love towards his brother."

The author recognises also, though not verbally, the relation of discipleship. For the disciple is he who "manifests the real presence" of his master. Gogol says of the priest: "If he have celebrated reverently, in fear, faith, and love, he is purified as the vessels of the Temple, remaining pure all the day. In the fulfilment of his varying pastoral duties—in the family, among others, among his parishioners, who are also his family, the Saviour himself is represented by him. And in all he does CHRIST will act by him, and in his words CHRIST will speak. Whether he lead those at enmity to make peace, urge the strong to be merciful to the weak, soften the hard-hearted, console the sorrowful, encourage the suffering to be patient—his words have the power of healing oil and will everywhere be words of peace and love."

ALFRED WILLISTON.

The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus, The Baldwin Lectures for 1911 at the University of Michigan, by William S. Rainsford, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin, 1913. There is much in Dr. Rainsford's volume that is characteristic of present-day Liberal clergymen. Belief in the "unfairness of nature" and the consequent need of socialistic reforms; disbelief, partial or thorough-going, in the accuracy of the Gospel narratives, especially those portions which record miracles; and a misgiving as to the ability of the Church to use its opportunity in this day of general improvement—these doctrines are preached from "progressive" pulpits everywhere. They carry no conviction or solace to the soul that languishes for a physician. But, happily, Dr. Rainsford preaches another doctrine that is not commonly heard, and that encourages those who struggle in growing-pains of the soul. He has caught the meaning of the Sower and the Seed—of the Parables of the Kingdom. He sees that the essence of the Master's teaching is growth; therefore, with many apt illustrations, he speaks of religion as a living principle, germinating, springing up in man as a grain does in the field. The first two chapters set forth this view of religion so clearly that it would seem they might do much good, unless a superficial reading should interpret "growth" and "change" to mean external activities rather than repentance, conversion, and the transfer of consciousness from lower to higher planes of life.

THEODORE ASHTON.



QUESTIONS OF VARIOUS ANSWERS

QUESTION 164.—*Please give a clue to the interpretation of Saint Luke, Chapter xvi, the parable of the rich man and his steward.*

ANSWER.—The real difficulty lies, I suppose, in the strange injunction: "I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitation."

The passage is a difficult one, rendered more difficult by the reading adopted by the Revisors: "When it shall fail."

I have heard this explanation suggested: The parable was addressed to the disciples. The disciple is counseled to maintain an open-hearted charity towards all, men of the world as well as disciples, for all are really one with him. He should render all services, that may rightly be rendered, to men of the world, as well as to disciples. It may be his fate to stray from the path. Then some genuine service thus done to a man of the world may return to him, and may, under divine law, be the means of setting his feet once more on the path to the everlasting habitations. It is worth noting, that this parable of the unjust steward, follows immediately after the wonderful parable of the prodigal son, which, I suppose, in one of its aspects, is the story of a disciple who strayed from the path, and who, through terrible grief and humiliation, found his way back to the Master's love. No sentence is full of more loving wisdom than that: I will arise and go to my father.

C. J.

QUESTION 165.—*The teachings of Theosophy appeal to me; it all seems so reasonable; and yet in some way that I do not understand I hold back, my indefinite unwillingness proving greater than my desire that had seemed so definite. I simply cannot take the last step. Why is it?*

ANSWER.—For one reason, because the "last step" is probably millions of miles away from the spot where you now stand. Theosophy, as we so frequently need to remind our selves, is a life; it is to be lived, minute by minute, life after life, until at last we begin to understand something about the heart of it. Then only is it worth while to think about the last step. What appears to be giving the inquirer genuine trouble is the taking of one of the first steps; and sometimes they are the most difficult, especially for those of us who have had a thoroughly "modern" education, in which will, imagination and intellect are made to play at "Puss in the Corner" until it is almost impossible to get them back in their rightful places. Here is a bit of wisdom from George Macdonald that may give a clue to the inquirer's trouble: "In the history of the world the imagination has been quite as often right as the intellect, and the things in which it has been right have been of much the greater importance."

C. P.

ANSWER.—The inquirer may be admiring himself too much; may be seeing the reflection of himself in the window pane, instead of looking through it to the wonderful view without. "A man makes his own shadow," is an old saying; and it might well be added that only he can make it.

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Faith, it would seem, is the first and the great essential. I know well the spot that the inquirer describes, every inch of the ground is familiar, for I spent years there. So long as I refused to believe I could not see. When I allowed my heart to be master, when I believed, lo! all became rational again, and stood the test of reason, which then took its rightful place as one of the instruments for my use. M. K.

ANSWER.—There are two mistakes that most of us make in our dealings with the spiritual world. We imagine that things there are very complicated, while they are most simple. We expect things to happen there instantaneously, without regard to the law of seedtime and harvest. It took us months to learn to walk in the physical world, but we expect to run in the spiritual world from the very day when we make up our minds that we would like to enter it. Somebody has said that the less material an art the more necessary it is to learn it by doing it. Certainly doing is most important in the "art" of real living; and I suspect that one who wishes to learn has to begin with doing. Applied to the case of the inquirer, that would mean that with an earnest desire to win to the real heart of the theosophic life, to which he cannot bring himself in one great decision, he would constantly require himself to make many small decisions. He might, for instance, say to himself that because he wanted to find the real light he would try to make life brighter for some person in his circle whom he did not like; would do his utmost, whenever he met that person to find what was really fine and true in him, and fasten his eyes on that; or he might set himself some everyday task that came in the line of his duty as a thing that was to be done, every day, with the utmost perfection of which he was capable. Think of the energy and determination in doing shown by many a poor boy whose heart is set on having a college education! If only we could set our hearts with equal simplicity and definiteness on the task of "working our way" into the Kingdom of Heaven. R. C.

QUESTION 166.—*How does Theosophy define Nirvana?*

ANSWER.—To begin with, how are we to decide how Theosophy defines anything? Who is authorized to speak for Theosophy? Who is authorized to speak even for Theosophists? Each has a right to his own view. None would venture to bind others by his definition.

Nirvana has many shades of meaning attached to it, but the more positive meaning which it has, for instance, in the Bhagavad Gita, or for the Northern Buddhists, certainly does not imply either annihilation or loss of identity; it is rather the finding of one's complete individuality. The tradition is, that Siddhartha the Compassionate still exists as an individual, though he entered Nirvana two and a half milleniums ago.

Is it not a universal experience that, at each awakening to a larger, deeper life, one says: "I feel myself to be much more *myself* than before." Is not spiritual progress a losing oneself, to find one's self? Is not just this everlasting truth taught in the words: "He that hateth his life shall keep it unto life eternal." Is there not every reason to believe that this is increasingly true along the line of spiritual progress, up to, and including, Nirvana?

But after all the only way to gain true insight is the way of experiment and experience. Follow the "noble eight-fold path" and see whether you do not thereby find yourself by losing yourself. C. J.



T. S. ACTIVITIES

A WORD FROM THE TREASURER.

Several members have recently asked me to explain through the columns of the QUARTERLY when the dues to the Theosophical Society are payable and to whom they should be paid. The editor fears that all his readers will not be interested in these facts; and I have had to promise to ask all those who already know them to skip to the next page.

First, the Society's year closes the last of April; it has been the custom to regard the day of the Annual Convention as the last day of that year. In 1913, the Convention came on April 26th, and the new year for the Society began on the 27th; on that day every member's dues for the year 1913-1914 were payable. Some of our Branches and some of our members have formed the pleasant habit of paying their dues in advance, so that when the Convention opens the Treasurer has often received many payments for the coming year. No one, however, is under obligation to make advance payments, but any members who have not yet paid their dues for the year 1913-1914 are requested to send them in at an early date. Or if this request come too close to the Christmas season to make it convenient for all to pay, a note saying that you have the matter in mind, and will remit a little later would be appreciated.

Second, there are several satisfactory ways in which payment may be made. In some Branches the Branch Treasurer collects the Society dues and sends them, in one remittance, to the Treasurer T. S. In some cases individual members send their remittance direct to the Treasurer T. S. Members who are ordering books or have some other business to transact with the Secretary's efficient office, have found it a convenience to send their dues to the Secretary T. S. who then forwards them to the Treasurer's office. This involves extra work for the Secretary which, I know, is most gladly done, but when letters contain no other business they might perhaps better be sent direct to the Treasurer, and by so much lighten the work of the Secretary.

Third, the Treasurer should be addressed at Box 1584, New York, N. Y. Several members have expressed the feeling that it would be safer to send money to a street address; and so I take this occasion to say that the foregoing address is both more permanent and secure.

I cannot close this notice without expressing my sincere thanks to the many members, whose names come to mind as I write, who have done so much, by prompt response and by generous contributions to the expenses of the Society, to make it possible to meet the necessary expenses of our rapidly increasing work.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

New York, N. Y., December 1, 1913.

Two Branches have sent to the Editor their printed list of topics for the season of 1913-1914. As these lists may contain some suggestions for other Branches they are given here, with the omission of dates and other information that would be of interest only to local members.

SYLLABUS OF THE CINCINNATI BRANCH.

Opening Address.
 The Future of Theosophy.
 The Theosophical Society, Its Objects and Members.
 The Changing Creed.
 Is All Well with the World?
 Seven Stages of Prayer.
 Reincarnation.
 Karma.
 The Mystical Temple of King Solomon.
 Man—Mortal and Immortal.
 Brotherhood.
 Am I My Brother's Keeper.
 Cycles.
 Progress.
 Renunciation.
 Self-Control.
 What Is Infidelity?
 George Fox.
 Early Religions in America.
 The One Religion.
 Why God Does not Kill the Devil.
 Lotus Night.

PROGRAM OF THE NEW YORK BRANCH.

- I. Evolution and Reincarnation
- II. The Laws of Karma. Social Service
- III. The Two Natures in Man
- IV. The Transfer of Consciousness
- V. The Vision of Life
 - (a) of Duty
 - (b) of Love
 1. Life a Battle: Every Man a Soldier
 2. The Meaning of Suffering. Disease, Disgrace, etc.
 3. Religion. Obedience
 4. The Home. Self-surrender or Self-assertion
 5. Vocations, Business. Their real purpose
 6. Our Neighbor, Brotherhood
 7. Education. Discipline
- VI. The Goal: Discipleship; Union

ACTIVITIES OF KARMA BRANCH, CHRISTIANIA,
 FOR THE YEAR 1912-1913.

The Branch meetings were, as usual, suspended in the Summer, as many members at the time leave Christiania for holidays or for other reasons. The regular Branch work began again in the middle of September, and meetings have been held every Thursday from 8.30 to 10 p. m., with two exceptions only.

Once or twice a month a public lecture has been given, the average attendance

being 27. The other meetings have been devoted to the study of the New Testament, especially the Gospel of St. John. The door has been kept open for outsiders. An earnest little circle of members and outsiders have regularly attended these meetings.

Though the general interest of outsiders in Theosophy does not seem to have increased in our part of the town, a devoted group of members have patiently carried on the work, knowing that the energy put into it is not wasted and that the Masters can direct and use this energy for their purpose.

The Annual Convention of the Branch was held on May 25th. It seemed evident that the attending members represented a centre of peace and joy. As Mr. T. H. Knoff, Chairman of the Branch Committee, did not wish to be re-elected as a member of the Committee, Mr. E. Bauthler was elected Chairman for the year to come. This refusal of Mr. Knoff's was due to the fact that he might be moving to another quarter of the town, or even outside it, and also to the feeling that it was wise that younger members should come to a share in the responsibility of the Branch work.

After the Convention the members spent a very happy evening, with their comrades of the Aurvanga Branch and some outsiders, at the house of the President of this Branch, Mr. Alme, who lives a little way outside Christiania.

T. H. KNOFF, *Chairman of the Annual Convention.*

Christiania, September 12, 1913.



APRIL, 1914

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE ETHICS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

ON February 12th of the present year Henri Bergson was elected a Member of the French Academy. Thus he attains the one great honour which still remained. His life has been a veritable triumph for pure thought. Amongst those who write, amongst men of science, no name is more highly and universally honoured. In every land he has his enthusiastic and devoted adherents. A writer in *THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* is making a systematic effort to show the relation of Bergson's thought to philosophical thought since the early days of Greece, and in this way to give us a true perspective of his remarkable achievement, but for years to come, the dynamic influence of his thought will react on the world's thinking. He is one of those who create the standards, create the faculties even, by which they are judged, and only time can rightly build his monument.

Meanwhile, we venture to copy, from *The New York Times*, a very suggestive comment on Bergson's election to the French Academy. "At the end of the year 1912," says this comment, "one of the London daily newspapers asked a number of more or less eminent persons what they regarded as having been the most important event of the year that was just closing. Most of the replies were of the expected character, mentioning the conquest of the air, radium, and other obvious triumphs of mankind over matter. One notability, however, was original. He placed among the most important vents of 1912 the Rediscovery of the Soul by Bergson."

That is a phrase sufficiently noteworthy in itself. The comment continues: "It was in the year in question that M. Bergson first came prominently into the notice of the English-speaking peoples. He visited London and afterward came to the United States, lecturing on his system

of philosophy and on philosophy generally. In England his works created what can only be described as a furore, and though his admirers in America are not apparently as numerous as in England, they are equally enthusiastic. "Bergson has not escaped without harsh criticism. A writer in an English review accused him of violating many of the fundamental rules of logic and of ignorance of some of the first axioms of philosophy; but he emerged triumphantly from all this criticism, and is now regarded as the leading metaphysician of Europe."

Now comes what is, for us, the most interesting part of the comment: "The curious thing about Bergson's philosophy is, that, like the philosophy of Schopenhauer, it is no more original than Buddhism or Vedantism could be claimed as original if now taught for the first time in the Occident. Schopenhauer obtained his ideas from that inexhaustible reservoir of metaphysic, India, though he never admitted it. Bergson has done the same thing, though he is more honest. His doctrine, in a sentence, is, that the vital principle manifests itself through matter; and he thus comes sharply into conflict with the Monists and other products of the Darwinian-Haeckelian schools."

This is a noteworthy estimate, but it is unjust to Schopenhauer, who wrote enthusiastically of the Upanishads, the head and source of the Indian wisdom: "They have been my consolation in life and will be my hope in death." No one could say more, or more generously acknowledge a debt.

There is another side of Bergson's work, another personal triumph also, which naturally comes to mind when we speak of his election to the French Academy: the fact that he was, in 1913, President of the Society for Psychical Research, which has done such noteworthy work of recent years in exploring the borderland of the kingdom of Death. It is hard to say which is the more significant, that this Society, which has so many highly distinguished English members, should have elected a Frenchman President, or that Henri Bergson should have accepted its presidency. Both facts are signs of the times, and, taken together, they suggest to us a somewhat deeper consideration of the whole subject of psychical research and especially of its ethical aspect.

We may refer to two articles, as giving a general survey of the whole field of psychical research as it is to-day: First, a recent study, in *The Hibbert Journal*, of what are called "non-evidential" facts of record; statements, that is, which have been obtained through psychics, and which seem to throw light on the general condition of the borderland of death, while at the same time they fail to establish the personal identity of the dead persons who are supposed to be communicating; and, secondly, an article in the present number of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,

which quotes from a remarkable series of letters which purport to come from a group of very well-known men, the first generation of leaders of psychical research, all of whom are now in the world on the other side of death. One might call these "Letters from Hades," using that name in the Hellenic sense, of the dwelling-place of the departed; whatever we may think of them, they constitute one of the most remarkable series of letters that have ever been printed.

Before commenting on this whole subject, we may add a very recent document, which is supposed to have been dictated, in the early days of the present year, by the psychic personality of the late W. T. Stead, who went down with the Titanic: "It is a beautiful tribute," says the supposed shade of Mr. Stead, "one infinitely touching and appreciated by all, the strewing of the waters under which sank so many in that great disaster. Beautiful as was the conception and the execution of that conception, still more beautiful, more soul-satisfying, would be a recognition that we who went down into the icy depths are capable, if given an opportunity, an invitation, to live again, in a higher spiritual sense, with our friends and loved ones whom we left. But, alas! the clouds of unbelief, of incredulity, are so dense, and the pity of it that living men make that cloud which bars the intercommunication. They long for 'the touch of the vanished hand,' and yet they will not accept even the possibility of the power and the possibility, nay, the probability, nay, the certainty of receiving that touch. They put their hands across their eyes and say, 'No, no. No, no. I want you, but don't come back.' That is the attitude of humanity, not alone to us to whom the beautiful tribute was paid, but to the unnumbered millions who have passed the veil. And the pity, the pity of it.—Stead."

Let us try to see the bearing of all this. And let us, for the purpose of this comment, assume that among much that we may call matrix in these messages, there is yet a residuum of genuine metal; and, for the moment postponing the weighty question of the moral rightness of the process, let us ask what is the value of the assay. The first thing that stands out strikingly is the small case that the communicating spirits, if we may call them so, make of death, of the fact of having died, which, in prospect, seems so formidable. One and all, they make light of it, comparing it to an almost negligible journey, a passage from one station to another. It would seem that, in the sense of personal identity, the physical body counts for far less than we generally think; the psychical part of us is far more vital.

After the act of death, Myers and Hodgson are Myers and Hodgson still, to the tips of their fingers; indeed, we are far more certain of their continued identity than of any continuance of form. Myers is, as of old, impulsive, sensitive, poetical, rather morbid, perhaps; quoting

unusual lines of Shakespeare, the Brownings, Horace, Tennyson. William James, if it be he, is lucid, forceful, judicial; keenly criticising himself: his memory is clear on past events, but the recollection does not embrace each detail any more than ours; his memory was not intensified or clarified by death, but neither was it dimmed. He is equally lucid in what he says of the living, who fail to recognize the testimony for the dead or to feel their presence: the settled and definite tone of being alone is one of their great barriers. If they might know the near and close proximity of those who have died, they would be at peace.

If this be genuine, therefore, as we assume, then Henri Bergson's splendidly cogent analysis is fully justified. Tracing memory, not as abiding in the brain, but as a pure psychic power, to the moment of death, and finding it at that point rich and complete, we are justified in believing, he says, that it remains as full and complete "on the other side of death."

Personal identity, then, is continuous and complete; not as a mere memory and reverberation of life, but with real growth: new purposes, new observation, new knowledge, flowing from the old, from the capital carried to the new country by the adventurous colonist. It is no mere echo-consciousness, but vital, creative, full of effort and will.

An effort, too, which is concerted with others of the "band of brothers"; both Myers and William James, if it be they, speak of Hodgson's presence and expert help in "putting across the footlights," so to speak, what they have to say. And in like manner, Gurney breaks in with a passionate appeal that Myers be not disturbed in the first sensitive days after the act of death. And these colonists in death's realm are conscious also of the work of those who remain in "the old country": thus Myers speaks of new work of the "dear old chap," Sir Oliver Lodge, while James has seen Lodge, and, speaking of Lodge's work, declares that it is more sure than his own, more unequivocal; Lodge has wonderful faith and patience, he says, and is a thoughtful and careful investigator.

If one be interested in that strange, fertile idea of the fourth dimension, one will find in these messages much that may lend colour to the thought that those who send them find themselves in conditions that we might call four-dimensional. Take, on the one hand the curious ignoring of distances, so that Myers may dictate at the same time to an amanuensis in India, another in Algiers, a third in America; and on the other such a description as that which he gives, speaking of having seen his surviving colleagues at a meeting looking as flat as cardboard figures seen through a gray mist; exactly the expression we might expect, to describe a view from space of four dimensions.

Let us come now to the more serious aspects of the question. What is the bearing of all this on life, on our standard of values, on conduct? One application, and a vital one, is suggested by two sentences in these letters from beyond the grave. The first I have already quoted, as from William James, concerning the barrier that hides the dead from the living: "I have sat at table at home so many times since I came here. This is one of the hardest places my wife has to pass. The settled and definite tone of being alone is ever present there. If she might know my near and close proximity she would be at peace." That is the point: If we might know their near and close proximity we should be at peace.

The other is in a letter from Myers: "There is no sadder mistake than to imagine that by mourning for the dead their state of happiness is increased. Love they desire, but not lamentation." Need we press the significance of these two sentences? If they convey a true message, then their acceptance would change the whole face of life, bringing light into our darkness and assuaging intolerable grief. We should gradually realize the solidarity of the two worlds, the seen and the unseen; we should come in time to live in a sense in both, thus gradually wearing away the veil and mastering death.

So far the affirmative side, which we have agreed to accept, in order that we might realize its bearing and its reach. But we come now to the other side: the deep misgiving whether, if all this be true, it is also wise and right. Is there not, to begin with, a deep offence to our feeling of reverence in the manner of these peerings into death, and the atmosphere that surrounds them. Take, for illustration, the sentence quoted as from Edmund Gurney, who died twenty-five years ago: "I have come to warn you for my friend, to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. At every sitting, 'Bring Myers! Call Myers!' . . . For God's sake don't call him." Frankly, one finds this violation of the deepest sanctities horrible, and no supposed gain of knowledge lessens one's feeling of profound offence against spiritual law. Immortality, in all our purest intuition, is bound up with holiness, but there is no thought of holiness here; nothing but rasping and raucous curiosity, as vulgar as that at a catchpenny show.

Then is there not, on the showing of these letters themselves, the most serious danger to those thus summoned from their rest? The indications are, that they pass at first into a condition of stillness, of gestation, in which slow and sensitive growth begins, opening the way for more spiritual, more subjective after-states, rising gradually from the psychical to the spiritual, from the earthy to the heavenly. What thought, then, could be more shocking than that our prying curiosity might bring about what one can only call spiritual abortion, a result such as proceeds from ripping or crushing a chrysalis? What monstrosities

in the other world might not be brought about in this way? Take a sentence quoted as from Myers: "In my present state thoughts pain me more than wounds or burns could do while I lived." Think, then, of the danger of inflicting wounds or burns on what one may, perhaps, call a spiritual embryo, passing through the critically dangerous period of gestation.

Sir Oliver Lodge and those who work with him, in what we must all admit is a pure and self-sacrificing love of truth, would, perhaps, reply that, even granting that these dangers are as real and formidable as we have suggested, yet there are occasions when one is justified in running grave danger, even in inflicting serious pain. The knife and cautery are used by the surgeon, and wisely and rightly used. So that these pioneers may be regarded in a sense as making the sacrifice of their well-being, their spiritual life itself, perhaps, that we who remain may learn the high truth of immortality.

To this eloquent and moving plea, there are two answers. The first, which has for us a tremendous significance which it had not for its first hearers, is this: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." These investigations do not convince the skeptic, though they may give more vivid color to the thought of those who already believe. If there be, as we are persuaded, a growing belief in immortality, it is rather in spite of these psychic prying than because of them; it is a part, far rather, of that growing spiritual life of our time, which is affecting all science, from chemistry to philosophy, all religion from practical conduct to abstruse theology, all life, from the most direct dealing with our fellowmen to our conception of the All-Merciful. If one speak somewhat frankly, these researches with their department of publicity and their sensational announcements have vulgarized rather than fortified the thought of immortality; and fundamentally because they seek to promote a belief in immortality divorced from the idea of holiness.

There is the heart of the matter. If there be a right and legitimate knowledge of the things of death and the beyond, of the further growth of that mysterious soul which struggles submerged in our earthly lives, then one cannot doubt that this knowledge can come in one way alone: through spiritual growth and illumination gained through obedience to the deeper law; through holiness as having its heart and being in obedience. Bodily sight, the exquisitely delicate mechanism of the eye with its most mysterious power of vision, comes as the result of long development, a growth of powers gained by the strictest obedience to law, in a realm where there is but one penalty of disobedience: death. Can we believe that spiritual vision is more easily come by; is less under law, law far deeper, far more exacting, searching the things of the heart,

as natural law searches the powers of organic life? Is there not something repulsive as well as vulgar in the thought of these automatist communicators, often blindfolded, entranced, with painful writhings and spasmodic gestures, being the authentic representatives of the vision of the soul?

We are conscious, therefore, of a deep-rooted conviction, that while the investigators are earnest, sincere, self-devoted; while, as we believe, very much of what they record as coming from the dead, does indeed so come, a quite authentic message; yet the whole of this science of the dead may be wrong in its line of advance, highly dangerous to the communicators from beyond death; not illuminating, but rather misleading, for those who receive their communications, and who allow their view of spiritual law to be coloured and shaped by them.

It is quite thinkable that this singular band of psychic seekers, now re-united, it would seem, in their new realm, may not at all represent the normal and rightful processes of life after death. In virtue of their strong bent, accumulated energy and psychic momentum, of their wills and thoughts being set upon visualizing, so to speak, the things of death and the beyond, may they not have built up about them a quite exceptional and unrepresentative psychic atmosphere, in a realm where, it seems certain, thoughts are plastic and formative powers? May their position as communicators not be a part of this abnormal state, something not intended or approved by the deeper law; and therefore fundamentally productive of error rather than of truth?

But there may be, on the other hand, a right and true mode of approach; not through a stark and mechanical exploitation of the abnormal psychic faculty of others, but through our own slow and normal growth, and the unfolding of powers not psychical but spiritual. It may well be that spiritual life, resting in holiness and founded on unceasing obedience of heart and act, is not limited, for a knowledge of the deeper things of life and death, to dialectics and a threshing of testimonies of the past; that virtue will do more than establish simple rightness of act between man and man; that it will, indeed, enrich and develop the whole nature, moral and spiritual, bringing real faculties and powers to light, whereby we might, as our whole life and consciousness are spiritualized, come into knowledge, at once lawful and authentic, of what now lies hidden in the great beyond. If we rightly consider the matter, are not the recorded testimonies which we dispute over, the ancient records of faith, the fruit of just such spiritual growth, the honestly gained treasure of those who entered by the door, not stealing in some other way? Have we not high authority for the truth that we can know the doctrine only as we live the life?

FRAGMENTS

A VOICE called from long, long distances: "Behold! Give ear!" And I raised my eyes and saw the armies of Heaven marching across the sky, and great St. Michael leading. And as file after file of them passed in endless crores of millions, I heard the pæans of victory so loud that the roar of Hell was silenced.

In my heart spoke another voice, beloved above all voices: "Remember, child, remember, when the light grows dim and in darkness the way is hard to find; when men's ears are deaf and their hearts are hard and they will not turn or listen; when all your toil seems vain and the goal an endless vista,—remember the armies of Heaven marching across the sky, and the great St. Michael leading."

"You cannot enter into communion with me without suffering, for my life is a life of suffering; nor can you otherwise know its transcendent joys, for joy is its fruit. To go *half-way* is misery; but *all* the way is heaven."

CAVÉ.

THE EASTERN CHURCH

III

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

THE change from the vexed and harassed sea of theological bickering which we studied in the last paper, to the swift strong current of Russia's religious history is so abrupt and surprising that a moment must be taken for readjustment. It seems almost incredible that the content of the headlong torrent on which we at once find ourselves borne irresistibly along can be identical with that of its wide and shallow source, and that point granted, we must take into definite account the factors of velocity and depth in order to understand how the whole expanse of laughing ripples can find an outlet between such narrow banks.

The actual physical geography of the country to be traversed is no negligible quantity in its religious development; a country of vast distances, impenetrable forests, monotonous undulating steppes and frozen plains bound together and linked to the outer world by a network of magnificent rivers, the only possible highways of communication and civilization. Up one and another of these, the first missionaries sailed to visit the barbarous Scythia; and though the legends are a vague shadowy jumble of homely and miraculous events, reality is impressed upon them by the names of the Volga, the Dnieper, and the Neva, the topographical truths bearing witness to the germ of fact at the center of the stories. We can deny any save a symbolic existence to the millstone which St. Anthony so adroitly transformed from a weight about his neck to a sailing craft on which to journey, but the actuality of the Rome whence he fared forth, of the seas and rivers which he navigated, and of the picturesque stronghold of old Novgorod where he ultimately arrived, binds the tale to the land and water world of our positive knowledge. The figure of the voyaging St. Andrew may lack to our heavy imaginations the semblance of a flesh-and-blood man, but the low-lying banks of the Dnieper, which he so eagerly scanned from the prow of his vessel are still present to help vivify the image of the explorer, and the heights of Kieff makes plausible his prophetic exclamation: "On these hills shall shine forth the grace of God! Upon them there shall rise a great city of many churches!" A clearly conceived country also makes it easier for us to picture the more historic adventures of Cyril and Methodius, to appreciate the magnitude of their labor in penetrating the wilds where they had first to acquire a barbarous tongue and then invent for it an alphabet before giving to the inhabitants the

priceless gift of their vernacular translation of the Gospels and the Psalms.

It is with a people somewhat leavened by such influences that we find the country populated at the time of its actual conversion in the middle of the eleventh century; while over them reigned a prince, Vladimir, whose Slavic immobility was at least faintly stirred by the blood of his Norman ancestor Ruric and by the influence of his grandmother Olga, the first royal convert to Christianity.

The event is chronicled in the very next generation by "the venerable Bede of the Russian Church," Nestor, himself a monk of that very convent prophesied by St. Andrew at Kieff. Through his narrative we can vividly sense the temper and mind of the Prince in his interviews with the successive delegations which flocked from all sides in high hope of capturing him and his subjects each for its own spiritual fold. Keeping in mind the heavy burden of dialectics borne presumably in their theological budgets, it is enlightening to note through the eyes and mouth of a contemporary both the arguments used as decoys and the essentially racial reactions of the wary prize.

Upon the Mussulmans' heaven, the description of which closed their long dissertation on God and the Prophet, Vladimir turned his back with some apparent regret, but with a quite comprehensible refusal to give up the very present joy of unlimited vodka for a kindred joy in a problematical future. "Drinking is our great delight, we cannot live without it," was his ultimatum. To the arguments of the Roman Catholics who suddenly materialized out of the West, his opposition was quite as characteristically national, his abrupt decision "Go home! our fathers did not receive their religion from the Pope," voicing the deference of a very Russian for custom and precedent; while in his query "do you wish perhaps that we too should suffer loss of country through the wrath of God?" with which he angrily dismissed the Jewish delegation, we hear sounded the typical note of dominant patriotism.

His final interview with a philosopher from Constantinople must be given at some length for its delightful presaging of the future. We may well suppose that the Grecian scholar had at his disposal all the subtleties of theology and of culture, yet the wiles of wisdom were his too and his address to the grown-up child confronting him was in this wise: "We learn, O Prince, of the many false and wicked people who have sought to lead you to their belief; that of the Mussulmans is an abomination in the face of heaven, and judgment will fall upon them as of old on Sodom and Gomorrah!" which struck so immediate a moral spark from the prince that he cried "This is shameful!" and spat upon the ground. "As for the Papists," continued the Greek, "they celebrated the mass with unleavened bread, therefore they have not the true religion." Which was accepted without question, the mind of the Prince pushing forward to the spontaneous inquiry "Why was He in whom you believe crucified by the Jews?" which gave the coveted opening for a long and positive

affirmation of the Divine act from before the beginning of the world to the ultimate finality of the Seventh General Council, closing with a recital of the rewards and punishments meted out to the just and the unjust. Up to the point we feel, and feel with sympathy, no response in the mind of his royal audience; but here he produced from the folds of his mantle a powerful argument in the shape of an actual picture of the Last Judgment, an incontrovertible, eye-convincing proof that the saints on the right hand did indeed ascend into a heaven of comfortable golden glory, while the sinners on the left descended as obviously into a painful flaming hell. The deep sigh which its contemplation elicited from the Prince and his exclamation "Happy are those on the right! Woe to those on the left!" may be taken as an epitomized vindication of the long struggle against iconoclasm which has so stirred the Eastern Church in the preceding century, and as a foreword of the vast influence sacred pictures were to play in the religious and national life of Russia. Its quick appeal was destined to wax into a passion, not for works of art as such but for pictorial emblems and visual instructions. Everywhere in public and in private these painted representations became the consecrating element, to an extent only paralleled in the history of Egypt, where the picture-encrusted churches of Moscow were prototyped by the ancient temples.

By following the fortunes of one of the most revered of these pictures, that known as "Our Lady of Vladimir," one could gather an almost unbroken history of the nation. Believed to have been painted by Constantine the Great, it was brought back by Vladimir himself after the victory of Kherson and finally deposited in the most sacred of Russian cathedrals. Used on every great occasion of national thanksgiving, or carried in the van of battle, it represents exactly the idea of an ancient palladium, a watchword and a flag to support the courage of generals and the patriotism of troops.

It is only by a distinct effort of the imagination that the West can realize what these archaic images represent to the minds of another race, or how widely the Bible story is disseminated even now by the means of primitive pictures, but we can better our comprehension by noting Vladimir's immediate quickening. When however the Greek, encouraged by the emotions so evidently produced, sought to clinch matters at once with the exhortation "Then if you would enter heaven with the just on the right, consent to be baptized!" he discovered to his chagrin that he had struck too soon, that the metal of the mind was still too cool to be malleable, for after a moment of profound reflection the Prince replied "I will wait yet a little while," and sent him home gift-laden but not triumphant.

A year passed, but the fire evidently smouldered, for at the end of that time a delegation of nobles was despatched to spy upon each belief on its native heath. They returned with an unfavorable report of the Mussulmans because forsooth they "prayed with covered heads

and the stench of the mosques was insupportable," and with a frank scorn for the bare dullness of the German churches; but over the splendor of the service at Constantinople they sang a very paean of praise. Not in vain had the Patriarch's order "Let them see the glory of our God," been carried out with all the resources which the unrivaled richness of the Cathedral of St. Sophia could command. The effect of that gold-encrusted interior, resounding with the music of the choirs, with picture and vestment blended in the blue mist of swaying censers, upon the rude denizens of the frozen north is told us in their own words: "We knew not if we were not in heaven, for in truth it would be impossible on earth to find such richness. We can only believe that we were verily in the presence of God, and it is impossible for us to remain longer where we are." Nevertheless remain they did, and that for some time, for the obdurate prince was still averse to change. It was not until his victory at Kherson for which he had cannily bartered a promise of baptism to the new Deity, and had further utilized the selfsame pledge in acquiring the Princess Anna as his wife, that he finally yielded himself to the rite.

But the fateful step once taken his whole zeal belonged thenceforward forever to his adopted faith. His former idol, the poor old wooden god Peroun was disenthroned, dragged mercilessly across country at a horse's tail and summarily thrown into the Dnieper; and the assembled people, whether in forced obedience or in glad imitation of their prince, were one and all immersed in the river beneath the heights of Kieff, the Greek priests reading the prayers of baptism and so accomplishing to all outward intent the Christianization of Russia at one fell swoop. In such wise was the whole knife-edged mass of orthodoxy, which had been crystallized from the mist of philosophical speculation by centuries of heated discussion accepted in its entirety, without examination, on the evidence of the wrappings in which it is presented. It is a striking spectacle of a people converted without missionaries, without bloodshed, without hesitation, but simply through the command and example of their ruler; a significant foundation for an empire destined to build its structure through the interaction of a limitless energy and a faithful, unquestioning submission. In no other modern nation is the Church so immediately under the influence of the Sovereign, the Sovereign so immediately under the influence of the Church. Even the right of investiture, elsewhere but a passive and formal acceptance of the crown, here becomes a religious ceremony with the Tsar himself as the active agent. Duly prepared by fasting and seclusion he himself recites the confession of the orthodox faith and offers up the prayer of intercession for the empire; and after himself placing the crown upon his own head enters the sacred doors of the innermost sanctuary and in virtue of his consecration communicates with bishop, priest and deacon.

In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, within the Kremlin,

lies the long succession of the early tsars, above the coffins their portraits painted each with a glory around his head—not the glory of a saintly, but of this imperial canonization. Twice a year a funeral service is performed for all those “who there lie buried under the burden of sins, voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown.” With these solemn words in mind we pause involuntarily before the tomb of him who as the first crowned tsar of Muscovy lies next the altar in the most sacred place; that Ivan, surnamed the Terrible, a synonym to all civilization for cruelty, lust and madness. Yet for thirteen years this whirlpool of force, which was the instrument of the most colossal crimes known to history, was utilized with unabated power for the consolidation and reformation of the Russian Empire, reclaimed through the combined efforts of his wife and his confessor to stand valiantly at the helm of the ship of state and guide it through a period of brilliant achievement. At the end of the thirteen years these influences were removed or crushed and the remainder of his career is one mad fury of insanity, the occasional gleams of pious zeal bearing only the hallmark of fanatical emotional indulgence.

The hurricane of his passion devastated all within its path, save alone the “one white pillar in the East,” the Holy Orthodox Church which in its priestly and monastic orders withstood the onslaught. From the first emerges the figure of St. Philip, the one martyr of the Eastern Hierarchy, who suffered death not for high ecclesiastical pretensions but in the simple cause of justice and mercy, for his unflinching stand against the cruelties of the mad monarch. In his voice rings out so high a courage that it imparts a vibrant life to the whole obscure succession of those early prelates: “I am a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth and ready to suffer for the truth. Where would my Faith be if I kept silence? Here we offer up the bloodless sacrifice of the Lord; yet behind the altar flows the blood of Christians. As the image of God I reverence thee; as a man thou art but dust and ashes.” His one word as he was dragged from the cathedral was “Pray!” His one word to his executioner, “Perform thy mission!”

An equally fearless rebuke, and more effective in its immediate results came from the ranks of the second order, the “Black Clergy,” and is brought home to us through the annals of an adventurous traveler of that time. His description of the wandering hermits is worth quoting: “There are certain eremites who go stark naked save a clout about their middle, with their hair hanging long and wildly about their shoulders and many of them with an iron collar about their necks even in the very extremity of winter. The people like very well of them because they are as pasquins to note their great men’s faults, since they take them as prophets, giving them a liberty to speak as they list without controlment. Of this sort I saw one, a foul creature, an impostor or musician; yet it is a very hard and cold profession to go naked in Russia.”

This gives the portrait by an eye-witness of Nicholas of Plescow as he must have appeared when he emerged from his hut to defend the people from the blood-lust of the Tsar, fresh from the carnage of Novgorod and bent upon another like orgy. The maniac was moved by the sound of the church bells "those tongues of the Russian religion" to implore the blessing of the holy man upon him and his enterprise. The retort was embodied in a lump of raw flesh, a well-directed shock to his piety and as well as to his sovereignty, for the great fast of Lent was being rigidly observed. "Ivasko, Ivasko" called out the hermit from his doorway, "thinkest thou it unlawful to eat beasts' flesh, yet lawful to devour the flesh of men?" And pointing to a black thundercloud overhead as an instrument of God's wrath, threatened him with instant destruction should he touch a hair of the least child's head. Ivan trembled and retired and Plescow was saved.

Such an incident throws fresh light on the strong appeal of the asceticism to the mediæval mind, and of the comparative practical value of an ideal of personal holiness over and against the imposed works of charitable brotherhoods and didactic laws. Time and again as we study, we see crises averted, destinies altered, the nation preserved either through the instrumentality of such solitary zealots, or through the organized effort of the cloistered monks. The story of the Troitzki Monastery situated some sixty miles from Moscow in the midst of a wilderness of woods amply refutes the charge of selfish religious seclusion.

Through the two great historical crises of Mediæval Russia, one the period of the Tartar dominion, the other that of the Polish invasion, it emerges again and as the impregnable fortress, a living centre of courageous inspiration. The remonstrances and prayers of its founder Sergius, braced the spirit of the Grand Prince Demetrius and drove him forth to the battle of the Don, where one of his monks, as champion of Christ, a coat of mail drawn over his habit, began the fight by single combat with a gigantic Tartar chosen from the Mussulmans' host. To the credit of that victory the first great repulse to the Tartar power, must be added that of the final blow. When Ivan III wavered, as had Demetrius before him, it was Sergius' successor, the venerable Archbishop Bassian who drove him almost against his will to the field. "Dost thou fear death, which is the lot of all, man and beast and bird? Give these warriors into my hand and old as I am I will not turn my back upon the Tartars." Thus urged Ivan returned to the camp, the Khan of the Golden Horde fled without a blow, and Russia was freed forever from that menace. The familiar cross surmounting a crescent is a witness to the fact that it was in very truth a triumph for the Christian faith over threatened annihilation, an heroic struggle well worthy of the Church Militant.

We are so used to thinking of the Russians as the oppressors of the Poles, that it is difficult to conceive a time when the parts were reversed

and the partition of Russia was the threatened evil. Yet it was this dread which first engendered the bitterness between the two great Slavonic nations, and which in turn so deeply stamped Russia with its vehement anti-Papal prejudices, for papal supremacy and Polish conquest were interchangeable terms. In the last extremity of the struggle, when Moscow had fallen into the hands of the invaders, when Hermogenes the Patriarch had been starved to death, imprisoned almost within the walls of his own cathedral; when Latin services were being chanted in the Kremlin and anarchy was threatening; the Trinity Convent was still equal to the long siege. Its warlike traditions raised up soldier-monks, and the Archimandrite Dionysius sped the national patriots forth to victory. Rude pictures still represent in strange confusion the mixture of artillery and apparitions, fighting monks and fighting ghosts which drove back the assailants from the walls of the beleaguered fortress. The convent was for a time the whole empire and its victory was the deliverance of Russia.

The very existence of the present imperial dynasty is a living tribute to the services of an hierarchy at this time of their country's need. The race of Rurik had passed in the murder of the child Demetrius, the nobles had proved themselves a worthless dependence, so it was to the clergy that the people looked for a new leader. Philaret, afterward Patriarch, and his wife Martha, secluded as a nun during the long wars, were the parents of Michael Romanoff, the future Tsar. Small wonder that fruitful years in the joint history of Church and State followed, with the unexampled condition of a father directing the one, a son the other, each coöperating for the common good of both. It may be termed the beginning of the Russian Reformation, a period which reached its climax of effectiveness in the latter half of the eighteenth century in almost as unparalleled a circumstance; the close friendship of the Tsar Alexis for the greatest of Russia's ecclesiastical reformers, the Patriarch Nikon. The story of his life is a really great drama, woven from the conflicting elements of high ideals, ungovernable passions and unswerving loyalty to his one and only friend; enacted partly amidst the pomp and splendour of the court, partly in his long exile on the frozen shores of the White Lake, partly in his tragic journeys by sledge or on foot through wastes of snow or primeval forests. His departure from the see which he vacated in a burst of fury provoked by the adroit baitings of his enemies, brought the six years of his active reforms to a sudden close, but during that time he and his royal patron had worked as one man in all acts of government, passing all their time together, "in the Church, in the council chamber and at the friendly board," and much had been accomplished. It is primarily this relationship which differentiates him from the great reformers of the West to whom he is often compared. Far from maintaining the independence of the hierarchy against the civil power, or from trampling the imperial government under foot, his leading idea was coöperation between Church

and State, his enmity solely with a barbarous nobility and an ignorant clergy. The final break with the Tsar was a purely personal quarrel, engendered and fostered by the legion of nobles whom he had insulted or affronted, and between them was only the wall of bitter misunderstanding and wounded affection. We have an astonished account of both the robust Nikon and the docile Alexis in the journal of one archdeacon Paul, a garrulous effete visitor from the Church of Antioch. After the self-revealing statement that he had "at length roused his languid mind to the task and stretched toward the object his recoiling pen," he proceeds: "An occurrence which confused our understandings was that so far was the multitude from being content with their lengthened services, that the Deacon brought the Patriarch the Book of Lessons; and not only did he read therefrom, but he expounded the meaning to the standing assembly, until our spirits were broken within us during the tedious while. His heart did not ache for the Emperor nor for the tender infants standing uncovered in the intense cold. What most excited our admiration was to see the Tsar with his hands crossed in humility, the other displaying them with the boldness of an orator; the one guarding his senses and breathing low, the other making his voice ring like a loud bell. His janissaries are perpetually going about, and when they find any priest or monk intoxicated they imprison, strip and scourge him, and then set him to sift flour day and night in the bakehouse. God grant him moderation!"

Here we see the perplexity of a contemporary over two of Nikon's most drastic measures—the introduction of extempore preaching and the disciplining of a dissolute clergy. He exhibited in himself a new type of pastoral virtues;—of unbounded munificence he founded hospitals and almshouses; with summary justice he personally released innocent victims from the prisons; he broke ruthlessly through long-cherished customs; the advances in education inaugurated by the terrible Ivan were started into new life, the printing press was again set to work and deputations of scholars were sent to the Grecian monasteries to collect manuscripts; partly from Greece, partly from Poland, he imported Cossack choristers to supplant with their chants "the gross and harsh intonations of the Muscovites," the initial step in the development of that vocal music which has since become the glory of the Russian worship. Toward the Mother Church at Constantinople, his habitually domineering mind was eagerly and sensitively open to teaching and impressions, and since from that source little else was to be had, the result was an overweening emphasis of antiquated ceremonial and ritualism. It is appalling to see the dynamic force expended on such seeming trivialities as a benediction given with the three instead of two fingers, an embroidered altar cloth replaced by a white one; or a wrong inflection in pronouncing the creed, yet the frantic opposition which these innovations provoked, brought new ardor to a church still

childishly incapable of connecting the outer form with the inner significance, and roused them to a fiery defense of the one thing they could perceive—the precious casket in which their faith was enshrined. Furthermore, the pouring of this freshly heated mass of molten enthusiasm into the old moulds gave a strong, sharply-defined image to be the heritage of future generations, a valuable replica of the truth preserved almost intact from Apostolic times.

What would have occurred had there been a puerile effort to fit the doctrine to their comprehension, is evidenced in the vagaries of the Raskolniks, the dissenting sects scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of Russia. The disturbing innovations of Nikon and the drastic reforms of Peter the Great which followed in their wake, drove forth large numbers of zealous reactionaries from the fold of the established Church to follow the dim star of personal interpretation. It is an anomalous form of Protestantism since they disassociated themselves not because cramped by the inelastic bands of orthodoxy, but because they could not keep pace with those leaders, whom they name respectively the False Prophet, and the Very Antichrist. Driven by the first to the verge of despair by such innovations, as a thrice repeated Hallelujah, or a cross lacking three transverse beams, they suffered actual martyrdom rather than submit to the drastic reforms of the radical Emperor. Could there be anything more impious than his change in the calendar, his assertion that the world was created in January when the snow was on the ground, not in September when the corn was ripe? Or that smoking was less wicked than drinking, when the Scriptures plainly avow "Not that which goeth into a man but that which cometh out of a man defileth him?" Or that the potato might be sinlessly devoured when it was so obviously the forbidden fruit, the very apple of the earth and of the devil?

Against one much desired Westernism even the more docile and receptive of his subjects set their faces so firmly that he was forced partly to rescind and modify his commands—the heinous order that the image of God should be defaced by the shaving of the beard, which since the eleventh century had been a proud distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and a smooth chin is even to-day almost unknown amongst either the peasants or the clergy.

That the Russian Church, containing such elements should have survived the shock of Peter's revolution, proved its vitality. After the first convulsion it became apparent that the country as a whole had embraced the changes and moved with them, and wild superstition gave way before the thrust of rough common sense. Into the oath taken by bishops at their consecration were introduced these remarkable provisions pledging them against both pious frauds and corrupt lassitude: "I will not, for the sake of gain suffer to be built superfluous churches, or ordain superfluous clergy. I promise to require that there be erected

no tombs of spurious saints. I will diligently search out and put down all impostures practised under the show of devotion, and will provide that honor be paid to God only, not to the holy pictures, and that no false miracles be ascribed to them."

Under the shadow of personal religious grievance, the real fundamental change in church government crept in almost unnoticed and unmolested. The substitution of the capital of St. Petersburg for Moscow was the outward sign that the course of the new Empire was westward, while the boundary between the new and old ecclesiastical Russia came in the abolition of the office of Patriarch and the substitution of a Synod of prelates as the governing body. Although this was presided over by the Tsar himself, his power was scarcely altered by the change: Peter was as much and as little the head of the Church as his predecessors. He had it is true, removed the possibility of a rival in the State, but the office was abolished chiefly because he was enraged at the retrograde obstinacy of the last Patriarch, because he wished to sweep away barbaric ceremonial and because he wished to substitute here as elsewhere, the rule of colleges and bodies of men for that of individuals. The institution which thus perished was scarcely more than a century old, and its destruction was sanctioned by his most powerful ecclesiastical supporters.

Throughout his whole remarkable career his one desire was to seize the good wherever it could be obtained that he might add it to the sum total of his people's welfare, never to throw away or subtract from the essential heritage of their race. As we read of his direct personal dealings with the various western denominations we realise keenly that he is of the same type as Vladimir. He heard the doctrines and attended the worship of each country which he visited. In the Free-Thinkers of Amsterdam, in Lutheran and Quaker, Episcopalian and Non-Juror, even in the very Pope himself we feel the hopeful rise of the proselytizing spirit at his open-minded approach, the aftermath of discouragement as time and again he turned back with added content to the shelter of his hereditary belief. Throughout all his wanderings he faithfully observed the Eastern fasts; in his battles he carried always a sacred picture from the Troitzki Convent; and the motto under which he fought was "For the Faith and the Faithful." Both in the wooden hut where he lived to watch the erection of his capitol, and in his cabin at Zaandam a room was set aside for his devotions, and "ora et labora" was the quotation with which he closed the address to his Senate.

To have kept such a hold on such a man whose clearest virtue was eager open-mindedness, whose darkest crimes were those of an ungovernable passion is an adequate vindication of the strength inherent in his belief. In return his violently shaping hand gave it a form which could harbor the progressive spirit of the age, a freedom which in the next generation fostered scholars and leaders not only well in advance of

the flocks under their care, but fully abreast of advanced European thought. Their personalities are for us almost unpardonably shrouded by the veils of distance and language, so that it is only to special students that the names of Ambrose and Plato, of Innocent or of Theodore Globensky carry their due weight.

Even today like hindrances veil from our full understanding this one example of a living Church which finds its medium in nationality, a hindrance which is increased by the ingrained Protestantism of our attitude. It is hard for us to brook conservatism or the abrogation of the liberty of private judgment. Yet the tolerance which it so generously extends to alien sects commands a like return and instead of voicing our doubts and objections we can bow humbly to many of their claims; can grant their direct uninterrupted succession back to Apostolic times: and can honor an unsullied body of Christianity in its primordial completeness that "has no need to be discovered, only to be preserved, to be received through faith not reason, and enjoyed as a life of mystic communion assured by a hierarchical priesthood." And we may reverently close with the words which shine forth on its banner "This is the Apostolic Faith, this is the Faith of the Fathers, this is the orthodox Faith, this Faith has established the world."

ANNE EVANS.

All the weakness, and perhaps one ought to say the growing weakness of the Church in the modern world, comes, not as is supposed from Science having raised up self-styled invincible systems against Religion; not from Science having discovered, having found arguments against Religion, supposed victorious reasons; but from this—that what remains of the socially Christian world is profoundly wanting to-day in charity. It is not reasons at all that lack—it is charity. All the reasons, all the systems, all the pseudo-scientific arguments would be nothing, would have but little weight, if there were but one ounce of charity.

CHARLES PÉGUY: *Notre jeunesse.*

THE PSYCHICAL "CHOIR INVISIBLE"

WILLIAM JAMES died at Chocorua, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, on August 26, 1910. Very naturally, as his lively interest in things psychical and the great question of communication with the dead was so well known, there was much speculation as to whether he would try to communicate with his friends, and as to whether he would succeed, though it would seem that there had been no specific compact or promise on his part, as there had been, for instance, in the case of Frederic Myers.

In reply to this general question, it is affirmed, by those who have given their lives to the solution of these problems, that Professor James did make the effort to communicate, and that he succeeded in sending messages to his friends which would fill several pages of print; that his return was exceptionally prompt, there being an interval of only a fortnight between his death and the first considerable message, and that even within twenty-four hours after his death, he consciously made the effort to appear to clairvoyants on both sides of the Atlantic. One of these, known as Mrs. Smead, a lady of high character, described the apparition of a man in a black gown, whom she did not then recognize, but whom she later identified as Professor William James, when she saw his portrait. The other clairvoyant, Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, a woman of exceptional gifts and scholarly mind, said that she had "dreamed" that Professor James had come to her, seeking to communicate; the dream being, in fact, the method of communication.

And shortly after this the detailed messages began, coming for the most part through two "automatists," Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth, under the general supervision of Dr. J. H. Hyslop, who, as a friend and fellow-worker of William James, was exceptionally interested in the experiment, and also exceptionally well qualified to judge of its success. In the two series of messages, through the two scribes, the shade of William James, if it be he, blends two elements: memories of his own past, with a view to the identification of his personality; and comment on his present surroundings, with a considerable amount of philosophizing thereon. As to the memories, it must suffice to say that they are in many details both striking and vivid, their coincidence with the facts, or their apparent error, being carefully noted in the record of the experiments. As to his post-mortem surroundings, the noteworthy thing is, that he does not at all appear as a solitary spirit, sending messages solely on his own initiative. He is rather the newest recruit to a well-organized

band, chief among whom are the shades of the famous leaders of psychical research: Richard Hodgson in this country, and across the ocean, Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers.

To make the part of Professor James in this long-continued effort really intelligible, both as to method and as to matter, it will be necessary to run over briefly what had been taking place in the other world before his death; I mean the ordered series of communications which have been coming, for several years now, from shades of the founders and chief workers of the Society for Psychical Research.

Let me try, by a simile, to convey the impression their continuing work makes on me, a work carried on now, so far as most of them are concerned, from "the other side of death." Once, a good many years ago, I was at a concert, of mixed orchestral music and song, which had been sufficiently animated and successful. The last number, an orchestral piece, was marked by a quaint piece of shadow-play; whether it was a personal fancy for that occasion only, or a tradition of that piece of music, I am not musician enough to know. But at any rate as the piece drew towards its close, I was astonished to see the 'cellists one by one stop playing, gravely swathe their big fiddles, don their overcoats and hats and depart, the remainder of the orchestra still playing. The brass followed suit, and then the wood wind and the drums, till all were gone, even the conductor, save only the first violin, who still fiddled furiously, oblivious of the world and all things. Then at last with a start he awoke to his solitude, and he too stilled his music and departed.

Had the symphony continued, but with invisible musicians, like the Beyreuth orchestra, we should have a perfect image of the psychic "choir invisible." First Edmund Gurney, then Henry Sidgwick, then Frederic W. H. Myers, then Richard Hodgson, then Frank Podmore, then William James, laid down their instruments and disappeared. But their music has continued; continues still; and of this latest movement of the psychical symphony, I shall try to give some connected impression.

We most of us remember how Richard Hodgson, the young Australian, came to this country to investigate Mrs. Piper. He had studied at Cambridge under Professor Henry Sidgwick, and had there fallen in with psychic research, and become enthusiastically interested, but quite unconvinced of the deeper phenomena. He used the methods of a detective; his mind was positive, quick, humorous, resourceful; his patience inexhaustible. Among his early American friends was a young New York lawyer, who appears in the record under an assumed name, George Pelham, the initials and Christian name being genuine. Hodgson records that he and G. P. once had a talk about death. G. P. scouted the idea of immortality, mocked at Hodgson's researches, and then suddenly burst out: "If I die first, and find myself alive, I'll make it lively for you!"

G. P. shortly afterwards met with a sudden and violent death, the result of a fall, as he was coming home from dinner. How his shade returned, and "made it lively" for Richard Hodgson, with such effect that the latter was at last convinced of G. P.'s identity after fighting every inch of the field, is now matter of general knowledge. The young New York lawyer broke the ground; he was the path-finder for the "twentieth century ghosts." In nearly all later manifestations and apparitions, as, for example, the communications of Myers and Gurney, he played a prominent part, supplying force for weak communicators, experience for new-comers, enthusiasm for all. And this impartially through three continents; for it becomes perfectly obvious that, for these vigorous ghosts, space as we know it simply does not exist, at least in the sense of forming any barrier to communication. Indeed, a stock expedient is to communicate the same word through scribes, one of whom may be in Boston, another in London, another in Algiers, another in Bengal, at the same moment; thus furnishing a striking test of genuine supernaturalism.

It is evident that, for the surviving soul, a body is needed before it can communicate, whether an astral or etheric body of its own, or the partially borrowed body of some one still living. Most of these communications come in this last way, the soul taking possession of a living body either partially or wholly; that is, either writing with the hand of the living person, or entrancing the person, entering the body, and speaking with the living lips. The latter was often the case with Mrs. Piper; the former was more often the method used with other scribes, like Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, and the ladies known as Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead and so forth; private persons of undoubted integrity, who dislike newspaper notoriety and prefer the use of fictitious names. As to the method of "possession," the shade of Richard Hodgson, writing through Mrs. Piper, thus expressed himself, to Professor Hyslop:

"Do you remember a joke we had about George's putting his feet on the chair, and how absurd we thought it?"

Professor Hyslop, who did not remember anything of the kind, asked:

"George who?"

The discarnate Hodgson, still writing with Mrs. Piper's hand, answered:

"Pelham, in his description of the life here."

Still unresponsive, Professor Hyslop replied:

"No; you must have told it to someone else."

"Oh," replied Hodgson, "perhaps it was Billy. Ask him." Which Professor Hyslop did, with the following result: "Billy" was the name by which Hodgson had always called Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, so he was asked regarding the pertinence of the incident. He replied that he and Dr. Hodgson had laughed heartily at

some statements of George Pelham, when he was trying to communicate after his death, about what he did when he was communicating. He asserted that he was in the medium's head, and his feet on the table, while he was trying to communicate through her hand. The incident is good to prove identity, as the facts were quite unknown to Professor Hyslop.

Using some such method as this, therefore, the shades of Myers and Gurney tried to communicate, having as their channel an Anglo-Indian lady, a cheerful, healthy person in the thirties, who had the power of automatic writing. Here is an extremely interesting example of their joint work. I use roman and italic type to represent the alternation of pen and pencil in the script, which was written about three years after Myers' death; Gurney had been dead fifteen years. Myers first writes:

*"The obscuration of consciousness was prolonged in my case to an abnormal period. Nearly the whole of the first year was hidden from me. I was entranced as it were. That accounts for some failures of compact, does it not? It is all so far more difficult than one imagines. Even granting the strength to reach the threshold, one can but fall helplessly upon it, spent, and one's message stilled.—I dislike writing with pencil. Yes, ink is far more congenial to me. The publication of the book [Myers' book, *Human Personality*, published after his death] was a tremendous help to me, and to others of us. It set new strength, new power, free in our direction, and even blind interest, unintelligent thoughts, can be an assistance. It's the blank, hateful indifference that is the second death to the spirit, the ghost that once was man. I almost regret now that we so evaded the good old word 'ghost' in our Proceedings; it was slurred and perverted by misuse, but we should have tried to ennoble it again. 'Holy Ghost' means more in the services of the Church than Holy Spirit—"*

[Gurney writing]: *"It's not much good, his power fails so soon. Take a pencil.—Always a pencil for me, I hate ink. Don't be discouraged about the man who's just gone. The fine quality of his mind alone makes it harder for him to sway an alien brain, or move an alien hand. The 'burliness' they used to laugh at in me stands me in better stead now perhaps. For my own part I have nothing to say as yet. If your hand is much influenced by me, it will be all the harder for F. [Myers] to influence it. Begin your writing with a pen tomorrow."*

To me, the personalities of the two writers, both of whom I remember seeing at meetings of the S. P. R. in by-gone days, seem perfectly distinct and clear; altogether distinct also from the personality of Mrs. Holland. One can hardly imagine one's own hand talking to one in this fashion, for instance:

"I can't help feeling vexed, or rather angry, at the half-hearted way in which you go in for this; you should either take it or leave it. If you don't care enough to try every day for a short time, better drop it altogether. It's like making appointments and not keeping them. You endanger your own powers of sensitiveness and annoy us bitterly."

The author of this scolding is the shade of Edmund Gurney, the recipient is Mrs. Holland. Three days later, he harks back to the same key: "Now listen: you must write every day, just a few minutes some time every day for one whole month. Make up your mind to do it. Half the time and energy we spend in scolding you and trying to keep you up to the mark would give splendid proofs that people are longing for. Don't stop to wonder who will see them; that will be arranged. You do the writing, and the need for it, the use for it, will be shown."

The character of Edmund Gurney, and what he calls his "burliness" comes out finely in that, and indeed in everything he has written. Frederic Myers is not less distinctive: poetical, sensitive, full of allusions to the classics and to his own work and theories, as well as to the conditions he has found "at the other side of death." I wish space permitted me to illustrate this fully.

Some months after these letters were written, Richard Hodgson joined the "choir invisible," being stricken suddenly while playing handball at the Boat Club in Boston. He died five days before Christmas. Hardly a week had passed before he was trying to communicate, and one of his first questions was, whether the Christmas cards he had prepared had been received by his friends. In his case, there were a number of striking points of identification, some of them rather painful for survivors. For instance, there was a ring, given him by a lady, who alone besides himself knew where he had got it; this disappeared at his death, and, communicating through Mrs. Piper, his ghost declared that he had assuredly had it on when he started for the boat club; that he had taken it off and put it in his waistcoat pocket, because it hurt his hand when he played ball, and that it was in his pocket still. He even indicated the place where the waistcoat would be found, and where, in fact, it was found. Then there was a love-story; a girl whom he had been passionately devoted to, and whom he had been unable to marry because of his devotion to ghost-hunting and the limitation of income this entailed; this again had been unknown except to her, and forms a strong indication of identity. There are many detailed communications, enough to fill a volume. Indeed, they fill several volumes, especially the very striking proofs called "cross-correspondences," the essence of which is, that the ghost dictates the same words or thoughts to scribes in different places, different continents sometimes, at the same time, and they are later brought together. In the case of the ghostly Myers, these are as striking as they are voluminous; all kinds of out-of-the-way allusions, obscure phrases from Plotinus, in the original Greek, tags of modern poetry, ancient mythology, ideas from Myers' own books, Latin phrases, and so on, were sent at the same time through two or three scribes in different places, in extraordinary abundance, and with extraordinary convincingness for whoever is willing to be convinced.

In the late summer of 1910, two more of the musicians vanished

from the earthly stage, Frank Podmore and William James. Presently their music was heard from behind the curtain.

Professor William James died, as we already noted, on August 26th; on August 27th, his wraith, afterwards recognized from a published photograph, appeared to the lady known as Mrs. Smead, one of the sensitive scribes concerned in this record. At the beginning of November the ghost of William James began to write through another scribe, known as Mrs. Chenoweth. It is characteristic of him that he dwells chiefly on minor details, which, in his view, are far the best for identification. For example, addressing Professor Hyslop, he says:

"I have a recollection of meeting you first with Richard [Hodgson]. It was at a small gathering or small company, and after it was over, we met and talked. That was about your own work with Mrs. Piper. I do not recall whether that was my first introduction to you, but it was about that time. I was impressed with your fervor, and laughed with Richard about it afterwards."

A few days later, following out the same theory of detail, William James wrote:

"Bread and milk and berries often made the meal at night in the summer, and the vegetable kingdom furnished a large part of my food always. I was fond of apples and some kinds of fish.—These may seem remarkable things to return from heaven to say, but you will appreciate their value. I can see the headlines in the newspapers now, if this were given out."

On September 12th, a few days after his death, William James said, through Mrs. Smead, that he had tried to communicate with Mrs. Verrall, "across the water," and investigation showed that early that same morning Mrs. Verrall saw James in a dream, and had the impression, which she recorded, that he was trying to communicate with her.

There remains yet one more of the "choir invisible," Frank Podmore. He does not seem to have communicated himself, but he shows up strongly in Hodgson's ghostly declarations. Thus a month after his death, and a few days after the apparition of William James to the learned lady in England, the shade of Richard Hodgson thus delivered himself:

"We are having much fun with Podmore. He dies hard, too, and argues and argues in a circle, just the same as ever. Between him and Hudson we have a merry time. Sidgwick is most interested in James' experiments. He does not care so much for Podmore's dilemma, although he often argued and worked in the same direction. You know the early days of Sidgwick were filled with all sorts of explanations that gave us no end of trouble. But S. has opened his eyes, and Podmore was born blind, sure as you live."

A few days later, Hodgson cheerfully says: "We have cooked Frank's goose."

A year after his death, William James, thinking backwards to his journey to Nauheim in search of health, said:

"Tell Mrs. James that I am not sorry that I went across. That was not what caused my death, although I can still hear her troubled tone as she said, 'I am sure you were not able to go, and I am sorry we went.' It would have been harder to stay. The anxiety would have been too great. Here is my sign, Omega."

This was the sign agreed upon, before his death, with Professor Hyslop. On this the Hodgson ghost cheerily comments:

"Same cautious William, but faithful and lovely as a spirit can be."

Here this record must close. Thus do the "choir invisible" continue to make music, gay or pathetic, behind the curtain. The cogency of it all is, to me, irresistible; far more effective when taken as a whole than these few excerpts suggest. Without doubt, these investigators have proven, for whosoever will rightly weigh the proof, that the dead live, not remote but close to us, not forgetful, but vividly remembering the life they have just left, and on whose verge they hover. On their condition, these records shed much light; it is etheric or astral, not bound by space, but fluid, vaporous, the vapor instantly moulded and colored by their thoughts or by the thoughts of the living, directed to them.

Therefore I am convinced that the record is true. At the same time, I am even more deeply convinced that these experiments are highly dangerous and should never have been made; that there is but one right way to raise the veil of death: the way of holiness and purification. Nevertheless, let these experiments stand for what they are worth, and let us learn from them what we can of the mysteries of life and death.

JOHN CARLTON.

You do not need much time to love God, to renew the thought of His Presence frequently, to lift up your heart to Him and worship Him in its depths, to offer Him all you do and all you suffer; and this is the real "Kingdom of God within you," which nothing can disturb.

ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON.

KARMA *

THE word "Karma" is a Sanskrit term whose literal meaning is "action." The "Law of Karma" means, literally, the "law of action,"—the way action works. This is something with which we are all very familiar. We are observing it every day, and experiencing its operation every instant of the day. For all life is action, of one form or another, and the laws of action are the laws of life.

Though we recognize the truth of this the instant it is stated, it seems somewhat strained to use our common English word "action" in so broad a sense. It is true that we speak of the "action" of the will, the "action" of love, or of ambition, or of thought. But if the field of action be not specified, the first impression the word conveys is of some external and sensible movement,—the exertion and manifestation of some outer rather than of some inner power. The Eastern term is free from this narrowing connotation of externality. It retains the universal quality of Eastern thought, which conceives of life as one undivided whole, and of the great principles and laws of life as operative throughout its whole extent, changing only the form of their manifestation from plane to plane,—as light may change to heat,—but remaining themselves essentially unchanged. Karma is action; but the implication is that Life, in its wholeness, is the actor, and that the field of action is the whole field of life. The study of Karma is the study of life in terms of action.

What are the terms of action? When we attempt to formulate our knowledge of the way things act, we are likely to think first of such a law as that of "cause and effect." All about us we see causes working out into effects, which in their turn become causes producing further effects, and thus establishing an endless chain. We think of every action as a link in such a chain; and we know that in some hidden way every effect must have been already present in its cause, so that the action and the effect must have been only the unfolding of the content of the cause.

Or perhaps, if our minds turn more naturally to physics than to philosophy, we may think of that basic principle of energetics that every action involves reaction. I press my hand against the wall. The wall presses against my hand with equal force. Were its resistance to cease, the pressure would of necessity cease. I cannot act without being acted upon. My own act returns upon me; and whatever act I perform, I perform, through reaction, upon myself. If I am the actor, I become automatically the recipient of the result of my action.

Each of these two aspects of the law governing action, is an aspect of the law of Karma,—of the *modus operandi* of life. Could we really

* An introductory presentation of the subject for discussion at a meeting of the New York Branch of the Theosophical Society.

comprehend their significance and universality we would have the clue to many problems which now perplex us. Such comprehension, however, is not easily gained from abstract statements,—whether these be couched in the language of philosophic generalization or of scientific dogma. The great Masters and Teachers of life have never taught through formulas. They have turned to life itself for the portrayal of life. Their similies are all vital and living. They ask us to “consider the lilies of the field, how they grow,” and liken the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed. Were the parable of the Prodigal Son the only scripture we possessed, we would still have the law of Karma set forth for us with a lucidity and completeness which volumes of expository literature could not rival.

We of the West, however, have strange difficulty in viewing our own lives as under law, and perhaps the story of the Prodigal Son is too close to the story of each human life to enable us to see it in right perspective. Let us begin with something simpler. Let us, also, consider the lilies, how they grow, and see if we can learn the lesson of the grain of mustard seed.

“So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.” And again: “For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.”

This is the perfect picture of Karma,—the way life acts. Life “bringeth forth fruit of herself” from each seed fruit of its own kind, “first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” To us one seed may look much like another,—so small, yet so charged with limitless potentialities: an acorn, and forest upon forest of oak; a single grain of wheat, and food for the human race for untold myriads of years; a feathered speck blown by the wind, and a spreading plague of weed which man must fight for centuries. No microscope can show us what we may hold within our hand, no physical or chemical analysis can force the seed’s secret, if life itself has not first revealed to us its content. “Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.” This is the action of life,—it makes manifest in full and perfect detail the hidden content of the seed. It brings forth the fruit, of itself; and when the harvest is come man puts in the sickle, and, in the light of life’s lesson, plants or refrains from planting that seed again. If the sickle be not put in, life repeats its lesson. The seed falls and plants itself, and multiplies after its kind.

To speak of this familiar process of organic growth and reproduction as the perfect picture of Karma is to imply that it is representative of life’s action not only on the plane of vegetable or animal life but on all planes

of life. It is well worth while to examine this implication, and to determine for ourselves whether we believe it to be valid. Are all life's actions truly comparable to the reproduction of a seed and to the manifestation of its hidden potentialities? Or is this typical only of plants and flowers, and of a "Kingdom of God" which does not include the world of men? Was Christ speaking of some distant hereafter, or of the Kingdom which is within us, here and now?

Let us consider a realm in which this illustration will seem as foreign as possible,—the realm of logic and of mathematics, which so many deem cold and dead. What is the nature of our action there? How does life act in a mind thinking clearly? What are the laws of "pure thought?"

For many centuries Geometry has typified them, and it is not difficult to see in Geometry the same law that is operative in organic growth. We take, as seeds, a few simple-seeming statements which we call axioms, and a few more which we call definitions and postulates, and thereafter the action of our thought is to unfold their meaning and their content. The whole science of Geometry lies in these few statements, as all the flowers of the garden lay in the seeds the gardener planted. But their potentialities, their implications and inevitable consequences, the full meaning and significance with which they were charged, could not be realized in advance of thought. The action of thought,—at least of all logical thought,—is precisely this progressive realization of the content of a mental concept. Our logic adds no new element. It only makes manifest that which our concept already contained. For over two thousand years mathematicians have been thus unfolding the concepts defined by Euclid's axioms, and the end is not yet, though proposition has been added to proposition in unnumbered sequence. But the validity and inevitable necessity of each such proposition lay in the axioms themselves. When Euclid affirmed these, he affirmed, though unknowingly, all their consequences, all their hidden wealth of content which the action of thought has made manifest.

There is another aspect of this illustration which it is important that we should perceive clearly if our view of Karma is not to be partial and misleading. To the Greeks, and indeed nearly to our own time, the axioms of Euclid seemed self-evident and obvious. They presented themselves so plausibly as to make it appear that we had no choice but to accept them. They seemed inevitable and necessary. But as their consequences were developed and experienced in the expanded science of the Geometry to which they led, man began to see the true nature and limitations of this Geometry. It became evident that it did not exhaust the possible, and that there might be other worlds whose measure might be in different terms. We began to ask ourselves whether we were indeed forced to accept these initial axioms to which we had at first yielded such unquestioning assent. If they were as universally valid as they had appeared to us, if our acceptance of them as the basis of our

thought were indeed forced, then we were forever confined to just this Geometry and to no other. For from the compulsion of our logic, from life's action as it operates through our reason upon these axioms, there was no escape. If the result was to be different, broader and more inclusive, its basis had to be different, broader and more inclusive. From each seed life brings forth fruit after its own kind. Over this we have no control. However much we may wish it, we cannot "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." If we wish a different crop we must plant different seed. It is here that we have control. Whatsoever it be that we choose to plant, life brings forth and makes manifest, inevitably, unalterably. But we cannot plant thorns and have grapes grow from them; nor can we develop a non-Euclidean Geometry from the Euclidean axioms.

The Law of Karma is as constant in the world of thought as in the world of growing plants. It makes manifest the nature and content of what it acts upon. It brings all things to their harvest. But when the harvest is come, and this content is revealed, then man can put in the sickle and choose anew, in the light of life's lesson, the seed which he will plant. This is what we have today recognized in our study of Geometry. The axioms of Euclid were not forced upon us. Obvious and inevitable though they at first appeared, there is no one of them that cannot be denied. We chose them, blindly it is true, and not knowing then that we had the power of choice. But now that their nature has been revealed to us, we see that we might have chosen differently, and that a different choice would have led to a different Geometry. They only appeared to us as universal truths. In actual fact each separated the universe into two regions: the one being the region in which this axiom was valid, the other being the region in which it was not valid. Thus the axioms in their totality defined a very limited realm in the world of thought; and the Euclidean Geometry pertains only to this realm, being confined to the part common to the valid regions of all its axioms. Outside this realm different Geometries exist, as rich and richer than that of Euclid, and which we are today studying from another choice of other axioms. We have come to see, for example, that one of Euclid's axioms is precisely the definition of finitude, and that its opposite is the definition of that which is infinite. Choosing this opposite, the action of thought unfolds and makes manifest for us qualities and properties of infinitude; as in our other choice it unfolded and made manifest the characteristics of the finite. We have learned that we can choose our own world.

The same laws of action that we have seen operative in such widely different conditions as those of organic growth and logical thought may be traced on all planes and in every department of life. The doctrine of Karma is the doctrine that these laws are characteristic of the whole movement of the *élan vital*,—that in them we have a true picture of the way life works, in us as throughout the universe. Each thought we

entertain, each emotion we yield to, each principle of conduct we adopt, has its own life-cycle and tends to reproduce itself. It is like a seed which we plant in the soil of our consciousness. We take it into ourselves, and there it lives and grows and develops according to its kind; life, of itself, bringing forth the fruit and making manifest its nature and its content. We speak of this life-cycle and unfolding content of any thought or deed or feeling as its Karma,—as its inevitable fruit under the alchemy of life's action,—extending our use of the term from the action itself to the result which cannot be separated from it. And because we have taken the seed into ourselves, and because the life which acts upon it acts through us, and so is our life, the Karma is also ours and we experience its results. The crop of each field is the fruit of the seed that is sown in it.

When we first look at our life and actions in the light of this doctrine of Karma, it may seem to us that we had little part in choosing the seed which was planted. The greater portion of our thoughts and feelings and actions seem perhaps little more than obvious reactions from our environment. We were angry. But, in such circumstances, who could help being angry? If we had not been provoked we would not have been angry. We tell ourselves that our feeling was forced upon us, inevitably; that we had no choice.

It was thus that the Greeks accepted the axioms of Euclid, not questioning the existence of an alternative, and it was thus that for centuries we confined ourselves to the logic of the finite. But when life develops the consequences of our anger, and brings forth its fruits, and we find them bitter to our taste, we are compelled to ask ourselves if it was as necessary as it seemed. Was there nothing we overlooked? No other feeling we could have fostered? No other course we could have followed? "Everything has two handles by which it may be lifted. Thy brother has done thee an injury. An injury has been done thee? Nay. He is thy brother." We were free to choose which thought we would harbour; by which handle we would seek to bear that which happened. The result we have experienced was not the result of the incident, but the result of our choice. However blindly and ignorantly that choice was made, the action of life reveals its full significance, so that when we come to choose again, there is no longer excuse for either blindness or ignorance. We cannot say we do not know what we choose; nor can we blind ourselves to the existence of an alternative; for we have experienced the consequences of our choice, and we know that as there are other fruits there must be other seeds.

Sound as this reasoning is, it will doubtless seem to many of us more theoretical than practical. Argue with ourselves as we may, we still feel that much of what we give entrance to, and of what life develops within us, is the inevitable result of our environment. We feel that in actual fact we have less choice at any given moment than would theoretically appear. We are what we are, creatures of habit and tem-

perament, and we can predict with some certainty the way in which we would respond to given circumstances, even though this way may be not at all the one we would wish to choose. There is truth in this feeling, and its basis is the very law of Karma which we are considering.

Our habits and our environment alike are the Karma of our past. Our lives are not virgin fields in which no seed has ever before been sown, but are rich and rank with vegetation, with growing crops of many kinds from former plantings. Over the seed we have sown we have no longer full power of choice. We can root up the plant or await its harvest. But we cannot change the nature of its fruit. As in each instant we are sowing for the future, so also are we reaping from the past. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Our own acts return upon us and are registered, inwardly in our habits, outwardly in our environment. Both are self-chosen and self-made, in that their initial cause was of our choice and making. Both are God-chosen and God-made, in that they are the result of life's action upon these causes; and this action is always beneficent.

The full universality of this aspect of Karma is perhaps more difficult of comprehension than is the converse aspect with which we have been dealing. It is easier for us to believe that each cause we set in motion will have its effects, and that we shall share in those effects, than it is for us to perceive that every effect we experience is the result of causes in which we also shared. One reason for this may be that when we think of anything as a cause we are thinking consciously of its dynamic power of producing effects, whereas much of what we experience, either in ourselves or in our circumstances, we accept unthinkingly as simply static, as simply happening. Not looking for causes we do not find them. Another reason is that we sow our seed so unconsciously and carelessly that the very fact that we have sown at all passes from our memory. How many of our thoughts and feelings and acts of the day do we remember by night? We "sleep and rise, night and day," and the seed springs and grows up, we know not how, for life bringeth forth fruit of itself. And the harvest finds us amazed and unprepared. We say: "Some enemy hath done this." But we ourselves are our only enemy. If we do not remember the sowing of yesterday, can we expect to recognize the fruit of seed sown perhaps centuries ago?

The parables of the Kingdom of God are parables of life's action. But they are also parables of husbandmen, of those who consciously and purposefully till and cultivate the fields allotted to them. We shall not wholly understand these parables until we also become the husbandmen of our own lives, studying life's action and consciously and purposefully co-operating with it; consciously and purposefully choosing the seed which we plant, uprooting the weeds which would choke it, watering the soil and tending the crop. Few of us can yet say that we are such husbandmen. In most lives the acreage under cultivation represents but a small portion of the whole; and it may be useful to consider what

is happening in the waste and neglected land, where plant and weed grow uncared for, and their seed falls of itself or is blown afar by the wind.

It is not difficult to find here a simile for the part played in our life by habit and environment. The seed which falls and is planted, falls and is planted automatically,—as habit acts, reproducing itself. The soil into which it falls is what it is because of what has been grown there throughout the past. Each crop grown upon a field modifies its soil in its own way, some enriching, some impoverishing. Each makes for itself its own environment. It is really only in the neglected portions of our lives that habit and environment rule supreme,—in those fields where the sickle is not put in,—though from these waste regions many troublous seeds are blown into the fields we wish to cultivate and where choice is consciously exercised.

But let us try to deal with this matter of habit and circumstance more directly than by simile. They are, we have said, the result of Karma as it acts in our own lives. Habit, temperament, personal character, is the result of its inner action,—of the inner reproductive power of acts and thoughts and feelings to repeat themselves, or to tend to repeat themselves, as plants bear seed of their own kind and, if unchecked, will multiply. In like manner the circumstances of our lives are the result of Karma's outer action. This outer action of Karma we have seen to consist in the progressive unfoldment and development of the inner content of each thing upon which life acts. It makes manifest the true nature of each thought or feeling or principle of conduct, forcing us to become conscious of its significance and to experience its consequences. Through this experience we are made, sooner or later, to face the question whether it is what we wish,—as each husbandman determines from his harvest whether he wishes to plant that seed again.

Now let us trace this two-fold action of Karma, as it operates through our own conduct, in some familiar examples. We give way to an impulse of irritability and selfishness. We know it tends to make us more irritable and more selfish. It puts us in bad humour, and this humour tends to vent itself upon all about us. It requires a very definite act of will to prevent its spreading far beyond its initial cause, and if it be not checked it multiplies astonishingly both in its inner intensity and in its outer expression. We find ourselves irritated by innumerable little incidents which would not ordinarily have affected us. In this very direct and immediate sense our environment mirrors back to us our own mood and inner condition. Or, changing the simile, our mood acts like a coloured lense, opaque to all rays save those of its own colour, so that all we can see of the great rich universe about us are its irritating elements; and as we respond to these with further irritation, the habit of irritability begins to form in us.

But the outer effect of our irritability is not merely an optical illusion. It is, on the contrary, very real and by no means confined to

ourselves. Those upon whom we vented our irritation are obviously affected by it. Their attitude toward us changes. Little by little, if not at once, we estrange their friendship. Our self-centeredness and selfishness work outwardly to isolate us. We find ourselves shut off from friends, from all true companionship, from all sense of closeness to others or to life itself. We see only cold looks around us, and are as aliens in our own homes. Thus life forces us to see and to experience the full content of our actions, the true nature and significance of the principle of conduct which we adopted. It also forces upon us the question: Is it what we wished?

When this question presents itself, we usually try to avoid it, or else we answer impatiently: "No, of course not. But it's not my fault. Supposing I was irritable, I had good cause to be. Anyone would have been irritated." Then life proceeds to repeat the lesson, on a larger scale. The process continues until the question can be no longer avoided or answered so cavalierly. We are compelled to recognize that from the logic of events there is no escape. If we do not wish isolation, then we must adopt some other principle of conduct than that of irritable self-centeredness; and from the pain and pressure of our isolation,—the outward Karma of our conduct,—is born the will to correct it, to sow no more such seed, but to uproot the weed which bears it, and to plant other seed which will flower into such a life as we desire.

Or, as another illustration, let us suppose that we are self-indulgent in some one or other of our appetites. Let us say in eating. What is the Karma of this? The inward action is the establishment of a habit of self-indulgence, manifested in our eating, but spreading rapidly throughout the whole nature,—as a weed will spread from one field to the next. Self-indulgence in one direction breeds self-indulgence in all directions; so that if this habit were to continue long unchecked the whole moral nature would be seriously impaired. Some dim perception of this begins to dawn upon us as we find ourselves little by little departing from the stricter standards we had formerly set ourselves. But we are very likely to blind ourselves to the true situation as long as we can, so that we are soon in real and grave danger.

But this inward habit-producing and habit-spreading action of Karma is but one of the two directions in which it works; and the outer action contains the corrective of the inner. The over indulgence in eating results in indigestion, which mirrors back to us the true significance of what we have done. If we heed this warning, we correct our self-indulgence. But if, as is most probable, we do not heed it, and seek only to escape from the effects, without remedying the cause, life repeats the lesson more pointedly. Our indigestion becomes chronic, or we develop some stomach or intestinal malady which compels moderation in diet,—unless, indeed, we are so unfortunate as to have the diseased organ removed by a surgical operation, which permits us to continue our self-indulgence and moral deterioration until life forces its conse-

quences upon us through some other and more serious failure of our powers. But we are concerned here with the normal rather than the exceptional case, and in the normal case the outward Karma of wilful self-indulgence is compulsory self-control,—life steadily increasing the pressure until we yield to its compulsion,—until we are forced to choose the way of health and of self-mastery.

In each of these illustrations we see Karma,—the action of life,—as the means by which it is made possible for man to have, at every point, free will and choice, and yet to be always safeguarded. He is never permitted ignorantly and blindly to become permanently other than he would be. Karma reveals to him what he chooses, and makes him perceive, by experiencing, the life to which it leads. This experience presses upon him with increasing weight, until it compels his recognition and attention, and forces him to measure it by the standard of his heart's desire. Is it truly what he wishes? If not, he must choose anew.

“In His will is our peace.” It is thus that we are made. Our life,—a ray of the Divine,—retains this as its inmost essence and its deepest truth. Nothing that is not His will, however its seed may glitter and attract, can in its fruits, in its reality and fulfilment, satisfy us. So we sow and reap and gather into barns, and, looking upon the harvest, choose new seed to sow and reap again, until of our own choice we choose the seed of immortal life which He has given us. “Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.”

From the corruption of the flesh and the ashes of the death to which it leads arises the desire for a life that shall be incorruptible and that shall not die. Within the desire is the power of fulfilment,—the Karma inherent in its vitality. The great foaming river of life and of God's will is shoreless. It throws its spray far. But every drop finds its way back to the unbroken stream.

So brief a presentation of so great a subject must of necessity leave untouched far more than it can indicate. What has been said can only be considered as a basis for further inquiry and discussion, and to give point to such discussion I venture to suggest some questions.

What can be said of the effect upon man of the environment into which he was born and of the character which we say he inherits? Can these be considered to have been in any way created or chosen by himself or to have been his Karma?

Is there unmerited suffering? Is suffering always the “penalty” of personal sin or wrong doing? If we choose the seed of love, or heroism, or greatness, as the seed we wish to plant, must we expect suffering as part of its fruit? Can we crave and desire suffering? Has it a real part to play? Is it in itself an evil?

Does the recognition of the universality of law in the universe make it appear only as a mechanism? Does the law of Karma deny the existence of Compassion? If law and order and the principle of cause and effect rule in a nursery, does the mother love her children?

Can we regard great disasters involving many people, as the action of Karma? (For example the Titanic disaster.) Can it be considered to have been the personal Karma of each passenger and member of the crew?

Can we assume that each happening between two people is the Karma of both? Are Karma and Fate synonymous terms, or do they stand for different concepts? What is the difference, if difference there be?

If Karma is universal, and all is under Karma, how do we ever make a new decision or a new start? What did Christ mean when He said: "I make all things new"?

How is Karma "worked out"? What does it mean to be forgiven? Does forgiveness mean freedom from consequences? Do we want a debt forgiven, or do we want to be helped to pay it? Can we be loosed from consequences?

What is the effect of mercy, forgiveness, compassion? What is the dynamic and Karmic effect of love? What is vicarious atonement?

What is the bearing of the doctrine of Karma upon our desire (or duty) to help others? How can we help others? Is the helping of others interfering with their Karma? Can we interfere with Karma?

If Karma acts in a double line (inwardly reproductive, outwardly corrective) can we help by attempting to affect one without touching the other? Is it possible to affect one without affecting the other? Can one line be regarded as cause and the other line as effect? What bearing has this upon "social service"?

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

JACOB BOEHME

THE late Metropolitan of Denmark, Doctor Hans Lassen Martensen, in his scholarly review of the life of Jacob Boehme, characterizes him as the greatest and most famous of all Theosophists, and as one who has fairly gained the cognomen *Philosophus Teutonicus*. It is certain that Boehme has exercised no small influence upon intellectual development, both in its theosophical and philosophical aspects. Hegel and Schilling, although they criticize the form in which his ideas are cast, yet are self-acknowledged borrowers of "The God-taught Philosopher." In the religious field, we have, on one hand, Franz Baader, the Catholic, and, on the other, William Law, the Protestant mystic, indicating Jacob Boehme as their spiritual father and guide. To the introduction of "Behmenism" so-called into England, the Quaker Movement owes indirectly much of its power, notably its noble doctrine of salvation as nothing short of the very presence and life of Christ in the believer.

A humble peasant, without learning or scientific education, yet penetrating, with his gigantic imagination, into the deepest secrets of Nature, Boehme presents one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of mankind. He speaks of the mysteries of God with certitude, as one who beholds directly; yet he, the seer, is a humble nonentity, a child.—"I would," said he, "that you should look upon my writings as those of a child, in whom the Highest hath driven his work." In another epistle he thus writes of his method: "I am verily a simple man, and have neither learned nor sought purposely after this high mystery, nor know anything of it. I only sought the Heart of Love in Jesus Christ, and when I had obtained that to the joy of my soul, then was the treasure of natural and divine knowledge opened and given to me. Again I will not conceal the simple childlike way which I walk in Jesus Christ. For I can write nothing of myself, but as of a child which neither knoweth nor understandeth nor hath learned anything, but only that which the Lord vouchsafed to know in me, and according to the measure wherein He manifested Himself in me. . . . And I besought the Lord earnestly for His Holy Spirit that he would be pleased to bless and guide me in Him. I resigned myself wholly to Him, that I might not live to my own will but to His; and that He only might lead and direct me, so that I might be His child in His Son, Jesus Christ. . . . In this, my earnest Christian seeking, wherein I suffered many a repulse . . . the Gate was finally opened to me, so that in one-quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years at an university. At which I stood exceedingly astonished, not knowing how it had happened to me."

The outward events of Jacob Boehme's life are few and simple. He was born in a hamlet near Görlitz in the year 1575, of well-to-do peasants. Not being robust enough to follow his father's calling, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Görlitz, at which trade he remained throughout the greater part of his life, humbly earning his living, ever listening to the voice within, and writing down what he could catch of its wonderful harmonies. From his birth, he seems to have been gentle, kindly, sincerely pious, and on terms of good will with all men; nor, to the day of his death in 1624, is there recorded of him a single lapse in outward act from his exalted inner standard of holiness. His vision is clear, his mind balanced: there is no account of ecstasies, nor of the angels that fill Swedenborg's writings; nor, indeed, of any supernormal occurrence, if we except the early record of the visit of the mysterious Stranger who tells him of future greatness in the power of the Spirit.

In 1612 was published his first work, *Aurora*, wherein he tries to arrange in a coherent whole glimpses of the universe (the macrocosm) and man (the microcosm), which he had previously seen fragmentarily, but now in more definite outlines. This work, however, was not intended for publication, but for his own use, as a "memorial" to aid him when his visions occasionally vanished from him, and he could not recall what he had seen. The inspiration comes "like a shower of rain"—what he catches, he has, he tells us of his experiences. The surreptitious copying and publication of *Aurora* brought down upon him the charge of heresy from the local Lutheran body, and persecution which continued until within a year of his death, ending only with the death of his arch-enemy, Gregorius Richter, the Pastor of the Lutheran Church in Görlitz. Boehme met and refuted the libels and accusations of Richter patiently, but at the same time with spirit and dignity, stoutly maintaining his ground when the validity of his vision was questioned, yet humbly conscious of the inadequacy of his own powers to transmit the full light of it:—as, for example, where he says, "It is not I who know this: It is Christ who knows it in me," or again, in answer to his opponents, "You say truly enough that I was not present at the creation of the world, and that I consequently cannot describe it, but the Spirit who is in me was present, and now reveals it at this time." "And yet I am a poor mouthpiece," he confesses. He also admits the obscurity and imperfection of his earlier works, but avers that he gradually obtained greater clearness. Boehme, in fact, added to the defects of his method, and made his subject needlessly difficult of comprehension, by employing physical categories (such as salt, mercury, sulphur,) when mental or ethical terms ought to have been used. This fault is happily absent from his latest and most valuable work *The Way to Christ*, which includes as its latter half *The Supersensual Life*, exquisitely translated and paraphrased by William Law. Here Boehme's writing is exceedingly simple, yet profound in thought and exalted in spirit. That which might

be said of the whole of his philosophy, viz:—that it amplifies and elaborates through specific detail the words “In God we live and move and have our being,” applies especially to *The Supersensual Life*.

The necessary limits of a magazine article prohibit more than a passing glance at Boehme’s philosophy. The fundamental task which he has set himself is to apprehend God, and in this light to apprehend the world. But the God whom he seeks to know is the God of Revelation—to show Him forth as The *Living* God. This is Boehme’s focal point. “For Boehme, the idea of Life is inseparable from the idea of Manifestation. Life is an unfolding from darkness to light, from the hidden, indefinite and unknown, to the manifested, definite and knowable. But Life and Manifestation can only be conceived of as a movement between *contrasts*, and as the mediation of these. Without contrasts, there is neither life nor manifestation; without contrast, without *another*, there is only eternal immobility, stillness and repose, in which nothing can be distinguished or perceived. Boehme’s problem is, therefore, not only a problem of unity and triplicity (problem of Trinity), but a problem of unity and duality, of Spirit and Nature, seeing that God must be conceived of as at the same time Spirit and Nature, and this is the problem for which Boehme occupies first rank.” (Martensen.) “For God has not brought forth creation that He should be thereby perfect, but for His own manifestation, that is for the great joy and glory.” (*Signatura Rerum* 16. 2.) In another passage Boehme inquires, “What *was*, prior to the existence of the angels and creation? God was, alone with Light and Fire (or, God was, alone with two fire-centres, the lucid and the dark fire-centre,) and the angels and the souls of men and all creatures lay in an Idea or spiritual model, in which God from eternity beholds his works.”

Let us try to make this somewhat more intelligible:—We have, as a starting point, a unit, which Boehme designates as the *Abyss*—the primal stillness in which there is, as yet, no manifestation, only the pattern or model, which he calls The Uncreated Universe, lying in the mind of God. Boehme’s conception of the unmanifested God takes the form of

I An Unoriginated Will.

II This Will divides, as it were into

a:—The Spirit-Will, the lucid fire-centre, which points Unity:

b:—The Nature-Will, the dark fire-centre, which issues forth and separates itself from the Spirit-Will, multiplying itself into the infinite number of wills and powers of which manifested life consists. Therefore the Nature-Will represents multiplicity, diversity. Hence we have

I The Spirit-Will, the unmanifested Unity underlying all diversity.

II The Nature-Will, the diversity by which Unity knows itself.

Now the division of the Nature-Will into innumerable wills has brought about dissension and strife, every will pushing, crushing every other will. Yet, in order to have life, manifestation, development, there was need of this "*contrarium*," this Nature-Will. An obscuration has thereby taken place, but it was necessary so that the Light might be manifested. *Contrast* has thus come into being, without which (as has been shown) nothing could be perceived or distinguished. But *evil* has also come into being by this conflict between the many separated wills. Evil, not only in the human world, evil in its cosmical sense is the "Dark Point" which constantly disturbs Boehme. What is its origin? "All is out of God," he reasons, yet "God has made no devil out of Himself, but angels to live in glory." To answer the question he explores the original Will which has assigned to Itself, for Its manifestation, certain progressive conditions*, having for their object the subordination of the Nature-Will to the Spirit-Will as its vehicle and medium of manifestation.

The Process by which the Nature-Will, proceeding out of Spirit, passes through Nature back to Spirit.

This process is *sevenfold*, which divides itself into two triads, the lower, the higher, and the link between, uniting them.

The Lower Triad is dark, negative, hostile to Spirit, yet restless and unsatisfied in that attitude. It consist of three qualities or "Natural Properties," the first and lowest being *Contraction*, the second *Expansion*, the third *Rotation*; or, since Boehme insist that this sevenfold process embodies the principles upon which all evolution (spiritual as well as natural) is carried on, let us follow out these Natural Properties in the progress of the human soul. We have the natural, unregenerated man showing forth the first Natural Property, *Contraction* or its inner correspondence, *Selfishness*. He would draw all things, all wills to himself. Yet he feels within himself at the same time an outward going desire; the wish to objectify himself, to impress himself upon things exterior to himself. He propagates his kind, he builds, paints, models, writes, invents. And yet he finds this *Expansion* or *Outward Desire* in constant antagonism to the first Property, Self-desire, the result of the conflict between the two being the third Natural Property *Rotation* or *Restlessness, Anguish*.

Whilst this is taking place on the lower plane, the Spirit above is yearning for Nature. Similarly, Nature's disillusionment leads her, yearning, towards Spirit. She feels within herself that, somehow, permanency, harmony, peace are her birthright, yet all experiences heretofore have led to impermanency, discord, strife, yet Nature will not immediately surrender her unruliness and subordinate herself. The light of the Spirit must descend as a conqueror, penetrating the darkness

* Boehme constantly repeats that in order to understand this progression, it must be conceived of as taking place not in a temporal manner—in succession, but in an eternal manner—in simultaneity, or all at once.

and discord, and in the resulting tremor and shock the soul knows herself united to Spirit. This is the fourth, the unifying Property, designated by Boehme the *Lightning Flash*, that Divine Fire which consumes all that is gross and selfish in the natural man, whose original properties, i. e.: Selfishness, Desire, Restless Anguish exist now in their purified condition, and his will has become one with the Spirit-Will. Thus is the soul "born from above," and we arrive at the central point of Boehme's teachings, viz:—that Nature must pass through the second birth, "the fire of the lightning" to its light and freedom. "*Per ignem ad lucem!*"

This brings us to the upper Triad, where the soul begins to assume definiteness, as it were, begins to know itself from within, and that quality, before known as Selfishness or Contraction exhibits itself as *Gentle Love*, the Fifth Natural Property: Love, which draws together all the powers to unity and reconciliation.

Nature has now entered a new realm. She knows herself in her true relation, no longer as a collection of separate, discordant wills, but as the outward harmonious expression of the one Spirit-Will. The soul seeing itself no longer separated, but one with all other souls in the Oversoul, now may express itself truly, because of that vision. Hence its quality, the Sixth Natural Property; is termed "*The Chord*" or "*Harmonious Sound*."

The highest and Seventh Natural Property is the perfected universe. As regards the soul, it is the goal, union with God, and its name is *The Kingdom*, the Glory of God.

SUSAN W. ALLISON.

(*To be continued.*)

The more a man lives, the more a man creates, the more a man loves and loses those whom he loves, the more does he escape from death. With every new blow that we have to bear, with every new work that we round and finish, we escape from ourselves, we escape into the work we have created, the soul we have loved, the soul that has left us.

Jean Christophe: ROMAIN ROLLAND.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL POSITION

VIII

HENRI BERGSON was born in Paris in 1859; his father being a Jew and his mother an Irishwoman. This endowment of the self-confidence and richly colored imagination of the Celt, and the versatility and flexible genius of the Hebrew, together with an education and environment in the progressive and spiritual atmosphere peculiar to the France of the last two generations, gives Bergson an heredity and setting that in some ways may explain his unusual mind and the many features and directions of his brilliance. Sir Oliver Lodge in speaking of the states of consciousness uses a striking phrase. He speaks of the stratum of dream consciousness, and the consciousness beyond dream he calls the "stratum of genius." If genius be the revelation of a higher or spiritual world, is it not very suggestive when we find the genius of a modern philosopher leading him directly towards a realization of the spiritual world, a method of approach to which he seems already to have revealed by his philosophy? This is what singles Bergson out from amongst the many thinkers of the day; all of whom are seeking the light, none of whom has succeeded in building upon such sure and solid foundations. It is because he has opened the door in a very real way to the inner world, and has not merely led up to that door, that he is so immensely popular, and so expressive of the spirit of his generation. How far Bergson is conscious of what he is doing and accomplishing for the world, how far he is naïvely and faithfully following his own inner guidance and intuition irrespective of other considerations, cannot be said; but with the matter still undecided, one is not without justification for the impression that Bergson knows more than he speaks, and is wisely biding his time. In the meanwhile he is laying very broad and very firm foundations, and considers teaching his mission.

His life has been uniformly that of a student and college professor; and until recent years when he has been in demand in England and the United States as lecturer, he has lived in quiet seclusion at Auteuil, just outside of Paris. He was educated at the Lycée Condorcet, being admitted as a foreigner. At twenty-one he was naturalized. His early interests lay in the direction of mathematics and mechanics, and at the end of ten years of labor his work was *couronné*. As he entered more deeply into these sciences, however, the philosophical implications assumed greater proportions, and he was led to see their total inadequacy

when applied to life and life-processes. When convinced of this, he abandoned a narrowing scientific training, entered the *École Normale Supérieure*, and in three years was graduated in philosophy. After spending over seventeen years in teaching in various *lycées* and colleges, notably Clermont, where in 1889 he wrote his first book *Time and Free Will*, the thesis for his doctor's degree, he was in 1900 appointed Professor at the Collège de France, and in the following year was elected a member of the Institute. This winter, Bergson was elected to the Academy to succeed Emil Ollivier.

It is in the way that Bergson has built up his conclusions, both from a wide knowledge of modern science, philosophy, and psychology, and from a subtle and profound study of his own mind, heart, and consciousness, that makes him the expert whose ideas have spread so rapidly throughout the West, and whose teaching forces one into making a personal decision either for him or against him. A half-way position is impossible; though if one agrees with him one can go much farther than he has as yet gone. This compelling definiteness is the characteristic of all truly original thinking and acting; and it is interesting to watch the different philosophic, scientific, and religious bodies range themselves into opposing camps. For Bergsonism is by no means confined to philosophic circles. In France there is a Bergsonian art and a Bergsonian literature; and, more important, perhaps, in results, a Bergsonian Catholicism and a Bergsonian Labour Movement. The Syndicalists claim Bergson as the philosophic interpreter of their principles, though he must not be condemned on that account! Amongst the Catholics the main stimulus has been a renewed study of the saints and mystics; and it might be suggested in passing that, possibly, it is just the lack of such study that makes the new Immanent Idealism of Professor Eucken fall short of affording satisfaction when it becomes a philosophy of religion. Many priests were in constant attendance at Bergson's lectures; and it is significant to note that his influence upon the young priesthood reached such a point that in 1907 an Encyclical and Syllabus was issued from the Vatican, forbidding attendance at these lectures. This was followed in August 27, 1913, by an unqualified denunciation of Bergson's philosophy by the Pope; while at the same time Mgr. Fargés received a letter, which has since been made public, from Cardinal Merry del Val "in the name of the Holy Father," congratulating the French prelate for having so "successfully" exposed Bergsonism in his recent book "as dangerous to the Christian faith." Several other books written from the same point of view have since been published. To this Bergson is reported to have replied simply that he has developed his philosophy without touching the question of the existence of God. He says that he has, however, watched "with sympathetic interest the endeavors of some of his pupils to utilize his philosophy in support of Christianity," and he states that his clerical opponents have "utterly

misunderstood" his ideas and that their claim that he sets intuition in the place of reason is quite unfounded. He has further announced that he will make the attack of the Vatican the subject of this winter's course of lectures. These, we hear, are crowded to overflowing, as are all his lectures.

In America Bergson has been widely read and criticised. Most of the representative magazines, sectarian, non-sectarian, literary, or scientific, have discussed, analyzed, and passed judgment. Roman Catholicism and Free Thought are hostile; while between these extremes there seems to be a general spirit of tolerance, and also a somewhat tentative spirit, a sense of hesitancy, of marking time, until Bergson will have committed himself more specifically. The scientists in their utterances are more or less antagonistic; of all such articles that have come under notice only that of Sir Oliver Lodge seems to sympathize with Bergson's conception of life as a "creative impulse pervading matter." Biologists especially complain that he does not understand their true position. With a few exceptions the representatives of the various schools of philosophy dislike Bergsonism for placing limits on the intellect and its ability ever to understand the real secrets of life, the heart and soul of our being. This Bergson does in no qualified way, and he sums a brilliant exposition of this point with the statement "*The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life*" (*Creative Evolution*, page 165).

It can be seen even from this superficial glance at the effects of Bergson's work that there is an element which rouses people not only to thinking but to action; that appeals to a universal component of us all. Only a living force can cause such a reaction; and philosophy, which has too long lived within the shell of the mind, burning what light it had under a bushel, seems now to be coming forth, prepared to resume its proper place as in the old days of the Greek initiates.

Personally Bergson is a charming man to meet, and his lectures and conversation once heard are not easily forgotten. He is slim and spare, but full of quick energy and not mere surface vitality. His eyes are large, intense, at times delightfully humorous, and full of fire. His voice is low but clear; and while speaking he throws all of his interest and force into what he is saying, seeking rather to raise his hearers to an equal conviction and understanding with himself by persuasion and sympathy, than by controversy, argument, or the use of telling points. His head has been aptly compared to that of Emerson,—pointed chin, small, firm mouth with closely cropped moustache, deeply arched eyebrows, and a fine, domed head, with broad, high forehead, giving ample room for a big brain. He commences his lectures directly to the point, and, when lecturing in his native tongue, uses no notes. He seems to include each individual in his audience; after a while one finds oneself *en rapport* with his mind,—forgetful of surroundings, or the sense of

personality, and eager to follow the lead into new realms of thought and experience, rich in suggestion and burdened with meanings.

In the private lectures on "Spirituality and Liberty" delivered in English to the Philosophical Department of Columbia University during February, 1913, Bergson opened with the statement that his own study of the world philosophies was limited to the West; he had never studied the Eastern and Oriental systems. This is the more interesting as his method and treatment of the great philosophical problems of our civilization are in many ways the method and treatment native to the far East, notably to the philosophy embodied in the Upanishads. Bergson has, however, by no means carried out his method into the spiritual realms as do the Upanishads; all that can be said is that his method, logically continued and completed, would lead him to a recognition of the same ultimate truths.

Bergson himself roughly divided the History of Philosophy as he knew it, into three stages: the first, drawn by the "perceptive faculties," was represented by Heraclitean naturalism; the second, resultant of awakened "critical faculties," was voiced by Zeno; and the third, a combination and natural development of these two—the "faculty of forming concepts," was earliest represented by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Coming from Greek times to our own, we find a similar arrangement possible. Descartes, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Spinoza followed the perceptive tradition; Kant, and after him Fichte, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, criticised the mind through the mechanism of the mind; and this led to the third stage, to what is now called Positivism and the body of modern Idealism. Within all these systems, Bergson pointed out, there is Faith, Faith in perception, Faith in criticism and in the mind that criticises, Faith in consciousness. But this Faith is an intuition, not obtainable through any course of reasoning or process of the mind. Once we see this superficially less obvious truth, we are confronted with an entirely new problem, and we have three alternative propositions: "(1) Belief in Intuition, external or internal; (2) Criticism either of Perception or of Mechanism; and (3) Either resignation of the mind to a superficial comprehension of existence, or, substitution to the earlier Intuition"—which means that while exercising the faculty of intuition we come into closest and least artificial touch with Reality, and attain some *certainty* of knowledge.

The immediate grasp of this fact, the seizing hold at the very outset, not of the external forms of thought and speculation presented to him by the world's thinkers and philosophers, but of the essential reality and life hidden behind and within these forms which, without that life, simply could not and would not exist, shows at once the difference between Bergson and those philosophers whom we have been considering. His "method" of proving this position is so extremely simple that if he had not worked it out with all the thoroughness of the earlier systematists, and with so much greater and more convincing precision than they, it

would be almost an exaggeration to call it a method. Bergson has simply seen and stated the very self-evident fact, one about which we never think, but which, when brought to our attention, at once finds in us an instinctive agreement, that within any intellectual or perceptive bond that unites our consciousness to the world of reality about us, there is a vital bond, an essence of Life itself that alone gives the appearance of life and reality to this outer form. Knowledge does not and cannot rest on the intellect alone, else intellect would be life, would create life. It rests on an intuition of life which goes to the true inwardness of things; which rests on the unity of being, and penetrates the veil interposed by Maya and the "sense of separateness." In his little book *Laughter*, a scrupulously finished and beautifully written piece of literary craftsmanship, which remained twenty years in the hands of the author before he was satisfied to publish it, there occurs this passage, in which Bergson has risen above the level of metaphysical discussion and has revealed to some extent the height to which he can go. "Deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our inner life's unbroken melody,—a music that is oftentimes gay, but more frequently plaintive and always original. All this is around and within us, and yet no whit of it do we distinctly perceive. Between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd,—thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet. What fairy wove that veil? Was it done in malice or in friendliness? We had to live, and life demands that we grasp things in their relation to our own needs. Life is action."

Does this not remind us of *Light on the Path*?

"Listen to the song of life. . . .

"Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song. . . .

"Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. . . .

"There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there."

To understand knowledge, then, we must first find our true relation to life itself, extracting from it by study, observation, and meditation some of its deeper and more vital meanings. Intuition is the achievement of this, the *rapprochement* between the whole personal consciousness and the creative or divine life within.

Our true relation, says Bergson, is best discoverable, and least distorted, in the will. The effort of our wills to come into immediate touch with the life-stream within us, and not only the mere effort, but a *sympathetic* effort, a willingness to conform to whatever truth may be revealed to us, a receptive spirit unprejudiced by previous mental concepts,—this will develop the faculty of intuition, and will bring us a deeper and more permanent consciousness of reality.

Bergson is not a prolific writer, and so the development of his thought can readily be traced by the progress of his books. *Time and Free Will* plunges into the heart of the problem; for once Bergson had decided that in an understanding of our will lay the door which could open to us new apprehensions of truth, he entered upon a most exhaustive and brilliant analysis of this whole plane of our consciousness. From a study of will with its close relation to all mental and psychologic states he saw the necessity of solving the problem of memory, so often dependent on will, and of how the mind can enter into and in any way effect the matter of our bodies; together with all the extraordinary psychologic phenomena such as lapsed memory, hypnotism, multiple personality, and the like. It took him five years, he himself writes, to read everything on these subjects. The fruits of this vast research took form in *Matter and Memory*, published in 1896. The book is a technical treatment of spirit and matter, their interrelation and attributes. Its conclusions might very briefly but suggestively be summed in its own words: "Spirit borrows from matter the perceptions upon which it feeds, and restores them to matter in the form of movements which it has stamped with its own freedom";—a conclusion of so original a kind that it requires a knowledge of modern psychology properly to appreciate it.

Laughter, appearing in 1900, treats of various phases of our psychology as demonstrated in our sense of the comic, our reaction towards our fellow-men; and closes with some most suggestive passages springing out of a discussion of our aesthetic sense. *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, which appeared in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*, January, 1903, contains the most complete and exact exposition of "intuition" and the "intuitive method." It has already been translated into German, English, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Swedish, Russian, and other tongues.

Creative Evolution, Bergson's chief work, appeared only seven years ago, and already no study of philosophy is complete without it. The background of the book is not the same as that of its predecessors; here Bergson has brought to bear all that is most up-to-date in the natural sciences, prominently biology and embryology. It contains the essence of all his earlier works; and brings to bear on the problems of science and human psychology an inspiration and creative imagination that truly recreates philosophy for us. Moreover, Bergson is a literary artist, and he has finally proved that obscurity and technicality are the decadence of philosophy and not its high water mark. *Creative Evolution* is by no means unscientific or "popular" as the exclusive use that word; on the contrary it is written by an expert, who not only is master of his subject, but who has the gift of "tongues," the ability to convey his ideas far more by frank simplicity than by close analysis; and a command of style that varies from incisiveness to flexibility, from persuasion almost to command, from picturesqueness to the charm and convincing immediacy

of poetry. Thus the past "presses against the portals of consciousness that would fain bar it out," and memories, "messengers from the unconscious realm, remind us all what we are dragging behind us unaware": definitions very different from those of John Stuart Mill or even of Kant; and of a higher order.

Bergson is this year the President of the Society for Psychical Research and while he is not thereby committed to its conclusions, it shows in him the tendency to a breadth of mind and to a receptiveness of spirit that is the essential of lasting inner growth. His time at present seems to be given, and wisely given we think, to the development of the real purpose of his philosophy; to the effort at clearing up the constant misunderstandings which arise, apparently, from either superficial study, or from the hostility born of prejudice. His popularity is unprecedented; and we have to look for its explanation as much in the ripeness of the times for such an advanced step, as in the form in which his philosophy is embodied. Western civilization is arriving at a point when, with the circling of our knowledge of the world, a great synthesis of all human thought is quite naturally and inevitably taking shape. The world-old wisdom of the Upanishads, with its "profound and impregnable doctrine" of the Self, the teachings of Buddha and of Shankaracharya, all the newly revealed traditions and learning of China, the finely-wrought philosophies of Greece, culminating with the vision of Plato, the tremendous inspiration of Jesus and the zealous voice of his interpreter St. Paul, the speculations of Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists, all the early Christian mystics, and the contributions of later European thought down through Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer to the modern Idealists and Pragmatists: all these, combining with the immense mass of material furnished by modern physical and biological science and psychology, are preparing a great birth, out of which must arise a new philosophy, and more than a mere philosophy, a new religious spirit, which means a new inner life for the human race. Already this generation is becoming conscious of itself; it is attempting to realize its position in the long historic chain; it is trying to turn back upon the life-force behind it, and ask "Why am I here? What have I to do?" Bergson's popularity springs from his ability to make this generation self-conscious. A *new* philosophy we need not expect,—the same germinal thoughts have come to us from ancient India, inspiring, or at one with, the heart of philosophy after philosophy and religion after religion. But it is only to-day that the knowledge of the world enables it to recognize this immense *concensus*; and Bergson has provided somewhat of a new form, a new garment of illustration and expression, for these world-old principles.

The philosophy of the Upanishads was nothing if not practical—"Do the will and ye shall know the doctrine"—and Bergson, departing from the useless theories of metaphysics, is giving us also a teaching that

we have to learn and to practise in ourselves; for so only will it become vital and intelligible to us.

This is the strength of his message, and source of his contagion.

IX

Tolstoi has said that a man's religion "is the relation which he believes himself to bear to the endless universe around him," and has divided this relation into three great types: the first when, as an isolated, selfish individual, man seeks all possible personal advantage and pleasure from the universe; the second, when, recognizing himself as an integral part of society—of some clan or tribe or country in which he finds himself—he seeks to use and mould the universal resources not for personal ends but for his community, or for the human race; and the third type, when a man recognizes a divine origin and expression in the universe, and seeks to obey this "Will that sent him into the world." In other words a man believes; which means that he acts on the theory, either that the universe exists for his enjoyment, or for the development and perhaps the profit of the race, or for the fulfilment of the divine "Will that sent him into the world." Whether or not we agree with this extended meaning of the word "religion," we can see that broadly speaking it embraces the attitude of the Western world today, the thinking or unthinking multitude. To the first group belong the vast majority, who, whatever their intellectual statements of belief may be, act almost entirely from motives of self-interest and personal gratification. To the second group belong those who think more deeply, or who feel with greater sensitiveness the suffering of others. A great many people are a combination of these first two, with conflicting elements in their nature. To the third belong those who are "religious," who have accepted some creed or theology, who feel the divine consciousness stirring within them, and act occasionally on its impulsion. These wage a definite war on their crassly selfish instincts, see some meaning and purpose in the progress of humanity, and aspire towards a better and less limited life. It might further be suggested that in the first type self-will rules the man; that in the second, self-will is checked by a consideration for the general good, in which the individual having a share, is also a beneficiary where improvement is effected; while in the third, self-will is found in opposition to the divine Will, and the self has to be restrained and controlled until completely mastered and used finally as an instrument for the divine ends. Mastery of the self-will is accomplished by the divine Will, the self becoming more and more at one and in harmony with this conscious and divine Will.

In the early stages of this development man is hardly aware of his relation to the universe; he is inclined to accept things without question, or to imitate blindly the beliefs and traditions of his fellow-men. The more advanced and metaphysical philosophers, who have had the power

to turn back on their own consciousness and learn of it, have seen that the world of nature, the world of perception, is not and could not be the most real world; that the quality of self-consciousness could nowhere be found in the outer world, and could only be found in their own intimate consciousness of being. To bridge the gap between this outer and inner plane, one higher than the other, to explain the reality of the one plane in terms of the other,—this has been the task of philosophers.

But there is another relation of man to the universe, the next step beyond that taken by the metaphysician and philosopher; a step about which all the religious teachers and saints have written, and which to-day as never before is open to all men for consideration and trial. Most great philosophers have fallen short of this step because, once they had gathered energy to perceive the stream of consciousness they found within themselves, and, by so doing, had discovered the primary reality of self-consciousness over the outer world, they remained passive in that realization, turning back again to the study of the world instead of pushing their way further into the new realm they had penetrated. But just as the effort to turn within led to the extended knowledge of the primary reality of consciousness over the material creation, so, if this inner effort be continued long enough and with a certain faith and intensity,—in the silence and solitude, and in the detachment from the pull of the outer world and from the endless web of the mind with which each man surrounds himself, there will accumulate a new and deep power to enter more fully into this luminous reality within. The consciousness becomes aware of another Consciousness, appealing to it, drawing it, giving it life, raising it, as it were, to another plane or dimension. This experience, which, once given the trial, awakens the intensest longings for further and further communion, is termed “mystical” and “hallucination” by materialistic thinkers, who (too often with “religious” people) confound the great vital fact of the soul’s power of spiritual perception with certain efforts to express those perceptions, dimly felt, in terms of metaphysics or of the imagination. In Christian teachings this communion is clearly indicated by the “Kingdom” which is “within,” by the life of the Father in the heart and soul of the disciple; in the Upanishads it is described as the awakening to the Self, the “way of pure aspiration, the way of the gods, the solar path, the way of full Liberation.” By following this way, by approaching this Power from above through the consciousness within the mind and heart, we find the doors are opened to all that is highest and best in the life of humanity; we find that Faith is no longer blindly imitative and servile, but dynamic; we find renewed inspiration, heightened imagination, creative force, intellectual capacity, and above all a reinvigoration and turning of the will; a voluntary offering of ourselves to the profound and over-mastering impulse enkindling us to realize this richer life and keener actuality. So from this new step, taken consciously by the disciple, taken unconsciously by some of the poets, but ignored by the scientific philosopher and metaphysician, we

are led to the divine nature, to the divine power, to righteousness and to wisdom and to light.

Henri Bergson has caught a glimpse of this step. His terms are philosophical, not religious, are scientific, not mystical; but he is describing the same effort, the same experience, and his contribution, therefore, has profound significance for the student of all such searchings after Divine Wisdom.

The term "intuition" has taken on a new and a richer meaning since Bergson used it. Who has absolute knowledge of religion, he asks in effect, he who analyses it in psychology, sociology, history, and metaphysics, or he who, from within, by a living experience, participates in its essence and holds communion with its duration? And "philosophy can only be an effort to transcend the human condition" (*Introduction to Meta.* p. 77). Intuition, as nearly as he can express it, is "*intellectual sympathy*," and is the outcome of our clearer vision of the function and limits of conceptual thinking. In the introduction to *Creative Evolution*, a masterly summary of his philosophical position which intimates much for the future, he writes that "our thought, in its purely logical form, is incapable of presenting the true picture of life, the full meaning of the evolutionary movement." He explains this by asking, "Created in life, in definite circumstances, to act on definite things, how can it embrace life, of which it is only an emanation and aspect? Deposited by the evolutionary movement in the course of its way, how can it be applied to the evolutionary movement itself? As well contend that the part is equal to the whole, that the effect can reabsorb its cause, or that the pebble left on the beach displays the form of the wave that brought it there." Not one, then, of the categories of the mind can "apply exactly to the things of life. . . . In vain we force the living into this or that one of our molds. All the molds crack. They are too narrow, above all too rigid, for what we try to put into them."

He will not stop here,—this difficulty cannot be a barrier; else why this craving for certain truth, and how this ability to *live* in spite of lacking the knowledge about living? Must there not be a limitation in the very instrument with which we are seeking knowledge, and if so, how to arrive at knowledge by other means? Turning round upon the mind, he sees that the evolution applied to unorganized matter can equally apply to life, and that therefore intellect, being but a single such emanation of life, obviously attempts the impossible when it would reconstruct all things, even life itself, with "the powers of conceptual thought alone." Practically all that the mind of man has done is to say, through the mass of contradictions, paradoxes, and endless complications in which it found itself involved, that "'It is no longer reality itself that it will reconstruct, but only an imitation of the real, or rather a symbolical image'" Bergson refuses to be satisfied with this as man's achievement. We must realize first that the intellect has limitations, but we

must also realize that, however supreme intellect may seem to us as an evidence and instrument of reality, yet all the power in the universe is not confined within the bounds of this one direction of its energy. The intellect can be made the instrument of other powers, can be used by them or combined with them. "Must we then give up fathoming the depths of life? Must we keep to that mechanistic idea of it which the understanding will always give us—an idea necessarily artificial and symbolical . . . ? We should have to do so, indeed, if life had employed all the psychical potentialities it possesses in producing pure understandings—that is to say, in making geometricians. But the line of evolution that ends in man is not the only one. On other paths, divergent from it, other forms of consciousness have been developed, which have not been able to free themselves from external constraints or to regain control over themselves, as the human intellect has done, but which, none the less, also express something that is immanent and essential in the evolutionary movement. Suppose these other forms of consciousness brought together and amalgamated with intellect: would not the result be a consciousness as wide as life? And such a consciousness, turning around suddenly against the push of life which it feels behind, would have a vision of life complete—would it not?—even though the vision were fleeting."

This is a splendid vision, and paves the way along which man can attain to knowledge, to Wisdom, and rise to a higher plane of consciousness than that which he now knows. Bergson has, perhaps deliberately, avoided the consideration of those forms of consciousness which are superior to ours—he mentions only those known to scientific investigation, such as instinct in animals, or the group consciousness of bees and ants, and the like. In its place we shall consider what he says about spirit and God: all that he has here done is to offer modern materialism a new and wider vision, using its own limited and restricted terms of knowledge, asking if the collective and complementary consciousness, embracing all inferior forms of consciousness, would not infinitely exceed the single human intellectual outlook. This is the wedge by which Bergson enters the spiritual world.

In answer to the criticism which immediately arose that after "turning around suddenly against the push of life," any vision resulting from such an effort would necessarily be interpreted to the personality through the mind, in the form of concepts, and that Bergson could not escape at all in this way the intellect he wished to elude, he writes "It will be said that, even so, we do not transcend our intellect, for it is still with our intellect, and through our intellect, that we see the other forms of consciousness. And this would be right if we were pure intellects, if there did not remain, around our conceptual and logical thought, a vague nebulosity, made of the very substance out of which has been formed the luminous nucleus that we call intellect. Therein

reside certain powers that are complementary to the understanding, powers of which we have only an indistinct feeling when we remain shut up in ourselves, but which will become clear and distinct when they perceive themselves at work, so to speak, in the evolution of nature. They will thus learn what sort of effort they must make to be intensified and expanded in the very direction of life."

As soon as man has realized that there *is* something more for his combined intellect and will to do, some region beyond and above the materialistic and mental planes of his normal activity, he can find the way, because it is there. Bergson has believed that there is more for man than theorizing, that his inheritance is not limited to vague gropings after the truth, that the forces of life, the *élan vital*, back of him, are not to be checked by matter, however dense, or by intellect, however finite; but that by co-operation with the consciousness within, man can rise to an illimitable and transcendent life.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

In general the risks of temporary disaster which great ideals run appear to be directly proportioned to the value of the ideals. The disasters may be destined to give place to victory; but great truths bear great sorrows. What humanity most needs, it most persistently misunderstands. The spirit of a great ideal may be immortal; its ultimate victory, as we may venture to maintain, may be predetermined by the very nature of things; but that fact does not save such an ideal from the fires of the purgatory of time. Its very preciousness often seems to ensure its repeated, its long-enduring, effacement.

The Problem of Christianity: JOSIAH ROYCE.

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

VI

RICHARD OF ST. VICTOR

“The most persuasive of the mystics.”—FATHER FABER.

TWO centuries intervene between John Scotus Erigena and Richard, the Scotchman, who in 1163 became prior of the Abbey of St. Victor, near Paris. One great epoch of thought ends with Erigena. Another had begun when Richard left Scotland for France. The Patristic period of Christianity closed with John Erigena. Richard's work falls in the Scholastic period of Christian thought. The Scholastic period extends roughly from the 9th to the 14th century. The first period is accurately described by Mr. John Blake, Jr., in the October issue of the *QUARTERLY*: “During the Patristic period all that was best in Neoplatonism became absorbed into Christianity, and evolved what is called Christian Platonism.” The endeavor of the Scholastic period was to absorb Aristotle.

Alcuin sowed the seed for the Scholastic harvest. It was said that in his work as teacher, he subordinated intellectual to moral interests. Thus he several times expressed disapproval of the time given to Vergil by some of his former pupils at Charlemagne's palace, he urged them to study rather the Hebrew Scriptures. Yet Alcuin did give secular instruction in logic and rhetoric; and the material that he used—he originated none—was a meagre portion of Aristotle's writings that had been transmitted through the centuries of barbarian invasion by commentators like Boethius. The movement of intellectual expansion to which Alcuin gave the initial impulse, received its largest contribution from the Spanish Arabs in the 12th century. Aristotle's scientific treatises of which Christian Europe was ignorant, were being studied and commented upon by Moslem scholars and physicians. In 1150 a Christian bishop in Spain supervised the translation into Latin of some of these Arabic works. By 1225, all of Aristotle's writings were accessible to Latin Christendom. The inrush of this pagan stream of science aroused alarm, and prohibitions were placed on the writings. But from one after another the ban was removed, until in 1254 even the treatise on “Physics” was recognised as fit for study. And by the third quarter of the century (Aquinas died in 1274), the tributary stream had mingled itself (very partially) with the original Christian source, and a broader volume of water flowed along. Aquinas's great effort was to blend harmoniously paganism and Christianity, to make Greek philosophy a serviceable handmaid to the Christian religion.

It was a superb opportunity thus offered to the Christian Church in the 12th and 13th centuries—an opportunity to practise the Theosophic method of accepting the good in alien systems of thought and thus enriching one's own treasure. The chance was given the Church to approximate nearer true Catholicism by adding to the mystical fervor of Plato the intellectual breadth of Aristotle. The Church did not accept fully as it might have done the great chance given it. So that to-day the world is just beginning to recover from the mistake then made. Ecclesiastics of the Scholastic period failed to fraternise religion and science. The harmonious blending they strove to effect was nominal and superficial. Religion and science were left each unfortified by the strength of the other. The intervening centuries have witnessed their fratricidal war. If the Church had been able to use this opportunity, it would have accomplished another very desirable reconciliation. Aristotle's scientific treasury came to Christendom through the Spanish Moslems and Jews. If ecclesiastics had truly fraternised religion and science, they might, perhaps, have effected an *entente cordiale* with Mohammedanism and Judaism. But this chance, too, was lost. And the Turk and the Jew are still outside the pale of the Church. The very partial success of Aquinas's effort to harmonise paganism and Christianity is shown by the position given to Aristotle in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Dante erected his magnificent cathedral on the substructure of Aquinas. Dante pays great reverence to Aristotle as "the Master of those who know." But he assigns to this Master a place, together with other pagan philosophers, within the domains of hell—banished from the presence of God.

The present essay is a study of Scholasticism in its beginning. It is not concerned with the culmination represented by Aquinas (1225 to 1274) but with a period a century earlier. Before Aristotle's writings, with the Arabic comments, had been translated, the intellectual activity of the ecclesiastical scholars had used up the scanty materials they had at hand, the meagre store handed on by Boethius and others. In using up this material, the mediæval intellects had been sharpened to a very fine edge. We have seen how eager were Alcuin's pupils for knowledge, and how restlessly they questioned and perplexed him. Since the 8th century scholars had grown more acute and disputatious. At the end of the 10th century they turned a large measure of their energy into a dispute over a problem of metaphysics. The question at issue was the relation of the *individual* to the *universal*. That controversy represents an age of transition. In essence it is a struggle carried on between the old and the new by partisans who did not surmise the possibility of harmonising the new with the old.

That mediæval polemic may draw less ridicule from us to-day if we try to parallel it with other controversies, ancient and modern. In ancient India, for example, there were the two systems of discipline known as Yoga and Sankhya, one the way of intuition, the other of abstract reason. It is hardly possible to doubt that the partisans of each

system regarded one another with suspicion and rivalry. For the Gita, harmonising both, declares that: "Children, not wise men, speak of Sankhya and Yoga as different; he who has perfectly mastered one finds the fruit of both. The goal that is gained by the Sankhyas is also reached by the followers of Yoga; who sees Sankhya and Yoga as one, he indeed sees!" In modern times, the polemic over literature and science seems not an unfair parallel. How impossible it appears to us to-day to exaggerate the importance and value of *Sartor Resartus* or the *Descent of Man*. What vistas those books opened in the inner world and in the outer! Contemporary culture has harmonised and included both books. Present-day readers look upon literature and science as complementary subjects, not as rivals. But how did the partisans of literature against science, and vice versa, regard each other in 1850? We know that Carlyle sneered at those who endeavored to find mystery in a Leyden jar. And we know also the lofty indifference of certain scientists to the "futility," literature.

The controversy in the 11th century was no more foolish than that ancient effort in India or than the modern Western endeavor to make a rivalry where only harmony reigns. In the Patristic-Platonic period of Christianity, belief in the Absolute Reality of the Invisible One led with it a companion belief in the "illusory nature of all temporal things." When the scientific treatises of Aristotle began gradually to filter into that Patristic world, there came a jar. Why should such interest be given to things as they are, phenomena, when they all are perishable? Thus the contest arose incited by keen minds that lacked material to keep them normally active. The debate concerned itself with the nature of Reality. Does Reality exist, they asked, in individual objects that one can see? Or is Reality to be found in the Universal Idea that is abstracted from individual objects? The old school, the Christian Platonic, maintained the illusory nature of phenomena and declared that only the Universal Idea is Real. To this school was given the name Realists. On the other hand, some who called themselves adherents of the new Aristotelian school maintained that individual phenomena alone have Real existence, and that the thing called a Universal Idea is a shadowy something that has no other being than what is given it by a process of intellectual abstraction. To the disputants on this side of the controversy the name Nominalists was given; perhaps Phenomenalists would have been a better name, as signifying those who maintained that individual phenomena alone have real being.

That metaphysical controversy represents a collision between the old school of thought and the new, the Platonic and the Aristotelian. To harmonise the two, to blend the new with the old, was the task accomplished by the monks of St. Victor. In 1108, William of Champeaux, an eminent scholar, who had been lecturing in Paris at the Cathedral school of Notre Dame, retired to the quiet shrine of St. Victor. William had been worsted in dispute with his pupil Abelard.

William was an extreme Realist. Abelard represented a form of Nominalism. In the secluded shrine William modified the extreme views which had been criticised by his rationalistic pupil. Men of a moderate temper were drawn about him; gradually a community arose that became celebrated as holding firmly to the old school of thought, while at the same time, it opened its doors to the new studies. The influence of the Abbey in harmonising the two schools of thought was of great value. For Abelard was on the side of the new knowledge. And Abelard's rationalising mind led him toward heresy, caused the condemnation of his doctrines, and cast suspicions upon the new knowledge itself. The expansion of the mediæval horizons might have taken much longer time and struggle but for the sage conduct of the men who dominated at St. Victor. The Abbey became known as the stronghold of mysticism—the characteristic of the Patristic period. By standing on that firm foundation of the past, and at the same time holding out a welcome hand to the strange new knowledge and method, it allayed suspicion and alarm, and helped the cause of expansion and culture.

Hugh was the first head of the monastery to become celebrated. He was a continental Saxon by birth, and his lifetime covers the years from 1096 to 1140. An uncle of Hugh's had come into contact with William of Champeaux, and when this uncle returned into Germany he advised his nephew to join the French group of devout and learned students. Hugh went to St. Victor's in 1115, and in 1133 he became prior. Hugh was a man of sage counsel. He knew that vanity, not zeal for truth, most often leads men into controversial activity; and that personal victory rather than the triumph of righteousness is the goal of debaters. He refused to enter into the dispute about the reality of the universal or of the individual. He would take no side at all. He seemed to care neither about the extreme opinions nor the compromising middle. He was discriminating enough to see that zeal to condemn an opponent's mistake often blinds combatants to all the positive virtues that may be in the opponent's doctrine. Hugh did not make that common mistake—he tested the things that seemed good, no matter what their source, and if the test proved them sound, he held fast to them. Hugh and Abelard were two very different types. Abelard sought the applause and publicity that controversy brings. And Abelard's argumentative, rationalistic thinking led him to grave doctrinal errors. Hugh did not attack Abelard as partisans on the opposite side of the controversy did. He repudiated Abelard's heresies; but he was able to see that the scientific aspect of truth which interested Abelard was not at all responsible for Abelard's conclusions—that there was much to be commended in the new knowledge, and that those commendable qualities were much needed just at the moment. Hugh thus made himself part of the new scientific movement which many others were vilifying.

Abelard had compiled a manual of theology which he called *Sic et Non*. In that treatise, the method is to state an opinion, what some Fathers have said in favor and what others have said against it. There he left matters—a most baffling inconclusiveness for perplexed minds. Abelard wrote a more orderly *Introduction to Theology*. But in this he deduced heretical conclusions. Hugh saw the tendency and the need of the hour—a methodical system or science of Theology. In the *De Sacramentis*, he supplied the need—until a century later Aquinas gave the *Summa*.

Hugh is known by his mystical works rather than his theological treatises. The *Summa Theologica* in the 13th century carried the Scholastic movement to its culmination. That exhaustive treatise of Aquinas superseded Hugh's *De Sacramentis* and other manuals. But the fame and influence of Hugh's mystical writings were not so eclipsed. His writings have won such distinction that he is very commonly spoken of as the originator of the allegorical method of interpretation. It is an error so to regard Hugh. Erigena explained the various modes of interpreting Scripture, beginning with the historic, passing to the moral, and finally rising to the spiritual. St. Jerome wrote an allegorical interpretation of the New Testament genealogies. Through all the centuries from the birth of Christianity, the Scriptures have been interpreted in the allegorical way. St. Paul so interpreted the story of Hagar, and the story of Adam. Later scholars may have called Hugh the originator of allegorical interpretation because he and the Abbots who succeeded him, won rich stores of spiritual treasure from the Scriptures, at a time when many other ecclesiastics were using religion largely as a subject for argumentation.

It is one of Hugh's successors who finds a place in this series of Mystics, Richard, a Scotchman. He became prior in 1163, and maintained his predecessor's attitude toward the intellectual controversy that engaged the attention of so many others. He stood apart from it, and devoted his energy, mental and spiritual, to a study of the inner meaning of the Scriptures. Richard's mystical treatises won him distinction. Dante gave him a place in the Heaven of the Sun as one who "in contemplation was more than man." *Che a considerar fu più che viro*. Father Faber calls Richard "the most persuasive of the mystics."

Richard's writing is a splendid illustration of the successful harmonising of Platonic and Aristotelian thought. Like his predecessor Hugh, Richard is a mystic; his mysticism would enrol him with the saints of the Patristic period. But Richard is a scientific mystic. He has added Aristotle's genius for systematising to Plato's religious fervor. Richard's interest was the scientific rather than the devotional side of mysticism. He knew that the mystic's aim was union with God through Contemplation. And I believe he reached that end. But the task he set himself in writing was to explain to others the method by which one draws near to the goal. Richard writes of the science of the inner life. He describes

the laws of spiritual growth. He deals with the physiology of the spiritual man—with the stages of development and the relations of inward forces. His subject is the *Way to Contemplation*.

His best known works are the two entitled *Benjamin*. The lad Benjamin, the last and favorite son of Jacob, being spiritually interpreted, means Contemplation. Richard and his companions got their hint for that interpretation from the 27th verse of the 68th Psalm. In the version that was used by Richard (St. Jerome's) that verse reads: *Ibi Benjamin adolescentulus in mentis excessu*. "There is Benjamin a youth, in ecstasy of mind." From that hint Richard made an application of the story of Jacob and his sons to the inner life. In the present day it is sometimes said that the spiritual interpretations of the early centuries are quaint. Perhaps those interpretations seem quaint only because we are somewhat unfamiliar with the region of the inner life.

Richard interprets the story of Jacob, his wives and sons, as an account of man's inner progress up to the point of Contemplation in which man reaches his end, union with God. Jacob stands for the Master who brings into activity the powers of the human heart and mind. Leah and Rachel, the two wives, symbolise the Mind and the Heart, or Personal Will and Spiritual Will. Leah, the Mind, has a disorderly handmaid who is usually confused in drunkenness, namely, Reason. Rachel, the Heart, has also an attendant, Imagination, who is often a great chatterer. From these four women are born Jacob's children, the Virtues.

Leah, the Mind, is the first to conceive. She brings forth in due order four sons; 1, Ruben, or Dread of pain; 2, Simeon, Sorrow for sins; 3, Levi, Hope for forgiveness; 4, Judah, Love of righteousness. Next, Rachel subjects her vagrant Imagination to the Master, and two more sons are born; 5, Dan, Sight of Pain to come; 6, Naphtali, Sight of Joy to come. Leah, emulating Rachel, subjects her attendant, Reason, to the Master, and two sons are born; 7, Gad, Self-restraint; 8, Asher, Patience. Leah herself then brings forth three more children; 9, Issachar, Joy over inward sweetnesses; 10, Zebulun, Hatred of sin; 11, Dinah, Humility. Lastly, Rachel, the beloved wife (symbolising the heart), gives birth to the Father's best-loved sons; 12, Joseph, Discretion, and, after a long interval, 13, Benjamin, Contemplation. Rachel dies in giving birth to Benjamin. That death signifies that in Contemplation man is united to the Master and the desire of man's heart is attained.

A captious mind might find it possible to pick flaws in Richard's system. But Richard's treatise evidences acquaintance with spiritual powers as real forces. And it would be better for us to exert ourselves in acquiring the virtues whose course he traces, rather than to waste our effort in argument over his arrangement.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF ANCIENT CHINA

TO one reading the sacred books of China for the first time there comes with added force and significance that quotation often seen where lovers of books are wont to congregate, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." As we look back over nearly forty centuries during which these texts have given forth their message, we stand in awe before their antiquity alone; but in the books themselves, we see that it is the truth which they contain,—or rather the aspect of the Truth,—which has enabled them to live through the ages. And many are the exigencies which they have survived; again and again have they been all but lost because of the perishability of the silk and bamboo tablets on which they were inscribed; more than once, have they become almost completely unintelligible through changes in the form of the language; political strife and internal warfare have caused their mutilation from time to time; and at one period, a tyrannical ruler eager to break all connection with the much worshipped past, and ensure the establishment of his own power, condemned them all to the flames, very nearly accomplishing their total annihilation. Yet today the Truth in them still shines forth, its light undimmed. Doubt may arise as to whether certain of the texts are of genuine antiquity, question may be made as to which portions were contributed by one or another of the old philosophers, endless wrangling may busy the translators, concerning possible interpretations of difficult and abstruse passages; but beneath or behind these surface difficulties, we find the message of the "master minds," and feel the life of the great nation which contributed to make that message what it was.

The ancient religious books of China fall naturally into three main divisions, in accordance with the three great lines of religious thought, Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism. The last named, Buddhism, introduced into China probably in the 3rd century, B. C., and officially recognized in the 1st century, A. D., is a comparatively recent addition to the religious life and thought of the country. The first complete Chinese edition of the Buddhistic canon dates from about the 7th century of our era; we are told that there are numerous original Chinese Buddhistic works (practically none of which are available in English), but far the greater part of the Buddhistic literature of the country consists of translations from the various Indian dialects, made by teachers and preachers from India and Central Asia, who for a period of six hundred years

carried the Buddhistic teachings into China. As a record of the development of Chinese Buddhism, this literature might be of decided interest, but since neither the religion itself nor the main body of the literature is indigenous to the country, it is elsewhere that our interest lies, if we are regarding the sacred books as a monograph of the Chinese people,—the highest expression of their life and thought.

It is to the Confucian canon that one naturally turns, when considering the ancient religious books of the country, the chief reason being the tremendous part they have played in moulding the moral life of the nation. Just how much of these works we owe to Confucius (5th-6th centuries B. C.), is a matter of much conjecture and controversy. Some scholars tell us that he revised and re-arranged the literature of earlier times, gathering together and compiling scattered material, and in some cases leaving upon it the stamp of his own personality. Others declare that he had nothing to do with the writing of them and that even the *Hsiào King* or *Classic of Filial Piety*,—the very mention of which suggests to most minds the name of Confucius,—was the work of another. Whatever the truth may be concerning the form of the texts, it is certain that their material antedates him, in most cases, by many centuries. He said of himself that he was a transmitter and not a maker, one who believed in and loved the ancients, and in his talks with his disciples he is said to have taught nothing for which he could not adduce good authority. His service above all else was his inculcation of reverence for the sacred books, the enthusiasm for them which he communicated to his disciples and the impulse to study them which he aroused in all who followed him.

These ancient books are divided into the five *King*, the titles of which are as follows: *The Shu* or *Book of Historical Documents*; *The Shi* or *Book of Poetry*; *The Yi* or *Book of Changes*, concerned for the most part with the practice of divination; *The Li Ki* or *Record of Rites*; *The Khun Khiù* or *Spring and Autumn*, written by Confucius himself and giving a brief chronological history of his native state of Lu from B. C. 722-481.

There are also the four *Shu* or *Books of the Four Philosophers*; but while these are classics, they are not, with the exception of the works of Mencius (the greatest writer of the Confucian school), generally included among the Sacred Books. It is with the five *King*, then,—*King* meaning the books of greatest authority, that we will be here concerned. These books give a simple, clear and, we have reason to believe, accurate picture of the Chinese national character of ancient times. They make no claim to revelation or divine inspiration, nor do they set forth a religion in the sense usually implied by such a phrase.

The oldest and perhaps the most important of the texts is the *Shu King*, or *Book of Historical Documents*, dating back to the 24th century B. C. The accuracy, indeed, the very existence, of this work is due to the fact that in primeval days each court had its recorder or

annalist whose duty it was to write on tablets all the important business transactions of the court and all charges given by the ruler to his feudal princes. There is evidence of the existence of these recorders as far back as the Hsia dynasty (B. C. 2205-1765) and as for the accuracy of their work, Confucius states that in his own day a court recorder would leave a blank in the text rather than enter anything for the truth of which there was insufficient evidence.

The first few chapters of the *Shu King* begin, "Examining into antiquity we find," and the entries are evidently not contemporaneous with the times of which they treat. They are believed to be contemporaneous, however, as far back as the 22d century B. C., and the material, a number of disconnected historical memorials, extends over a period of 1700 years. The book opens with an account of the legendary emperor Yao (B. C. 2357-2255), under whose rule the country enjoyed a period of universal concord,—China's Golden Age. This emperor chose as best fitted to succeed him, Shun, a man of the common people. We learn that the latter was the son of a blind man; his father was obstinately unprincipled, his step-mother insincere, his half-brother arrogant; yet so great was his filial piety that he not only lived harmoniously with them, but led them to self-government. After this, we need hardly be told that "He was profound, wise, accomplished and intelligent, mild, courteous and truly sincere." These two kings are supposed to have calculated the movements of the stars, to have arranged a calendar with an intercalary month, to have determined uniform weights and measures, to have given the people good laws and to have administered all the affairs of their kingdom justly and with great wisdom. They set before their subjects "an example of the most extended love, virtue, righteousness, reverence, and yielding courtesies" and they served as a model for posterity through the centuries that followed. To comprehend fully the meaning of this last statement,—to understand the reverence, veneration and emulation with which the ancients were universally regarded,—it is necessary to realize the value of probably the two strongest influences in the moral life of China, namely the doctrine of filial piety and the practice of ancestor worship.

It may be well here to leave the *Shu King* for the time being and note from the *Hsiào King* or *Classic of Filial Piety*, how completely alien to the Chinese mind is the western idea of the liberty and dignity of the individual as distinct from the community to which he belongs. Filial piety was regarded as the "root of all virtue," "the stem out of which grows all moral teachings." In the words of Confucius,

* "Of all creatures with their different natures produced by heaven and earth, man is the noblest. Of all actions of man there is none greater than filial piety. This should go even so far as making one's father the correlate of Heaven"—(the last phrase is explained by Legge to

* Translations used are by James Legge, *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Prof. Max Mueller.

mean ruling on earth as God rules above.) Furthermore, of the list of 3,000 offences in the Chinese penal code, there was, according to the master, no one greater than being unfilial. That the term possessed a far broader significance than that of simple obedience is shown in the following passage also belonging to Confucius.

“Our bodies—to every hair and bit of skin—are received by us from our parents, and we must not presume to injure or wound them:—this is the beginning of filial piety. When we have established our character by the practice of the filial course, so as to make our name famous in future ages, and thereby glorify our parents:—this is the end of filial piety. It commences with the service of parents; it proceeds to the service of the ruler; it is completed by the establishment of the character.” In practice it was made to apply to every detail of life from the least to the greatest; it was considered “the fundamental principle of human virtue, the great source of social happiness, and the bond of national strength and stability.”

That a large measure of this filial regard should be directed toward the sovereign, is quite natural since the latter is regarded as the parent of the people. The other reason given for the veneration of the rulers of antiquity,—namely ancestor worship,—leads us to a consideration of the religious beliefs and practices of the people.

In the *Shu King* we are told that the great Shun on succeeding Yao, “sacrificed specially but with the ordinary forms, to God; sacrificed with reverent purity to the Six Honored ones; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the hills and rivers; and extended his worship to the host of spirits.” He also observed from the first all the ceremonial of ancestor worship. It may be mentioned in passing that “the Six Honored Ones” are supposed by one Chinese critic to mean the spirits ruling over the seasons, cold, heat, sun, moon, stars and drought.

Concerning the ceremonials of ancestor worship we have, perhaps, the fullest information in the *Shih King* or *Book of Poetry*. This book, a collection of ballads, songs, hymns and other pieces of a more strictly Chinese character is second in importance only to the *Shu King*. Confucius laid upon it the utmost emphasis as a means of inculcating “propriety and righteousness,” teaching that it was from these poems the mind received the best stimulus. “A man ignorant of them was like one who stands with his face to the wall, limited in his view and unable to advance”; accordingly the poems were preserved in the memory of all who considered themselves his followers. Aside from this fact, it is interesting to note that poetry in ancient China held a position of importance for purposes of government. According to some authorities, it was the custom, during the early ages, to lay before the emperor the poems of the various states at certain periods of the year; the sovereign, judging by their means what was good or bad in the government of the state or in the moral and religious life of the people, meted out reward and punishment to his feudal princes accordingly.

The part of the *Shih King* known as the "Odes of the Temple and the Altar" is the only part which is professedly religious, the poems being for the most part connected with the royal ancestor worship of three, in particular, of the ancient dynasties. No mention is made of the worship of the common people but the observances were binding on all alike. The following ode is fairly typical; it is stated to be "in praise of the virtue of King Wăn, blessed by his ancestors, and raised to the highest dignity without seeking of his own,"—

"Look at the foot of the Han, How abundantly grow the hazel and arrow thorn. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, In his pursuit of dignity (still) easy and self-possessed.

Massive is that libation-cup of jade, With the yellow liquid sparkling in it. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, The fit recipient of blessing and dignity.

The hawk flies up to heaven, The fishes leap in the deep. Easy and self-possessed was our prince:—Did he not exert an influence on men?

His clear spirits were in the vessels; His red bull was ready;—
To offer, to sacrifice, To increase his bright happiness.

Thick grow the oaks and the buckthorn, Which the people use for fuel. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, Cheered and encouraged by the spirits.

Luxuriant are the dolichos and other creepers, Clinging to the branches and stems, Easy and self-possessed was our prince, Seeking for happiness by no crooked ways."

Poems such as this were composed when on certain prescribed occasions the worship of the ancestor was observed with great ceremony. All the members of the family gathered together, one member personating the dead, sacrifices were made, and a great feast held, the whole being attended with much pomp and splendor. The poetry connected with these rites abounds in detailed descriptions of sumptuous feasts, gorgeous trappings and all the intricacies of elaborate ceremonial.

These observances were no mere rites in memory of the dead; that they were actual worship and that the continued existence of the spirits of the dead was believed in is evidenced in many ways. One of the most convincing proofs is the fact that as soon as possible after the burial of the dead, a sacrifice was made for the repose of his spirit, a spirit-tablet was placed in the family shrine, and into this the spirit was supposed to enter. "The son was then able to think of his father as never far from him," and the deceased was supposed to extend his protection over his descendants, securing for them as many as possible of the good things of this world. Through this form of worship the ancestors of the kings became the tutelary spirits of the dynasty and the ancestors of each family became its tutelary spirits.

The following passage from the odes is a further expression of the belief in continued existence after death:

“Looked at in friendly intercourse with superior men, You make your countenance harmonious and mild; Anxious not to do anything wrong. Looked at in your chamber, You ought to be equally free from shame before the light which shines in. Do not say, ‘This place is not public; No one can see me here.’ The approaches of spiritual beings Cannot be calculated beforehand; But the more should they not be slighted:”

This constant worship of the ancestors naturally led to an extreme reverence for antiquity; and reverence itself as a trait of character was held in the highest esteem. Again and again, the sages exhort, “Learn the lessons of the ancients,” and from the emperor Shun, we find quoted repeatedly, “Let me be reverent! Let me be reverent!”

Besides the worship of ancestors the people sacrificed also to numerous spirits, who were supposed to exercise power over the soil, the crops, the grain, the land. The following is an ode, probably of thanksgiving to the spirits of the land and grain:—

“Very sharp are the excellent shares, With which they set to work on the south lying acres.

They sow their various kinds of grain, Each seed containing in it a germ of life.

There are those who come to see them, With their baskets round and square, Containing the provisions of millet.

With their light splint hats on their heads, They ply their hoes on the ground, Clearing away the smartweed on the dry land and wet.

The weeds being decayed, The millets grow luxuriantly.

They fall rustling before the reapers. The gathered crop is piled up solidly, High as a wall, United together like the teeth of a comb; And the hundred houses are opened (to receive the grain).

Those hundred houses being full, The wives and children have a feeling of repose.

Now we kill this black-muzzled tawny bull, with his crooked horns, To imitate and hand down, To hand down the observances of our ancestors.”

The third form of worship mentioned above,—the worship of God,—is referred to throughout the sacred books, only incidentally. There were two great occasions on which it was rendered by the sovereign, the summer and the winter solstices, others occurred at stated periods during the year. The use of the word Heaven, is found almost constantly in the books of the *Shu King*, and in this connection it is well to note that the Chinese character often employed to designate Heaven, was also,

as is the case in our own phraseology, frequently used to refer to the Deity. From many passages in the *Shu* we learn that to the ancient peoples of China, the relation between the powers of Heaven and the fortunes of mankind was close and constant. In the *Shi* as well, the idea is strongly emphasized. One poet writes "Let me not say that it (Heaven) is high above me. It ascends and descends about our doings. It daily inspects us wherever we are." By Heaven were established all social relationships and social distinctions; all good and ill fortune likewise were Heaven sent by a direct system of reward and punishment. For it was not till the time of Confucius that there took definite shape the doctrine of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children,—the prevailing doctrine among the Chinese of the present day. Nowhere do we find the idea that God demands love and reverence from mankind, nor is there any belief in a devil who tempts man and rejoices in his fall. Again, the idea of possible reward or punishment after death seems not to have been entertained. The old classics are silent as to any retribution other than that which was meted out during a life time. "Heaven sends down misery or happiness according to man's conduct."

As will be seen this was a belief of an essentially practical nature, and one which led to no lofty speculation, to no mystical ideal. Throughout the sacred books we find the possession of "pure virtue" extolled as the highest and noblest condition to which man could attain but to this "pure virtue" belonged no metaphysical significance. In the *Shu* we are told that, "There is no invariable model of virtue;—a supreme regard to what is good gives the model of it. There is no invariable characteristic of what is good, that is to be supremely regarded,—it is found where there is conformity to the uniform consciousness in regard to what is good." Pure virtue then, would seem to be attainable through development on a material or psychic plane, rather than through any process of spiritual growth, and the Confucian teaching, through the observance of which one became "the superior man" was a code of a thoroughly practical nature.

This does not mean, however, that "pure virtue" was made easy of attainment. The nine virtues, as set forth in the *Shu* are: "Affability combined with dignity; mildness combined with firmness; bluntness combined with respectfulness; aptness for government combined with reverent caution; docility combined with boldness; straightforwardness combined with gentleness; an easy negligence combined with discrimination; boldness combined with sincerity; and valor combined with righteousness." Truly no mean aim!

As for the means of attaining to the virtuous state, the cultivation of humility, gentleness, reverence were accorded their fitting place; the power of active goodness as opposed to the restraint of punishment was realized; also self-conquest was recognized at its true value and held in the highest esteem. But perhaps a few passages from the *Shu* will be especially pertinent here:

“To set up love, it is for you to love your relations; to set up respect, it is for you respect your elders. The commencement is in the family and the state; the consummation is in all within the four seas.”

“Want of harmony in the life rises from the want of it in ones inner self;—strive to be harmonious.”

“By trifling intercourse with men, he” (any man) “ruins his virtue; by finding his amusement in things of mere pleasure he ruins his aims. His aims should repose in what is right. . . . If you do not attend jealously to your small actions, the result will be to affect your virtue in great matters.”

“Indulging the consciousness of being good is the way to lose that goodness; being vain of one’s ability is the way to lose the merit it might produce.”

“Finally, enlarge your thoughts to the comprehension of all heavenly principles and virtue will be richly displayed in your person.”

One means to the attainment of virtue, or perhaps we might almost say one aspect of virtue, considered by the Chinese people to be of first importance, was the observance of the proprieties. An entire classic, the *Li Ki*, or *Book of Rites*, is given over to the presentation of the rules of propriety. And here we find that practically every act of a Chinaman’s life, or rather the mode of performing that act, was fixed and determined by rules, the ignorance or neglect of which would bring upon him scorn and derision. One section of the *Li Ki* prescribes the rules for regulating the behavior of a scholar or officer on state occasions. Another prescribes the carriages, trappings, clothing and personal ornaments to be used by the emperor during each successive season of the year; the days for certain ceremonial observances, the time for giving orders concerning husbandry, forestry and all the industries of the kingdom. When one considers the complexities of Chinese court life, it is quite conceivable that the persons concerned might be grateful indeed, for this systematic arrangement of the manifold details.

It is the part of the book prescribing the rules of mourning that causes one to realize most fully the difference between the Chinese and the Western point of view. Here the book gives elaborate directions concerning the most minute details of a very intricate funeral ceremony, it also regulates the garb of the mourners to the point of stipulating whether the hair shall be arranged in one way or another and whether the robe shall have even or frayed edges. Graduated rules are given for beating the breast, leaping and stamping, and the time and place for wailing are fixed. This last might seem an advisable precaution, but the book merely states that for certain degrees of relationship wailing shall take place in the east room, or at the door or in the lane. Whole pages are devoted to the degrees of mourning, indicating for example how

a man shall mourn for his great grand-uncle, his spinster great grand-aunt, a married great-grand-aunt, a spinster first cousin of grand-father, and so on seemingly without end.

It is difficult to see at first how a book of this nature could hold so high a place and what bearing these exaggerated proprieties could have on the possession of virtue; yet the connection was considered a close one. To begin with, the word Li means "a step or act, that whereby we serve spiritual beings and obtain happiness," and it therefore contains a religious import. Further than this, the Chinese insist that ceremony without reverence is nothing and absolute sincerity was a requisite in the observance of the rules: From this point of view we find less incomprehensible the statement that the rules are "the highest expression of the truth of things," the very framework of society being built on this underlying truth. Or again when we read, "The rules of propriety serve as instruments to form men's characters, and they are therefore prepared on a great scale. Being so, the value of them is very high. They remove from a man all perversity, and increase what is beautiful in his nature. They make him correct, when employed in the ordering of himself; they insure for him free course when employed toward others. They are to him what the outer coating is to bamboos, and what its heart is to a pine or cypress."

Of the Chinese *King* there is only one which we have not yet touched upon. This is the *Yi King* a book on divination, divination by means of the tortoise-shell or stalks, playing a very large part in the religious life of the country. The basis of this book is a series of eight trigrams gradually increasing to sixty-four hexagrams, believed to have been handed down to posterity by Fû-hsi, the supposed founder of the Chinese nation. These figures are composed of a whole and a broken line. In early historic times two of the sovereigns wrote a brief explanation of what each of these figures suggested to his mind and the practical course to which it directed, when regarded from the standpoint of divination. Thus a text of sixty-four short essays was drawn up and later writers have added to this, ten appendices. So enigmatic and symbolical is the book that throughout the ages it has defied all attempts at explanation. How great an enigma it has proved, will be shown in a brief paragraph from Legge's translation which we venture to quote:

"Confucius declared that he would like to give another fifty years to the elucidation of this puzzling text. . . 'Chu Hsi alone,' says a Chinese, 'was able to pierce through the meaning and appropriate the thoughts of the inspired man who composed it.' No foreigner, however, has been able quite to understand what Chu Hsi did make of it. . . Several have gone so far as to set all native interpretations aside in favor of their own." He then goes on to explain that by one it is said to be a calendar of the lunar year, by another to contain a system of phallic worship, by another the vocabulary of the language of a tribe whose very existence had to be postulated for the purpose.

As a fair example of the style of the text the following section or paragraph will suffice; "In the first or lowest line" (meaning of the trigram) "undivided, we see its subject as the dragon lying hid in the deep. It is not the time for active doing." Successively, each line of the various figures receives similar treatment.

The appendix too, is very enigmatic, but it is interspersed with numerous passages, philosophical in tone. Thus we have, "It is the way of heaven to diminish the full and augment the humble. It is the way of earth to overthrow the full and replenish the humble," and so on, giving many observations of like nature. And it is only such passages as this that make reconcilable to the Western mind the assertion that the book is "fitted to correct and perfect the character of the learner."

In the books of the Confucian canon we find without doubt, the noblest expression of the moral life of ancient China, reflecting a standard which is well set forth in the following words of Confucius himself: (they concern the four qualities to the possession of which "the superior man" should attain) "To serve my father as I would require my son to serve me, I am not yet able; to serve my ruler as I would require my minister to serve me; I am not yet able; to serve my elder brother as I would require a younger brother to serve me, I am not yet able; to set the example in behaving to a friend as I would require him to behave to me, I am not yet able."

Nowhere, however, as has been mentioned before, do these books promulgate a religion as such. The ancient Chinese, if he observed in the highest sense his duty to his neighbor, might attain to the condition of "the superior man" and yet pass his whole life without concern for anything above or beyond immediate circumstances. We find more than one translator complaining of the lack of theology and dogmatic teaching. This attitude is most pronounced in P. Callery's introduction to his own translation of the *Li Ki*. Here he states that in this book where there might be expected the fullest treatment of religious beliefs, the writer passes lightly over everything that is pure speculation and mentions these grave matters only with the utmost indifference. He then goes on to say, "According to my ideas this proves two things: first, that in ancient times the greatest geniuses of China possessed concerning the creator, nature and the destiny of the soul, only obscure notions, uncertain and often contradictory; second, that the Chinese possessed in a very feeble degree, the religious sentiment, and that they do not experience, like the races of the Occident, the imperative need of solving the mysteries of the invisible world."

Aside from any other points of issue which may be raised by this statement, the assertion that "the Chinese possessed in a very feeble degree the religious sentiment" is certainly open to question, one of the strongest arguments to the contrary being the speculations of Lao-tse and the existence of the *Tao-te-King*. But Taoism is a subject in itself.

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE ADEPTS AND MODERN SCIENCE*

MODERN science is a bugbear for many a good Theosophist, causing him to hide his real opinions for fear they should conflict with science. But the latter is an unstable quantity, always shifting its ground, although never devoid of an overbearing assurance, even when it takes back what it had previously asserted. The views of scientific men have frequently been brought forward as a strong objection to the possibility of the existence of Adepts, Masters, Mahatmas, perfected men who have a complete knowledge of all that modern science is endeavouring to discover. Many trembling members of the Society, who do not doubt the Masters and their powers, would fain have those beings make their peace with science, so that the views of nature and man put forward by the Mahatmas might coincide with the ideas of modern investigators. It will be profitable to try to discover what is the attitude of the Adepts towards modern science.

The question was raised quite early in the history of the Society in the correspondence which Mr. Sinnett had with the Adept K. H. in India, and there is in the answers published by Mr. Sinnett in *The Occult World* enough to indicate clearly what is the attitude of such beings to modern science. That book will often have to be referred to in future years, because the letters given in its pages are valuable in more senses than has been thought; they ought to be studied by every member of the Society, and the ideas contained therein made a part of our mental furniture.

It is evident from the remarks made in *The Occult World* that the persons to whom the letters were written had a high respect for modern science; that they would have liked to see science convinced of the machinery of the occult Cosmos, with all that that implies; that they thought if modern scientific men could be convinced by extraordinary phenomena or otherwise about the Masters and Theosophy, very beneficial results to the Society would follow. There can be no doubt that if such a convincing were possible the results would have followed, but the hope of convincing our scientists seemed vain, because no way exists to alter the attitude of materialistic modern science except by a complete reform in their methods and theories. This would be a bringing back of ancient thought, and not agreeable to modern men. To pander in any way to science

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would be impossible to the Masters. They hold the position that if the rules and conclusions of nineteenth century science differ from those of the Lodge of the Brotherhood, then so much the worse for modern conclusions, as they must all be revised in the future. The radical difference between occult and modern materialistic science is that the former has philanthropy as its basis, whereas the latter has no such basis. Let us now see what can be discovered from the letters written by K. H. to Mr. Sinnett and another.

Mr. Sinnett writes: "The idea I had especially in my mind when I wrote the letter above-referred to was that, of all tests of phenomena one could wish for, the best would be the production in our presence in India of a copy of *The London Times* of that day's date. With such a piece of evidence in my hand, I argued, I would undertake to convert everybody in Simla who was capable of connecting two ideas together, to a belief in the possibility of obtaining by occult agency physical results which were beyond the control of modern science." To this he received a reply from K. H., who said: "Precisely because the test of the London newspaper would close the mouths of the sceptics it is inadmissible. See it in what light you will, the world is yet in its first stage of disenfranchisement, hence, unprepared. . . . But as on the one hand science would find itself unable in its present state to account for the wonders given in its name, and on the other the ignorant masses would still be left to view the phenomenon in the light of a miracle, every one who would be thus made a witness to the occurrence would be thrown off his balance and the result would be deplorable." In this is the first indication of the philanthropic basis, although later it is definitely stated. For here we see that the Adepts would not do that which might result in the mental confusion of so many persons as are included in the "ignorant masses." He then goes on to say: "Were we to accede to your desires, know you really what consequence would follow in the trail of success? The inexorable shadow which follows all human innovations moves on, yet few are they who are ever conscious of its approach and dangers. What are they then to expect who would offer to the world an innovation which, owing to human ignorance, if believed in will surely be attributed to those dark agencies that two-thirds of humanity believe in and dread as yet?"

Here again we see that Adepts will not do that which, however agreeable to science, extraordinary and interesting in itself, might result in causing the masses once more to consider that they had proof of the agency of devils or other dreaded unseen beings. The object of the Adepts being to increase the knowledge of the greater number and to destroy dogmatism with superstition, they will not do that which would in any way tend to defeat what they have in view. In the letter quoted from, the Adept then goes on to show

that the number of persons free from ignorant prejudice and religious bigotry is still very small. It is very true that such an extraordinary thing as the production of *The Times* in India across several thousand miles of ocean might convince even hundreds of scientific men of the possibility of this being done by a knowledge of law, but their belief would have but little effect on the immense masses of uneducated persons in the West who are still bound up in religious bigotry and prejudice. The Adept hints that "the inexorable shadow that follows all human innovations" would be a sudden blazing forth again of ignorant superstition among the masses, which, gaining force, and sweeping all other men along in the immense current thus generated, the very purpose of the phenomenon would then be negated. On this the Adept writes a little further on, "As for human nature in general, it is the same now as it was a million years ago, prejudice based upon selfishness, a general unwillingness to give up an established order of things for new modes of life and thought—and occult study requires all that and much more—proud and stubborn resistance to truth if it but upsets the previous notion of things: such are the characteristics of the age." "However successful, the danger would be growing proportionately with success," that is, the danger would grow in proportion to the success of the phenomenon produced. "No choice would soon remain but to go on, ever *crescendo*, or to fall, in this endless struggle with prejudice and ignorance, killed by your own weapons. Test after test would be required and would have to be furnished; every subsequent phenomenon expected to be more marvellous than the preceding one. Your daily remark is that one cannot be expected to believe unless he becomes an eye-witness. Would the lifetime of a man suffice to satisfy the whole world of sceptics? In common with many you blame us for our great secrecy. Yet we know something of human nature, for the experience of long centuries, aye of ages, has taught us. And we know that so long as science has anything to learn, and a shadow of religious dogmatism lingers in the hearts of the multitudes, the world's prejudices have to be conquered step by step, not at a rush." These simple remarks are philosophical, historically accurate, and perfectly true. All spiritualistic mediums know that their visitors require test after test. Even the dabbler in psychic matters is aware that his audience or his friends require a constant increase of phenomena and results, and every earnest student of occultism is aware of the fact that in his own circle there are fifty unbelievers to one believer, and that the believers require that they shall see the same thing over again that others report.

Proceeding with this matter to another letter, the Adept says: "We will be at cross purposes in our correspondence until it has been made perfectly plain that occult science has its own methods of research as fixed and arbitrary as the methods of its antithesis, physi-

cal science, are in their way. If the latter has its dicta, so has the former." He then goes on to show that the person desiring to know their science must abide by their rules, and taking his correspondent as an illustration, he says: "You seek all this, and yet, as you say yourself, hitherto you have not found sufficient reasons to even give up your modes of life, directly hostile to such communication." This means of course that scientific men as well as other inquirers must conform to the rules of occult science if they wish to know it, and must themselves change their modes of thought and action. He then goes on to analyze the motives of his correspondent, and these motives would be the same as those impelling science to investigate. They are described to be the desire to have positive proofs of forces in nature unknown to science, the hope to appropriate them, the wish to demonstrate their existence to some others in the West, the ability to contemplate future life as an objective reality built upon knowledge and not faith, and to learn the truth about the Lodge and the Brothers. These motives, he says, are selfish from the standpoint of the Adepts, and this again emphasizes the philanthropy behind occult science. The motives are selfish because, as he says, "The highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if in the mind of the philanthropist there lurks a shadow of a desire for self-benefit, or a tendency to do injustice, even where these exist unconsciously to himself. Yet you have ever discussed but to put down the idea of a universal brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism."

The Adept makes it very clear that such a proposition could not be entertained, showing once more that the Brotherhood, and not the study of secret laws of nature, is the real object the inner Lodge has in view. Brotherhood as an object is the highest philanthropy, and especially so when connected with science.

In another letter, written after consultation with much higher Adepts, who have never been mentioned and who are utterly unknown even to Theosophists, being too high to be encountered, he takes up the same subject, saying, "In conformity with exact science you define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting the pendulum in motion. We do; for we know there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force; the other concentrates and stores it; and here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . Now for

us poor unknown philanthropists no fact of either of these sciences is interesting except in the degree of its potentiality for moral results, and in the ratio of its usefulness to mankind. And what, in its proud isolation, can be more utterly indifferent to everyone and everything, or more bound to nothing but the selfish requisites for its advancement, than this materialistic science of fact? May I ask, then, what have the laws of Faraday, Tyndall, or others to do with philanthropy in their abstract relations with humanity, viewed as an intelligent whole? What care they for man as an isolated atom of this great and harmonious whole, even though they may be sometimes of practical use to him? Cosmic energy is something eternal and incessant; matter is indestructible: and there stand the scientific facts. Doubt them and you are an ignoramus; deny them, a dangerous lunatic, a bigot: pretend to improve upon the theories, an impertinent charlatan. And yet even these scientific facts never suggested any proof to the world of experimenters that nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than under inorganic forms, and that she works slowly but incessantly towards the realization of this object—the evolution of conscious life out of unconscious material. . . . Still less does exact science perceive that while the building ant, the busy bee, the nidifacient bird, accumulates each in its own humble way as much cosmic energy in its potential form as a Hayden, a Plato, or a ploughman turning his furrow. . . . The hunter who kills game for his pleasure or profit, the positivist who applies his intellect to proving that *plus* multiplied by *plus* equals *minus*, are wasting and scattering energy no less than the tiger which springs upon its prey. They all rob nature instead of enriching her, and will all in the degree of their intelligence find themselves accountable. . . . Exact experimental science has nothing to do with morality, virtue, philanthropy—therefore can make no claim upon our help until it blends itself with metaphysics. Being a cold classification of facts outside of man, and existing before and after him, her domain of usefulness ceases for us at the outer boundary of these facts; and whatever the inferences and results for humanity from the materials acquired by her methods, she little cares. Therefore, as our sphere lies entirely outside of hers,—as far as the path of Uranus is outside the earth's,—we distinctly refuse to be broken on any wheel of her construction. . . . The truths and mysteries of Occultism constitute, indeed, a body of the highest spiritual importance, at once profound and practical for the world at-large, yet it is not as an addition to the tangled mass of theory or speculation that they are being given to you, but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind.”

We have in these extracts a clear outline of the exact position of the Adepts towards modern science, together with the statement of the reasons why they do not come forth by astounding phenomena to convince the world of their existence. The reason for the refusal

is that the world is not ready, but is in such a condition that the end would be obstructed and damage be the result. Their attitude to modern science is that they accept the facts of science wherever they prove the truths of Occultism, but they consider modern science to be materialistic and also devoid of philanthropy. This we must admit to be the case, and as the student who has had experience in these matters knows for himself that the Adepts have the truth and possess a knowledge of nature's laws, he approves of their refusing to come down to science and of their demand that science must rise to them. He also knows that in the course of the cycles the mass of men will have been educated and developed to such a position that a new school, at once religious and scientific, will have possession of the earth and rule among all men who possess civilization.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

From the Edicts of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka (Piyadasi), dating from the third century B. C.:

"'Edict I.—Thus spake King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods. . . . Happiness in this world and in the next is difficult to secure without an excessive zeal for religion, a rigorous supervision, a perfect obedience, a lively sense of responsibility, and a constant activity. . . . The rule is this: government by religion, law by religion, progress by religion, and security by religion."

"'Edict III.—Thus spake King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods. One sees only his good acts and says: I have done such a good act. But one does not see his evil acts and does not say: I have committed this evil act, this act is a sin. Such examination is painful, it is true, but nevertheless it is necessary to question oneself and to say: such things are sinful, as mischief, cruelty, anger, and pride. It is necessary to examine oneself carefully and to say: I will not harbour envy, nor calumniate others. This will be beneficial to me here below; this will be in truth still more beneficial to me in the life to come.'"

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

III

THE last entry by Mrs. S. which I quoted, was dated March 25th. On the following day she wrote:

"This was by far the best morning meditation since I left Tokyo. Following the resolution of this morning ('to be content to give just what I have, no matter how little that may be'), I began by trying to give to Master, myself including the shortcomings and imperfections (this was not actually the first step, because I pass to Master by way of Cavé). Then, through the Master, I tried to reach to the consciousness of the Lodge. Mental processes were not inactive by any means: more than once I dropped back and my mind announced in the same breath that this was a meditation of 'undisturbed aspiration'! But there were moments which came near to being contemplation, and the mind, when it did speak, instead of *remembering*, occupied itself with the meditation as such. I had a sense of nearly doing it. Afterwards I sat still for a few minutes, and tried to pick up anything that Cavé may have said. The words that came into my mind were a combination of two separate texts (I looked them up): 'Be of good cheer . . . the night is far spent; the day is at hand.' I do believe that my impatience with myself,—or sense of depression at myself—has been due in large measure to my intense desire to be of some use to Cavé. Stupid, but true. Then I think of the widow's mite."

"And why stupid!" Cavé commented in pencil. "When we hate ourselves for love of another—with desire to serve—may it not be in some small part a reflection of that truth of Love which the Master so perfectly exemplifies? 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Is it not some desire to lay down life? Oh! if you would realize what a precious gift love is—and so its least expression."

At about this time Mrs. S. received from Cavé the following, intended originally for Mrs. S. or for some other, but in any case exactly suitable for her condition.

"What havens of peace lie in the depths of divine consciousness; what security from the world's tumult, which beats unheard against its doors. Close thy ears and enter in. There in utter forgetting find the calm of unending union, and that radiance of joy which no outer circumstance can dim. You know to whom this should go."

On the day following the receipt of this message, Mrs. S. described her meditation in these words:

"I do not know how to enter this. I am so grateful for it. In its way, one of the best and truest meditations I have ever had. Looking back upon it, a few minutes afterwards, I think the Master himself must have made it for me—by drawing me out towards himself; to give me some experience of what he had said to Cavé. There were noises and pianos and things; but I decided to let the mind listen all it wanted, because I *could* go out to him in my heart, and that would be all I would do. And it went out to him—it was drawn and drawn to him, until, I am sorry to say, my emotions got the better of me, and I found tears running out so big and fast that it distracted me. Before that happened, I had some slight sense of his suffering, with the thought in my mind of what some of the old writers mean by entering into the 'wounds of Christ'; and then, after that, some sense of a sweetness so ineffably sweet, and, behind that, or within that, the sense of a calm joy beyond my present memory—but with the thought that he, on one side of his nature, lives in it. Then just for an instant there was a sense, no matter how dim, that in my real self I was a part of that calm joy—a part of him, of the Master; at one with him (ridiculous to seem to claim so much—and it only 'over-lapped' at that one point of peace); and it was then that the sense of it, reaching down, broke up my heart and flooded over emotionally. But in any case it was love and adoration more real than I have known before, and I am thankful to Cavé, for I feel sure that it was yesterday's letter, and those books, and the message given me, and the reinforcement from Cavé, that made this possible."

The comment is: "Praise God."

On April 4th Cavé wrote this letter:

"I cannot thank you for your kindness, because there are no words deep enough—only prayers and prayers in my heart. Oh! my dear —, if you could know how happy you are making me. Never mind what I *was*; let it rest at what I *am*, save as one may hope into that future of deeper and deeper understanding and communion with the Master. At least that is as it is to *me*. For you, know or find out what you will. I do not mean to shut you out from anything. And at the fire of my love yours shall be warmed, if ever there be need. Sometimes I feel as if I had enough for the whole world, and yet I know that I have not even enough to be worthy to offer him of myself. The only love ever worthy to offer is his love in us. So we pray him to teach us to love, to consume our souls in the fire of his love.—As ever, —.

"Since you seem to think you would like some of my prayers, here are some I constantly use. For the most part they are adaptations."

PRAYERS.

"Dear Lord, grant me always to desire and will that which is most acceptable to thee and which pleaseth thee best. Let thy will be mine,

and let my will always follow thine and agree perfectly with it. I desire to do thy will with the same love and perfection as the angels and saints do it in heaven."—

"Do thou, oh! my Master, establish in my soul thy kingdom, that thy image may be perfectly formed in me, and the virtues of thy sacred heart shine forth in all my actions."—

"When our hearts are heavy and oppressed, when the waves of bewilderment and discouragement go over us, O sacred heart of the Master, have compassion and strengthen us!

"When life is easy and pleasant and our days are full of agreeable occupation, O sacred heart of the Master, have compassion and strengthen us!"—

"O most compassionate Master, who art our salvation, our life, and our resurrection, we implore thee do not forsake us in our needs and afflictions, and by the agony of thy most sacred heart, succour thy servants whom thou hast redeemed."—

"Beloved Master, grant me an increase of faith, hope and charity, and a contrite and humble heart!"—

"Master, I consecrate to thee my heart with all its affections; my soul with all its powers; my body with all its senses. In union with thee, I will live and labour and suffer to do the heavenly Father's will. I will ever be mindful of thy presence and strive to be perfect."—

"My Lord and my Master! Thou didst suffer and suffer far more than this. To thee suffering was familiar. Thou didst choose it for thy lot and thy inheritance, and I—I dread it and refuse it! By thy loving acceptance of pain, give me the courage to accept all I have to suffer. By thy meekness, extinguish my natural disturbance against them that injure me. By thy lifting up of thy heart, teach me how to make use of physical pain. By thy silence, help me to repress murmurs and complainings. By thy ardent love of thy heavenly Father, enable me to understand how affliction may intensify my love of God."—

A letter which refers in some detail to a department of the work, also contains this:

"Poor — is psychic: when you say that you say all the rest. . . . It is all a battle, but the Master's battle in actual fact, which makes us love even that: and we have the satisfaction now of knowing that we fight it together, shoulder to shoulder. I want you to get the happiness from that fact that I am getting."

Then something went wrong. Mrs. S. told me that it had seemed to her as if, after a first thaw, her heart were beginning to freeze harder than ever. Cavé was told of this by the Master, and at once took action, partly in a letter.

". . . . For all night long and all this morning, it was not only you that were calling me to help, but the Master, upon whom had come

a grave anxiety which I sensed the more in contrast to the joy of these past weeks.

"... Does what I have written leave you cold? Have I failed to make you feel that which is consuming me now? the sense of the Master's unutterable love for you; of what would be his desolation to lose you again; of the chill fear that you lay on his heart at any hint of coldness or turning away? . . . You *must* hear me, you *must* feel, you *must* understand: that shadow of his anguish is more than I can bear!"

At about the same time, Cavé wrote this note:

"The main thing for you *is* to feel—Heavens, Yes! to feel, feel, *feel*. But if you find, as you seem to be finding, that you react with equal violence from your early morning prayers, then that certainly is not leading you where you want to go, and I would try all methods so as to attain the goal. I too am afraid of 'calm' for you—but then!"

Later came this general word of explanation and warning:

"Yes, I think more than half the trouble comes from not knowing how to manage yourself. You are quite out of hand. How else could it be when you have cultivated this, so as to get what you fancied you wanted, so as to enjoy it when you got it—and to forget.

"It is natural for you to be stormy, to blaze: you have always been like that. It is the natural result—these violent changes and oscillations, when such a nature as yours is out of hand. But certainly a steady fire is what you want—a steadfast passion, and while I can understand that your dread of coldness (a dread I share, as you well know) makes you wish this positive and almost violent feeling as an assurance that you *can* feel (and indeed makes me wish it too for you for the same reason), yet I know that storm and tempest are not the Master's way. He is intense; burns always at white heat, yet with absolute quietude and calm, with a marvelous power of stillness and silence. That is our model. . . . I know the weakness in a blaze. Passion and force that are poised and well in hand are the strong and enduring ones, and I care much for simple and natural things, so be that the force underlies them. I do not like surface things, small feelings, miniature feelings. I like heights and depths, but of force of which the man is master, not that which masters him."

Mrs. S. asked for the return of some of her own letters, written when her heart was melting, that she might read them and gain warmth from their glow. So Cavé sent them, with this note:

"These letters you must keep with the greatest care, please. And not for too long! I prize them as we prize the things we have had to suffer to obtain. And have I not suffered for them? tell me! And through many years, in the present and in the past; for I never, never would let you go, and I never, never shall."

Mrs. S. told me that she had shut herself in her room when she received Cavé's letter, vowing that she would neither eat nor sleep until she had "broken through"—until she could again feel that sense of the

Master's love which she had had and had lost; and that it came at last with an inexpressible outpouring that seemed nearly to tear her soul from her body.

Evidently she wrote Cavé at once, for the answer came back:

"Your letter has made me very happy. You can and will do this thing,—that I know; and in the doing will give a joy, not only to me, but to *him*, greater than you yet can dream of. And still I do not wish to minimize by a word my own joy, and all it means to me: only the infinitely important thing is *his* joy, to us both.

"You must trust, and think constantly of, two things: his unutterable love for you, and your own tremendous power of loving. For though you do not realize it as yet, *that is your power*, and not these mental things with which you have hitherto been concerned. But the kind of life and training you have had has suppressed this side of you, and now it will come out, and in it you will find yourself. But you must be patient with yourself meanwhile: simply forcing yourself to realize that this seeming cold, mental person is *not* you, but a false you, and that the *real* you, the disciple, is this . . . of the flaming heart.

"He told you once, in the old days, that you would conquer the world, but by *love*: do you remember? And *with him*. Meanwhile I love both (yous!), and would gladly give my life to aid you. And you will, I know, in your goodness, let me aid you all I can. You could not do me greater service. Never, so long as I have life, could I forget the way he opened his arms to you today.

"I wish this were better, but I have just snatched a minute from packing. . . . You will make all allowances and feel what I mean, for it is here, flowing out of my hand and pen, from my heart."

At about this time, though without date, Mrs. S. received another letter:

"Remember that we do not face merely spans of years, but *Eternity*, and in that, all, all must come to fulfilment, everything be completely worked out. And so sorrow must come to us, but also joy.

"And must it not be that the desires that spring from Master should often lie outside the sphere of personal consciousness? none the less real and *there*? We know of something here, something there, we want: wayside flowers—very sweet often. I would not belittle them, believe me, for I love flowers; but the essence of the longing—what you call the 'vision' of it—seems 'lost' perhaps, because far, far beyond; closer it may be to *him*. To me this would prove its truth and genuineness. For after all, the loveliest flowers must fade at last, but if their roots lie in *Eternity*, more and more beautiful flowers will bloom as time goes on. Let us trust life for this, and the compassionate Law, and he who stands to us as its administrator. So we can be happy in it, taking gladly our flowers as they come to us; patient with the thorns when they wound us. This is a child's point of view perhaps? Yet even here it may be that it is well to be like

unto a child. God is Love, and so love must be forever its own exceeding great reward. Such has ever been my faith, and that faith I shall keep to the end, wherever it leads, to death in flames or to heaven."

Then came Easter. Mrs. S. had caught, during her meditation, and had adopted as her own, an ejaculation of Cavé's—"Heart of my King, it is thy loveliness which draws us!" She had written of this, and for Easter received a card on which those words were inscribed, with this added: "Across the grey of Easter dawn a glorious hope smiles into coming day, for me. I hardly dare believe as yet. I hope. Master hear my prayer. . . . 'Loveliness'; yes, that is my word. His unspeakable loveliness. Do you not feel it? And how true it is *today!*"

Mrs. S. told me that that Easter Day had in some sense marked a turning point. There had been another, several days earlier. Her entry to which Cavé had added "Praise God," had been the last on which direct comment had been made. Letters had been written, but as these contained references to matters of very intimate spiritual experience—to matters ordinarily called "occult"—Cavé had requested that they be destroyed. Only a few were preserved.

On the day following that last of the innotated records, there is this brief note: "March 30th. My discovery of Cavé." It meant that she had to some extent become conscious in the inner world, and that with that consciousness, for special reasons and purposes, the Master had given her memory of certain past lives, or of incidents in those lives, with appalling vividness, so that she lived them over again with an immediate intensity of thought and feeling. It did not happen all at once. It only began at the end of March. She had prayed passionately for repentance, and all that was given to her from the past brought home to her such depths of sin and weakness; proved so overwhelmingly the miracle of her Master's love and wide forgiveness, that at last she began to understand something, though not much she said, of what it means to have a contrite heart. She who, although kind in a worldly sense, had been congealed in an occult sense, and who had scarcely ever wept, "sobbed her soul out," morning after morning, at the time of her meditation, for love and sorrow, during a period of nearly two years. Looking back upon it, in the light of later and wider experience, she could see that she had indulged herself. It had been such an ecstasy of relief; such a luxury of self-surrender. There had been too much of that, and not enough of stern self-discipline; not enough of particular resolution and of penance for failure to carry such resolutions into effect. It had been a Purgatory of the emotions rather than a Purgatory of the will. None the less from first to last she moved forward, for this process had been essential to her growth: the flood-gates had been thrown wide open and all the back-waters drawn upon the freed. When the time came, it had not been difficult to readjust and to restore a

balance. In all ways she was sincerely trying, the circumstances of her life providing her with constant opportunities for mortification,—compelling it in many cases, while other opportunities she deliberately sought. Further, there was no concealing her intensity of nature, and she did desire with everything in her to give her life, her “heart, mind, will, understanding, memory,” everything she was, had or could be, to the service of the Master.

She wrote to Cavé fully and freely in regard to her inner experience at that time, but made only the briefest and most hurried notes of her daily meditations.

Thus:

“This was an effort to follow ‘the flame’ of love beyond the mind and to the Master. It was quiet enough. And I did catch a flicker, a glimpse of his face—not clear, but real so far as it went. Still, I cannot count this as a ‘good’ meditation.”

A day or two later:

“This was not what it should have been. I had just written to Cavé, and had said truly that I felt as if in a battle. So I took to this meditation some of the feverishness of battle, and could not quite get rid of it. Yet there was aspiration and even a sense of communion, my mind interpreting it at the time in words like these: ‘Little lamb, who wandered, but who returned,—do not wander again: rest in my arms’—the idea being that every time I allow myself to be drawn off by this sense of pressure, of things to do, and of their urgency, I do, as I well know, leave his arms.”

A few days later: “6 a. m.: O Master, dear Master, thou art so kind! How I thank thee for the suffering thou hast allowed me to suffer.”

Then: “From 7 to 7.30: I could not feel—I felt as if I could not suffer; and although I prayed to Master, I could not feel him. So, after ten minutes, I got up from my knees and began to read Cavé’s letter of April 11th: and still I could not feel—until the word ‘desolation’ as what might be the Master’s feeling. Then I tried to jump to ∴ and demanded help from Him to love His son; and that moved me, and with tears streaming fast I seemed to be turned over to H. P. B. (not the outer, but the Lion), or to switch onto him; and it seemed that he said something to this effect, pointing with scorn at my tears and choking voice—‘A lot of use that is!’ So I drew on all I could get from my past and hurled myself at him (dear H. P. B.), with outstretched arm and pointed finger, and shouted at him: ‘Then I demand it of you—you used me, you used me—and you *shall* pay back! I demand of you your adoration of him—your power for me to give to him.’ And then, really meaning it—‘Jeer at me all you choose, dear H. P. B., but give me that!’

“And now I can say and feel ‘Heart of my King, it is thy loveliness

which draws us.' But having so appealed to H. P. B., what will happen next? !"

Another entry:

"I was reading—how he wept over Jerusalem; and I loved him. And suddenly it came over me that he was glad that I love him. And I went on my knees and said—'Is it possible? Is it possible?'"

And again:

"Sing, sing, sing, for the Love of the World has found lodgment in your heart, and you cannot die."

Then this:

"One of the most wonderful experiences of my life. Written in letter—'so terrible was Cavé's prayer'—and with one heart and will and prayer, and with arms outstretched to him—an utter melting. It came through from the light before, when Master talked with me alone."

On April 23rd, Mrs. S. made this entry:

"8 a. m. Cavé said to Master: 'This is beyond me—take it.' And this very attitude gave me a certain sort of self-confidence, and I seemed to take hold and to claim Cavé's love for him as my own, at one in that passion to be his. So it was as if Purity and Passion joined in yearning for him—'whose loveliness draws us'—which did not bring sobs, but a curious tearing, like a tree struck by lightning and trembling—upward to him. And I held on to where I was kneeling and grasped so hard that I wondered if there were anything there to break."

Mrs. S. notes at this point that she seems unable to meditate any longer in "the ordinary sense." But this "ordinary sense" was that of past habit, and her further notes show more, not less, of genuine communion. In other words, her meditation was becoming more dynamic; the general level of consciousness had been raised; the high watermark of previous meditation, having become the average level of daily life, meditation itself flooded over all limitations of past experience or conception. At every stage this is necessary and inevitable. It is as fatal in these as in other matters to get into a rut. We cannot stand still. There must be movement from height to height—or from depth to depth.

In this light the following entry will be more easily understood. Mrs. S. writes:

"I seem to have lost the power to meditate in the ordinary sense. I tried to pass to union with the Master, through Cavé. It seemed at one moment as 'not a good meditation,' when suddenly something struck me: a sense of Master's love for me; the consciousness, 'I too am his child, in some way his child—part of himself.' It was overwhelming, and yet, with it, came a sense of self-confidence such as I have never known before."

She makes this entry in some moment of deep realization: "Instead of punishment he gives us love; and that love is our punishment";—

upon which the following note of a few days later makes an admirable commentary:

"Pain, suffering, which has in it no element of joy, is pure evil—is as evil as joy which has in it no element of pain. It is evidence of non-acceptance, of a rebellious will. To accept pain is to find in it the joy which makes it curative and divine. To carry his cross in our hearts is to find that joy."

Another extract, showing how her experience was deepening:

'A storm, a tempest of love; and a wild rush to Master with the thought, 'It is thy loveliness which draws us.' A plunge into his divine love—and some sense of calm—rather, perhaps, an imperfect ecstasy.'

Again:

"An intensity of yearning to give to Master utterly, like the drawing of pith from fibre."

A week later: "O my child, is it so hard a thing to love me, that you needs must flog yourself to the point of it?"

"Friday: I felt myself inside made of spring steel, but in my mind this reflected itself as something tense, which must be wrong. There was immense tensity and spring and impetuosity; but I compared it with how I felt in Paradise, and there was none of this tenseness, only complete self-confidence, and power with repose."

This reference to some experience of Paradise, of which there is no description in her note-book (she told me she had written of it to Cavé), may remind us of St. Paul: "I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth);

"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Saturday seems to have been uneventful. Her next note reads:

"Sunday: flat on my face, with that terrible sense of the Master's love, and the longing that I might remain for ever in tears of repentance; but that he must live in me, and that I must forget myself. Then came Cavé 'like an arrow from the bow,' and I stood upright to receive of Master—drawn into the flame of his heart."

"He has shown me one thing after another—Purity and Peace—as eternal memories, and for temporary purposes too. Then he showed me his humility, and it crushed me. But when shall I learn *that!*"

As the fruit of some meditation, Mrs. S. writes:

"We must acquire that perfectly simple confidence which springs from knowledge of fact and not from self-assertion—that sort of confidence with humility which the Master showed when he said: 'If ye believe not that I am he (for us, 'his messengers'), ye shall die in your sins.' It will be true of others. To some extent it is now."

She follows this with the record of an experience, which, although expressed in few words, contains a lesson vital to every would-be disciple.

"I thought that I must make myself at peace in order to find the

Master, and then I realized suddenly that all I had to do was to fling myself into his arms in any mood or in any condition, and that those arms are always open."

This interjection is dated a day or two later:

"But it is pain that I would not change for all the happiness I have ever known in my life."

She spoke to me, in after years, of the joy of that purgation—of the joy and pain in one. I asked her if she had read the *Treatise on Purgatory*, usually attributed to St. Catherine of Genoa. She told me she had not.

All the more reason, perhaps, to quote it at this point, as showing that the experience of Mrs. S. was one which many other mystics have had, and that in every case, like Dante, instead of misunderstanding Purgatory as a state to be entered after death only, one and all of them have discovered that Hell and Purgatory and Heaven are knowable here and now.

St. Catherine says:

"For the least vision they [the souls in Purgatory] have of God overbalances all woes and all joys that can be conceived. Yet their joy in God does by no means abate their pain. . . . This process of purification to which I see the souls in Purgatory subjected, I have felt within myself during the past two years."

So we pass to this entry:

"Friday, 6.45 a. m. The anguish of Master's love—like liquid flame in my veins and in my blood. Shaking with it, as with fiery hunger for him. And I think of *his* love, and of his longing to give it—to find hearts to accept it. If some hearts were not open to him, some fearful thing would happen: he, as person, would be consumed. It is his disciples who enable him to remain as man, because they at least a little can receive."

Many of these things I shall not attempt to explain, for much that she told me was for my better understanding and not for publication. Yet the words themselves have so much atmosphere, so much concealed within them of soul experience, that I give them from her note-book, leaving it to the intuition of the reader to get from them what he can. Thus:

"The King's salute. Egypt at your feet. 'Would to God that in that bitter day, *he* might have done this thing!'"

"As if all the passion of the world were lifted to him with love. . . . In that world and also in this, I raised the crucifix in both hands far above my head and said: A thing of gloom no longer, but in Egypt's light."

Finally, for our purposes, there is this:

"In all the tears of my repentance I did not reach a point at which

sobs could not break—at which they almost choked me: yet this morning that is how I pray. And it is his loveliness which draws us. It is a beauty intolerable and blinding. Others have revealed his purity and his tenderness. Perhaps he will some day give it to me to show, darkly as must be through this glass, the passion, the unspeakable, agonizing yearning of his love for you, his children.”

That is enough, I think, to give some idea of the place she reached. There were further stages, and consolidation between each stage. But it would be impossible in the QUARTERLY to speak of these things. It is for us to profit from the records of past experience such as these pages have revealed. They will not then have been given in vain. T.

*Teach me so to pray, that
Thou, as I, may say, Amen.*

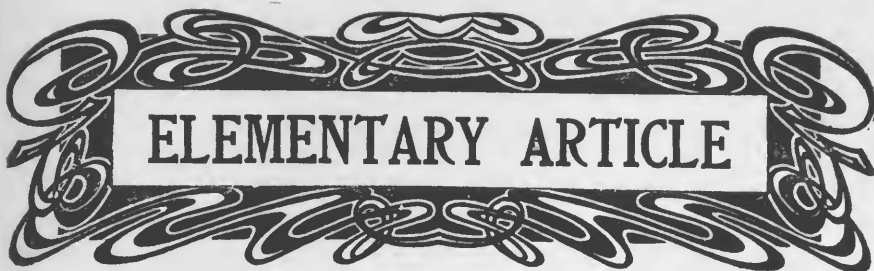
JAMES, Earl of Derby, 1651.

There is a vast difference between hatred of self and impatience with self.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Accept Life and you must accept regret. The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides.

AMIEL.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

THE purpose of Life, the "Why?" of living at all, the question of the Sphinx, which has been asked so often throughout the ages, remains obscure. No new phrasing may hope to satisfy many minds, yet at least a working hypothesis is necessary in order to make clear what follows:

The purpose of Life—of Evolution—of Existence, is that each human soul shall be reunited to the Central Spiritual Unity, *with full self-consciousness, and self-realization*. One of the fundamental paradoxes of the spiritual world is that this reunion can be accomplished only by the giving up of self,—of the voluntary surrender of our free-will to the Higher Self. Free-will was the greatest gift which was given to the soul. It was necessary to enable the soul to realize itself,—to become self-conscious. It is the one possession of the soul which, for man's own good, is never withdrawn. Therefore we must carry what St. Bernard so graphically calls "the intolerable burden of our own will," until we reach that point in evolution where we see that further progress is possible only by the voluntary and complete surrender of that will. This, which is the second half of evolution, may take ages, for we must unravel, strand by strand, the complicated net which we have woven about ourselves by the exercise of our free-will during the first part of the evolutionary process. We had to exercise free-will—self-will—during the first part of our evolution in order to gain self-realization—self-consciousness. That acquired, the problem becomes one of untangling ourselves from the meshes we ourselves have created.

Every soul born into human life is encased in a self-created network of barriers which separate it from the Spiritual World. It does not matter for practical purposes, and for the understanding of these Elementary Articles, whether, together with three-quarters of the human race, we believe in reincarnation, and that these barriers have been created by ourselves in previous existences, or whether, with prevailing Western opinion, we believe that we acquire these barriers, limitations and predispositions, by heredity and environment. The point is that we have them and must get rid of them.

Our reasons for wanting to get rid of them may differ also. The materialistic socialist of modern times may wish to make us better citizens; the ethical culturist or christian scientist may advocate it because experience has proved it to be the road towards happiness and success; the typical philosopher may argue for it on strict grounds of logic and necessity; or we may adopt the ordinary religious view that it is the Way appointed for the human race to travel, and think of it as an obligation imposed by authority from without; or we may accept the suggestion already made above, that the inevitable destiny of every human soul is ultimate, self-conscious reunion with the Divine, and that the sole purpose of Evolution is to bring this about.

Whichever one of these views we hold, the question of how to live our lives correctly and to the best advantage, is a matter of paramount importance, and the purpose of this series of articles is to restate in condensed form a consensus of the teachings of some of the leading writers of the past on the Art of Living.

We shall endeavor to do this from the point of view which we have indicated above; therefore it becomes vital to keep that fundamental idea in mind in all that follows. To make matters clear we shall restate this basic idea.

The goal of evolution is the self-conscious reunion of every soul with the Over Soul. In order to bring about this self-consciousness, man was given free will. The exercise of this free will, and the disobediences to the Law to which it led, have created many barriers between each soul and the Higher Self. The purpose of living and the experiences of life are to get rid of these barriers. The greatest of these, the one which is the basis and cause of all the others, is that very free-will which was necessary to enable us to become self-conscious. Therefore, our future progress depends upon our getting rid of the barriers which separate us from the Divine, and particularly the barrier of free-will. As these barriers have been created by thousands of years of incorrect living, and are infinite in variety and extent, the process of eliminating them is necessarily a very long one.

The process may be hastened—to any extent—by conscious and self-induced efforts which will remove us from the main stream of evolution. A person who determines to do this and starts on a special course of evolution,—upon a short-cut to Reunion,—is sometimes called a disciple. He can do this in some measure without full consciousness of why he does it. Thousands have and are. It is sometimes said of them that they are “religious” and have a “vocation.” There are many rules for their guidance, but all of these are based upon a few fundamental principles. The shortest expression of these is the threefold Rule of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, when properly understood.

As, however, our barriers are so infinite in variety and extent, it is both useful and necessary to analyze the situation and the process in detail, for the human mind finds it difficult to draw power to act from an

abstract idea. Furthermore, the task itself is so large that it must be taken up piecemeal. We must attend first to those outstanding and obvious barriers which obtrude themselves upon our notice.

The laws which govern the ordinary routine of evolution do not differ from those which govern the disciple, save that the disciple comes more under the sway of certain laws which hardly touch the ordinary man. It is rather a question of intensity, of acceleration. The disciple carries a heavier load, does more work, lives a stricter rule;—a difference of degree and not in kind; but the difference in degree becomes so great that it seems to be a difference in kind, and to all practical intents and purposes, is so.

THE MEANING OF PAIN.

Mankind, as a whole, does not wish to be reunited with the Divine. It wishes to follow its own will and desires; but as its only chance for true happiness and permanent well-being is to proceed along the course of Evolution to the destined goal, the Law slowly but surely drives humanity forward, as a herdsman drives unruly cattle along a road. When one of them strays from the road, he whips it into line. The same is done with man. Pain is the whip, and by means of suffering mankind is driven forward, ceaselessly, if slowly, towards Heaven. Pain is not used as a punishment. Our conception of punishment is a man-made effort to explain what is a mystery. Pain is an automatic consequence of breaking the laws of life. It is permitted because when mankind strays from the straight and narrow path leading to happiness, he must be driven back upon the road for his own good. It is remedial, corrective, regenerative. Another way of stating the same idea is to say that pain is the friction caused by the rubbing of our wills against the Divine will as expressed in the laws of Life.

From another point of view pain is a danger signal which warns us that we are straying from the proper way. The intensity of the pain measures the distance we have strayed. The mystery of pain lies in the fact that it does not always act immediately. We may eat imprudently many times before we have indigestion or headache, and the headache may come at a time when we have been eating prudently for quite a while, but none the less, we know the headache is a warning that we disobeyed the laws of diet and hygiene. This time element in pain, which makes it a mystery, is really a compassionate effort made to save us useless suffering. The Divine Compassion hopes that we will learn prudence and self-restraint by gentler means. Pain is a last resort. We shall be carried into Heaven if we will surrender ourselves completely. Only a few are wise enough to do this. We shall be led and drawn thither if we will trust our Master as guide and leader: more do this, and go forward briskly, though often carrying unnecessary burdens. But the great mass of mankind have to be dragged forward, reluctant and protesting; they need, and they get the whip of pain, and are bound by the iron shackles of necessity.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

Jean Christophe, by Romain Rolland, appeared serially in *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, founded by Charles Péguy. It is a musical novel, with a profound philosophical and religious background; an undercurrent that reaches its open and complete expression only in the last of the ten volumes of the book. Finished late in 1912, it has already gone through many editions in France, and has been translated and widely read in other countries. The story gives in detail the life and struggles of a great German musician, who is driven from his native city by its narrowness and despotism, and who, taking refuge in Paris, fights his way to fame and success. He comes in contact with every grade of society, with every musical and political clique and faction, with "all sorts and conditions of men." But the career of Christophe is more than a brilliant picture of modern times and a penetrating analysis of present-day tendencies in art, in social life, and in politics; it is the drama of the soul in hell, suffering; longing to escape; seeking light blindly, desperately. And because he has enthusiasm, because he has honesty and courage and perseverance, he reaches a point where passion is exhausted, where mental conceits and intellectual pursuits are found shallow and vain, where work confined by a desire for results has proved utterly sterile, and the broken, humbled soul is forced to turn to God:—and in turning finds Him, speaks to Him, hears His voice. The conversation between the Master and the inmost heart of Christophe, occurring in the last pages of the ninth volume, *The Burning Bush*, is a striking example of what a man, conforming outwardly to no creed or church, but impelled by a spirit of truth, can achieve intuitively. The Master says "Think not of thyself, think of My army." To this the still not completely awakened and therefore argumentative soul replies "I am alone. I have none but myself. I belong to no army." To which the Master replies "Thou art not alone, and thou dost not belong to thyself. Thou art one of My voices, thou art one of My arms. Speak and strike for Me. But if the arm be broken, or the voice be weary, then still I hold My ground: I fight with other voices, other arms than thine. Though thou art conquered, yet art thou of the army which is never vanquished. Remember that and thou wilt fight even unto death."

"Lord, I have suffered much!"

"Thinkest thou that I do not suffer also? For ages death has hunted Me and nothingness has lain in wait for Me. It is only by victory in the fight that I can make My way. The river of life is red with My blood."

"Fighting, always fighting?"

"We must always fight. God is a fighter, even He Himself. God is a conqueror. . . . And the rhythm of the fight is the supreme harmony. Such harmony is not for thy mortal ears. It is enough for thee to know that it exists. Do thy duty in peace and leave the rest to the Gods."

"I have no strength left."

"Sing for those who are strong."

"My voice is gone."

"Pray."

"My heart is foul."

"Pluck it out. Take Mine." . . .

"And if death is in me?"

"Life is elsewhere. Go, open thy gates to life. Thou insensate man, to shut thyself up in thy ruined house! Quit thyself. There are other mansions."

In the preface to the last volume, *The New Dawn*, dedicated "To the Free Spirits—of all nations—who suffer, fight, and will prevail," the author writes "I have written the tragedy of a generation which is nearing its end. I have sought to conceal neither its vices nor its virtues, its profound sadness, its chaotic pride, its heroic efforts, its dependency beneath the overwhelming burden of a superhuman task, the burden of the whole world, the reconstruction of the world's morality, its esthetic principles, its faith, the forging of a new humanity. . . .

"For myself, I bid the soul that was mine farewell. I cast it from me like an empty shell. Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. We must die, Christophe, to be born again." In this last volume the vision grows clearer; Christophe learns to subdue his nature, to use his creative gifts for God and in God's name; he enters the way of purgatory. And when death comes to him he is at peace, his heart and mind are set only on future service and on an increase of usefulness; he has an unflinching faith.

Such a novel is rare. The author almost preaches reincarnation, and leads us with sure hand through modern materialistic beliefs to the spiritual heart back of all. In addition to being absorbingly interesting, the book contains brilliant musical criticism both constructive and destructive, and is written in exquisite French, full of poetic beauty and fire. The one drawback is an unnecessary frankness of description in the hero's love-affairs, which does not recommend itself except to mature reading; and which is unfortunately too characteristic of modern fiction. It is possible to read each volume separately, but on this very account no true perspective can be had, because not till Christophe's "resurrection" does that evil side of his nature drop away, leaving him master of himself rather than slave to his body.

Once read, the book will not easily be forgotten.

A. G.

Absente Reo, by the Author of *Pro Christo Et Ecclesia*, published by MacMillan & Co. A collection of letters, which we are led to believe is selected from an actual correspondence, addressed to the Rector of an English country parish, by one of his parishioners. His side of the discussion does not appear, though indicated and inferred throughout. The argument of the writer is against the sectarianism which would put limits on what all men must believe, and which too often in complete ignorance of another point of view, condemns it merely as being "outside the church." This is further emphasized by a strong plea for the absolute necessity, in order to save the institution of the church, of a vital religion, of a real and conscious religious spirit that harkens to and obeys the "inward voice." Obedience to the mere forms of the church cannot bring life to that church, because life comes from God, and not from ceremonies. The church can only be vitalized by the Voice of God informing it through the personal lives of its members. This leads the author to the positive contribution of the book, a somewhat scattered but in purpose thoroughly satisfactory exposition of the "Life of Prayer." Whether Jesus came to found a church (the Anglican? asks the author) or not, we today find ourselves with such a church, and we must justify the life and work of Jesus by making it His church, not ours. We can only see our way to the doing of this by the Life of Prayer; and the ultimate test of our religion lies in the power of our prayer. Too few are those who consistently take this position, and live in such a spirit of broad tolerance and true Christian charity.

There is some interesting discussion of modern Biblical criticism, and thoughtful analysis of Mr. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*, the works of Dr. Figgis, and Father Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads*. Here and there may be found some striking sentences, showing penetration, such as: "Religion may surely be defined as walking and talking with God; and we get a true or false religion—does not the course of all religious history show it?—in proportion as God or man does most of the talking."

To those interested in the new spiritual awakening manifest in the church of today, this book will bring encouragement, and will be suggestive as to where to seek, in order to find the source of this growing inspiration. A. G.

Master Keys, by Captain Walter Carey, R.N., published by the Order of the Golden Age, London. An unfortunate book, that one wishes had never been published. It is an undigested mass of so-called facts about the universe, purporting to explain Karma, Reincarnation, after-death existence, and the like; but is in reality a well-intentioned but hopeless caricature of any occult or Theosophic teachings on such subjects. The author is impregnated with spiritualism, which he does not hesitate to introduce as an explanation for everything. The harm done by such writings is very insidious, because whatever of real truth there may be in the statements is so perverted and so false to the spirit of the law, that those who are themselves ignorant are completely led astray. One cannot but deplore the dissemination of such misconceptions of all that Divine Wisdom really means and stands for. J. B., JR.

In the February *Contemporary Review* there appears a very interesting article by Evelyn Underhill on "*Kabir, The Weaver Mystic*." She tells us that he was a Mohamedan by birth, and was a disciple of the great Hindu reformer, Ramananda. He was born early in the fifteenth century, and died in 1518. His poetry, recently translated by Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, is written in the vernacular Hindu and not in Sanscrit; and in its appeal reminds us strongly of the Christian Mystics Jacopone da Todi and Richard Rolle. Like St. Paul and Boehme, he, too, plied his trade, that of weaving, and in no way let it interfere with his vision or the "meditation of his heart." Little is known outside of traditions about his ascetical training or even of his life; his poems, however, corroborate the legend that he was a married man, the father of a family. From the exquisitely lyrical passages of his verse quoted in this article alone, one can see that he was a real mystic, one of those who had opened conscious communion with his Master. The author comments on this, though her own interpretation of what Kabir really was saying, shows the same limitation that is the one weakness of her otherwise splendidly sympathetic understanding of the mystic point of view. Kabir seems to have been a successful Theosophist in that "It is impossible to say whether he was Brahman or Sufi, Vedantist or Vaishnavite." He is as he says himself, "At once the child of Allah and of Ram." We feel indebted to Miss Underhill for this latest of her contributions to the lore of mystical writings. J. B., JR.

QUESTIONS OF HINDUISM ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to submit questions to be answered in this Department.

QUESTION 167.—*What is the value of contrition as viewed in the light of the doctrine of Karma?*

ANSWER.—If we consider Karma as the law of cause and effect, the effect being unfailingly good or bad according to the quality of the cause; if we believe that Karma controls all manifestations of life, and that life should continually evolve towards a manifestation of truth and love; then contrition is of great value in the light of Karma. Contrition, as I understand it, is profound regret for wrong doing, usually accompanied by great effort to right the wrong which has been done. As every thought or deed starts a chain of cause and effect, which is longer or shorter, more or less vital, according to the degree of energy which gave it birth, genuine contrition for a wrong thought or act, would have a vital quality or force, which would do much to nullify the result of the previous thought or act. Contrition would prevent the continued energizing of the wrong impulse which had been previously started, and it would start a strong new impulse in direct and positive opposition to the original one.

Mere low-spirited regret for wrong thinking or doing, without a *vital* effort to remedy it in thought and deed would represent so little energy that it would not be likely to accomplish much in overcoming the results of the past, though it might prevent a similar deed with its chain of events, in the future. A. F.

ANSWER.—What is contrition? May we not call it a realization of the injury that one's sin has done to others as distinguished from a recognition of the harm done to oneself? Does it not include then something positive—the desire, yes the determination to undo the injury done to others? Put into action (as everything positive should be) contrition includes the effort to undo the injury. Do we not here find the answer to the question? Karma may be regarded as the sum of the good and the evil done by an individual, a nation, a race. Contrition would at least cancel out the evil done and if heartfelt it might lead to right action, cancelling out other evil done. Heartfelt contrition would then be the making of net good Karma for the sake of others. It would seem, therefore that contrition is valuable in terms of Karma, and to any one at all fairminded, a necessity for the sake of others. But it must be heart-felt and expressed in positive action to effect good Karma. G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—Karma is the law of action. It shows us the life cycle of each thought or act that we admit within ourselves. It is a most potent cause of contrition as it shows us the effects of following self-will. One might almost say that the purpose of Karma was to bring contrition. It is not—as so often misunderstood to be—the law of punishment. It is the beneficent pressure that

the universe puts on man to turn him toward his goal. Contrition is the turning of the heart and thereafter if it be complete, man's will works with and not against Karma.

R. D. K.

ANSWER.—Contrition means "rubbing." In this literal sense, it is the rubbing away of accretions in the psychic body, and thus an essential part of "purification."

C. J.

QUESTION 168.—*Could the word Karma be substituted for the word law in the passage (I Corinthians 15. 56) "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law?"*

ANSWER.—I suppose you could substitute the word Karma, but I do not see any gain in doing so. The law mentioned in the text is evidently Divine or Universal law, as it concerns life and death, and it is the meaning of sin and the relation of sin to Divine law that is to be considered there, I should say.

A. F.

ANSWER.—By all means "no," for does not Karma include the good as well as the evil? As one studies matters theosophical does not one realize that there is no punishment in the penological sense but merely an inevitable balancing of accounts? If by sin I borrow from the Force of the World, I must pay back. Was not Lincoln's Gettysburg speech a good exposition of this point? The strength of good, as of sin, is the law; which is expressed in physical terms as "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." The law provides this, but Karma would seem to include both the good and the evil, the action and the reaction.

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—Karma has two meanings in Sanskrit literature, both derived from its simple meaning of "work." In the Upanishads it has an all-embracing meaning, something like a "universal law," or "the will of God in action." But in later books, such as the Bhagavad Gita it often has a much more restricted meaning, something like "work done with a 'personal' motive." In this sense, which is close to the mean it has in Buddhism, it comes near to the meaning of "sin." In this sense, one can speak of "getting free from Karma," which, of course, would be impossible where Karma means "universal law."

C. J.

QUESTION 169.—*Is there no such thing as undeserved suffering?*

ANSWER.—If by undeserved suffering we mean also useless suffering, there is no such thing. Nor is there suffering that is merely punitive vengeance. The universe does not punish. It strives to cure. When our wills turn aside from the Divine Will life puts a gradually increasing pressure upon us to bring us back and to eradicate completely the evil tendency in us that caused us to turn away. Undeserved suffering, in the sense of vicarious atonement, of taking on ourselves the consequences of the sins of others is a wonderful part of daily life, the crowning reward of love. But such vicarious atonement through love, when completely accepted, is joy and not pain.

J. M.

ANSWER.—To any small boy properly brought up under discipline the answer to this question would be an emphatic "there is." Yet to the parent, who in love for the child inflicted the discipline that seems suffering, the answer would be otherwise in any given case. So, where I do not see the reason for suffering that to me seems undeserved, I comfort myself by saying "the Lord is at the very least as wise as I am and He knows—for He loves us infinitely more than any mortal parent loves his child."

SERVETUS.

ANSWER.—If suffering is looked upon, not as a punishment or cure, but as an opportunity to learn how to understand and sympathize with our fellow beings who also suffer; an opportunity to gain many qualities which can only be gained through trials, it would be unnecessary to ask if it is deserved or “undeserved.” We would simply ask: “Are we worthy to be given this trial and this chance for spiritual growth?” Will we have the spiritual courage or will we let our flesh or our lower nature blind us to our spiritual opportunities? If the law of cause and effect is the law of life, there can be nothing “undeserved,” but as the whole universe is linked together, we are affected as members of families, communities and nations, etc. We may have Karma of all these kinds, which is just, but it could not be traced to us as individual Karma. Also we cannot separate our present individual life from our previous lives and their individual results.

A. F.

ANSWER.—Try to look at “suffering” not as a synonym of “evil,” but rather as an almost invariable concomitant of “growth,”—in the sense of “growing pains,”—and the question takes a new meaning. In this connection, remember the words “As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.” Is there such a thing as undeserved love? If so, there will come, as a result, undeserved suffering.

C. J.

QUESTION 170.—*Should the order of a parent or teacher be obeyed if it run counter to one's own intuition of right and wrong?*

ANSWER.—Thomas à Kempis, in Chap. IX. Obedience and Subjection, answers this very completely.

“If thy thought be good and yet thou partest with it for God and followest the opinion of another this shall turn to thy good.” * * * * *

“Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love, such are discontented, and do easily repine, neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God—go wither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior.”

T. M.

ANSWER.—St. Teresa was once told by the Master to do a certain thing, and her spiritual director told her to the contrary. In trouble as to what to do she asked the Master which she should obey. And the answer was a very positive order to obey her spiritual director and that in doing this she would be giving Him, the Master, true obedience.

B.

ANSWER.—What, in the spiritual sense, is obedience? Is it not a willing conforming of one's own will to the will of God? Surely no easy thing. Does not God, in His mercy, offer us a gradual training, to fit us to come into living touch with His splendid and terrible will? Is not this preparation obedience of our parents, spiritual pastors and masters, which, little by little, breaks down and melts away the mountain of our own self-will; only after this mountain is gone, will it be possible for us really to obey the divine will. It must be remembered that “obedience” is never negative, but always positive. We can test our intuition, to see if it is really good for anything, by watching its attitude towards the splendid spiritual power of obedience. If it be real intuition, it will tell us that obedience is indispensable, and why. If it fail to do this, it is not really a spiritual intuition at all, but simply one of the “aliases” of self-will.

C. J.

QUESTION 171.—*How, in accordance with the Theosophical teaching of reincarnation, is the passage in the Creed "I believe in the resurrection of the body" explained?*

ANSWER.—Of course, the T. S. has no dogma except perfect tolerance, but yet it was the T. S. and what I learned from it and through it that brought me back into the Church and has enabled me to say the Creed with faith and thanksgiving. Physiology and my own recollection prove to me I have not the same body I had at seven years or twenty-one or even thirty-five. But I have a body and though it be different yet I know that I am the same I that used the other bodies. Natural processes have given me several bodies in this lifetime. Natural processes will assuredly give me a body when the Resurrection comes. I do not care what it will be for I know that I will be there—if fitted to survive. So I interpret that clause of the Creed to mean that the "I that I know that I am" will persist and will have its own special vehicle—in other words will positively not be a disembodied, amorphous spirit, without individuality. SERVETUS.

ANSWER.—"But some will say, 'and with what body do they come?'" "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." (I Corinthians XV) "As putting off worn-out garments, a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies, the lord of the body enters others new." It is not the worn-out physical body that is raised but the spiritual body freed from its physical casing. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The phrase used in the New Testament, *anastasis ek nekron*, is mystical; the "resurrection from among the dead" being the spiritual resurrection, the second birth. In that sense, the resurrection of the body means, perhaps, the formation of the spiritual body, as taught by St. Paul (I Cor. 16). It would not be easy to show just how far the Councils which framed the Creed were aware of this mystical meaning. C. J.

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at No. 21 Macdougall Alley (reached from Macdougall Street, on West Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues), New York City, on Saturday, April 25, 1914, beginning at 10:30 a. m.

Branches unable to send personal delegates are requested to forward proxies for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the Constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, care of the Secretary T. S.

Members expecting to attend the Convention are requested to inform the Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 28, 1914.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, T. S.